



## Blackengorge - The Forest Ruins - The Water Cave - Chapter #06, Scene #08

Aug 15

...continues from [Chapter #06, Scene #07](#)

### Synopsis

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

Descending into the gloom of a long forgotten ruin in the northern forest the party have found what appears to be more than a goblin lair. They have despatched many goblins, including a chieftain, Balgron the Fat and his pet torturer. An incarcerated goblin gives them some clues and the party have moved on to locate the chieftain's treasure. Heading into some caves they encountered vermin and strange cave fishers, and even more bizarre creatures, and have now entered a stagnant water cave.

- [Khâlin Grundokri](#) - 4th Level Male Dwarven Marshal (Warlord)
- [Kireth Majere](#) - 4th Level Male Half-Elven Arcanist (Wizard)
- [Tradden Aversward](#) - 4th Level Male Human Weaponmaster (Fighter)
- [Zero Uhlit](#) - 4th Level Male Human Scoundrel (Rogue)

### Scene Length

This scene starts on Monday 15 August 2011 and is expected to be completed by the end of Friday 26 August 2011. Players are expected to be able to post at least once a day.

Me and Random:

Aug 22

## INITIATIVE BLOCK

Round #04

### Combat Encounter Completed

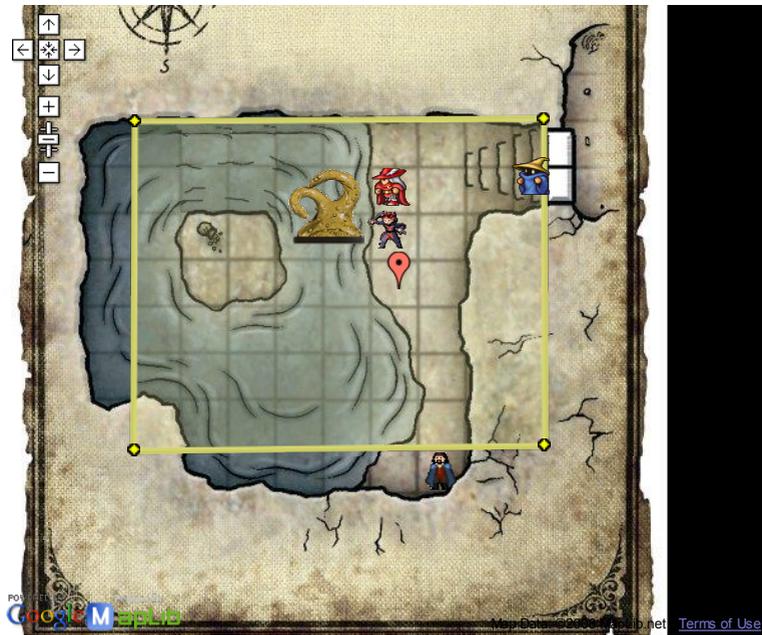
- 01) [22] Khalin - **1d20+3+2: 22** - HP 14/41 (Bloodied) (+2 AC)  
 02) [20] Tradden - **1d20+5+2: 20** - HP 33/45 (Ongoing 5 acid damage) (+2 AC) (Second Wind)  
 03) [17] Kireth - **1d20+8+2: 17** - HP 36/36  
 04) [15] Zero - **1d20+5+2: 15** - HP 40/40 (has Combat Advantage)  
 05) [14] Blue Slime - **1d20+0: 14** - Dmg: ~~4+19+5+9+7+7+3+2+7+7+7+14+22+9+7+7+7+11=155~~ (Marked by Tradden) (Bloodied)

Removed from Play

Me, Matt and 2 others:

Aug 19

## BATTLE MAP



Me: **FEATURES OF THE AREA**

Aug 17

- Illumination:** Darkness.
- Walls and Floors:** The walls and floors are cavern-like, with smooth stone covered in purple fungus.
- Water:** The water is calm, but dark, and depth is unknown.

**Yellow Polygon:** This is where bright light is provided.

Me and Random: **Khalin Grundokri**

Aug 17

Khalin looked at the amorphous blob with disdain - he'd met one of it's slimy cousins in a barrow in the swamps, but this time he was ready. He braced himself, readying his warhammer, and tried to think of anything that might give the group an edge.

[Dungeoneering Check: **1d20+4: 18**] - success!

*The amorphous blue slime before Khalin didn't look that similar to the green one on closer inspection. This one was extruding appendages and looked more solid, he doubted that it would try to engulf anyone - at least while they were alive. The dripping goo from the ends of the protusions sizzled as they struck the water - acid, perhaps? It was likely that it might use one or more of those to attack, and they looked as though they had a fair reach. What else was up its proverbial sleeves was another matter.*

As for weaknesses, Khalin wasn't sure - the creature was likely mindless, acting on instinct, and wouldn't be scared or charmed into submission.

In any case, if it came near to him, Khalin would be ready.

[Ready Action - Attack if comes within melee range]

   Matt, me and Random: **Tradden Aversward**

Aug 17 ▼

Tradden waited a second to see what Khalin would do. The Dwarf was clearly turtling up ready for battle on back on the "mainland".

"Fair enough..." thought Tradden. That did make a certain amount of sense. With that, he made a move back towards the rope before the thing could move towards him. With a yell for self encouragement he flung himself towards the bank, back on the far side.

[Athletics Check: **1d20+10: 26**] - success!

Despite the standing start, he flew through the air with the greatest of ease, just avoiding blue tendrils which flailed about where he had just been standing. Such was his altitude he was able to let his momentum carry him, and he tucked in his legs and turned over once in the air, his swords flashing in the dim light of Kireth's staff. In a moment his feet slapped down on the very edge of the bank, next to an open-mouthed Khalin.

[Acrobatics Check: **1d20+9: 10**] - critical failure!

The unnecessary flip in the air had done Tradden no favours however, and his landing was as bad as it really could have been. Both feet immediately slid on the damp, purple fungus, the result being that the fast moving Tradden slapped straight onto his back, eventually sliding to a halt up against the wet, filthy stone wall. [Prone]

Immediately picking himself up [Standard Action] he groaned, partly at the pain, partly at the fact another shirt was ruined. He had come to realise that Dungeon-Grime did not come out. Ever.

   Neil, me and Random: **Kireth Majere**

Aug 18 ▼

Kireth gave no thought to Tradden as the fighter sailed comically past his left hand side. The mage's eyes were all over this slime and he did not like what he saw. He really, really, did not like it. Something about this creature worried the mage and he backed right off, as far up the stairs as he could.

"This will not be a time to hold back" he calmly told his colleagues "use em if you have em, as the phrase goes"

[Wizard's Fury]

The mage prepared his magiks and threw the first salvo

[Shock Sphere vs Blue Slime's Reflex: **1d20+8: 10**] - misses!

The spell fell short but the electricity crackled through the water, causing, at least, discomfort for the creature

[Damage: **2d6+5: 9**] halved to [4 damage]

   Nick, me and Random: **Zero Uhlit**

Aug 18 ▼

"Ohhhhh dear," Zero muttered, taking a few cautious steps back.

He drew his crossbow and aimed for the blobby creature, knowing his attack would probably have little effect.

[Sly Flourish vs Blue Slime: **1d20+9+2: 21**] - hits!

[Damage: **1d6+6: 9**] plus [Sneak Attack: **2d8: 10**]

The bolt flew straight at the huge monster and with a sucking sound it penetrated deep inside. **Zero** was unsure whether he'd hurt the thing or not - it's pseudopods writhed around, but there was no sound of agony, the creature was silent.

  Me and Random: **Blue Slime**

Aug 19 ▼

As the amorphous form reared out of the water the bubbles beneath intensified, until they became huge bulbous orbs on the surface of the dank water. They lingered for a few moments, growing in size until they could take the pressure no longer, and exploded in a furious cacophony, throwing splatters of slime across the room, followed by a most unbearable stench that made everyone close enough to gag [Close Burst 4].

[Blue Slime Stench Pulse]

[Stench Pulse: **1d20+6: 24** vs Khalin's Fortitude(16)] - hits!

[Dazed] and [Weakened] (Save Ends Both)

[Stench Pulse: **1d20+6: 25** vs Tradden's Fortitude(19)] - hits!

[Dazed] and [Weakened] (Save Ends Both)

**Khalin and Tradden** began to feel their stomachs turned upside down by the putrid stench, hardly able to act. The beast moved in for the kill.

  Me and Random: **Khalin Grundokri** (Readied Action)

Aug 19 ▼

Sick with the stench, Khalin still had the wherewithal to swing his hammer as the beast moved in.

[Warhammer vs Blue Slime: **1d20+7: 20**] - hits!

[Damage: **1d10+5: 11**] halved to [5 damage] due to Weakened state.

The hammer slipped across the creature's bulging exterior.

  Mark, me and Random: **Khalin Grundokri**

Aug 19 ▼

The dwarf shrugged against the effects of the putrid stench, before swinging at the beast again...

[Brash Assault vs Blue Slime: **1d20+7: 27**] - critical hit!

[Damage: **1d10+5: 15**] plus [1d6: 3 fire damage] (reduced to a total of 9 damage)

The swing tore into the slime, ripping a huge hank of bulbous mass out of the creature and burning it with flame.

[Grants free attack with combat advantage, if taken, free attack for Zero with combat advantage]

As Khalin's bold move tore the hunk out of the creature, it responded by shooting out one of its pseudopods, aimed directly at the dwarf's chest.

[Blue Slime Slam: **1d20+8+2: 27** vs Khalin's AC(21)] - hits!

[Damage: **1d6+6: 12**] and [Ongoing 5 acid damage] (Save Ends)

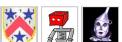
The blow left Khalin reeling, but it allowed Zero to get off another shot.

[Zero Hand Crossbow vs Blue Slime: **1d20+9+2: 12**] - critical miss!

*but the rogue couldn't capitalise on the move.*

[Save vs Stench Pulse: **1d20: 1**] - *critical failure!*

*The vapours wouldn't clear from Khalin's nostrils, and he still felt weakened and dizzy.*

 Matt, me and Random: **Tradden Aversward**

Aug 19 ▼

The coughing and retching echoed around the chamber, amplifying it and making the scene all the more unpleasant for it. Well, as much can be added to a situation where one is being attacked by a giant blue slime in a dark, underground cave.

Trying to defy the racking tremors of disgust emanating from somewhere in his lungs, Tradden stumbled forwards towards the waters edge, the back of one sword-filled hand taking the brunt of the coughing. He would at least stand shoulder-to-shoulder with Khalin.

[Save vs Stench Pulse: **1d20+1: 5**] - *failure!*

 Me and Random: **Kireth Majere**

Aug 19 ▼

Kireth kept his distance - the slime, albeit likely to act only on instinct, could be a deadly foe, and he wasn't prepared to take any risks.

With a mutter he unleashed a pair of eldritch missiles, straight into the creature's main body mass.

[Magic Missile vs Blue Slime: **2+4+1: 7**] - *automatic hit!*

[Magic Missile vs Blue Slime: **2+4+1: 7**] - *automatic hit!*

*The force missiles exploded against the creature's exterior, sending bursts of slime into the water.*

 Nick, me and Random: **Zero Uhlit**

Aug 20 ▼

Holding his breath, Zero gingerly slipped past his comrades. Then, on the periphery of the illumination, he turned and loosed another bolt at the monstrosity, before slipping silently into the shadows.

[Gloaming Cut vs Blue Slime: **1d20+9: 19**] - *hits!*

[Damage: **1d6+1: 3**]

[Stealth Check: **1d20+12: 16**] - *success!*

*The bolt burst into the creature's bulk.*

 Me and Random: **Blue Slime**

Aug 19 ▼

*The oily blue goo swept around the monster in great heaves as the amorphous blob shuddered in the water. For a moment some of the roiling mass started to cease, as if the creature were growing some sort of skin over its pulsating bulk.*

*Then, the skin exploded.*

*Vast gobs of goo covered those nearest, their touch stinging and dissolving skin. [Close Burst 3]*

[Slime Eruption]

[Damage: **1d6+6: 10** acid] miss for half damage [5]

[Slime Eruption: **1d20+6: 13** vs Khalin's Reflex(14)] - *misses!*

[5 damage]

[Slime Eruption: **1d20+6: 22** vs Tradden's Reflex(17)] - *hits!*

[10 damage]

*The slime slowly dripped off the pair.*

 Me: **Khalin Grundokri** (Ongoing Damage)

Aug 19 ▼

*The goo covered the sturdy dwarf, stinging his flesh.*

[Ongoing 5 acid damage]

 Mark, me and Random: **Khalin Grundokri**

Aug 20 ▼

Khalin was starting to wish he'd pressed harder for the group to examine the other unopened door they'd encountered. This battle seemed needless, and the dwarf could feel his strength ebbing away. It would be most unfortunate should he fall in such a meaningless skirmish.

The warlord considered taking a moment to re-marshal his energies, remembering his dwarven set of armour, and decided to focus before pressing home the offensive.

[Dwarven Scale Mail Daily: Khalin regains 10 hp]

[Warhammer vs Blue Slime: **1d20+7: 13**] - *misses!*

[Save vs Stench Pulse: **1d20: 17**] - *success!*

[Save vs Ongoing Acid: **1d20: 3**] - *failure!*

*The wild swing missed the creature's main body, just covering itself with slime. However, at least the noxious fumes had worked their way through, and Khalin could now concentrate properly on his foe.*

 Matt, me and Random: **Tradden Aversward**

Aug 20 ▼

Hoping the last set of coughing would be and end to it, Tradden took a deep breath and took up the fight proper with the blob. It looked strangely familiar to the one he and Khalin had fought in the swamp barrows, with colour being the obvious difference.

[Surprising Stab]

[Primary Attack vs Blue Slime's Reflex: **1d20+11: 20**] - *hits!*

[Damage: 4] halved to [2] and [Marked] and grants CA until end of Tradden's next turn

[Secondary Attack vs Blue Slime: **1d20+11+2: 19**] - *hits!*

[Damage: **2d6+7: 15**] halved to [7]

*The stab pierced the outer shell of the slime, and Tradden had to hang on to keep his sword from being sucked within!*

[Save vs Stench Pulse: **1d20+1: 7**] - *failure!*

*The young fighter still couldn't clear the smell out of his nostrils, though.*

 Me: **Kireth Majere**

Aug 20 ▼

From his relatively safe (he hoped) viewpoint on the stairs Kireth viewed no signs of being damaged in the slightest so far - although gobs of slime had been battered of by spell and sword there seemed to be an endless supply to replenish it.

For now, he would continue to probe with his missiles. Surely it would soon show its weaknesses.

[Magic Missile vs Blue Slime: **2+4+1: 7**] - *automatic hit!*

[Magic Missile vs Blue Slime: **2+4+1: 7**] - *automatic hit!*

*The first missile blew a small hole in the slime, and nothing appeared to immediately fill the gap. Kireth smiled, this was now just a war of attrition.*

[Blue Slime Bloodied]

   Nick, me and Random: **Zero Uhlit**

Aug 20 ▼

Zero hankered down in the gloom, steadied his quivering heart and fired at the imposing enemy.

[Gloaming Cut vs Blue Slime: **1d20+9+2: 16**] - *hits!*

[Damage: **1d6+1: 4**] plus [Sneak Attack: **2d8: 10**]

[Stealth Check to remain hidden: **1d20+13: 22**] - *success!*

*From the darkness at the edge of the cavern came a whistling bolt that plunged into the goo.*

  Me and Random: **Blue Slime**

Aug 20 ▼

*The amorphous mass seemed to have shrunk somewhat, the attacks finally starting to seem to take their toll. Two large appendages formed on the surface, near **Tradden** and **Khalin**, and with frightening speed, they shot out towards the pair.*

[Blue Slime Double Attack]

[Slam: **1d20+8-2: 14** vs Khalin's AC(21)] - *misses!*

[Slam: **1d20+8: 23** vs Tradden's AC(19)] - *hits!*

[Damage: **1d6+6: 10**] plus Ongoing **5** acid damage

*Having been hit once, **Khalin** was ready for the attack, dodging behind his shield, but the blue goo caught **Tradden** unawares.*

 Me: **Khalin Grundokri** (Ongoing Damage)

Aug 20 ▼

The blue acid continued to burn Khalin's skin.

[Ongoing **5** acid damage]

   Mark, me and Random: **Khalin Grundokri**

Aug 22 ▼

The acid was starting to take its toll on the dwarf, but he could sense the battle was at a tipping point - if he could continue to press home the initiative his comrades had created, then perhaps the beast would fall very soon.

[Shielded Assault vs Blue Slime: **1d20+7: 25**] - *hits!*

[Damage: **2d10+5: 22**]

[+2 AC to self and adjacent allies till end of next turn]

The mighty strike was true, and the beast recoiled further as the shockwave from the hammer blow permeated it's mass.

*"Take heart my friends, we've got it on the run!"* urged the dwarf, some of the warlord's trademark enthusiasm finally returning to his voice as it rang round the cavern.

[Inspiring word: Tradden spends a healing surge and regains **1d6+11: 13** hp]

[Save vs Ongoing Damage: **1d20: 11**] - *success!*

*The last of the slime had fallen away from Khalin's skin, and the pain melted away with it.*

   Me, Matt and Random: **Tradden Aversward** (Ongoing Damage)

Aug 22 ▼

*The drips of blue goo covering Tradden's skin fizzed and burned.*

[Ongoing **5** acid damage]

 Me: **Tradden Aversward**

Aug 22 ▼

Despite the pain, Tradden took encouragement from the grim-faced Dwarf's words.

"Aye," he replied, loudly, *"Tis not the first time we have fought one of these blobs before MasterDwarf, and we shall triumph again!"* It was not quite how he normally spoke, but he thought Khalin would like it.

Typically Tradden applied a "hit and move" approach to fighting, but that was more difficult against a giant, pulsating blob four times your size. Accordingly, he just hacked away. Khalin was looking worse for wear, but he could at least demand the sole attention of the slimy thing.

[Basic Melee Attack: **1d20+11+2: 33**] - *critical hit!*

[Damage: **1d8+7: 15**] plus [**1d6: 4** cold damage] all halved to [**9**] damage

[Use Action Point: Second Wind]

[Spends Healing Surge and gains bonus to defences until start of next turn]

[Save vs Ongoing Damage: **1d20+1: 4**] - *failure!*

[Save vs Stench Pulse: **1d20+1: 18**] - *success!*

*At last Tradden's senses started to come round - the stench clearing his nostrils. The acid still burned on his skin, however, but at least he felt free to act.*

  Neil and me: **Kireth Majere**

Aug 22 ▼

In any other circumstance Kireth may have smelt victory in the air however, in this instance, all he could smell was the putrid blob. Keen to get out of this room he pushed himself hard, applying what he hoped would be the extra effort to decide the battle.

[Action point]

[Magic Missile vs Blue Slime: **2+4+1: 7**] - *automatic hit!*

[Magic Missile vs Blue Slime: **2+4+1: 7**] - *automatic hit!*

[Magic Missile vs Blue Slime: **2+4+1: 7**] - *automatic hit!*

*Huge pieces of slime cascaded off the beast and splashed into the water in the darkness behind it.*

  and : **Zero Uhlit**

After a rather scary start, things were now looking surprisingly rosey. Zero fired off one more shot from the darkness, hoping to score the kill.

[Gloaming Cut vs Blue Slime: **1d20+9+2: 21**] - hits!  
 [Damage: **1d6+1: 3**] plus **[2d8: 8 Sneak Damage]**  
 [Stealth Check: **1d20+13: 18**] - success!

*The magic bolts and previous attacks had taken its toll on the huge blob of slime. Much of its substance had been used in its own attacks, or slowly carved away by the party. In fact, all that remained was a large bubble of slime on the top of the water, precariously held together by tension.*

*As the crossbow bolt pierced its flimsy outer shell the bubble burst, the creature's essence destroyed. But the remainder of the acidic slime exploded out across the chamber, covering **Khalin** and **Tradden** in yet more stinging goo.*

[Bloodied Eruption]  
 [Damage: **1d6+6: 11**] halved to **[5]** for a miss.  
 [Slime Eruption: **1d20+6: 7** vs Khalin's Reflex(14)] - misses!  
 [Damage: **5**]  
 [Slime Eruption: **1d20+6: 12** vs Tradden's Reflex(19+2)] - misses!  
 [Damage: **5**]

[Blue Slime Dead]

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

Aug 23 ▼

 Me: *As the thick viscous goo dripped off the pair of warriors, **Kireth** and **Zero** slowly approached. The stinging was starting to subside, but the stains would last much longer.*

Aug 23 ▼

**Kireth** idled up to **Tradden** and lifted a particularly large glob of slime from the young fighter's shoulder with his finger, examining it within the glare of his magical light.

"Hmm, fascinating," *pondered the mage.* "Simply fascinating."

*With a brief movement to wipe his finger clean on **Tradden's** cloak, the wizard turned his attention to the island in the middle of the pool, thoughts of the blue slime already forgotten.*

 Me: **Short Rest**

Aug 23 ▼

#### Healing Surges

Healing surges are applied.

Khalin spends 1 healing surge (0 left) to get to 24/41 hp.

Kireth spends 0 healing surges (7 left) to get to 36/36 hp.

Tradden spends 1 healing surge (2 left) to get to 44/45 hp.

Zero spends 0 healing surge (5 left) to get to 40/40 hp.

#### Encounter Powers

All encounter powers are recharged.

#### Milestones

Milestone reached (2 encounters, 1 solo); 1 Action Point awarded.

Extended Rest Available

#### Levelling

No characters ready to level.

  and : **Tradden** brushed himself down as best as he could, trying to ignore the scratchy, itchy feeling that was present wherever the slime had touched bare skin. From the uncomfortable look on Khalin's face he could see that the Dwarf was having the same problem.

Aug 23 ▼

For a minute the young fighter considered taking a quick bath in the water, but that idea was dismissed just as quickly. Instead he tried to focus on the job at hand to take his mind off it.

"*Right, lets see if this was all worth it...*"

With that, the fighter leapt onto the rope and swung across to the island.

[Acrobatics: **1d20+9: 23**] - success!

Trying to remember what he saw last time he searched as best he could for anything of use before swinging back with his find.

**Tradden** swung comfortably over to the island, landing on its now slime decorated surface with ease. Some of the purple fungus had been dissolved by the acid, but the items he had briefly seen before were all still there, apparently undamaged, albeit coated with drips of slime.

[Perception: **1d20+3: 15**] - success!

*The young fighter spent a few minutes, collecting up the various golden and silver coins he could find and stuffing them into his belt pouch. The remaining items he briefly studied, before tossing them across the water into the waiting arms of **Zero**.*

*The first was another stoppered stone vial, similar to those found in the cave lurkers' nest, complete with the shining sun carved into it. The second was another cylinder, but this time made of wood. The third item was a shield made of metal, slightly yellowed, perhaps by age, but rust-free, light and flexible with the outline of an image of a cross between a dragon and a man etched into its defensive face. This one he tossed straight to **Khalin**, before attempting the crossing back.*

[Acrobatics: **1d20+9: 22**] - success!

**Tradden** landed safely back at the shoreline.

 Me and : **Kireth** wandered slowly over to **Khalin's** side and took a disdainful look at the shield. Arms and armour were a little beneath him, using neither to further his goals, but realised they may be of use to the uneducated brawlers of society. However, in his long hours of study he had often found some small insights and tiny nuggets of knowledge from studying garish regalia that some warriors emblazoned upon their armours.

Aug 23 ▼

[Kireth Arcana Check: **1d20+11: 27**] - success!

*The mage studied the figure on the front, wiping away any trails of slime with the bottom of **Khalin's** cloak, raising a scowl. After a couple of moments hid eyebrow rose, but nothing more.*

"It appears this may offer some protection against fire," **Kireth** offered. "Not much, but perhaps enough to prevent some burns."

[Party have found a Flamedrinker Light Shield]

**Flamedrinker Shield** (Level 6 Uncommon)

This shield swirls with gold and ruby hues as it absorbs the jet of flame meant to burn your flesh.

**Price:** 1,800 gp

**Item Slot:** Off-Hand

**Pre-Requisite:** Any

**Property:** Gain resist 5 fire

**Power (Daily):** Immediate Interrupt. Use this power when an ally adjacent to you would take fire damage. Grant that ally resist 10 fire until the end of your next turn.

**Kireth** then moved across to **Zero** and inspected the vial and cylinder. He indicated that the vial appeared to be similar to those already found, probably a healing potion, and **Tradden** gratefully accepted it, stowing it in his pack.

The other item he looked at curiously, weighing it, and examining either end. The wooden cylinder was a foot or so in length, but only an inch in diameter, and at first glance it looked like a straight piece of branch. However, after a moment **Kireth** smiled and with a small flourish unscrewed one end, remarking at the workmanship, and peered inside.

Carefully he withdrew some pieces of parchment, two scrawled with writing, and the third laden with a number of lines.

"Ah, interesting," he remarked.

 **Me:** The first parchment contained what appeared to be a letter, written in Common, in a jagged and unkempt script. However, it was quite readable after a few moments of study. Aug 23 ▼  
**Kireth** read the letter aloud.

"Greetings, Skauril. I have recently learned of your activities in the area and have an offer for you. During your time in this region, if you should capture any humanoids, we are eager to buy them. We have duergar allies in Dunbaradrin in need of slave stock. If you are interested, send an envoy back to me. My messengers will show the way." **Kireth** intoned.

"It is signed, 'Chief Krand of the Bloodreavers'," he finished.

He took the second parchment from **Zero's** hand and studied that for a moment. The writing was smaller, but the script was the same, likely from the same hand.

"Remember, don't wet the nodule - unless Skauril is not receptive to the offer. Then, wet it only from a distance, and then, turn and run. Water will bring the creature out of its dormancy, and it will consume anything it can reach."

**Kireth** raised his eyebrow once more and took a glance at the water within the cave, and the remnants of the blue slime.

Taking the third he unrolled it fully, and a short smile played across his lips.

"A map," he gasped. "Perfect!"

The map was rough - very simple lines denoting boundaries, and crosses for locations. A simple dotted trail extended from a cross at the left-hand side of the parchment denoted 'Caulkin Keep' over what appeared to be hills or mountains labelled 'Stonemarch'. This area had a pair of squiggles, perhaps with wings, that dominated the area. The dotted trail led away to the north and east, assuming north was 'up' on the parchment as **Kireth** held it, before cutting sharply down the the southeast, with the word 'Pass' next to it. A final cross towards the right-hand side of the parchment was simply labeled 'D'.

"Better than nothin'" grumbled **Khalin**, his hopes dashed of a comprehensive map with the limp offering before him.

 **Matt, me and Random:** uOnce it became apparent that the cave area held no further interest, bar slime collecting, the party gathered their things, old and new, and made their way out of the caves. Aug 25 ▼

Leading the way was **Khalin**, new shield held purposefully in front of him, who ushered the small convoy towards the rooms originally containing **Balgron**, the fat Goblin chieftain, and his retinue.

As the group moved from the dark caverns back into the light of the previously goblin-infested chambers **Kireth** extinguished his light and **Khalin** discarded his torch, now close to spluttering out. They followed the corridors westwards, avoiding the secret passage so they did not have to magically seal it once again.

In the first chamber, below the stairs leading up back to the outside world, they spotted the severed rope that had been holding **Bagrat**. Somehow the little pest had managed to cut himself free, perhaps on one of the dead goblins' swords or spears. **Khalin** swore profusely as he picked up a few of the tattered remains of the rope and cast them aside. Where the goblin had gone, however, was a mystery.

A quick glance up the stairs showed no daylight, and the general feeling amongst the group was one of tiredness - it must be late evening. They had already rested once before, but did not sleep - this time a good night's rest was required.

The evening passed uneventfully and all managed to get some modicum of sleep. Sitting against the walls of **Balgron's** chamber they consumed a little more of their trail rations, longing for the comforts of **The Bronze Lion**. The group cleaned themselves, their clothes, and their gear where they could, mostly in silence, but spent some time to mentally compare maps and agree that approximately one quarter of the complex was left unexplored beyond the unopened door.

They then once again in formation headed back to the first chamber and southwards towards the unopened door.

[Extended Rest Completed]

[Sleeping in Armour]

[**Khalin** Endurance Check: **1d20+14+1: 17**] - success!

[**Tradden** Endurance Check: **1d20+7: 8**] - critical failure!

**Tradden's** night had been fitful, full of bad dreams and uncomfortable positions. The dwarf, however, looked as though he could sleep anywhere and anytime, as long as it involved snoring and the occasional bellow.

[**Tradden** loses 1 healing surge until fully rested]

[Party has spent 8 hours]

 **Me and Random:** As the group moved into what they believed was a goblin guard room, with bunks for some of the guards, they spied the doors. However, to their surprise one of the two was slightly ajar, pulled open into the chamber. Aug 24 ▼

**Zero** approached cautiously...

[**Zero** Stealth Check: **1d20+13: 17**] - success!

...and did his best to peer inside, with both ears and eyes open.

[**Zero** Perception Check: **1d20+10: 25**] - success!

He sidled back to the group with a sigh.

"I can't hear anything in there, but it's dark again. Seem to be some shallow steps down, but at least its not a cave at the bottom - I'm sure I can see some walls and a corridor."

 **Matt and me:** **Tradden** took a few practice swings with his swords, limbering up for what he clearly expected was going to be more fighting. Aug 25 ▼

"Any sign of that little bastard **Bagrat**, Z?"

**Nick:** "Can't see any," replied the rogue. "Not that that breaks my heart," he added quietly. Aug 24 ▼

 **Matt:** "Right, well, lets go through then. Sooner we find this Elf, the sooner we can leave, which is fine by me." He shook his head, flicking his hair back. "This place is starting to cramp my style..." Aug 24 ▼

 Me and Random: **Kireth** fished in his pack for a moment and produced a short wooden torch for **Khalin** to light, before the mage created a burst of magical light on the end of his staff. Once the dwarf had the torch lit, he headed through the open door and onto the stairs, **Zero** by his side and the other two closely behind. Aug 25 ▼

The stone stairs were discoloured and led downwards at a shallow angle for twenty feet or so into cold darkness. At the foot of the stairs, **Khalin** stopped, sniffing the air and trying to get his bearings.

[Khalin Dungeoneering Check: **1d20+4: 16**] - success!

[Khalin Perception Check: **1d20+2: 21**]

[Kireth Perception Check: **1d20+2: 13**]

[Tradden Perception Check: **1d20+4: 24**]

[Zero Perception Check: **1d20+10: 22**]

An overpowering odour of damp rot filled the air, drawing a grimace from the dwarf. "Smells like something died down here," he stated flatly.

Corridors, wide enough for two abreast, led away to the west and to the north until they disappeared into blackness.

 Mark, me and Random: Khalin paused a moment to consider the options, a hunch suggested west, but he tried to determine which exit the stench was coming most strongly from, with the intention of going the other way! Aug 25 ▼

[Khalin Perception Check: **1d20+2: 7**] - failure!

The stench was strong, but the dwarf was unable to discern which direction it was most powerful from. Putting on a decisive mien regardless, the dwarf raised his hammer towards the western entrance. "This way methinks!" he declared, pointing the way.

 Me and Random: The group moved slowly westwards on **Khalin's** word, lighting their way through the darkness. Aug 25 ▼

Although not obvious from the foot of the stairs, it took only few steps before **Zero** spotted an opening to a chamber to the south on their left, whilst the corridor continued, turning abruptly north and then west again not too far in front of them before it was lost into the darkness and shadow.

[Khalin Perception Check: **1d20+2: 15**]

[Kireth Perception Check: **1d20+2: 12**]

[Tradden Perception Check: **1d20+4: 8**]

[Zero Perception Check: **1d20+10: 11**]

The chamber to the south appeared deserted, its walls and extremities lost in the gloom.

 Matt: Tradden, stood at the rear, peered over Kireth's shoulder to see what lay ahead, but his position at the back meant that he could see even less than any of the others. Aug 25 ▼

"Anything good?" he enquired.

 Mark, me and Random: "Let's check before we move on," said Khalin, motioning towards the entrance. "Cover me," and the dwarf moved cautiously through the doorway, peering intently into the gloom. Aug 25 ▼

[Dungeoneering check: **1d20+4: 23**] - success!

**Khalin** moved into the chamber cautiously, his torch held aloft, and the flickering light began to illuminate the whole of the space.

He stopped abruptly, standing as still as a statue for a moment, not even breathing. Then slowly - ever so slowly - he retraced his steps to the group.

 Mark: Khalin backed out of the room. His face looked white. Tradden picked up on the dwarf's... shock?... fear even?... immediately. Aug 25 ▼

"What is it?" he hissed, keeping his voice down at the clear cue from Khalin's demeanour. "You look like you've seen a ghost!"

The warlord's usually ruddy face, now pale, turned towards the human. "Dwarves. Dead... dwarves. And they're just standing there."

Khalin slowly seemed to snap out of his apparent trance, and the words came faster: "Five of them, well I can see five anyway. They didn't react to me but..." He paused a moment. "Maybe we should move on..."

The warlord's previous decisiveness seemed to have deserted him - clearly he was at a loss about whether to investigate further, perhaps provoking an attack from the unnatural presences he'd witnessed, or simply in denial, ready to leave well alone and move on. He looked into Tradden's eyes, then quickly Zero's and Kireth's, wordlessly seeking their thoughts.

 Matt: Tradden slipped forward, silently slipping one hand onto the shoulder of his friend. Aug 25 ▼

"You know my respect for Dwarves - I share your concerns and your unrest. However, if they have evil intent then they are no longer the proud Hill or Mountain folk they once were. If that is the case then we would best serve them by ensuring they what remains of them are seperated from whatever evil power holds them."

It was interesting and unusually serious stuff from the youth. He continued.

"Similarly, if they are are of no threat or have benign intentions, they will be laughing their socks off in whatever Great Hall in the afterlife in which they are currently quaffing beer if we go hightailing it out of here like terrified rabbits without even saying hello!"

That nearly-offensive line of reasoning was more like the usual Tradden.

"I say..." a broad, mischeivous grin flourished on his face, "... we say Hello..."

 Neil: Kireth spoke with consideration, he had no wish to be disrespectful in this scenario. Aug 25 ▼

"Those creatures, and this is how they must be viewed, are nothing more than shells. The dwarves that they once were are gone. They are not trapped tormented souls, they are not twisted to do another's bidding. They are gone." He paused to make sure no one was taking this the wrong way, Khalin looked uncomfortable but did not seem angry with the mage. He continued. "These creatures have been created from dead flesh. This takes power. If it has been spent this way, I, for one, would certainly like to know why."

 Nick: The spirits of the deceased were beyond Zero's area of expertise. Aug 25 ▼

"So, what do we do?" he asked softly.

 Matt: Tradden stepped to the front. Two swords were drawn with a metallic sounding double "swoosh, swoosh". Aug 25 ▼

"We ask directions. Excuse me my good Dwarves, you don't happen to have seen an Elf wondering around these parts do you...?" he asked loudly, walking forwards into the chamber...

 Me: **Tradden** strode forward, his blades held out ready, with **Khalin** not too far behind a little more cautious. **Zero** and **Kireth** hung back a little, waiting to see what would happen, but be ready. Aug 26 ▼

The young fighter passed the threshold of the chamber and walked perilously close to one of the creatures that had shocked **Khalin** so much. They were indeed dwarves, or at least the husks of dwarves. They were still, unnervingly still, not so much of a sway of the body or the flicker of an eye.

There were five in all, as **Khalin** had thought, all in various states of rot and disintegration. Some had most of their flesh, although discoloured with lesions and open sores, others were wearing down to the bone, skull bone gleaming white in the torchlight, their eyes dull and unseeing.

None of the things were armed, their arms hanging limp and empty down by their sides, but some wore the remnants of mail of some kind, perhaps chain or scale, or a cross between the two, with rotting tabards that once might have been rich in colour with embroidered designs.

Above all else was the stench - a malodourous air hung about them that chilled **Khalin** to the bone.

As the warlord brought the torch further into the chamber, they spotted two further figures at the far end of the chamber guarding a corridor leading off to the south. Larger than the dwarves, but humanoid.

Then, all nine hells broke loose.

One of the creatures screamed.

Not a low rumbling moan or groan, but a shrill scream. Pinpoints of red light appeared in the creatures' eyes and they darted forwards, arms outstretched towards the nearest living being.

The scream was answered by another, echoing down the corridors from somewhere in the north.

 Me: [...continued in [Chapter #06, Scene #09...](#)]

Aug 26 ▼

Tags:

Next wave ➡