

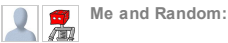
**Synopsis**

*The 10th Day of Ches in the Year of the Sudden Journey*  
After accepting Blackengorge Town Council's request to find their two missing sons the party have headed to the mausoleum on a hill to the north of town. There, they have found a secret door leading down into a crypt and have now encountered resistance!

- [Celestia Gaia](#) - 1st Level Female Elven Cleric of Melora
- [Khālin Grundokri](#) - 1st Level Male Dwarven Warlord
- [Kireth Majere](#) - 1st Level Male Half-Elven Wizard
- [Tradden Aversward](#) - 2nd Level Male Human Fighter
- [Zero Uhlit](#) - 2nd Level Male Human Rogue

**Scene Length**

This scene starts on Tuesday 21 September 2010 and is expected to be completed by the end of Tuesday 28 September 2010. Players are expected to be able to post at least twice a day.



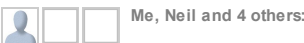
Me and Random:

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**INITIATIVE BLOCK**

**Combat Encounter Completed**

- 01) [25] Kireth - **1d20+6+2: 25** - HP 17/23  
02) [18] ~~Hobgoblin Mercenaries~~ **1d20+7: 18**  
    Hobgoblin Mercenary #1 - Dmg: 7+11+6+8+6+7=45  
    Hobgoblin Mercenary #2 - Dmg: 5+10+14+8+9=46  
03) [16] Khalin - **1d20+1+2: 16** - HP 23/26  
04) [13] Celestia - **1d20+1+2: 13** - HP 10/26 (Bloodied)  
05) [11] Tradden - **1d20+3+2: 11** - HP 26/32  
06) [10] Zero - **1d20+4+2: 10** - HP 25/30

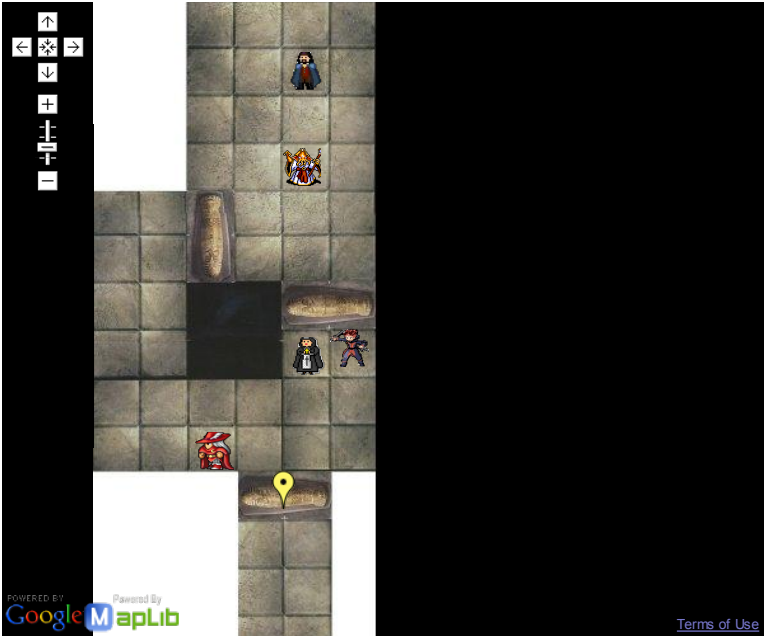



Me, Neil and 4 others:

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**BATTLE MAP**

You'll have to move the map around a little to see everyone




 Neil, me and Random: The smell of oil played on his mind almost as much as arrows sailing passed. Fire in this room may well cause the death of their assailants but, considering the enclosed nature of this chamber, how much peril would it also put himself in? Sep 21, 2010 ▼

Easing himself just passed Tradden, to better see this latest 'test', Kireth caught sight of the creature.

Steeling his eyes on his foes, Kireth began to weave his hands around an unseen object, his pace quickening. Small sparks began to crackle in the space between his hands and the small hairs on the arms of his comrades raised slightly. "Templa Koron". The sparks, now moulded into a spherical shape, shot from Kireth's grasp straight towards one of his foes.


[Force Orb vs Hobgoblin #1's Reflex : **1d20+4-2: 16**] - success!  
[Damage: **2d8+4: 7**]

The hobgoblin staggered slightly back as the orb caught him squarely on the chest.

 Me and Random: The first hobgoblin, smarting from the forceful energy blow, raised his bow and aimed squarely at the wizard. Sep 21, 2010 ▼

[Hobgoblin #1 with Longbow **1d20+6: 17** vs Kireth's AC(15)] - success!  
[Damage: **1d10+2: 6**]


*The arrow sailed through the air, and took a slice across Kireth's arm.*

 **Me and Random:** *The second hobgoblin took aim at the closest person he could see, Zero, and let fly.*


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[Hobgoblin #2 with Longbow **1d20+6: 24** vs Zero's AC(14)] - *success!*  
[Damage: **1d10+2: 5**]

*The arrow grazed past Zero's cheek, opening a small cut.*


 **The.brainbuster@googlewave.com:** "OW!" Zero screamed, staggering back a step.

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 **Mark and me:** Khalin exchanged a wink with Tradden then scuttled forward as quickly as he could behind his shield, staying low to the ground and behind the line of the nearest sarcophagus. As he reached the first tomb he dropped into a crouch behind the cover and raised his shield above his head.

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[Standard Action: Total Defence]

 **Liam, me and Random:** Celestia moved forwards carefully, eventually passing Zero as she sought to gain a suitable position from which to attach the first Hobgoblin. The scent of oil certainly perturbed her somewhat, but she reasoned that any damage from her action would surely engulf her enemy who was hidden behind his protective barricade. She remained at what she believed would be a protected distance and took out the Holy Symbol, which she raised aloft and prepared to strike.


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[Sacred Flame vs. Hobgoblin #1: **1d20+5: 22**] - *success!*  
[Damage: **1d6+5: 11**]

*Radiant energy burst out of Celestia's holy symbol of Melora, and struck the hobgoblin across the chest.*

 **Me:** *Both Khalin and Celestia noticed that the closer they got to the sarcophagi, the stronger the rancid smell of oil was.*

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 **Matt, me and Random:** Tradden had fallen into a slow trot behind Khalin as the Warlord had charged forward behind his shield. As the Dwarf slid to a halt and hefted his shield above his head, Tradden burst into a sprint, his two swords now drawn and flailing behind him.

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[Run: +2 move, -5 to attack, combat advantage given until start of next round]

As he reached the kneeling Dwarf, Tradden leapt up onto the shield, now held up at an inviting height, and as both feet took purchase on the detailed reliefs and carvings which adorned it's surface he used his momentum to leap again, this time assisted by a hefty shove from Khalin, who roared mightily with the effort.

[Khalin strength check: **1d20+3: 12**] - *success!*

Tradden was catapulted forward into the air!


[Tradden Athletics check: **1d20+9: 23**] - *success!*

It was about this time that Celestia's Sacred Flame had powered down onto the other Hobgoblin, who shrieked with pain as the energy lapped around him. As the magical light flickered out of existence the Hobgoblin the other side of the sarcophagus from Khalin squinted to recover his low light vision, only to find that when he did his enemy was a whole lot closer than had previously been the case – the young human with the two swords was suddenly right in front of him! Tradden had indeed fleet footedly leapt right over the sarcophagus and down onto the other side.

*"Have at thee, cur!"* snarled Tradden. He had read it in a book.


[Surestrike vs Hobgoblin #2 with Shortsword: **1d20+11-5+1: 25**  
Assuming hit, damage: **1d6+3: 5**] - *success!*

*The hobgoblin blinked in surprise as the human seemed to appear from nowhere and cut him across the arm.*

 **Matt:** Tradden's nose wrinkled with the increased smell of oil - it seemed to be stronger here.

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As the fighter steeled himself for any retaliation from the greenskin, he began to worry that he may, once again, have charged in without thinking things through properly...

 **The.brainbuster@googlewave.com, me and Random:** Zero watched the athletic Tradden, half-impressed, half-baffled. He was very comfortable where he was, thank you.  
He raised his crossbow and let a bolt fly at the other Hobgoblin.

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[Standard attack: **1d20+6-2: 12**] - *misses!*

*The bolt sailed harmlessly past the hobgoblin.*


 **Neil, me and Random:** Kireth's mind swam slightly, a dizziness from the pain in his arm overcoming him momentarily. He had never been hurt like this before and the sensation was... irritating. He looked up from his wound and made direct eye contact with the hobgoblin. The hobgoblin smiled a jagged toothy grin back at the mage daring him to "do something about it".  
Kireth did.

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*"Gurtha da Sinome".* A purpleish dart streamed through the air, striking the grinning hobgoblin right between the eyes.

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


*The purple energy struck the hobgoblin in the same place as the previous attack, causing a red welt to appear on his green skin. [Bloodied]*

 **Me and Random:** *The first hobgoblin, smarting from the array of energy bolts that had struck him, took aim at the nearest attacker, and let fly with an arrow.*

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[Hobgoblin #1 with Longbow **1d20+6: 20** vs Celestia's AC(16)] - *hits!*  
[Damage: **1d10+2: 10**]


*The arrow flew straight and true, and caught Celestia in her arm.*

 **Me and Random:** *The second hobgoblin threw down his bow [Minor Action] and drew his longsword [Minor in place of Move Action]. He then took a great swing at Tradden.*

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[Hobgoblin #2 with Longsword **1d20+7+2: 18** vs Tradden's AC(18)] - *hits!*  
[Damage: **1d8+4: 8**]

*The hobgoblin grunted with delight as the sword cut pierced Tradden's defences.*

 **Me:** Khalin lowered his shield and jumped onto the top of the sarcophagus ready to attack the hobgoblin. However, the lid of the casket had been tampered with, and it broke easily under Khalin's weight. The hobgoblin roared with a guttural laugh as the lid disintegrated and Khalin and the lantern fell into the casket, which was filled with oil!

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[Sarcophagus Fire Trap: **1d20+8: 11** vs Khalin's Reflex(12)] - *avoided!*

Khalin managed to stumble out of the sarcophagus and past Tradden before the lantern's fire spread through the oil, creating a burning inferno that would surely seriously harm anyone entering. Without looking back at the flames, Khalin continued his attack against the hobgoblin.

[Brash Assault vs Hobgoblin #2: **1d20+5: 19**] - hits!  
[Damage: **1d10+3: 10**]


The assault caused the hobgoblin to swing back immediately at Khalin...

[Hobgoblin #2 Longsword: **1d20+7: 21** vs Khalin's AC(18)] - hits!  
[Damage: **1d8+4: 8**]

...which opened up an opportunity for Zero to let loose a bolt into the Hobgoblin's midriff.




[Zero Crossbow vs Hobgoblin #2: **1d20+6-2+2: 19**] - hits!  
[Damage: **1d6+3+2d8: 14**]

*Zero's bolt caught the hobgoblin right in the ribs!* [Bloodied]

 **Me:** *The sarcophagus nearest Tradden and Khalin started to burn quite intensely. Getting past it would be a problem.*

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*The first hobgoblin looked over at the flames, then his own sarcophagus in front of him, and smiled a toothy grin.*

   **Liam, me and Random:** It was clear now that the the hobgoblin before her was in bad shape, blood was dripping to the floor directly in front of him and weak moans we issuing from him. She decided to soften him up a little further and perhaps also provide some advantage to her allies. Once again she raised the golden symbol above her head and spoke softly to it.




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[Beacon of Hope vs. Hobgoblin #1's Will: **1d20+5: 16**] - hits!  
[Beacon of Hope vs. Hobgoblin #2's Will: **1d20+5: 20**] - hits!

[Celestia, Khalin and Tradden gain 5 hit points]

*Both hobgoblins looked visibly weakened by the force that spread out from the holy symbol. Khalin and Tradden, however, seemed to revel in the glow.*

[Hobgoblins *weakened* - can only do half damage]

   **Matt, me and Random:** Enthused by the pulse of golden light that had emanated from Celestia, Tradden continued his assault on the hapless Hobgoblin, determined that it would fall beneath his blades, which flicked out viciously, one after another...

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[Dual Strike vs Hobgoblin #2]

Shortsword to hit: **1d20+9: 26** - hits!  
Assuming hit, damage: **1d6+3: 9**




Longsword to hit: **1d20+8: 24** - hits!  
Assuming hit, damage: **1d8+2: 8**

Tradden felt the satisfaction of both blades biting home.

*The hobgoblin fell instantly in a splatter of warm blood.*

Wasting no time, the young fighter raced off down the passage way in the hope of flanking the other greenskin.



*"Come on Khalin - I am one up already - you don't want to miss the next one as well do you?"* echoed Tradden's mischeivous taunt around the corridor as his disappeared around the corner, leaving the Warlord in his wake.

   **The.brainbuster@googlewave.com, me and Random:** Zero took careful aim at the remaining hobgoblin, patiently waiting for it to pop its head over the sarcophagus.

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[Unbalancing shot: **1d20+6-2: 21**] - hits!  
[Damage: **2d6+3: 8**]

*The bolt caught the hobgoblin in the thigh, drawing more blood, and slowing him down.* [Slowed]



  **Neil and me:** Kireth watched one of their enemy fall and the other staggering woozely, a crossbow bolt sticking at a jagged angle from its thigh. This was exhilarating, this was brutal, this was... fun.

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Were it not for the pain eminating from his arm, he might even laugh. Raising his arm once more "Gurtha da Sinome" came the familiar call.

[Magic Missile Hobgoblin #1: Autohit Damage **2+4: 6**]

*The hobgoblin reeled back once more as the force bolt hit it, and roared with pain!*

  **Me and Random:** *The hobgoblin staggered back through the passageway, trying to find some cover, but could only find Tradden. He threw down his bow, and tried to claw at Tradden's throat.*

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[Unarmed attack **1d20+6: 23** vs Tradden's AC(17)] - hits!  
[Damage **1d4+2: 6 = 3** (halved as weakened)]

*It then began to draw its sword.*




   **Mark, me and Random:** Khalin lumbered round the corner, his shorter legs unable to keep up with Tradden initially.

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*"You're only one up by standing on the shoulders of... er.. dwarves!"* Khalin reminded his comrade as he drew alongside and immediately struck at the ailing hobgoblin - keeping his shield at the ready for any counter.

[Shielded assault v hobgoblin: **1d20+5: 9**] - miss!

*Khalin's assault was easily dodged by the hobgoblin.*

   **Liam, me and Random:** Celestia needed to get closer to the action; but first she would have to scale the obstacle that was before her.

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[Celestia Athletics Check: **1d20+2: 5**] - failure!




*Celestia tried to vault the sarcophagus, but caught her knee on the lid. As she did so the lid broke into pieces.*

[Sarcophagus Fire Trap: **1d20+8: 22** vs Celestia's Reflex(11)] - trapped!

*Celestia fell through the thin sarcophagus lid into rank smelling oil and the lit lantern fell in after her causing the oil to catch fire. The oil lit immediately, flames shooting up the side of the casket and casting wicked shadows against the walls.*

[Fire Damage: **3d6: 11**]

*The flames licked around Celestia's body scorching and burning her badly.*

   Matt, me and Random: Tradden heard a clatter, a splash and a female scream from around the corner. Having seen Khalin nearly come to grief with the trapped sarcophagus he and Sep 27, 2010 ▼  
the Warlord had just negotiated, even though he could actually see Celestia from where he was, he knew that the Elven Cleric had fallen prey to a similar trap on the other tomb.

Even though the lady had to date shown him nothing but an icy cordiality, Tradden still found his blood boiling with the thought of her fair form coming to harm, and with a vicious war cry he smashed into the wounded and dazed Hobgoblin, focusing on catching the fiend with enough of a blow to finish him off...


[Surestrike vs Hobgoblin #1 with Shortsword: **1d20+11: 23**  
Assuming hit, damage: **1d6+3: 7**] - *hits!*


The abrupt cessation of the gurgled cry from the greenskin told Tradden everything he needed to know about its status in the mortal world, and so he did not even stop to make sure of the kill, but rather kept moving, careening around the corner to the inferno now blazing in and over the stone coffin. Dropping both blades onto the floor [*Minor Action*], he seized his chance when almost straight away there was the briefest of windows in the rolling flames – reaching into the flaming maelstrom he was elated to immediately get a solid handhold on part of her armour, and he heaved with all his might with one arm whilst using his other to maintain a levering purchase on the edge of the sarcophagus.

[*Tradden – use Action Point as a Standard Action to pull Celestia out of Sarcophagus*]

Tradden was well built for this kind of effort, and whilst it was neither gracious nor gentle, it was effective - the Priestess of Melora came flying out of the conflagration and landed heavily on the stone tiles. Not oblivious to her wails of pain but mindful that she was not out of danger yet, the young fighter, now on his knees next to her prone form, quickly rolled her over a few times away from the fire, his hands at the same time working to extinguish any flames that remained and wipe off as much as of the remaining oil as was possible.


The whole thing had happened in a handful of heartbeats, and now Tradden sat back, exhausted, hoping that he had done enough to prevent the Elf from an earlier than intended meeting with her patron, Melora...


 Me: [Combat Encounter Complete] Sep 27, 2010 ▼


 Me: *As Tradden rolled Celestia around he managed to put out the flames. Although scorched and burnt in a few places, she was alive and no great damage had been done to her armour or equipment thanks to Tradden's quick thinking.* Sep 27, 2010 ▼

*The fires in the sarcophagi gradually died down as their intensity consumed all of the oil and the chamber and the group were left in silence.*

*Then, in the centre of the chamber, the shadowy form the group encountered above coalesced out of the darkness. It gestured with an inky claw towards the bones scattered on the floor and said in its cold raspy voice, "Honour them."*


 Matt: Tradden, still sat on the floor, piped up. "*You know*," he said, fixing the ghost with his best angry stare, "*I get the distinct feeling that these chaps*", he motioned in the vague direction of the two corpses "*did not have to go through all these games and tasks!*" He stood up, dusting himself off and wiping his oily hands on the wall. "*Also, we are just here to find two lost boys, not desicrate old tombs and set up incendiary* (he was pleased with the use of that word - it was one of his favourites, and he got very little chance to use it) *traps for the unwary - where were you whilst they were doing that, hmmm?*" Rant over, the young fighter knelt down to again tend to Celestia. Sep 27, 2010 ▼

 The.brainbuster@googlewave.com: Zero nearly jumped out of skin at the reappearance of the spirit. He froze, praying it wouldn't turn around and look at him instead of the others. Sep 27, 2010 ▼

 Me: *The shadow remained impassive over Tradden's comments, as though it hadn't even heard them, and simply looked at the old bones that were scattered over the floor, and the shattered rubble of broken sarcophagi littering the chamber.* Sep 28, 2010 ▼

*It didn't appear hostile, or even unfriendly, just a little sad and angry at the state of the crypt.*


*"Honour them," it repeated with a sweeping motion of its shadowy arm over the bones. It then turned to gesture at the intact sarcophagus, now devoid of oil, nearest Tradden and Celestia.*

 Matt: Celestia was a bit frazzled, but seemed essentially alright, so Tradden turned his attention to the apparition, leaving Khalin to stand guard over the way further into the complex. Sep 28, 2010 ▼


Stood with his hands on his hips at one side of the coffin which had nearly done for Celestia, he surveyed the main area, strewn with the remains of warlords long departed.

*"Right, fine."* sighed Tradden, and with that he picked up his swords and re-sheathed them before lightly vaulting over the sarcophagus. As he worked he could be heard muttering under his breath about how he thought that fine warriors were buried with ornate armour and magical swords. He would have worked faster but for Zero, who had taken to standing very close and moving around so as to always keep Tradden in-between him and the spectre.


Before too long he had collected up all the bones and laid them, gently in the end because he was a bit superstitious, back in the open tomb. The lid was a lost cause given the way the traps had been constructed – the young fighter hoped that this would not be a problem for the ghost.


 Me: *As the last of the bones were carefully laid inside the sarcophagus the group felt a stiff breeze in the chamber, possibly emanating from the shadow. The remaining lantern on the sarcophagus guarding the southern exit blew out.* Sep 28, 2010 ▼

*The shadow then slowly glided towards the stairs the group had already come down. It paused before the stairs, turning its head ever so slowly to look directly at Zero with piercing blazes of light within shadow eye sockets. It spoke no words, but simply raised its arm and pointed its inky finger at a tiny crack in the bottom step.*

 Matt and Random: Ignoring Zero's reaction, Tradden walked over to the stairs and knelt down to inspect the small crack. Sep 28, 2010 ▼

[Perception check if needed: **1d20+3: 12**]


 Me: *It looked like a nasty crack, someone should take a look at it, otherwise the tomb might go to ruin.* Sep 28, 2010 ▼

 Matt: Tradden looked at the crack, and then the shadow. Then the crack again, and once again at the shadow. All that time a more incredulous and dark look appeared on his face. Sep 28, 2010 ▼


He turned around and stalked back to where Khalin stood, hopping over the now bone filled sarcophagus along the way. Stopping next to the Dwarf he drew his longsword with a flourish.

*"From what I can gather, yonder Ghostie is now concerned about the finer points of ongoing damage to the stonework of the tomb. I for one have had enough of this nonsense - you are a master craftsman, you go see if you can help out the see-through, mad old coot!"*

With that Tradden fixed his gaze on the southern passageway.

 Mark: "I can take a look," Khalin shrugged. He wandered back over to the bottom of the staircase and dropped onto a knee to cast his artisan's eye over the crack... Sep 28, 2010 ▼


[Dungeoneering Check: "Take 10": **10+2: 12**]

 Me: *It was obvious to a dwarven artisan that the crack in the final stair was of design, rather than accident or age. While Khalin was knelt down he felt around the crack and smoothly pulled free part of the masonry of the stair to reveal a small cache.* Sep 28, 2010 ▼


*Inside the cache was a small leather bag, a deep russet brown and covered with inked marks that could be writing of some form. Khalin pulled out the bag carefully and weighed it up - something was inside.*


*Releasing the black leather drawstring he looked inside to find a small marble vial with a cork stopper and a dried-out oilcloth wrapped around something fairly rigid. Unwrapping the oilcloth revealed a pair of bracers made of what appeared to be brass, stained and showing signs of age. Scratched into the surface with exquisite detail were small runes and a pictorial representation of flames.*

*As the group crowded round to take a look the shadow faded from view, much to Zero's relief.*

 Mark: "Fascinating. Fine craftsmanship to be sure," Khalin turned the bracers over in his hand. "Flames. Hmm. More reference to the Dragon god perhaps? But these don't look like dwarven runes."

The dwarf turned his attention to the small bottle next. "Kireth, Celestia, you're man and maid of magic, what do you make of this vial? Some potion within perhaps?"


 Matt: Whilst Khalin, Kireth & Celestia were looking over the items found in the secret compartment, Tradden called over Zero. Sep 29, 2010 ▼  
The two chatted as they searched the bodies of the two hobgoblins, and then lifted down the lid of the remaining sarcophagus and found some loose bits of masonry to place on either side to allow the group better passage up and down.  
"You OK Zero? That ghost really seemed to spook you?" enquired Tradden of his friend as they worked.

 Neil, me and Random: Whatever Khalin had just mumbled to him, something about a bottle, was completely lost. Kireth's eyes blazed intensely, fixated entirely upon the bracers Sep 29, 2010 ▼  
the dwarf was rolling around in his hands.

He marched directly to Khalin and reached a hand to take them. Then he paused, "Umm, may I?" he asked politely. "err, Aye alright" stammered Khalin quite taken aback.


Were it possible, Kireth's eyes flickered more, excitement dancing in them for all to see. "These" he said holding them up to the light "are very special my friends. But how special? I wonder"


[Arcana Check: **1d20+9: 19**] - success!

 Me: Checking over the bodies of the hobgoblins revealed nothing of major interest. Both had longbows, longswords, and shields as weapons, but these seemed over-balanced and of poor Sep 29, 2010 ▼  
craftsmanship. Their armour was stained and in disrepair.

The only thing of interest were a total of nine tarnished silver coins between the pair. The coins were slightly larger than the ones Tradden and Zero were used to, with writing around the outside that they didn't recognise and a stamped impression of what appeared to be a stylised tower.

Zero looked each coin over carefully, twisting and turning it round in the dim light. After biting each one with a studious look, he popped them into a small pouch. Catching Tradden's look at him, he patted the pouch, smiled disarmingly and muttered, "Party funds".

 Matt: "Hmmm." said Tradden, grinning. "Just remember my invite!" Sep 29, 2010 ▼  
With that, the two went back to the Southernmost sarcophagus and clambered over to the otherside.  
As Zero started to check the passageway for any tell-tale signs of trap or secret door, Tradden took down the now unlit lantern, filled up its reservoir and clipped it to his belt. It was an old, rickety thing, and it clanked about a bit as he walked, but it would do.  
"Just in case." he said, to no one in particular.  
That said, he stood with Zero, drawing his shortsword, ready to move down the passage when the others were ready.

 Neil and me: "Yes, hmm yes.. ok. Rig....." The mage's eyes opened to a new level "Oh my g..." Kireth looked up at his companion's faces "Oh nothing special about these old things" Sep 29, 2010 ▼  
he said, folding them away within his robe. Tradden's mouth opened slightly "I'm joking" Kireth jibed taking the bracers back out.


The party did not quite know how to take this new, excited Kireth. He narrowed his eyes at the lack of response, as if to confirm this lighter mood was not to last.


He looked from Khalin to Tradden and back to Khalin. He held the bracers out to the dwarf. Khalin looked at him. "Well take them then" snapped the mage. The good mood had passed.

"It is my understanding, if I have interpreted it correctly, that these bracers have a magical link to the fire element. Should you manage an exceptional blow whilst wearing them the aura of fire and flame will reach out to assist you. Also" he said pointing at some smaller glyphs "once, between rise of sun and fall of moon, the word of 'Oscanov' will bring forth flame to strike your foe. I do not know who or what Oscanov is."

"And if you've not interpreted them correctly?" enquired Zero

"Then the dwarf may explode" said Kireth quite calmly. "Either way very impressive. These would be worth quite a coin back on the islands. I wouldn't guess how much."

 Matt: "Note to self," said Tradden, as the Warlord held the braces at arms length, the look on his face suggesting that they might conflagrate at any second "don't stand next to Khalin - just in Sep 29, 2010 ▼  
case", he continued, giving the Dwarf a mischievous grin and a wink.

 Me: As the group prepared to move themselves on, Celestia took a quick look at the marble vial. Sep 29, 2010 ▼  
[Arcana Check: **1d20+4: 16**] - success!

She whistled softly to herself, stowed the vial safely away, and trotted quickly to catch up with the others.

Zero waited at the southern end of the chamber for everyone to catch up and then moved slowly and surely into the tunnel that led away.

 Me: [...continued in [Scene #03](#)...] Sep 29, 2010 ▼