



Blackengorge - The Doors Beyond - Findings and Revelations - Chapter #03, Scene #05

...continues from [Scene #04](#)

Synopsis

The 14th Day of Ches in the Year of the Sudden Journey

Khalin and Tradden have returned from the Tower of the Mists with more questions that answers after battling flying stirges, giant spiders, and a curious beast, a rust monster. They have found a hidden forge in the cellars of the Tower, one harnessing an earth fire. But what manner of man or beast could use such a heat? They also found many pieces of smithywork, untouched by the rust monster, and have them them all, including the strangest - some strange chain mail - with the smith Caldring as they head to the Council to report their finds.

- [Celestia Gaja](#) - 2nd Level Female Elven Cleric of Melora
- [Khálin Grundokri](#) - 3rd Level Male Dwarven Warlord
- [Kireth Majere](#) - 2nd Level Male Half-Elven Wizard
- [Tradden Aversward](#) - 3rd Level Male Human Fighter
- [Zero Uhlit](#) - 2nd Level Male Human Rogue

Scene Length

This scene starts on Sunday 9 January 2011 and is expected to be completed by the end of Tuesday 11 January 2011. Players are expected to be able to post at least once a day.

Me and Matt: *The Council were waiting for the group, sat in the main hall behind a large desk bereft of adornment. Chairs had already been placed out for the group and Valino and a dwarf in dull plate mail stood to one side of the room, with Beltak the scribe sat in the far corner behind a small desk, parchment and quill at the ready.* Jan 11

Tymander was sat in the middle of the Council trio, with His Radiant Servant, Tremak on his right, and Barghest on his left.

"Please, be seated," offered Tymander, smiling at the group. "Can I offer any of you refreshments?"

The party slowly sat down, although none of them took Tymander up on his offer.

"It looks as though you have had a most, uhm, interesting tenday since you arrived on our shores, wet, bedraggled, and within inches of your lives. Just what hardy adventurers are made, of, eh?" said Tymander openly.

"You have helped us find two of our sons, repelled a goblin and kobold force, brought our smith back safely from a folly of an expedition, and now, if rumours are to be believed, found hidden chambers that even our own well-trained guard could not find," the merchant continued, drawing a scowl from Valino.

"You are to be congratulated. These are just the sort of heroics that we hoped adventurers would bring to these lands. Before long, we may be able to stretch our horizons beyond our small settlement and really strike out into the wilderness."

Tymander continued smiling, and even Barghest looked please. Tremak, however, remained impassive throughout.

"Now, to business," Tymander continued, "I believe you have found many items and discoveries of importance. Discoveries that may indeed tell us much more about our lands."

He looked from each adventurer to the next, with a hopeful look, expecting someone to speak up and tell their story.

Tradden took the lead and seized the reins to explain their adventures describing in detail their visit to the Isle and their finds in the Tower cellar. He kept some detail to himself, but perhaps revealed more than Kireth would have liked. The mage's exterior remained impassive, but his teeth lost a few layers of enamel as they ground away.

"We will send a group to investigate this cellar, or forge, now that you believe it's safe," said Barghest, speaking up for the first time. "We'll clean it up a bit and see if we can determine what went on there. I'm sure Caldring would be most interested to..."

At that point the door behind the party burst open, with an apologetic guard trying desperately to pull Caldring back out of the room.

"She wouldn't listen, sir!" implored the guard to Valino. "I told her it were private, like, but she kept on coming through."

"Why the interruption, my lady smith?" quizzed Tymander as Barghest nodded for the guard to leave her, lest he get injured in the process of holding on to her.

Caldring shrugged off the guard and walked firmly up to the table, depositing the chain mail from the forge on the desk, almost reverently.

"This!" she uttered. "I think I know where it has come from!"

She seemed both exhilarated and agitated, drawing deep breaths and fidgeting.

"Would you care to expand?" asked Barghest.

"The links are exceptionally fine, do you see, and the metal is an alloy that I have yet to fully fathom, but would require great heat to combine. It might be the earth fire forge that helps in this instance - the heat would allow the molten metals to more fully..."

"Yes, yes, yes," interrupted Barghest. "We're not here for a metallurgy lesson. What of the origin of the mail?"

She blushed somewhat, not sure whether to continue. After a moment she spoke, but quietly. "It's from the Feywild," she said, almost apologetically.

Me, Random and Matt: "The Feywild!" blurted Tremak, his demeanour changing for the first time. "That is but a fairy tale." He laughed heartily, and looked over to Tymander and Barghest. Jan 11

Tymander ignored his comrade's mirth and asked Caldring to continue, "Go on, m'lady."

"Amongst the elves we believe there is another plane of existence, one that mirrors this one but is more verdant and wild. One that can be crossed to at certain points from this world." Her eyes glassed over slightly as she continued, reciting as if from childhood memories of stories.

"Towering forests sprawl for a thousand leagues. Perfect amber prairies roll between pristine mountain peaks soaring into the flawless clouds. Emerald, turquoise, and jade green seas crash along endless beaches. The skies are a perfect blue, not seen in the mortal world - until storms come, coal-dark thunderheads boiling with fierce winds and torrential rains.

"In this world, arcane power thrums through every tree and rock. All existence is magical. Our elven cousins live there, the Eladrin, and they perform great works or art from architecture, to music, to smithcraft.

"My head cannot explain the smithcraft that has gone into this mail, but ever since I have touched it my heart has known the answer, it has been constructed by Eladrin hands."

There was silence for a moment and Caldring just stood in front of the Council, her chest rising and falling to her deep breaths, her cheeks reddened by her embarrassment.

"Nonsense!" demanded Tremak, standing up behind the desk. "Have we been to this 'Feywild', smith? Have we seen these 'Eladrin' on our shores? It is absurd. Pelor would have shone a light to guide our way to these lands should they exist, rather than allowing us to overgrow our Islands. I say it cannot be so!"

Silence rang out once more. Tradden, clearly fuming at the sudden outburst at the smith, started to stand, but a firm hand on each shoulder from Kireth and Khalin stopped him in his tracks.

"Perhaps you are right," Caldring eventually replied, meekly. "I'm not sure why I interrupted you - it seemed to be most important at the time. Please, I beg your forgiveness."

"Hmpff!" snorted Tremak, and sat down once again in his chair. Caldring slowly walked towards the exit.

"She's right," interjected Kireth. "Or if not, she's close."

Tremak's eyes burned as he looked directly at Kireth. "You dare to contradict me?" he spat at the wizard, malice in his voice.

[Tremak Intimidate: **1d20+6: 21** vs Kireth's Will (13)] - success!

Kireth was taken aback for a moment - he had not expected such ferocity from the priest. It took a few moments to compose himself.

[Kireth Diplomacy: **1d20+8: 22**]



Me: "Quite the contrary, His Radiant Servant," bluffed the wizard, with a flourished bow to Tremak. "Perhaps it is Pelor Himself that has shown us the signs."

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He was thinking on his feet, now, trying to calm the priest and yet get to his point.

"Did we not find the cellars in the Tower lit by strange lights - ones we could not explain? If the room had been dark, perhaps Tradden and Khalin would not have survived the attack by the creature below? Is that not Pelor's hand?"

Within the mausoleum, Pelor also played His part. His statues allowed us access to the chambers below to drive out the evil therein. Evil indeed that may have come from our own shores!"

This last point drew a gasp from Barghest, and a quizzical look from Tymander. It also appeared to have calmed down the priest.

"The elf we found in the ritual room of that foul place," Kireth continued, altering his language to better suit the Council, "spoke excellent Common, and indeed his spellbooks contained rituals and devices that were known to me."

"I would suggest that there very well may be a Feywild, or similar plane of existence, and that it has been, or is, in use. Judging by the actions of the elf in the mausoleum, I would say that it's use is not for good."

Kireth had chosen his words well, the Council conferred quietly, and he'd managed to get his point across without revealing his translations of the books he had covertly read.

After a long couple of minutes, the Council nodded between themselves, and Tymander turned back to the group.

"Although we are still skeptical, your argument, and Caldring's views, hold some sway with us, due to your honesty and help towards this town. We must use all we can from the Tower to see if we can corroborate your theory - Barghest's men will bring back what they can for further study under the supervision of His Radiant Servant.

"If, and I say if, your theory is right then we must plan carefully how we defend this town. Goblin, and now Kobold, forces seem to be on the uprise, and we cannot know for sure what is behind them.

"Perhaps you could help us once more in this regard. We will investigate the Tower fully and share anything we find with you. We will give you free board and lodging at the inn. However, we would ask one small favour in return - please investigate where these Goblins and Kobolds are coming from. We cannot afford for their numbers to grow and we cannot depend on the protective stones of this town for ever.

"There is a Goblin cave to the south of here, in the cliffs near a waterfall. Gilmorril has staked it out before. I would ask him to join you, but he is away to the east scouting the environs. Rindall here," Tymander motioned to the dwarf in dull plate mail, who smiled in anticipation of joining the group, "was with Gilmorril, but came back to report on his findings."

"If you could ascertain the size of their force from this den it would be of great help to the town. Removing them would be even better."

Tymander started to continue, but Tremak interrupted. "It would greatly please the Council if you would allow Beltak to accompany you."

The merchant's jaw dropped somewhat, but he recovered quickly, and just glowered at the priest. Beltak simply dropped his quill in astonishment, fear, and excitement. Rindall, the dwarf, scowled and looked across at Tymander.

"He is most skilled in recording and transcribing events and with Pelor's guidance may also be of help to you in the field. I will personally assure he will not be a burden upon you." Tremak appeared to be very pleased with himself.

Tymander, now suitably recovered, smiled once more. "Yes, well, that's settled then, isn't it. What say you, then? Will you assist us once more?"



The.brainbuster@googlewave.com: Zero sighed. Sadly, he was getting used to being pushed or dragged into perilous situations. These days he was inclined to just jump in and get it over with.

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"Beats staying here and watching the cows chew grass, I suppose," he said.



Mark: Khalin clapped a hand on the rogue's shoulder. "It'll be good to have you back in the fray my friend!" the dwarf grinned.

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The warlord then turned to face the council. "Forgive me, but wouldn't a warrior," Khalin nodded in the direction of his countryman, Rindall, "rather than a scribe, be a better choice for a potentially perilous trip to a nest of goblins and kobolds?" He shrugged, then added quickly: "No offence," and smiled politely at Beltak.



Me: As Khalin studied the Council waiting for an answer he could see Rindall nodding his head in agreement - it was obvious that the dwarf wanted to accompany the party.

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Tymander was about to speak, but Tremak cut him off before he could even begin.

"Beltak is a fine student of martial practices, and is not out of place in such situations," the priest replied curtly. "I am sure he will be an asset to your, uhm, group. Do not underestimate the assistance that a devout follower of Pelor can provide."

Barghest began to roll his eyes. Tymander sat motionless and seethed in silence.



Matt: Tradden stepped forward, seeking the eye of Kireth and Celestia as he did so. He caught a nearly imperceptible shrug from the mage, which was as good as it was going to get he reckoned.

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"I think I can speak for us all when I say we will pay this cave a visit. Only a few months ago I had never heard of 'goblins', and yet now I find I have more than one score to settle with the greenskins, and I dare say I am not the only one..."

"Too right lad!" chipped in Khalin, rubbing his forehead as if remembering the pain inflicted by a sparking stick wielded by one such goblin during the ambush a few days previously.

"Excellent, excellent - you leave in the morning!" said Tremak, standing up. The meeting was clearly over.



Matt: Once he had filed out of the hall with all the others, Tradden immediately looked to catch up with Caldring.

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Predictably he found her already back at her forge, furiously beating away at something or other, her face otherwise impassive. The young fighter cleared his throat nervously.

"Erm ... Caldring? I don't know too much about magic, or other planes of existence, but I do believe this Fey Wild exists if you say it does. I know that doesn't probably hardly mean much..."

The smith stopped hammering for one moment, regarding the man emotionlessly, as if he might be mocking her. However, she saw nothing but the truth in his eyes. The hammering resumed.

Realising that he was already losing his way, Tradden looked to revert to a line of conversation that he knew would engage her a bit more - her work.

"Soooooo" he began, rounding one of the tables at the front of her workshop whilst running his finger over the clearly dull blade of a guards halberd that was clamped in place, "Do you think there is anything that can be done with Khalin's armour or our weapons ... ow!" he sucked his finger, which now bled furiously.

The smith never looked up from her work as she replied.

"I am aware of a technique that will restore any rust damage - leave your sword and ask the Dwarf to bring any affected items to me this night, and they will be ready for collection in the mom." She nodded to a pile of detritus in the corner, which Tradden realised was his companion's armour. "The armour is beyond anyone's skills. However, "she held up what she was working on with a pair of long metal tongs, "I am currently working on modifying a set of scale from one of the guards - that will be an adequate replacement, although it will not have the same, fine Dwarven designs on it as before."

"Um - alright, thank you. Next, that Feywild armour - is that something we could, or should use? I realise it might be special, but I have to ask, especially if it can help us against this cave full of goblins."

"Essentially the answer is no - for it is not a finished piece and would not serve you well at the moment. It will be my next task however - I am humbled to be able to work on it. My fervent hope is that I will be able to deduce not only the correct techniques from the books you brought me, but also that I will be able to find a way to actually complete it. It is an astonishing item."

"Alright - is there anything that you can do with those bits of leather, or are they useless?" Tradden looked sheepish, kicking at a dustball or something on the floor. "I know you work in metal, but, well, you seem really skilled with arms and armour, so, I thought, maybe, you might, erm...."

The smith's eyes were drawn to the sack of leather bits that Tradden had brought. "As you feared manling - I have already surmised that they are of no particular value, although they will certainly be used for the benefit of the town in general - we can always use such materials.

"Oh." Tradden looked crestfallen - he had really hoped she might be able to do something amazing with them. Not to worry.

All that now taken care of, Tradden took a step closer to the smith. "Caldring ... I" he began. And then bottled it. "I ... thought I should ask you whether there is anything else you could tell me about the Feywild that might help the group? We don't know whether we might come up against something that might be using things like that chainmail for their own ends."

Caldring sighed. "I regret, only that which I spoke of in the Town Hall. Remember Tradden, this is widely regarded as a myth by the many generations that have handed the story down. Some of us believe it is more than that, but there is little information out there, and my focus has always been on metals and my work."

"Right, well, I guess, that is, um, I will see you later." said the young fighter, turning towards the door.


"Tradden?" called Caldring.

"Yes?", came the reply as he turned back at the door.

"Thank you for the books Tradden... I, er ... Thank you for the books.", she finished, now sheepish herself, unaccustomed to speaking this way, especially to those in the race of men.

Suddenly Tradden was very much cheered. "My pleasure, my fair lady!" he finished with a flourishing bow as he exited the workshop. The effect would have been much more impressive had he not clipped his head on the doorframe.

"What do you do about him?" Caldring whispered to herself as she watched him walk back towards the inn. This time, it was her who betrayed herself by blushing. Glad there was no-one around to see it, she went back to her forge - there was work to do.

 Me: In the evening the group made their plans in The Bronze Lion. Beltak had appeared to have got over the initial shock of being asked to accompany the party and had even started to seem enthusiastic about the request. He had transcribed Gilmorril's scouting report of the area for the Church's annals, and was able to give the group a good understanding of the area. Jan 12 ▼

The goblin's lair was about half a league to the southwest, in light woodland. A waterfall cascaded down the gorge wall at that point, with the stream leading away to the lake. Behind the waterfall was the entrance to their cave lair. It had been some months since Gilmorril had scouted the area, which previously only had a few weak goblins - now Beltak wasn't sure what they'd find.

Beltak suggested that they come from the east of the waterfall behind the cover of trees from the entrance. Once they knew the lay of the land it would be easier to decide what to do.


All agreed, and would meet at the West Gate at dawn. Celestia, however, reluctantly stated that she would stay in Blackengorge for the meanwhile.

"I have heard Melora's call," the elf had said. "And at the moment it is not to follow you into the Goblin's Lair but to look to the sea - there is something there that I feel I must do. I shall spend some time there meditating, to clear my vision. This talk of Feywild and creatures and monsters cloud my thoughts.

"I'm sure that I will rejoin you in the future, but for now my destiny lies elsewhere."

The group reluctantly accepted her position, wishing her well, and assuring her that they would keep her involved in all of their escapades.

With plans for the morning made, the group retired to their chambers.

 Matt and me: Helener Tudor yawned as she lay her pelaxe to one side for a second and stretched in the dull light of the foredawn. Jan 12 ▼

The typically uneventful early morning shift was today being enlivened by the group of fancy-dan adventurers meeting at the West Gate prior to setting out. From her vantage point in the tower, Helener had a box seat to watch the preparations.

They were all there now although Helener noticed it was a different looking collection to previous expeditions into the wild. Seemingly they were all waiting for something, and she took interest in the way they all prepared.

The Dwarf could not help but look different in his new armour, although if he looked unfortable or disappointed that his old dwarven made set had been consigned to the scrap heap he didn't show it, and as was as focused and jovial as ever.

The young, foppish lad, Tradden, had clearly been watching the guards' various routines in his time in Blackengorge, although she acknowledged that he had probably picked a few bits up from the Dwarf Khalin, who was clearly martially trained, as almost all dwarves were. He now ran through his mantra, which included such actions as checking and rechecking his armour and fastenings. Helener thoroughly approved - better to find a weakness now than have it break in the heat of combat. He then went through some basic martial maneuvers - nothing that would impress a drill sergeant or an old hand like Valino.

Previously there had been one or two ladies to see off Zero, which was not the case now - this time there were three or four. Helener gave them looks of pity.

To Helener, perhaps Kireth was the one who had changed the least - still a nasty looking bastard who you wouldn't mess with.

In time, a surprise strode up - Beltak, wearing an impressive looking set of chainmail armour. A shield was strapped to his back, and he was taking practice swings with a chunky mace. This was not, but clearly was, the clerical looking man which she had grown accustomed to. It appeared he was a replacement for the other Cleric, she forgot the name, who was conspicuous by her absence.

He was met firstly by Tradden. "Welcome Beltak!" he slapped the Scribe on the back, just a little too hard, jarring him and causing him to stumble forward. "Good to have you on board - not to worry young fella, we will see you right!" Beltak was about to respond to this - he was some years senior to Tradden after all, and his training was far more than scribing, despite that being where he felt comfortable.

"All hail Pelor." he said weakly, still smarting from Tradden's "attacks".


"Yes, quite! That's the spirit!" replied Tradden, stalking away to carry on with his preparations.

The guard watched with interest as the foppish lad wandered to the gate and turned to face his group, drawing his sword and holding it aloft.

"All set? Then onwards!"

The dawn light flashed on Tradden's blade, spilling golden shafts onto the area at large. The young fighter thought it was a nice effect. Helener thought he looked a prat.

The group set forth.

 Me and Random: The journey to the waterfall was not long but the group were cautious and they closed in on the area within the hour. Jan 12 ▼

As Beltak had suggested they approached from the east, with trees starting to thicken as they approached the vast blackened gorge walls.

"It's somewhere round here," *whispered Beltak to the group.* "Can you hear the waterfall?"

The group fell into silence and waited, and sure enough they could hear the sound of falling water crashing into a pool.

"Not far now," *suggested Khalin, drawing his warhammer and setting his shield.*

The group moved on, more slowly now, and trying their best to be quiet.

[Beltak Stealth Check: **1d20+2: 22**]

[Khalin Stealth Check: **1d20+2: 4**]

[Kireth Stealth Check: **1d20+3: 15**]

[Tradden Stealth Check: **1d20+2: 14**]

[Zero Stealth Check: **1d20+12: 17**]

"Can you not stop that infernal rattling?" *hissed Zero at Khalin.* "It sounds as though a whole army is approaching!"

The dwarflooked sheepish. "It's this armour," *he pleaded.* "It's not quite what I'm used to, you know."

Zero turned back to scouting out in front, shaking his head. Within moments, he stopped and held up his hand for the other to do likewise.

He turned back to the group, pointing through the trees to the southwest.

"Just through there," *he whispered.* "I can see quite a few."

As sure as Zero had suggested through the trees the group could spy a number of small humanoids by the side of a small river.



Me: [...continued in [Chapter #04, Scene #01...](#)]

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Tags: ➔