

**Synopsis**  
*The 14th Day of Ches in the Year of the Sudden Journey*  
Khalin and Tradden have set off for the island in the middle of the lake to explore the Tower of the Mists in the hope to bring Kireth some further texts to translate. No sooner have they stepped on the island when they are attacked from above!

- [Khālin Grundokri](#) - 2nd Level Male Dwarven Warlord
- [Tradden Aversward](#) - 2nd Level Male Human Fighter

**Scene Length**  
This scene starts on Wednesday 22 December 2010 and is expected to be completed by the end of Monday 27 December 2010. Players are expected to be able to post at least once a day.



Me, Random and Matt:

Dec 23, 2010 ▼

## INITIATIVE BLOCK

### Combat Encounter Completed...

01) [22] Stirge #1 - ~~1d20+7: 22~~ - Dmg: 6+8+16=29 (Bloodied)  
02) [14] Tradden - ~~1d20+3+2: 14~~ - HP 28/32  
03) [14] Khalin - ~~1d20+2+2: 14~~ - HP 22/31  
04) [11] Stirge #2 - ~~1d20+7: 11~~ - Dmg: 4+13+7=23 (Bloodied)





Me and Mark:

Dec 23, 2010 ▼

## BATTLE MAP






Me and Random: *The first creature flew towards Tradden, its four bat-like wings flapping incessantly. A keen droning issued from its mouth below a sharp and protruding nose.*

Dec 22, 2010 ▼

*It swept up towards Tradden and darted straight at him trying to grab the young fighter in strange tiny claws and bite at his exposed flesh.*

[Stirge #1 Bite: **1d20+6: 23** vs Tradden's AC(18)] - *hits!*  
[Damage: **1d4+5: 9**] and [**Grabbed**] with [Ongoing **5**] until Grab ends.




*The bite struck home piercing Tradden's skin and drawing blood. Claws dug into his clothing as the smell of blood cast about on the air.*



Me: Latched on with its bite, the stirge painfully continued to draw blood from Tradden's wound.

Dec 22, 2010 ▼

[Ongoing: **5**]



Matt, me and Random: Tradden was not daft - he had quickly learned that any unusual creature in this land was likely not going to rush towards him and compliment him on his unique Folk/Salsa fusion dancing technique (although that was a shame, because he was really quite proud of it).

Dec 23, 2010 ▼

Accordingly, when the strange creature had starting powering through the air towards him he had instinctively drawn his blades. He hadn't been able to get them in place to block the many claws that had then dived down at him however, and he cried in pain as the four barbs dug into various locations, those cries turning to a howl of rage as the bird-like monstrosity took a bite out of him as well.




"Gmmrrr - Right! Damn bird - seems to me I have you just where I want you!" he shouted at the head of the bird, trying and failing to land a headbut at the same time "You seem to have your hands full - lets see who kills who first!"

With that, he looked to strike back, his hands essentially free and the underbelly of the creature an obvious target.

[Sure Strike vs Stirge#1 with Frost Longsword: **1d20+11: 20**] - hits!  
[If Successful, **1d8+3: 6** damage]

The young fighter snarled with delight as he felt the blade strike home.

"Gah - help me swat this thing will you?" he called out to Khalin.

   Mark, me and 2 others: "Aah, another fine mess you've got me into!" observed the dwarf as he sprung into action.

Dec 23, 2010 ▼

"Its not my fault, its not my fault!" moaned back Tradden, avoiding a snapping Proboscis.

Khalin wound up his hammer for a swipe that would hopefully distract the fell creature from his companion, or at the least give Tradden a better opportunity to fight back.

[Brash Assault vs Stirge#1 with warhammer: **1d20+6: 23**] - hits!  
[Damage: **1d10+5: 8**]  
[If Stirge#1 attacks Khalin free attack with combat advantage to Tradden]



*The stirge, distracted by Khalin's blow, released it's grip on Tradden and darted towards the dwarf.*

[Stirge #1 Bite: **1d20+6+2: 23** vs Khalin's AC(19)] - hits!  
[Damage: **1d4+5: 9**] and [**Grabbed**] with [Ongoing **5**] until Grab ends.

*Tradden took the opportunity to strike at the vile creature.*

[Frost Longsword vs Stirge #1: **1d20+9+2: 30**] - hits!  
[Damage: **1d8+7: 15**]




*Before the creature could start to draw blood, Tradden cut it in two.*

  Me and Random: The second creature flapped towards Tradden, ducking under his swod thrust and trying to bite at the fighters exposed neck.

Dec 25, 2010 ▼

[Stirge #2 Bite: **1d20+6: 14** vs Tradden's AC(18)] - misses!

*But the creature couldn't managed to latch on.*

   Matt, me and Random: "Ha!" exclaimed Tradden, watching the bits of sinewy wing and chitin falling to the floor whilst circling his head around on his neck to get some feeling back into it.




Dec 23, 2010 ▼

He turned to face the second one, but couldnt bat it away with his swords, he did manage to evade its attack however, and looked to return the favour, trying to distract the flying menace with one blade, and hitting from below with the other.

[Surprising Stab vs Stirge #2's Reflex: **1d20+9: 18**] - hits!  
[Damage: **4**] and Grants Combat Advantage until end of next turn and [**Marked**]

[Second Attack vs Stirge #2: **1d20+9+2: 19**] - hits!  
[Damage: **2d6+4: 13**]

*Blood spewed out of the creature's body as Tradden cut deeply into it's flesh.*

   Mark, me and Random: Khalin grinned as his comrade's blades struck home. Their recent escapades had seen the duo starting to function as a tightly drilled unit. Sure, practice and manoeuvres were the foundation with any battalion large or small, but nothing could match real combat for honing the skills of battle.



Dec 23, 2010 ▼

The dwarf countered quickly while the monster was distracted, slamming his shield against the beast, again trying to draw its attention and give Tradden a chance to follow up.

[Furious Smash vs Stirge#2: **1d20+6: 10**] - misses!

*"Quickly my boy, steel yourself and dispatch this abomination back to the hell it came from!"*




[Minor Action - Inspiring Word: target Tradden: **1d6+8: 10** hp regained]

  Me and Random: The creature once more tried to latch onto Tradden.

Dec 25, 2010 ▼

[Stirge #2 Bite: **1d20+6: 15** vs Tradden's AC(18)] - misses!




*But Tradden easily evaded its advances.*

   Matt, me and Random: The young fighter started to step to one side, circling slightly and assessing the right spot, and time to strike. Suddenly, he saw an opening..

Dec 23, 2010 ▼

[Basic Melee Attack vs Stirge#2's AC: **1d20+9+2: 13**] - misses!  
[**Marked**]



The blow would have been a mortal one, were it not for the fact that he lost his footing on a loose rock, and his attempt at a Stirge Skewer failed miserably, the creature easily avoiding the blade.

   Mark, me and Random: The final creature was proving evasive. Khalin raised his shield to better protect them from its clawing grasp, while attempting to deliver the elusive killing blow.

Dec 23, 2010 ▼

[Shielded Assault vs Stirge#2: **1d20+6: 10**] - misses!




*Khalin's strike failed to make contact, however.*

  Me and Random: The creature once again tried to attack Tradden.

Dec 25, 2010 ▼

[Stirge #2 Bite: **1d20+6: 7** vs Tradden's AC(18)] - critical miss!


*But the whirling of blades and hammers knocked off its sense of direction.*

   Matt, me and Random: "This fight is going to last forever!" thought Tradden to himself. He hefted his longsword to try and land a solid blow.

Dec 23, 2010 ▼

[Sure Strike vs Stirge#2's AC with Frost Longsword: **1d20+11: 29**] - hits!  
[Damage **1d8+3: 7**] and [**Marked**]

"Ha ha!" cried the young fighter, as the second flying thing went the same way as the first - sliced in half, its bloated abdomen now spilling blood over the sparse grass below. The edge of each of the two halves gleaming with the frosty residue left by the fighters weapon.

 Matt: The young fighter cleaned his weapons of ichor and sticky blood and then re-sheathed them on his back, their work done.

Dec 24, 2010 ▼

He sat on a nearby rock and tended to his wounds - his neck was going to hurt for a while given the vicious bite marks from the sharp proboscis of the flying thing, but the other scrapes and cuts would be fine given a bit of rest




but not lost.

There were a few puncture marks in his armour, which would need some attention from a good blacksmith, he grinned to himself, pleased at that at least.

As he stood up ready to move on, for a breif moment the mists parted and a shaft of bright sunlight shone down from the heavens, illuminating Tradden for a second or two. His Dwarven companion raised an eyebrow - the youngster seemed to be carrying himself a little taller all of a sudden.

Certainly, Tradden felt more and more confident in battle these days, and after this one in particular he felt stronger, more agile, sharper - and ready for what was to come.

"*Shall we, Master Dwarf?*" he asked, gesturing towards the crumbled tower.



Me, Matt and Random: *Tradden headed off towards the crumbling tower with Khalin close behind. The young fighter was in good spirits, despite the ominous presence of the crumbling tower in front of them, and whistled a tuneless tune.*

Dec 24, 2010 ▼

*The mists began to thin out a little as they approached the base of the ruin; Khalin noticing that here and there were wisps of the mist that rose up from the ground in little bursts.*

[Khalin Dungeoneering Check: **1d20+3: 16**] - success!

*As the dwarf placed his hand over one of the jets he cursed and drew it back quickly. "Hot!" he exclaimed, and then he nodded in understanding.*

"It's steam, young lad. There must be an earth-fire down there or something," *exclaimed the dwarf.* "I've seen a couple in Kel-Morndin."


*Tradden nodded enthusiastically, keeping his eyes fixed firmly on the ruined tower.*

"Cmon, then. Let's take a look inside."

*The youth clambered carefully over a few blocks of rubble and entered the south-eastern corner of the tower. The majority of the walls looked strained, barely keeping the tower erect, but Tradden trusted that if they had stayed up like this for a while, they should stay standing for a bit longer. The tower was about thirty feet in diameter, with a stone floor covered in pieces of rubble and old wooden beams. A stone staircase, following the eastern wall, spiralled upwards to the floor above. Moss and lichen grew everywhere, and here and there sprouted grasses and weeds as nature attempted to reclaim the land.*

"Hmm, it's warm in here," *muttered Khalin, as he warily moved towards the centre of the tower.* "Where did that Valino find the books?"

"Second floor," *replied Tradden looking up the stairs.* "Guess we need to go up?"



Me: *As Tradden headed slowly towards the stairs, something stirred in the shadows, and before he could react a huge spider leapt from the darkness!*

Dec 24, 2010 ▼



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

Dec 24, 2010 ▼