



### **Blackengorge - The Road Eastwards - Goblin Ambush - Chapter #05, Scene #07**

Apr 27

...continues from [Chapter #05, Scene #06](#)

#### **Synopsis**

*The 18th Day of Ches in the Year of the Sudden Journey*

With spirits high and adventure on the wind the group have set out eastwards on the old road towards the gate in the gorge wall, with their final destination being a burial site off to the east. Going had been fairly easy as they approached the ruins of the old road gate, but they were attacked by a giant wyrm. They managed to dispatch the creature, but as the rains and darkness fell they had to seek out shelter, spying an abandoned shack in some woods. It had appeared their luck had turned, but unfortunately that was not the case as a pack of wolves descended upon the party. The group managed to fend off the wolves, and their leaders slipped away into the forest - an uneasy night's rest followed and the party awake bleary eyed and tired in the morning. Travelling north through the forest they eventually found their intended destination, swarming with the enemy. After dispatching them and spending time looking for a campsite nearby to rest, they spotted a pair of goblins who fled into the trees to the north. After chasing them down, killing one and cornering the other, the party find themselves ambushed by the goblins' tribe.

- [Khâlin Grundokri](#) - 3rd Level Male Dwarven Warlord
- [Kireth Majere](#) - 3rd Level Male Half-Elven Wizard
- [Tradden Aversward](#) - 3rd Level Male Human Fighter
- [Zero Uhlit](#) - 3rd Level Male Human Rogue

#### **Scene Length**

This scene starts on Wednesday 27 April 2011 and is expected to be completed by the end of Friday 6 May 2011. Players are expected to be able to post at least once a day.



Me, Random and Matt:

May 10

## **INITIATIVE BLOCK**

Round #05

### **Combat Encounter Complete**

- 01) [20] ~~Goblin Cursespower - 1d20+2+1: 20~~ Dmg: 9+14+10+7=40 (Bloodied) (Marked by Tradden)
- 02) [18] Khalin - ~~1d20+2+2: 18~~ - HP 35/36 (+2 to AC)
- 05) [11] Tradden - ~~1d20+3+2: 11~~ - HP 1/38 (Bloodied)
- 06) [10] Kireth - ~~1d20+7+2: 10~~ - HP 7/31 (Bloodied)
- 07) [10] Zero - ~~1d20+4+2: 10~~ - HP 11/35 (Bloodied)

#### **Removed from Play**

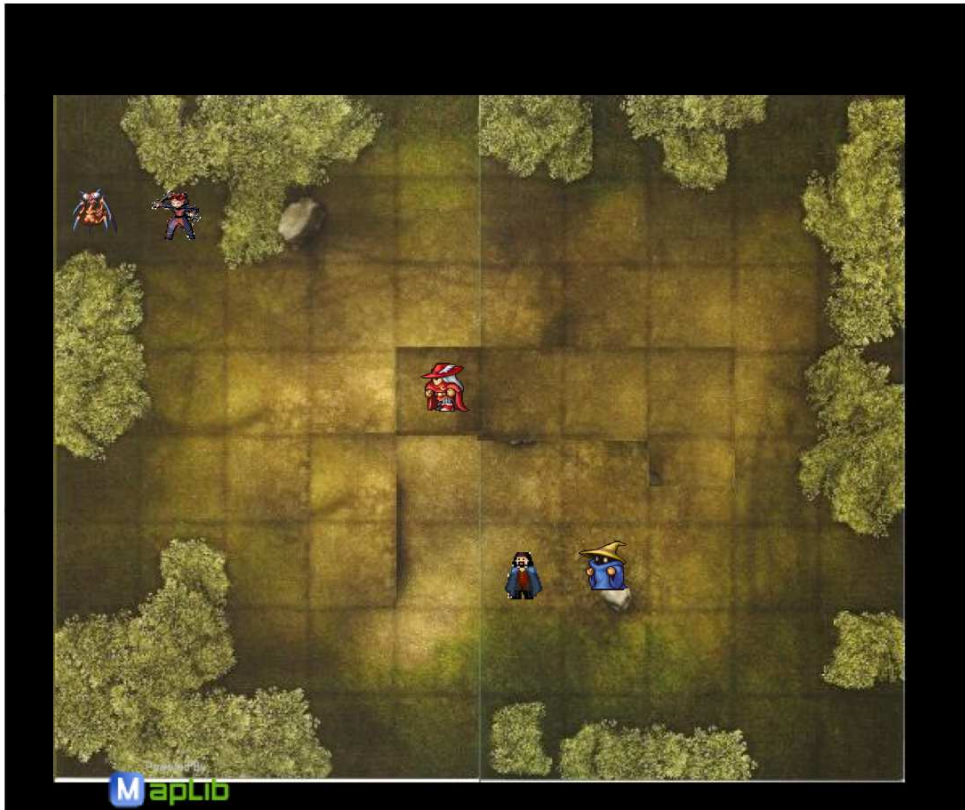
- 03) [17] ~~Goblin Archer - 1d20+5: 17~~  
 Goblin Archer #01 - Dmg: 6+6+12+10=34 (Bloodied)  
 Goblin Archer #02 - Dmg: 22+8=30 (Bloodied)
- 04) [13] ~~Goblin Snipers - 1d20+3: 13~~  
 Goblin Sniper #06 - Dmg: 14=14  
 Goblin Sniper #07 - Dmg: 4=4  
 Goblin Sniper #08 - Dmg: 9=9  
 Goblin Sniper #09 - Dmg: 3=3  
 Goblin Sniper #10 - Dmg: 4=4
- 08) [08] ~~Goblin Snipers - 1d20+3: 8~~  
 Goblin Sniper #01 - Dmg: 10=10  
 Goblin Sniper #02 - Dmg: 12=12  
 Goblin Sniper #03 - Dmg: 16=16  
 Goblin Sniper #04 - Dmg: 15=15  
 Goblin Sniper #05 - Dmg: 10=10
- 09) [03] ~~Goblin Acolyte - 1d20: 3~~ Dmg: 14+26=40



Me, Matt and Mark:

May 9

## BATTLE MAP



Me:

Apr 27

### FEATURES OF THE AREA

There are no areas of difficult terrain on the map.

**Illumination:** Bright Light

**Trees:** Trees cannot be moved through, and can provide cover and concealment in line with the standard rules.



**Me and Random:** *One of the goblins, in the trees to the far northwest, started to dance up and down, waving a small stick around in the air in his right hand. It seemed to be better dressed than the others, with more necklaces and other regalia, but had a very ill-fitting hide jerkin. It almost looked comical.* Apr 28

*However, with a flourish of its stick it shrilled, "Korsa pajora!" and two thin beams of light spread out towards Zero and Kireth.*

[Goblin Cursespower's Confounding Curse]

[Attack: **1d20+7: 24** vs Kireth's Will(13)] - *hits!*

[Damage: **1d6+3: 4**] and [grants **Combat Advantage** until start of next turn]

[Attack: **1d20+7: 19** vs Zero's Will(14)] - *hits!*

[Damage: **1d6+3: 6**] and [grants **Combat Advantage** until start of next turn]

*The rogue and mage felt a bit disorientated as the beam hit.*



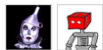
**Mark, me and Random:** "Garrgghh!" snarled Khalin as he plunged into battle. Tradden had Apr 29  
been off his right shoulder, so the dwarf looked to quickly peel left. The two fighters would have to split  
the pickings with Zero and Kireth momentarily transfixed and outflanked. But first there was the small - and annoying -  
matter of the little bogey who had started all the bother. Khalin swiftly swept his hammer round in an arc, hoping to take out  
the goblin and carry the momentum towards his mates off to the left if he went down...

[Warhammer vs Sniper #1: **1d20+6: 24**] - *hits!*  
[Damage: **1d10+5: 10**]

*The goblin, spiteful smile still upon its face, crumpled before Khalin's hammer and fell to the ground.*

"I warned you!" muttered the dwarf as his first opponent bit the dust.

As part of the swing, Khalin turned and headed towards the archers to the east.



**Me and Random:** One of the larger archers to the east saw Khalin coming, and let fly with a ready Apr 28  
arrow.

[Goblin Archer #01 Shortbow: **1d20+6: 8** vs Khalin's AC(20)] - *misses!*

*The arrow flew wide as Khalin ducked in his charge towards the group.*



**Me and Random:** A similar goblin on the west side took careful aim at Kireth, exposed in the centre Apr 28  
of the clearing.

[Goblin Archer #02 Shortbow: **1d20+6: 21** vs Kireth's AC(16)] - *hits!*  
[Damage: **1d8+2: 6**]

*The arrow cut across Kireth's leg, drawing a wince and a scowl.*

*The goblin then raised it's hand and thrust it down quickly with a shout of "Kasta!" and a volley from the smaller goblins on  
the western side hissed across the clearing.*



**Me and Random:** The goblins on the western side unleashed their arrows at the call of the archer. Apr 28

[Goblin Sniper #06 Shortbow: **1d20+8: 22** vs Tradden's AC(18)] - *hits!*  
[Damage: **4**]

[Goblin Sniper #07 Shortbow: **1d20+8+2: 24** vs Kireth's AC(16)] - *hits!*  
[Damage: **4**]

[Goblin Sniper #08 Shortbow: **1d20+8+2: 21** vs Kireth's AC(16)] - *hits!*  
[Damage: **4**]

[Goblin Sniper #09 Shortbow: **1d20+8+2: 14** vs Zero's AC(16)] - *misses!*

[Goblin Sniper #10 Shortbow: **1d20+8+2: 29** vs Kireth's AC(16)] - *hits!*  
[Damage: **4**]

*The shots were accurate, cutting into the party well, especially against Kireth, who now bled from a number of cuts.*



**Matt, me and Random:** Tradden sprang into action. Apr 28

With a reasonably decent warcry he ran forward, straight into the other main group of greenskins. He lashed out at one  
straight ahead of him, and had trailed his sword out to try and catch one he passed on the way.

[Cleave vs Goblin Sniper #06: **1d20+9: 18**] - *hits!*  
[Damage: **1d8+7: 14**] and [Goblin Sniper #07 takes **4** splash damage]

*The sword cut through both of the goblins, dropping them both instantly.*

He at least had their attention now - hopefully that would give the mage, currently doing his best impression of a pin-  
cushion, chance to recover and gather his wits.



**Neil, me and Random:** Suckered in by a goblin. "Awesome, truly awesome. Nice work Apr 29  
Kireth" snarled the Mage under his breath.

Well, naturally, this would not do. Measures were to be taken and decisive ones at that.

[Shock Sphere]

[Attack vs Goblin Sniper #02's Reflex: **1d20+6: 16**] - hits!

[Damage: **2d6+5: 12**]

[Attack vs Goblin Sniper #03's Reflex: **1d20+6: 22**] - hits!

[Damage: **2d6+5: 16**]

[Attack vs Goblin Sniper #04's Reflex: **1d20+6: 24**] - hits!

[Damage: **2d6+5: 15**]

[Attack vs Goblin Sniper #05's Reflex: **1d20+6: 14**] - hits!

[Damage: **2d6+5: 10**]

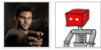
[Attack vs Goblin Archer's Reflex: **1d20+6: 10**] - misses!

[Damage: **2d6+5: 13**] half damage for a miss [6]

[Attack vs Goblin Acolyte's Reflex: **1d20+6: 24**] - hits!

[Damage: **2d6+5: 14**]

*The bolt that left the wizard's staff tore through the air and exploded on one of the goblins in the centre to the east. It was torn apart by the shock, which then continued to grow. Four of the goblins were obliterated in the blast. The archer that have given the order to fire against Kireth some moments ago escaped almost unscathed, jumping behind the tree quickly, but the goblin to the far southeast was caught by the edge of the sphere. When the dust settled, Kireth was a little more satisfied.*



**The.brainbuster@googlewave.com, me and Random:** Glad to have not blundered headlong into the ambush, and hardly as exhausted as his friends, Zero raised his crossbow and took aim at the goblin in the centre of the nearest pack. Apr 29

[Confounding Attack vs Goblin Sniper #08: **1d20+8: 23**] - hits!

[Damage: **2d6+4: 9**]

"Go on..." he whispered, squinting down the sight. "Blame your friend."

*The goblin spun around before he fell, his short bow catching the other goblin in the back of the head as he fell.*

[Goblin Sniper #08 vs Goblin Sniper #09: **1d20+8: 25**] - hits!

[Damage: **3**]

*The sharp end to the wooden shaft of the bow pierced the back of the goblin's skull, and both fell in a heap to the ground.*



**Me and Random:** The remaining goblin to the east, now exposed after Kireth's sphere of force had obliterated its defensive line started a prayer to whatever gods it followed. With arms in the air, flailing wildly, it began screeching and pleading for divine aid. A dark blue light surrounded its arms before it thrust them out, palms forwards at Kireth and Zero. Apr 29

[Maglubiyet's Fists]

[Hand of Maglubiyet: **1d20+5+2: 12** vs Kireth's Fortitude(12)] - hits!

[Kireth uses Staff of Defence encounter power to increase Fortitude by 1 to avoid attack]

[Hand of Maglubiyet: **1d20+5+2: 24** vs Zero's Fortitude(14)] - hits!

[Damage: **1d6+5: 9**] and [Slide 3 squares]

*The force bolt slammed into Zero and the magic dragged him across the clearing towards the remainin goblins on the western side. Kireth caught the force bolt on his staff, barely casting it aside - the power to push the divine magic aside drew a smile upon the half-elf's lips.*



**Me and Random:** *The goblin to the northwest continued his prancing, hitching his jerkin up from time to time. Once again it flourished its stick and pointed towards Tradden and Zero, the thin beams of light splaying out and striking the pair.* Apr 29

[Goblin Cursespower's Confounding Curse]

[Attack: **1d20+7: 12** vs Tradden's Will(14)] - misses!

[Attack: **1d20+7: 19** vs Zero's Will(14)] - hits!

[Damage: **1d6+3: 9**] and [grants **Combat Advantage** until start of next tum]

*Tradden managed to dodge out of the way, but Zero took the beam straight in the chest, and stars began to swim in front of his eyes.*



**Mark, me and Random:** Pincushion indeed, thought Khalin with a smile - Kireth had taken the May 1 blows, but once again had bounced back and taken out a whole swath of the enemy - the elf might do his fair share of moaning and groaning, but he could certainly back it up, and Khalin's respect for the mage continued to grow. Meanwhile Zero once again had showed that while he wouldn't be winning any prizes for athletics, he had an eye few could rival. While Tradden was, well, Tradden - and that meant if you were suckered in by his quips, you'd made a fatal mistake. Khalin resolved to speak to the human once again about how he managed to take out multiple opponents in one go, something the dwarf had never mastered. No for Khalin strategy was the key. Well, that and a trusty warhammer, and the latter was what was required here.

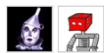
*"Haha! Great work, lads!"* the dwarf bellowed over his shoulder as he closed with the final archer. Zero was unlikely to hear the call across the clearing, but perhaps Kireth would take heart.

[Inspiring word: Kireth spends healing surge and regains **1d6+7: 11** hp]

*"Now then, time to join your friends!"* challenged the dwarf menacingly as he bore down on the remaining archer on his flank.

[Warhammer vs Goblin Archer #1: **1d20+6: 8**] - misses!

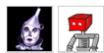
*But the goblin had learnt from the swift demise of its brethren and deftly dodged the blow, shifting out of the way of the dwarf*[Goblin Tactics - Shift 1 square], *cackling in defiance as it did so.*



**Me and Random:** *The goblin that Khalin had just missed backpeddled swiftly to the south, too quick and nimble for the dwarf to get in any attacks. On the run, it drew back its bow and let fly at the dwarf.* May 1

[Mobile Ranged Attack: **1d20+6: 15** vs Khalin's AC(20)] - misses!

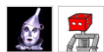
*But the arrow thumped harmlessly into the trees behind the warlord.*



**Me and Random:** *The goblin in front of Zero seemed a little surprised to see the rogue standing before him, too close to get a decent shot from his bow. The little green creature just snarled instead, and took a swipe at Zero with the bow like a club, instead.* May 1

[Goblin Archer #02 Shortbow Melee: **1d20+6+2: 14** vs Zero's AC(16)] - misses!

*Even though Zero still felt woozy from the cursespewer's attack, he wasn't dulled enough to allow a goblin to strike him!*



**Me and Random:** *The remaining sniper, its comrades decimated, was also pressed at close quarters with no room to get off a bow shot without drawing an attack. The human in front of it, with two whirling blades, looked a little too fierce, so the goblin skipped past the blades, ducking under and through and launched itself against the wizard that had decimated its kin.* May 1

[Goblin Sniper #10 Shortbow Melee: **1d20+8+2: 23** vs Kireth's AC(16)] - hits!

[Damage: **3**]

*The goblin made contact with Kireth, slicing the tip of the bow across the half-elf's face.*



**Matt, me and Random:** Not stopping to let the enemy catch its breath, Tradden bounded towards what he recognised as some kind of magic user. All too aware of the painful effects of their magics, he used all his strength to swing his swords around together in a big arc with a mighty curse against all magic users! May 1

*"Erm, present non-goblin company excepted..."* he mumbled back apologetically over his shoulder in Kireth's direction.

[Cleave vs Goblin Cursespewer: **1d20+9: 24**] - hits!

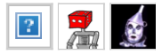
[Damage: **1d8+7: 9**] and [Marked]

[Goblin Sniper #10 takes **4** splash damage]

*Tradden cut across the cursespewer's forearm and followed it through, ending up with the blade lodging in the remaining sniper's chest. The sniper fell where it stood.*

*As the blood dripped from the cursespewer, however, it fizzed and boiled, vapourising in the air into a noxious purple cloud that dripped over Tradden, drawing coughs and splutters from the young fighter.*

[Goblin Doom, Area Burst 2 centered on the Cursespewer]  
 [Goblin Doom: **1d20+5: 24** vs Tradden's Reflex(14)] - *hits!*  
 [Damage: **1d10+3: 11**] and [Ongoing **5** poison damage (Save Ends)]



**Neil, me and Random:** Blood seeped down from the cut on his cheek and stained the mage's lips a deep red. May 4

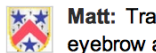
Despite the loss in numbers, the enemy was still pressing and Kireth felt many eyes were falling specifically on him. Infact, he had held a strange sense of impending danger for a time now. There was something... off.

Nonetheless, his rage was building and, despite its high rate of failure, this always led him to one spell.

"Rauko Rutha"

[Hellish Rebuke vs Goblin Archer#1's Reflex: **1d20+3: 7**] - *misses!*

Cursing the complexity of the spell, Kireth knew it had failed before the last word left his mouth.



**Matt:** Tradden, his eyes fixed firmly on the goblin magic user in front of him, still managed to raise one eyebrow and exclaim. May 4

"Again... ???"



**The.brainbuster@googlewave.com, me and Random:** Zero found himself far too close for comfort to one of the ugly goblin archers, thanks to the magician. May 5

"Look!" he suddenly shouted, with all urgency. "A huge pink dragon!"

[Zero Bluff Check vs Goblin Archer #02: **1d20+7: 25**] - *success!*  
 [Zero gains **Combat Advantage** vs Goblin Archer #02]

As the dimwitted creature followed his pointing arm, the rogue whirled out of his line of sight and dove for cover.

[Fleeting Spirit Strike]  
 [Zero **Shifts 3** squares]  
 [Hand Crossbow vs Goblin #02: **1d20+8+2: 24**] - *hits!*  
 [Damage: **2d6+4+2d8: 22**]  
 [Zero **Shift 3** squares]  
 [Stealth Check: **1d20+12: 27**] - *success!*  
 [Zero is Hidden from Goblin Archer #02]

*As the goblin looked around to see where Zero had pointed the rogue let fly with a bolt that slammed into it's shoulder. It drew a great spurt of blood, but before the goblin could vent its fury on the rogue he was gone, disappeared into the shadows of the trees.*



**Me and Random:** *The goblin acolyte strode forwards, confidence bursting from him as they began to surround the magic user in the centre of the clearing. It was obvious to the goblins that the mage had run out of power, his last spell fizzing out without any harm. Finish the mage, the goblin thought, and the rest will surely flee in fear.* May 5

[Maglubiyet's Fists - Recharge: **1d6: 3**] - *failure!*

*The goblin concentrated all of it's power on the mage.*

[Hand of Maglubiyet: **1d20+5: 22** vs Kireth's Fortitude(12)] - *hits!*  
 [Damage: **1d6+5: 9**] and [Kireth **Slides 3**]

*The force bolt slammed into Kireth's stomach, winding him for a moment. The force energy clung on and dragged Kireth across the clearing towards the goblins.*



**Me and Random:** *The cursespower backed off from Tradden, drawing what appeared to be a sacrificial knife. It spat a curse at the fighter.*

May 5

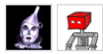
[Confounding Curse: **1d20+7: 12** vs Tradden's Will(14)] - *misses!*

*But the words passed Tradden by, his concentration solely on the battle. The goblin hissed, and repeated the curse against Kireth, hoping to take the mage down in front of its allies.*

[Confounding Curse: **1d20+7: 25** vs Kireth's Will(13)] - *hits!*

[Damage: **1d6+3: 5**] and [Grants **Combat Advantage**]

*The goblin appeared pleased with it's work, and flicked the knife from hand to hand, egging Tradden to approach.*



**Me, Random and Mark:** Khalin quickly surveyed the theatre of battle. Zero was wounded but had deftly slipped himself out of immediate danger, but Kireth was in a bad way. The dwarf silently cursed himself - even though they'd been caught square by surprise, he and Tradden's pursuit had left the mage badly exposed - poor strategy, and the dwarf made a mental note to rethink their tactics should the scenario arise again.

May 6

The warlord quickly scurried towards Kireth, lifting his shield up to defend his winded comrade, and bringing his hammer crashing down against the goblin acolyte before him...

[Shielded Assault vs Goblin Acolyte: **1d20+6: 26**] - *critical hit!*

[Damage: **2d10+5: 25**] plus [Flame Bracers: **1d6: 1**]

[Khalin gains +2 to AC, allies gain +2 to AC while adjacent]

*As the goblin fell under Khalin's hammer its blood fizzed and popped, and from the far corner of the battlefield the cursespower began murmuring. The blood vapourised, as before near Tradden, and the cloud of vapour dripped over Khalin and Kireth.*

[Goblin Doom: Immediate Interrupt]

[Goblin Doom: **1d20+5: 22** vs Khalin's Reflex(13)] - *hits!*

[Damage: **1d10+3: 6**] and [Ongoing **5** poison damage (Save Ends)]

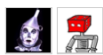
[Goblin Doom: **1d20+5+2: 13** vs Kireth's Reflex(15)] - *misses!*

The acolyte fell, engulfed in a gout of flame that flowed out from Khalin's arms. The dwarf barely had a moment to savour the strike though, and hissed through his teeth as he felt the goblin's corrosive residue enter his blood stream.

Foul magics were afoot. But it would never do to show his discomfort at such fell machinations before the enemy, and the warlord's voice sang out again, rebuking the remaining foes: "*You're lucky our master mage is having an off day,*" he bellowed. "*I'd flee before his fortune changes!*"

[Inspiring Word: Kireth regains **1d6+7: 10** hp]

Though Kireth looked more bloodied than Khalin had ever seen him, there was still no mistaking the keen sparkle of defiance in the wizard's eye, and the dwarf bet himself a flaggon of ale the elf would have the last laugh in this battle.

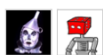


**Me and Random:** *The archer nearest Khalin and Kireth stepped back as best he could [Shift] without provoking any attacks from the pair. Its new worry was the dwarf, which had so easily dispatched its priest. Ire grew in its belly and it loosed an arrow straight at the dwarf.*

May 6

[Goblin Archer #01 Shortbow: **1d20+6: 13** vs Khalin's AC(20+2)] - *misses!*

*The goblin hissed as the arrow flew wide.*



**Me and Random:** *The second archer followed suit with the first, recognising Khalin as a new threat to the battle. It moved quickly across the battlefield, scurrying to a new position to pincer the dwarf and half-elf [Great Position] and drew back its bow.*

May 6

[Goblin Archer #02 Shortbow: **1d20+6: 15** vs Khalin's AC(20+2)] - *misses!*

*But it too, like its comrade couldn't hit the dwarf.*



**Me:** *The vapours surrounding Tradden continued to seep into his pores and sting his flesh.*

May 6



[Ongoing 5 poison damage]



**Matt, me and Random:** Gritting his teeth against the ongoing pain caused by the poisonous vapours, Tradden slowly advanced again on the greenskin in front of him. It seemed to be goading him - well, he wasn't under any illusions as to the danger posed by this enemy, and quite frankly he was only too happy to oblige. May 6

"*You only have one blade....*" he started.

[Surprising Stab vs Cursespower's Reflex: **1d20+9: 18**] - *hits!*  
[Damage: **4**] and [Cursespower grants Combat Advantage]

His long sword slashed forward in a sudden movement, taking the Goblin off guard and cutting a neat slice in the side of it's head.

*Again the flow of blood from the cursespower simply fizzled and another poisonous cloud engulfed Tradden.*

[Goblin Doom: Immediate Interrupt]  
[Goblin Doom: **1d20+5: 8** vs Tradden's Reflex(14)] - *misses!*

*But Tradden had seen this effect before and pulled back momentarily until the cloud dispersed, before continuing his taunt...*

"*...but I have two!*"

Taking a step closer, the young fighter was then able to stab upwards at its chest, taking advantage of the surprising first blow.

[Shortsword vs Goblin Cursespower: **1d20+9+2: 25**] - *hits!*  
[Damage: **2d6+4: 10**]

"*Which is better...!*" he added, almost unnecessarily.

[Save vs Poison: **1d20+1: 6**] - *failure!*

The youth felt good to have landed some blows on the Goblin, but the stinging, painful sensation of the poison was starting to be a worry. Still, the greenskins were now outnumbered, and he could hear, feel even, Kireth and Zero readying themselves to strike again, even though his back was turned to them.

This time it was the Cursespower's turn to watch as an evil grin spread on the face of his opponent.



**Neil and me:** Whenever a spell failed Kireth liked to fall back on an "old faithful", call it a confidence booster. May 7

[Magic Missile vs Goblin Archer #01: Damage **2+4: 6**] - *automatic hit!*

*"Ahh" he sighed "Much better". The force of the bolts impact causing the archers bow arm to swing wide at his side, producing a pained snarl from the creature. "I need more spells like you old friend" whispered the mage.*



**The.brainbuster@googlewave.com, me and Random:** Zero took a stealthy bead on the archer near Khalin, still hidden from the goblin, and let fly another bolt. May 7

[Gloaming Cut vs Goblin Archer #02: **1d20+8: 28**] - *critical hit!*  
[Damage: **1d6+1: 7**] plus [Critical Damage: **1d6: 1**]  
[Zero **Shifts 1** square and hides]  
[Stealth Check: **1d20+12: 19**] - *success!*

*Zero slipped from the shadows and put a bolt through the archer's throat, before slinking back again into the shadows by the trees.*



**Me and Random:** Tradden had consumed the full attention of the cursespower, boxed in by the fighter against the trees at its back. It daren't risk taking its eyes off the fighter to extend it's power, and there was nowhere for it to move in safety. It decided to strike out at the youth with the sacrificial knife in its hands. May 7



[Goblin Cursespewer Sacrificial Knife: **1d20+7: 23** vs Tradden's AC(18)] - *hits!*  
 [Damage: **1d4+3: 7**]

*The blade cut deep, and blood flowed freely along the edge and onto the hilt. The goblin looked very pleased with itself.*



**Mark, me and Random:** Khalin felt a slight rush of air and the archer before him collapsed. May 8  
 Another arrow appearing from nowhere courtesy of the elusive Zero. Only one archer now remained on Khalin and Kireth's side of the clearing.

[Ongoing **5** Poison Damage]

Khalin was the only one of the party still not bloodied and battered. He quickly closed the gap to the final archer, looking to take its attention away from Kireth. If he timed his strike well, Zero might get another shot in to finish the little blighter should the warlord fail.

[Brash Assault vs Goblin Archer #01: **1d20+6: 21**] - *hits!*  
 [Damage: **1d10+3: 12**]  
 [Grants free attack to Archer #1, if taken Zero gets free opportunity attack]

*The goblin, stung badly by Khalin's blow, swung wildly out with his bow, trying to catch the dwarf.*

[Goblin Archer #01 Melee: **1d20+8: 9** vs Khalin's AC(20+2)] - *critical miss!*

*The archer failed completely to connect, spinning around wildly, and leaving his back turned to Zero - a mistake for any enemy!*

[Zero Hand Crossbow vs Goblin Archer #01: **1d20+8+2-2: 12**] - *misses!*

*But Zero couldn't hit the goblin, who had partial cover from the treeline.*

[Save vs Poison: **1d20+5: 23**] - *success!*

*Khalin at least shrugged off the effects of the poisonous vapour.*



**Me and Random:** The remaining goblin archer, pressed on three sides, decided that it was better off May 8  
 making a break for it. Trying to keep close to the treeline it headed north away from Khalin and Kireth.

*The dwarf was wise to the goblin's move, however, and swung his warhammer low, trying to trip the goblin of its feet.*

[Khalin AoO vs Goblin Archer #01: **1d20+6: 10**] - *misses!*

*The goblin jumped over the low swing and sprinted away, looking once over its shoulder before firing another arrow towards the mage, hoping to take at least one of the intruders out before he fled.*

[Goblin Archer #01: **1d20+6+2: 18** vs Kireth's AC(16)] - *hits!*  
 [Damage: **1d8+2+1d6: 15**]

*Kireth look incredulously at the arrow protruding from his stomach. His anger could be seen that this was not his time to die. Slowly, he sank to his knees, and then fell to the earth. The goblin hissed with glee as the arrow took Kireth down.*



**Matt, me and Random:** Tradden heard, but didn't see, Kireth suffer what could be a mortal May 8  
 blow. Young and inexperienced he may be, but he had heard, and indeed uttered himself, similar cries before.

His recent experience also told him there was nothing he could do for the mage right now - to turn away from this magic using goblin now was to invite his own doom, and that wouldn't help anyone. In any event, Khalin and Zero were still up and fighting, and they were more than capable of despatching the remaining greenskin.

No, his duty was clear - keep the enemy in front of him busy, and make it cry a death scream if he could!

*He wiped his mouth against the fumes he was breathing, trying to keep his mind clear for the attack.*

[Ongoing 5 poison damage]

With a wild grunt the young fighter swung his sword in a figure of eight formation at the Goblin's head. The display was such that the greenskin would have retreated, but it had no where to go, so it just crouched back, hissing at the impudent human.

[Sweeping Slash vs Goblin Cursespower]

[Primary Attack vs Reflex: **1d20+9+2: 16**] - *hits!*

[Cursespower can't be **Pushed** back, so remains where it is.]

It was not until too late that the Goblin realised that the whole "swing sword in air" thing had been a ruse - the human's shortsword caught it in the side, a large slice opening up despite it's rudimentary armour.

[Secondary Attack: **1d20+9+2: 16**] - *hits!*

[Damage: **2d6+7: 10**]

The hiss of anger turned to one of pain. The Goblin's world was getting smaller and darker...

[Save vs Poison: **1d20+1: 12**] - *success!*

Tradden's world got a little bit brighter however as the burning in his veins abated.

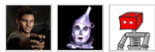


**Me and Random:** The mage lay still on the battleground, his life slowly ebbing away.

May 8

[Kireth Save vs Death: **1d20: 4**] - *failure!*

Blood seeped from his mouth onto the bare earth.



**The.brainbuster@googlewave.com, me and Random:** Without conscious thought, Zero ran to his fallen comrade and attempted to stop the bleeding.

May 9

[Heal Check - First Aid: **1d20+2: 5**] - *failure!*

*Zero tried his best to staunch the flow of blood from Kireth's gut, but try as he may, the blood slowly spilled through his fingers.*



**Me and Random:** The cursespower was boxed into the corner of the battlefield, but that did not matter too much to it. The enemy's mage was down, pitiful power that it had shown, and the fighter in front of it would soon succumb to the fumes of poison. The enemy weakened, it alone would prevail, and it would be rewarded well for his efforts.

May 9

It lashed out with a snort at Tradden before it with its ornate knife, ready to cut him down and march onto the next victim.

[Goblin Cursespower Sacrificial Knife: **1d20+7: 21** vs Tradden's AC(18)] - *hits!*

[Damage: **1d4+3: 5**]

*The knife opened another gash across Tradden's knee, and the goblin danced with mirth.*



**Mark, me and Random:** Khalin sized up the situation in an instant - Tradden and the lead goblin both looked on their last legs, but the dwarf backed his comrade to get the killing blow in first.

May 9

Kireth was dying, but he stood a better chance of survival if the archer was removed from the theatre - another blow and it really was game over for the elf.

*"Protect Kireth!" yelled the warlord to Zero as he sprinted towards the final archer. He would get one more chance to finish the goblin, and he was determined to make this one count. Muttering a prayer to Clangeddin, he charged towards the archer, swinging his hammer for what he hoped would be the final time this day...*

[Warhammer Charge attack vs Goblin Archer #1: **1d20+6+1: 9**] - *misses!*

*Alas, the prayer went unanswered this time, and the goblin evaded the desperate strike.*

*"Pop that one, Tradden, and quickly!" he yelled to the human, while doing his best to shield Zero and Kireth from any further attack from the archer. He sucked in a deep breath, redoubling his energies as the skirmish entered what might be its decisive final phase - the outcome uncertain to the last.*

[Dwarven Resilience: Khalin spends a Healing Surge and regains **10** hp]  
[+2 AC until start of next turn]



**Me and Random:** *As the dwarf attacked the goblin archer ducked underneath his attack, still intent on fleeing to the north. It picked its time and backed off quickly.* May 9

[Khalin AoO vs Goblin Archer #01: **1d20+6: 25**] - hits!  
[Damage: **1d10+5: 10**]

*But the warlord's renewed vigour allowed him to get one final swipe at the goblin as it backpedalled, and this time the warhammer hit home, crushing the goblin's skull.*



**Matt, me and Random:** Tradden started swaying.

May 9

Or was it the very landscape that started moving back and forth? It was hard to tell. Certainly he must be tired, as he was getting heavy eyes, and his vision seemed to be a bit tunnelly - all black around the edges. A bit blurry in the middle as well, now you mention it.

A slow, drawn out glance down made the young fighter realise that he must be winning this fight - he was covered in lots of goblin blood. He grinned. "*Wait a minute, wasn't goblin blood greener?*" he did ponder to himself however.

To those stood behind him, Tradden looked like he was about to topple over. The same thought occurred to Tradden, but only in a very abstract way. The loss of blood was taking its toll.

"Still", he thought, "*I am winning. Its a lot like when .... when you go to Malmhut's Grill & Deli down on Mainstreet and Gorse Avenue.*" He smiled at the abstract, somewhat delirious thought. "*You get one of those steak specials in bread. They are great. With the side order of vegetables.*"

He swayed more, but stepped forward. Pointing his longsword at the Cursespewer.

"*That's a bit like this.*" he suddenly said, loudly, clearly audible to those stood behind him, watching. "*You, are a sandwich.*" He delivered to the Goblin, with authority. nodding satisfactorily to himself, but slurring slightly all the while.

With that, he lazily lopped at the Goblin's head.

[Surestrike vs AC with Frost Longsword: **1d20+11: 24**] - hits!  
[Damage: **1d8+3: 7**]

"Yum." said Tradden to himself weakly, before falling backwards like a felled tree himself as the goblin's head fell from it's shoulders.



**Mark:** "*Victory,*" mumbled Khalin weakly, "*but at what cost..?*" The dwarf turned and hurried back to the prone form of Kireth and knelt down alongside Zero. May 9

"*Tradden! This is no time for sleeping, lad!*" he called, trying to stir the youth out of his stupor. The warlord was relieved, but proud. Tradden had almost met his match but had come through once again. "*He'll make a fine soldier some day soon,*" thought the dwarf. But right now it was the young fighter's modest healing knowledge that was required. And Kireth? Well, he certainly looked like a warrior now: bloodied, battered.

"*Come on, we need to tend to Kireth's wounds, he's not out of the woods just yet!*"



**Me and Random:** *Kireth's breath came intermittently, sometimes not for a while. Despite Zero's pressing hands the blood continued to seep away.* May 9

[Kireth Save vs Death: **1d20: 5**] - failure!

*Zero could almost see Kireth's energy slipping away before his eyes.*



**Matt:** Tradden's eyes flicked open. He had blacked out for some reason, he realised. Strange.

May 9

The Goblin in front of him was all blue and expansive, with white clouds all over him. Tradden thought about that for a moment.

"Ah, right." he said to himself, coming belatedly to exactly the right conclusion about where he was and where he was looking.  
He sat up.  
What was that sound?

He shook his head, trying to regain some focus, and the world painfully snapped back into place. The sound, he realised, was Khalin urging him to (he filtered out the Dwarven expletives - Mr Ironfoot had never used words like that<sup>\*</sup>) get up and help Kireth.

He, not without effort, hauled himself up, and stumbled back to where Khalin and Zero stood over the somewhat mangled form of Kireth. The mage's face had not lost any of its arrogant sneer in what appeared to be death.

Again shaking his head to clear his thoughts, Tradden was now fully back in the living, so to speak. What he really wanted was to sit down and rest. Maybe have some of that dwarven ale that Khalin had in that secret flask that he thought no one knew about but that, in fact, Zero had already pickpocketed twice this trip and which he and Tradden had partaken in when the Warlord's back was turned.

However, all that would have to wait - Kireth would have to come first. Zero was already looking him over.

*\* - Not true. There was that time when the Dwarven artisan, Tradden's mentor for a while, had dropped his favourite hammer onto his own foot. Tradden learned more about Dwarven language and culture from one set of expletives than hours of studying books about that ancient tounge.*



**The.brainbuster@googlewave.com, me and Random:** Panicked, Zero pressed, pushed, wiped, prayed, anything he could to save the man's life fate had cruelly placed in his hands. May 10

[Zero Heal Check - First Aid: **1d20+2: 11**] - success!  
[Kireth spends a Healing Surge and regains 7 hp]  
[Kireth is conscious and prone]

*Slowly the flow of blood ceased and the rise and fall of Kireth's chest steadied, albeit shallow. Then, with a retch of blood, the half-elf twisted over, coughing violently into the ground.*

*Zero went to help again, but the mage shrugged him off, kneeling on all fours and spitting out the blood. With a jerk Kireth yanked out the arrow in his belly, drawing a scream. After a moment's pause to steady himself he looked at Zero, shadows swirling intensely in enraged eyes.*

*"That... will not happen again!" he fumed, then collapsed onto the floor, rolling over, and stared at the sky.*



**Me, Mark and Matt:** "Praise to Beronar," sighed Khalin with relief, as Kireth coughed up blood and gulped in air. "We need to get you a sword, my friend!" May 10

"No," continued Tradden, sheathing his own swords on his back whilst unceremoniously falling to the ground next to Kireth into a sitting position, "You just need to make that 'Rako Rotha' spell work." A pause. "Would you like a sandwich?"



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

May 10

Khalin spends no healing surges (35/36 hp) (6 surges left)  
Kireth spends remaining 2 healing surges (on 21/31 hp)  
Tradden spends remaining 3 healing surges (28/38 hp)  
Zero spends 3 healing surges (35/35 hp) (2 surges left)

Tradden gains experience to Level 4.



**Matt, me and 2 others:** Tradden sank back onto the grass, and for a short while he and Kireth lay staring upwards at the same clouds. May 10

"Cumulo Nimbus." Thought Kireth, to himself.

"Onion bagels with creamcheese." Thought Tradden, to himself.

Their respective thoughts said quite alot about the current states of minds of the half-elf and the human.

Khalin, who had fought hard, and whose shield had served him well this day, kept watch whilst the others caught their breath. Zero recovered first, perhaps motivated by the thought of the pickings to be had over the myriad of bodies now

strewn about the clearing.

Tradden was next - more like back to his own self he started whistling as he also took up a watchful position, all thoughts of bread related snacks banished from his mind (forever, we hope) now that his body had started to replace the blood lost during the battle. Despite the battering he had taken, the youngster felt somehow a bit more ... well, grown up.

Kireth was the last to return to any semblance of normality. When he did stand up it was with a gingeriness that betrayed his otherwise silent and staunch refusal to demonstrate any kind of pain.

Tradden cleared his throat. *"Right then - now what?"*

Khalin shouldered his shield, and hung his Warhammer loosely at his waist - just in case it was needed quickly.

*"By Moradin I know we all need a rest,"* pronounced the Warlord, *"Finding a suitable campsite is our priority now."* As he had been speaking, Zero, hands behind his back, had been sidling closer to one of the more fancifully adorned corpses. Khalin stifled a chuckle, maintaining his stern demeanour. No point in upsetting the troops! *"However ... I dare say we have a little bit of time to see if there are any useful resources left by the foul Greenskins. Twenty minutes - no more. Let's get to it, and Tradden - stop daydreaming!"*

Tradden had been scanning around as the Dwarf had been speaking.

*"Hmmm? Oh, I am not daydreaming - just been thinking about this campsite...."*

[Tradden Perception Check: **1d20+4+2: 8**] - *failure!*

*"What campsite?" inquired **Khalin**. "We're in a clearing, lad. Look for where they've come from, not where we are now!"*

**Tradden** could only muster an "Oh!".

[Tradden Nature Check: **1d20+4+2: 14**] - *success!*

*In the earth around the trees to the north **Tradden** found some tracks, leading away circuitously to the north. He beckoned **Khalin** over who took a more thorough examination.*

*"Hmm, a scouting party, methinks. See how the tracks contain the bulk of the force, whilst there are runners out to each side?"*

**Tradden** looked and nodded.

*"They've travelled light," interjected **Zero**, rifling through one of the corpses. "Not much on them at all, just their weapons," he continued, almost dejectedly.*

*"So," snorted the dwarf. "Small scouting party, travelling light, running in what appears to be a circle. What does that tell you, my boy?"*

**Tradden** looked blankly at the dwarf for a few moments.

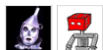
*"Erm, they were lost?" replied the fighter weakly.*

*"Nonsense! There's a camp to the north I'll wager. Though whether this force is the whole of them or part of them we don't know."*

*"Bingo!" interrupted **Zero**. "At least one of them had something."*

*The rogue was knelt over the corpse of the cursespewer, arguably the leader of the enemy. He held up his hand and beckoned everyone over.*

*"Look at his jerkin," **Zero** pointed at the goblin's hide armour. "All those cuts and blood, and it's hardly scratched or stained. Kireth, what do you think?"*



**Me and Random:** *The mage weakly mumbled and passed his hand over the corpse disinterestedly.* May 10

[Kireth Arcana Check: **1d20+10: 21**] - *success!*

"It appears to have an aura of," *he interrupted himself with a bout of coughing.* "An aura of protection and readiness."

*Kireth slowly backed to a tree, the bough supporting his weight which he hoped the rest of the party hadn't noticed.*



**Me:** Party have found a **Hide Battle Harness**.

May 10

Hide Battle Harness

Enhancement: +1 to AC

Property: As a free action, you can draw a sheathed weapon or retrieve a stowed item.

Property: You gain +1 to initiative.



**Matt and Mark:** "Let's have a look m'lad, said Khalin as Tradden picked up the hide, casting his artisan's eye over it. The hide looked to be light, well used, and of elven make. Possibly by a woodsman." May 10

*"Elvish perhaps,"* said Khalin with a raised eyebrow.

As nice as the armour seemed, no one jumped to claim it, each already comfortable in their own attire.

Tradden folded it as best he could and carefully stowed it in his pack for later.

*"Right, well, I don't know about you Fellows, but I don't really fancy another scrap today. Shall we find somewhere to rest our wearied limbs?"* The last part of the question was delivered with unnecessary dramatic flair.



**The.brainbuster@googlewave.com:** "Sounds good to me," Zero heartily stated, pouring some water onto his bloody hands and wiping them off vigorously. May 10



**Mark:** *"Ordinarily I would agree,"* mused Khalin. *"Except if we're right, and this was simply a scouting party, then their friends will soon want to know why the scouts haven't returned. We've already been caught with our britches down at least twice of late. We really should check out the tracks to the north before we find somewhere to bed down."* May 10

Khalin's pronouncement was greeted with universal looks of dismay.

*"We needn't all go. Just a scout of our own,"* the dwarf turned towards Zero, who looked like he'd been pickpocketed. *"What do you think my friend, feeling up to a quick spot of recon? You're the best man for the job."*



**The.brainbuster@googlewave.com:** Zero looked unenthusiastic at the suggestion.

May 10

"Y'know," he sighed, "I'm not really feeling up for any more excitement today. I just want to go somewhere nice and quiet and try to forget all about marathons through the woods, ambushes, gaping wounds and near-death experiences."

He returned resolutely to cleaning his hands.



**Me:** *Khalin sighed. They were all tired and battle-weary and he felt partly responsible. The preparations for watches at the shack to the south last night were his area of expertise, many nights he'd spent on the foothills on The Islands camping out with the Border March on manoeuvres. However, in practice in a real situation, it hadn't gone too well. No-one had any rest that night and after the fight at the burial site and the skirmish here, the lads were on their last legs.* May 11

"Right, well we have to move away from here. If another scouting party comes along and sees all these bodies lying around we'll be dead meat if we're close. Let's all move north a little, moving in their tracks so we don't leave any ourselves. If we find somewhere to hole up while one of us scouts ahead, then all the better."

*The dwarf's suggestion was met by universal silence. Optimistically, Khalin took that as acceptance.*

*"C'mon, let's move," he continued, going round each of the party and clapping them on the shoulder, pushing them gently to the north.*

*The party moved on. Slowly.*



**Me:** *The tracks started to wind their way around to the northwest and the forest began to thicken. Oaks gave way to pines and hardier evergreens, and the berry brambles became tougher, thornier varieties.* May 11

*As the trees closed in the going progressively worsened, cloaks and packs catching on low hanging branches or the thorns of the underbrush. Against their wounds and weariness the scratches and pricks from the journey hurt like the sting of a goblin's blade.*

*After an hour or so of slow progress **Tradden** trotted up to **Khalin's** side.*

"I'm not sure we can go much further without a break, Khalin," *the young fighter offered.* "Kireth hasn't said anything, now that's not too unusual, but I think he's really suffering. Even Zero's quiet, no complaints. We need to stop."

**Khalin** *paused and took a look at the group. Perhaps he'd struck off at too hard a pace, his dwarven endurance and stamina much tougher than the taller humans and half-elf.*

"Let's take a break, then," *he said to his fellows.* "I'll take a quick look ahead, you stay out of sight."

**Zero** *slumped down quickly, wrapping his cloak around him, thankful for the break. He began examining his hands carefully, brushing at them absent-mindedly.*

**Kireth** *stood for a while, and then sat with his back to a tree, staring out into the shadows of the trees.*

**Tradden** *looked at the others for a moment, then back at **Khalin**, and then knelt down and began to check his pack and weaponry.*

"I'll be back," *said the dwarf, though whether any of his comrades noticed him leaving he was unsure.*



**Me:** **Khalin** *continued along the tracks for a short while, something nagging him at the back of his mind. The trees were starting to thin out a little, their trunks more slender and their tops lower, revealing the darkening thunderclouds roiling above. The dwarf started to become a little lost in his own thoughts - there was something about that armour that the goblin had worn. Ill-fitting, probably elvish in origin, he just couldn't place it.* May 11

*Lost in his thoughts he didn't notice the cold growing in his bones for a moment. When he did notice the cold seemed to spread out along his limbs, sending shivers down his spine. Something didn't seem right here.*

*The forest had fallen silent. Animal and insect noises had disappeared, even the incessant chirruping of birds had ceased. The wind had died down to a standstill, and the tops of the pines stood erect and motionless to the blackening sky. **Khalin** felt as though he was being watched from all sides, yet there was nothing around.*

*He ducked down, resting on his haunches, and watched and waited.*



**Me and Random:** *Nothing moved in the forest as **Khalin** sat there patiently. His sharp dwarven eyes, comfortable in the low light of the forest, scanned the treeline and he cautiously moved forwards into the cold.* May 11

*Ahead of him he could see the narrow track he was on widen into another clearing. He ducked to the side of the track into the cover of the trees and underbrush and studied the area more intensely.*

*Great piles of shattered stone blocks and scorched timbers littered the clearing, sprawling out from its centre to the edge by the forest. No plants appeared to grow among the ruins or within the clearing. The surrounding ground was bare dirt, and although the forest seemed to reclaimed the surrounding lands, it had not intruded into the ruins.*

[Khalin Perception Check: **1d20+1: 12**] - success!

*Yet clearly someone had tampered with the ruins. In the centre of the debris, as best as Khalin could tell from the treeline, stone blocks and timbers had been gathered into a pile. Someone had cleared a path through the rubble and pulled aside the wreckage to reveal the top of an arch, possibly a stone staircase leading down into darkness.*

*With all of the care and stealth he could muster, Khalin backed away and headed back down the tracks to rejoin the group.*



**Me:** *When **Khalin** returned to the group he found that **Kireth** and **Zero** were almost asleep - **Tradden** was sat against a tree keeping watch. The dwarf gathered them together and gave them an overview of what he'd seen.* May 11

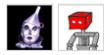
"I suggest we camp here, or at least into the trees away from the track a little. I'll keep watch first, you get some rest. Tradden,

you can watch next, then you Zero."

**Khalin** looked at **Kireth's** sagged form, and discounted him from the watch.

"We'll take as long as we need, and then we can decide what to do in the morning. No tents or fire I'm afraid, they'll be too easy to spot. We'll have to do with our dry rations for tonight. Agreed?"

*There was a mumble of assent and the group trudged into the trees to find a place suitable to bed down for the night in their rolls.*



**Me and Random:** *The afternoon, evening, and night passed uneventfully and the group woke afreshed in the morning.* May 11

[Sleeping in Armour]

[Khalin Endurance Check: **1d20+11: 29**] - success!

[Tradden Endurance Check: **1d20+7: 13**] - success!

**Tradden** broke out the rations for breakfast - dried fruit and bread, and water from their canteens.

"We're nearly out of water," *the youth stated.* "We'll need to find a stream at some point."

**Khalin** nodded in agreement. "First, though, what are our plans now? We can go back to Blackengorge from here - I think I know the direction, or we can take a closer look at these ruins. What do you think?"



**Matt:** Tradden was knelt over his pack, but looked up and stared into nothingness for a second. He felt much more relaxed after their rest - ready for adventure! May 11

*"Weeeeeee!!!! .... As much as I would love to relax in a bath and partake in a few of Skillet's best ales..." he started, "Once again it seems a shame to come this far and leave what is obviously a location that someone somewhere thinks is important. We should at least scout it out. Plus, maybe Gilmoril found his way down there? I say Ruins."*



**The.brainbuster@googlewave.com:** "I agree," said Zero, clearly feeling better after some shuteye. May 11

Then he looked over at Kireth, the man who was being pulled through Death's door not long ago.

"Kireth, are you feeling up to it?" he asked.



**Neil:** Kireth, who was looking closely at things as though he had never seen them before, looked up at Zero. May 12

"I... err" The mage seemed to be looking at something *around* Zero rather than directly at him. Zero, noticing this, cautiously checked his hair "What the heck is he looking at?" the stout thief thought to himself.

Kireth snapped out of it. "I too agree. Onwards it should be and..." he paused "Thank you all for the 'assistance' yesterday".

Tradden's jaw dropped open. "No need to mention it lad" offered Khalin "I'm sure you'd..."

"Yes, maybe. Now let s be about it shall we?" interrupted Kireth keen not to linger on the *moment*.



**Me:** "I agree," said Khalin, pleased that the old Tradden enthusiasm seemed to have returned. *"We're here now, and our mission is incomplete. We should at least investigate. Should we encounter a group bigger than our combined skills can deal with, we can always return to Blackengorge and send a bigger group out to investigate. But Gilmoril may be awaiting help - and that help is here at hand."* May 12

The dwarf hoped he sounded inspiring, given the morale-sapping events of the past day.



**Matt, me and Random:** "Right, lets get cracking then!" bubbled Tradden cheerily, who immediately started packing his backpack. As he did so, his eye was drawn to Zero. He hadn't seen anything, but had Kireth looked at the rogue in an ... odd kind of way? May 12

[Perception Check: **1d20+3: 21**] - success!



***Zero** shuffled uncomfortably as people began to stare at him.*

*"What?" he asked, checking his clothes. "Have I got food on my face or something?"*

*He began wiping his face, and checking his hands once more were clean. Nothing else appeared to be out of the ordinary.*



**Me:** *The group started to pack up their meagre belonging, and looked to **Khalin** for the way ahead.*

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**Me:** [...continued in [Chapter #06, Scene #01...](#)]

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