



Blackengorge - The Road Eastwards - Along the Old Road - Chapter #05, Scene #01

...continues from [Chapter #04, Scene #03](#)

Synopsis

The 17th Day of Ches in the Year of the Sudden Journey

With spirits high and adventure on the wind the group have set out eastwards on the old road towards the gate in the gorge wall, with their final destination being a burial site off to the east.

- [Khâlin Grundokri](#) - 3rd Level Male Dwarven Warlord
- [Kireth Majere](#) - 3rd Level Male Half-Elven Wizard
- [Tradden Aversward](#) - 3rd Level Male Human Fighter
- [Zero Uhlit](#) - 3rd Level Male Human Rogue
- Rindall Blackstout - 3rd Level Male Dwarven Paladin of Moradin (NPC)

Scene Length

This scene starts on Thursday 10 February 2011 and is expected to be completed by the end of Thursday 10 February 2011. Players are expected to be able to post at least once a day.

Me: *The party rose to a cold and misty morning, the threat of rain and a storm in the air. **Khalin** was up and about first, his pack left on a table in the bar under the watchful eye of Skillet, his new armour donned and his warhammer being put through its paces with the early guard shift.* Feb 10

***Kireth** seemed content to stay in the inn, drinking some sort of herbal infusion, only a small pack by his side lined with fur. **Zero** joined him, though stayed away from the odd concoction. **Tradden** was last down in the group, his head a little fuzzy from the previous night, but still seemed to be able to keep his normal cheer.*

Once they were all ready they headed once more towards the east gate to await Rindall.

*After only a few minutes, **Khalin** spotted his fellow dwarf making his way over to the gate from one of the guard huts. There was an audible groan from **Kireth** and a mutter about 'slowing us down' as Rindall approached in full plate mail.*

The plate looked a little battered and rusty here and there, but serviceable, and was unadorned except for a marking of a hammer over the left breast. Rindall carried a large pack that had seen better days, covered by a huge shield almost stretching to the floor. From his waist hung a war pick within easy reach.

*"Hail and well met!" greeted **Khalin** and slapped Rindall on the back heartily.*

*"Greetings all," responded Rindall, ignoring the look from **Kireth**.*

*"Right," began **Khalin**. "We follow the Old Road as best we can to the gorge wall gate. Keep your eyes and ears open and shout if you spot anything. Anything at all."*

*The warlord turned to the east gate and started to head off at a fair pace. Without looking back he shouted, mainly to **Kireth** and **Zero**, "Oh, and try to keep up, yes?"*

Matt: *The party walked in a neat formation, Khalin taking the lead and keeping a keen eye on the road and lands ahead.* Feb 10

Behind him Tradden had struck up a conversation with Rindall. Whether it was the teen's banter or the simple fact that the paladin was back in the wilds and off to search for his friend was hard to tell, but the dwarf had certainly come out of his previous moroseness and the two talked loudly and constantly.

There was discussion of the exploration Rindall and Gilmoril had previously made of the lands around Blackengorge, and the burial site in particular, and in his own way Tradden learned a lot about their target. As many dwarves were, Rindall was surprised and impressed about Tradden's knowledge and respect of the dwarven ways, and the young fighter was particularly inquisitive about the ways of a dwarven paladin – Rindall was only too happy to oblige.

Bringing up the rear were Zero and Kireth, both quiet for their own reasons. Zero had tried to spark up a conversation with the mage, mostly to try and distract himself from the trudge of the journey, but had received only a hiss from the half-elf who was studiously memorising spells from his books as he walked.

The road, such as it was, was hard work with only the occasional stretch of cobbles and often the group found themselves cutting across scrub land at bends or where trees or bushes had sprouted over the years. But it led them in the right direction, and the party made good time.

Me: *Rindall showed no signs of slowing down the party, quite the contrary as he strode onward at quite a pace. **Khalin** matched his steps in time as he was used to from many drills with the Border Watch. **Tradden** used his long legs to keep up, although found his pace slowing as his mind wandered as he looked at various points of interest along the way. Often he would have to do a few strides at a jog to get back to where he was.* Feb 10

***Kireth** remarkably had no problem keeping up - perhaps the lighter pack or magics helped him along. It was **Zero** that suffered most, not used to such activity, and often he would grumble at the rear of the party.*

***Khalin** noticed this and made sure that the group stopped at appropriate intervals, picking locations along the road that he thought could be well defended.*

*After three or so hours Rindall let **Khalin** know that they were approaching the gate and the group slowed to a halt.*

Me: *The party had found themselves in a dip in the road, with a sharp corner leading around and up to the left.* Feb 10

"The gate is just around this corner," said Rindall quietly. "It's on a rise, so keep yourselves low and out of eyeshot where you can. There are trees around, so we should be okay. No sense in attracting anything unwanted, though."

Slowly the group rounded the corner, following Rindall's instructions and saw the gate for the first time.

It was larger and more impressive than most of them thought, even though it lay in ruin. The bulk of the gorge wall appeared intact to the left of the road as they stood, with hewn steps leading up to a smaller archway, perhaps to some long ruined tower. Rubble lay strewn around, extending even to where the trees now grew.

Almost as if on cue, the threat of rain that had hung over their heads for the whole march materialised, and a heavy drizzle descended on the party.

*"Great," muttered **Zero** to himself.*

*As a unit the party approached the gate until **Kireth** suddenly jerked to a halt and held up his arm.*

"We're being watched," the half-elf hissed.

*Quickly, before he'd even thought much about it, **Khalin** gave orders to the group.*

Me: ***Khalin** barked at the group to split, with **Tradden** guarding **Zero** and **Kireth** just inside the treeline, with focus on the two main entranceways they could see.* Feb 10

"Look at for arrows and slingers," he offered to those scampering for the trees. "We don't want Tradden stuck in a mess again!"

With a wink, he then marched towards the stairs and the main archway with Rindall in tow.

Me and Random: ***Zero** readied his crossbow, crouching down behind the nearest tree, wrapping his cloak around him.* Feb 10

Kireth gripped his staff with words ready on his lips. **Tradden** mimicked **Zero's** pose and drew out his two swords.

Khalin cautiously approached the gate, his warhammer ready, with Rindall behind, huge shield held out and his war pick ready in his hand.

  Me and Random: The party warily looked around, trying to see anything that would have aroused Kireth's suspicion.

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[Khalin Perception Check: **1d20+1: 13**] - surprised!
[Kireth Arcana Check: **1d20+8: 17**] - not surprised!
[Tradden Perception Check: **1d20+3: 17**] - not surprised!
[Zero Perception Check: **1d20+7: 10**] - surprised!
[Rindall Perception Check: **1d20+4: 9**] - surprised!

 Me: Appearing as if from nowhere around the left hand side of the wall came a hideous sight. Blending from shadows into solid form a huge snake-like creature covered in a chitinous shell slithered at breakneck speed towards the party, heading for the two dwarves at the front.

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Khalin and Rindall didn't expect such speed, or from such an angle and were caught off guard. Only **Tradden** and **Kireth** had chance to call the alarm!

 Me: [...continued in [Chapter #05, Scene #02...](#)]

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Tags: 

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