

Synopsis
The 8th Day of Ches in the Year of the Sudden Journey
After embarking on 'The Guiding Fire' the group have survived the perils of their first few days at sea. However, with a previously-thought aide, Kassar, providing a signal to an enemy warship, the party get ready to repel all boarders on a dark and stormy sea!

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

Scene Length
This scene starts on Friday 3 September 2010 and is expected to be completed by the end of Thursday 9 September 2010. Players are expected to be able to post at least twice a day.

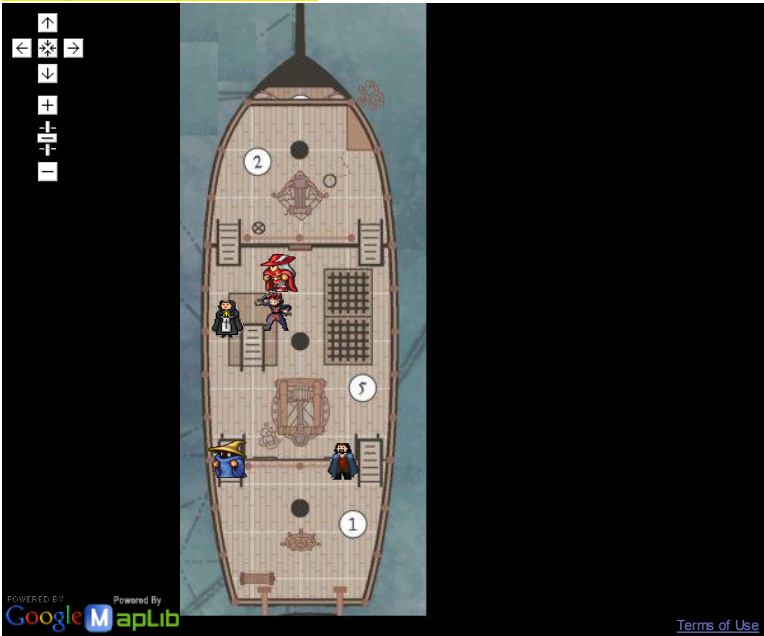
INITIATIVE BLOCK

Waiting for Zero to take their turn...

- 01) [33] Unidentified- **1d20+13: 33**
02) [18] Zero - **1d20+3+2: 18** - HP 15/25 - grabbed
03) [17] Tradden - **1d20+2+2: 17** - HP 6/26 - bloodied, grabbed
04) [14] Khalin - **1d20+1+2: 14** - HP 10/26 - bloodied, grabbed
05) [13] Kireth - **1d20+6+2: 13** - HP 11/23 - bloodied, grabbed
06) [11] Celestia - **1d20+1+2: 11** - HP 6/26 - bloodied, grabbed
~~06) [05] Goblinoid Horde - 1d20+1: 5~~
Goblin-Cutter #1—Dmg: 9=9
Goblin-Cutter #2—Dmg: 6=6
Goblin-Cutter #3—Dmg: 5=5
Goblin-Cutter #4—Dmg: 7=7
Hobgoblin-Grunt #1—Dmg: 12=12
Hobgoblin-Grunt #2—Dmg: 15=15
Hobgoblin-Grunt #3—Dmg: 6=6
Orc-Drudge #1—Dmg: 10=10
Orc-Drudge #2—Dmg: 4=4

BATTLE MAP

You may need to zoom in one level!



[Confounding Attack on Orc Drudge #2: **1d20+6+2: 19**] - hits!
[Damage: **2d6+3: 10**]

The bolt whistled across the decking and took the charging invader in the neck, spinning him round, causing his spear to pierce his comrade.

[Confounded Basic Attack on Orc Drudge #1: **1d20+9: 27**] - hits!
[Damage: **4**]

The spear took his comrade fully through the chest, and both fell to the deck, stopped instantly.



The.brainbuster@googlewave.com: Zero gawked in disbelief, then he started to laugh like a gleeful madman.

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"Come on, you piratey bastards! I've got plenty for everyone!"



Me: [Tradden: Delay Action to end of round]

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There was still no sign of the young fighter.




Mark, me and Random: Somewhat bemused at heading into the fray without Tradden alongside him, Khalin nevertheless hurtled towards the nearest boarder, one of the goblins. The adrenaline rush of battle was combined with a frisson of fear - never before had he faced monstrous green-skinned ghouls like these.

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With a roar of rage he swung his warhammer at the nearest goblin...

[Warhammer attack v Goblin Cutter #4: **1d20+5: 23**] - hits!
[Damage: **1d10+3: 7**]

Khalin crushed the goblin's skull against the foredeck wall with one broad sweep.




Neil, me and Random: Kireth swiftly moved to the left of Zero, halting at the top of the ladder. His arms dropped to his side and he lowered his head. Through the noise of the wind and lashing rain Zero could not make out any noise the mage might have been making but he did notice his fists clench, Kireth's body as a whole seeming to tense up, shaking as if with rage. It seemed to build until Kireth suddenly looked up and pointed across the deck, his right arm and forefinger extended "YOU!" he boomed. This Zero did hear and, impossibly, so too it seemed did one of their enemy as the creature fearfully locked eyes with the mage.

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[Nightmare Eruption vs Goblin Cutter #2: **1d20+4: 7**] - misses!

The Goblin stared for a moment at Kireth and then shook his head clear. Kireth's extended arm dropped to his side. Whatever magic had just been weaved had clearly failed.




Liam, me and Random: The time came for Celestia to act; she moved forwards at speed so that she was positioned below the pirates, who remained elevated on the level above her. She focussed on the goblin that was closest to her and began her attack.

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She withdrew her Holy Pendant and a steely determination crossed her face. She spoke softly into the pendant and cast her spell.

[Sacred Flame vs. Goblin Cutter #3: **1d20+4: 8**] - misses!

The creatures ignored the priests' attack.



Me and Random: The creatures swarmed over the deck and surrounded Celestia and Khalin, hoping to overpower them quickly by flanking them on each side.

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[Goblin Cutter #1 vs Celestia: **1d20+6: 20** vs Celestia's AC(16)] - hits!
[Goblin Cutter #1 Damage: **4**]

[Goblin Cutter #2 vs Khalin: **1d20+6: 7** vs Khalin's AC(18)] - misses!
[Goblin Cutter #2 Damage: **4**]


[Goblin Cutter #3 vs Celestia: Combat Advantage Due to Flanking: **1d20+6+2: 12** vs Celestia's AC(16)] - misses!
[Goblin Cutter #3 Damage: **5**]

[Hobgoblin Grunt #1 vs Celestia: Combat Advantage Due to Flanking: **1d20+6+2: 22** vs Celestia's AC(16)] - hits!
[Hobgoblin Grunt #1 Damage: **5**]

[Hobgoblin Grunt #2 vs Khalin: Combat Advantage Due to Flanking: **1d20+6+2: 16** vs Khalin's AC(18)] - misses!
[Hobgoblin Grunt #2 Damage: **5**]

[Hobgoblin Grunt #3 vs Khalin: Combat Advantage Due to Flanking: **1d20+6+2: 21** vs Khalin's AC(18)] - hits!
[Hobgoblin Grunt #3 Damage: **5**]

Two of the hits manage to get through to Celestia, and one to Khalin, as the monsters move into position and attack with their spears.



Me: From out of the corners of their eyes the group could see a small flame spring up off the starboard bow, and in the dancing light three or four large figures moving something around.


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There was an unearthly strum of a very low note, and then there was a whistling through the air.

Khalin felt something pass his right elbow, moving at breakneck speed, and then there was an almighty thud as a bolt as long as a spear caught Captain Abraham in the midriff and pinned him to the main mast.

The Captain let out a huge bellow of pain and all the sailors as one turned and saw in desperation the fate of their leader, his contorted face stark and white in the glare of Kireth's magical light. Abraham miraculously was still alive, and he continued to bark out orders to the crew, albeit interspersed by spitting blood, and raising his cutlass to defend against those creatures that still attacked him.

Moments passed and Abraham visibly looked weaker and weaker. Then, there was a huge cracking and creaking noise from the main mast and all, seamen and creatures alike, looked up at the main sail to see if it would remain upright.



Matt, me and Random: Despite their losses so far, the various creatures were clearly under no illusions as to the outcome of this battle – they had attacked with speed and surprise and these humans would fall just as ones on previous vessels had – the inclusion of the odd dwarf and elf fighting in the vanguard would make no difference save as to the bragging rights and notches on blades later on.

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The storm continued to batter the Guiding Fire as they advanced, and its toll on the boat was obvious to see. Rigging shook violently, hatches not properly fastened slapped about in the wind and ropes worked loose. The blow to the main mast had caused the boom to come free, and it arced back and forth at speed across the deck. It was just above head height of even the tallest man or beast, so there was immediate danger, but even so those directly underneath its wide area of movement found it hard to resist a slight, involuntary duck as every 10 seconds or so as the thick hardwood beam whooshed back and forth with an air and rain splitting hum.

Confidence and arrogance was clear on the strange beasts' leery faces – still they came, one of the larger ones, a scar across his forehead, jabbed with his spear at the armoured dwarf whilst mockingly reaching up to tap the huge boom as it swung over again.

As the beasts started to surround the Elf and Dwarf, their optimism grew. Even with their losses they still outnumbered the fighters before them, and all around the ship their comrades were also winning the battle – as evidenced by the fact that the ship's Captain, clearly one of the most formidable fighters, was dead or dying, pinned against the main mast. The scarred creature let out a bark like laugh as he continued to jab at the Dwarf, and once again reached his hand up to slap the boom as it came swinging back into view.

This time however, something made him hesitate – something was *not* the same about the boom on this swing compared to its previous journeys. It took him a moment to place it ... something was different about the boom this time. This time, it had a Tradden on it...

[Acrobatics check: **1d20+2: 14**]

Tradden was crouched on the boom as it swung into view, poised and ready to strike. The young fighter leapt through the air, directly towards Grunt#1, landing the soles of his feet squarely into it's chest in an impressive motion, knocking it backwards in an aerially modified bull rush, and then half-piking in the air to land on his feet between Celestia and Khalin.

[Bull Rush (from moving boom): **1d20+4: 6**]

"Ha ha!" exclaimed Tradden as his head flicked back up after his landing, expecting to see the creature's legs dissapearing over the side of the boat and into the deep blue sea. Instead, it still stood there, as solid as ever, looking quizzically down at the footprint marks now adorning its breast plate.
"Ah..." said the young fighter, almost apologetically. There was a slightly muted and embarrassing pause for a few seconds as both the Half-Orc and Tradden looked at each other. Then, as one, both realised that the other was still very much a danger, weapons were raised again, and battle commenced in full.

[Cleave vs Grunt#1 with Longsword **1d20+7+1: 11**] - misses!


Tradden ground his teeth. He had been expecting to have more of an impact by this point, and was concerned that neither of his companions, the Elf on one shoulder and the Dwarf on the other, would be particularly impressed that he had not managed to hit anything so far. Still, where there is a will...

[Tradden uses Action Point for extra attack]

Without warning, Tradden span around on one foot, not unlike a mini whirlwind, and with his trademark, bizarrely wild kind of control, his blades flashing only inches over Khalin's helmet.


[Cleave vs Grunt#2 with Longsword **1d20+7+1: 18**] - misses!

Tradden cursed to himself - what was with him today? He was sure that last attack should have sliced the damn thing in half! He positioned himself ready for the counter attack that would now surely come...

 Me: As Tradden leapt down from the boom there was another almighty crack, and all could see the main mast starting to sway in the wind. First one way, then another, and at any moment it might fall. Sep 6, 2010 ▼

Abraham was nearly still now, trying to weakly issue orders. The sailors seem to have renewed their strength and were starting to press back the boarders.

 Me and Random: [Chance of main mast falling: 6 on a **1d6: 3**] - not this turn! Sep 6, 2010 ▼


 The.brainbuster@googlewave.com, me and Random: Zero looked up at the mast with gritted teeth and only dared look away when it swayed back to the centre. Like things weren't dangerous enough! Sep 6, 2010 ▼

He raised his crossbow again and aimed at the sweet spot just beside the left shoulder blade of the Hobgoblin in front of him, hoping to take some heat off the overwhelmed Khalin.

[Standard attack: **1d20+5: 16**] - misses!

The bolt thuds into the foredeck wall and remains there.

 Me and Random: [Chance of main mast falling: 6 on a **1d6: 2**] - not this turn! Sep 6, 2010 ▼


 Matt, me and Random: Always thinking, Tradden realised that his previous tactics had not worked on this new breed of enemy. He felt a wave of despondency come over him as he realised that he would have to get past not only their astonishingly effective overlapping, defensive formation but also their well made armour. Sep 7, 2010 ▼

Waving his longsword in a feint, he was able to create an opening in the defences of the shorter creature in front of him, and he thrust forward his shortsword, looking to find a weakness in the bronzed scale that the foul thing wore.

[Surestrike with Shortsword vs Goblin Cutter#1 **1d20+10: 23**] - hits!
[Damage **1d6+3: 9**]

This time his blade found its mark, and the creature went down with a burbling groan. Tradden felt a little bit better!

 Me and Random: [Chance of main mast falling: 6 on a **1d6: 1**] - not this turn! Sep 7, 2010 ▼

 Me and Random: Khalin continued to stand his ground against the swarming horde, but a glance towards Captain Abraham showed him the noble skipper was fading fast. Sep 7, 2010 ▼

"Hold strong, Captain, 'The Guiding Fire' will not fall to these vermin from hell!" roared the dwarf, trying to raise the spirits of the wounded seaman.

[Inspiring Word (Minor Action) - Target Captain Abraham - Healing Surge plus **1d6: 2** hit points recovered]

The warlord then moved into a tight formation with his allies, shield raised in defence...

[Shift one square NW (Move Action)]


He then swung his warhammer again, trying to smite the nearest greenie. "Have at you!" he yelled again.

[Shielded Assault vs Hobgoblin Grunt #2: **1d20+5: 20**] - hits!
[Damage: **2d10+3: 15**]

[+2 AC to self and allies while adjacent until end of Khalin's next turn]

Khalin smashed his hammer down and crushed another skull under its weight.

 Me and Random: [Chance of main mast falling: 6 on a **1d6: 6**] - this turn!
[Direction: **1d8: 8**] - starts to fall NW. Sep 7, 2010 ▼

 Me and Random: As Khalin uttered his latest war cry, another huge crack resounded from the main mast. The beam swayed once and then came toppling down in an almighty cacophony of wood, rigging, and sail. Sep 7, 2010 ▼

Tradden and one of the creatures were directly in line of the fall of the mast itself and tried desperately to jump out of the way.

[Main Beam fall: **1d20: 14** vs Tradden's Reflex(14)] - hits!
[Damage: **2d6+4: 7**]

[Main Beam fall: **1d20: 19** vs Hobgoblin Grunt #1 Reflex] - hits!
[Damage: **2d6+4: 12**]

The main beam fell with some force, smashing into the decking and throwing up splinters in all directions. Tradden was struck and remained pinned [treat as Grab, with ongoing 4 damage] under the sail, his only saving grace that the creature behind him had taken more of the force and had be pulverised by the stout wood.


The rigging and sail fell some moments afterwards, with almost as dire consequences for those caught beneath them.

[Rigging fall: **1d20-2: 10** vs Celestia's Reflex(11)] - misses!

[Rigging fall: **1d20-2: 7** vs Khalin's Reflex(12)] - misses!

[Rigging fall: **1d20-2: 5** vs Goblin Cutter #3] - misses!

All of those under the fall of the rigging managed to side-step and dodge the detritus as it swooped down on them. The ground became treacherous now, with pieces of rope or wooden blocks ready and willing to trip people up [treat NW quarter of main deck as Difficult Terrain].


 Neil, me and Random: The wind, the rain, falling masts; this was very quickly turning into chaos. Deal with immediate threats was his training. He could do nothing about the mast nor, he doubted, could he help the pinned Tradden even were he stood next to him. Sep 7, 2010 ▼

He could, however, deal with the enemy and thus perhaps freeing up his companions to help Tradden. He had failed before, perhaps hindered by this thunderous weather. Efforts must be doubled.


He lowered his head once more, his body tensing. Bringing the ancient words to his mind he let the anger and hatred fill him. His form convulsed slightly before his head popped up at an almost unnatural angle "Gorga Gorgorath Yassene" he spat at his foe.

[Nightmare Eruption vs Hobgoblin Grunt #3: **1d20+4: 11**] - misses!

Again, nothing.

 Me: Moans came from the base of the shattered main mast - the Captain was still alive, buoyed by Khalin's words. He was trying to stretch out his arm, to the starboard bow, and managed to unfurl his fist to point. Sep 7, 2010 ▼

Then, the arm dropped, the body went limp, and no further moans were heard. The captain was dead.

 Liam, me and Random: Celestia was furious that she had missed her last effort to destroy the Pirate who now stood directly before her. Her movement was swift as she unleashed the full force of the Morningstar upon the Cutter and screamed with the effort of her swing. Sep 7, 2010 ▼

[Righteous Brand vs Goblin Cutter #3: **1d20+5: 6**] - critical miss!

The goblin sidestepped the lunge easily.

 Me and Random: Although they were severely depleted the boarders kept up their relentless assault on the party. Sep 7, 2010 ▼

The first goblin, incensed that Khalin had moved away from him charged back at him, spear aloft.

[Goblin Cutter #1 vs Khalin: **1d20+6: 18** vs Khalin's AC(18+2)] - misses!

His attack was unsuccessful, Khalin's shield coming to his rescue.

The third goblin, teeth bared and drooling, continued to heft his spear at Celestia.


[Goblin Cutter #3 vs Celestia: **1d20+6: 8** vs Celestia's AC(16+2)] - misses!

The goblin's spear missed Celestia by some distance.

The last of the hobgoblins also moved towards the elven priest, thrusting his spear towards her midriff.

[Hobgoblin Grunt #3 vs Celestia: **1d20+6: 9** vs Celestia's AC(16+2)] - misses!

The hobgoblin cursed as Celestia escaped unharmed.

 Me: The ship lurched once more and the group heard a few splinters and cracks. A great guttural cheer came from over the starboard fore of the ship, and the slow rhythmic clash of spear on shield started once more. Sep 7, 2010 ▼


Some of the sailors shouted "Victory!" even with some of the creatures still on board.

 The.brainbuster@googlewave.com, me and Random: Zero loosed off a bolt at the Goblin Cutter almost directly ahead of him, then peered inquisitively into the darkness off the starboard side of the ship. Sep 7, 2010 ▼

[Standard attack: **1d20+5: 23**] - hits!

[Damage: **1d6+3: 5**]


The goblin fell instantly, the bolt taking him through the throat.

 Me: Zero could spy the outline of the horde's ship through the inky blackness, slowly moving away from 'The Guiding Fire'. Shadowy figures danced about on the deck, but most prominent were three horned figures, taller and broader than a man stood on the quarterdeck, with axes held aloft, aimed at the foredeck. Sep 7, 2010 ▼

As Zero followed the axes' direction he saw another shadow, small and spindly crawling up to the top of the fo'c's'le, towards the figurehead at the prow of the ship.

As it arrived there, the chanting and spear-beating ceased as one.

 Me: [Tradden: Ongoing damage from mast: **4**] Sep 7, 2010 ▼

 Matt, me and Random: "Oh - the irony!" Thought Tradden. One minute he had been aloft this mast, next minute he was pinned beneath it. He groaned as the weight once again pressed down on him, forcing the air from his lungs and causing a worrying creaking sound from his chest area. Sep 7, 2010 ▼

Acrobatics were not going to save him this time, so he focused on using his strength and athleticism to wriggle free.


[Athletics check **1d20+4: 21**] - success!

Tradden managed to push the mast up slightly, enough to squeeze out and stand. As he did so, he noticed the squat figure of Kassar, crushed by a boom, lifeless.

[Perception Check: **1d20+2: 21**] - success!

The boom had landed squarely on his face pushing his head back and exposing his neck. Around the contorted neck was an amulet, the design ever-so familiar to Tradden.

 Me: An eerie keening could be heard emanating from the enemy ship. Sep 7, 2010 ▼

 Mark, me and Random: Incensed by the death of the noble Captain Abraham, who Khalin had shared an affable chat with on at least a couple of occasions, the dwarf snarled with rage as he swung his hammer down towards the final goblin: "You'll pay for that, demon!" Sep 7, 2010 ▼


[Warhammer attack vs Goblin Cutter #2: **1d20+5: 20**] - hits!


[Damage: **1d10+3: 6**]


As the blow crunched satisfyingly into the goblin's skull and it breathed its last, Khalin swiftly turned towards the eerie keening coming from across the waves.

[Perception check: **1d20: 4**]

Khalin's view of the ship was blocked by some of the loose-hanging rigging.

 Me: The ship began to sway and bob even more than it had during the storm, and all were tossed around, trying to keep their footing. The very water sounded as though it was Sep 7, 2010 ▼

 me: The ship began to sway and bob even more than it had during the storm, and all were tossed around, trying to keep their footing. The very water sounded as though it was boiling around them.


 The.brainbuster@googlewave.com: "There's only one left!" hollered Zero above the storm. "Maybe we should take him alive to question him!" Sep 7, 2010 ▼

 Matt: "Yes!" hollered Tradden back to Zero through the squall, Sep 8, 2010 ▼

"I would certainly like to ask this fellow a few questions! Not only that but..."

Although his view through the rigging was poor, and nothing but a blur of darkness could be seen, Tradden then caught his first fleeting sight of the shadowy figure at the prow of the other ship.

"... but ... by the Gods what is THAT!?"

 Neil, me and Random: The 'others' were dealing nicely with the enemy aboard their own ship but what of the other vessel, now moving away? Kireth too saw the shadow wrapped around the figurehead. He could not clearly see what it was but, as the hairs on his skin raised, he sensed it was not good news for them. Sep 9, 2010 ▼


He silently cursed the limitations of his own abilities. This was the frustration he had lived with for years and the entire reason for this voyage.

"In time I will learn to crush your ship like a small box" he whispered to the unknown enemy "but for now"

Kireth whirled around with his staff, a silver flash emanated from its tip and flew directly at the remaining creature.

[Magic Missile vs Hobgoblin Grunt #3: Auto-hit] - auto hits!
[Damage 2+4: 6]

The bolt flew true and straight at the remaining creature, knocking him over with the blast, and silencing him forever.


 Me and Random: The water continued to boil, great pockets of it exploding over the side and sending spray across the deck of the ship. The group looked around trying to understand what was causing the water to churn so, and then one of the sailors shouted. Sep 9, 2010 ▼

"A monster, a sea monster, we must flee!"


Panic started. Above the hubbub phrases were shouted, "Remember 'The Epideixis!'", "It'll drag us down!", "Save us, Melora!"

The with eldritch slowness black tentacles, many feet long, began to squirm and wriggle onto the deck from over the side of the ship and seek out their targets.

[UNIDENTIFIED Initiative: 1d20+13: 33]

 Liam, me and Random: Celestia was somewhat disenchanted by her successive failures thus far in battle; but the new enemy provoked her into action once again. There was a tentacle directly beside her swaying stupidly steadily encroaching the deck. With a quick, sharp chop Celestia flung the Morningstar at the tentacle. Sep 9, 2010 ▼

[Wrathful Thunder vs. Tentacle: 1d20+5: 14] - misses!

 Me and Random: The tentacles moved slowly, prodding and pawing for a hold. Eventually some of them managed to get a grip on the rigging and mast and some of the more secured outcroppings of the ship. The tentacles tensed visibly. Sep 9, 2010 ▼

[Coils of Doom]

[Devourer of Ships: 1d20+13: 27 vs 'The Guiding Fire's' Fortitude] - hits!
[Hull Damage: 2d10+10: 15]

The hull creaked and splintered with a deafening shriek. Two of the other tentacles then sought out some of the unfortunate sailors and passengers, grabbing many of them in each huge limb.

[Crushing Tentacles: 1d20+15: 20 vs Sailor #01's AC] - hits!
[Damage: 2d8+5: 14 and grabbed]

[Crushing Tentacles: 1d20+15: 32 vs Sailor #02's AC] - hits!
[Damage: 2d8+5: 12 and grabbed]

[Crushing Tentacles: 1d20+15: 27 vs Sailor #03's AC] - hits!
[Damage: 2d8+5: 10 and grabbed]

[Crushing Tentacles: 1d20+15: 32 vs Sailor #04's AC] - hits!
[Damage: 2d8+5: 21 and grabbed]

[Crushing Tentacles: 1d20+15: 22 vs Sailor #05's AC] - hits!
[Damage: 2d8+5: 20 and grabbed]

[Crushing Tentacles: 1d20+15: 19 vs Sailor #06's AC] - hits!
[Damage: 2d8+5: 14 and grabbed]

[Crushing Tentacles: 1d20+15: 22 vs Sailor #07's AC] - hits!
[Damage: 2d8+5: 14 and grabbed]

[Crushing Tentacles: 1d20+15: 24 vs Sailor #08's AC] - hits!
[Damage: 2d8+5: 11 and grabbed]

[Crushing Tentacles: 1d20+15: 27 vs Sailor #09's AC] - hits!
[Damage: 2d8+5: 13 and grabbed]

[Crushing Tentacles: 1d20+15: 23 vs Sailor #10's AC] - hits!
[Damage: 2d8+5: 13 and grabbed]

[Crushing Tentacles: 1d20+15: 22 vs Sailor #11's AC] - hits!
[Damage: 2d8+5: 12 and grabbed]

[Crushing Tentacles: 1d20+15: 18 vs Celestia's AC] - hits!
[Damage: 2d8+5: 11 and grabbed]


[Crushing Tentacles: 1d20+15: 31 vs Khalin's AC] - hits!
[Damage: 2d8+5: 11 and grabbed]

[Crushing Tentacles: 1d20+15: 23 vs Kireth's AC] - hits!
[Damage: 2d8+5: 12 and grabbed]

[Crushing Tentacles: 1d20+15: 29 vs Tradden's AC] - hits!
[Damage: 2d8+5: 11 and grabbed]

[Crushing Tentacles: **1d20+15: 19** vs Zero's AC] - hits!
[Damage: **2d8+5: 10** and grabbed]

Some of the sailors had their lives squeezed out of them on the spot and went limp as soon as the tentacles tensed. Others were less fortunate, as the head of the sea creature rose up at the side of 'The Guiding Fire' and two uncaring inky eyes pierced their hearts and minds.


 Me: A guttural cheer came from the other ship, all of the group could see the ship now as they were being carried into the air by the tentacles. On the quarterdeck of the enemy ship stood three huge horned figures, half-man, half-bull with bronzed armour and their axes gleaming.

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Slowly shifting down from the prow of the foredeck was the spindly figure - returning to where ever it came from, it's role completed.

Orders could be heard being barked from the largest of the three horned figures, and the ship started to turn about and head to the north.

Further splinters could be heard from 'The Guiding Fire' below and then the sea took her - rushing in and consuming the sleek vessel. As she sank below the boiling waves the last the party saw of her was the shattered mast and Captain Abraham still pinned, going down with his ship.

 Me: All of this seemed to happen is slow motion for Celestia, her eyes transfixed on the beast trying to stem her fear and agony. As the beast started to sink into the now calming waters to consume its prey her chest began to burn, she lost her breath, and a light sprang from the amulet around her neck.

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Bright it was, and seemed to mirror the starkness of the stormy clouds and the chaos of the rolling sea with grey and blue and green rays streaming out of it and over the beast's black tentacles.


Suddenly the beast gave a roar, and whipped its tentacle around, releasing and flinging the hapless adventurers and the lifeless bodies of the sailors across the surface of the water, where they skipped across and eventually plunged into the icy blackness.

Almost at the same instant the ship's only lifeboat, bobbed to them across the surface of the water. Khalin managed to drag people out of the water and get them into the boat with his unearthly Dwarven endurance.

The light from Celestia's amulet dimmed slightly, leaving the party in a soft glow, out on the open ocean - now calm. Drifting, ever so slowly drifting, the group finally succumbed to fatigue, and blackness filled them all.

 Me: Continued in [Into the Shadowhaunt - Scene #01](#)

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Tags: 

Next wave ➡