

...continues from [Chapter #06, Scene #03](#)

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 gathered their wits and headed on the eastward corridor, where they spied further goblins excavating one of the chambers of the ruin. They managed to despatch the goblins and their drake guards and followed a secret passage to the north. The passage has led them to a fat and snoring goblin!

- [Khâlin 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](#) - 4th Level Male Human Rogue

Scene Length

This scene starts on Friday 10 June 2011 and is expected to be completed by the end of Friday 24 June 2011. Players are expected to be able to post at least once a day.

Me and Random:

INITIATIVE BLOCK

Round #07

Combat Encounter Complete

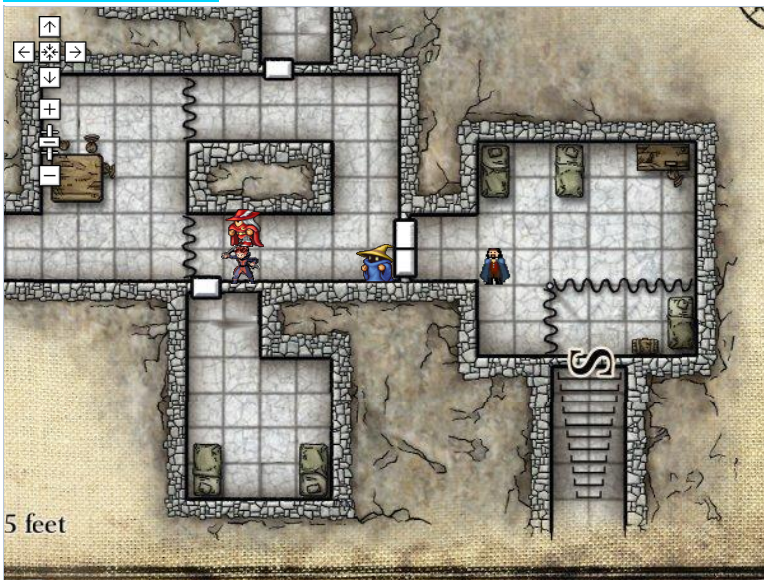
- 01) [19] Zero - **1d20+5+2: 19** - HP 40/40
- 02) [14] ~~Goblin Warriors~~ - **1d20+5: 19**
 - Goblin Warrior #01 - Dmg: 7+9+11+15=42 (Bloodied)
 - Goblin Warrior #02 - Dmg: 14+7+11=32 (Bloodied)
 - Goblin Warrior #03 - Dmg: 20+26=46 (Bloodied)
 - Goblin Warrior #04 - Dmg: 6+13+7+10=36 (Bloodied)
 - Goblin Warrior #05 - Dmg: 5+8+5+14=32 (Bloodied) (Marked by Tradden)
- 03) [16] Khalin - **1d20+3+2: 16** - HP 41/41
- 05) [13] Tradden - **1d20+5+2: 13** - HP 26/45
- 06) [12] Kireth - **1d20+7+2: 12** - HP 31/31

Removed from Play

- 04) [14] Snoring Fat Goblin - **1d20+10: 14** - Dmg: 10+4+13+14+7+9=57 (Bloodied)
- 08) [08] ~~Northern Goblin Cutters~~ - **1d20+3: 8**
 - Goblin Cutter #05 - Dmg: 13=13
 - Goblin Cutter #06 - Dmg: 10=10
 - Goblin Cutter #07 - Dmg: 10=10
 - Goblin Cutter #08 - Dmg: 13=13
- 07) [08] ~~Southern Goblin Cutters~~ - **1d20+3: 8**
 - Goblin Cutter #01 - Dmg: 4=4
 - Goblin Cutter #02 - Dmg: 4=4
 - Goblin Cutter #03 - Dmg: 23=23
 - Goblin Cutter #04 - Dmg: 8=8

Me, Mark and 2 others:

BATTLE MAP




Me: **FEATURES OF THE AREA**

Illumination: Bright Light (torches).
Doors: These are all of wood with boarded tops and are closed (unless otherwise stated)

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).

Tapestries: These thick tapestries block line of sight and line of effect and provide an obstacle between squares, requiring 2 squares of movement for a Medium creature to move through them.


 Nick, me and Random: Zero crept as softly as he could over to the sleeping goblin and verrrrry slowly withdrew his sword.

Jun 9 ▼

[Stealth Check - Fleeting Ghost: **1d20: 19**] - success!

The fat goblin remained asleep, snoring away in loud bursts.

He then looked back at Khalin, with a 'now what?' look on his face.

 Mark, me and Random: Khalin's brow furrowed in troubled thought as he wrestled with the options. The prudent move would be to slay the greenskinned cur in its sleep. But that was not the honourable approach of a warlord, and it wouldn't help them locate Gilmorril. A quick glance at the faces of the others showed they also looked uncomfortable at the prospect of slaying a sleeping enemy.

Jun 13 ▼

His mind made up, Khalin gesticulated to Tradden with a couple of waves that they should try restrain the goblin. They could then interrogate it and perhaps find out if and where Gilmorril might be held.

Carefully, the dwarf crept up towards the bed...

[Stealth check: **1d20+3: 11**] - failure!

As Khalin padded softly towards the sleeping goblin there was a splintering crack and a crunch beneath his feet. As the dwarf looked down he could see a number of small bones, perhaps the remnants of the goblin's last meal, tossed casually upon the stone floor. Little could the goblin have known that its foul manners may have saved it's life!

The cracks and splinters were enough to wake the goblin with a snort and a grunt. It looked up into two pairs of eyes standing above it's bed, and froze for a moment.

[Fat Goblin is **Surprised**]

"Grab him!" hissed Khalin to Zero, mindful that goblin reinforcements might be nearby, and moved quickly to try get a hand over the large goblin's mouth.

[Zero Assists Khalin]

[Grab vs Fat Goblin's Fortitude: **1d20+3+2+2: 21**] - hits!

Fat Goblin is **[Grabbed]** with hand over mouth and is **[Immobilized]**

 Matt, me and Random: "Uh oh!"

Jun 13 ▼

This wasn't part of the plan!

Running towards the ungainly throng that was Zero, Khalin and a fat Goblin, Tradden only had time to unsheath his long sword [Minor Action] before pushing past the Dwarf and leaping up onto the bottom of the bed.


Using his momentum he tried to catch the Goblin across the forehead with the flat of the blade, hoping to miss and freindly hands and knock the thing out before the kerfuffe alerted nearby unfreindlies. [Trying to knock unconscious]

[Charge vs Goblin: **1d20+11+1+2: 16**] - misses!

Tradden charged up and onto the bed, causing springs and wooden slats to groan and pop with the weight, but in his haste only succeeded in nearly lopping Khalin's hand off.


'Oops - sorry!'

The goblin dodged Tradden's wild attack and tried to use its momentum to slip away from the pair holding it down, but the dwarf and rogue held firm.

 Neil: "Oh for the love of..." The mage sighed. There were already far too many hands fumbling around over the goblin, lending his to the fray would not help matters right now and would probably only assist the goblin.

Jun 14 ▼

Instead, not knowing what the others really had planned here, he readied himself for either their, or the goblin's, next move.

 Nick and me: Zero rolled his eyes as his usually capable friend fumbled the blow.

Jun 14 ▼

"Oh, come on!" he exclaimed.

He continued to do his best to hold the wriggling goblin fast.

[Sustain Grab]

 Me and Random: **Goblin**

Jun 14 ▼

Close to Zero the curtain lifted slightly and a small green head appeared. The head's ears jutted out at an odd angle and razor-like teeth filled its jaws. The recognisable face of a goblin.


It paused for a moment, shocked and unsure what to do. The fat goblin squirmed harder, trying to shout something, but muffled against Khalin's firm hand. The goblin turned to flee.

With his free hand, Zero tried to swipe at the little pest as it disappeared behind the tapestries.

[Zero Opportunity Attack vs Goblin: **1d20+6: 14**] - misses!

...but it managed to duck underneath and out of the way before the blade swung around.

"Akka! Akka!" came the response from the now hidden goblin, and footsteps could be heard running away towards the west.

 Mark, me and Random: "Garr!" cursed Khalin, as their cover was blown.

Jun 15 ▼

He was caught in two minds whether or not to keep his iron grip on the goblin in front of him, or let go and get his warhammer out. Swift action was needed - there may be more goblins abound. He pulled his hand away from the goblin's mouth and swiftly brought out his hammer [Minor Action], twirling it in an arc and swinging it back down to try knock the greenskin unconscious...

[Warhammer vs Fat Goblin: **1d20+7+2: 24**] - hits!

[Damage: **1d10+5: 10**]

He struck the side of the goblin as it squirmed against Zero's grip, but the goblin just snarled back and kept on it's attempts to escape.

 Me and Random: **Fat Goblin**

Jun 16 ▼


With three assailants around it, the goblin thrashed around violently, trying to loosen the grip on it to escape. With it's mouth free it began to shout.

"Akka! Akka! Chana porka, bella, bella!" it shouted madly.

It then twisted around lithely, betraying it's fat countenance, attempting to slip Zero's grip.

[Fat Goblin Escape Attempt: **1d20+10: 13** vs Zero's Reflex(19)] - failure!


It hissed at the rogue as Zero managed to hold it down firmly, and started to fumble down the side of the bed with one of its arms.

 Matt, me and Random: "Uh oh!" Tradden repeated, although this time to himself, whilst drawing his other sword. [Minor Action]. It had been a nice idea, but the young fighter was starting to realise that the only good Goblin is a dead one... That decided, he looked to take advantage of the still-pinned status of the greenskin. Jun 16 ▼

[Surprising Stab vs Fat Goblin: **1d20+11+2: 31**] - hits!
[Damage: **4**] and grants **[Combat Advantage]** and **[Marked]**


[Secondary Attack vs Fat Goblin: **1d20+10+2: 20**] - hits!
[Damage: **2d8+7: 13**]

Having landed a few blows on the restrained Goblin, Tradden hopped down from the bed, pushed through Khalin and Zero and poked his head carefully through the tapestries where the Goblin had been...


 Me: Bursting through the tapestries Tradden found himself in a large room, about 10 paces across including the hidden area behind the tapestries, and about the same wide. Floor and walls were similar to the rest of the chambers so far, with smooth worn flagstones and stone walls. Jun 16 ▼

In front of him were a couple of beds, although judging by the filthy rags strewn across them they didn't seem appealing. In the far right hand corner was a wooden table and chair, both in bad repair.

A noise from his left drew his attention, and he saw the goblin that had peeked through the tapestries fumbling at a pair of doors. It saw Tradden and continued to attempt to open the doors feverishly, with shouts of "Alla! Alla! Balgron issa chaka!" against the silent wooden beams.

 Matt and me: Tradden started to move towards the Goblin, hoping to narrow the gap. He had to assume that there were other Goblins the other side of the closed door, and if that were the case he could try and hold the doorway whilst the others took care of the fat one. Jun 20 ▼

"You guys had better take care of Fatsy quickly – there is only one other greenskin here but maybe others on the way!" he shouted back over his shoulder, hoping that the heavy tapestries wouldn't muffle the sound too much.

 Neil, me and Random: Kireth quickly decided that Zero and Khalin could, or at least should, be able to take care of the goblin currently in their custody. Pushing his way through the heavy, musty, tapestry he sighted the fleeing goblin fumbling with the door handles. Jun 20 ▼

He slammed the butt of his staff into the floor so as to attract the panicked creature's attention. As it turned it briefly caught the dark mage's eyes, it was all he needed.


[Nightmare Eruption vs Fleeing Goblin's Will: **1d20+6: 25**] - hits!
[Damage: **1d8+5: 7**]

The goblin's eyes widened following Kireth's brief murmurs and it howled with pain. It turned and began fumbling at the door with renewed vigour.

Nick: Zero was reluctant to let go of the wriggling goblin, lest it hop off the bed and go right after him. Jun 16 ▼

He just gritted his teeth and held on for all he was worth.

"Will someone PLEASE finish this bugger off!" he shouted.


 Me: **Fleeing Goblin** Jun 16 ▼

Managing to get some purchase on the latch, the goblin pushed the doors with a crash into the chamber beyond. [Minor Action]

"Akka! Akka!" it continued to shout, its voice still quavering with fear after the wizard's spell.

It fled out through the doors continuing to shout.

After a brief moment there was the sound of a bell ringing, and then a door or two slamming against stone.

 Mark, me and Random: "Why didn't I just whack this greenie when I had the chance?" thought Khalin silently as the fat goblin continued to squirm in Zero's grip. The dwarf swung his hammer once more, again looking to render the goblin unconscious, lest they decide to interrogate it later. Jun 16 ▼

[Warhammer vs Fat Goblin: **1d20+7+2: 26**] - hits!
[Damage: **1d10+5: 14**]

The crushing blow knocked the wind out of the writhing goblin for a moment, and Khalin thought he had his man. However, after a moment's pause for breath the goblin grunted, and continued to try to free himself from Zero's grasp.

 Me and Random: **Fat Goblin** Jun 16 ▼


Looking weary and badly beaten the goblin continued to struggle against the grip Zero had on it. Some of the struggle was a feint, however, as the fumbling down the side of the bed stopped and the goblin pulled out a vicious looking cudgel. It made one last effort to free itself.

[Fat Goblin Escape: **1d20+10: 11** vs Zero's Reflex(19)] - critical miss!

Zero had no trouble at all with holding the goblin down. However, the goblin just snarled and swung his cudgel round at Zero as best it could.

[Fat Goblin Club: **1d20+9-2-2: 13** vs Zero's AC(17)] - misses!

The rogue managed to dodge the blow - if the goblin hadn't been pressed down against the bed it might have cracked his skull! The goblin roared with rage.

 Matt and me: Tradden ran over to the now open doors and reached through before pulling them shut. [Minor Action]. Jun 17 ▼

As he looked for some way to lock or bar it, he called back over his shoulder to the mage stood at the back of the room, the urgency apparent in his voice.

"Kireth, help the others with the fat one. Knock it clean out if that's what Khalin wants - just get rid of it before a green tide comes knocking on this door!"

Feet planted firmly on the ground the young fighter tried to find good grip on the cold, stony floor. Hands wrapped around the door handles as best he could, he braced himself for the inevitable attempt by enemies on the other side to yank it open...

Neil and me: "Knock it out?" the mage cocked his head to one side and stared at Tradden, brow furrowed "What in all the levels of the Abyss does he think I am?" He audibly tutted, rolled his eyes and moved back through the tapestry. Jun 17 ▼


All three occupants looked up at him as he emerged, as if all asking "what are you going to do?"

"Right" mumbled the mage "Knock it out!"

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

The missile burst over the goblin's body and Zero had trouble to keep it down on the bed as it bucked and arced under him. It went stiff for a moment, but resumed its breathing and then continued its struggle.

Nick and me: "This is intolerable!" Zero screamed Jun 17

 Nick and me: "This is intolerable!!! Zero screamed.


Jun 17

He held the resilient toadie down with all his might.

The fat goblin stopped writhing and thrashing against Zero's grip and a calm seemed to flow across it. It locked eyes with Khalin, a mixture of hatred and amusement in its eyes.

"Yoo not hav guts to kill mee, dwarf!" it spat in broken Common. "Takk best shot!"


A toothy smile spread across its lips as it waited for the blow.

 Me and Random: At the doorway Tradden felt the first exploratory pulls at the doors.

Jun 17

[Goblin Force Door: **1d20+2: 11** vs Tradden's Fortitude(19)] - failure!

The young fighter had no trouble bracing against the frame and holding the door shut for now - a goblin on its own had no chance against his wiry strength.

 Mark, me and Random: Khalin rolled his eyes, the exasperation of the increasingly ridiculous scene becoming tiresome.

Jun 20

"If you insist," he muttered.

[Warhammer vs Fat Goblin: **1d20+7+2: 21**] - hits!

As the warhammer swung down the goblin barely flinched, it eyes continuously on Khalin's with childish amusement. As the weapon touched the goblin it's greaves shone brightly for a moment and there was an audible pop!. The goblin had disappeared! Khalin's swing continued through fresh air where goblin skull should have been and he cleaved the wooden bed into two.

When Tradden turned his head from the doors to see if he could make out what the splintering of wood was, he saw the fat goblin, laid on its back in the middle of the room, looking intently at him, as though Tradden were his next meal.

"What in the name of Moradin..?" exclaimed Khalin as the fat goblin vanished before his eyes. The warlord glanced about but it was nowhere to be seen. Then he remembered Tradden, and pushed through the tapestry to help the human.

As he pushed the material aside his eyes widened. There lying on the floor, staring smugly at the fighter, was the fat goblin.

"A tricky one, eh?" snarled Khalin, his mood darkening further. And he positioned himself between the goblin and the human.

 Matt, me and Random: **Fat Goblin**

Jun 20

With a cautious eye on the dwarf the fat goblin rolled to one side and heaved up its bulbous frame. [Stand Up]

It truly was a fat goblin. Folds of green flesh rolled over the tight leather armour, trying to burst out at every opportunity. Its jowels were bloated and its fat hands grabbed its club in a sweaty embrace.

"Yoo shudda kill mee, patetik dwarf!" it hissed at Khalin. "Now my turn!"

Its toothy smile appeared once more as it raised its club and headed towards Khalin.

The move was just a feint, though, and the goblin skipped around Khalin's defence with grace belying its size and charged towards the fighter concentrating on the doors.

Khalin gathered his wits quickly, however, and as the goblin headed away he made one final swipe at the greenskin's legs.


[Khalin Attack of Opportunity vs Fat Goblin: **1d20+7: 13**] - misses!

The warhammer fell short and the goblin continued its charge.

[Fat Goblin Bull Rush Charge: **1d20+5+2+1: 24** vs Tradden's Fortitude(19)] - hits!

[Tradden is **Pushed** 1 square West]

The goblin slammed into the side of Tradden, and the weight of its frame forced the young fighter through the doors he was trying to hold. Luckily Tradden kept his feet but as he regained his balance he looked down into a number of eager green faces.

 Matt, me and Random: Tradden picked himself up and looked around.

Jun 19

There appeared to be a sea of greenskins all around him.

"Uh ... Hi." he mustered, with a nervous smile. "Nice, place you have here. Nice... um, tapestries. Really like what you have done with it."

The three goblins right in front of him showed no signs of wanting to chat about soft interior furnishings, and Tradden could see from the twitch of their arms that they were about to attack. So, he tried to get in first...

[Cleave vs Goblin Warrior #01: **1d20+11: 15**] - misses!

Not waiting to see if his attack had landed or not, the young fighter executed a maneuver that only students of Madame Chilini-Brewer's School Of Fine Dance would have recognised as one of her own Chilini Double Pliés (it having been perfected before her disastrous second, and last, marriage). The fat goblin, like most of his kind, knew little of human ballet, the net effect being that it could only watch slack-jawed as the young human literally danced past its defences, bobbing up and down at the same time under a half-hearted swish of its club and ended up behind him. [Move Action - Pass Forward].

The goblins that had been surrounding Tradden, however, were not quite as slack-jawed, and thrust as the fighter's back as he fled.


[Goblin Warrior #01 AoO: **1d20+6: 9** vs Tradden's AC(19)] - misses!

[Goblin Warrior #04 AoO: **1d20+6: 25** vs Tradden's AC(19)] - hits!

[Damage: **1d8+2: 3**]

[Goblin Cutter #01 AoO: **1d20+5: 10** vs Tradden's AC(19)] - misses!

Tradden escaped without much harm, though, and scampered across to the relative safety of his comrades' chamber.

 Neil, me and Random: The goblin's mouths were not the only ones agape. Kireth was also "stunned" by the performance. Weeks in and Kireth could not quite understand why he was still journeying with this bafoon. Perhaps it was a fascination into quite how the fighter was going to die.

Jun 21

He shook his head clear and focused on the threat beyond Tradden's theatrics. "Hmm" he mulled "and quite a few threats we have too." Quickly he brought the words of power to his lips, his eyes rolled back and the air around him became charged.

A crackling ball appeared amidst the Goblins that exploded, arcing outwards.

[Shock Sphere]

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

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

[Attack vs Goblin Warrior #04's Reflex: **1d20+6: 12**] - misses!

[Damage: **2d6+5: 12** halved to [6]

[Attack vs Goblin Warrior #01's Reflex: **1d20+6: 19**] - hits!

[Damage: **2d6+5: 9**]

[Attack vs Goblin Cutter #05's Reflex: **1d20+6: 25**] - hits!

[Damage: **2d6+5: 13**]

[Attack vs Goblin Cutter #01's Reflex: **1d20+6: 10**] - misses!

[Attack vs Goblin Cutter #03's Reflex: **1d20+6: 8**] - misses!

[Attack vs Fat Goblin's Reflex: **1d20+6: 25**] - hits!

[Damage: **2d6+5: 9**]

The mage's eyes rolled back into normality, quickly surveying the effect.

Two goblins had gone down - one of the smaller ones with a wicked looking knife, and the fat one, at long last. Some of the others still crackled with electricity - one looked quite singed, with smoky tendrils still rising into the air from it's green flesh. The smell of ozone and charred skin wafted across the chamber.

"Less than satisfactory," sneered the mage, grading himself

 Me and Random: **Southern Goblin Cutters**

Jun 21 ▼

At the sight of their leader falling the goblins looked in disarray for a moment, before a unified shout went up and the goblin troops charged forwards.

One goblin skipped past the other and attacked Tradden on his right flank.

[Goblin Cutter #01 Shortsword: **1d20+5: 10** vs Tradden's AC(19)] - misses!

The fighter parried the goblin's knife with his longsword, keeping his eyes on the massing throng. It wasn't long before that goblin was followed by another charging straight through the doors and over the body of it's fallen leader.

[Goblin Cutter #02 Charge: **1d20+5+1: 9** vs Tradden's AC(19)] - misses!

Another parry, this time with the shortsword, stopped that one, but they kept on coming. A third goblin moved past its comrades, trying to surround the fighter. However, Tradden flicked his wrist and tried to cut through the advancing greenskin as it tried to duck past his defences.

[Tradden Combat Superiority vs Goblin Cutter #03: **1d20+11+2: 15**] - misses!

The little goblin was too quick, however, and it dodged the blade, before bringing it's own to bear...

[Goblin Cutter #03: **1d20+5: 15** vs Tradden's AC(19)] - misses!

...which Tradden barely dodged, leaning back to avoid the blow.

Another of the goblins charged forwards to the doorway, and hesitated for a moment, unable to find a clear opening to swing it's blade. It decided to try its luck and slip through the throng whilst the fighter was busy. Trying to use its comrades as a shield it dodged and rolled trying to get around Tradden's whirling blades...

[Tradden Combat Superiority vs Goblin Cutter #04: **1d20+11+2: 32**] - hits!

[Damage: **1d8+7: 8**]

...however, the young fighter saw the trick and lopped off the goblin's head with a swipe of his longsword.

 Me, Random and Matt: **Northern Goblin Cutters**

Jun 21 ▼

Oblivious to the peril of Tradden's twin blades the goblins from the northern room charged forwards, with the intent to surround and bring down the fighter. One after another they came, and Tradden did his best to fend them off.

[Tradden Combat Superiority vs Goblin Cutter #06: **1d20+11+2: 32**] - hits!

[Damage: **1d8+7: 10**]

[Tradden Combat Superiority vs Goblin Cutter #07: **1d20+11+2: 26**] - hits!

[Damage: **1d8+7: 10**]


[Tradden Combat Superiority vs Goblin Cutter #08: **1d20+11+2: 21**] - hits!

[Damage: **1d8+7: 13**]

Blades whirled viciously, and the goblins fell, one by one as they tried to push past.

Readying himself for the next wave, Tradden took a moment to turn his head back towards the Warlord.

"Come on Khalin - that's four. Keep up, Masterwar!" he laughed.

 Nick, me and Random: Encouraged by the cries of goblin agony, Zero crept to the corner of the bedroom, opened the tapestries a crack and took aim at the goblin to Tradden's right.

Jun 21 ▼

[Fleeting Spirit Strike]

[Stealth Check - Hide: **1d20+13: 16**] - result!

[Attack vs Goblin Cutter #03: **1d20+9+2: 28**] - result!

[Damage: **2d6+4+2d8: 23**]

The goblin never saw what hit it - a bolt out of the shadows. It tore through its abdomen and killed it instantly.

 Me and Random: **Goblin Warriors**

Jun 21 ▼

Some of the goblins appeared to be better armoured, and perhaps stronger individuals. After the first wave of greenskins, these followed closely behind. Two of them tried the same tactic of rushing past Tradden, their spears waving.

[Tradden Combat Superiority vs Goblin Warrior #01: **1d20+11+2: 27**] - hits!

[Damage: **1d8+7: 11**]

The first was stopped in its tracks, to the north of Tradden, and was forced to turn its spear on the warrior...

[Goblin Warrior #01 Spear: **1d20+6: 21** vs Tradden's AC(19)] - hits!

[Damage: **1d8+2: 9**]

...cutting across his leg with a vicious swipe.

It was closely followed by another goblin trying to scamper past...

[Tradden Combat Superiority vs Goblin Warrior #02: **1d20+11+2: 16**] - misses!

...but this time the goblin got through.

The goblin warrior had moved itself adjacent to both Tradden and Kireth, and appeared to be caught in two minds which to attack. Looking for the easy melee target it pointed its spear at the wizard, and thrust the business end towards his belly...

[Goblin Warrior #02 Spear: **1d20+6: 7** vs Kireth's AC(16)] - critical miss!

...but even the mage seemed to be able to dodge attacks with ease now.

The remainder of the goblins in the adjacent chamber drew javelins, and hurled them into the throng.


[Goblin Warrior #03 Javelin (Great Position): **1d20+6: 16** vs Tradden's AC(19)] - misses!

[Goblin Warrior #04 Javelin: **1d20+6: 24** vs Tradden's AC(19)] - hits!

[Damage: **1d6+2: 4**]

[Goblin Warrior #05 Javelin (Great Position): **1d20+6: 17** vs Tradden's AC(19)] - misses!

Tradden dodged most of the wooden projectiles, but one caught him a glancing blow on the shoulder.

 Mark, me and Random: "Heh!" smiled Khalin as the fat goblin finally breathed no more. The irony that the chieftain's cowardly magic escape had merely put him into the firing line for a magical riposte from Kireth seemed fitting. But the battle was now moving fast. Tradden had somehow avoided the lion's share of the attacks from the encroaching horde, and Kireth and Zero were back doing what they did best. The dwarf moved to flank the nearest of the new arrivals, which had a beeline on Kireth. Jun 22 ▼

[Minor Action - Inspiring Word: Target Tradden]

[Tradden regains **1d6+11: 17** hp]

[Warhammer vs Goblin Warrior #02: **1d20+7+2: 17**] - hits!

[Damage: **1d10+5: 14**]

The hammer cracked against the side of the goblin, but the greenskin reeled with the blow and stayed on it's feet.

The warlord deftly brought the hammer back round to bear again...

[Spends Action Point]


[Brash Assault vs Goblin Warrior #02: **1d20+7+2: 28**] - hits!

[Damage: **1d10+5: 7**]

...and crashed it against the side of the goblin's face, drawing a spray of blood. It looked as though Khalin had overstretched himself, his body following the arc of his warhammer leaning his back exposed - the goblin took full advantage.

[Goblin Warrior #02 Spear: **1d20+6: 7** vs Khalin's AC(21)] - critical miss!

But stumbled at the last moment and missed Khalin with a wild lunge.

 Matt, me and Random: Tradden had been ready to lop off the head of the Goblin which had looked to take advantage of Khalin's rather brash strike, but even the young fighter was not ready for the way the greenskin managed to foul up what should have been an easy blow. Not expecting the Goblin to be so far away, the fighter's blade flashed wide. Jun 23 ▼

However, Tradden used the momentum to keep on spinning, and came round 360 degrees to make another attack.

[Cleave vs Goblin Warrior #02: **1d20+11+2: 17**] - hits!

[Damage: **1d8+7: 11**] and [Goblin Cutter #02 takes **4** splash damage]

Blades held out in a "V" formation, the larger longsword tore deeply into the chest of the larger Goblin, immediately silencing any death scream it may have had. The smaller Goblin did not have the luxury of such a quick death as the downward pointing shortsword cleaved through one leg, completely removing it.

The young fighter was not finished there however, continuing to spin on one pointed toe, blades now adjusted to be held horizontally, whirling around again to try and cause even more carnage.

[Spend Action Point]

[Cleave vs Goblin Warrior #01: **1d20+11: 23**] - hits!

[Damage: **1d8+7: 15**] and [Goblin Cutter #01 takes **4** splash damage]

Again both blades hit home, the green flesh of the Goblins and their makeshift armour being rended as if they were not there.


Tradden span to a halt, a slight screech emanating from the heel of one leather boot and a whisp of smoke being the only tell-tale signs that the move had happened at all.

All four Goblins still stood (well, one hopped a bit) for a further second before all four fell in unison, like petals peeling back on a poisoned flower.

"That's eight..." he said to Khalin, "Although I will give you one for the assist on that one!", he finished, pointing with his short sword to one of the large bodies sprawled half way into the larger room behind him.

Getting carried away in the excitement, Tradden displayed the cockyness he was so often capable of.

"Can your powerful magics top that, O Mighty Kireth?" he asked with a cheeky smile and mocking bow towards the mage. In truth the youth meant it as a bit of fun, but both Khalin and Zero silently wondered to themselves whether the Half-Elf would take it that way...

 Neil, me and 2 others: "I think not Master Warrior" Kireth returned the bow "Your skill is something to behold" Jun 24 ▼

Tradden's eyes widened "Erm ...eh?"

Khalin and Zero looked at each other, waiting for the rest of the, no doubt, sarcasm to follow. There was none. It was all a bit worrying.

"Right. Yes." finished Tradden quite confused.

Kireth's smirking face was hidden by his hood but the intent and purpose of his sweeping staff was not.

[Force Orb vs Goblin Warrior #03's Reflex: **1d20+6: 23**] - hits!


[Damage: **2d8+5: 20**]

[Force Orb vs Goblin Warrior #04's Reflex: **1d20+6: 11**] - misses!

[Force Orb vs Goblin Warrior #05's Reflex: **1d20+6: 16**] - hits!

[Damage: **1d10+5: 8**]

"Not bad..." admitted Tradden, under his breath whilst shielding his eyes from the flashes.

 Nick, me and Random: Zero crept to the edge of the wall and crouched low in preparation for a sneaky shot at the enemies down the hall. Jun 24 ▼

[Stealth Check: **1d20+13: 33**] - critical success!

He targeted the closest goblin, aiming to nick him and make him blame his clumsy pals.

[Confoundng Attack vs Goblin Warrior #03: **1d20+9+2: 27**] - hits!
[Damage: **2d6+4+2d8: 26**]

The goblin staggered back, the bolt lodged in it's throat, gurgling and spluttering. As it backed off it fell over it's comrade, catching it with an outstretched arm across the face.

[Goblin Warrior #03 Unarmed: **1d20+2: 5** vs Goblin Warrior #04] - misses!

The goblin didn't cause it any damage, but did cover it with spurting blood as it fell to the floor, lifeless.

 Me and Random: **Goblin Warriors**


Jun 24 ▼

The two remaining goblins had seen their comrades being decimated in front of them in mere moments. Out of a group of over a dozen, only the pair remained, covered in the hot blood of their kinfolk. With little to gain from charging into the melee, they backed off as quickly as they dared towards another tapestry and hurled javelins down the corridor at Tradden.

[Goblin Warrior #04 Great Position: **1d20+6: 19** vs Tradden's AC(19)] - hits!
[Damage: **1d6+2+1d6: 9**]


[Goblin Warrior #05 Great Position: **1d20+6: 23** vs Tradden's AC(19)] - hits!
[Damage: **1d6+2+1d6: 10**]

Both javelins struck home - there was nothing Tradden's whirling blades could do to stop them.

 Mark, me and Random: "I thought you were greenskins, not yellow!" bellowed Khalin as the two remaining goblins backed away. The dwarf charged through the doorway, his stocky frame picking up speed like a giant cannonball, careening towards the healthier looking of the two enemies. Jun 26 ▼


[Charge Attack vs Goblin Warrior #04: **1d20+5+1: 19**] - hits!
[Damage: **1d10+5: 13**]

The dwarf barrelled into the goblin with a satisfying crunch, breaking the greenskin's ribs. [Bloodied]

 Matt, me and Random: Tradden smiled - that was a good idea! He followed Khalin's lead. Jun 26 ▼

[Charge Attack vs Goblin Warrior #05: **1d20+11+1: 15**] - misses!
[Marked]

His target had the benefit of an extra second's preparation, and met the young human's charge with it's own weapon raised high. There was a clanging sound as metal met metal, and Tradden juddered to a halt.


 Neil, me and Random: This battle, at least, was in their favour and Kireth pressed forward with the warriors. Jun 27 ▼

He boomed out the words that brought forth nightmares to the hardiest of foes.

[Nightmare Eruption vs Goblin Warrior #04's Will: **1d20+6: 19**] - hits!
[Damage **1d8+5: 7**]

The goblin warrior looked frantic - something about the mage's voice brought out a primal fear in it. It thrashed for a moment, trying to shake off the words from its head, its short spear catching its comrade's side and opening a small flesh wound. [Bloodied]

[Damage to Goblin Warrior #05: **5**]

 Nick, me and Random: There were only two of the little buggers left now. The team had done surprisingly well. Zero leveled his crossbow at the one on Khalin and squeezed the trigger. Jun 28 ▼

[Hand Crossbow vs Goblin Warrior #04: **1d20+9: 21**] - hits!
[Damage: **1d6+4: 10**]

The bolt skimmed through the air, almost nicking Khalin's ear, as it sped to its target. The rogue's aim was once again on the mark - the bolt bursting through the goblin's shoulder and spraying its blood over the tapestry behind. [Dead]

 Me and Random: **Goblin Warrior** Jun 28 ▼

The remaining goblin looked panicked. It was positioned within killing distance of the whirling blades of the tall fighter, and both the human and the dwarf were penning it in. Behind them came bolts whistling down the corridor and arcane magics.


It did what any self-respecting goblin would so in the same situation - it turned on its heels and fled.

Firstly, it tried to duck under the tapestry without incurring a swipe of the dwarf's warhammer. [Shift - West]

However, Tradden was alert to the possibility, and took a swipe of his own.

[Tradden Combat Challenge vs Goblin Warrior #05: **1d20+11: 24**] - hits!
[Damage: **1d8+7: 14**]

The fighter cut down the goblin before it could even take two steps further. [Dead]

 Me: [...Combat Encounter Complete...] Jun 28 ▼

 Me: **Short Rest** Jun 28 ▼

Healing Surges

Healing surges are applied.


Tradden spends 2 healing surges (1 left) to get to 45/45 hp.

Encounter Powers

All encounter powers are recharged.

Levelling

Kireth progresses to Level 4.

 Me: As the last goblin fell the party paused for a moment, catching their breath and listening out for any other goblins coming their way. Satisfied that they were alone, for the moment, they began to check the corpses for clues. Jun 28 ▼

The goblins seemed to travel light - rough hide armour and worn weapons were all they carried, and only one of the creatures turned up a money pouch with a few stained coppers to Zero's dismay.

[Party find 23 copper pieces]

Tradden checked the passageways and alcoves of the central chamber quickly finding what appeared to be some sort of barracks that the goblins shared. Khalin carefully poked his head under the tapestries to the west and to his relief saw no more greenskins, but a corridor leading away to a door to the west.

Back in the first chamber **Kireth** looked under the rough cots on the northern wall and cast a glance over the table, but found nothing of interest except a thin film of grime from disuse and ill-care. He took a moment to prod the fat goblin with the end of his staff, trying to understand the mechanism the goblin had used to teleport away.

Zero took a good look within the tapestries near the secret door, next to the filthy bed, it's sheets stained and coarse. However, next to it, to **Zero's** delight, was a small chest begging to be opened.

 Me: **Investigative Rest**

Jun 29 ▼

Khalin looked down the western corridor, beyond the tapestries, to the pair of closed doors at the far end, stroking his beard.

"Hmm, something's amiss in here, I can feel it in my bones. Kireth, can you watch the doors, whilst we see if we can find anything?"

The mage halted his prodding at the fat goblin, pushing a pair of bracers off the bloodied forearms onto the floor, and picking them up within the folds of his cloak, being careful not to touch them. He nodded silently at **Khalin**, as he went through the tapestries to the west, perhaps more intrigued about the bracers than the doors.

"Right, let's check these corpses more thoroughly," said **Tradden**. "Maybe one of them is hiding something."

The group knelt down and started to check the goblin corpses. Their armour was well worn and filthy, and had the look as though it had been well used. Their blades were worn, rusty and nicked along the edge, still covered in some of the blood from the party. A single stripe of white war paint decorated the side of their faces, but didn't hide their ugly and ferocious demeanour, even in death.

"Bingo!" exclaimed **Zero**, holding a small key on a leather strap around the fat goblin's neck. He yanked it off, breaking the knot that held it to the goblin and pushed the corpse away.

The rogue held up the key and turned it over in the torchlight. It was quite small and made of iron, rusting a little in patches. He glanced across to the chest.

"Zero, help Kireth and check the end of that western corridor, first," said **Khalin**. "We don't want to be disturbed."

Zero frowned for a moment, dismayed to be prolonging the time before potential riches, but padded across to the doors as instructed, and studied them intently without touching the surface, paying particularly attention to the area around the handle.

[Zero Perception Check - Find Traps: **1d20+10+2: 17**] - success!

Confident that the doors held no surprises he held his ear against the wood.

[Zero Perception Check - Listen at Door: **1d20+10-5: 24**] - success!

The rogue shook his head. "Can't hear anything on the other side, think it's locked, too."

"Good," replied the dwarf, relaxing a little. "Maybe we should check the room thoroughly before you look at that chest, Zero?"

The group nodded, ignoring the huff from the rogue, and paced slowly around the room, checking behind the beds and the desk and the areas behind the tapestries thoroughly. The southern chamber held nothing but the lice infested beds of the goblins, tatty and stained sheets disgusting the group. The northern chamber held more promise with a few crates and barrels, but revealed themselves as rotting and putrifying provisions on closer inspection.

"I think we're done," the rogue exclaimed after nearly an hour of careful searching, his eyes straying continuously to the tapestry-covered area to the southeast and the chest that it contained. "I think we'd better take a good look at the chest now."

Without waiting for approval he skipped across the chamber, under the tapestries, and knelt down next to the small chest, giving it a keen appraisal.

[Zero Perception Check - Find Traps: **1d20+10+2: 31**] - success!

"Well at least there's no trap on this one," he said with delight.

[Zero Perception Check - Find Locks: **1d20+10: 18**] - success!

"But, it is locked," he continued, pulling out the key he'd retrieved from the goblin and proceeded to turn the key in the lock. The chest opened silently.

"At long bloody last!" exclaimed **Zero**, dipping his hands into the chest and pulling out a handful of silvery coins, letting them spill like grains of sand back into the chest to the accompaniment of chimes and tinkles of metal on metal.

The chest was packed full of silver pieces, the strange types they had already seen on the continent with the pictograph of a stylised tower.

"How many do you reckon, Tradden," inquired the rogue of the young fighter. "Must be nearly a couple of thousand, I bet!"

[Party have found a small chest full of 1,728 silver pieces - weighs 180 lbs]

Whilst the pair smiled at one another, **Kireth** breezed through the tapestries with the bracers, somehow cleaned and fresh, in his hands.

Khalin's eyes widened, his gaze following the runes etched into the metal following the lines of a stylised dragon onto the metal.

"Kireth, what do you make of these?" asked the dwarf.

Kireth studied the bracers calmly, muttering soft arcane syllables.

[Kireth Arcana Check: **1d20+10: 24**] - success!

"They have a faint dweomer," replied the mage disdainfully. "For those targeted by a melee attack, they have the power to teleport you out of harm's way. I believe our fat friend has shown us their power once today."

[Party have found Bracers of Escape]

Bracers of Escape (Level 7 Uncommon)

These bracers can whisk you out of harm's way.

Price: 2,600 gp

Item Slot: Arms


Power (Daily): Immediate Interrupt. You can use this power when you are the target of a melee attack. You teleport 2 squares.

"Right, excellent," huffed **Khalin**. "So, we have some coins for Zero at last, although I'm not sure the young lad will be able to carry them all by himself, and we have these bracers - someone needs to claim these, as I already have a pair that I find of great use.

"So," he continued, "choices. We can go back through the secret door here, or head west through the doors at the end of the corridor. Thoughts?"

[Investigative Rest Complete]

[Party have spent 72 minutes in total]

 Matt and me: Kireth tossed the bracers to a suddenly startled Tradden.

Jul 1 ▼



"Nice - but although I am sure that the Gods surely smile on our heroic young warrior, every little helps, does it not?" The mage then turned away to look at something else, hiding the look on his face.

Beaming, Tradden clipped them onto his wrists. The metal work was exquisite, displaying a high and detailed level of engraving. The line of the runes and dragon carving seemed to shimmer when the youth was not

staring directly at them. It was like they waited until they were only in the very corner of his eye. Tradden thought this was great, but tried to look cool."

"Right," he said, "Well, I saw a rocky passage way south of the secret door we found - perhaps we lock the secret door behind us to stop anyone sneaking up on us and head West. We can explore that way and then double back to the rocky passage way?"

* - He failed.

  **Me and Random:** *Khalin* marched into the area near the secret door, his mind seemingly made up. He pulled the secret door closed and looked around for something to lock or bar it with. The seams of the door were flush with the stone walls and the warlord marvelled at the masonry work that had gone into it. Jul 1 ▼

[Khalin Dungeoneering Check: **1d20+4: 22**] - success!

The door was exquisitely made - probably dwarven.

"How do you lock this thing, Zero?" inquired the dwarf.

The rogue's focus seemed to be more on how to transport the silver coins, rather than the door, but managed to mumble back to Khalin. "Oh, it wasn't locked. Don't think you can."

"Perhaps, I can assist here," interrupted **Kireth**, appearing through the tapestries.

Khalin looked up, a little startled at **Kireth's** abrupt appearance, and then backed away from the door.

"Be my guest," offered the dwarf.

"With a little help from our silvered friends here, of course," continued **Kireth**, more to himself. "Excuse me, Zero."

The mage opened the small chest and took out two great handfuls of coins, followed by another two. **Zero** looked worried. **Kireth** put them down on the floor next to the door and began to mutter arcane syllables under his breath.

Tradden came through the tapestries and asked what the hold up was - he seemed impatient to get moving. **Khalin** shrugged at the young fighter.

Gradually the group saw a misty vapour emanating from the silver coins, winding its way up towards the door and around the thin cracks at its side. After a few more minutes the coins were gone, dissipated into the ether, and the secret door was limned with amber light, which slowly faded to a soft glow.

[Arcana Ritual: Arcane Lock]

[250 silver pieces expended]

[Kireth Arcana Check: **1d20+11+5: 21**] - success!



The mage stood back and admired his own work.

"The portal is now locked," he stated. "Although we can pass through at any time we wish. Now, onwards?"

"But, where's the money gone?" inquired **Zero**, fearing the worst.




"Silver was a key component," replied **Kireth** without remorse, smiling at his own pun, and strode through the tapestries.

"Oh," replied the rogue with dismay, closing the chest and hiding it as best he could under the empty goblin bed. "I think we'll keep this here, then, and come back for it later."

  **Me and Random:** The group padded slowly across to the doors to the west at the end of the corridor. **Zero** took another pause to listen at the door, and shook his head to indicate he still couldn't hear anything. Slowly, the rogue drew out his toolset and set to work on the door. Jul 1 ▼

[Zero Thievery - Open Locks: **1d20+10+2+1: 25**] - success!

A smile crossed **Zero's** lips as the lock sprung open and he looked at **Khalin** expectantly. At the dwarf's nod, **Zero** pulled open the door and the group looked into the chamber beyond.

   **Me, Random and Matt:** The doorway opened into a narrow chamber, about twenty feet across, and stretching away to a corridor going south. The chamber smelt a little clearer than the one they were in, but there was still the unmistakable rankness of goblin sweat, hanging in the chill air. Jul 1 ▼

To **Zero's** relief the chamber appeared to be empty, with the exception of the now familiar wall torches, and the group entered cautiously.

[Map updated in [Appendix I](#)]

Across the chamber, to the west, was a single closed door, and in the middle of the northern wall was another, also closed. Faint traces of blood appeared to be smeared on the floor, leading from one door to the other.

As the group looked around at their surroundings there came the muffled sounds of a horrific shriek through the doors to the north, as though someone or something was in pain. Soon after came another one, followed by the babbling laughter of goblins.

[Khalin Perception Check: **1d20+2: 18**] - success!

[Kireth Perception Check: **1d20+2: 17**] - success!


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

"Dwarvish!" hissed Khalin. "That was a dwarven cry!"

"That's what I thought!" whispered back Tradden. "Something about wanting a muffin? That doesn't seem right, I suppose." He further admitted, showing that his grasp of Dwarvish was not, of course, up to the level of Khalin. "Still, sounds like someone in pain, and Goblins having a good time - that can't be a good combination!" He checked himself, realising his voice was getting slightly louder. "We should go and help them!"

Nick: Zero stepped aside and gestured politely toward the door. Jul 1 ▼


"Alright," he said. "In you go, gentlemen."

 **Me:** The shrieks of a kinsman in distress riled **Khalin**. They'd been sneaking around for a couple of hours now, all because of goblins. The little green bastards were starting to get on his nerves. Jul 1 ▼

"Right, lads," he started, hefting his warhammer with menace. "Let's hit them hard and fast this time!"

And with a roar he set off straight for the door, barging it open with his shoulder and uttering a warcry.

"In the name of Moradin, prepare to meet your maker!"

 **Me:** The dwarf burst into the chamber and cut off the noise of laughing goblins. The room he'd entered seemed fairly large, perhaps forty or so feet across and maybe even more wide - it was hard to tell as smoke and heat drifted around the room. Jul 1 ▼

Near the middle of the room was a wooden bench or table with devices at each end, and a body roughly strapped onto it. Stood to either side were a couple of goblins, leering at the body on the table. They turned quickly as they heard **Khalin's** cries.

Beyond the table was a huge goblin, maybe a hobgoblin similar to those the group had encountered in the catacombs of the mausoleum. It was hard to tell as this goblinoid was dressed in black leathers, splattered with blood. A leather mask covered its face.

Behind the hobgoblin, set into the floor, was a firepit, the cause of the smoke and heat in the room - its coals bright and yellow.

*In either corner of the room were tables, strewn with devices - another goblin presided over one of these to **Khalin's** right. And in the corner to the right of **Khalin's** shoulder was yet more implements of torture - an iron maiden against the wall, a goblin lounging against it enjoying the fun, and a cage.*

The goblins turned and looked to grab their weapons, fearful of the intruders. The hobgoblin simply laughed and thrust a red-hot brand into the side of the poor creature on the table, who let out another shriek in dwarven.

 Me: [...continued in [Chapter #06. Scene #05...](#)]

Jul 1 ▼

Tags: 

Next wave ➡