

Synopsis

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

Descending into the gloom of a long forgotten ruin in the northern forest the party have had to defend against an ambush by goblins and their pet rats. With the goblins slain the group have gathered their wits and headed on the eastward corridor, where they have spied further goblins excavating one of the chambers of the ruin.

- [Khālin Grundokri](#) - 4th Level Male Dwarven Marshal (Warlord)
- [Kireth Majere](#) - 3rd Level Male Half-Elven Wizard
- [Tradden Aversward](#) - 4th Level Male Human Weaponmaster (Fighter)
- [Zero Uhlit](#) - 3rd Level Male Human Rogue

Scene Length

This scene starts on Tuesday 24 May 2011 and is expected to be completed by the end of Friday 3 June 2011. Players are expected to be able to post at least once a day.



Me, Random and Matt:

Jun 3 ▼

INITIATIVE BLOCK

Round #06

Combat Encounter Completed

- 01) [26] Kireth - **1d20+7+2: 26** - HP 18/31
04) [19] ~~Goblin Excavator #01 - 1d20+5: 19~~ Dmg: 5+17+7+4=33 (**Bloodied**)
07) [17] Khalin - **1d20+3+2: 17** - HP 27/41
08) [09] Zero - **1d20+4+2: 9** - HP 30/35
09) [08] Tradden - **1d20+5+2: 8** - HP 23/45 (Total Defence)

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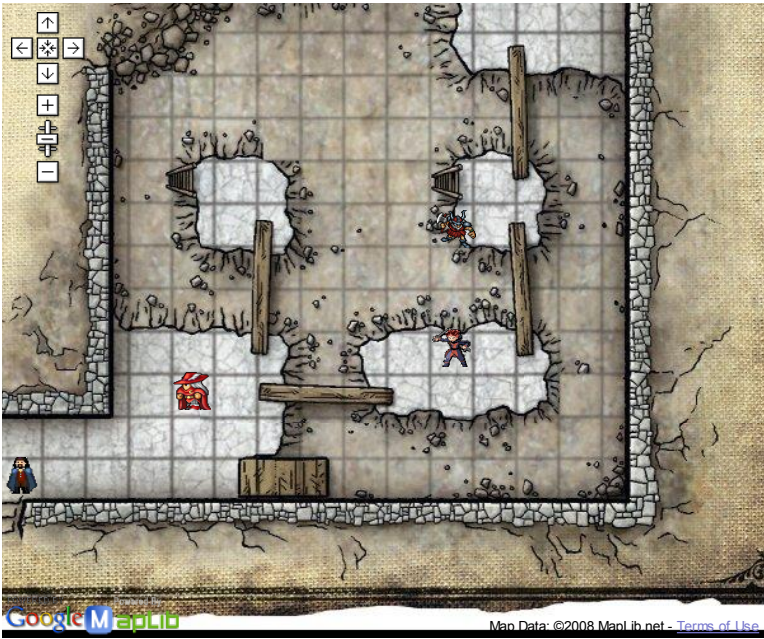
- 02) [23] ~~Goblin Excavator #03 - 1d20+5: 23~~ Dmg: 7+10+9+6=32 (**Bloodied**) (**Cowering, Prone**)
03) [21] ~~Guard Drake #02 - 1d20+3: 21~~ Dmg: 4+4+4+14+11+8=55 (**Bloodied**)
05) [19] ~~Goblin Excavator #02 - 1d20+5: 19~~ Dmg: 7+5+19=31
06) [18] ~~Guard Drake #01 - 1d20+3: 18~~ Dmg: 15+10+9+14=48 (**Bloodied**)



Me, Mark and 3 others:

Jun 2 ▼

BATTLE MAP



Me: FEATURES OF THE AREA

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- Illumination:** Bright Light (torches).
- Doors:** These are made of wood with banded bronze and are closed (unless otherwise stated).
- Walls:** The walls are smooth stone, and the floors consist of flagstones with mortar between them (unless otherwise stated).
- Excavated Area:** The excavated area is 10 feet below the level of the original floor. The walls are bare earth and look as though they could crumble any moment. The area in the northwestern corner of the chamber is where the goblins have piled the dirt they have dug out - this area is *Impassable Terrain*.
- Planks:** The planks are narrow and require balance to cross. They are not secured to the raised areas that they connect.
- Ladders:** Anyone climbing up or down the ladders does so at half speed.
- Ramp:** The square along the south wall of this chamber that is adjacent to the raised area has only been partially dug up, so that it serves as a ramp between the original floor and the excavations.



Me: Kireth **[Delay]** until the end of the round.

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Me: **Goblin Excavator #03**

May 23 ▼

With surprising grace the goblin in the far corner of the room spotted the party and started heading over the planks between the raised areas. It skipped effortlessly from the large area in the far north-eastern corner southwards onto the middle raised area, and then headed to the west towards the party, stopping just before the final plank. As it did so, it stowed away a small mining pick it had in its hand into its belt, and grabbed a small flask from a bandoleer over its shoulder.


The goblin was filthy - mud and dirt covered its body, almost hiding the green skin underneath.

 Me: **Guard Drake #02**

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In an explosion of dust and with its tail stretched out behind it the drake sped from behind the eastern most raised area and headed south towards the ramp, making it in a few strides, then climbing and racing towards the party.


Its jaws grew agape and it bared its fangs menacingly as it neared the group.

 Me: **Goblin Excavator #01**

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The goblin in the middle of the room, as filthy as its comrade, ascended the ladder in front of it with ease, getting to the top and then turning to face the party.

"Happa chacka!" it blurted, pointing at Zero at the front of the group and motioning for the other goblins and drakes to follow its lead.

 Me: **Goblin Excavator #02**

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With a brief glance and nod at its comrade, the goblin down in the centre of the dug floor headed to the western-most raised area and began climbing the ladder, using its mining pick to help it climb swiftly. At the top it then turned southward, heading across the plank and closer to the party.

  Me and Random: **Guard Drake #01**




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Keeping its body close to the southern wall the drake sprinted towards the party leaving a trail of dust, heading up the ramp, intent on obeying the goblin's orders.

It charged towards the closest intruder, Zero, with a low snarl and fangs dripping saliva.

[Guard Drake #01 Charge: **1d20+7: 17** vs Zero's AC(16+2)] - misses!



With a brief warning from Khalin, Zero saw the creature coming and managed to fend off its jaws with the butt of his crossbow.

   Mark, me and Random: The warlord quickly pushed past his comrades to take the offensive, bringing his shield up to protect the exposed rogue, and his hammer to bear on the nearer drake...

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[Shielded assault vs Guard Drake #1: **1d20+7: 14**] - misses!
[+2AC to self and adjacent allies until end of next turn]




Khalin managed to get his shield across to protect Zero, but his hammer swing was wide of the mark.

  Nick and me: Using his crossbow as a meagre shield, Zero gritted his teeth and desperately fought to keep the snapping creature from taking a bite out of him.

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[**Total Defence**, +2 to defences until start of next turn]

"Bloody hell!" he cried, as its stinking jaws chomped at the butt of his weapon.

   Matt, me and Random: Tradden barged forward and swiped at the Drakes as best he could in the confined space.

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[Cleave vs Guard Drake #01: **1d20+11: 20**] - hits!
[Damage: **1d8+7: 15**] and [**Marked**]
[Guard Drake #02 takes **4** splash damage]

"Don't bite him," he snarled, nodding sideways and slightly back towards Zero, "Honestly, you wouldn't like it. Try me instead!"

The young fighter felt a satisfying resistance to his longsword as he struck the first Drake - a long, thin, icy line was visible on one of its fore-haunches. He also took heart from the nick the blade also managed to make as it caught the second drake as he followed through.

Hearing words of magic being formed behind him he let out a guarded laugh, knowing that Kireth had been readying himself for the last few moments. "You're in trouble now!" he confided to the Drakes. His face then fell. "Unless unless, it is that Rrorkk o Rhukkkia one you would probably be alright then... um..."

The youth waited with baited breath...

   Neil, me and Random: There was no response to Tradden's quip. Either Kireth hadn't heard it or, possibly, agreed.

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The mage was, however, concentrating very intently. He had moved slightly to his right, staring at the open space behind the northern most Drake. If he placed this just right he could affect both Drakes and the nearest Goblin and, crucially, avoid damage to his comrades. "Val Morgil" released the mage, finally 'pulling the trigger'.

[Shock Sphere vs Drake #1's Reflex: **1d20+6: 19**] - hits!
[Damage: **2d5+5: 10**]

[Shock Sphere vs Drake #2's Reflex: **1d20+6: 12**] - misses!
[Damage: **2d5+5: 8**] halved to **4**

[Shock Sphere vs Goblin Excavator #2's Reflex: **1d20+6: 16**] - hits!
[Damage: **2d5+5: 7**]

The ribbons of force cut across the enemy causing devastation where it struck. [Guard Drake #01 Bloodied]

   Neil, me and Random: Hoping to give the enemy no time to react, Kireth feverishly followed up the attack with another "Templa Koron"

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[Force Orb vs Drake #1's Reflex: **1d20+6: 23**] - hits!
[Damage: **2d8+5: 9**]

[Force Orb vs Drake #2's Reflex: **1d20+6: 12**] - misses!

The drake took yet another blast of force, bloodying it further.

 Me: **Goblin Excavator #03**


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Standing at the edge of the raised area to the south the goblin looked at the plank and then back at the party. It fumbled for a moment with the flask in its hands - for a moment overbalancing and almost dropping it. It regained its composure and held the flask behind its head, its arm outstretched, ready to throw. With a flick of its arms it then launched the projectile across the room, the flask narrowly missing the drakes and landing amongst the group where it broke open.

Flames erupted from the clay remnants as a sticky liquid sprayed across the party's legs closely followed by the flame.

[Goblin Excavator #03 Alchemist's Fire centred on Khalin]
[Attack: **1d20+4-2: 20** vs Khalin's Reflex(14)] - hits!
[Damage: **1d6: 2** fire]
[Attack: **1d20+4-2: 17** vs Kireth's Reflex(15)] - hits!
[Damage: **1d6: 6** fire]
[Attack: **1d20+4-2: 20** vs Tradden's Reflex(17)] - hits!
[Damage: **1d6: 1** fire]
[Attack: **1d20+4-2: 8** vs Zero's Reflex(18+2)] - misses!
[Damage: **1d6: 3** fire] halved to **1** for a miss.

Zero managed to dodge to the side to avoid the worst of the flames, but the others were covered with the sticky liquid.


 Me: **Guard Drake #02**

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The drake took a few moments to judge its best move - watching Tradden's blades flick to and fro. It darted in and out quickly, using its small size to its advantage, and then thrust its head in abruptly for a bite at the young fighter's ankles whilst Tradden was busy defending against its partner.

[Guard Drake #02 Bite: **1d20+7: 26** vs Tradden's AC(19+2)] - hits!
[Damage: **1d10+9: 12**]

Sharp teeth dug into Tradden's lower leg almost knocking him off balance for a moment and leaving the youth with a limp.

 Me: **Goblin Excavator #01**


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"Chacka, chacka!" the goblin screamed, pointing at Tradden with almost comically oversized working gloves and urging his fellow goblins on.

"Ursa chacka!" it continued, before running across the plank to join the goblin that had thrown the flask. It then drew one of its own, fumbling a little in the gloves, and hurled it across the pit into the middle of the party where it shattered into pieces, throwing more liquid, and more flames, across the group.

[Goblin Excavator #01 Alchemist's Fire centred on Khalin]
[Attack: **1d20+4-2: 9** vs Khalin's Reflex(14)] - misses!
[Damage: **1d6: 5** fire] halved to **2** for a miss.
[Attack: **1d20+4-2: 15** vs Kireth's Reflex(15)] - hits!
[Damage: **1d6: 1** fire]
[Attack: **1d20+4-2: 16** vs Tradden's Reflex(17)] - misses!
[Damage: **1d6: 1** fire] halved to **0** for a miss.
[Attack: **1d20+4-2: 9** vs Zero's Reflex(18+2)] - misses!
[Damage: **1d6: 5** fire] halved to **2** for a miss.

The group seemed to be ready this time, however, and the flames had less of an effect.


 Me: **Goblin Excavator #02**

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Already on the original floor level just behind the drakes, this goblin didn't reach for a flask, but simply raised its mining pick above its head and charged with gusto at Tradden accompanied by a scream.

[Goblin Excavator Charge: **1d20+6+1: 23** vs Tradden's AC(19+2)] - hits!
[Damage: **1d8+1: 3**]

With a satisfying crunch the goblin landed the pick in Tradden's side, puncturing his chain shirt.


 Me: **Guard Drake #01**

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The frost slowly started to melt on the drake's bloody cuts as it writhed from side to side trying to find an opening in Tradden's defensive whirl. It snapped its jaws a few times at fresh air before lunging in for a strike.

[Guard Drake #01 Bite: **1d20+7: 23** vs Tradden's AC(19+2)] - hits!
[Damage: **1d10+9: 19**]

The fangs sunk deep into Tradden's thigh and the drake whipped its snout from side to side, opening the wound badly. Blood poured out and Tradden faltered for a moment, nearly dropping to one knee. [Bloodied]

 Mark, me and Random: Tradden had taken the brunt of the attacks, and was looking bloodied and battered already. "Head up lad! Here comes the cavalry!" yelled Khalin.


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

The dwarf followed up his comrades' attack on the nearest drake...

[Warhammer vs Guard Drake #01: **1d20+7: 24**] - hits!
[Damage: **1d10+5: 14**]

Reeling from frostburn and ribbons of force damage the drake could take no more, the might of the blunt hammer crushing its ribs. As the drake fell Khalin stood on its back and and pushed between the other drake and the goblin to lend Tradden a hand.

 Nick, me and Random: Zero breathed a sigh of relief, now the drake on him was lying dead at his feet.

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As his companions continues to battle in the corridor ahead, he leaned against the wall and loosed off a bolt at the second creature, still very much alive and snapping.


[Gloaming Cut vs Guard Drake #02: **1d20+8: 10**] - misses!

The bolt flew wide in his haste.

He then dropped down into the shadows.

[Stealth Check - Hide: **1d20+12: 32**] - critical success!

The rogue slipped into the shadows.

 Matt, me and Random: The remaining Drake found itself in the middle of a Khalin/Tradden sandwich, and clearly didn't know which foe presented the most threat. Taking advantage of its confusion, Tradden decided to try and make the decision easier...


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[Surprising Stab vs Guard Drake #02's Reflex: **1d20+11+2: 16**] - hits!
[Damage: **4**] and [Marked] and [Grants **Combat Advantage**]

[Secondary Attack: **1d20+11+2+2: 23**] - hits!
[Damage: **2d6+7: 14**]

The frint and hurs caught the drake unawares and Tradden opened a large gash in its back hide.

the jent and lunge caught the drake unawares and Tradden opened up a large gash in its scaly hide.

 Neil, me and Random: Encouraged by the success of the last two spells, Kireth pressed on hoping to keep the enemy on the backfoot.

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[Nightmare Eruption vs Guard Drake #02's Will: **1d20+6: 20**] - hits!
[Damage: **1d8+5: 11**]

The drake locked eyes with the wizard and for a moment looked as though it was about to leap. Then it started thrashing from side to side, snapping and tearing at its own tail. It even snapped at the goblin next to it in its fury.

[Damage to Goblin Excavator #02: **5**]


 Me and Random: **Goblin Excavator #03**

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The goblin kept its position on the raised area and plucked another flask from its belt before hurling it into the middle of the group.

[Goblin Excavator #03 Alchemist's Fire centred between Kireth and Tradden]
[Attack: **1d20+4-2: 16** vs Kireth's Reflex(15)] - hits!
[Damage: **1d6: 2** fire]
[Attack: **1d20+4-2: 4** vs Tradden's Reflex(17)] - misses!
[Damage: **1d6: 3** fire] halved to **1** for a miss.
[Attack: **1d20+4-2-5: -1** vs Zero's Reflex(18)] - misses!
[Damage: **1d6: 4** fire] halved to **2** for a miss.

The flask broke against the wall next to Kireth splattering him with enflamed goo, splashing back onto Tradden and the hidden Zero. The flames were easily dampened, but were starting to be a nuisance.


 Me and Random: **Guard Drake #02**

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The drake stopped thrashing and turned to face Tradden. Its jaws dripped a mixture of saliva and blood and its breathing was ragged. It snapped and lurched at the fighter, almost lethargically, trying to find a way through his defences.

[Guard Drake #02 Bite: **1d20+7: 17** vs Tradden's AC(19)] - misses!

In its weakened state it couldn't draw enough energy to find a way past Tradden's blades.


 Me and Random: **Goblin Excavator #01**

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Copying its comrade next to it, the goblin pulled out another flask, weighed it experimentally in its hand and then lobbed it across the chasm into the fray.

[Goblin Excavator #01 Alchemist's Fire centred between Kireth and Tradden]
[Attack: **1d20+4-2: 20** vs Kireth's Reflex(15)] - hits!
[Damage: **1d6: 4** fire]
[Attack: **1d20+4-2: 16** vs Tradden's Reflex(17)] - misses!
[Damage: **1d6: 6** fire] halved to **3** for a miss.
[Attack: **1d20+4-2-5: 17** vs Zero's Reflex(18)] - misses!
[Damage: **1d6: 1** fire] halved to **0** for a miss.

Zero dodged the fire with ease, but Tradden and Kireth succumbed to a larger gout of flame.


 Me and Random: **Goblin Excavator #02**

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As the dwarf had pushed passed the goblin it had taken offence. This chamber was theirs and no intruders would take away their prize. It changed targets from the tall fighter and plunged its mining pick towards Khalin's shoulders.

[Goblin Excavator #02 Mining Pick: **1d20+6: 10** vs Khalin's AC(21)] - misses!


Khalin had other ideas, though, and easily brushed aside the attack with his shield.

 Mark, me and Random: The remaining drake looked on its last legs, but was still dangerous. Khalin thought for a moment about popping the annoying stuntie on his right flank, but the little blighter would have to wait for now, the dwarf instead opting to lure the drake back towards him, perhaps opening an opportunity for Tradden to finish it if his hammerblow wasn't true...

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[Brash assault vs Guard Drake #2: **1d20+7+2: 26**] - hits!
[Damage: **1d10+5: 8**]


The drake staggered towards the dwarf after the blow, but before it could reach him it fell dead at his feet. Khalin moved away from the lizard carcasses, sweeping swiftly around the back of the goblin.

 Nick, me and Random: Zero aimed squarely at the goblin dead ahead and fired from the gloom.

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[Sly Flourish vs Goblin Excavator #02: **1d20+8+2: 22**] - hits!
[Damage: **1d6+5+2d8: 19**]

The bolt appeared out of nowhere and punctured the goblin's rib cage. With an agonising, silent, and breathless scream it sank to the floor in front of Tradden.

 Matt, me and Random: The two enemies in front of him fell to blows from Khalin and Zero, and as they did the path to the remaining Goblins opened in front of him. Such invites were hard for Tradden to turn down, so without further thought he set off at pace, quickly finding himself at the near end of one of the precariously balanced planks of wood...

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[Acrobatics Check (during Charge): **1d20+9: 20**] - failure!

The Goblins appeared to have been goading the young human, expecting the heavy armour and swords to contribute to a loss of balance and nasty fall into the pit below. The wicked grins were wiped from their faces however as Tradden literally started dancing across the narrow beam with a hop, skip, pirouette and jump, actually looking to use the flexing motion of the plank to boost his movement into a charge.


Had the young fighter not been charging, he might have made it...

...instead, the rush of blood to his head meant he judged the nature of the plank badly. It almost broke beneath him as he charged - if he indeed had been any heavier surely it would have snapped - and the flex that it produced was more than he expected. One foot slipped to the side and it was only moments before the young fighter found himself falling through the air rather than bursting against the goblin.

[10 foot fall]
[Damage: **1d10: 6**] and [Prone]

The youth found himself sprawled amongst the dirt at the bottom of the pit.

"Ouch." Came a weak moan from the below.


 Neil and me: As ever, Kireth was focused upon his magic and was not sure where Tradden had gone. He was there a moment ago?

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Mindful of his injuries, Kireth backed off slightly, hoping to move beyond the range of the goblins.

[Magic Missile vs Goblin Excavator #3: Damage 2+4+1: 7] - automatic hit!

The force bolt struck the goblin in its midriff, and it took a moment to steady itself.

 Me and Random: **Goblin Excavator #03**


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Rubbing its bruised side the goblin moved to grab another flask from its belt, but then stopped itself. Peering over the edge of the platform it could see the outstretched body of Tradden, slowly trying to rise. It smiled a toothy grin and reached over its shoulder to draw a short wooden javelin. It paused for a moment and then hurled it into the pit.

[Goblin Excavator #03 Javelin: 1d20+6+2: 20 vs Tradden's AC(19)] - hits!
[Damage: 1d6+1: 2]

The point skittered across Tradden's outstretched arm grazing the flesh.

The goblin nodded to itself and headed off to the north over the planks.

 Me and Random: **Goblin Excavator #01**

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The goblin watched its fellow hurl the javelin into the pit and nodded with appreciation before drawing one of its own. This time the goblin turned to look at the dwarf and weighed the javelin carefully in its arm.


"Chakka fraka!" it spat in Khalin's direction. "Ossa chakka pirs!"

It then hurled the javelin across the gap.

[Goblin Excavator #01 Javelin: 1d20+6: 20 vs Khalin's AC(21)] - misses!

The javelin thudded into Khalin's shield, sticking out at an angle and quivering with the force of the throw.

"Ossa pirs," the goblin cursed, and headed off to join its comrade.

 Mark, me and Random: Kireth had taken another beating, but was in better shape than Tradden.

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"Tradden, on your feet boy! There's a ladder or ramp somewhere. Come on, we've got work to do!" shouted Khalin, shaking his head at the youth's impetuosity.

[Inspiring word: Tradden regains 1d6+11: 12 hp]

The dwarf considered heading across the planks himself in pursuit of the two remaining miner goblins, but they were swiftly retreating out of range, and if the (supposedly) lithe human had come a cropper, he didn't particularly fancy his own chances of negotiating two narrow rickety bridges without suffering a similar fate ("...though I wouldn't have danced" he mused as an afterthought). Better to let them run. If they're foolish enough to return they'd be ripe for the smiting.

Khalin turned back to Kireth and Zero (who was lurking somewhere in the gloom). "We need to find Gilmoril, if he's here. Zero, what make you of that hidden entrance?" The warlord kept an eye on the recovering fighter below as he waited for a response from the rogue.

[Total Defence]
[+2 to all defences]

 Nick, me and Random: Zero turned from the combat and moved back down the corridor to peer at the door on the northern wall more closely following Khalin's instruction.

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He'd only opened it a fraction previously, more satisfied that he'd found it and unlocked its secret than concerned about where it may lead. He took a moment to open the door further and peer inside.

The door moved with a little grating on the stones, reverberating slightly around the corridor, so Zero left it half open. Beyond was a stone passageway, leading away to the north, the same height as the corridor they were currently in, but thinner, probably enough for single file.

Contrary to Zero's expectations of a secret passage in an underground ruin being mouldy, dank, and ghastly he couldn't smell any such detritus. However, it did lead away into darkness, so at least some of his imagination was firing correctly.

The door looked as though it could be opened and closed from the inside.

With quick words to the dwarf, Zero tried to inform Khalin as best he could to the situation.

[Total Defence]
[+2 to all defences]

 Matt: As Tradden stood up [Move Action] he waited for Khalin to advance on the Goblins and for crossbow bolts to start flying from the passage way now above and behind him.

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Neither happened. The smile drained from the youngster's face.

"What the...?" he said to himself under his breath, turning and craning his neck to see behind him, trying to establish if something had happened to his comrades.

"Errr guys.... the, erm, Goblins...?"

The young fighter stalked away southwards before hopping up onto the makeshift ramp. [Standard Action as Move Action] All the while he remained silent, but kept his eyes on Khalin whilst pointing back fixedly at the Goblins.

"Shouldn't we be attacking THEM?" he asked, almost exasperatedly, nonchalantly side stepping a javelin as it whistled past, "Aren't Dwarves and Goblins meant to be ancient enemies? Aren't there ... grudges or somesuch stretching back to old times?" Another Javelin came twirling through the air, this time landing short and plunging into the ground at their feet and sticking there, slowly moving back and forth like a pendulum. Tradden stared at its juddering form as he spoke. "Shouldn't you be swearing on Moradin's hammer, or pick, or whatever that you would rather die than let the greenskins live?" The young fighter looked back up at Khalin. "Or something?"

 Neil, me and Random: Somebody was whimpering something. He couldn't see them but there was definitely some whining going on. Moving forward a pace or two so that he could better see the enemy, Kireth could also hear a little better. Tradden? Where was the oaf now?


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"Ahh" Kireth smiled to himself "So good of you to stand side by side. A look of malice crossed the half-elven features

[Nightmare Eruption vs Goblin Excavator #03's Will: 1d20+6: 20] - hits!
[Damage 1d8+5: 10]

The goblin's grin disappeared from its face, being replaced by a look of distress and fear. Only Kireth knew what was going through its mind as it closed its eyes and lashed out in all directions trying to shake something from its body. In its torment, blood streaming from the self-inflicted scratches on its face, it caught its ally across the face with a backhanded slap.

[Damage to Goblin Excavator #01: 5]

 Me and Random: **Goblin Excavator #03**

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Gradually the goblin stopped clawing at its face and inspected its own hands in disbelief. Whatever had been causing it distress was now gone and the creature snarled and hissed at the party. It

Or adding the goblin stopped clutching at its face and inspected its own hands in disbelief. Whatever had been causing it distress was now gone and the creature snarled and nipped at the party. It grabbed another of its wooden javelins from its back and hurled it with fury towards Tradden.

[Goblin Excavator #03 Javelin: **1d20+6: 12** vs Tradden's AC(19)] - misses!


But its nerves were still apparently frayed as the throw was short - the javelin falling short and sticking into the mud at the edge of the platform that Tradden stood on.

 Me and Random: **Goblin Excavator #01** May 31 ▼

Snarling at its ally and backing off slightly to avoid any further slaps, the goblin drew one of its javelins. It weighed it up for a moment before hurling it across the chasm at Khalin.

[Goblin Excavator #01 Javelin: **1d20+6: 12** vs Khalin's AC(21+2)] - misses!

Khalin easily knocked the missile to the side with his shield.

 Mark, me and Random: After knocking away the javelin Khalin gave Tradden a withering glance, weighing up how much of a tongue-lashing to give the inexperienced youth. The boy was a Jun 1 ▼
talented fighter, but was proving slower at picking up strategies. He decided to bite his tongue (it would never do for a leader to lose his cool in battle) but he resolved to have a stern word with the lad later about presuming to question a dwarf about his feelings about goblins.

Instead he took a deep steadying breath and opted for the obvious observation: "Yes lad, or we could go charging across a flimsy bridge without a care in the world and fall flat on our a**es. They're already taking potshots at us and they're out of range of a hammer or a sword. Let us fight fire with fire - we have a master archer and a master wizard in our number. Why put ourselves in a vulnerable position and hand them the high ground when we can pick them off from here?" (Not to mention we're working without a net, he mused, mindful of the fact they'd barely made it through the previous day's battles without a healer).


The warlord was impressed with his own patience at doling out a detailed explanation of tactics during a skirmish. If one of his dwarven battalion had been so insolent they'd have been up on a charge in no time (not to mention probably getting a knuckle sandwich), but the dwarf had to remind himself that the chain of command was not so clear cut here.

"Good shot Kireth," the dwarf moved on, "Zero, looks like our remaining foes have not totally lost their will to fight, leave the door for a moment, can you pick them off from here?"

He then turned back towards the remaining goblins, trying to draw them back into range: "Come on then! Have a go! Green skin turning yellow methinks?"

[Intimidate: **1d20+10: 21**] - success!

The vocal goblin, already having issued what seemed to be orders and instructions, ignored the dwarf's words, gesticulating towards Khalin with a raised javelin. The other goblin, however, already bloodied and still wary of whatever mental torment Kireth had sent its way decided its time was up. It cast down its weapon and dropped to all fours, cowering and babbling incoherently. The other goblin scowled and screamed at it, presumably an order for it to get up.

 Nick, me and Random: Hearing Tradden's request, Zero softly huffed and crept away from the door. May 31 ▼

"Check the door...no, no, shoot the goblins. Why can't they make up their minds?"

He snuck in front of Kireth silently and took aim at the closest goblin, in the centre of the chamber.

[Fleeting Spirit Strike]
[Shift 3 squares and Stealth Check - Hide: **1d20+12: 31**] - success!
[Hand Crossbow vs Goblin Excavator #01: **1d20+8: 19**] - hits!
[Damage: **2d6+4+2d8: 17**]

The bolt whistled through the chamber and thudded into the goblin's midriff as it was mid-gesticulation. It looked surprised for a moment to see the bolt sticking from its abdomen and the river of blood cascading down its legs. It stopped gesticulating at the party and began furiously trying to staunch the flow of blood. [Bloodied]

 Matt, me and Random: Tradden watched the antics of the Goblins. Jun 1 ▼

"It's no good - we are going to have to go after them," he thought aloud.

This time, the young fighter was a bit more careful...

[Acrobatics check: **1d20+9: 17**] - success!

Moving at normal speed, with blades sticking out from his outstretched hands, not unlike a heavily armoured highwire walker, Tradden negotiated the rickety plank, and found himself in the middle of the island of earth inbetween where he had been and where the Goblins were.

That done, he held out his swords in a crossed formation, ready to try and deflect or bat away any javelins or pots of flaming goo that might be lobbed in his direction.

[Total Defence]
[+2 to all defences]

"Maybe," he called back, "Just maybe, slowly but surely can win the day. Sometimes..."

 Me: Kireth unleashed another bolt of force at the goblins. Jun 2 ▼

[Magic Missile vs Goblin Excavator #01: Damage **2+4+1: 7**] - automatic hit!

The missile struck the bloodied goblin, adding further to its woes.

 Me: **Goblin Excavator #03** Jun 2 ▼

The goblin continued to cower, its hands now covering its head as it knelt on the end of the plank on the platform. Regardless of its comrade's protestations and barked orders, its only movement was a shiver.

 Me: **Goblin Excavator #01** Jun 2 ▼

With blood still streaming down its legs from the puncture wound in its belly, the goblin furiously tried to get its ally to stand and fight. It shouted and pushed it, trying to bully it into standing and facing the enemy with spirit. The crouched goblin didn't comply, still cowed by the fury of the dwarf.

In a fit of rage, the goblin stood above kicked out, hard, right in its ally's side. Its comrade lost its balance, and rolled towards the edge, and with a last fruitless grasp for the earth at the edge of the platform fell down into the pit below.

[Falling Damage: **1d10: 9**]

It seemed an age for the goblin to hit the hard-packed floor, and the crack of ribs echoed around the chamber. There was another crack, too, as the remaining clay pot strapped to its bandoleer burst open.

[Alchemist's Fire: **1d20+4+2: 15** vs Goblin Excavator #03's Reflex] - hits!
[Damage: **1d6: 6**]

The sticky goo covered the fallen goblin and it was incinerated within the fire of his own weapon - screaming out with pain from the floor below as it briefly lit up the chamber in flickering radiance.
[Dead]


The remaining goblin looked on in fury at what had been done, and turned back to the party with its last javelin drawn, madness in its eyes.

"You!" it shouted in Common, pointing at Khalin, in misplaced blame. Its eyes burned and the oversized gloves it wore began to smoke with shadow, tendrils wrapping themselves around the javelin before the now-blackened shaft was hurled at the dwarf.

[Goblin Excavator #01 Javelin: 1d20+6: 24 vs Khalin's AC(21+2)] - hits!
[Damage: 1d6+1: 4] plus [1d6: 6 necrotic damage]


The javelin shot through the air silently and plunged into Khalin's leg. The pain was but a scratch to the hardy dwarf, but the shadows surrounding the shaft coiled and slithered at speed into the open wound, jolting Khalin with extraordinary pain as he felt rot and decay strike.

The goblin merely babbled incoherently, its face full of wonder at the gloves.

 **Matt and me:** Tradden watched the javelin fly past, shadowy tendrils and all.

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"That's..... odd." he murmured.

 **Mark, me and Random:** Khalin grimaced against the pain from the magic. He'd hoped to avoid such machinations, but once again fate had decided otherwise. The planks still looked rickety. Perhaps he could end this without taking the risk. It was a long shot, but he stowed his hammer, pulled out his trusty knife, weighed it in his hand, pulled back his arm and let fly. The blade pinwheeled across the gap towards the remaining goblin...

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[Thrown Dagger vs Goblin Excavator #01: 1d20+6-2: 18] - hits!
[Damage: 1d4+1: 4]


The dagger flew straight and true and caught the goblin squarely in the chest. With a gurgle it sank to its knees, and then dropped to the floor in a heap. [Dead]

 **Matt and Mark:** This time Tradden had to duck as a flying weapon came from the other direction.


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"Hey!" he said as he turned back to face Khalin, the goblin falling behind him. "That nearly nicked my hair!"

Roaring with laughter, Khalin prodded one foot on the rickety plank. "Hmm - maybe not. Tradden - if it's not soiled beyond repair, fetch my dagger, there's a good lad!"

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

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 **Me: Short Rest**


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Healing Surges
Healing surges are applied.
Khalin spends 2 healing surges (5 left) to get to 41/41 hp.
Kireth spends 2 healing surges (2 left) to get to 31/31 hp.
Tradden spends 2 healing surges (4 left) to get to 45/45 hp.
Zero spends 1 healing surge (6 left) to get to 40/40 hp.

Encounter Powers
All encounter powers are recharged.

Milestones
Milestone reached: Action Point rewarded
Khalin now has 2 Action Points
Kireth now has 2 Action Points
Tradden now has 2 Action Points
Zero now has 2 Action Points

Levelling
Zero progresses to Level 4.

 **Me:** The group stepped around the drake carcasses - **Zero** in particular giving them a very wide berth - to get a better look at the goblins. **Zero** knelt down to the nearest and checked for anything of interest. **Kireth** made a beeline across the planks with surprising grace to settle next to the goblin that had been last to fall. **Tradden** descended the ramp to take a look at the roasted goblin, wrinkling his nose at the smell of charred flesh. **Khalin** watched the entrance corridor, keeping an eye out for movement.

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None of the goblins had anything of particular value on them. No money - most disappointingly to **Zero** - and their weapons and armour were of poor quality and soiled by the work it appeared they had been doing.

However, **Kireth** seemed fairly pleased with his find. Removing the gloves and the dwarf's dagger from the goblin he walked calmly back to **Khalin** over the planks, handing him the blade. He was joined by **Zero** and **Tradden**. The three looked at the wizard as if for some explanation about the gloves he held.

Kireth took a moment to borrow the bottom of **Tradden's** cloak, wiping the soil and blood from the gloves, before turning them over carefully and inspecting them. The gloves were black, almost unusually so, drawing the eye into their inky depths and were very light and supple, woven with the thinnest thread imaginable.

[Kireth Arcana Check: 1d20+10: 29] - success!

"Interesting," started **Kireth**, more to himself than the others, "they have a modicum of arcane power, perhaps assisting spellcraft and enhancing its powers."

"I would suggest that I take these for further research," he continued, expecting no argument, and slipped the gloves onto his hands.

Zero looked at the gloves and his own cloak and began to unclasp it.

"Here," the rogue offered, handing the Gloaming Shroud across to **Kireth**. "I think this might be of more use to you than me."


Zero pulled out the Necklace of Keys from within his shirt.

"I use these now, and I think the magics are interfering with each other. Besides, the cloak matches the gloves," he offered with a wink.

Kireth took the cloak and wrapped it around his shoulders, discarding his worn, bloodstained and tatty robes with barely a thought.


"Thank you," the mage said, flexing his hands and contemplating the results of his find.

"Right," interrupted **Khalin**. "Onwards, methinks."

 **Me:** **Khalin** looked around once more. The dust floating freely around the chamber didn't appear to be settling quickly and the earthy smell was fortunately still stronger than that of roasted goblin flesh.

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"I'm not sure what they were digging for," the dwarf stated, "but it doesn't look as though they've found it yet. I doubt we'll know for sure. So, let's move on and find Gilmorril, perhaps he'll be able to answer any questions."

 **Me:** Khalin looked back down the corridor the way they entered the chamber. The corridor to the west seemed to hold the only exits to the room. The door leading out into the first room they had visited was still open. Along the corridor on the southern wall was the dark passageway, with stone steps leading down into darkness. The hidden door on the northern wall of the

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corridor was also open thanks to **Zero's** skill, and the passageway led away north into blackness.

"So, which way?" asked **Khalin**.

Nick: "Let's check the secret passage," Zero suggested.

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Mark: Khalin looked to the others, Tradden nodded enthusiastically, Kireth was still examining his new gloves and cape, but didn't appear to mind either way. *"Right, the secret passage it is. We can head back and check the other rooms afterwards."*

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The dwarf took point, his keen dwarven eyesight to the fore, followed by Tradden, with Zero and Kireth bringing up the rear as they headed into the passageway.

Me: **Zero** had left the hidden door halfway open, pushed into the passageway, so the light from the main corridor had not been able to reach most of the hidden passageway. As **Khalin** pushed the door fully open - managing not to cause too much reverberation of stone on stone - the torchlight from the corridor found its way in and illuminated the way with a dim glow.

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The passageway itself was the same height as the corridor, and contrary to **Zero's** initial impression within the darkness, was the same width, allowing two to stand side by side in comfort. The walls and floor were clean, obviously not used as much as the main corridor, and free of any of the dust and earth from the excavations.

Khalin stepped cautiously into the passage, using his keen eyesight to survey the area before proceeding any further. About ten feet in front of the dwarf the floor gave way to a set of shallow stairs, leading upwards, similar to the ones leading back to the first chamber. They almost disappeared into the blackness of the passage, but as the dwarf's eyes adjusted to the dimness he could make out the end of the stairs stopping at a wall with what appeared to be a handle similar to the hidden door.

The group moved forwards to investigate - Khalin and Kireth haing no problems in the dim light, but Tradden and Zero having to be more cautious.

Mark: "Zero," hissed Khalin, "a door handle - looks like a job for your talents."

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The dwarf tapped the rogue on the shoulder ushering him forward to examine the machanism, lest a trap wait for the unwary.

Nick, me and Random: "OK," Zero said, gamely stepping up to the door.

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He took a close look at the gap at the side, checking to see if it was locked; then he inspected the handle for any sign of a trap; finally he listened for any noise from the other side.

Zero carefully examined the side of the door nearest the handle, having to strain in the dim light [-2 to visual checks]. There was a small crack, with signs of light through the other side. Following the gap with both eyes and fingers he seemed fairly satisfied that the door wasn't locked in any way.

The rogue then took some time to search for anything that might catch the group out, a mechanism to trigger a trap or even something as simple as a coating of poison...

[Perception - Find Traps: **1d20+10+2-2: 24**] - success!

...but the rogue was confident there was no such device.

He then put his finger to his lips to ask the party to be silent and put his ear fully against the door, listening intently for any noises from the far side.

[Perception Check: **1d20+10: 16**] - success!

There was a faint noise, but it was difficult to distinguish. Almost like a grunt, but constant, rising and falling every so often. Zero turned back to the group, a little confused.

After a couple of silent moments he turned back to the door, slowly gripping and pulling the handle, drawing the door slowly towards himself and letting light in from the chamber it led to.

[Stealth - Open Door Silently: **1d20+13: 21**] - success!

Zero let the door swing open a crack without a sound and peered into the chamber beyond.

Me: Zero could see only a little of the revealed chamber, large tapestries, worn and tattered, hung from the ceiling barely ten feet in front of him and to his left, obscuring any view. He peered around the doorframe to the right and spotted a filthy bed. The noises he had heard through the door now became clear, laid upon the bed was a fat goblin, snoring away, oblivious to the opened portal.

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Me: [...continued in [Chapter #06, Scene #04...](#)]

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