

"You!" he snarled at the hobgoblin, pointing straight at it with his hammer, "Get away from the table and drop the poker, before I stick it up yer a--s!"




[Intimidate vs hobgoblin: **1d20+10: 13**] - failure!

The hobgoblin looked straight at Khalin through the eye holes in its leather mask. With a loud guffaw it pushed the brand once more to the the prostrate dwarf's flesh.

This time there wasn't a scream, just the rank smell of burning flesh.

The hobgoblin laughed once more and pointed straight at Khalin.

"Yoo nex," it uttered, in barely comprehensible Common.



Matt, me and Random: "Right you are!", Tradden had said, just before the HobGoblin had used the brand on the helpless Dwarf, and he had lined himself up to charge what appeared to be another Goblin Warrior. Jul 2 ▼



However, it must be remembered that Tradden was heavily influenced by Dwarvish culture - primarily as a result of the Dwarf he had lived next to when growing up back in Deepingwald. The study of Dwarven books (Tradden's study methodology would have been one of the few things to make Kireth laugh out loud, but it was all he knew) had taught Tradden that Dwarves don't disobey orders. So, Tradden would never have thought to do anything other than attack the Warrior, but.... well, for a second the Dwarf on the table looked well, it looked liked Mr Ironfoot himself. For a second, Tradden's blood boiled hotter than the tip of the orange/white poker, and he just couldn't help himself.

He charged forward, around the table, right past a surprised Goblin archer and barrelled straight into the leathery monster that was the HobGoblin.

[Bullrush vs Hobgoblin Torturer's Fortitude: **1d20+4: 8**] - misses!

[Marked]

The young fighter just bounced off the torturer's chest.



Me and Random: Kireth couldn't see clearly into the room, but had heard Khalin's command. If an enemy was to the right, he would go to the left and then take stock of the situation. He eased into the room like a shadow. Jul 2 ▼

The boy had gone against instructions again, his hothead leading him into trouble, possibly keeping the goblins split. Still, there would be time to exercise Kireth's new found confidence in his own powers he was sure.

For now he could rely on an old faithful. He raised his staff and pointed it at the closest goblin, a bolt of force shooting unerringly towards his intended target.

[Magic Missile vs Goblin Warrior: Automatic Hit] - success!

[Damage: **2+4+1**]

To his dismay, but not unexpected, the goblin took the bolt and rolled with it, and did not fall.






Me and Random: **Goblin Warrior** Jul 2 ▼

The goblin that had just taken Kireth's bolt staggered back a couple of steps with the force of the blow whilst it pulled out a javelin from over its shoulder. Then, with a heave it threw it at the nearest intruder, the dwarf that had bellowed.

[Goblin Warrior Javelin: **1d20+6: 24** vs Khalin's AC(21+2)] - hits!

[Damage: **1d6+2: 8**]

The wooden shaft found its mark, striking Khalin just above the knee.



Mark, me and Random: Khalin winced as the javelin pierced his thigh. So much for strategy then - if Tradden had obeyed orders the goblin warrior would have been tied up and out of the picture - but the heat of battle was not the time for recriminations. The warlord bit his tongue for now and reminded himself again that this was not a drill-trained dwarven battalion, but a ragtag group of adventurers. Still, that was twice this day that Tradden's discipline had failed him, and he resolved to discuss it with the boy later. However Kireth had again thought quickly and tried to cover the gap the human had left, and the dwarf made another mental note that while his brusque elven manner might not always be palatable, the mage's intellect and instinct were both sharp as a blade. Jul 2 ▼

"If you want a job doing, do it yourself," grumbled Khalin, his irritable comment clearly aimed at the young human fighter, who had quickly discovered the hobgoblin wasn't perhaps the pushover he'd presumed. "Ah well," thought the dwarf, "sometimes the young have to learn these things for themselves," and he steered to his right to follow up Kireth's strike against the goblin warrior, using his momentum to accelerate his hammer as he swung it left to right across his body.

[Warlord's strike vs Goblin Warrior: **1d20+7: 24**] - hits!

[Damage: **2d10+5: 20**]

[Allies gain +2 to damage rolls against Goblin Warrior until end of Khalin's next turn]

Khalin slammed into the goblin with a huge swipe of his warhammer, almost knocking the greenskin senseless with a single blow. The goblin reeled and took a few moment to spit out a number of teeth, before snarling back at the dwarf and smiling, looking to the open device now next to Khalin. [Bloodied]

The dwarf afforded a quick glance over his right shoulder - a tall casket leaned against the wall, almost like a sarcophagus. The door was open revealing a number of spikes within the casket and another set of spikes on the door. Both appeared to be stained red with blood.



Me and Random: **Goblin Sharpshooter #01** Jul 2 ▼

One of the smaller goblins reacted to the intruders' entry and ducked into the cage in the bottom corner of the room, trying to find itself some cover. [Partial Cover]

It unclipped a small crossbow from its belt, loaded a bolt, and let fly at the dwarf.

[Goblin Sharpshooter #01 Hand Crossbow: **1d20+9: 20** vs Khalin's AC(21)] - misses!

Khalin saw the bolt coming from the corner of his eye, and raised his shield to catch the bolt. It thudded into the wood and stayed there, quivering.



Me and Random: **Goblin Sharpshooter #02** Jul 2 ▼

The goblin to the torturer's left was the next to react. Acknowledging the goblin warrior's nod it charged straight at Khalin, no weapons drawn, its intent clearly to push the dwarf into the iron maiden.

[Goblin Sharpshooter #02 Bull Rush: **1d20+6+1: 24** vs Khalin's AC(21)] - hits!

The goblin's shoulder caught Khalin off-guard and for a moment the goblins though their plan had worked - soon the dwarf would be trapped in the iron maiden. However, they hadn't factored for sheer dwarf stubbornness.

[Khalin: Stand Your Ground - Move 1 less when forced]

The dwarf planted his foot against the base of the iron maiden, and wasn't going anywhere! It drew a cry of dismay from both goblins.



Me and Random: **Goblin Sharpshooter #03** Jul 2 ▼

The goblin to the torturer's right backed off quickly, ducking underneath one of the tables into darkness.

[Goblin Sharpshooter Stealth Check: **1d20+12: 23**] - success!

Within moments it was hidden from view. [Hidden]



Me and Random: **Hobgoblin Torturer**

Jul 3 ▼

The large brute roared at Tradden. The human had bounced straight off the beast's chest impotently, and this was going to be an easy victory. It couldn't wait to get this human on the rack for a stretch of time.

But first, the torturer could have some fun subduing his prey. He swung his branding iron around in a wide arc.

[Hobgoblin Torturer Branding Iron: **1d20+6: 24** vs Tradden's AC(19+2)] - *hits!*
[Damage: **1d8+4: 12**] and [Slide 1] and [Ongoing 2 Fire Damage (Save Ends)]

The brand burned against Tradden's flesh sending a searing pain down his arm and the curve of the iron grabbed the youth's shoulder, spinning him around.



Matt, me and Random: Tears rolled down Tradden's face.

Jul 3 ▼

He had tried to hide the pain from the leather-clad HobGoblin, but it was simply too much.

[Ongoing Fire Damage: **2**]

There was also another pain - possibly deeper. It was more of a flushing, white pain that covered him from head to foot. It was the pain of knowing that he had done something wrong. Even now the enemies in the room were starting to get the upperhand, and he somehow felt that he had been a part of that. His head dropped.

The HobGoblin, seeing this, roared with laughter and triumph. Perhaps this human was not going to be as much fun as he thought. He brought the branding iron around again to finish the whelp off, aiming for it's exposed head.

It never reached its target however, a short sword suddenly ramming up, as if from no where and locking its guard against the iron, mid way down. The human's head flicked up again, the look of futility now replaced by a raging anger the likes of which the torturer had never seen from a baseline human. Before he could act to try and retrieve his iron and strike again, the human was on the move, twisting somewhat inconceivably backwards, using the iron as a pivot point. [Pass Forward as Move Action]. For a moment the human's back was turned invitingly, but in a flash it was suddenly stood back where it had been a minute ago, and was trying to bring its longer sword around in a flashing arc.

[Sweeping Slash]
[Primary Attack vs Hobgoblin Torturer's Reflex: **1d20+11: 28**] - *hits!*
[Push 1 (North)] and Tradden [Shift 1 (North)]

The hobgoblin was pushed back by Tradden's onslaught, and staggered right into the fire pit. [Damage: **10** fire damage] and [Ongoing 5 fire damage (Save Ends)]

It howled before Tradden followed up quickly with his off-hand.

[Secondary Attack: **1d20+11: 19**] - *hits!*
[Damage: **2d6+7: 16**]

"You like that?" screamed Tradden, with a ferocity the others had not seen before. He was quite clearly gone - lost in a battle rage. "Fire?"
"TRY ICE AS WELL!"

[Daily Power - Frost Sword: **1d8: 6** extra Cold Damage]

The hobgoblin's face with covered with a rime of frost which quickly steamed away in the heat. The hobgoblin looked in bad shape. [Bloodied]

The young fighter was not finished there however, [Use Action Point] and he again slashed down with his Frost Sword.

[Surprising Stab]
[Primary Attack vs Hobgoblin Torturer's Reflex: **1d20+11: 12**] - *misses!*

By this point however, Tradden was well and truly blinded by a berzerker red mist, and missed completely, his sword plunging into the fire pit. Steam gushed up from the meeting between the cold of magical frost blade and the heat of the fire pit.

[Saves vs Ongoing Fire: **1d20+1: 7**] - *failure!*

The wounds from the iron poker still hissed and fizzed, causing extra damage. Tradden cared not - he was immune to pain at that point, and never even flinched.



Me and Random: Zero came in through the door as stealthily as he could [Fleeting Spirit Strike - Shift 3], taking a good look around to determine the best target for his crossbow. Kireth seemed same enough in the corner, and Tradden seemed to be battling with a hideous flame creature. Khalin was beset on two sides by enemies, so he decided to take one of them out.

Jul 3 ▼

[Fleeting Spirit Strike]
[Hand Crossbow vs Goblin Sharpshooter #02: **1d20+9+2: 25**] - *hits!*
[Damage: **2d6+4: 10**] plus [2d8: 11 Sneak Damage]

The rogue then moved into the western corridor and crouched down low [Fleeting Spirit Strike - Shift 3] looking to get the drop on any unwary enemies.



Me and Random: **Goblin Hex Hurler**

Jul 3 ▼

The goblin by one of the tables in the far corner of the room threw down some strange looking implements on the table before him and whirled around to confront the intruders. It produced a small rod from its belt and thrust it sharply in the direction of Tradden who was engrossed in the battle with the hobgoblin.

"Darka pakka!" it shouted, as a bright beam shot towards the young fighter's head.

[Goblin Hex Hurler Blinding Hex: **1d20+6: 23** vs Tradden's Fortitude(19)] - *hits!*
[Damage: **2d6+1: 8**] and [Blinded (until end of goblin's next turn)]

The beam struck Tradden in the eyes and all of a sudden the fighter began to panic, as he couldn't see!



Me and Random: Even with all of the shouts and flames and confusion of the battle Kireth kept his head. His path was clear to him. He locked eyes with the goblin that had tried to push Khalin into the iron maiden. It was now Kireth's turn to lock the creature inside something with sharp knives - its own worst fears.

Jul 3 ▼

"Templa Koron!" he shouted at the goblin and thrust out his staff.

[Nightmare Eruption vs Goblin Sharpshooter #02's Will: **1d20+8: 16**] - *hits!*
[Damage: **1d8+5: 6**] and Goblin Warrior takes 4 damage

The sharpshooter started a frenzied lunge at Khalin with its knife, slashing and cutting without fear for its own safety - trying to cut its way out of an imaginary torture chamber. When it recovered it realised that it hadn't been attacking the dwarf, but its own comrade, who now lay dead at its feet. [Goblin Warrior Dead]



Mark, me and Random: As the Goblin Warrior writhed and fell, Khalin looked to press home the advantage against the remaining greenskin before him.

Jul 3 ▼


[Warhammer vs Goblin Sharpshooter #02: **1d20+7: 23**] - *hits!*
[Damage: **1d10+5: 10**]

As he swung at the goblin, backing it down with one fell swing, he glanced at Tradden beyond. The boy had produced a remarkable frenzied onslaught, but was now beset with enemies from different angles. The bolt

of lightning had hit the youth in the face, and he flailed blindly. [Goblin Sharpshooter Dead]

"Tradden, breathe, forget your vision, use your instincts, let them flow through you! The enemy is right before you."


[Inspiring word - target Tradden: Tradden spends healing surge and regains **1d6+11: 15** hp]

 **Me and Random: Goblin Sharpshooter #01** Jul 3 ▼

The goblin in the cage peered through the bars across the chamber, slowly lining up its sights with the nearest foe - the dwarf. It was shocked to see its fellows fall in combat, and let fly with a crossbow bolt straight at Khalin's chest.

[Goblin Sharpshooter #01 Hand Crossbow: **1d20+9: 23** vs Khalin's AC(21)] - hits!
[Damage: **1d6+4: 9**]

The bolt stung the dwarf.


 **Me and Random: Goblin Sharpshooter #03** Jul 3 ▼

The other goblin, still secreted under the table, picked its target carefully. There had been one of the enemy with a similar crossbow, a sniper no doubt, but that one had disappeared around the corner, and the goblin didn't fancy leaving its relatively safe spot.

In the corner, however, looked a weak one - it had only performed minor magics so far, and the goblin hadn't seen any results, the aim of the magic the other side of the rack. This one was ripe for plucking.

[Goblin Sharpshooter #03 Hand Crossbow: **1d20+9: 16** vs Kireth's AC(17)] - misses!

The bolt struck the wall just behind Kireth's head, and the mage looked up in surprise. Where had that come from?

 **Me, Random and Matt: Hobgoblin Torturer** Jul 4 ▼

*Still ablaze [Ongoing **5** fire damage] and stood in the firepit [**10** fire damage] the hobgoblin roared with pain. It could sense the human in front of it was blinded now, and needed to turn the tables quickly.*

It hacked quickly at Tradden with the end of the branding iron, hoping to push the fighter away.


[Hobgoblin Torturer Branding Iron: **1d20+6+2: 16** vs Tradden's AC(19)] - misses!

But with the flames surrounding it, it was difficult to focus, and the human seemed to get a warning shout from the dwarf by the door. The hobgoblin jumped out of the firepit and headed to safety as best it could, trying to put out the flames on its jerkin.

The leather armour flared blood red for a moment, and the hobgoblin bellowed a rousing call to its comrades.

[Save vs Ongoing: **1d20: 16**] - success!

The flames went out.

 **Me, Matt and Random: Tradden had flames of his own to concern himself with as the branding iron had left its mark.** Jul 3 ▼

[Ongoing **2** fire damage]

The young fighter's blood-rage was starting to dissipate under the onslaught of blows and damage from the burn wound, but his taste for battle was not completely muted just yet.

Showing the calmness of a veteran (this was not the first time Tradden had been magically blinded, and surely would not be the last), he squinted through the fog and haze that had suddenly come upon him. He had seen, and heard, the HobGoblin leave the fire pit and head off to his right. He could, just, make out a moving set of blurry shapes, and slowly moved towards them, staggering slightly as he did so.


Remembering Khalin's advice of moments ago, he shut his eyes and listened. He could distinguish two sounds - the mumbled, but distinctly strange words of magic, and the hissing, crackling sound of leather and flesh burning.

Taking his best guess he lashed out at the latter...

[Surestrike vs Hobgoblin Torturer: **1d20+13-5: 17**] - hits!
[Damage: **1d8+3: 7**] reduced to **0** and [Marked]

The strike hit, but instead of seeking flesh, seemed to bounce off the leather armour, juddering Tradden's arm.

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


 **Me and Random: Zero didn't quite like the look of what the small goblin by the table had done to Tradden with his rod, and didn't quite fancy the same being done to him! Maybe if he fired a bolt of** Jul 3 ▼

quickly, and retreated into cover it might help.

He aimed at the hexing goblin and let fly.

[Sly Flourish vs Goblin Hex Hurler: **1d20+9: 12**] - misses!

"Damn!" swore the rogue, as he backpeddled quickly.

 **Me and Random: Goblin Hex Hurler** Jul 3 ▼

The small goblin snarled at the advancing Tradden. Its blindness charm should have had the human blundering around the room, not pinning it in the corner of the chamber.

It struck out with it's rod.

[Goblin Hex Hurler Rod: **1d20+8+2: 27** vs Tradden's AC(19)] - hits!
[Damage: **1d6+7: 10**] and [Slide **1**]

The force of the impact was huge in comparison to the size of the goblin and Tradden felt himself reeling backwards.

The goblin was not finished there, however, and began to chant.

"Icksa! Icksa!" it shouted with glee, before scampering off to the south.

[Goblin Hex Hurler Stinging Hex: **1d20+6+2: 23** vs Tradden's Will(15)] - hits!
[Stinging Hex (Save Ends)]

As Tradden's eyesight began to return he could feel an itch all over his body, and something deep inside told him that moving would not be a good idea.



 **Me and Random: Kireth slammed the butt of his staff down onto the stone floor.** Jul 3 ▼

Enough of this nonsense," he stated to himself and began uttering syllables of arcane power.

He pointed his staff just above the hexing goblin and a crackling sphere of electricity exploded next to the table, bursting with crackles over the goblin and the hobgoblin alike.

[Shock Sphere]
[Attack vs Goblin Hex Hurler's Reflex: **1d20+8: 19**] - hits!
[Damage: **2d6+5: 15**]
[Attack vs Hobgoblin Torturer's Reflex: **1d20+8: 28**] - critical hit!
[Damage: **2d6+5: 17**] plus [**1d6: 4** critical damage]
[Reduced to **11** damage]

The electricity charged through both creatures, bringing the hobgoblin to its knees. Something about its armour seemed to be keeping it upright, but Kireth's magic was too strong, and the torturer fell, face down on the cold hard floor. [Hobgoblin Torturer Dead]

  **Mark, me and Random:** Tradden was still in a tight spot, but the tide of battle was definitely turning: the torturer had joined the warrior in the realm of the dead, and it was about time the hexing goblin joined them, thought the warlord. The dwarf summoned his energies... Jul 3 ▼

[Minor action: Dwarven Resilience - Healing surge: Khalin regains 10hp]
[+2 to defences until start of next turn]

He stalked menacingly towards the hexer...

"I... have had... enough... of GOBLINS!" he spat.

[Warhammer vs Goblin Hex Hurler: **1d20+7: 21**] - hits!
[Damage: **1d10+5: 14**]



The warhammer crashed into its intended target once more, this time cracking the knee joint of the hex hurler. [Bloodied]

Khalin wasn't finished yet though. The hexer was an unstable element in the theatre of battle, and the dwarf pressed home his advantage.

[Spends Action Point]

[Warhammer vs Goblin Hex Hurler: **1d20+7: 23**] - hits!
[Damage: **1d10+5: 9**]



The warhammer swung around once more, connecting with the other knee!

  **Me and Random: Goblin Sharpshooter #01** Jul 3 ▼

From its position inside the cage the goblin tracked the dwarf, its back now turned to the goblin's crossbow. At the right point, the goblin let fly.

[Goblin Sharpshooter #01 Hand Crossbow: **1d20+9: 11** vs Khalin's AC(21+2)] - misses!




The goblin hissed as the bolt flew wide, and hastily reloaded.

  **Me and Random: Goblin Sharpshooter #03** Jul 3 ▼

The mage had managed to summon the power to electrify the hobgoblin and send it to Maglubiyet - perhaps this one wasn't as weak as the sharpshooter had first thought. It toyed with the idea of switching targets - the human looked isolated and strangely frozen, and the dwarf had his back exposed. The mage's head, though, would make for a better trophy.

[Goblin Sharpshooter #01 Hand Crossbow: **1d20+9: 11** vs Kireth's AC(17)] - misses!

Another bolt skittered into the wall beside Khalin, and the mage looked around the battlefield, looking for the enemy.

   **Matt, me and Random:** Something was wrong. Something was Very wrong. Jul 4 ▼

A feeling deep, deep down was enough to snap Tradden out of his violent stupor, and the room suddenly sprang into a cold, sharp focus. Free to think clearly again his first conclusion was that he was rather he couldn't - he wasn't in a very nice place right now...

"Hmmm." He mused quietly to himself. *"I ... want ... to ...move... But ...it's ... the ... one thing I ... can't do..."*

Khalin was battling the sorcerous Goblin whilst arrows flew around the room. Tradden could only see one, hiding behind some bars. Moradin knew where the other one was. What was he to do? He growled in a low drone, before making a decision. He was no Zero, but he could still be useful.

Dropping his short sword carefully at his feet [Free Action], he pulled out his oft forgotten Hand Crossbow [Minor Action] and took aim at the magical greenskin.



"Hey! You and your girls haven't finished with ME yet!"

[Hand Crossbow vs Goblin Hex Hurler: **1d20+7: 27**] - critical hit!
[Damage: **1d6+3: 9**]

The bolt flew through the air and looked destined to miss. However, at the last minute the Goblin waved its hand, as if to cast something, and the projectile lodged itself nicely in it's wrist. Tradden could see the steel tip sticking through the other side, and thick blood flowed all too easily. The creature howled with rage, holding its wrist before falling to the floor, twitching. [Goblin Hex Hurler Dead]

Any magical hold the thing had on Tradden evaporated, and he suddenly felt free to move again.

"Hey ... Zero? Did you see THAT?" he laughed, unable to resist proclaiming the arrival of Tradden - Arcane Archer.

  **Me and Nick:** Zero couldn't quite see what Tradden had done, but could hear the whoops of delight from the fighter. The only goblin left standing that Zero could see was the tricky one in the cage. Jul 4 ▼

It would take an exceptional shot from here to get past the cover of the bars. He took careful aim.

The rogue steadied himself, still crouched and leaning against the cell bars for stability. He had just started to squeeze the trigger when two green hands grabbed his jerkin and pulled him closer to the bars, spoiling his aim.

"By the Nine Hells!" exclaimed Zero. "Help!"



A rasping voice whispered (and spat) in his ear, "Peez, peez, need help. Free Bagrat, free Bagrat, and Bagrat help yoo!"


Zero turned his head to his left and looked straight into the face of an emaciated goblin, pleading for all it was worth.

Zero pulled a face as though someone had thrust a plate of rotten food in his face. Goblins were so frightfully UGLY.

"Let...go...of me, you little..." he growled as he fought to break loose from the prisoner's desperate grip.

Zero managed to loosen the goblin's hold and shuffle over to the other side of the corridor, out of range of the clawing hands, and stared in disgust at the pathetic creature.

  **Me and Random:** Kireth had nearly been hit twice by bolts from the darkness. The mage knew that there was a goblin somewhere in the corner of the room, but he wasn't sure where. A smile Jul 5 ▼

 played across his lips.

"Come out, little one," he taunted, before raising his staff and hurling a bolt of force towards the table in the corner.

[Force Orb]
[Attack vs Table's Reflex: **1d20+8: 23**] - hits!
[Damage: **2d8+5: 12**]

The rickety table burst apart into splinters, tools and implements of torture flying in all directions, and these joined with ribbons of force to tear into the goblin hiding below, now exposed.

[Secondary Attack vs Goblin Sharpshooter #03's Reflex: **1d20+5: 24**] - hits!
[Damage: **1d10+5: 11**]

"Ah, there you are," said Kireth calmly as the goblin appeared in plain view. The smile grew into a vicious grin.

[Spends Action Point]
[Uses Khalin's Bravura Presence]

"Welcome to the party," the mage continued, raising his staff once more and locking eyes with the goblin.




[Nightmare Eruption vs Goblin Sharpshooter #03's Will: **1d20+8: 17**] - hits!
[Damage: **1d8+5: 13**]

The goblin began to scream, tearing at its own eyes as images of all of the past victims of torture were laid out before it, seeking retribution. [Bloodied]

[Bravura Presence Attack]
[Magic Missile vs Goblin Sharpshooter #03] - automatic hit!
[Damage: **2+4+1: 7**]

The mage followed up with another attack, just to be sure. The force missile knocked the goblin back into the debris, crushing its skull. [Dead]

Kireth simply stood and admired his handiwork.


   Mark, me and Random: After the Hex Hurler fell to a remarkable crossbow bolt that had whistled across his bow from (who would've guessed it) Tradden, Khalin considered reminding the Jul 6 ▼
youngster of his own indignation when the dwarf had taken out an enemy from range earlier that day. But the seemingly perpetual string of skirmishes, combined with the cries of a countryman in pain, had sapped the warlord of merriment for now.

He turned towards the remaining goblin, who had backed into a cage to take potshots at the group - what bravery!

Khalin turned the handle of his warhammer over in his hand as he advanced on the goblin, considering what strike to take. Why complicate matters, he concluded...

[Warhammer vs Goblin Sharpshooter #01: **1d20+7-2: 8**] - misses!


The warhammer crashed into the bars of the cage, but left the goblin unharmed. The goblin backed off, eyeing the dwarf warily. [Goblin Tactics - Shift 1 square]

  Me and Random: **Goblin Sharpshooter #01** Jul 6 ▼

The goblin leaned against the cold wall of the chamber and let fly at the dwarf with a bolt.

[Goblin Sharpshooter #01 Hand Crossbow: **1d20+9-2: 25** vs Khalin's AC(21)] - hits!
[Damage: **1d6+4: 10**]


The bolt whistled through the bars and lodged in the dwarf's midriff. The goblin hissed through the bars at Khalin with a wicked smile. It knew it would soon be joining the others, but it meant to go down with the favour of Maglubiyet, taking a dwarf with it.

 Matt: Now feeling somewhat shaky as a result of the various exertions from the first part of the torture chamber battle, Tradden took a deep breath. Jul 6 ▼

He re-slung his hand crossbow back into it's handy sheath on his hip [Minor Action] and picked up his short sword from the floor [Standard Action].

That done he took another deep breath and ambled forwards to stand next to Khalin, blocking the door to the cell as he did so. [Move Action]. There was no apparent rush now, despite the obvious danger the Goblin's bolts posed.



"I should give up, if I were you." He suggested calmly to the Goblin now backed into a corner, knowing full well it probably couldn't understand and wouldn't in any event. It just seemed the right thing to say though.

 Me: Zero continued to stare at the goblin in the cell, it certainly looked pathetic, snivelling and grovelling on its knees, its arms outstretched through the bars towards the rogue, Jul 6 ▼
imploing for him to assist in some way. It was dressed in rags, tattered and filthy even for a goblin, with no noticeable weapons or armour, and looked as though it had been beaten several times, large welts and scarlet sores on its body.

"Peez, peeze, nice human. Yoo help Bagrat!" the goblin continued.


Away in the main chamber it seemed the situation was under control - a loud clang of warhammer on steel was heard, followed by Tradden reading the remaining goblin sniper's last rites.

"Peez!" the goblin implored, almost breaking down in tears.



  Nick, me and Random: "Shush!" Zero scolded firmly, bracing himself against the wall and aiming at the caged goblin across the way. Jul 6 ▼

[Basic Ranged Attack vs Goblin Sharpshooter #01: **1d20+9-2: 10**] - misses!

However, the bolt clanged against one of the bars and fell limply to the floor.

 Me and Random: Kireth moved towards the centre of the room, but not too close to the rack. Almost absent mindedly he raised his staff and conjured a missile of force that he sent hurtling Jul 6 ▼
towards the encaged goblin.

[Magic Missile vs Goblin Sharpshooter #01] - automatic hit!
[Damage: **2+4+1: 7**]

  Mark, me and Random: Khalin was wary about entering the cage, lest it be part of some trap, but if this final enemy was to be dispatched swiftly there seemed little alternative. At least Jul 6 ▼
Tradden had approached giving some manner of insurance.

"We've got him, but let's keep our wits about us!" advised the dwarf, tempering enthusiasm with caution.

[Inspiring word - target Tradden: Tradden spends healing surge and regains **1d6+11: 16** hp]

The dwarf advanced, and prepared to strike - perhaps he could finish this quickly...

[Shielded Assault vs Goblin Sharpshooter #01: **1d20+7: 17**] - hits!
[Damage: **2d10+5: 22**]
[+2AC to self and Tradden to end of next turn while adjacent]

...to see and Tradden to end or next turn while adjacent.]

The blow knocked the goblin against the bars, and the now familiar crack of goblin bone echoed around the chamber. [Bloodied]


 Me and Random: **Goblin Sharpshooter #01**

Jul 6 ▼

The goblin snarled at Khalin and threw down its crossbow. From its belt it took a sharp looking knife and locked combat with the dwarf, holding its ribs in pain.

[Goblin Sharpshooter #01 Shortsword: **1d20+6: 8** vs Khalin's AC(21+2)] - misses!

Khalin was far too wise for the move though, and easily deflected the feeble strike with his shield.

 Matt, me and Random: Tradden had been waiting for the strike and counter-strike betwixt Dwarf and Goblin to occur, and as Khalin contemptuously swatted aside the dagger thrust from the greenskin the young human was fully ready to strike - darting into the cage and clinically stabbed at the foul thing's neck. Jul 7 ▼

[Sure Strike vs Goblin: **1d20+13: 26**] - hits!


[Damage is **1d8+3: 4**]

The longsword bit deeply, and for a moment the little green marksman was suspended in mid air, held aloft by the frosty blade which caused it's neck and lower shoulders to turn a bluey green. As the gurgling ceased, Tradden let it drop to the floor.


[Goblin Sharpshooter Dead]

Somehow managing to find space in the crowded confines of the cell to wave his blades around he ran them over the rough fabric of the Goblin's tunic, and then returned them to his custom made sheaths on his back,

"I did say you should have given up." he said, coldly, turning his back on the crumpled heap and squeezing back past Khalin and heading immediately back towards the rack in the middle of the room...

 Me: [...Combat Encounter Complete...]

Jul 7 ▼

 Me: **Short Rest**

Jul 7 ▼

Healing Surges

Healing surges are applied.

Tradden has no healing surges remaining and stays on 41/45 hp.

Khalin spends 2 healing surges (2 left) to get to 41/41 hp.

Kireth spends no healing surges (3 left) and stays on 36/36 hp.

Zero spends no healing surges (6 left) and stays on 40/40 hp.

Encounter Powers

All encounter powers are recharged.

Milestones

Milestone achieved; 1 Action Point rewarded.

Khalin now has 1 Action Point


Kireth now has 2 Action Points

Tradden now has 1 Action Point

Zero now has 3 Action Points

Levelling

No characters ready to level.

 Me: **Short Rest**

Jul 7 ▼

*With the last enemy fallen, and the dust from **Kireth's** magics finally settling, the group paused for a moment to catch their breath. The repeated strains of the cell-bound goblin was the loudest noise, echoing around the chamber in great sobs to the background of the crackle of the firepit. **Zero** did his best to keep it quiet, with repeated requests for hush.*

***Khalin** rushed straight to the torture rack in the centre of the room, followed closely by Tradden, to tend to the dwarf in the remote hope that it still carried a breath of life.*

***Kireth** wandered across the room to investigate his own handiwork. He examined the remains of the table, inspecting some of the torture implements that now lay strewn across the floor with perhaps too much interest. He took a moment to sniff at some liquid that had spilt from shattered vials in the explosion, but refrained from tasting it.*

*To **Khalin's** dismay the dwarf upon the rack had breathed his last. Stripped naked and his beard brutally hacked off, the dwarf had not been allowed to die with honour. **Khalin** examined the face carefully, but did not recognise the poor thing. He slowly cut through the bonds that held the dwarf to the table and hefted him onto the floor.*

*The dwarf's body was covered by bruises and contusions, and limbs appeared to be broken in several places. On his chest was a large seared brand - a circle, with two curved horns. **Khalin** dug out his blanket from his pack and laid it over his fallen kinsman.*

 Me: **Investigative Rest**

Jul 7 ▼

*"Shut that goblin up and turn this place upside down," barked **Khalin**. "I want to know what's going on here."*

The group seemed to know better than to disobey the dwarf's orders - something in his tone, with the dead dwarf at his feet, told them that now was a time to be quiet and just do as they were told.

***Kireth** continued to inspect the torture implements, the remaining table and cage. The implements appeared to be designed to inflict a great deal of pain in the right hands, but strangely not necessarily avoid death. Judging by the blood surrounding the rack and the cage the implements had been used fairly frequently.*

*The torturer lay on its back, still smoking from being set alight, but strangely the armour it wore was not charred. **Kireth** passed a hand across it and muttered something under his breath.*

[Kireth Arcana Check: **1d20+11: 23**] - success!

His eyebrow rose, but nothing more.

"Some armour," he called across the room, "aided with enchantments to resist injury."

[Party have found Bloodcut Leather Armour +1]

Bloodcut Armour (Level 4 Uncommon)

This armour has a crimson tinge that flares blood red when its power is activated.

Price: 840 gp

Armour: Leather

Enhancement: +1 AC

Power (Healing Surge): Minor Action. While you are bloodied, use this armour to gain resist 10 to all damage until the end of your next turn.

He spotted a chain around the hobgoblin's neck, pulling it towards him with the end of his staff, drawing out a small ring with five keys upon it. With a jerk he snapped the chain and took the keys, taking them across to the others.


The rest of the group found little else of value - the goblins were poorly dressed as before, and none of them had any valuables upon them.

The trails of blood from the southern door led to a small stone room. It appeared that some of the provisions and boxes had been piled into the corner and some bodies - whether conscious or unconscious -

The trails of blood from the southern door led to a small store room. It appeared that some of the provisions and boxes had been piled into the corner and some bodies - whether conscious, unconscious, or dead it wasn't apparent - had been kept in here. Most of the provisions were starting to spoil, and a pungent aroma filled the small room.

Tradden and **Zero** examined the cells. With the exception of the first one - containing the sobbing goblin - the cells were empty, but all showed signs of being occupied up until recently. The furthest one down the corridor looked in a bad state of repair, with huge gouges in the stone walls and mildly bent bars.

[Investigative Rest Complete]
[Party have spent 63 minutes in total]

 **Me:** As the group pondered their next move, the goblin decided to try its luck once more, holding onto the bars and trying its best to squeeze its head through the gap. It looked directly at **Zero**, imploringly. Jul 7 ▼

"Peez, nice human. Peez help Bagrat. Bagrat show you where Balgron keep treasure. Free Bagrat and I show."

The pathetic creature sank to its knees, and tears welled up in its wide eyes once more.


 **Nick:** Zero sighed and paused. Jul 7 ▼

"Alright, enough with the whimpering, please! You're giving me a headache!" He rubbed his throbbing temples. "Now, please, and I want simple answers, who are you and why are you here?"

 **Me:** The goblin's eyes lit up a little as Zero spoke to it. Hope flooded across its face. Jul 7 ▼

"Me Bagrat!" it stated, almost proudly. "Me not wiv these goblins. They catch me and put me here. They beat me. But Bagrat listen and learn. Bagrat find out things. But Bagrat want to be free."

It looked back at Zero, and then pointedly across to the set of keys that Kireth held in his hand. Its eyes finally rested back on Zero.



 **Matt:** Tradden had wondered over whilst this was all happening and whilst trying to ignore the state of the bent bars of the cell next door stood over Zero's shoulder, arms folded. Jul 7 ▼

Laughing, he rooted around in his pack and pulled out his rope. He slapped the whole coil into Zero's chest and arms, not too roughly. The rogue started down at the fluffly old twine, not sure why it was dustying up his fine shirt.

"Looks like you have a new pet Zero!" Tradden teased. "Remember to take him for a a regular walk and don't forget - a Goblin is for life, not just for the Winter Solstice Festival!"

Zero's muttered reply was too quiet and low for human hearing, but not for Goblin hearing it seemed.

"Ooooooh - you swears gud for a human!" Bagrat commented, impressed with his new master's grasp of expletives.

  **Me and Random:** **Tradden** took the hobgoblin torturer's keys from **Kireth's** outstretched hand and went across to the cell door. **Khalin** stood just behind him, tapping his warhammer against his palm menacingly. Jul 11 ▼

"No tricks, now, goblin," warned the dwarf.

"Bagrat no tricks," replied the goblin, a look of innocence on its face. "Bagrat only want free."

Tradden turned the key and pulled open the cell door slowly, smirking at **Zero** and ushering the rogue in. Cautiously, **Zero** made his way across to the goblin with the rope.

With a sudden movement, the goblin sprang towards **Zero**, covering the ground in an instant. A blade flashed out from **Tradden's** scabbard, and **Khalin** was already at the door, but to the group's mirth, and **Zero's** displeasure, the goblin was simply hugging the rogue's leg and thanking **Zero** again and again under its breath.

"Just get off!" implored **Zero**, trying to shake his leg and spring the goblin away. Even **Kireth** had to stifle a laugh.

"Look, I've got to tie you up," the rogue said to Bagrat. "If I don't, the dwarf might get angry and splat you or something."

The goblin backed off a little and studied **Khalin**, who's warhammer was still at the ready. It shuffled around to hide behind **Zero** and held out its hands despondently.

"Bagrat be good, and human let Bagrat free, yes?" it queried, looking up at **Zero** with wide eyes.

"Erm, we'll see," said **Zero**, not sure what to say.


Zero took the rope and tied the goblins hands, and for extra measure looped around its ankles and back to the hands, leaving a length to pull the creature along if necessary. It could walk, but probably not run, and if the got into any difficulties it could probably find a hole to hide.

[Zero Thievery Check: **1d20+10: 29**] - success!
[Escape Difficulty for Goblin is **29**]

"Now then, Ratbag, or whatever your name is," said **Khalin** sternly, "if you want to live you'll tell us a few things first."

The dwarf looked at odds with himself at the questioning, but needed some answers.

"Yes, yes, Bagrat helps you, then you frees Bagrat," whined the goblin once more.

 **Me:** "Right, good," continued **Khalin**, trying to think how best to phrase his questions to allow this simple creature to answer. Jul 11 ▼

"We're searching for an elf, one called Gilmorril. Is he here? Speak the truth, now," **Khalin** enforced the last sentence with a couple of taps of his warhammer. The fact didn't go astray on the goblin.

"Bagrat not memory an elf," the goblin replied, fearful its answer might rile the dwarf. "I hear lots of slaves, but not see elf. Bagrat want to help, though. Bagrat can see elf if you want."

The goblin looked hopefully at **Zero**, who simply shrugged.

"So no elf, hmm," mused **Khalin**, stroking his beard. "Well, what of these slaves, goblin? How many? What were they like? Where have they gone?"

Bagrat looked a little confused with the number of questions and grabbed hold of **Zero's** cloak in worry.

"Bagrat see many slaves. Humans, drag'born, tiefs, and," the goblin paused, about to spit, but thought better of it, "nice dwarfs."

"Some stay here for a bit, and go on rack, or in maiden," Bagrat continued. "The ones who live are taken by hobgobs below. Those that don't are fed to rats."

Khalin's eyes narrowed as he continued the questioning. "So what are you doing here?"

It took a little while for the goblin to respond.

"Bagrat not want to join with Severed Eyes. Bagrat was leader of clan. Big goblin with axes push Bagrat out. Bagrat brought here. Balgron tell others to beat me. Bagrat just want to be free."

Zero thought he could almost see the goblin's eyes welling up with tears.

Khalin ignored the goblin's whining and continued. "What are the slaves brought here for? What purpose do they serve?"

"Bagrat not know. Hobgobs take them below, Bagrat not see again."


"We're wasting our time!" *thundered **Khalin***. "This goblin is bloody useless!"

Zero decided to change tack.

"You mentioned treasure, Bagrat," *the rogue asked, gently*. "Maybe you can show us? Maybe then we think about setting you free?"

"Yes, yes!" *exclaimed the goblin, grabbing hold of **Zero's** leg once more*. "Bagrat show you."

"Wait a moment," *interrupted **Tradden***. "We need to take a rest - perhaps we do that before we head off on a treasure hunt?"



Me and Random: "Let's make a move," *uttered **Kireth**, speaking for the first time in quite a while*. "Zero, I suggest you strip those leathers from the hobgoblin and bring them with us - they will offer you some extra protection. You might want to clean them first, though."

Jul 11 ▼

Zero looked dismayed at the thought of touching the dead torturer, but knew **Kireth's** words made sense. With the time spent with the goblin grabbing his legs, and now to be slowly unbuckling the straps of the leathers from this vile creature, he was certainly looking forward to a hot bath - preferably with someone to scrub his back. The leather was dull and black but was flared with tinges of crimson - although **Zero** had balked at the thought of removing it from the hobgoblin, he could certainly see himself wearing it.

"Let's find somewhere to take a rest if Tradden needs it," *offered **Khalin***. "We might be pressed for time, but I'd rather battle foes well prepared."

"We could use the area near that secret door," *suggested **Tradden***. "All the entrances can be locked, so we should be relatively safe."

"Makes sense," *replied **Khalin***. "Right, let's gather our things and head that way. Keep your eyes peeled."

As the group made plans to leave the chamber, **Khalin** and **Tradden** went across once more to the dead dwarf. There wasn't time to perform any funeral rites nor any place to lay the body down with care. Reluctantly, **Khalin** nodded towards the fire pit, and asked **Tradden** to lend a hand.

"I'm not leaving the body to be picked at by carrion," *exclaimed the dwarf, and the pair carried the body across to the pit*.

[Khalin Perception Check: **1d20+2: 10**] - failure!

[Tradden Perception Check: **1d20+4: 21**] - success!

As they lifted the body up, the bedroll fell away, and **Tradden** noticed something unusual on the bruised and bloody body of the dwarf now that the blood and sweat had dried. A chain tattoo ran from under each eye and down the face, under where the beard should be, and then onto each shoulder, down the arms and towards the wrists. At each wrist the tattoo was stylised to look like a manacle.

[Khalin History Check: **1d20+7: 20**] - success!

[Tradden History Check: **1d20+4: 10**] - failure!


Khalin's eyebrow rose - such imagery of imprisonment permanently borne by a dwarf would be considered a great dishonour, given that their forebears freed themselves from slavery to giants in the ancient times.

[Khalin Religion Check: **1d20+2: 13**] - failure!

[Tradden Religion Check: **1d20+2: 17**] - success!

In fact, such imagery would not be unusual among followers of Torog, the evil god of jailers and torturers, whom superstition held will crawl up from the Underdark to claim those who speak his name aloud.

Khalin and **Tradden** looked at each other in puzzlement, before putting the body reverently on the firepit. As the flames took hold and the smell of cooking flesh began to fill the room, **Khalin** uttered a small prayer to Moradin. The body took light, and at that sign the group, with **Zero** in the lead and the goblin in tow, headed back to the chieftain's quarters.



Me: In the chieftain's lair the group set out a small camp. The goblins' beds were filthy - lice ridden and worse - these were moved out of the room into one of the storerooms. None of the provisions from the storeroom were edible, so the party munched on their own dried rations and water and wine.

Jul 11 ▼

Kireth guessed the time to be approximately midday, and even though battle had been fierce, none felt like sleeping. The mage busied himself within his books, still translating and making notes in the books that he had found. **Zero** cleaned and donned the leather armour, scrubbing it three or four times until he was satisfied that the odour of the hobgoblin had been removed. **Tradden** spent the time dressing his own wounds, making sure they were clean, and stitching the parts of his armour that had fared the worst. **Khalin** spent most of the time watching the goblin with cold eyes.

"Where's this treasure, then?" **Khalin** had grumbled at the goblin during the rest.

"Bagrat take you there," *replied the goblin, enthusiastic as ever*. "Near where goblins dig. Bagrat show you."

Khalin nodded at **Tradden** - it seemed fairly obvious that the treasure was through the dark passage near the goblins' excavation site. The group fell into a melancholy rest, deciding what there plans were next.

Time passed slowly, but uneventfully, and at last the group were ready to move on.

[Extended Rest Completed]

[Party have spent 6 hours]




Me: **Extended Rest**

Jul 11 ▼

Healing
Healing surges are renewed and hit points are refreshed.
Khalin has 9 healing surges (10 hp each) and is on 41/41 hp.
Kireth has 8 healing surges (9 hp each) and is on 36/36 hp.
Tradden has 10 healing surges (11 hp each) and is on 45/45 hp.
Zero has 7 healing surges (10 hp each) and is on 40/40 hp.

Daily Powers
All daily powers are recharged.
Kireth chooses Wizard's Fury as daily Wizard Attack 1.
Kireth chooses Guardian Blades as daily Wizard Utility 2.

Milestones
Milestones refreshed; all on 1 Action Point.



Me and Random: When the group were ready, **Zero** asked the goblin to lead them towards the 'treasure' it had kept mentioning. The goblin sloped off to the west back towards the torture chamber. At the door of the chieftain's room it turned left and followed the corridor south. After fifty feet or so the corridor swung around to the left and headed east, back towards the first chamber the group had found themselves in, the goblin guard room.

Jul 11 ▼

Bagrat looked nervously at the goblin corpses strewn around the room as they crossed the chamber, but didn't seem to be upset by their deaths. It kept walking east towards the open doors leading to the excavation site.

It stopped at the doors and looked at **Zero**.

"You kill all these gobs?" *Bagrat asked, wide eyed*.

"Erm, well, yes, sort of," *started **Zero***.

"We did," *interrupted **Khalin***. "Though, of course, that need not be your fate if you keep your word."

The goblin turned back to the task in hand with a large swallow, and headed east through the open door.


The group came to the entrance to the dark corridor a few feet after the stairs, close to the secret door they had found.

"Here," *pointed Bagrat*. "There rats in here somewhere, but also door. Balgron keep treasure beyond door."

Stairs led downwards into impenetrable darkness.

[Khalin Perception Check: **1d20+2: 11**] - *failure!*
[Kireth Perception Check: **1d20+2: 3**] - *critical failure!*
[Tradden Perception Check: **1d20+4: 19**] - *success!*
[Zero Perception Check: **1d20+10: 18**] - *success!*

The chitter and chatter of vermin could be heard within the darkness.


 Me: **Kireth** lit up his staff immediately, casting an eerie eldritch glow down the stairs. Within, the group could see the finely worked stairs and flagstones of the ruins give way to a wide, Jul 11 ▼
natural cavern. The ceiling, cast in darkness, dripped with dozens of stalactites, and the floor rose unevenly with loose rocks and stalagmites.

Tradden managed to get his lamp lit after a couple of moments, and further light shone down into the cavern. Small lizards skittered across the floor between the debris, which was thicker to the east and west, offering only narrow paths of unobstructed view.

Large rats chattered, darting in and out of the shadows.

Khalin lit a torch and held it behind his shield.

"Come on, then," *he uttered, and allowed **Zero** and Bagrat to lead the way down the stairs.*

 Me: At the bottom of the stairs, the view wasn't much better. The lights from the lamp and torch danced over the stalactite infested roof leaving deep shadows of gloom. **Kireth's** steady Jul 11 ▼
light spell, bright at its origin, didn't seem to throw its light as far, and it was hard to tell how high the chamber was, probably over twenty feet.

As the group reached the bottom of the stairs, they could tell they had company. The chattering increased, and red eyes stared at them from beyond stalagmites with hunger.

From out of the shadows darted two giant rats!

 Me: [...continued in [Chapter #06, Scene #06...](#)] Jul 11 ▼