



**Blackengorge - The Forest Ruins - The Stone Staircase - Chapter #06, Scene #01**

May 11

...continues from [Chapter #05, Scene #07](#)

**Synopsis**

*The 19th Day of Ches in the Year of the Sudden Journey*

The party have rested in the forest some six leagues or so northeast of Blackengorge after two intense days of exploration and skirmishes. Refreshed from uninterrupted rest they head towards the shattered ruins of a stone building to the north.

- [Khālin Grundokri](#) - 3rd Level Male Dwarven Warlord
- [Kireth Majere](#) - 3rd Level Male Half-Elven Wizard
- [Tradden Aversward](#) - 4th Level Male Human Fighter
- [Zero Uhlit](#) - 3rd Level Male Human Rogue

**Scene Length**

This scene starts on Thursday 12 May 2011 and is expected to be completed by the end of Saturday 14 May 2011. Players are expected to be able to post at least once a day.

Me: **Khālin** led the way onto the track approaching the ruins, motioning for everyone to keep quiet and keep their eyes and senses alert. After fifteen minutes of picking their way through the entangled forest the trees started to part a little, providing more space, and more light. The warlord turned to the party and in hushed tones indicated that they were close. May 12

Soon they could see the edge of the treeline and the clearing beyond, with the blocks of stone jutting out from the floor at odd angles.

The forest had fallen quiet, and there was a chill in the air.

The dwarfsat down on his haunches and motioned for the rest of the group to join him.

"Through there," he stated, pointing away to the centre of the ruins. "Can you see the archway still standing? Looks like there's nobody about. Good!

"Right, here's what we'll do..."

Mark: "We should try keep a low profile till we reach the archway," continued Khālin. "I'll take point, Tradden behind me, then Kireth, then Zero at the rear. Agreed?" The dwarf waited a moment for nods of assent. "Keep your eyes peeled, this place chills my bones." May 12

Matt: "Right then," said Tradden, drawing his swords and making a few practice swings. "Lead on Masterdwarf!" May 12

Me and Random: **Khālin** led the party forwards, keeping low and picking his way carefully through the rubble and timber debris. **Tradden** followed suit, matching the dwarfs efficiency with his own brand of enthusiasm, keeping out of sight as best he could. **Kireth**, using his elven heritage, seemed to slip through the rubble and timbers as a shadow passes. **Zero** effortlessly passed unseen. May 12

The group gathered at the archway.

Peering down into the darkness the party could see a stone staircase leading down. It could fit two abreast and was well worn.

**Khālin** stroked his beard. "Dwarven, if I'm not mistaken," he mused, raising an eyebrow.

The bottom of the stairs were some way below, although a flickering light could be seen warming the darkness.

"Torches?" whispered **Tradden**.

"Well, let us find out," replied **Khālin**, drawing his warhammer, and started to make his way down the staircase.

[Khālin Stealth Check: **1d20+2: 4**] - failure!  
[Kireth Stealth Check: **1d20+3: 6**] - failure!  
[Tradden Stealth Check: **1d20+4: 5**] - critical failure!  
[Zero Stealth Check: **1d20+12: 19**] - success!

Halfway down the stairs, **Tradden** slipped on **Kireth's** cloak and bundled into the mage and **Khālin** with a crash. The sound of steel on steel echoed around the staircase and the group looked at one another harshly.

However, after a few moments, under a still-hidden **Zero's** stare, nothing jumped out at them or raised a cry, and they began to descend the stairs to the end.

Me and Random: It seemed to be a while, but it was only fifteen or twenty feet down the staircase, and as they got closer to the bottom, the group could see the flickering light of torches below them. May 12

[Khālin Perception Check: **1d20+1: 16**] - success!  
[Kireth Perception Check: **1d20+1: 8**] - failure!  
[Tradden Perception Check: **1d20+4: 5**] - failure!  
[Zero Perception Check: **1d20+7: 12**] - failure!

**Khālin** held up a hand, motioning for the group to stop, his nose curled up.

"Can you smell it?" he whispered. "Smells like something's not washed for a while!"

They continued to descend, inspecting the finely carved stone, a breeze chilling them all to their bones as they took each step down.

Me: At last the group came to the bottom of the staircase, taking the last few steps very cautiously. May 12

The room the staircase led into was a square chamber about thirty feet across, with four central pillars to the ceiling holding burning torches in sconces and casting a flickering glow across the room.

The staircase had twisted round, so they were now presumably heading south into the room. Corridors appeared as archways to both the east and west, and across the room to the south was another. Standing not too far beyond the corridor to the south, sitting casually against the wall was a small goblin, tossing some dice across the corridor to roll against the far wall.

It almost seemed surprised that the banging, clashing creature descending the stairs was in fact a party of humanoids, and it leapt to its feet quickly, calling out in a shrill voice.

"Kablak, zorak. Pakka!"

It was answered by a couple of other calls echoing from somewhere else amongst the passageways.

Me: [...continued in [Chapter #06, Scene #02...](#)] May 12