



Blackengorge - The Road Eastwards - The Chase! - Chapter #05, Scene #06

Apr 9

...continues from [Chapter #05, Scene #05](#)

Synopsis

The 18th 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. Going had been fairly easy as they approached the ruins of the old road gate, but they were attacked by a giant wyrm. They managed to dispatch the creature, but as the rains and darkness fell they had to seek out shelter, spying an abandoned shack in some woods. It had appeared their luck had turned, but unfortunately that was not the case as a pack of wolves descended upon the party. The group managed to fend off the wolves, and their leaders slipped away into the forest - an uneasy night's rest followed and the party awake bleary eyed and tired in the morning. Travelling north through the forest they eventually found their intended destination, swarming with the enemy. After dispatching them and spending time looking for a campsite nearby to rest, they spot a pair of goblins who flee into the trees to the north. The chase is on!

- [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

Scene Length

This scene starts on Friday 8 April 2011 and is expected to be completed by the end of Friday 15 April 2011. Players are expected to be able to post at least once a day.



Me and Random:

Apr 27

INITIATIVE BLOCK

Round #06

Waiting for **DM** to take their turn....

- 01) [19] Goblin #01 - **1d20+6: 19**
 02) ~~[16] Goblin #02 - 1d20+6: 16~~
 03) [14] Zero - **1d20+4: 14**
 04) [11] Tradden - **1d20+3: 11**
 05) [10] Khalin - **1d20+2+2-5: 10**
 06) [07] Kireth - **1d20+7+2-5: 7**

[Khalin - 1 squares behind goblin, 12 ahead of dead goblin]

[Kireth - 10 squares behind goblin, 3 ahead of dead goblin]

[Tradden - 1 square behind goblin, 12 ahead of dead goblin]

[Zero - 25 squares behind goblin, 12 behind dead goblin]



Me: *The two goblins were up and away in a flash, disturbing the blueberry bush they were perched behind and scampering off into the trees to the north.* Apr 9

*They looked behind briefly to gauge the pursuit and ran as fast as their little legs could carry them into the trees before **Zero** and **Tradden** had time to react. They carried their small bows with them, small swords flapping at their thighs on their ruddy brown leather armour.*

They didn't look to be the fastest creatures the group had seen, but they'd take some catching within the twisty pathways of the woods.



The.brainbuster@googlewave.com and me: Zero impulsively took off after the spies.

Apr 11

"Everyone!" he yelled. "Goblin spies!"

It only took a few moments for his lungs to start burning. "I...hate...running," he huffed.

[Zero sprints 16 squares and closes gap to 14 squares]



Me: *Khalin and Kireth looked up from their packs as they heard Zero's shout.*

Apr 10

"Spies?" queried **Khalin**. "C'mon!" he roared as he picked up his gear and set off in the direction of **Zero's** voice.

[Kireth and Khalin added to initiative]



Matt, me and Random: Tradden had noticed the Goblins only a fraction of a second after his companion, and he too then bolted off in their direction without a second s thought. Apr 11

For a moment the two humans powered forward in unison, virtually shoulder to shoulder, branches and tree trunks flashing past them on either side. Zero started to edge ahead, though, not weighed down by Tradden's heavy chain mail and double swords. However, Tradden saw something ahead in his direct path that made him grin, and caused their paths to diverge.

Zero continued to run along the canopy floor, but without breaking stride Tradden skipped up onto a fallen tree trunk which lay sprawled ahead of him, laying at 45 degree angle and acting as a handy ramp up to about 20 feet into the air.

The young fighter powered up the trunk, higher and higher until the inevitable there was no more tree left! There was no stopping the youth however, and as he reached the end he leapt into the air! For a moment he sailed through the air before ... grabbing a hold of the long, thick vine that he had seen roping down from a higher part of the canopy.

Desperate times called for desperate measures, and this was an opportunity to use the momentum of his sprinted charge to travel further than he would normally be able to, if the gods of nature would favour him...

[Athletics Check: **1d20+9: 27**] - success!

Zero looked somewhat surprised to see his friend catch him up so rapidly, swinging on a precarious vine.

[Tradden sprints/swings 16 squares and closes gap to 14 squares]

[Tradden still airborne]



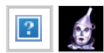
Mark, me and Random: Khalin appraised the situation quickly. There was no way he was going to outrun two greenies (typical that the little blighters run at the merest glimmer of danger he thought with a chuckle), but maybe he could use some dwarven guile to bring the odds more into the party's favour. Apr 12

The warlord cleared his throat as he sprinted after the enemy and bellowed after Tradden and Zero: "*Haha! That's it lads! Herd 'em north, straight into the Elven archers! Stupid gobbos! They'd be better fighting us than taking on a dozen fearsome bow-wielders!*"

[Intimidate: **1d20+9: 16**] - success!

The goblins faltered for a moment, searching out the undergrowth in front of them.

[Khalin sprints 14 squares and closes gap to 16 squares]



Neil and me: Throwing his bag over his shoulder and hoiking his robes up around him, Kireth set off at pace along with the others. Yes, he looked a complete sight but he would be damned if he was going to let anyone say "white half-elves can't run". Apr 13

"Ooh they're gonna get it for making me run" he thought to himself.

[Kireth sprints 16 squares and closes gap to 14 squares]



Me: *As the party headed further north into the wood they noticed subtle differences as the trees grew closer together and the wood turned into a forest.* Apr 13

The trees looked more ancient here, the boughs knotted and gnarled, with low-hanging limbs stretching out to catch the unwary and roots poking through the floor at irregular intervals making pursuit a tricky business.

The floor rose steadily upwards as they sprinted north, not steeply, but a slow and steady incline, rising all of the time.

The canopy itself was heavier, with less sunlight able to pierce down into the gloom, and the forest floor plants and bushes changing from berry-laded shrubbery to more wiry and hardier varieties, or ferns with great fronds able to survive in the dimness.

Here and there were islands of light, the forest canopy opened by the falling of a tree, its bough dashed and broken on the floor, covered with moss and lichen and surrounded by gaily coloured patches of flowers.

Tendrils of ivy and vines hung from the branches of many of the trees, ideal routes for squirrels, insects, and birds to move from tree to tree.

Even over the sounds of their own hoarse breath and thumping rhythm of pursuit the heroes could hear the sounds of multiple animals, going about their own business, surviving in the wilderness, their calls and movements echoing around and through the trees.

The forest was truly alive!



Me: *The goblins faltered a little as they sped onwards, their eyes and ears focussed on the underbrush and their imaginations running riot, protective that at any moment a band of elves could appear with bow-laden arrows.* Apr 13

When no archers appeared, however, they doubled their efforts to get away.

[Goblins sprint 12 squares northwards]



The.brainbuster@googlewave.com and me: Zero's pace began to slow. His lungs were seemingly shrinking with every stride and every breath was like downing pure fire. Apr 13

He stopped for a moment, sitting down on a patch of soft grass. The others were far more equipped to catch the runaways than him. As they shot past he gave a silent "I'm OK" wave of his hand.

[Zero ambles 6 squares and closes gap to 20 squares]



Matt, me and Random: The wind whistled past Tradden's face, and his hair streaked out behind him, making a slight whispering sound to accompany that of the long, low pitched groan as the vine creaked under his weight. He was certainly picking up speed and momentum! Apr 13

Ahead of him he saw that another vine dangled invitingly at about the point where his currently up swing would end. This was going to be tricky he thought to himself, but if he could just...

[Acrobatics Check: **1d20+7: 22**] - success!

...yes, it all seemed so easy! In a maneuver worthy of the trapeze acrobats that performed at various festivals in Deepingwald from time to time, the young fighter reached the pinnacle of his upward swing, calmly latched onto the next, and let his ever increasing momentum carry him away on the next vine.

In the distance he saw the bobbing green heads of their prey showing every couple of seconds above the increasingly dense vegetation. They were getting nearer by the second.

"*This is easy!*", he thought to himself, the grin evident to Zero, who sat on the bracken below watching a man move through the forest in a manner the mainland had not seen for a long, long time...

As Tradden came to the bottom of his swing, though, it became apparent that the ext vine would be harder to find.

[Tradden swings 18 squares and closes gap to 8 squares]



Mark, me and Random: Khalin huffed and puffed as he tried in vain to keep up with his longer-legged colleagues, never mind the goblins far ahead. Martial training only went so far when out and out speed was required (especially on a ...ahem... 'soldier's' diet he thought) Apr 13

Tradden had taken to the air - that boy, always coming up with some unorthodox strategem, we'll make a soldier out of him yet, thought the dwarf with pride. While Zero was clearly flagging - understandable - athletics was not the rogue's strong suit.

The dwarf scanned the thickening brush ahead, his mind working fast. Perhaps there was a shortcut past the thicker trees...

[Nature check: **1d20+1: 5**] - *failure!*

But none was quickly apparent, and he sprinted on. If it was a test of endurance rather than out and out speed he was confident he'd beat these greenies.

[Khalin runs 14 squares and closes gap to 14 squares]



Neil, me and Random: Bounding through the undergrowth with his companions on either side, Apr 15 or above in the Oaf's case, Kireth had cause to smile. It reminded the half-elf of happier times in the forests of his youth. He cut the thoughts short, just as his youth had been.

Looking ahead he tried to anticipate the goblin's next move. If he could tell which way they would have to turn next, perhaps he could head that way more directly.

[Nature check: **1d20+1: 17**] - *success!*

Yes, unless he was mistaken, the brush in the direction they were heading was getting thicker. The goblins would either be slowed by it or would have to veer to the right. Anticipating the gobbo's would take the easier route, Kireth headed right.

[Kireth sprints 18 squares and closes gap to 8 squares]



Me and Random: *The pair of Goblins looked over their shoulders at their pursuers. One seemed to have dropped out of the chase completely along the way, and the dwarf, that hated of creatures, could not keep up with the superior goblins' pace.* Apr 15

One of the pursuers had taken to the trees, but the goblins smiled as this would not doubt come to a sticky end. Only the final pursuer may cause them a problem, but they had ways to deal with that.

The greenskins continued their relentless pace, lungs burning.

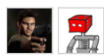
[Goblin #01 Endurance Check: **1d20+3: 18**] - *success!*

[Goblin #02 Endurance Check: **1d20+3: 10**] - *failure!*

With a faltering step one of the goblins began to slow, trying to catch its breath. The other turned to assist, using the brief interlude to scatter caltrops across the forest floor.

It yanked the other goblin by the arm, starting with renewed pace, pulling the other along. A wicked smile crossed its lips as the thought of the caltrops puncturing flesh appealed to its morbid character.

[Goblins sprint 10 squares northwest]



The.brainbuster@googlewave.com, me and Random: Having gotten his breath back and Apr 15 watching his companions energetically race past him, Zero sat up and ambled into the path they had made through the forest.

He could see the little goblins...just; hopping, leaping, running for their lives.

Oh well, it was worth a shot...

He jogged ahead whilst loading a spider bolt into his crossbow, then took aim at the one on the left.

[Far Shot: **1d20+8+1-2-2: 13**] - *misses!*

The bolt flew through the ever-thickening trees and Zero thought he had despatched one of the goblins, but at the last moment the pair rounded a large oak. Before the bolt struck the trunk it appeared to explode and a huge sticky web, intended to capture the goblins, enveloped the trunk and a nearby tree.

Between hoarse breaths and the sound of the forest Zero thought he could almost hear the goblins chuckle!

[Zero jogged 6 squares and closed the gap to 24 squares]



Matt, me and Random: Tradden looked furiously for another vine - ah! There was one. If he could grab it he might actually overtake the greenskins... He readied himself to make another vine-to-vine leap...

[Acrobatics: **1d20+7: 15**] - *failure!*

He reached out for the next vine but never quite made it, the ivy twisted tendrils just out of reach. With a stifled shout he plummeted to the ground.

[20-foot fall Damage: **2d10: 6**]

[Acrobatics Check: **1d20+7: 18**] reduces damage by **9** and allows Tradden to avoid falling prone.

Pain shot up both legs as the young fighter landed heavily, and it was to his credit that he managed to turn his stumbling fall into a position where he was still standing.

[Athletics Check: **1d20+9: 14**] - *success!*

The pain only strengthened the human's resolve, and he kept on running, ignoring the fact that his calves felt like fire!

[Perception Check: **1d20+3: 18**] - *success!*

Ducking to avoid some webs which suddenly appeared ahead of him (he suspected the crafty work of Zero!), he used what little breath he had left to shout a hoarse challenge.

"Stand ... and ... fight ... you... little ... bastards!"

The greenskins were almost within touching distance now!

[Tradden swings, falls, and continues run for 15 squares and closes gap to 3 squares]



Mark, me and Random: Tradden had almost reached the goblins, but Khalin ploughed on...

Apr 17

[Endurance check: **1d20+11: 27**] - *success!*

Khalin pushed pasy the burning fire in his lungs, concentrating on catching the goblins before they fled.

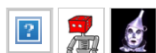
[Perception check: **1d20+1: 15**] - *success!*

The dwarf narrowly avoided the spiked instruments the dwarfs had cunningly - and cowardly - dropped, stepping past them with a litness that belied his stout frame. Khalin needed to gain on the goblins. Scanning the terrain ahead he spied a large log, and leapt onto it, hoping to use the thrust to bypass the thick brush, gain momentum, and close the gap further...

[Athletics check: **1d20+9: 18**] - *success!*

The dwarf leapt onto the log and took a flying leap landing solidly on the earth closer to the goblins. He continued his sprint.

[Khalin sprints and leaps 18 squares and closes gap to 6 squares]



Neil, me and Random: This was becoming less enjoyable and entering the realms of 'annoying'. Cardio was not something he'd had to rely on much in recent years and the run was starting to become a bit of a labour.

Apr 19

[Endurance check: **1d20+2: 12**] - *failure!*

Nope, that was it. "Make me run will you?" puffed the Half-Elf. "Frak that!"

[Magic Missile vs Goblin #1: Damage **2+4: 6**] - *automatic hit!*

The missile streaked through the trees, weaving in and out of the low hanging branches and skipping over Khalin's shoulder. As it shot through the encroaching gloom of the forest it lit up the area with an eldritch glow.

It swerved its way past Tradden and slammed into the back of the trailing goblin with an impact that knocked it forwards into the dirt, where it lay motionless.

The other goblin stuttered, a look of shock and anger in its eyes. It then turned quickly, and continued its flight northwards.



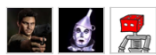
Me and Random: *The remaining goblin ducked and swerved around branches, roots, and obstacles in its way, heading northwards once again to some unseen haven. It panted profusely, the effects of the sprint starting to take its toll.* Apr 19

[Goblin #01 Endurance Check: **1d20+3: 13**] - *success!*

It managed to keep going, though, spurred on by the thought of not succumbing to one of the magical darts that had taken its colleague.

The goblin paused at one point during its run, fiddling with a large branch over the only route through undergrowth for a moment, before sprinting on.

[Goblin sprints 7 squares northwards]



The.brainbuster@googlewave.com, me and Random: Far behind them, Zero resumed his pursuit at a leisurely pace. Apr 20

[Zero Nature Check: **1d20+2: 11**] - *failure!*

The rogue could quite easily follow the trail the others had left through the undergrowth of the forest, and was sure he could hear the noises of Khalin puffing and Kireth cursing up ahead.

[Zero wanders 12 squares and closes gap to 19 squares]



Matt, me and Random: Tradden gritted his teeth as he chased down the Goblin, flexing his fingers in anticipation of getting hold of the little blighter. Apr 20

[Perception Check R.e. Branch: **1d20+3: 13**] - *success!*

Tradden noticed the branch just in time, bent carefully around others, ready to be released and swing round to catch the unwary should other branches be even touched. The fighter nimbly dodged any loose branches, barrel-rolled under the trap, and continued his pursuit!

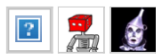
Long legs moving like elongated pistons in one of the strange dwarf-make machines Tradden had seen in certain quarters of Deepingwald, the rangy fighter soon caught up with the greenskin, and pulled up alongside.

For a few seconds man and goblin-kind ran side by side through the forest. Not quite knowing what to do the Goblin turned its head and gave a wicked but worried toothy grin and then started reaching for something at its belt. Tradden took the opportunity to strike, attempting a shoulder barge to try and knock the creature over.

[Attack vs Goblin's Fortitude: **1d20+5+1-5: 7**] - *misses!*

As Tradden closed in on the goblin he didn't notice the huge oak in front of him, all his concentration spent on the greenskin. Just as he was about to pounce he charged straight into the trunk, drawing a wicked laugh from the goblin.

[Tradden runs 10 squares and draws level with the goblin]

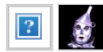


Mark, me and Random: As the magic missile whizzed past Khalin's head and floored the first goblin, the dwarf didn't know whether to laugh or groan. "Why didn't you do that before we started running?" he called to Kireth. The wizard looked too winded to fire back a reply and Khalin kept going... Apr 20

[Endurance check: **1d20+11: 21**] - *success!*


The warlord was definitely gaining and sure enough started to draw close to the remaining greenie. For a moment the dwarf contemplated throwing his dagger, but Tradden would want the little blighter alive, and the Khalin didn't trust his aim after the long run. Playing the percentages Khalin was content to get virtually within touching distance.

[Khalin sprints 12 squares and closes gap to 1 square]

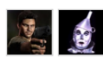
 **Neil and me:** The mage watched with satisfaction as the goblin dropped to the ground. "Little.... " Apr 22
he grumbled to himself.

It was then that he realised that he was now some distance behind *the runners*. He started off, breaking into a jog. "What the hell are you doing man?" he said to himself and promptly stopped this running nonsense. The run was now a walk, just occasionally breaking into a little trot, just to keep them in sight, just to be on the safe side you understand.

[Kireth trots 14 squares and closes gap to 11 squares]


 **Me:** *The goblin was boxed in on both sides now, Tradden to one, Khalin to the other. It realised it couldn't simply outrun its pursuers. Being careful to avoid any attack, it shifted swiftly around a tree trunk, turning around, and backing off slowly drawing its shortsword slowly.* Apr 22

[Goblin shifts one square to the north, and then backs off a further five squares]

 **The.brainbuster@googlewave.com and me:** From a distance, Zero squinted to make out the scene up ahead. Apr 22

"Oh, excellent," he said, with a satisfied grin. "NICE WORK, LADS!!" he shouted to his out-of-breath companions.

[Zero stands with hands on hips and distance remains the same]

 **Matt, me and Random:** Tradden took a deep breath. The goblin was trapped - it wasn't going anywhere. Choosing not to draw a weapon of his own he walked forward so that he was closer to the greenskin, holding his palms out. [Moves 5 squares towards goblin]. Apr 22

"If you can understand Common you will know exactly what I am saying." He said, slowly. "We want to ask you some questions - if you co-operate then you will be talking to me. Otherwise I will give you to the Dwarf or the mage."


Tradden thought he was being clever, but it was only then that he heard Khalin whisper in Dwarvish through gritted teeth. "Ye can't reason with Greenskins laddie!" Still, it was worth a try.

[Diplomacy Check: **1d20: 13**] - failure!

Tradden gave it his best "Hey, trust me!" grin. *But when he turned back to look at the greenskin it only smiled back, viciously. It seemed, somehow, to understand Tradden's words, or at least his basic intent, but a quick toss of the shortsword from one hand to another and then back again and the slither of tongue across its sharp teeth made the youth think that co-operation through simple diplomacy might not be the best approach.*

[Tradden approaches 5 squares to be 1 square away from the goblin]

Tradden furrowed his brow and flexed his fingers into fists a few times. "Right, fine," he said, "We will do it the hard way." He had never knocked out a goblin before, so time for a new experience. As he started to take a step forward it occurred to him that he had, in fact, never knocked anyone out before. (Well, there had been Marjorie Wheatsheaf, but that was an accident and had only been because she had said she knew the Filerimos Two-Step Tango and in fact hadn't. They don't call that the most dangerous dance of the Free Peoples for nothing).

 **Mark, me and Random:** Khalin considered his options, he could try blindside the goblin as he charged in, but the little blighter would probably sidestep him - a dwarf wasn't at his most agile when charging at a greenie. Or he could try a slightly different form of encouragement... Apr 24

Angling his run to try cut off one another avenue of escape, the dwarf bared his teeth menacingly.

[Khalin jogs 6 squares to flank goblin]

"If I were you, I'd talk to the human. Because if you don't, you're going to say hello to my friend pain!" he growled, patting the head of his warhammer for emphasis.

[Intimidate: **1d20+9: 15**] - failure!

The goblin looked unimpressed with Khalin's threats, swishing his shortsword in front of him with glee.

"Baksha ishta magleb Skauril kassa!" *it spat at the drawing crowd.* "Paksha gorga."

It then started to laugh - through hissed teeth at first, and then growing louder.

"Ah well, should've listened to myself I guess..." grumbled the dwarf, starting to think he should have just launched himself at the annoying little git and be done with it.



Matt: Tradden couldn't speak Goblinese, or whatever it was, but one word rang a bell with the young fighter.

Apr 24

"Skauril? Skauril.... Where have I heard that before?"



Me and Random: Kireth jogged up quickly towards the cornered goblin, its last words ringing round his head. He closed to less than fifty feet and then slowed his pace, judging the creatures likely reactions by its words and posture.

Apr 27

[Kireth Insight Check: **1d20+8: 11**] - failure!

The greenskin appeared to have calmed down somewhat, perhaps was even ready to parley.

Kireth approached cautiously, using his mage skills to emit an aroma of roasting flesh, tempting the goblin with hidden delights.

[Prestidigitation: Sensory Effect - Strong Odour]

The goblin looked at the wizard, sniffed the air, and then looked back through the trees at his fallen comrade, the mark of a magical bolt still charred on its back.

"Icksa! Icksa!" *it shrilled, pointing its sword at Kireth. Again the wicked smile spread across its lips.*



Me and Random: As Zero jogged up slowly to catch the group the goblin continued its smile.

Apr 27

[Khalin Perception Check: **1d20+1: 7**] - failure!

[Kireth Perception Check: **1d20+1: 13**] - success!

[Tradden Perception Check: **1d20+3: 6**] - failure!

[Zero Perception Check: **1d20+7: 18**] - success!

The rogue's head turned as he heard a rustling in the bushes around the clearing.

"Kassa! Kassa!" *shouted the goblin with glee as more greenskins appeared from the trees and bushes with bows drawn.*

"Look out, lads!" *shouted Zero, and quickly drew his crossbow.*



Me: [...continued in [Chapter #05, Scene #07...](#)]

Apr 27

Tags:

Next wave