



**Synopsis**

*The 12th Day of Ches in the Year of the Sudden Journey*  
While Kireth studies, Celestia looks for enlightenment at the temple, and Zero entrenches himself in the inn, Khalin and Tradden have agreed to assist one of the villagers, the elf smith Caldring, in looking for iron ore in the swamps to the southeast beyond the lake.  
The group headed into the marshes where Caldring spotted an iron cartwheel. As she tried to pull it out she fell into the swamp with a splash, but resurfaced with skeletons not far behind!  
The group managed to despatch the skeletons, but not without Caldring using her runic magic, causing a mist to descend on the group. When the mist finally cleared Caldring was nowhere to be seen. But then her shouts were heard some way off in the swamp and when Tradden and Khalin arrived, she was being attacked by ghoulish figures.  
With great difficulty the ghouls were vanquished, but Caldring fared badly, being knocked unconscious. Tradden and Khalin now look for some nearby shelter to get the elf warm and let her recover.

- [Khâlin Grundokri](#) - 2nd Level Male Dwarven Warlord
- [Tradden Aversward](#) - 2nd Level Male Human Fighter
- Caldring Andrezar - NPC

**Scene Length**

This scene starts on Friday 26 November 2010 and is expected to be completed by the end of Monday 29 November 2010. Players are expected to be able to post at least once a day.

Me and Random: *The pair walked slowly through the marshes, the dwarf going first testing out the ground every now and again in front of him with the haft of his hammer, skirting around pools and any ground he was unsure of. Tradden followed behind closely, starting to tire with the weight of the limp elf over his shoulder.* Nov 26, 2010 ▼

"At least the rain is starting to ease, Khalin," muttered Tradden.  
  
"Aye, m'lad. It'll be dawn soon, too," replied the dwarf. "We'll be able to see more clearly then, and we'll find somewhere to get warm, you'll see."

*Then, out of the gloom Khalin spotted a slight rise in the marsh, a small mound rising up out of the pools.*

"There might be something up ahead, lad," whispered the dwarf. "Let's be careful now."

*Tradden carefully laid Caldring down by the side of an old blackened tree stump and joined Khalin's side, drawing his swords as he did so. Khalin hefted his warhammer, and the pair slowly advanced towards the mound.*  
  
*As they approached they could see more details on the mound. It was a grassy rise, but surrounded by a ring of stones. Facing towards them was a dip leading into the mound, covered by a roughly hewn stone slab.*

[Khalin Perception Check: **1d20+1: 4**]  
[Tradden Perception Check: **1d20+3: 5**]

*They listened for a little while near the slab, but couldn't hear anything. Grabbing hold of one side they rolled the slab back to reveal an entrance leading down into darkness. Khalin peered down, his eyes keener than Tradden's in the dark.*  
  
[Khalin Dungeoneering Check: **1d20+3: 11**]

*He sniffed the air and then whispered back to Tradden. "Smells a bit funny, but at least it's warm and dry down there compared to up here. Not sure I'd want to spend too long down there, though."*  
  
*With a nod from Tradden the dwarfs slowly edged down the slope and into the mound, carefully looking about him as he went, trying to tread as softly as he could.*  
  
[Khalin Stealth Check: **1d20+2: 15**]

*After some moments in the darkness, Khalin clambered back up.*  
  
"Well, it's dry and safe for now. Not sure what that smell is, but we'll just have to live with it. Pass me a torch and I'll get the place lit - you go and get the elf."  
  
*Tradden did as he was asked, and when he returned with Caldring he ventured down into the mound and looked about in the torchlight.*

Me and Random: *The mound led down into a central corridor which seemed to be carved out of the peat from the bog, with three chambers leading off from it - one to the left, one to the right, and one at the end of the corridor.* Nov 26, 2010 ▼

*The chamber to the left was fairly small and apparently unused, some of the peat walls scuffed and scattered on the uneven floor.*  
  
*The one to the right was larger and contained a great stone trough with a foul smelling liquid or goo within it; a couple of old tin bowls or plates nestled at the bottom.*  
  
*The final chamber was also large and looked as though it had been recently used, with straw and matted reeds on the floor. Tradden set Caldring down upon one of them and started to check her injuries - binding what he could and cleaning out cuts.*  
  
[Tradden Heal Check: **1d20+8: 24**]

*As he cared for her she murmured incoherently and remained unconscious, but Tradden felt much happier that she would be on the mend if they spent some time to rest.*  
  
"I guess we need to get some rest ourselves, friend," he called over to Khalin. "It's been a long night."  
  
"Aye," replied Khalin. "I think one of us should stay up and keep watch for a bit, though. I'll go first."  
  
"Very well," agreed Tradden, rather quickly, and settled down in some of the straw to get some sleep.  
  
*As Tradden dozed off, Khalin kept a watch on the entrance, chuckling to himself at the youngster's lack of stamina.*  
  
[Khalin Endurance Check: **1d20+10: 17**]

*But, within a few minutes of the young fighter dozing off, Khalin found himself succumbing to a deep slumber...*

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**INITIATIVE BLOCK**  
**Combat Encounter Completed...**

01) [14] Green Slime - **1d20+9: 14** - Dmg: 3+2+15+2+23+14=59  
02) [13] Tradden - **1d20+3+2: 13** - HP 32/32  
03) [05] Khalin - **1d20+2+2: 5** - HP 16/31  
04) [00] Caldring - **0** - HP 0/36 (Bloodied) (Unconscious)



Me and Random: **Surprise Round!** Nov 26, 2010 ▼

 [Green Slime Stealth Check: **1d20+10: 23** vs Khalin's Passive Perception -5] - *surprised!*  
[Green Slime Stealth Check: **1d20+10: 21** vs Tradden's Passive Perception -5] - *surprised!*

*Khalin awoke with a start, bad dreams haunting him, and with horror he noticed the green slime from the trough in the other chamber creeping up his leg as he had dozed!*

[Engulf: **1d20+7+2: 12** vs Khalin's Reflex(13)] - *misses!*


*The slime oozed up his leg, but Khalin managed to scurry backwards on his arse, and kick it out of the way for now.*

  **Me and Random:** *The slime kept coming though, and faster than Khalin could imagine, it leapt towards his legs once more.*




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[Engulf: **1d20+7: 16** vs Khalin's Reflex(13)] - *hits!*  
[Damage: **1d6+3: 9** acid] and [Engulfed, ongoing **5** acid damage] (Save Ends)

*The slime engulfed Khalin's legs and stretched up his torso and arms.*

 **Me:** *Tradden woke, with Khalin's scream and had to rub his eyes more than once to understand what was happening. His friend seemed to be almost completely engulfed by this monstrosity, and hitting it and avoiding Khalin would be difficult.*

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   **Matt, me and Random:** *Tradden's face stayed in a fixed status of "What the...", but his hands were fast becoming used to having to act faster than his brain. They scrambled about to get a proper grip on his blades, and went to work. Suddenly catching up, Tradden's brain caused his mouth to say:*


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*"Fear not Masterdwarf - I will have you cut out of this mess in but a few seconds!"*

*He struck with his Frost Sword, Narcissus, looking for a clean slice that would start to free the dwarf. This was tricky looking, but it was just slime - hardly the kind of thing to get worried about.*




[Sure Strike: **1d20+11: 22**] - *hits!*  
[Frost Damage **1d8+3: 6**] and [Marked] - Khalin takes **3**, Green Slime takes **3**

*As Tradden hacked into the slime it parted quickly, and he found himself striking his engulfed friend as well!*

 **Me:** *As Khalin struggled against the slime it's acide stung him again.*

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[Ongoing Damage: **5**] and [Bloodied]

   **Mark, me and Random:** *Somewhere smouldering in Khalin's mind behind the shock of the sudden 'attack' of the slime creature was an increasing incredulity at this mad continent - an ongoing internal debate about whether the hardy folk of Blackengorge were defiantly brave or just plain pigheaded in establishing a foothold in this gods-forsaken place. What in Clangeddin's name would be next?*

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*But to the fore was a sheer panic as the clinging, clawing ooze threatened to choke the life from the warlord. If he could once more invoke the flames from the magical bracers on his forearms he might be able to repel the foul substance. For now he shuffled out his dagger and frantically tried to cut through the slime...*

[Dagger vs Slime: **1d20+7-2: 23**] - *hits!*  
[Damage: **1d4+3: 4**] - Khalin takes **2**, Green Slime takes **2**.

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

*Khalin's dagger slipped through the slime unexpectedly and cut across his own leg. Struggling, he managed to pull himself free.*

*"Now you'll get a taste of me!" he roared, drawing his warhammer.*

  **Me and Random:** *Even as Khalin wriggled free from the slime's grasp it approached again, oozing up towards his legs at an unearthly speed.*




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[Engulf: **1d20+7: 27** vs Khalin's Reflex(13)] - *critical hit!*  
[Damage: **1d6+3: 9** acid] and [Engulfed] (Ongoing **5** acid damage)

*As the thing attacked Khalin, Tradden saw an opportunity to attack.*

[Mark Attack: **1d20+9: 27**] - *hits!*  
[Damage: **1d8+7: 15**]

*The beast recoiled with shock - fortunately it hadn't completely engulfed Khalin by the time Tradden had struck.*

   **Matt, me and Random:** *As had been the case at other times, Tradden's thoughts about this insane continent mirrored his friends, although they were not to know this at the time.*

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*Things were going from bad to ... badder! Damaging the blobbish monstrosity was clearly required, but doing so was problematic it seemed. The young fighter looked around quickly as he considered his next steps.*

[Nature check: **1d20+3: 7**] - *failure!*

*Tradden couldn't fathom the green slimy substance's weaknesses, though.*

*The focus had to be on Khalin – the brave dwarf had taken some horrific hits, and would be unconscious in seconds if he didn't act.*

[Heal Check - First Aid (Saving Throw): **1d20+8: 18**] - *success!*

*Tradden reached into the slime to try to pull out his friend, allowing Khalin purchase against the slime.*

[Khalin Saving Throw: **1d20: 2**] - *failure!*

*But Khalin stuck fast, immovable even with Tradden's lended strength.*



[Use Action Point]

*Tradden could see that his friend was weak, and so pushed in both arms to attempt to wipe away the slime nearest the worst of the acidic attacks.*

[Heal Check - First Aid (Healing): **1d20+8: 10**] - *success!*  
[Khalin Spends Healing Surge and regains **7** hp]

 **Me:** *As Khalin struggled against the slime it's acide stung him again.*

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  **Me and Mark:** *Khalin continued to fight, but this was a foe that would not be intimidated by warcries, would not be outwitted by a battle strategy, simply an implacable and creeping menace. Still, the dwarf steeled himself against the pain again.*

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[Second Wind (Minor): Khalin receives 7 hp and +2 to defences]

"I've dispatched the dead themselves this night with flame and wrath! I will not fall to an overgrown slug!" roared the dwarf again.

[Inspiring Word (Minor): Khalin receives **1d6+7: 12** hp]

This time the warlord swung his hammer, hoping the impact and the sudden whip of his arm might weaken the thing.



[Furious Smash vs Green Slime: **1d20+6-2: 20**] - hits!

[Damage: **3**] - Khalin takes **1** damage, Green Slime takes **2** damage and Tradden receives +3 to attack or damage on next turn

The quick blow once again stung himself almost as much as the 'creature' it seemed, but might at least distract it for his comrade to strike.

[Save vs Engulf: **1d20: 19**] - success!




As the blow struck Khalin punched out with his other arm, freeing himself once more with a gasp.

  Me and Random: *Even as Khalin wriggled free from the slime's grasp it approached again, oozing up towards his legs at an unearthly speed.*

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[Engulf: **1d20+7: 9** vs Khalin's Reflex(13+2)] - misses!

*Khalin was too wary for the beast this time and easily side-stepped its advances.*

   Matt, me and Random: Now that Khalin was free, and looking a little more hearty, the time for reckless abandon was again nigh. That suited Tradden just fine, who began displaying fine melee footwork, hopping around taunting the green slime, first feinting with his longsword and catching a glancing blow, then striking with a swift stab, then once again bringing the frost sword to bear.

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[Surprise Stab First Strike vs Green Slime's Reflex: **1d20+9+3: 19**] - hits!

[Damage: **4**] and [Grants Combat Advantage] and [Marked]

[Second Strike vs Green Slime's AC: **1d20+9+2: 31**] - critical hit!

[Damage: **2d6+7: 19**]

*"Three fine strikes, the likes of which you will not see again!"* Tradden was getting carried away, and he suddenly realised this. *"Erm... because you are a blob. BUT the point still stands!"* he continued, although by his first outburst he sounded like he didn't really believe it himself. *"Yah har."*

   Mark, me and Random: While Tradden attempted to taunt the thing - could it even hear his shouts thought Khalin? - it could certainly see them somehow though - the dwarf quickly grabbed a torch from the near wall and lashed at the slime with it, hoping to at the least ward the beastly slick away - perhaps it feared flames?



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[Torch attack vs Green Slime: **1d20+4: 14**] - misses!

Before following up with his trusty warhammer...

[Use Action Point]

[Warhammer vs Green Slime: **1d20+6: 17**] - misses!

  Me and Random: *Oozing green pus leaked from the bulk of the slime, but still it edged closer towards the dwarf, trying to claim some flesh.*

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[Engulf: **1d20+7: 13** vs Khalin's Reflex(13)] - hits!


[Damage: **1d6+3: 7** acid] and [Engulfed] (Ongoing **5** acid damage)

*As the thing attacked Khalin, Tradden saw an opportunity to attack.*


[Mark Attack: **1d20+9: 24**] - hits!

[Damage: **1d8+7: 14**]

*The beast shuddered for a moment, and then Khalin was spat out of the mass with a slurp. The green mass started to melt into the floor, its juices and ooze no longer contained.*

 Me: [...combat encounter completed...]

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 Mark: Khalin slumped against the wall of the small chamber, catching his breath. After a few pants he looked up at Tradden, the two exchanging looks of something akin to bewilderment.

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"Thanks," the warlord spluttered through the goo adorning his beard, then continued earnestly "thank you Tradden my friend," before finally breaking into a half-smile. "Do you think the others will believe us when we recount the tale of this night?"



The young fighter screwed his face up in a look of skepticism.

"No me neither!" chuckled the warlord.

 Matt: *"In fact," added Tradden, "Lets never mention this - even if we do tell them, I can just see Kireth's face and sarcastic comment about our two brave warriors being nearly bested by a puddle of goo..."*

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With that, he turned to Caldring, to see how she was faring.

  Me and Matt: *Caldring appeared to be faring a little better. Colour had returned to her pallid face and she appeared to be breathing a little easier. **Tradden** checked the improvised bandages he had applied and most of the bleeding had stopped.*



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*The dwarf seemed cheerful enough, but **Tradden** could see the red marks left by the slime's grip and could tell that he needed rest too.*

"Right, my dwarven friend," **Tradden** mustered as cheerily as he could. "You get some shut eye, and I'll look to get a small fire going. We'll need all the warmth we can."

**Khalin** started to protest but decided better of it and slumped against one of the walls in the far chamber near the elf. Within moments his eyes were closed and he was snoring loudly.

"Right," shivered **Tradden**, wrapping his cloak around him (it was mostly silken, and so not as warm as Khalin's more practical cape) and muttering to himself. "Let's hope dawn comes and drives away the rain."

  Me and Matt: **Tradden** stayed alert and watchful until well after the break of dawn. Every so often he would go out into the morning air and take a stretch to keep himself awake, ever watchful for any movement in the marsh.

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*The rain ceased shortly after dawn, but a fine mist still clouded the marsh, muffling any sounds other than the chirp and drone of insects.*

*After what seemed an age **Khalin** joined him outside, stretching and yawning, the weariness and pain from combat left him. As he and **Tradden** started to make plans for how best to transport Caldring back to Blackengorge they heard her stir in the barrow.*

*She was awake and sitting and the three of them made the decision to slowly walk back to the town now, rather than waiting.*

*The journey back was slow, but uneventful bar the young fighter's gentle teasing of the dwarf, when Caldring was out of earshot, over his inability to stay awake and on him nearly being swallowed*

alive by a green bit of slime. Many was the time the laughing youngster had to flinch away from a waved warhammer. Eventually, the trio were back just before dusk.

After leaving Caldring at the temple to be looked after by the acolytes of Pelor, **Tradden** and **Khalin** headed back to The Bronze Lion to share their adventure with the group.



Me: [...continued in [Chapter #03, Scene #01...](#)]

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Tags: 

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