


Tables: A table or similar piece of furniture is tall enough that a Small creature can move under it and possibly gain cover from doing so. It costs 2 squares of movement to hop up on a table. A character can make a DC 10 Strength check to tip over a table, which can then grant superior cover.


Me and Random: **Hobgoblin Archer**Oct 24 ▼

As **Tradden** appeared in the doorway the archer let fly. Its bow was already drawn and it appeared ready for any intruders.

[Hobgoblin Archer Longbow: **1d20+9: 21** vs Tradden's AC(19+2)] - *hits!*
[Damage: **1d10+4: 11**]

The arrow nicked **Tradden's** arm, drawing a thin cut, as it whistled past and slammed into one of the wooden barrels of fish behind the young fighter with a thump.

The archer drew another arrow as a wicked smile played across its lips.

Me and Random: **Kireth Majere**Oct 24 ▼


Kireth leapt into action. The guttural consonants of the hobgoblin's cry were fleeting through his mind as he moved northwards with surprising grace and purpose. With his eyes carefully fixed on the eastern door he moved into the rank chamber next to Tradden and transfixed his stare with icy determination on the hobgoblin with the bow and arrow. Ensuring he kept both doors visible, just in case, he began to murmur the arcane syllables that now came easily to his mind.

[Nightmare Eruption vs Hobgoblin Archer's Will: **1d20+8: 12**] - *misses!*

The mage snarled as the hobgoblin appeared to suffer no visible effects.

[Kireth Perception Check: **1d20+2: 20**] - *success!*

"Others!" spat **Kireth**, as the noises of scuffling, and weapons clanking against armour, reached his keen ears.

Matt, me and Random: **Tradden Aversward**Oct 24 ▼

"More?" Said Tradden. "Great."


Well, that was not entirely surprising - these things seemed to hang around in groups. Still, first things first... He ran towards the nearest goblin, swinging his longsword around in as wider arc as the passageway allowed.

[Surprising Stab vs Hobgoblin Soldier]
[Primary Attack vs Reflex: **1d20+11: 24**] - *hits!*
[Damage: **4**] and **[Marked]** and [CA to Tradden]

[Secondary Attack: **1d20+10+2: 14**] - *misses!*

The young fighter managed to lop off the tip of the creatures ear with his first swing, drawing a howl of pain. He had its attention now! His follow up stab was less successful though - he misjudged the space available and the shortsword jabbed into the wall, causing sparks as it chipped a section of stone out of the granite.


As he looked up at the hobgoblin he could see others behind it, they'd obviously been ready, lying in wait. Three similarly armoured warriors with longswords, and another, dressed slightly differently. This one holding a quarterstaff and staring at **Tradden** with piercing eyes.

Me and Random: **Hobgoblin Soldier**Oct 24 ▼

Tradden's attention was not fully on the hobgoblin in front of him as he peered around the room, and the soldier took full advantage to press its attack.

[Hobgoblin Soldier Flail: **1d20+7: 15** vs Tradden's AC(19)] - *misses!*


However, the young fighter's feigned indifference to the hobgoblin was a ruse, and he easily blocked the clumsy strike.

Mark, me and Random: **Khalin Grundokri**Oct 24 ▼

Khalin barreled round the corner. Only one hobgoblin was in view but Kireth's shout had made it clear others were nearby. Letting out a roar of challenge the warlord charged headlong into the brute...

[Charge vs Hobgoblin Soldier: **1d20+9+1: 20**] - *hits!*
[Damage: **1d10r2+7: 13**] plus [Bonus Charge Damage: **1d8: 4**]

The craghammer crashed against the hobgoblin's breastplate.


Nick, me and Random: **Zero Uhlit**Oct 24 ▼

Zero followed in Khalin's wake, letting loose a bolt that whooshed over the dwarfs head, flying straight for the hobgoblin he had in his sights.

[Sly Flourish vs Hobgoblin Soldier: **1d20+9+2: 25**] - *hits!*
[Damage: **1d6+6: 10**] plus **[2d8: 14]** sneak damage]

Zero's aim was back to its best and the bolt lodged in the hobgoblin's shoulder, sending a bright red spurt of blood cascading across **Khalin's** shield.

[Hobgoblin Soldier Bloodied]

Me: **Rangrim Ironnose**Oct 25 ▼


"More, you say?" growled Rangrim as he sprinted along the corridor and around the corner.

Tradden and **Khalin** were holding a good line against the soldier, but Rangrim tried to barge through, keen to get his warhammer into play as soon as he could, noting that **Tradden** was ready to strike should the hobgoblin try and cut him off.

The hobgoblin soldier seemed to sense this, and didn't take the opportunity to strike when it could, preferring to hold back, ready for reinforcements.

As the situation in the room became clearer to Rangrim, he noticed the hobgoblin with the staff.

"You!" he yelled at the hobgoblin, moving closer, now unconcerned if the hobgoblin soldier attacked. Rangrim raised his warhammer menacingly. "This will be for hurting my friends!" He turned his attention back to the group. "This one's a spellcaster!" he warned.

Me and Random: **Hobgoblin Grunts**Oct 25 ▼

At a command from the staff-wielding hobgoblin, the remainder of the hobgoblins closed in, particularly intent on Rangrim. The warcaster - the quarterstaff bearing hobgoblin - seemed to be waiting for something else before it struck.

The first grunt clambered over the chairs from the northwestern corner, knocking them sprawling, and swung its sword wildly at Rangrim.

[Hobgoblin Grunt #01 Longsword: **1d20+6: 24** vs Rangrim's AC(18)] - *hits!*
[Damage: **5**]

The second took a more direct route, avoiding the chairs, but still managed to make a swing for the dwarf.

[Hobgoblin Grunt #02 Longsword: 1d20+6: 24 vs Rangrim's AC(18)] - hits!
[Damage: 5]

This one also struck, sending the dwarfreeling.

The third one moved up, skirting the table, getting into formation with the others, surrounding the dwarf.

[Hobgoblin Grunt #03 Longsword: 1d20+6+2: 16 vs Rangrim's AC(18)] - misses!

This time, Rangrim managed to block with the haft of the warhammer.

 Me and Random: **Hobgoblin Warcaster**

Oct 26 ▼

The warcaster's eyes narrowed at seeing Rangrim, as a cat would scowl at a mouse that had escaped its claws. It then cast a glance at the hobgoblin soldier - it was battered and bloodied, perhaps no longer of any use in defence, but it had served its purpose. The warcaster gripped its staff tightly with both hands and let out a cry.

"Achok!" it shouted, and slammed the staff into the flagstones.

A solid wave of air sped out from the staff[Close Blast 5] buffeting into anyone it encountered, taking Rangrim, **Tradden**, and **Khalin** by surprise, but especially the hobgoblin soldier. The force wave rattled the door next to **Zero** and **Kireth**, but only ruffled their hair.

[Hobgoblin Warcaster Force Pulse]
[Generic Damage: 2d8+4: 13]
[Force Pulse: 1d20+7: 23 vs Rangrim's Reflex(18)] - hits!
[Damage: 13] and [Push 1] and [Knocked Prone]
[Stand Your Ground: 1d20: 20] - critical success!
[Force Pulse: 1d20+7: 18 vs Hobgoblin Soldier's Reflex(16)] - hits!
[Damage: 13] and [Push 1] and [Knocked Prone]
[Force Pulse: 1d20+7: 9 vs Tradden's Reflex(17)] - misses!
[Half Damage: 6]
[Force Pulse: 1d20+7: 27 vs Khalin's Reflex(14)] - critical hit!
[Damage: 20] and [Push 1] and [Knocked Prone]
[Stand Your Ground: 1d20: 1] - critical failure!

Rangrim tottered for a moment, but his dwarven resilience kept him standing. **Khalin** was thrown back and cracked his ribs against the flagstones. The hobgoblin soldier fared worst, the force wave taking the life out of it as its skull cracked against the floor and it was still. **Tradden** managed to stand against the tide.

"Achok! Achok!" the warcaster repeated loudly, a wicked smile on its lips.

A muffled cheer greeted it from the passageway to the north.

[Hobgoblin Soldier Dead]
[Khalin Bloodied]

 Me and Random: **Hobgoblin Archer**

Oct 25 ▼

With the two dwarves prostrate on the floor, the archer continued to draw arrows and fire them at Tradden. It kept its position, and let fly.

[Hobgoblin Archer Longbow: 1d20+9: 26 vs Tradden's AC(19)] - hits!
[Damage: 1d10+4: 6]

Another nick from the arrow, drawing another thin line of blood.

 Me and Random: **Kireth Majere**

Oct 25 ▼

Kireth frowned at the show of magic from within the chamber, and swiftly moved eastwards towards Khalin, eager to view the source for himself. Noting the hobgoblin with the staff he quickly unleashed a spell of his own.

[Force Orb vs Hobgoblin Warcaster's Reflex: 1d20+8: 25] - hits!
[Damage: 2d8+5: 10]

The bolt of magical force burst against the warcaster and razor-sharp ribbons were thrown off, cutting into its nearby allies.

[Force Orb vs Hobgoblin Grunt #01's Reflex: 1d20+8: 11] - misses!

[Force Orb vs Hobgoblin Grunt #02's Reflex: 1d20+8: 28] - critical hit!
[Damage: 1d10+5: 15] plus [1d6: 2 radiant damage]

[Force Orb vs Hobgoblin Grunt #03's Reflex: 1d20+8: 24] - hits!
[Damage: 1d10+5: 13]

With a splash of crimson, two of the hobgoblins fell where they stood. Torn to shreds by the shards of force.

[Hobgoblin Grunt #02 Dead]
[Hobgoblin Grunt #03 Dead]

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

Oct 26 ▼

The young fighter turned his head back to the battle having involuntarily looked away to protect himself as the spell from the Hobgoblin had struck. Although he had managed to hold his own ground, the shockwave had floored both the two Dwarves with a sickening crunch, and he had feared the worst for moment until both started groaning and pulling themselves to their feet.

The archer was a constant annoyance, but the magic user was the primary threat so Tradden threw himself forward to try and tie it up in a melee.

[Cleave vs Hobgoblin Warcaster: 1d20+11: 20] - hits!
[Damage: 1d8+7: 8] and [Marked]
[Hobgoblin Grunt #01 takes 4 splash damage]

His cleaving strike took a chunk out of the magic user's arm and carried through towards the smaller Hobgoblin stood besides it, the tip of Tradden's sword catching its throat. It dropped its weapon and grabbed its own neck for a moment before sinking to the ground.

[Hobgoblin Grunt #01 Dead]

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

Oct 26 ▼


Khalin scrambled to his feet, shaking his head to dismiss the effects of the blast of force. For a moment he considered directing Tradden to strike in his place, but having quickly got his feet back underneath his stout

form, the desire to 'rebuke' the hobgoblin mage was too much for the warlord to pass up...

[Charge vs Hobgoblin Warcaster: **1d20+9+1: 15**] - misses!

Unbowed, Khalin spurred his comrades on: *"Two to go, keep your heads up lads."* It was then that the dwarf realised Tradden had somehow kept his footing through the blast, despite being adjacent to the warcaster. In spite of himself he blurted, *"How did you do that? Maybe you should teach me those dance moves!"* The comment was out before Khalin realised what he was saying, and he screwed his face up as he contemplated what he might have got himself into!

[Minor Action - Inspiring Word: Tradden spends a healing surge and regains **1d6+12: 14** hp]


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

Oct 26 ▼

Zero, an inkspot in the shadows, placed the distant archer in his sights and squeezed the trigger of his crossbow.

[Sly Flourish vs Hobgoblin Archer: **1d20+9+2: 28**] - hits!
[Damage: **1d6+6: 10**] plus [2d8: 8 sneak damage]

The arrow brought a howl from the archer when it struck, but the hobgoblin continued to draw arrows of its own.

 Me and Random: **Rangrim Ironnose**

Oct 26 ▼


Rangrim shook off the effects of the warcaster's spell and held his warhammer menacingly.

"Where are my friends, slug?" he shouted, as he brought the hammer down. [Minor Action: Ferret out Frailty - Rangrim gains Combat Advantage]

[Torturous Strike vs Hobgoblin Warcaster: **1d20+9+2: 23**] - hits!
[Damage: **2d10+9: 15**] plus [2d8+3: 11 sneak damage]

The hammer hit the warcaster at the side of the temple and for a moment the group thought it would fall, but it recovered, albeit with blood pouring from its nose.

[Hobgoblin Warcaster Bloodied]

 Me and Random: **Hobgoblin Warcaster**

Oct 27 ▼

"Achok! Achok!" shouted the warcaster once more, spitting blood from its lips as it did so.


[Recharge - Force Pulse: **1d6: 3**] - failure!

*The hobgoblin looked to be worried, it was calling for something, but nothing was happening, and it appeared to have run out of spell power. Still, it had a weapon in its hand, and swung the quarterstaff around, trying to catch **Tradden** off guard.*

[Hobgoblin Warcaster Shock Staff: **1d20+8: 27** vs Tradden's AC(19)] - hits!
[Damage: **2d10+4: 10** lightning] and [Dazed]

*When the staff struck the young fighter sparks flashed and **Tradden** felt as though his bones were on fire. It left him reeling, unable to focus and concentrate.*

*While **Tradden's** ears still rang, the hobgoblin backpedalled around the table.* [Shift: NE]

 Me and Random: **Hobgoblin Grunts**

Oct 27 ▼

*Suddenly, the northern door in the storeroom was flung open, and hobgoblin faces peered out, leering at **Zero**. The rogue was all alone, and the hobgoblins were going to take advantage of it.*

*They charged forward with a yell, responding to the warcaster's cries, two of them reaching **Zero** with cuts of their swords.*

[Hobgoblin Grunt #04 Charge: **1d20+6+1: 12** vs Zero's AC(17)] - misses!
[Hobgoblin Grunt #05 Charge: **1d20+6+1: 15** vs Zero's AC(17)] - misses!


*With a scramble, **Zero** managed to lurch out of their way, avoiding their clumsy attacks.*

"Help!" the rogue yelled.

 Me: **Hobgoblin Soldier**

Oct 27 ▼

A third face appeared in the doorway, wielding a wicked looking flail, and strode across the storeroom behind the grunts.


 Me and Random: **Hobgoblin Archer**

Oct 27 ▼

*The archer lowered its bow and sprung away to the north, wooden chairs tumbling and scattering in its wake. It managed to reach the northern entrance to the room, before turning, notching an arrow, and letting fly at **Tradden**.*

[Hobgoblin Archer Longbow: **1d20+9+2: 16** vs Tradden's AC(19)] - misses!

However, the dash across the room had unsettled the archer, and the arrow bounced harmlessly off the wall behind the young fighter.

 Neil and me: **Kireth Majere**

Oct 27 ▼

Before he could begin his next incantation Tradden caught the mage's eye. The young fighter looked from the mage and nodded towards the table. Not much of a message and Kireth hoped he had understood his intentions correctly. He nodded back.

[Delay]

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

Oct 27 ▼


Dazed as he was, Tradden tried not to lose focus.

Danger from two directions. Table. Yes.

With a kick he booted the corner of the table behind him, looking to use his strength to tip it over and maybe create a bit of cover. Arrows and magical bolts were not fun, and they needed all the protection they could get right now.

[Strength Check: **1d20+6: 14**] - success!

The table quickly fell on it's side, providing a small gap between it and the wall that would provide a generous amount of cover.

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

Oct 27 ▼

Before the edges of the table hit the floor Kireth was on the move. Crouched, back against the table, he caught his breath for the slightest of moments before popping up and unleashing.

[Nightmare Eruption vs Hobgoblin Grunt #04's Will: **1d20+8-2: 23**] - *hits!*
[Damage: **1d8+5: 11**]

The hobgoblin screamed in agony. One moment it had been revelling in the chance to sink its blade into the frail human's flesh, and the next it was screaming at something that was tearing through it's mind.

The others next to it began to scream too, in a dreadful echo. Clutching at their faces with fear on their face. Two of them dropped, the third managed to regain its composure.

[Hobgoblin Grunt #04 Dead]
[Hobgoblin Grunt #05 Dead]
[Hobgoblin Soldier #02: **4** damage]



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

Oct 28 ▼

Khalin cursed under his breath at Zero's shout from far behind him. The group had been outflanked, and he should have seen that coming. There was no way the warlord could get to his comrade and attack his assailant in time, but despite Zero's anxious shout, Khalin knew the rogue could handle himself.


"Hang in there Mr Nothing!" Khalin shouted as cheerily as he could.

Wiping a stream of blood from his brow, the dwarf turned back to the warcaster before him, itself streaked with gore. Sliding across to confront the mage, Khalin raised his shield so to better protect Rangrim and the dazed Tradden...

[Shielded Assault vs Hobgoblin Warcaster: **1d20+9: 12**] - *misses!*
[+2AC to self and adjacent allies till end of next turn]

Unbowed, the dwarf gritted his teeth and refocused his energies...

[Minor Action: Dwarven Resilience - Khalin spends a healing surge and regains 11hp]



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

Oct 29 ▼

"Dah!!" Zero exclaimed, as a Hobgoblin soldier appeared from nowhere and barreled towards him.

He fired off a shot and ran toward his friends. [Move: E6]

[Sly Flourish vs Hobgoblin Soldier #02: **1d20+9: 18**] - *misses!*

*In his haste to flee, **Zero's** bolt skittered wide of the target.*



Me and Random: **Rangrim Ironnose**

Oct 29 ▼

The dwarf growled at the warcaster, leaping up onto the table next to it and bringing the warhammer down with all his strength.

[Clever Strike vs Hobgoblin Warcaster: **1d20+9+2: 25**] - *hits!*
[Damage: **1d10+6: 9**] plus **[2d8+3: 13]** sneak damage]

There was a satisfying crunch as the hammer connected with the warcaster's skull, and it dropped to the floor in a heap.

Rangrim breathed a sigh of relief, and gathered his strength.

[Dwarven Resilience: Rangrim spends a healing surge and gains **13** hp]

[Hobgoblin Warcaster Dead]



Me: **Hobgoblin Soldier**

Oct 29 ▼

With the sound of the warcaster falling, the hobgoblin soldier turned on his heels and ran down the corridor to the south. [Move: W1,S5]

"Batraka! Batraka!" it shouted as it ran.



Me and Random: **Hobgoblin Archer**

Oct 29 ▼

The archer took one final pot shot before it scampered away to the west and out of sight. [Run: W8]

[Hobgoblin Archer Longbow: **1d20+6-5: 13** vs Kireth's AC(17)] - *misses!*

The arrow thudded into the table in front of the mage, who had ducked down just in time.



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

Oct 31 ▼

Tradden shook his head and cleared his daze. Quickly taking in the situation he saw Rangrim shaking blood, and worse, from his warhammer and the Archer hot-legging it around the corner. Turning he looked to the next nearest enemy, but the larger Hobgoblin had turned tail as well.

"Erm - probably shouldnt let them get away!" yelled the young fighter, setting off after the soldier at top speed. [Run as Move Action] He ran around the corner until he caught sight of the turn-tail Hobgoblin. With a war-cry he charged into it, somewhat recklessly.

[Charge vs Hobgoblin Soldier: **1d20+11+1-5: 24**] - *hits!*
[Damage: **1d8+7: 10**] and **[Marked]**

***Tradden's** speed took the hobgoblin by surprise, and it didn't manage to get prepared for a block.*



Neil and me: **Kireth Majere**

Oct 31 ▼

Kireth doubted he could chase down the fleeing hobgoblin but set off nonetheless.



Me: **Khalin Grundokri**

Nov 1 ▼

The dwarf dashed after Tradden, his stout legs pumping hard as he raced through the door to confront the hobgoblin soldier.



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

Nov 1 ▼


Hearing Tradden and Khalin's cursing at the runaway soldier, Zero sprinted down the corridor. Lungs beginning to burn already, he slid to a stop and fired a spider bolt, hoping to stop the fleeing hobgoblin.

[Minor Action used to load Spider Bolt]

[Fleeing Spirit Strike]
[Shift: W3] and [Stealth Check to Hide: **1d20+13: 15**] - *success!*

[Fleeing Spirit Strike vs Hobgoblin Soldier #02: **1d20+9+2: 13**] - misses!
[Stealth Check to Hide: **1d20+13: 33**] - critical success!

The bolt skittered down the corridor, wide of the mark by a country mile. As **Zero** crouched down behind **Tradden** to hide he cursed his crossbow and his current luck.

 Me and Random: **Rangrim Ironnose**

Nov 1 ▼

While the others sprinted off to the west in the direction of **Tradden's** shouts, **Rangrim** leapt off the table and headed north after the fleeing archer. Barreling around the corner he spotted his prey.
[Run: N7]

With a yell, he charged right into the hobgoblin, his warhammer swinging wildly.

[Rangrim Charge vs Hobgoblin Archer: **1d20+9+1+2-5: 26**] - hits!
[Damage: **1d10+6: 7**] plus [**2d8+3: 13** sneak damage]

The hammer connected well, nearly shattering the hobgoblin's bow.

[Hobgoblin Archer Bloodied]

 Me and Random: **Hobgoblin Soldier**


Nov 1 ▼

The soldier, confronted by two assailants in its bid to escape, slowed its pace, trying to dodge the swing of hammer and slice of sword. [Shift: S]

Tradden, ready for the hobgoblin's move, struck quickly.

[Tradden Combat Challenge vs Hobgoblin Soldier #02: **1d20+11-5: 19**] - misses!

The young fighter was off balance after his sprint, though, and failed to connect. The hobgoblin slipped away to the south, into the corridor beyond the door. [Move: S6]


 Me: **Hobgoblin Archer**

Nov 1 ▼

The archer backed off, spitting blood from its lips as it dropped its shattered bow to the ground. Drawing its longsword [Minor Action] it licked its lips, tasting the blood, and brought the sword around in a low sweep.

[Hobgoblin Archer Longsword: **1d20+6+2: 25** vs Rangrim's AC(18)] - hits!
[Damage: **1d8+2: 10**]

The blow caught Rangrim above the knee, unable to halt his run and get into a defensive position.

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

Nov 3 ▼

Tradden moved forward to chase after the fleeing Hobgoblin Soldier, only to find a Dwarven arm blocking his way.


"Nay lad." Advised Khalin. "He's gone. Who knows what we might run into, unprepared, if we chase after willy-nilly." The Warlord nodded his head backwards, gesturing towards the sound of Rangrim's suppressed yelp of pain. "There's your target. Lets get this over with so we can re-group."

As always the Dwarf's words rang true with Tradden, so he turned and went to take his frustrations out on the archer. [Move Action 4 squares]


[Charge vs Hobgoblin Archer: **1d20+11+1+2: 22**] - hits!
[Damage: **1d8+7: 8**] (Knockout)

Tradden barrelled into (there had been a lot of barrelling going on that day) the Hobgoblin, putting his whole body behind a slapping motion with the flat of his sword, and knocked the archer unconscious.

[Hobgoblin Archer Unconscious]

 Me: [...Combat Encounter Completed...]

Nov 3 ▼

 Me: As the archer fell **Khalin** was quick to respond. With a final look down the southern corridor he barked out a few orders.

Nov 4 ▼

"To me," he shouted, stowing his hammer and marching forcefully into the easternmost chamber.


As the others carefully followed, panting from their exertions in combat, the dwarf was already thinking and laying plans.

"What do you think, lad?" asked **Khalin** of **Tradden**. "Yon goblin has fled to warn others? Will they be on their way?"

Tradden nodded. "It was shouting a warning I guess - *Bat Rakka*, or something."

"Batraka," interrupted **Kireth**. "There's no literal translation, but 'help we attacked' would sum it up." The mage added hastily, "At least that's what I would suggest."


"Let's move these tables, then," suggested **Khalin**. "Get them covering the entry points. Get cover behind them and be ready to pepper any goblins that appear from range. If nothing appears in a few minutes or so, we'll decide what to do then."

 Me and Random: The group swiftly got to work, pushing tables into positions in the corridors and turning them over to form effective cover. They wouldn't stop anyone getting through if they were determined, but would make it much harder for any archers or ranged attackers to shoot them.

Nov 4 ▼

While **Tradden** moved the crates and boxes in the northern corridor towards the back wall, **Zero** doused a few of the torches in the northern chamber, dimming the light, and then crouched down by one of the hobgoblin's beds, wrapping his cloak around him, using the shadows to conceal himself.


[Zero creates area of Dim Light - Yellow Polygon]
[Zero Stealth Check: **1d20+13: 19**]

 Me: Both **Khalin** and **Kireth** moved the overtuned table to the edge of the western corridor, whilst Rangrim dragged the unconscious hobgoblin archer into the main chamber.

Nov 4 ▼

When the table was in position, **Khalin** suggested that Rangrim stay near the archer, keeping watch on it, and being ready to assist at either defensive position.

The group then readied themselves for any assault, alert, watching, and waiting.

 Me and Random: The group's breathing gradually slowed as they rested, and an eerie silence fell across the area. They waited for a few minutes, ears straining for any clues as to what might be happening outside their position.

Nov 4 ▼

The smell of salty fish and rotting vegetables permeated their nostrils and it was not unusual for one of the group to shiver every now and then with the chill in the air.

[Khalin Perception Check: **1d20+2: 20**]

[Kireth Perception Check: **1d20+2: 6**]

[Tradden Perception Check: **1d20+4: 13**]

[Zero Perception Check: **1d20+10: 19**]

[Rangrim Perception Check: **1d20+2: 10**]

[Khangrim Perception Check: 1d20+3: 12]

Muffled shouts could be heard from the south - perhaps orders being given - but they were too quiet and had too many echoes to be heard properly. Then, **Khalin** twitched.

"Sounds like a metal gate opening, or something," the warlord whispered to **Kireth**.

The sounds of activity increased.

 Me: **Short Rest**


Nov 4 ▼

Healing Surges
Healing surges are applied.
Khalin spends 1 healing surge (2 left) to get to 44/46 hp.
Kireth spends 0 healing surges (6 left) to get to 36/36 hp.
Tradden spends 1 healing surges (2 left) to get to 44/51 hp.
Zero spends 0 healing surges (6 left) to get to 40/40 hp.

Encounter Powers
All encounter powers are recharged.

Milestones
No milestone reached.


Levelling
No one is ready to progress.

 Me and Random: From his vantage point in the northern chamber, **Zero** could just about see the doorway at the far southern end. He thought he could see movement, perhaps the head of a hobgoblin peering inside, and wiggled his hands towards **Tradden**. The young fighter looked at the strange waving from **Zero** in the shadows, and simply shrugged. **Zero** tried again, but **Tradden** had no idea what he was trying to convey.

Nov 5 ▼


"Movement!" hissed **Zero** in frustration at the youth, and then turned back to scrutinise the corridor.

[Zero Perception Check: 1d20+13: 25]


 Me: The movement grew near the doorway and **Zero** concentrated hard to understand what was happening. There was a hobgoblin's head for a moment, and then an arm, and then a hunk of rotting meat was thrown and landed in the middle of the western chamber.

Nov 5 ▼

Kireth and **Khalin** looked at each other questioningly as they saw the meat land.


 Nick: "Uh-oh," Zero murmured. He got the distinct impression something vicious and nasty with lots of teeth was about to enter the chamber.

Nov 5 ▼

 Matt: "Uh oh," said Tradden to himself. If Zero said "Uh oh" that meant bad things. Something nasty with lots of teeth was probably about.

Nov 7 ▼

A bead of sweat ran down the young fighter's forehead. You could cut the tension with a knife.

 Neil: Eyes naturally drawn to the meat, Khalin squinted through the dim light. Was it.. rocking? "What the?" exclaimed the dwarf "Kireth can you.." turning to the mage Khalin found his companion's face clearly under strain, his arm was outstretched and his lips were mouthing words silently. The halfelf seemed to be trying to pick the meat up from this distance but was struggling.

Nov 7 ▼


With a final surge of effort the "lump" raised maybe half a foot from the floor but, presumably due to it size, it was too much for the mage and it dropped back to floor. As it landed it rolled to its side. Something long, freed by the roll, slid from the side and slapped the floor... it was an arm. Khalin said nothing but shifted uneasily in his armour.

Kireth's eyes flipped open. Foiled here he quickly moved to action once again, it was clear by his haste that the mage felt that whatever was going to happen was going to happen fast.


His fingers dived into a pouch and pulled out some dried petals. Opening up his hand he blew on them gently. Almost instantly the foul stench of meat dulled, then changed to the sweet fragrance of a summers meadow.

"You didn't have to do that for us lad" commented Khalin

"I didn't"

 Matt: Tradden was hearing some very strange sounds coming from round the corner. He resisted the urge to vault the table and run over to Zero, knowing that the Rogue would likely not welcome his clanking, creaking armoured form wading over. "What's going on?" he hissed as loudly as he dared.

Nov 7 ▼

 Me: **Zero** could see the hunk of rotted meat drop to the floor, and strained to make out its strange shape. A scuffling broke out in the southern door, however, that spared him from the horror that had sunk over **Kireth** and **Khalin**.

Nov 7 ▼

The head of the hobgoblin had disappeared from the doorway and was replaced by something he couldn't make out. Then it struck him, as he watched with a silent shiver; a loathsome form almost poured through the doorway, a yellow and green aberration, wriggling like a giant caterpillar almost five feet long, with a single huge gaping maw at the front surrounded by probing tentacles.

It headed straight for the meat, its tentacles quivering and jaw dripping saliva, an odd leather harness wrapped around its neck and lower portions. As it neared another one followed behind it, heading for the same place. It neared the rotting flesh and then suddenly reared backwards with a screech, the odour not what it expected, as it backed away and looked around for where the offal it had been promised lay.

Khalin and **Kireth** watched over the top of the table, keeping themselves covered as the centipede-thing looked about.

"Carrion Crawler!" whispered **Khalin**, recalling old miner stories of strange beasts in dark tunnels. "I'm sure it is."

Zero stiffened, not moving a single muscle, as the gaze of the beast turned his way. He was wrapped in his dark cloak, hidden by darkness, silent as a mouse. The beast could not see him, surely.

The thing's tentacles stiffened, gazing to the north. Used to dark places it had developed a peculiar type of vision, and the rogue's body warmth glowed red to its eyes. With a lurch it set off straight for **Zero**, its companion close behind.

Cheers and shouts of victory came from the doorway, as armed hobgoblins rushed in, a single voice leading them into an easy combat.

 Me: [...continued in [Chapter #07, Scene #03...](#)]

Nov 7 ▼