

Synopsis

The 30th Day of Alturiak in the Year of the Sudden Journey

Zero and Tradden have successfully infiltrated an old mansion overrun by bandits. Discovering a trapdoor in the floor of the house they have gone underground and found a restrained Dwarf, Khalin in one of the basement rooms. After surviving a swarm of bats, and an attack from savage giant rats, they found another captive, a half-elven Wizard, Kireth, trussed up in an old pit. After searching what looks like an abandoned camp within a mine they have also found an elven Cleric, Celestia. Leaving the mine via a lift in the shaft they have now encountered the owners of the camp - bandits!

- [Khālin Grundokri](#) - 1st Level Male Dwarfen Warlord
- [Tradden Aversward](#) - 1st Level Male Human Fighter
- [Zero Uhlit](#) - 1st Level Male Human Rogue
- [Kireth Majere](#) - 1st Level Male Half-Elven Wizard
- [Celestia Gaia](#) - 1st Level Female Elven Cleric of Melora

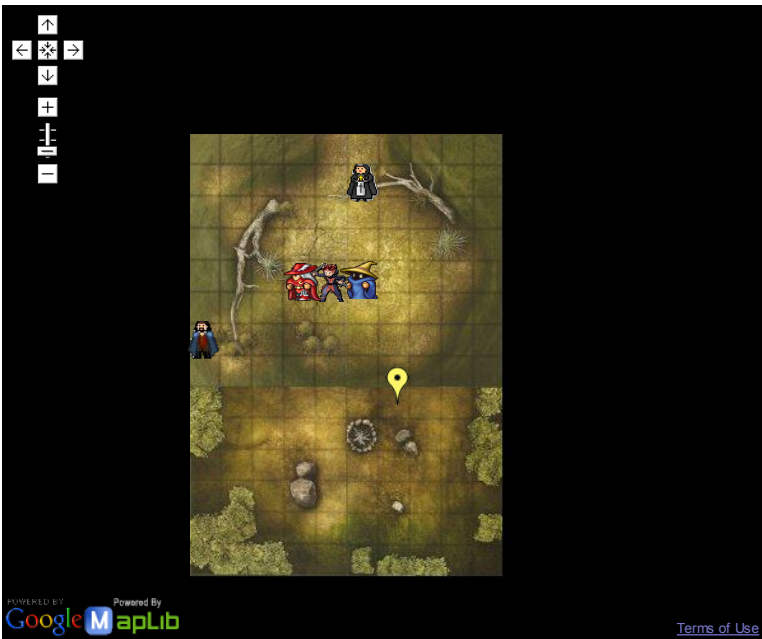
Scene Length

This scene starts on Friday 13 August 2010 and is expected to be completed by the end of Friday 20 August 2010. Players are expected to be able to post at least twice a day.

INITIATIVE BLOCK

01) [23] Zero - **1d20+3+2: 23** - HP 14/25
02) [22] Bandit Leader - **1d20+4: 22** - Dmg: 11+6+8+7+16=48, Dead
03) [20] Bandit Guards - **1d20+6: 20**
Bandit Guard #1 - Dmg: 11+8+14+9+9+4=55, Dead
Bandit Guard #2 - Dmg: 4+9+6+12+16=47, Dead
04) [19] Kireth - **1d20+2+2: 19** - HP 23/23
05) [14] Celestia - **1d20+1+2: 14** - HP 17/26, Dazed
06) [08] Tradden - **1d20+2+2: 8** - HP 10/26, Bloodied
07) [06] Khalin - **1d20+1+2: 6** - HP 26/26
08) [06] Bandit Rabble - **1d20+0: 6**
Bandit Rabble #1 - Dmg: 9=9, Dead
Bandit Rabble #2 - Dmg: 4=4, Dead
Bandit Rabble #3 - prone, weakened
Bandit Rabble #4 - Dmg: 4=4, Dead


Combat Encounter Complete



<w:mediasearch>


Confounding Attack/Sneak attack: **1d20+6+2: 9** - *critical miss!*


As Zero pushed his way to the front of the group he tripped over one of the many roots in the ground, and loosed a bolt directly into the turf in front of him.

 **Me and Random:** *The leader of the group pushed forth his staff in the air and a glowing orb built up on the tip. With a command the orb shot forwards at an unearthly speed, straight for Zero's chest.* Aug 15, 2010 ▼

[Attack vs Zero's Reflex: **1d20+7: 25**] - hits!
[Damage: **2d4+4: 11**]

The bolt slammed into Zero's chest, knocking the wind out of him.

 **Me:** *The bandit guards quickly storde forwards, their halberds glinting sharply in the sun. They formed a protective barrier across the front of their leader, daring the group to try any further offensive action.* Aug 15, 2010 ▼

 **Neil, me and Random:** As Zero staggered backwards from the force of the blast, Kireth placed a hand momentarily on his shoulder to steady him. Then he looked over at the leader of this band. The leader, smiling as a result of his show of power, met Kireth's gaze and his smile faltered slightly, perhaps realising that the hooded figure smiling right back at him was one of his own kind. Aug 16, 2010 ▼

"Kaima" whispered Kireth. A small smokey cloud appeared above the campfire before, literally, going "puff" and dispersing outwards.

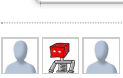
[Sleep spell. Cast on square containing campfire and extending to a 5x5 square. Attack Intelligence vs Will: **1d20+4: 15**]

[Intelligence vs Will on Rabble #1: 15] - hits!
[Intelligence vs Will on Rabble #2: 15] - hits!
[Intelligence vs Will on Rabble #3: 15] - hits!
[Intelligence vs Will on Rabble #4: 15] - hits!
[Intelligence vs Will on Leader: 15] - hits!

The ripple effect of the cloud overtakes all of the gathered rabble and their leader. The men shake their heads as if to try to cast something off, but all look lethargic.

[All five targets are 'Slowed', and will attempt to save vs Sleep at the end of their next round.]

 **The.brainbuster@googlewave.com:** Zero grinned, impressed. "Wow," he exclaimed. Aug 17, 2010 ▼

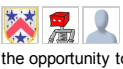
 **Liam, me and Random:** Until this point Celestia had remained unnoticed to the back of the pack, but now her eyes began to widen and a wry smile crept across her face that hardened as she waded forwards. Now that Kireth had bombarded the group surrounding the fire, it seemed logical to begin working on the two that was a little closer. Aug 17, 2010 ▼

Celestia began to run towards the bandit to her right, she would have appeared graceful apart from the fact that she began to scream as she flew towards him. She was conscious that she should not leave herself exposed to a blow from his accomplice and so she remained out of range as best she could.

As she closed upon her foes she gave a loud yell, which clearly indicated the amount of effort that she was employing and then with assuredness she struck, swiftly and cleanly:

[Wrathful Thunder: **1d20+5: 22**] - hits!
[Damage: **1d10+3: 11**] - and target is Dazed until end of next turn.

As Celestia hits a booming echoes across the battle field. Her opponent is sent reeling and looks dazed from the assault.

 **Matt, me and Random:** Tradden had stood and watched in awe as firstly the bandit leader (for surely that is what they were – he had seen enough low-lives in his recent employ to know the difference), then Kireth and then Celestia had utilised various magical powers. Suddenly realizing that Celestia and Zero were now at the forefront of this battle, the young fighter sensed that the opportunity to follow up with a fast and hard strike with good old steel should not be lost. Aug 17, 2010 ▼


Meeting the stern looks of the two halberdiers straight on he charged (Charge +1 to hit) across the clearing, his two blades dragging behind him in the air, but full of poise, ready to strike. As he arrived at the two bandits he deftly stepped around their ponderous halber swings and drove his two swords together in a cleaving strike!

[Cleave vs Bandit Guard#1 with longsword **1d20+8: 19**] - hits!
Assuming success, Bandit Guard#1 damage = **1d8+6: 8**
Bandit Guard#2 4 damage in any event]

Now standing next to Celestia, Tradden made sure that the ire of the guards was as much on him rather than the Cleric as was possible.


[Target mark Bandit Guard#1]

Despite the pounding that the first guard had taken in particular, the two halberdiers remained staunch, and there was even a look of confident cockiness about them. However, Tradden was not worried at all because he knew something that they didn't, and as if on cue he heard the start of a Dwarven warcry behind him...


 **Mark, me and Random:** "Save some for me!" yelled Khalin as he charged into the fray. With shield raised against the first halberdier and warhammer swinging into action. "Can you read the fine print on me runehammer? Tsays 'Nighty night!'" Aug 17, 2010 ▼

[Warhammer attack: **1d20+5+2: 13**] - misses!


Khalin swings wildly at the first guard, but misses by some distance.

 **Me and Random:** *The rabble all moved forwards towards the party, but their actions seemed very lethargic.* Aug 17, 2010 ▼
[Bandit Rabble #1 Save vs Sleep: **1d20: 10**] - success!
[Bandit Rabble #2 Save vs Sleep: **1d20: 13**] - success!
[Bandit Rabble #3 Save vs Sleep: **1d20: 7**] - failure!
[Bandit Rabble #4 Save vs Sleep: **1d20: 18**] - success!

One of the rabble falls down as he's walking, as though asleep!

 **The.brainbuster@googlewave.com, me and Random:** Zero dashed wide of the group and took a bead on the farthest bandit to the right. Aug 17, 2010 ▼
Basic attack on Bandit Rabble #1: **1d20+5: 7** - missed!
Damage: **1d6+3: 9**

Another missile from the rogue sailed frustratingly wide of its target.

 **Me and Random:** *The leader of the bandits looked a little confused, the spell from Kireth causing a moment's distraction. This time he pointed his staff directly at Kireth and uttered some fleeting words.* Aug 17, 2010 ▼

[Dancing Lightning: **1d20+7: 25** vs Kireth's Reflex] - hits!
[Damage: **1d6+4: 10**]


[Dancing Lightning: **1d20+7: 25** vs Khalin's Reflex] - hits!
[Damage: **1d6+4: 8**]

[Dancing Lightning: **1d20+7: 10** vs Tradden's Reflex] - misses!

The lightning crashed into Kireth and then arced back towards Khalin and Tradden.

[Save vs Sleep: **1d20: 20**] - success!

The mage then shook his head as if to avert Kireth's spell.

 Me and Random: *The first bandit guard studied his opponents, looking for the weakest victim, but enraged by Tradden's cry.*

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[Intelligence Check: **1d20+1: 3**]

The corner of his mouth turned up in a wry smile as he picked the frail elven woman to attack.

[Halberd: **1d20+10: 30** vs Celestia's AC] - critical hit!

[Damage: **1d10+3: 13**] - Celestia is 'marked' by the Bandit Guard.

The guard uttered a challenge to Celestia as he cut across her with a vast strike.


 Me and Random: *As the guard struck Celestia a heaving blow, Tradden saw an opportunity, striking the guard under his halberd.*

Aug 17, 2010 ▼

[Marked Attack: **1d20+7: 20**] - success!

[Damage: **1d8+6: 14**]

The attack hit home, opening a large gash in the guard's side. [Bloodied]


 Me and Random: *The second guard saw his mate being heavily wounded and thrust his halberd forcefully into Tradden's midriff.*

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[Powerful Strike: **1d20+10: 25** vs Tradden's AC] - hits!

[Damage: **1d10+3: 11**]

The strike was so powerful it bowled Tradden over! [Knocked Prone]

 Neil, me and Random: His teeth felt like tin and his hands still shook slightly from the jolt of the lightning. A rage began to swell deep within him "*How dare he!*" was the emotion bubbling inside.


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He raised his arm slowly until it was outstretched in front of him, his palm facing upwards as if cupping a ball. "*Then it is you and I, Sorcerer*" he called directly at this leader.

"*Runya Morgil*" whispered the mage. A ball of fire, about the size of a mans head, came in to being directly infront of the leader. The flames licked at his body and face, as though purposely attacking him.

[Flaming Sphere: **1d20+4: 22** vs Leaders Reflex] - hits!
[Damage: **2d6+4: 11**]

The flame scorched the leader, setting small fires on his cloak and rolling up and down his staff.


 Liam, me and Random: Celestia was reeling from the blow inflicted by her opponent, blood was now pouring from the open wound across her face; she wiped her face with the sleeve of her now filthy gown.

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She shook her head rather stupidly and the stars before her eyes disappeared briefly. A blue hot rage flashed throughout her body as she considered her foe once again; she felt somewhat humiliated by the hit that she had just taken. With another mighty arc of her weapon she swung with all her might towards the guard. As she cried aloud on the descent of the Morningstar she thought she saw the guard cower a little.

[Righteous Brand - Guard 1: **1d20+5: 20**] - hits!
[Damage: **1d10+3: 9**]
[Power Bonus to ally - +3 to attack for Tradden]

The guard reeled from the latest blow and staggered back a slight pace, obviously deeply hurt.


 Matt, me and Random: One minute Tradden had been dealing blows left, right and centre against the two halberdiers, the next he was lying on his back watching the cumulonimbus clouds high above the forest drifting out towards the sea. He had never seen the halberd blow coming, but he could now certainly feel where it had been – ouch!

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Springing to his feet he rounded on the first Halberdier, determined to take him out of the fight and give some respite to himself and his companions, pressed as they now were. All the halberdier could see was a flurry of blades in front of him.

[Dual Strike vs Guard#1:
[Longsword to hit: **1d20+7+3: 19**] - hits!
[Shortsword to hit: **1d20+8+3: 24**] - hits!
Damage:
[Longsword damage: **1d8+2: 9**
[Shortsword damage **1d6+2: 4**

The guard could no longer take the barrage of hits singled out against him, and with the final strike of the blades went down in a heap.

 Mark, me and Random: Khalin glanced at the two bloodied companions alongside him: "Take heart, Mistress Elf, we will prevail!"

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[Inspiring Word - target Celestia - Healing surge: **1d6: 6** hp] - Celestia regains 6+6=12hp back.


...before swiftly marshalling his own energies.

[Healing surge: 6hp, +2 bonus to defenses] - Khalin regains 6hp back.

The dwarven warlord then turned his attention to the second guard, striking in a whirlwind of fury.

[Brash assault (warhammer) on Guard #2: **1d20+5: 9**] - misses!

Khalon struck but just hit the haft of the guard's halberd.

 Me and Random: The bandits pushed forwards trying to overwhelm the party.

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[Bandit Rabble #1 **1d20+6: 16** vs Celestia's AC] - hits!




[Damage **4**]

[Bandit Rabble #2 **1d20+6: 25** vs Tradden's AC] - hits!
[Damage **4**]

[Bandit Rabble #4 **1d20+6: 11** vs Khalin's AC] - misses!

The bandits swung their clubs with moderate success.

[Bandit Rabble #1 **1d20: 18** Save vs Sleep] - success - no longer slowed.
[Bandit Rabble #2 **1d20: 1** Save vs Sleep] - failure!
[Bandit Rabble #3 **1d20: 2** Save vs Sleep] - failure!
[Bandit Rabble #4 **1d20: 4** Save vs Sleep] - failure!



   The.brainbuster@googlewave.com, me and Random: "If you don't work this time, I'm chucking you in the next lake I see," Zero cursed at his crossbow.

Aug 19, 2010 ▼

He scurried around the side of the bandit group and loosed off a shot.

Basic attack at Bandit Rabble #1: **1d20+5: 17** - hits!
Damage: **1d6+3: 9**

The bolt flies straight and true and catches the first bandit rabble in the neck as he advances on Celestia. The bandit drops instantly, clutching futilely at the exposed shaft.

  Me and Random: The bandit leader tried to protect his face and arms against the heat of Kireth's conjured fire, but to no avail.

Aug 20, 2010 ▼



[Flaming Sphere Damage: **1d4+4: 6**]

Patting out small singes of flame on his cloak, in anger he once more pushed forth his staff in the air and a glowing orb built up on the tip. With a command the orb shot forwards at an unearthly speed, straight for Kireth's chest.

[Attack vs Kireth's Reflex: **1d20+7-2: 12**] - misses!

As the bolt of energy flies towards Kireth, the half-elf raises his own staff in response, and the energy slams into the staff and dissipates along its length.




[Save vs Sleep: **1d20: 3**] - failure - remains Slowed!

  Me and Random: The second guard, after seeing his colleague cut down, thrust his halberd forcefully at the source of all of the barked challenges, the dwarf.

Aug 19, 2010 ▼

[Powerful Strike: **1d20+10: 15** vs Khalin's AC] - hits!

The strike was powerful, but Khalin deflected it well with his shield.


   Neil, me and Random: Pushed back slightly by the force of the bolt, Kireth lowered his staff and stared in defiance at the bandit leader. This magic was quite powerful, more so than his own current ability. This, however, was not something to be fearful of, this was something to aspire to and crush.

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With his free arm still outstretched, he thrust it further forward. The sphere of fire responded to this action, it's flames pressing further forward against the man.

[Flaming Sphere: **1d20+4: 10** vs Leaders Reflex] - misses!

The mage moved swiftly to one side as the flames headed towards him.

 The.brainbuster@googlewave.com: From the sidelines, Zero observed the blazing wizard duel with apprehension. Did he really want to shoot a man who could blast him into nothing with a simple gesture?




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   Liam, me and Random: Celestia did not need to move, the second bandit was close at hand. She wasted no time before she chose to strike; she was now growing in confidence buoyed by her recent attack. She was too quick for the bandit, who was ill prepared for her movement. She drew out her Symbol and recanted the sacred words of invocation that she had learned as a child.

Aug 21, 2010 ▼

[Sacred Flame: **1d20+4: 23**] - hits!
[Damage: **1d6+4: 9** radiant damage]

The bandit guard recoiled as the power hit him, but managed to stand his ground.

   Matt, me and Random: Sensing that the tide was turning, Tradden's brow constricted as he visibly focused. The enemy in front of him were still many, but clearly the halberdier was the main threat.

Aug 21, 2010 ▼

Had he known how clichéd the battle cry he was about to exclaim was he probably wouldn't have used it, but he had seen it in a play when he was young, and it had always stuck with him. "Have at thee, cur!", he snarled, as he again cleaved his weapons through the air.

[Cleave vs Bandit Guard#2 with longsword **1d20+8: 14**] - misses!

Whilst the longsword had been cleaving its way through the air towards the halberdier, Tradden had brought the shortsword around on a different arc, this time on a diagonal upswing. In what would have seemed a contemptuously lazy swing to any onlooker, the shortsword caught the bandit in front of Tradden right under the chin, making a mess of the man's face and causing him to sink to his knees and fall backwards, gurgling softly.



Bandit Rabble#2 4 damage in any event.

The combination of the hilariously camp challenge, the attack on him and the death of his companion could not fail to attract the guard's attention.

[Target mark Bandit Guard#2]

Confidence flooding into Tradden's tired and aching limbs, he felt a second wind come upon him.

[Spend Action Point – Second Wind +6 HP]

  Me and Random: Khalin checked over his shoulder at Kireth, checking the wizard was coping with the energies being thrown at him: "Steel yourself, Master Kireth, we have nearly broken them!"

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[Inspiring Word - target Kireth - Healing surge plus: **1d6: 6** hp] - Kireth regains 5+6=11hp back.

The dwarven warlord then turned his attention back to the second guard, smashing with his hammer.



[Brash assault (warhammer) on Guard #2: **1d20+5: 19**] - hits!
[Damage: **1d10+3: 6**]

Khalin struck the side of the guard's helm, distracting him for a moment. [Combat advantage for Zero - free attack!]

Sensing his opportunity, Zero let fly with a bolt at the distracted guard.

[Attack **1d20+5+2: 21**] - hits!
[Damage with Sneak Attack **1d6+3+2d6: 12**]

The bolt struck true, catching the guard in his thigh. Blood couased down his leg. [Bloodied]

  Me and Random: [Bandit Rabble #3 Save vs Sleep: **1d20: 4**] - failure!

Aug 22, 2010 ▼

The third bandit thug remained firmly asleep on the grassy floor.




Me and Random:

[Bandit Rabble #4 **1d20+6: 17** vs Khalin's AC] - misses!

Aug 22, 2010 ▼

The remaining bandit thug swung his club without success.

[Bandit Rabble #4 Save vs Sleep: **1d20: 3**] - failure!




The.brainbuster@googlewave.com, me and Random:

Zero hastily loosed off another bolt at the injured bandit guard.

Aug 22, 2010 ▼

Attack on Bandit Guard 2: **1d20+5: 11** - misses!

The bolt flew high and wide. Zero spent some moments looking down the length of his crossbow, checking that it was straight.



Me and Random:

The bandit leader tried to protect his face and arms against the heat of Kireth's conjured fire, but to no avail.

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[Flaming Sphere Damage: **1d4+4: 8**]

The bandit leader looked hastily from his dimishing troops and guards to the group of warriors attacking them and to the wizard beyond. The commoner to the side with the poor aim would wait for last -first he had to remove those that were standing up to his men.

He raised his staff once more, this time slamming it into the floor with all force. A barely discernable wave formed in the air and shot straight across the battlefield towards Tradden, exploding with all the noise of a thunderclap behind Tradden - the force of the blow being felt by Celestia, Tradden, and Khalin combined.


[Thunder Burst: Area Burst 1, centered on square immediately behind Tradden]
Attack **1d20+7: 22** vs Celestia's Fortitude (13) - hits!
Attack **1d20+7: 13** vs Khalin's Fortitude (14) - misses!
Attack **1d20+7: 24** vs Tradden's Fortitude (17+2) - hits!

[Thunder Damage to Celestia: **1d8+4: 9** plus Celestia is **Dazed**]
[Thunder Damage to Tradden: **1d8+4: 5** plus Tradden is **Dazed**]

As the thunderclap hit Khalin steeled himself against the force of the blast. Celestia and Tradden were less lucky, however, and felt the full force of the leader's spell. With the deafening noise ringing in their ears they found it hard to concentrate on the matters at hand.

[Bandit Leader Save vs Sleep: **1d20: 14**] - success!

The leader managed to shake off the effects of Kireth's spell as the thunderclap struck.



Me and Random:

Sensing an opportunity, the second guard contemplated using his forceful strike with his halberd against Tradden whilst he looked rocked from the blast from the leader.

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[Recharge chance: **1d6: 3**] - failure!

However, he couldn't quite find the opening he needed. Instead he brought down the halberd in a swift motion, aiming for the fighter's neck.

[Halberd Attack: **1d20+10+2: 26** vs Tradden's AC(17+2)] - hits!
[Damage: **1d10+3: 13**]

As the dazed Tradden saw the halberd descend he saw no way out and blackness overtook him.

[Tradden on -1hp and dying]



Mark and me:


As the halberd descended towards the dazed Tradden's neck, Khalin uttered another challenge to the Bandit Guard.

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"Not while I stand, vermin!" he shouted, thrusting the shaft of his warhammer against the descending blade, somewhat lessening the blow, and then bringing up the business end of his weapon into the surprised guard's face.

[Daily Power Fearless Rescue - immediate interrupt - attack **1d20+6: 18** vs Bandit Guard #2] - hits!
[Damage: **2d10+3: 16**]
[Tradden able to spend healing surge - regains 6hp, no longer dying]

For a couple of moments the guard just continued to look surprised, and then with a crash fell backwards to the ground with a thump. [Bandit Guard #2 Dead]



Neil, me and 2 others:

Clearly this sorceror was becoming increasingly concerned by the diminishing amount of backup he had. This was, of course, a real danger for him but to break off from Kireth in order to deal with it, bah, that was either arrogant or foolish. Either way it would be among his last actions in this world.


Aug 23, 2010 ▼

Kireth focused all the more and, rounding his hands once again around the imaginary ball, he thrust forward with all he had

("Hadoken!" Sorry, you can delete that)

[Flaming Sphere: **1d20+4: 5** vs Leaders Reflex] - misses!

The bandit leader easily dodged the ball of fire, batting it away like a pesky insect with ease.



Liam, me and Random:

It had not escaped her attention that Tradden was in bad shape; he had taken serious damage, which was an inevitable result of his flamboyant attacking strategy. Although Celestia had been successful thus far in her own attacking forays she decided that now was the time for temperence.

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She turned slightly towards her left and sought to heal the ailing warrior. Almost instantly she realised that she could do a little more than merely help Tradden, she could also affect the two enemies within close proximity to the group. If only it would work...

She drew her Holy Symbol that lay around her neck, suspended by a glistening golden chain. The symbol itself was triangular in shape, but no one side was the same length, it was jagged and sharp. She held the token within her hands and held it aloft, in plain sight of the assembled troop. As she did this it began to emit silver sparks that rose high into the air, forming one uniform beam as they did so. As they coalesced and reached the very top of their apogee they began to arc and fall back to the earth at an increasing speed eventually plummeting towards the rabble.

[Beacon of Hope vs Rabble #3 Will: **1d20+4: 20**] - hits!
[Beacon of Hope vs Rabble #4 Will: **1d20+4: 13**] - hits!

The rabble left standing covered his eyes against the silver sparks and shrieked as they hit him [Weakened]. Tradden and Khalin were also caught within the shower, but instead of shrieking they felt invigorated [regain 5hp].

[Save vs Daze: **1d20: 3**] - failure!



Matt, me and Random:

Groggily, Tradden stood, one sword bearing hand resting on a bended knee as his armoured form rose from the floor of the clearing.

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He shook his head, trying to get back some focus, the edges of his vision hazy and the trees on all around him swaying like the sequence dancers Tradden had seen in the Bashful Bear Inn only the night before.

The events of the last few moments had been a blur – bright light after bright light hitting him again and again, some painful, some blissful. His innate and first instinct was to run – to flee to the safety of the forest's edge, but he choked back the cold, creeping fear that threatened to overwhelm him.

age, but he choked back the cold, creeping fear that threatened to overwhelm him.
"Snap out of it Aversword!" he ordered himself, trying to get back to a semblance of clarity.

[Save v Daze: **1d20: 11**] - success!

The clearing did indeed snap back into view. This was a bit of a shock to Tradden, as he suddenly realised he was stood in the middle of much scorched earth, and many bodies.
"Ah." was all he could manage.

   Mark, me and Random: With the third bandit now in the land of nod, Khalin considered making a play at the leader, but with Tradden still looking one doubloon short of a bag, the more prudent option appeared to be to leave the glory to Kireth and Zero (if the prickly mage could finally get his fire started and the quirky yet affable rogue could sort his aim) and finish the remaining bandit first. Aug 23, 2010 ▼

The warlord quickly decided he could perhaps do both...

Khalin stepped quickly past the defeated bandit guard and swung his hammer at the remaining ruffian, letting go the grip on impact and deftly whipped out his dagger, which he hurled at the leader. If Kireth's fireball caused enough of a distraction, maybe the dagger would sneak past the magic-user's guard.

[Warhammer attack vs Bandit #4: **1d20+5: 8**] - misses!

[Free Action to drop warhammer]
[Minor Action to draw dagger]
[Use Action Point for dagger attack]



[Dagger range attack vs Leader: **1d20+4: 12**] - misses!

He then quickly ducked to avoid a return blow, picking up the hammer in front of him.

[Minor Action to pick up warhammer in place of a Move Action]

  Me and Random: The third bandit rabble stirred a little on the floor. Aug 23, 2010 ▼

[Save vs Sleep: **1d20: 16**] - success!

  Me and Random: The fourth bandit rabble, seeing the guards defeated and his leader being pursued by a flaming ball of fire, ran for the woods. Aug 23, 2010 ▼



[Khalin Attack of Opportunity: **1d20+5: 22**] - hits!
[Damage: **1d10+3: 4**]

Khalin struck him down as he fled. [Rabble #4 Dead]

  The.brainbuster@googlewave.com, me and Random: "Ohhh, I know I'm going to regret this," Zero grumbled anxiously as he opened fire on the bandit wizard. Aug 23, 2010 ▼

Crossbow attack: **1d20+5: 13** - misses!

Another bolt from the rogue skimmed past its target.

  Me and Random: The bandit leader tried to protect his face and arms against the heat of Kireth's conjured fire, but to no avail. Aug 23, 2010 ▼



[Flaming Sphere Damage: **1d4+4: 7**]

Brushing aside the persistent flames the leader pointed his staff once more towards Kireth, the wizards' duel yet to be complete, and a force bolt shot from the end straight at Kireth's chest straight past Tradden, Celestia, and Khalin.

[Magic Missile: **1d20+7-2: 13** vs Kireth's Reflex(14)] - misses!

The energy bolt failed to strike home once more, as Kireth pushed his staff in front of him which took the full force of the blow.

The leader looked anxious, and turned to see what exits were available.


  Neil, me and Random: He had twice now failed to affect the leader of this rabble, this was not acceptable. On the other hand, said leader had also failed to make an impact on Kireth, his staff, his "beloved" staff coming to his aid once again. Aug 24, 2010 ▼

"It is time we ended this charade Sorcerer". Kireth thrust both his free hand and that clenching the staff in the air, the sphere of fire responded, burning brighter yet, and plunged once more for the leader. Anyone watching closely enough may have noticed Kireth's eyes themselves seemed to flicker like flames as the mage marveled at the ferocity of his own attack.

[Flaming Sphere vs Leaders Reflex: **1d20+4: 24**] - critical hit!
[Damage: **2d6+4: 16**]

As the leader had turned, his eyes scanning the tree line for an exit, the fiery sphere had overtaken him, burning his robes and singeing his hair. The leader's staff set alight, and with a great scream he fell just short of the trees. [Bandit Leader Dead]


The duel was over and he would give this failed mage no more thought. He turned his attention to the remaining man, currently laying prone. "You" he called pointing a boney finger directly at him "would do well not to move a muscle". The flaming sphere shot backwards and hovered less than half a yard away, its flames licking and cracking in anticipation.



 Me: The bandit slowly rose from his prone position eyeing the group with suspicion. A wide smirk then crossed his lips. Aug 24, 2010 ▼

"You will be dissolved," he shouted at the group, staring wildly at Kireth at the rear. "You will decay, be snuffed, fragment!"

With that he turned quickly and ran straight for the flaming sphere, jumping directly into the heart of it. All that remained were cinders.


 Me: [Combat Encounter Over] Aug 24, 2010 ▼

 Me: An eerie silence fell over the battleground - only a faint whisper of wind through the trees broke the silence. The group looked on at the scene of devastation - several bodies, some charred, others bloodied, littered the clearing. Aug 24, 2010 ▼


  Neil and Random: "Well that was unexpected" said Kireth flatly. He clicked his fingers and the flame snuffed out of existence, a small patch of smoke quickly dissipating in the breeze. Aug 24, 2010 ▼

Striding purposefully to the charred remains of the bandit leader he crouched down and examined both staff and body "Worthy you were not but at least you had a go" he quietly smirked at the corpse.

[Perception Check: **1d20+0: 2**]



 Me: The stench of charred flesh kept Kireth from examining the leader fully. He kicked aside the staff to check it, but it crumbled into two as he did so, the remains only good as charcoal. Aug 24, 2010 ▼

 Neil: "Useless even in death" he scorned the remains and walked away back to the main group. Aug 24, 2010 ▼



Me:



Aug 24, 2010



Matt and Random: Seeing the mage shy away from the dirty work of checking the dead body, Tradden sheathed his weapons & limped over to have a look himself.

Aug 24, 2010


[Perception Check: 1d20+2: 20]



Mark and Random: Seeing Kireth and Tradden studying the leader, Khalin began to examine the remaining bodies of the bandits, searching for anything that might give a clue to their presence here.

Aug 24, 2010



[Perception check: 1d20: 19]



Me: Most of the equipment and possessions of the guards and rabble were worthless and frankly in pretty poor shape. Their mail shirts were a little tattered and well-worn and even their weapons were dull edged in in need of repair.

Aug 24, 2010

Trying to stifle the impulse to choke at the smell of burnt skin, both Tradden and Celestia checked the leader thoroughly. They were disappointed to find nothing of major interest, just another of the simple wooden amulets around his neck as they had found in the caverns below. The similar small swirl ingrained on one side.




Liam and Random: Celestia wandered around the battered bodies eventually focussing on the leader, she was looking for some clue that might help her to better understand why she was here, in this place, now. It was surely a strange coincidence that had brought her into the dungeons, out with her new fellows and into this glade to be attacked by these fools.

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She was deep in thought and contemplation as she sought answers from the body below her.

(Perception check: 1d20+6: 25)



Me: Nothing else of note struck Celestia at this time, the memories of her abduction and incarceration still a little hazy.


Aug 24, 2010



The.brainbuster@googlewave.com: Zero wandered about the battlefield, collecting his spent bolts, unusually introspective.

Aug 24, 2010



He had the awful feeling that he was wading farther and farther from the shore, close to being consumed by the water and carried off by the tide.



Me: Deepingwald was a good two hours march from the group's position, and the evening was starting to draw in. Tiredness, both mentally and physically, as well as hunger and sheer shock of battle were taking their toll. Simple values, such as a clean bed, a leg of lamb and roaring fire were becoming increasingly attractive.

Aug 24, 2010


Tradden suggested the group make a note of their location, pile the bodies as best they could, and head back for the city. The watch would want to know about this as soon as possible - maybe they'd even be a reward in it. In any case, he had business to conclude with the watch guard captain. With a few coins in their pockets, the group could easily afford a good inn's meal and a few beers alongside it.



Matt: "No sense in hanging around anyway", said Tradden, "and I am sure that I owe you", he said, tossing a crossbow bolt he had picked out of a tree stump to Zero, " and you", he continued, giving Khalin a friendly slap on the back, " many, many drinks each!"



Aug 25, 2010

Noticing a slight bead of sweat on the Dwarf's brow, his thoughts turned to the rat bite he had seen the Warlord take a few hours back. "I am no apothecary", he said solemnly to his friend, "but I have had some healing training and that bite looks like it might have given you something nasty - let us find someone who can treat you before it gets worse. I know somewhere unless you want to find a cleric of Moradin or somesuch?"




Mark: "Ah, yes I must admit the scratch ails me a little," said Khalin, trying not to look like it was bothering him. "My friend, you have shown enough knowledge of the dwarves to have my trust in such a matter. Lead on!"

Aug 25, 2010



Matt: "Right then - Doc McCarrow who has a surgery in Boulevard West. Either he can cure it or there is a temple next door he uses if needed as well. I then need to see the Guard Captain - time for me to get out of this game I feel..."

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Neil: Kireth stood quietly to one side. He felt a little drained, not since the final tests his mentor had set had he exerted such magical force in such a short time. It was hard but it felt so good. He had faced an opponent, technically his superior, and bested him. Yes, this was just the begining.

Aug 25, 2010

He leant on his staff for a little support and considered this band as they dusted themselves down and prepared for the journey back to town. There was Tradden shouting out suggestions as soon as they entered his mind, without considering the consequences of them, idiot. Khalin the Dwarf seemed like someone you could rely on and was at least worth having around, not his fault he's a Dwarf. Celestia, clearly now identified as a cleric of some kind, again has a use as much as he would like to dismiss her. And then this Zero. This man could perhaps be of the most use to Kireth, despite his ineptitude with a crossbow.

Free of his bonds, in the open air and no assailants in sight. Kireth looked at the treeline, he could easily just walk away now, he owed them nothing. He looked back at the group.


"Which way then Tradden" he asked forcing a smile. There was still time to catch the ship to the mainland, let's see where this leads...



Matt: Remembering what Khalin had said earlier about their position, Tradden pointed towards the direction of Deepingwald proper, which was also the direction of the road. "Errm ... this way, I think. Let us walk with care until we reach town."

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And with that, the group, bruised battered, burned but alive, made their way back to the city.



Me: Continues in [Scene #6](#).

Aug 25, 2010

Tags:

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