

Synopsis

INITIATIVE BLOCK

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The largest of the beasts, the one nearest to the pile of coins, scuttled forwards on its odd limbs, hissing and chittering as it moved. It paused and then raised its hind quarters, shivering for a moment, and then unleashing some deadly spikes towards the group.

[Kruthik Adult Toxic Spikes]
[Toxic Spikes: **1d20+7: 21** vs Khalin's AC(21)] - hits!
[Damage: **1d8+4: 5**] and [**Slowed**] and [**Ongoing 5**] poison damage (Save Ends Both)
[Toxic Spikes: **1d20+7: 16** vs Zero's AC(18+2)] - misses!

Zero dodged to the side, his back against the wall, but the spikes thudded into Khalin, weakening his resolve.

The creature continued its hissing and chattering, and scraped its vicious scythe-like claws along the stone floor.

Neil, me and 2 others: Were they not attacking him, Kireth would have marvelled at these new creatures they were encountering. However, they were attacking him, so they would die.

Aug 3

The mage circled his staff before him then pointed its tip towards the larger of the creatures

[Shock Sphere]
[Damage: **2d6+5: 9**]
[Shock Sphere vs Kruthik Adult's Reflex: **1d20+8: 14**] - misses!
[Damage: **4**]
[Shock Sphere vs Kruthik Young #1s Reflex: **1d20+8: 14**] - hits!
[Damage: **9**]
[Shock Sphere vs Kruthik Young #2s Reflex: **1d20+8: 23**] - hits!
[Damage: **9**]
[Shock Sphere vs Kruthik Young #3s Reflex: **1d20+8: 21**] - hits!
[Damage: **9**]

The crackling orb fizzed from creature to creature, leaving a burning musk in the air.

Matt, me and Random: Hearing, and partially seeing movement in the small tunnels to their left, Tradden barked out a warning as he charged forward, hoping to take up a central position so as to block the way between the creatures and his comrades.

Aug 3

"Watch out for being flanked!"

He crashed into the first creature, looking to test its defences.

[Surprising Stab]
[Primary Attack vs Kruthik Young #03's Reflex: **1d20+11: 25**] - hits!
[Damage: **4**] and [Grants Combat Advantage] and [Marked]
[Seconday Attack vs Kruthik Young #03: **1d20+11+2: 33**] - critical hit!
[Damage: **2d6+7: 19**]

Tradden caught the creature by surprise with his ferocity, opening a long wound across it's abdomen.

[Kruthik Young #03 Bloodied]

The creature became a frenzied blur as it was engaged in combat, slashing with its deadly scythes madly. Tradden tried his best to defend against the brutal assault, but found too many of the slashes piercing his defences.

[Kruthik Young Gnashing Horde Aura: **2** damage]

Me and Random: **Kruthik Young**

Aug 3

The three smaller creatures swarmed around Tradden as he charged into the cavern, their limbs thrashing madly to try to cut the young fighter to ribbons.

[Kruthik Young #01 Claw: **1d20+5: 11** vs Tradden's AC(19)] - misses!
[Kruthik Young #02 Claw: **1d20+5: 9** vs Tradden's AC(19)] - misses!
[Kruthik Young #03 Claw: **1d20+5: 17** vs Tradden's AC(19)] - misses!

But none of them could get past his defences, the fighter protecting himself much more warily now.

Nick, me and Random: The things were on them fast! Zero instinctively drew his crossbow and aimed at the one Tradden had badly injured. Maybe he could finish it off...

Aug 3

[Sly Flourish vs Kruthik Young #03: **1d20+9: 23**] - hits!
[Damage: **1d6+6: 11**]

The creature took the bolt in its midsection, and continued its furious gnashing for a moment, before teetering, and the collapsing to the floor.

[Kruthik Young #03 Dead]

Me: **Khalin** could feel the poison on the strange spikes that the creature had fired at him work its way into his veins. His movements became sluggish, and a fire ripped at his legs.

Aug 3

[Ongoing **5** poison damage]

Mark, me and Random: Khalin fought through the growing fog of poison clouding his thoughts, and staggered towards the nearest beast, raising his shield in an effort to protect Tradden, who was potentially facing attacks from three angles...

Aug 4

[Shielded Assault vs Kruthik Young #02: **1d20+7: 14**] - misses!
[+2 to self and Tradden while adjacent till end of next turn]

The hammer bounced off the creature's chitinous plate to Khalin's annoyance.

[Save vs Ongoing Poison: **1d20+5: 15**] - success!

The dwarf composed himself against the effects of the poison, willing himself successfully to overcome its effects.

The creature in front of him was still thrashing with its claws, however, and even though Khalin had his shield raised, one or two cuts got through.

[Kruthik Young Gnashing Horde Aura: **2** damage]

Me and Random: **Kruthik Hatchlings**

Aug 4

From amongst the tunnels and thin passageways of the caves a torrent of much smaller creatures flooded, similar in appearance but smaller, as though only hatchlings. Appearing behind the party they leapt towards the rear flank, thrusting knife-like claws at **Zero** and **Kireth**.

[Kruthik Hatchling #01: **1d20+5: 9** vs Zero's AC(18)] - misses!

[Kruthik Hatchling #02: **1d20+5: 20** vs Kireth's AC(17)] - hits!
[Damage: **5**]

[Kruthik Hatchling #06: **1d20+5: 9** vs Zero's AC(18)] - misses!

The pair did their best to fend off the assault.

 Me and Random: **Kruthik Adult**

Aug 4 ▼

[Toxic Spikes Recharge: **1d6: 6**] - success!

The largest creature stood its ground at the northern end of the cavern watching the party with unblinking black eyes. It shivered for a moment, raising its hind quarters once more, and propelled a volley of toxic spikes towards the group.


[Kruthik Adult Toxic Spikes]

[Toxic Spikes: **1d20+7-2: 11** vs Khalin's AC(21+2)] - misses!

[Toxic Spikes: **1d20+7: 16** vs Tradden's AC(19+2)] - misses!

The two combatants were prepared for it this time, though, and managed to dodge the odd missiles.

The beast grunted, and moved in for the kill.

 Neil, me and Random: The hatchlings skittered towards him menacingly, a wave of deadly intent.

Aug 4 ▼


Kireth raised the staff again, speaking the tongue of ancient arcane law.

[Force Orb vs Kruthik Hatchling #02's Reflex: **1d20+8: 14**] - misses!

The mage watched the shockwave spread across his foes but dared not wait for its final conclusion lest flailing limbs struck his way.

[Shift]

Now daring to look back the mage saw his spell peetering out, having had absolutely no effect. Almost foaming at the mouth Kireth cursed the frailty of the magics he had been taught by the weaklings on the islands. He knew there was more to be had and he, even if it meant his end, would have it.

 Matt, me and Random: Tradden heard the words of magic from behind him. Then the words of a cursing mage. That only meant one thing. Well, he would have to pick up the slack...

Aug 4 ▼

Letting out a mighty roar to try and intimidate the creatures, Tradden whirled his longsword above his head, looking to force them back.

[Sweeping Slash]

[Primary Attack vs Kruthik Adult's Reflex: **1d20+11: 29**] - hits!

[Push **1** square] and **[Marked]**

[Primary Attack vs Kruthik Young #01's Reflex: **1d20+11: 19**] - hits!

[Push **1** square] and **[Marked]**

[Primary Attack vs Kruthik Young #02's Reflex: **1d20+11: 13**] - misses!

[Marked]

Two of the creatures, including the larger one, made strange clicking sounds, wary of the ferocity that these new intruders displayed. One steadfastly refused to budge, perhaps concerned at the proximity of the smaller warm-blood who threatened to flank it. Tradden chose this one has his target, looking to take advantage of its momentary confusion.

[Sweeping Slash]

[Secondary Attack vs Kruthik Young #02: **1d20+10: 28**] - hits!

[Damage: **2d6+7: 17**]

[Spend Action Point] and [Use Khalin's Bravura Presence]

[Frost Longsword vs Kruthik Young #02: **1d20+11: 20**] - hits!

[Damage is: **1d8+7: 12**]

[Bravura Attack vs Kruthik Young #02: **1d20+11: 18**] - hits!

[Damage: **1d8+7: 14**]

Tradden continued his furious attack, safe in the knowledge that Dwarven steel had his back. Again and again he brought his gleaming silvery blade down in wicked sweeps, hacking at the creature which had held its ground.

Once, twice, three times Amaryllis swept down. One, two, three largely identifiable pieces quivered on the floor. The other creatures' clicking sound rose in pitch as if that were possible.

[Shift SW]


 Me and Random: **Kruthik Young**

Aug 4 ▼

With an eerie keen the remaining mid-sized creature skirted towards Tradden, trying to keep out of range of the dwarf. It flicked its razor sharp claws out at the fighter in retaliation.

[Kruthik Young Claw: **1d20+5+1: 11** vs Tradden's AC(19+2)] - misses!

But Tradden's swords flew up to parry the blow.

 Nick, me and Random: Confronted by a pack of angry-looking hatchlings, Zero backpedalled and tried one of his trademark attacks.


Aug 5 ▼

[Sly Flourish vs Kruthik Hatchling #06: **1d20+9: 16**] - hits!

[Damage: **1d6+6: 9**]

The creature screamed and keeled over in an instant!

[Kruthik Hatchling #06 Dead]

 Me and Random: Khalin weighed up the creature before him. Two of its kind had already fallen to Tradden's blades and this third needed to follow. The dwarf crouched a little and shouted to those behind him.

Aug 5 ▼

"Zero, get yer crossbow ready!"

He used the powerful muscles in his calves and thighs to swing up with his hammer, pushing the creature's head and neck upwards with the blow, exposed to someone with the right aim.

[Brash Assault vs Kruthik Young #01: **1d20+7: 27**] - critical hit!

[Damage: **1d10+5: 15**] and **[1d6: 6** flame bracer damage]

The creature hissed as it rose skywards, the sounds of ribs breaking adding to the noise, and lashed out with its claws.

[Kruthik Young #01 Bloodied]

[Kruthik Young #01 Claw: **1d20+5+2: 24** vs Khalin's AC(21+2)] - hits!
[Damage: **1d8+2: 9**]

The claw cut Khalin across the face, but he ignored the sting, as the brute had done what he expected.

"Now!" he bellowed, and waited for the whistling bolt from the rogue.

[Zero Hand Crossbow vs Kruthik Young #01: **1d20+9+2: 19**] - hits!
[Damage: **1d6+4: 7**] plus **[2d8: 11]** sneak damage]

As the creature's throat appeared over the top of Khalin's head, Zero's bolt made contact, lodging solidly and true. The creature fell in a heap, rasping breaths that onlt brought further blood, before it became still.

[Kruthik Young #01 Dead]

Nick: The rogue and the dwarf exchanged broad smiles.

Aug 5 ▼

Me and Random: **Kruthik Hatchlings**

Aug 8 ▼

The leading pair of hatchlings rounded the corner quickly, chasing the group, their claws clicking against the stone floor and striking sparks as they sped. The buffeted into Kireth and Zero with great eagerness.

[Kruthik Hatchling #01 Claw: **1d20+5: 18** vs Kireth's AC(17)] - hits!
[Damage: **4**]

[Kruthik Hatchling #02 Claw: **1d20+5: 18** vs Zero's AC(18)] - hits!
[Damage: **4**]

Both hatchlings cut their opponents, no leaving them room to back off as the party bunched together.

The rest of the hatchlings moved into the cave tunnels, squeezing through with frightening speed, their odd-shaped limbs allowing them easy access. One squeezed out a claw next to Zero, hoping to catch him unawares.

[Kruthik Hatchling #04 Claw: **1d20+5-2: 13** vs Zero's AC(18)] - misses!

But Zero was too agile to be caught on the hop like that!

Me and Random: **Kruthik Adult**

Aug 8 ▼

[Toxic Spikes Recharge: **1d6: 5**] - success!

The largest of the creatures, bolstered by the arrival of some of its young, shivered once more and let out another flurry of spikes from its haunches.

[Kruthik Adult Toxic Spikes]
[Toxic Spikes: **1d20+7: 27** vs Khalin's AC(21)] - critical hit!
[Damage: **1d8+4: 12**] and **[Slowed]** and **[Ongoing 5]** poison damage (Save Ends Both)
[Toxic Spikes: **1d20+7: 14** vs Tradden's AC(19)] - misses!

The spikes once again lodged in Khalin's flesh, circumventing his armour, and released thier toxic spell.

Neil, me and Random: There was one spell that, more often than not, had been a useful servant and he once again brought it forth, projecting his will upon the enemy.

Aug 9 ▼

[Nightmare Eruption vs Kruthik Hatchling #02's Will: **1d20+6: 17**] - hits!
[Damage: **1d8+6: 13**]

[Kruthik Hatchling #01 Damage: **4**]
[Kruthik Hatchling #04 Damage: **4**]

Yes, once again the spell had succeeded. Was it because the spell was powerful or was it because Kireth held so much hate?

The three hatchlings writhed for a moment, their claws coming dangerously close to lopping Zero's head off, before they cut each other to ribbons in a frenzy,

[Kruthik Hatchling #01 Dead]
[Kruthik Hatchling #02 Dead]
[Kruthik Hatchling #04 Dead]

Matt, me and Random: Their claws were sharp and their teeth looked wicked. That was of no import to Tradden - he was just going to have to try and withstand their slice-like blows until the others could start to bring their various weapons and powers to bear.

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"Mind the hair..." he said with gritted teeth as he stode forward into the melee, swinging his blades around in a large arc.

As he moved into the centre of the monstrous group he had to dodge the claws of one of the beasts.

[Kruthik Hatchling #03 Opportunity Attack: **1d20+5: 6** vs Tradden's AC(19)] - critical miss!

[Cleave vs Kruthik Adult: **1d20+11: 25**] - hits!
[Damage: **1d8+7: 9**] and **[Marked]**
[Kruthik Hatchling #05 takes **4** splash damage]

The blow connected with the largest creature and the blade followed through to slice off the legs and end the life of one of its young.

[Kruthik Hatchling #05 Dead]

The frenzied claws from both creatures continued to dazzle the fighter, though, zipping past his defences.


[Kruthik Adult Gnashing Horde Aura: **2** damage]
[Kruthik Young Gnashing Horde Aura: **2** damage]

Nick, me and Random: Zero took a shot at the remaining Hatchling.

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[Sly Flourish vs Kruthik Hatchling #03: **1d20+9: 27**] - hits!
[Damage: **1d6+6: 11**]

The bolt knocked the hatchling back some distance, pinning it dead against the far wall.

 Me: Poison continued to flow through Khalin's legs, sapping his strength and will to continue to fight.

Aug 12 ▼

[Ongoing 5 Poison Damage]

  Me and Random: The dwarf felt sluggish, his legs not responding as quickly as he would like, his mind foggy and vision faded. From the noises around him he sensed that they were now alone with the biggest brute, and although it posed a great threat he knew he had to stand shoulder to shoulder (or at least shoulder to waist) with Tradden at the front line.

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He drew a great breath and let out a wacry to rally his spirits.

[Inspiring Word: Khalin regains 1d6+10: 15 hp]

He then pushed forwards against the pain towards the foe, bringing down his hammer in a giant arc.

[Warlord's Strike vs Kruthik Adult: 1d20+7: 23] - hits!
[Damage: 2d10+5: 16] and [Allies +2 to damage rolls]

The hammer crashed down with a thump, making Khalin feel a little better, but the beast still lived.

[Saving Throw vs Poison: 1d20+5: 9] - failure!

[Kruthik Adult Gnashing Horde Aura: 2 damage]

   Me, Random and Matt: **Kruthik Adult**

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[Toxic Spikes Recharge: 1d6: 5] - success!

The remaining creature began to crouch, ready to let go more of it's strange toxic spikes, but was too close to Tradden's whirling blades and Khalin's pounding axe to take the risk. Instead, it thrashed out with it's claws.

[Kruthik Adult Claw: 1d20+8: 26 vs Tradden's AC(19)] - hits!
[Damage: 1d10+3: 11]

The claw slashed across the young fighter's face in a whirling move that impressed even the dancing Tradden.

The fighter's eyes narrowed. If looks could kill...




   Neil, me and Random: Kireth was becoming less interested in the creatures and more interested in finishing them off. He turned his attention to the adult.

Aug 12 ▼

Looking past Tradden and Khalin he saw its crouched form, its dark black eyes. He looked into them.

[Nightmare Eruption vs Kruthik Adult's Will: 1d20+8: 18] - hits!
[Damage: 1d8+5+3: 12]

The creature continued its intense thrashing, but this time cut itself more than its attackers. Kireth relaxed with a knowing smile.

   Matt, me and Random: "So - its to be a dance-off is it?" Asked Tradden, backing off a step and touching at the thin, red slice now adorning his cheek. "Very well, M'lady..." he finished, with a mock bow. (Tradden knew a woman when he saw one, even if she was insectoid.)




Aug 13 ▼

Leaping back into the fray, his friends were suddenly horrified to see him dive right into the deadly waving arms of the Kruthik Dam. Scything arms tipped with razor claws tore patterns in the air, zigzagging death in the immediate area. There was no chance for a puny flesh and blood creature like Tradden to survive. And yet ... the youth called upon the name of Corellon Larethian, and the power of dance generally and his pleas were answered. A natty combination of Elven Forest Square Dance, Deepingwald Cha-Cha, and a freestyle corner-step known only to Tradden saw him duck, dive, twist and step through the maelstrom and appear on the otherside of the creature. In a flanking position. [Pass Forward]

He pressed his advantage.

[Melee Attack vs Kruthik Adult: 1d20+11+2: 19] - hits!
[Damage: 1d8+7+3: 11]

"Let me lead!" he snarled, hacking down at the creature's exposed back.


   Nick, me and Random: As Tradden whirled, Zero fired off a bolt at the creature's leg, hoping to hamstring it.

Aug 15 ▼


[Unbalancing Shot vs Kruthik Adult: 1d20+9: 22] - hits!
[Damage: 2d6+4+3: 15]

Zero's bolt cut into the creature's leg at one of the joints, crippling it instantly. It thrashed the limbs on the other side of its body for a few moments, trying to right itself and catch Tradden or Khalin in the process, but the pair kept safely out of harm's way. With a last hiss of anger, it sank completely to the floor, and for once, the cave fell silent.

[Kruthik Adult Dead]

 Me: [...Combat Encounter Complete...]

Aug 15 ▼

 Me: **Short Rest**

Aug 15 ▼

Healing Surges

Healing surges are applied.

Khalin spends 2 healing surges (1 left) to get to 36/41 hp.

Kireth spends 1 healing surge (7 left) to get to 36/36 hp.

Tradden spends 1 healing surge (5 left) to get to 39/45 hp.

Zero spends 1 healing surge (5 left) to get to 40/40 hp.

Encounter Powers



All encounter powers are recharged.

Milestones

Milestone reached (2 encounters); 1 Action Point awarded.

Levelling

No characters ready to level.

  Me and Matt: **Khalin's** vision began to clear as the poison slowly wore off.

Aug 15 ▼

"Bah!" he grunted, "I've had enough of these insects or lizards, or whatever they are." He aimed a swift kick at the nearest hatchling, sending it hurtling towards the wall. "We need to get out of these caves and find this bloody elf." Rubbing at his neck and staring at the still twitching remains of the creatures on the floor, **Tradden** nodded in silent agreement.

Zero looked at his friend, covered in bloodstains and the gore of the previous battles. He was sure that **Khalin** had lost his patience and usual good-humoured demeanour - not to mention some weight - in the past few hours all because of a lack of food and good dwarven ale. Nothing that couldn't be solved soon.

"Chin up," the rogue offered. "At least we've got some treasure to find, as well as the elf! Maybe they're together, eh?"

Zero moved silently across to the loose pile of shining items in the corner of the cave and started fishing about. Even in the flickering torchlight the group could see a smile spread across his face, as he added a few coins to his belt pouch, and held five gems close to his eyes as they too were pocketed.

[Party have found 47gp and five gemstones]

"These will do for a start, though," grinned the rogue, patting his belt pouch. "Onwards, eh?"

The other three looked at each other, not sure if **Zero** was actually enjoying himself down here, was pleased with his contribution to slaying the creature, or was just in a rush to get the Nine Hells out of here.

 Me: **Investigative Rest**

Aug 15 ▼

With as much expediancy as possible the group began to check the creature corpses before moving on to search the area thoroughly. **Kireth** holding his staff upwards so that the other could search whilst he kept an eye and ear on things to prevent them being caught by surprise.

The creatures had to be treated carefully, their razor-sharp claws still dangerous even when the creatures were dead. Judging from the thinness of their bodies it was evident that they didn't get much to eat down here, and the pit traps that had claimed one of the creatures atop a goblin seemed to have been dug to keep the creatures within the chamber.


Another couple of traps were found, near some of the smaller tunnels, and looked as though the coverings had been replaced more than once. In the top-left hand corner of the creatures' chamber, stuffed into one of the smaller tunnels, were a pile of bones, picked clean, and fairly fresh judging by their whiteness in the light. Some were elegant and thin, perhaps human or elf, and some were shorter and thicker, possibly dwarven, or maybe even goblin.

Khalin surmised that the creatures had eaten as much as they could from their 'victims', but the bones were more difficult for them to eat. With the lack of armour, weapons, or even mundane items, such as belt buckles, he guessed that any victims were naked, or near enough. He couldn't explain why the gold and gems were here, though, unless one victim had been dressed along with a belt pouch, and the creatures ate the clothes.

As he was examining the bones his torch spluttered out, leaving the group in the faerie glow of **Kireth's** spell.

Searching the rest of the chamber revealed nothing that they did not already know. The only exit was back to the north.

[Investigative Rest Complete]
[Party have spent 40 minutes in total]

 Me: With nothing but a little extra knowledge to take with them, the group hefted their weapons and walked slowly back around the passageway and headed back to the north, being wary to avoid the pit traps.

Aug 15 ▼


Khalin considered lighting another torch at this point, but decided against it until it was necessary - the group making good use of **Kireth's** magical light.

As the party came back into the familiar stalagmite-infested area they turned to the west, squeezing with difficulty through a particularly claustrophobic area. As they continued north the mage's light outlined a door in the left-hand wall, leading to the west.

The group maintained position and motioned **Zero** to take a closer look. The rogue reluctantly agreed, not wanting to get too far into the darkness where he wouldn't be able to see.

As he neared the doors, he drew a snarl of revulsion. The portal was a double door, probably bronze, but stained green with age and lack of care. Here and there were stains of blue and purple near thick layers of fungus.


Scratched into the fungus on the doors in the Common script were three words: "Stay Out! Really!"

 Mark, me and Random: "Hmm. Stay out indeed," mused Khalin, stroking his beard thoughtfully. "Now who do you think wrote that?" he asked aloud to no one in particular. "What do you think Kireth, do you think that fungus is poisonous ...or worse? Zero, reckon it's safe to open?" he asked, "...message notwithstanding," he quickly added, peering at the door.

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[Dungeoneering check: **1d20+4: 7**] - failure!

The fungus, although an odd colour, quite virulent, and able to settle on the bronze doors, didn't ring any bells for the dwarf.

 Nick, me and Random: "Well," said the rogue, stepping up to the door, "safe or not, the words 'stay out' make it a must-see."

Aug 16 ▼

He inspected it closely.

Zero closed in on the door. He didn't like the look of the fungus, and wasn't prepared to touch it yet, but with a careful eye he looked to see if he could spot any obvious traps.

[Zero Perception Check - Find Traps: **1d20+10+2: 22**] - success!

Nothing seemed to be apparent, but who knew what was lurking under the purple blotches!

Using the very end of his sword, and covering his mouth as best he could, he looked around the doors for any locking mechanism, but couldn't spot anything. Two small bronze handles, covered with the fungus, seemed to be the way to open the door.

Gingerly, he got as close as he dared, putting his ear almost to the door.

[Zero Perception Check - Listen: **1d20+10: 15**] - success!

There didn't seem to be any noise from the other side.

He quickly jumped backwards, shivering involuntary.


"It's safe," he remarked as he wiped the remnants of the fungus from the tip of his sword on the floor. "I think."

 Matt: "Hmmm." hummed Tradden.


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Tearing a small, dry strip from the bottom of his already frayed and dirty cloak, Tradden conferred quietly with Zero for a moment before dipping the strip in the Rogue's lantern oil. Then wrapping the now sodden material around the tip of his shortsword he held it up and lit it using his lighting equipment. For a moment the makeshift torch flared into light, feeding hungrily on the rich oil.

Knowing that he had perhaps only seconds, Tradden pressed the torch onto the fungus to see if the flames had any effect...

 Me: As the flame neared the fungus it withered and blackened, but did not catch fire. Neither did it explode, much to the young fighter's (and the rogue hiding behind **Khalin**) relief.

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 Matt and Mark: Noting the initial effects of the flame, Tradden traced the sword-torch around the handles of the doors as much as he could, and was about to try and shrivel-away the fungus covering the seam in-between the two halves of the door when the oil finally gave out and the torch once more became a plain old sword.

Aug 16 ▼

"Alright - that will do I think." said Tradden, flicking the ashy material into a dark corner in the process of sheathing his sword. This time using his cloak to cover the handles so that he could get a grip on them, he took


he last look at the sign before asking his comrades for the final assent.

Khalin nodded his head, impressed at the young fighter's ingenuity and, and readied his hammer, a grim look in his eye.

Zero nodded his head, a gleam in his eye suggesting an expectation of riches in the room beyond.

Kireth nodded imperceptibly, the look in his eyes suggesting he really didnt care either way.

With a nod to himself Tradden pushed down and away from himself, swinging open the doors...


 Me: *The bronze doors opened silently, their discolouration and fungus-laden exterior belying their excellent workmanship. The first thing that hit the party was a stench of repulsion - a wave of stale odour and stagnant water. From the light on **Kireth's** staff the group could see rough hewn, fungus-coated stairs leading down into another natural cavern and inky darkness. At the edge of the light looked to be a pool of water, still and black, reflecting the faerie glow of the light.* Aug 16 ▼

The fungus carpet crept out onto the floor of the cavern to meet the water, and rose almost two-thirds of the way up the rugged walls.

Inside the chamber was silent, not even the water made any noise, remaining still and calm. With the doors open, the smell began to slowly dissipate.

 Me: **Visible Area** Aug 16 ▼



 Me and Random: **Tradden** sheathed his shortsword and grabbed a torch from his pack. The warm yellow flame flickered against the green bronze and the young fighter ushered **Khalin** and **Zero** forwards to lead the way. Aug 16 ▼


*The group moved slowly down the stairs, carefully placing their steps on the slippery fungus. **Zero** led the way, with **Khalin** by his side, **Tradden** and **Kireth** bringing up the rear. The light on the staff and the torch flame lit up the cavern as they descended.*

*The steps continued for about ten feet or so, leading down about the same amount. The fungus was more prevalent at the bottom, forming a soft carpet that squished with moisture as they moved. **Zero** and **Khalin** stopped at the edge of the still, dark water, peering into its depths and trying to gauge how deep the water was.*

The cavern appeared to be fairly small judging by the muted echoes, perhaps forty feet across and a little narrower. The brackish, black water filled most of it, but at the edge of the torchlight a patch of land, perhaps ten feet wide, rose from the foul water at the pool's centre. On this little island, bones, spilled coins, metal pieces, and other small objects were visible amongst the fungus. Temptingly the island was just a ten feet jump across the water.

[Khalin Perception Check: **1d20+2: 18**]
[Kireth Perception Check: **1d20+2: 20**]
[Tradden Perception Check: **1d20+4: 7**]
[Zero Perception Check: **1d20+10: 12**]

*As the group stood and looked, **Khalin**, with his eyes more suited to this environment, spotted a few bubbles popping to the surface to the north of the island.*

 Matt, me and Random: Tradden started humming to himself whilst taking a good look at the area. Particularly the flooring leading up to the edge of the grim looking pool and the island. Aug 16 ▼

Khalin screwed up his eyes and pinched the bridge of his nose with one hand. This was always a bad sign he had come to realise. "*What's on yer mind lad?*"


"Hmm?" replied the musing Tradden. "*Me? Oh, nothing. Just thinking...*"


Khalin pinched even harder. Thinking. By Moradin, that really was a bad sign.


Tradden meanwhile, was staring at the ceiling, suddenly wary of danager from above, but also looking for a potential means of getting across to the island.


[Perception Check: **1d20+3: 9**]

He couldn't see much that would help.

 Nick: "Hmm," Zero murmured, scanning about the cavern's gloomy interior. "Has anyone got a rope? That slimy little toad Bagrat scarpered with mine." Aug 16 ▼

 Mark: "*I have one,*" replied Khalin, fumbling around in his pack for the length. "*What do you have in mind?*" Aug 16 ▼

 Me: *As the group discussed what to do, the bubbles continued to rise and pop, causing slight ripples on the water's surface.* Aug 16 ▼

 Nick, me and Random: "Thaaaaaaank you," said Zero, taking the rope from Khalin and setting it down, along with his pack. Aug 17 ▼

He began to remove his climbing gear. The others watched, rather unsure of his ability considering his rotund physique.

A few moments later and, pitons, hammer and rope in hand, he approached the rough, glinting cave wall and began his ascent.


[Athletics Check: **1d20+3: 19**] - success!

*At first the situation seemed a little comical - **Zero** tried to avoid the patches of fungus as much as he could, but the walls were difficult to find purchase on, and he slipped a couple of times. Them he changed tactics, braving the purple carpet, actually finding that it clung to the walls quite sturdily and helped him to scale the wall.*

With liteness belying his mildly portly frame, it was only a minute or two before he had scaled the wall, and started to bang in a piton. As he did so, the bubbles continued to froth on the pool.

With a piton in, he connected the rope, and leant back, hammering another of his stakes into the cavern roof. He slid the end of the rope through a hoop on the piton, and let it dangle down towards the floor, before rappelling down with grace. He landed with a flourish, expecting a round of applause for constructing a simple rope swing to the island.

All he got was a few incredulous stares, purple-stained hands, and the growing sound of bubbles popping on the water.

 Matt, me and Random: "*Right then...*" said Tradden, rubbing his hands together. "*Lets try and make this quick. This place gives me the creeps.*" Aug 17 ▼

With that, the young fighter took a running jump at the dangling rope, hoping the momentum would simply deliver him nice and easily to the other side.

[Acrobatics: **1d20+9: 29**] - critical success!

For the strong but deceptively lithe fighter it was merely a formality and he easily found footing on the slimy floor of the island edge

As **Tradden** skidded to a halt on the purple-furred island a few coins, precariously balanced on the edges of the mound, dropped into the inky blackness of the water, sending ripples out across it's surface, washing up on the shoreline near **Khalin** and **Zero**.

More bubbles appeared to the north, this time they were bloated - huge and cumbersome, rolling slowly to the surface, lingering for a moment, and then popping with a muted echo and delivering a waft of sickly air. They brought greater ripples to the surface with their movement, and the water lapped up onto the shore and the island.

Not wanting to spend any more time than was necessary separated from his comrades he started searching for anything useful or of note.

[Perception Check if needed: **1d20+3: 11**]

A pile of items seemed to be gathered towards the centre of the island, covered in the purple fungus and moss. There seemed to be many coins, of all colours and sizes, as well as vials and cylinders of some sort, and what at first glance appeared to be a metal shield.

As **Tradden** bent down to examine the find the dank water suddenly erupted, and disgorged a blob of blue slime centred on the bubbles. The amorphous form seemed to pour forwards, bulging and reaching outwards, extruding long pseudopods that ended in fluid appendages of dripping goo, its mass below the water, but the danger very much well above it.

 Me: [...continued in [Chapter #06, Scene #08...](#)]

Aug 17 ▼

Tags: 