

**Blackengorge - The Forest Ruins - Hobgoblin Guard Room - Chapter #07, Scene #01**  
...continues from [Chapter #06, Scene #11](#)

**Synopsis**

*The 20th 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 found a tale of kidnap! A dwarf named Rangrim, from the mainland they believe, has joined them before they descend into the depths of the ruins to rescue his friends, and hopefully the missing elf ranger, Gilmorril.

- [Khálin Grundokri](#) - 5th Level Male Dwarven Marshal (Warlord)
- [Kireth Majere](#) - 4th Level Male Half-Elven Arcanist (Wizard)
- [Tradden Aversward](#) - 5th Level Male Human Weaponmaster (Fighter)
- [Zero Uhlit](#) - 4th Level Male Human Scoundrel (Rogue)
- Rangrim Ironnose - Dwarf

**Scene Length**

This scene starts on Tuesday 11 October 2011 and is expected to be completed by the end of Friday 21 October 2011. Players are expected to be able to post at least once a day.

Me and Random:

**INITIATIVE BLOCK**

**Round #06**  
**Combat Encounter Completed...**

- 01) [28] Rangrim - **1d20+6+2: 28** - HP x/x Dmg: 5+5+5=15
- 02) [25] Hobgoblin Soldiers - **1d20+7: 25**
  - Hobgoblin Soldier #01 - Dmg: 4+10+34=48 (Marked by Tradden)
  - Hobgoblin Soldier #02 - Dmg: 33+14=47 (Bloodied)
  - Hobgoblin Soldier #03 - Dmg: 4+16+26=46 (Marked by Tradden)
  - Hobgoblin Soldier #04 - Dmg: 18+6+13+15=52 (Marked by Tradden) (Bloodied)
  - Hobgoblin Soldier #05 - Dmg: 4+4+4+15+10+11=48 (Bloodied) (Marked by Tradden)
- Sp) [20] Deathjump Spider - **1d20+5: 20** - Dmg: 18+4+15+23=60 (Bloodied) (Marked by Tradden)
- 03) [21] Zero - **1d20+5+2: 21** - HP 34/40
- 04) [16] Kireth - **1d20+8+2: 16** - HP 36/36
- 05) [14] Tradden - **1d20+5+2: 14** - HP 33/51 (marked by HS#05) (Slowed)
- 07) [06] Khalin - **1d20+3+2: 6** - HP 31/46

**Removed from Play:**

- 06) [07] Hobgoblin Grunts - **1d20+6: 7**
  - Hobgoblin Grunt #01 - Dmg: 11=11
  - Hobgoblin Grunt #02 - Dmg: 9=9
  - Hobgoblin Grunt #03 - Dmg: 10=10
  - Hobgoblin Grunt #04 - Dmg: 16=16
  - Hobgoblin Grunt #05 - Dmg: 10=10
  - Hobgoblin Grunt #06 - Dmg: 30=30

Me, Nick and 2 others:

**BATTLE MAP**



Me: **FEATURES OF THE AREA**

**Illumination:** Bright Light (torchlight).  
**Doors:** These are made of wood with banded bronze and are closed (unless otherwise stated).  
**Walls:** The walls are smooth stone, and the floor consists of flagstones with mortar between them (unless otherwise stated).

**Walls:** The walls are smooth stone, and the floors consist of flagstones or mortar between them (unless otherwise stated).

 Me and Random: **Rangrim Ironnose**

Oct 11 ▾

Rangrim swore. There was nothing else to do now but put his head down and charge at the nearest hobgoblin. He just had to hope his new allies would follow suit.

He pushed past **Zero**, swinging the borrowed warhammer in both hands, and ran straight at the nearest hobgoblin with a curse on his lips.

The hobgoblins moved closer together as Rangrim advanced, forming a tight defence.

[Torturous Strike vs Hobgoblin Soldier #02: **1d20+9+2: 23**] - hits!  
[Damage: **2d10+9: 20**] plus [**2d8+3: 13** Sneak Damage]

The hammer struck through the hobgoblin's defences, brushing aside the shield and crushing the scale armour beneath. There was a crack of ribs and a bellow from the hobgoblin, but it didn't go down.

[Hobgoblin Soldier #02 Bloodied]

 Me and Random: **Hobgoblin Soldiers**

Oct 11 ▾

The two hobgoblins on guard were taken back by the dwarf's ferocity, but quickly composed themselves with military precision, forming a tighter group around Rangrim. [Hobgoblin Soldier Shift 1: S]

Concentrating on the dwarf, they raised their flails and tried to beat him into submission.

[Hobgoblin Soldier #01 Flail: **1d20+7: 11** vs Rangrim's AC(18)] - misses!

[Hobgoblin Soldier #02 Flail: **1d20+7: 10** vs Rangrim's AC(18)] - misses!

But the dwarf managed to dodge their swings athletically.

Another of the hobgoblins in the far northwestern corner of the room banged on the wooden door next to him, before charging across, drawing its flail. [Move: SE]

 Nick, me and Random: **Zero Uhlit**

Oct 11 ▾

Zero grimaced at his clumsiness and backpedaled, to let those better suited to hack and slash past.

He drew his crossbow and loosed a bolt at the hobgoblin Rangrim had wounded.

[Sly Flourish vs Hobgoblin Soldier #02: **1d20+9: 15**] - misses!

The bolt skittered past the hobgoblin and bounced off the stone structure behind it.

 Neil, me and Random: **Kireth Majere**

Oct 11 ▾

"Wonderful" Kireth tutted to himself "Another dwarf that doesn't believe in holding the line". Options. Obviously there were the three directly before them, more were heading down the corridor and, in all likelihood, there were more on the way on top of that. His thumb and second finger rubbed against each other in a circling motion as they often did when he was thinking. "Agreed" said the mage nodding.

"Huh" queried Khalin, looking up and back over his shoulder. The dwarf quickly scanned left and right then back to the mage before turning back to the action down the steps "Loon's talking to himself now" he grumbled through gritted teeth.

[Nightmare Eruption vs Hobgoblin Soldier #02's Will: **1d20+8: 28**] - critical hit!  
[Damage: **1d8+5: 13**] plus [**1d6: 1** critical radiant damage]

The hobgoblin clutched at its own face and issued a scream. As it shrieked it backed off slightly and toppled over the edge of the stone structure behind it and fell down into the black depths. The nearest hobgoblin cowered with alarm at its comrade's plight, fleeting glimpses of whatever the soldier had seen appearing before its own eyes.

[Hobgoblin Soldier #01: **4** psychic damage]  
[Hobgoblin Soldier #02 Dead]

 Matt, me and Random: **Tradden Aversward**

Oct 11 ▾

This was more like it. Passwords and plaques were all very well, but it was battle where Tradden most felt at home.

Brushing past his comrades he stalked towards the two nearest Hobgoblins, blades ready.

[Dual Strike]  
[Primary Attack vs Hobgoblin Soldier #01: **1d20+11: 25**] - hits!  
[Damage: **1d8+3: 10**] and [**Marked**]  
[Secondary Attack vs Hobgoblin Soldier #03: **1d20+10: 12**] - misses!  
[**Marked**]

Trying to hit two targets at once was difficult, and whilst a solid hit landed on one Hobgoblin, the other swing missed by a few inches. The young fighter did however have their attention.

"Hey boys!" he grinned.

 Me and Random: **Hobgoblin Grunts**

Oct 11 ▾

Two of the hobgoblins, at the far side of the chamber, quickly darted off to the north, sliding down next to something. **Tradden** and Rangrim were too busy with the other hobgoblins to notice what it was, and the others were too far up the staircase to see properly.

The remaining grunt shouted down the hallway to the east, and then charged at Rangrim with longsword drawn.

[Hobgoblin Grunt #03 Charge: **1d20+6+1: 27** vs Rangrim's AC(18)] - critical hit!  
[Damage: **5**]

The sword cut across Rangrim's side, causing the dwarf to wince with pain.

 Mark, me and Random: **Khalin Grundokri**

Oct 11 ▾

Khalin brandished his new craghammer at the brace of hobgoblins. "Divide and conquer! Split them up and their defences will weaken!" he yelled, recognising the classic stance of mutual protection the hobgobs had adopted, covering each other in a miniature version of the tactic used by phalanges of soldiers.

With that the dwarf barreled past Tradden to charge headlong into the first hobgoblin, **Aecris** wheeling as he looked to blood the beautiful and perhaps ancient weapon once more...

[Charge vs Hobgoblin Soldier #01: **1d20+9+1: 30**] - critical hit!  
[Damage: **1d10r2+7: 17**] plus [**1d8: 8** charge damage] plus [**2d8: 7** critical damage] plus [**1d6: 2** flame bracer damage]

**Khalin** almost leapt at the hobgoblin and brought the craghammer down on the creature's helm. With a squeal the metal buckled and there was a satisfying crack.

The warlord planted his feet firmly on the flagstones as the hobgoblin's body crumpled at his feet, and admired his work.

[Hobgoblin Soldier #01 Dead]

 Me and Random: **Rangrim Ironnose**

Oct 11 ▼

Rangrim looked appreciatively at **Khalin's** hammer, before striking out at the nearest hobgoblin.

"Divide and conquer, eh?" he laughed as he swung.

[Warhammer vs Hobgoblin Grunt #03: **1d20+9: 11**] - misses!

The dwarfs swing was hampered by his bandages, however, and went wildly wide.

 Me and Random: **Hobgoblin Soldiers**

Oct 11 ▼

The door in the far northwestern corner swung open and another pair of hobgoblins appeared, brandishing flails and shields and resplendent in their scale mail. They growled as they spotted the intruders and the comrades at their feet.


With a howl they charged over.

The hobgoblin closest to **Tradden** swung its flail menacingly at the young fighter.

[Hobgoblin Soldier #03 Flail: **1d20+7: 19** vs Tradden's AC(19)] - hits!

[Damage: **1d10+4: 8**] and **[Marked]** and **[Slowed]**

The swing caught **Tradden** on the back foot and he lost his balance for a moment.

 Nick, me and Random: Zero snuck a little forward, letting the shadows in the stairwell consume him.

Oct 13 ▼


[Move - Fleeting Ghost - Stealth Check: **1d20+13: 18**] - success!

Then he took aim at one of the soldiers and fired.

[Sly Flourish vs Hobgoblin Soldier #04: **1d20+9+2: 28**] - hits!

[Damage: **1d6+6: 9**] plus **[2d8: 9]** sneak damage]

This time Zero's aim was true, and the bolt slammed into the hobgoblin's shoulder.

 Neil, me and Random: **Kireth Majere**

Oct 13 ▼

Kireth stepped to his right, just behind his stealthy ally. Until the need came to descend, the steps were providing a good vantage point.

The half-elf had never considered himself a "battlemage" but he was starting to become a student, at least for the timebeing. Was this all? Would there be more? Take them down fast and hard or keep some in reserve? Such a game. With more power this game would surely become more interesting. "What? Yes, concentrate on the task in hand"

He focused on the hobgoblins a the foot of the steps.

[Nightmare Eruption vs Hobgoblin Soldier #04's Will: **1d20+8: 24**] - success!

[Damage: **1d8+5: 6**]

**Kireth** was unsure what demons the spell had unleashed from the hobgoblin's mind, but they seemed to have the required effect - the creature appeared stunned for a moment, tears of blood streaming from its eyes, and those next to it lurched back in fear of something that no others could see.

[Hobgoblin Soldier #03: **4** Damage]

[Hobgoblin Soldier #05: **4** Damage]

[Hobgoblin Soldier #04 Bloodied]

 Matt, me and Random: **Tradden Aversward**

Oct 13 ▼

Tradden hissed to himself through gritted teeth, the blow from the flail having hurt quite a bit, and was the second of the group to echo Khalin's orders. "Divide and conquer, divide and conquer..." The Hobgoblin which had thrashed at him was the only real target - any attempt to get around him would only lead to it getting a free blow.

[Footwork Lure vs Hobgoblin Soldier #03: **1d20+11: 14**] - misses!

**[Marked]**

The young fighter skipped to his left, displaying fancy footwork with a view to luring the Soldier into a better tactical position, but the Hobgoblin seemed to see it coming, and the heavy barbs of the flail came down again, causing Tradden to jump back. The fighter growled - this thing seemed to have his number. He did take the opportunity to jump over the flail as it sprawled on the floor, ignoring the pain in his leg, and moved his way behind the ugly brute so to at least perhaps give one of the others a chance to flank it. [Pass Forward as Move Action]

 Me and Random: **Hobgoblin Grunts**

Oct 13 ▼

There was the sound of booted footsteps running from the eastern corridor and a trio of hobgoblins appeared at the corner, armed and armoured.

The two grunts messing with the cage to the very far north seemed to be pleased with their work, and were trying to coax something out of the cage.

[Khalin Perception Check: **1d20+2: 19**]

[Kireth Perception Check: **1d20+2: 22**]

[Zero Perception Check: **1d20+10: 22**]

[Rangrim Perception Check: **1d20+3: 19**]

The spindly legs were a giveaway - the beast was some sort of spider, about as large as a goblin.

As the group looked across the chamber, the grunt closest to Rangrim swung out with its sword.

[Hobgoblin Grunt #03 Longsword: **1d20+6: 22** vs Rangrim's AC(18)] - hits!

[Damage: **5**]

Rangrim tried to raise the haft of the warhammer to block the swing but he was too late.

 Mark, me and Random: **Khalin Grundokri**

Oct 13 ▼

"Spiders," grumbled Khalin, his clearly apparent glee at the spectacular strike from his new hammer dissipating quickly, "I hate ruddy spiders!"

Fortunately, several suitable targets for his frustrations stood before him. Nodding quickly to Rangrim as he left his kinsmen to take on the solitary hobgoblin to the right, the warlord smiled once more as he saw Tradden's footwork leave the first of the brutes to the left open. Moving deftly in to flank the hobgob, he brought *Aecris* to bear once more...

[Vanguard Craghammer vs Hobgoblin Soldier #03: **1d20+9+2: 29**] - hits!  
[Damage: **1d10r2+7: 16**]

[Spends Action Point]


The blow struck true once more, and Khalin followed it up, sweeping the mighty weapon smoothly round once more in a brutal upward arc...

[Shielded Assault vs Hobgoblin #03: **1d20+9+2: 23**]  
[Damage: **2d10r2+7: 26**]  
[+2AC to self and allies adjacent till end of next turn]

"Hehe! Nice work my friend!" he shouted to his comrade in arms as the hobgoblin crumpled to the floor.

[Inspiring Word: Tradden spends a healing surge and regains **1d6+12: 14** hp]

[Hobgoblin Soldier #03 Dead]

 Me and Random: **Rangrim Ironnose**

Oct 13 ▼


The dwarf nodded back at his kinsman as **Khalin** passed him on his left. He then swung the warhammer around once more at the nearest hobgoblin.

[Riposte Strike vs Hobgoblin Grunt #03: **1d20+9: 25**] - hits!  
[Damage: **1d10+6: 10**]

With a satisfying crunch the warhammer got past the hobgoblin's defences and crushed its ribs.

[Hobgoblin Grunt #03 Dead]

Rangrim then moved up next to **Khalin**. [Move: NW1]

 Me and Random: **Hobgoblin Soldiers**

Oct 13 ▼

The hobgoblins moved quickly back into formation and studied their opponents. With two dwarves and a human before them they had plenty of meat to choose from.

[Hobgoblin Soldier #04 Flail: **1d20+7: 26** vs Khalin's AC(21)] - hits!  
[Damage: **1d10+4: 5**] and [Marked] and [Slowed]


[Hobgoblin Soldier #05 Flail: **1d20+7: 25** vs Tradden's AC(19)] - hits!  
[Damage: **1d10+4: 13**] and [Marked] and [Slowed]

The precision of the hobgoblins was impressive, and both victims staggered back, a little dazed.

 Me: **Deathjump Spider**

Oct 13 ▼

Prodded onwards by the grunts in the far chamber, the spider scuttled forwards, nipping at the hobgoblins before scurrying quickly into the main chamber. Fangs dripped poison onto the stone floor that sizzled in its wake and it took a cautious path around the well in the centre of the room, weighing up the opposition.


 Nick, me and Random: **Zero Uhlit**

Oct 14 ▼

Zero heard the dreaded 's' word and hastily decided to finish off the hobgoblins so his friends might spare him the horror of seeing the thing up close.

[Gloaming Cut on Hobgoblin Soldier #04: **1d20+9+2: 14**] - misses!  
[Stealth Check to remain hidden: **1d20+13: 33**] - critical success!

There was a curse from the darkness as the bolt went wide, and then all was silent from the stairwell.

 Neil, me and Random: **Kireth Majere**

Oct 14 ▼

He couldn't see it but he too heard Khalin's warning. Zero's tactic was sound, remove the hobgoblins... quick.

Sticking with the same spell was not usually Kireth's style but, at the moment, it was serving a purpose.

[Nightmare Eruption vs Hobgoblin Soldier #04's Will: **1d20+8: 20**] - hits!  
[Damage: **1d8+5: 13**]

The tears of blood continued to drip down the hobgoblins face and it began to shriek and howl in dismay. The one next to it joined in the cacophony.

[Hobgoblin Soldier #05: 4 psychic damage]

 Matt, me and Random: **Tradden Aversward**

Oct 15 ▼

The battle was fierce and Tradden was painfully aware that his main contribution so far had been to just stand there and get hit by flails. As useful as that was, he felt he should be doing more.

With a roar he whirled his sword around in an impressive figure of eight motion.

[Sweeping Slash]  
[Primary Attack vs Hobgoblin Soldier #04's Reflex: **1d20+11: 13**] - misses!  
[Marked]  
[Primary Attack vs Hobgoblin Soldier #05's Reflex **1d20+11: 15**] - misses!  
[Marked]

The Hobgoblins were far from moved (literally) and stood their ground. With a gasp of exasperation the young fighter hacked at one with his short sword - could he do nothing right?

[Secondary Attack vs Hobgoblin Soldier #05: **1d20+10: 16**] - misses!

It turned out he couldn't - the blow bounced feebly off it's chest.

At this point the youth noticed not only a huge spider which had just appeared out of no-where, but also a small army of further Hobgoblins running towards them.

"Em..."

He gritted his teeth. This was going to get worse before it got better...

[Use Action Point]  
[Second Wind]

 Me and Random: **Hobgoblin Grunts**


Oct 15 ▼

*With the spider released from its cage and scuttling towards the group the hobgoblins cheered, and marched across to the group in formation. Those from the corridor managed to cover the ground to the dwarves, another followed on from the corridor.*

[Hobgoblin Grunt #04 Longsword: **1d20+6: 24** vs Khalin's AC(21)] - hits!  
[Damage: **5**]

[Hobgoblin Grunt #05 Longsword: **1d20+6+2: 16** vs Rangrim's AC(18)] - misses!

*The grunt cut across **Khalin's** arm, past his shield, but the other failed to connect with Rangrim.*

  Mark, me and Random: **Khalin Grundokri**

Oct 15 ▾

More and more hobgoblins were joining the fray, not to mention the ruddy spider. Khalin quickly sized up the challenge. The soldiers to his left, facing down the luckless Tradden, still posed the biggest threat and one looked ripe to fall. Khalin urged his craghammer to help it on its way...

[Vanguard Craghammer vs Hobgoblin Soldier #04: **1d20+9: 25**] - hits!  
[Damage: **1d10r2+7: 15**]

*Fall it did! The craghammer slammed into the hobgoblin's knee and with a crack it fell.*

[Hobgoblin Soldier #04 Dead]

  Me and Random: **Rangrim Ironnose**

Oct 15 ▾

*Rangrim admired the way that **Khalin** was taking down the hobgoblins behind his back. "There's three here behind you, Khalin. And a ruddy great spider!"*

*With that he roared and swung at the nearest hobgoblin.*

[Clever Strike vs Hobgoblin Grunt #05: **1d20+9+2: 21**] - hits!  
[Damage: **1d10+6: 7**] plus **[2d8+3: 12** sneak damage]

*"Make that two!" he corrected himself.*

[Hobgoblin Grunt #05 Dead]

  Me and Random: **Hobgoblin Soldiers**

Oct 15 ▾

*The remaining hobgoblin soldier shifted uncomfortably. With its trained allies gone, it would have to rely on the grunts to do his bidding. First, though, it would have to rid itself of the whelp in front of it.*

[Hobgoblin Soldier #05 Flail: **1d20+7: 11** vs Tradden's AC(19+2)] - misses!

*The youth was too quick for him, though, blocking his strike with one of his blades.*



  Me and Random: **Deathjump Spider**

Oct 15 ▾

*Rangrim did well to warn **Khalin** of the spider's whereabouts, but in an instant that all changed. With a prodigious leap the spider cleared the hobgoblins before it and landed behind **Khalin**, between the dwarf and **Tradden**. As it landed, it struck instantly, almost catching the dwarf off guard.*

[Deathjump Spider Bite: **1d20+9+2: 14** vs Khalin's AC(21)] - misses!

***Khalin** just managed to get his shield in the way in the nick of time.*

  Nick, me and Random: **Zero Uhlit**

Oct 15 ▾

Zero let loose a bolt at the Hobgoblin on Khalin, hoping to clear his friend's back.

[Gloaming Cut vs Hobgoblin Grunt #04: **1d20+9+2: 27**] - hits!  
[Damage: **1d6+1: 5**] plus **[2d8: 11** sneak damage]  
[Stealth Check to remain hidden: **1d20+13: 14**] - critical failure!

*Zero's aim was true, and he cleared the hobgoblin out of the way. However, his position was now given away!*


[Hobgoblin Grunt #04 Dead]

  Neil and me: **Kireth Majere**

Oct 17 ▾

The pace of this battle was stepping up and it was difficult to tell which side held the upper hand. The two dwarves were currently looking invincible, each swing of their arm cleaving their foes asunder. Yet the enemy was relentless, more forces coming forward and now this spider.

Kireth's fingers tingled, perhaps now was the time to unleash... the mage suddenly called out. Wracked by pain, the half elf doubled over clutching his stomach. The steps seemed to disappear beneath him and clutching hands reached out to steady himself. Thankfully they found Zero, the shocked thief turning to clasp the mage by the shoulders and steady him. Gasping for air Kireth looked up into Zero's eyes. Looking back at the ashen face Zero saw absolute terror in the dark mage's eyes.

  Matt, me and Random: **Tradden Aversward**

Oct 17 ▾

Things were getting hectic now. Tradden heard, but could not see, something going on behind him, but there was no time to even turn and look. He was acutely aware that a vicious looking spider was to his left, not good, but if it were possible the biggest threat was still the Hobgoblin that was in front of him. The young fighter couldn't tell whether the hiss from the creature was out of anger given his comrades now lay slain, or out of pleasure from the fact that more were on the way.

Tradden fainted, as if he were recoiling away from the Spider. It was a double-feint however - the youth suddenly swung round with his longsword, the Hobgoblin having to step back to avoid having his eyes slashed out. Tradden was already following up with his shortsword however, looking to find a way through his opponent's armour and ribcage.

[Surprising Stab vs Hobgoblin Soldier #05]  
[Primary Attack vs Reflex: **1d20+11: 25**] - hits!  
[Damage: **4**] and [Grants Combat Advantage] and **[Marked]**  
[Secondary Attack: **1d20+10+2: 15**] - misses!

*The cut across the eyes got through, but the soldier was too wily to be caught out by a simple trick, blocking the shortsword's sweep with a well placed shield. **Tradden** had it off-balance, though.*

  Me and Random: **Hobgoblin Grunts**

Oct 17 ▾

*Oblivious to the scene unfolding on the stairs the grunts moved in for the kill. Surely a pair of dwarves and a frail human could not win against them. They would soon be subdued!*

[Hobgoblin Grunt #01 Longsword: **1d20+6: 24** vs Rangrim's AC(18)] - hits!  
[Damage: **5**]

The first grunt slashed across Rangrim's forearm, a thin spurt of blood splattering across **Khalin**.

[Hobgoblin Grunt #02 Longsword: **1d20+6: 18** vs Tradden's AC(19)] - misses!

The second grunt's longsword met **Tradden's** shortsword in a flurry of blades, as the young fighter battled the pair in front of him.

[Hobgoblin #06 Longsword: **1d20+6+2: 13** vs Khalin's AC(21)] - misses!

The final grunt was easily knocked aside by **Khalin's** shield.

   Mark, me and Random: **Khalin Grundokri**

Oct 18 ▼

A flurry of activity around him, Khalin yelled: "*Rangrim, Zero, take out the hobgobs!*" Then he himself turned to the spider.

"*I hate ruddy spiders!*" he roared as he brought his craghammer down towards the beast...

[Warlord's Strike vs Deathjump Spider: **1d20+9+2: 25**] - hits!

[Damage: **2d10r2+7: 18**]

[Allies get +2 bonus to damage roll to target until end of next turn]

The hammer cracked down onto the spider's back, but the arachnid was made of sterner stuff than **Khalin** thought, and it didn't splatter on the stone floor.

  Me and Random: **Rangrim Ironnose**

Oct 18 ▼

"Right you are," responded Rangrim to **Khalin's** shout, and swung the borrowed warhammer at the nearest hobgoblin's knee.

[Clever Strike vs Hobgoblin Grunt #06: **1d20+9+2: 17**] - hits!

[Damage: **1d10+6: 11**] plus [2d8+3: 19] sneak damage]

There was a crack and the knee was shattered, and the hobgoblin fell in a heap to the floor.

[Hobgoblin Grunt #06 Dead]

"Ha!" shouted Rangrim, as he turned back to the throng in delight. [Shift: 1W]

  Me and Random: **Hobgoblin Soldiers**

Oct 18 ▼

The final soldier seemed a little desperate. **Tradden's** taunts and constant whirling of blades had it trapped somewhat. It couldn't move, not even a little, for fear of the blades cutting deep. Its only recourse was to flatten the impetuous whelp.

[Hobgoblin Soldier #05 Flail: **1d20+7: 27** vs Tradden's AC(19)] - critical hit!

[Damage: **1d10+4: 14**] and [Marked] and [Slowed]

The hobgoblin was pleased with its strike - that ought to keep the frail human quiet for a while.

  Nick, me and Random: **Zero Uhlit**

Oct 18 ▼

"Let's try this again," Zero whispered to himself.

[Stealth Check to Hide: **1d20+13: 15**] - failure!

[Use Action Point]

He took aim at the many-legged horror with its bristling back to him and fired.

[Gloaming Cut vs Deathjump Spider: **1d20+9: 11**] - misses!

[Stealth Check to Hide: **1d20+13: 22**] - success!

**Zero** was having problems keeping himself hidden with a mage grabbing hold of him; his aim was off too! **Kireth** seemed to be coming to his senses, so shrugging off the mage, the rogue slipped back into the shadows and his beating heart seemed to slow. Everything would be fine now that the darkness enveloped him.

  Neil, me and Random: **Kireth Majere**

Oct 19 ▼

Shrugged off by Zero, Kireth's hand found the wall and he steadied himself. It was gone now and he forced his eyes and mind back into focus.

The battle below continued. Still unsteady, the mage used the wall as a brace and almost *dropped* down each step to get a better position. Strength was returning as he raised his staff towards the group.

[Force Orb vs Hobgoblin Soldier #05's Reflex: **1d20+8-2: 16**] - hits!

[Damage: **2d8+5: 15**]

A crackling ball of energy swept past the spider and exploded on the hobgoblin soldier's chest, taking its breath away in an instant.

[Secondary Attack vs Hobgoblin Grunt #01's Reflex: **1d20+8: 19**] - hits!

[Damage: **1d10+5: 11**]

[Secondary Attack vs Hobgoblin Grunt #02's Reflex: **1d20+8: 14**] - hits!

[Damage: **1d10+5: 9**]

[Secondary Attack vs Deathjump Spider's Reflex: **1d20+8: 12**] - misses!

Tendrils of electricity seeped out of the hobgoblin's arms, bursting onto his allies. Two of them fell, their hair singed, and their bodies spasming uncontrollably.

[Hobgoblin Soldier #05 Bloodied]

[Hobgoblin Grunt #01 Dead]

[Hobgoblin Grunt #02 Dead]

  Matt, me and Random: **Tradden Aversward**

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Tradden had been wondering where the "magic had gone" - he had his answer! Whatever Kireth had done had once again decimated the opposition.

They faced only one Hobgoblin now. Good! - the halfbreed race were fast becoming the young fighter's new nemesis, with thoughts of Kobold Slingers (nearly) forgotten. (His forehead itched at the very thought...)

In one sense he was deeply unhappy with his own involvement in the battle so far. On the face of it his contribution was somewhat lacking, and the thought threatened to overwhelm him. However invading the veil of dark morosity from the side was a bright shaft of philosophical introspection. It was kind of triangle shaped. Alright, yes, maybe that was the case but his role was not necessarily to cause bloody carnage in swathes through the enemy lines - it was to act as shield and protection for the others. He was more comfortable once he had, again, come to this conclusion.

So, that said - time to hit things and *get hit* by things...




[Cleave vs Hobgoblin Soldier #05: **1d20+11+2: 20**] - hits!

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

[Damage: **1d8+7: 15**] plus [Marked]

[Deathjump Spider] takes 4 splash damage]

This time Tradden's strike was better. Fifth time lucky. The Hobgoblin tried to block the longsword with the haft of it's flail, but it was just fractionally too slow, the frosty blade slashing into it's thigh before taking a nick out of the nearby spider's spindly leg as well. The youth smiled - after a frustrating battle it was a most, most satisfying hit.

   Mark, me and 2 others: **Khalin Grundokri**

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The hobgoblins were falling quickly now, and the spider was surrounded. Khalin feinted and swung to try draw the spider's attention...

[Brash Assault vs Deathjump Spider: **1d20+9+2: 19**] - misses!

[Spider can make a free attack with CA. If taken Tradden gets free counter with CA]

*The attention was drawn, although the hammer did not connect - the spider whirled on **Khalin** and attempted to sink in its fangs.*

[Deathjump Spider Bite: **1d20+6+2: 15** vs Khalin's AC(21)] - misses!

***Khalin** was ready for the attack, and blocked the spider's advance with his shield. Opening the way for his comrade in arms.*

Tradden was busy Trading blows with the Hobgoblin when movement to his right caught his attention. Risking a quick glance he saw that Khalin had maneuvered the Spider into a plum position. The only problem as far as Tradden could see was that if he struck, the ever-proficient Hobgoblin would surely also seize it's own opportunity to smack him with it's barbed flail. Hmmmm. There was only one thing for it....

[Basic Melee Attack vs Deathjump Spider: **1d20+11+2-2: 29**] - hits!

[Damage: **1d8+7: 15**] and [Marked]

Hitting the Spider was the easy part - its "back" was turned and the young human was able to lop off a satisfying chunk of its thorax. The next bit was the hard part. Readying himself he set up a move he hadn't done since a night in the Orange Sword Fish Tavern when someone had spilled a punch bowl right in his path whilst he was in a Championship dance....

With the young fighter's attention elsewhere, the hobgoblin struck swiftly at his side.

[Hobgoblin Soldier #05 Mark Attack: **1d20+7: 11** vs Tradden's AC(19)] - misses!

... and just as that night his golden pantaloons had been saved from irremovable stains, this time a vicious blow from a Hobgoblin's flail was avoided. All due to combination of a Tango two-step and an improvised cha-cha-cha, the human's fancy footwork foxing the increasingly bemused Hobgoblin. The creature even seemed mesmerised, and stood for a second gaping, its neck tantalisingly within reach...

[Tradden Combat Challenge vs Hobgoblin Soldier #05: **1d20+11: 21**] - hits!

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

With a final flick of the wrist Tradden's longsword, Amaryllis, cleaved through the exposed flesh of the Hobgoblin. The body fell backwards, the head sweeping off to one side. It rolled to a halt a few feet away. No blood was spilled as both parts of the corpse were cauterised by a gleaming layer of frost.

[Deathjump Spider Bloodied]

[Hobgoblin Soldier #05 Dead]

  Me and Random: **Rangrim Ironnose**

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*With the spider surrounded it was easy for Rangrim to bide his time until it's back was facing him before he struck.*

[Clever Strike vs Deathjump Spider: **1d20+9+2: 28**] - hits!

[Damage: **1d10+6: 11**] plus [2d8+3: 12] sneak damage]

*The warhammer strike crushed the spider's rear legs under it, and with an odd squeal it lay still; dead.*

[Deathjump Spider Dead]

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

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 Me: **Short Rest**

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#### Healing Surges

Healing surges are applied.

Khalin spends 1 healing surge (4 left) to get to 42/46 hp.

Kireth spends 0 healing surges (6 left) to get to 36/36 hp.

Tradden spends 2 healing surges (3 left) to get to 51/51 hp.

Zero spends 1 healing surges (6 left) to get to 40/40 hp.

#### Encounter Powers

All encounter powers are recharged.


#### Milestones

No milestone reached.

#### Levelling

Kireth Majere reaches Level 5.

Zero Uhlit reaches Level 5.

 Me: *As the spider fell, **Tradden** was quickly on his toes. The end of this particular battle had gone a lot better than his previous couple of hours, and he was feeling somewhat refreshed and eager.* Oct 21 ▾

"Kireth," *the young fighter hissed at the mage, who was smiling to himself and studying his own hands,* "check that eastern chamber and keep an eye out for anything. The rest of us need to tear this place apart to see if we can find any clues!"

*To **Khalin's** astonishment the mage simply nodded and walked calmly over to the entrance of the chamber to the east without a witty retort or scathing rebuttal.*


"Tradden, are you sure we have the time?" *inquired the warlord, with Rangrim nodding in agreement with his kinsman behind.*

"Well, yes, I think so," *replied the young fighter.* "There might be something here that we need, or indeed Gilmorril and the rest might be locked in one of these rooms just here. Or even down that well."

"Can you remember where you were led to until you escaped, Rangrim?" *asked Zero, appearing from the darkness of the staircase.*

"Well, we came past here, I'm sure of that. Through there," *he pointed to the eastern chamber,* "and down to the south. I managed to get clear in another empty chamber down there somewhere."

"Right, well let's be quick," *added Khalin.* "With the noise we've just made I'm sure we won't be alone for long. Get on with it."

 Me: ***Tradden** quickly divided the group up, with him taking the room to the west, **Khalin** the room to the north with the cage, **Zero** to check the bodies of the hobgoblins and the well, and Rangrim to move to the eastern chamber.* Oct 21 ▾

*The room to the west was a small living area for the hobgoblins, and didn't smell as bad as **Tradden** thought it would. It seemed like the hobgoblins had some sort of military tradition for tidyness and*

cleanliness, unlike the goblins above. Apart from three large makeshift beds, however, there wasn't much else to find.

**Khalin** moved slowly into the northern chamber, wary of the cage and any further spiders. However, to his relief the chamber was fairly empty. The cage was curious, its rough steel bars were not in keeping with the rest of the stonework and general workmanship of the ruins, and it looked as though it had been brought and sited here on purpose lately. There were bloodstains on the stonework in and around the cage, as though the spider within had been fed on relatively fresh bodies. Whether alive or dead when the feeding time came was anyone's guess.

Looking down the well **Zero** could just about make out the bottom if he squinted hard enough. A couple of small stones confirmed his suspicion that it dropped about thirty feet into shallow water. A twine cord was hung just under the lip and the rogue slowly pulled it up, revealing a rusty, but whole, bucket at the end containing what appeared to be cool and fresh water. He decided that drinking it was a bad idea, and let the bucket down once more.

His attention turned to the hobgoblins and the ghastly spider, and a close inspection revealed nothing more than their weapons and a few gold and silver coins, which he quickly pocketed. He grabbed their weapons and shields and shoved them down the well with a clatter, just in case, drawing a scowl from **Kireth** at the noise.

The eastern chamber was similar to the central one. The well in the centre looked to be about as deep, although there was no twine and bucket on this one, and the small chamber leading off the northern wall was another small living quarter. Rangrim found no other items of interest.

As the group reconvened in the eastern chamber to compare notes, they studied the eastern and southern passages.

It seemed that the eastern corridor didn't stretch too far, and led to a couple of archways - one on the northern wall at the end, and another on the southern. There was no sign of movement or noise from where the group were currently stood, but **Khalin's** nose wrinkled and a growl from his throat indicated that hobgoblins lay that way.

The southern corridor led away sixty feet or so before it opened into a larger area, although it was hard to see from here what it contained.

[Investigative Rest]  
[The party have spent 65 minutes]  
[The party have found 10gp and 27sp]

 Me: "East!" **Khalin** whispered to the group, motioning along the corridor with Aecris. "If there's hobgoblins up there, I'd rather have them lying in their own blood rather than following behind our backs." Oct 23 ▼

The group nodded and swiftly moved into their well-trusted formation and softly padded along the eastern corridor.

It was only twenty feet or so before they came across the first archway to the south. **Zero** peered around the corner with all of the stealth he could muster.

[Zero Stealth Check: **1d20+13: 17**] - success!

There was no door in the archway, the corridor leading away south some thirty feet until it came to an open chamber, with a table and chairs scattered around it. **Zero** reported back to the group.


They then padded past the opening to the end of the eastern corridor, where a similar archway in the northern wall held a slightly ajar doorway. The rogue peeked through carefully.

[Zero Stealth Check: **1d20+13: 27**] - success!  
[Zero Perception Check: **1d20+10: 19**] - success!

The rogue breathed a sigh of relief - no monsters! Only a short entranceway into what appeared to be a small chamber, although he couldn't guess the size.

He turned back to the others with a shrug and silent mouthing of words.

"Which way?"

 Me and Random: "Up there," whispered **Tradden**, motioning to the northern door with his shortsword. **Khalin** nodded his head slowly in agreement. Oct 23 ▼  
**Zero**, cautiously opened the door, praying that it wouldn't squeal on its hinges.

[Zero Stealth Check: **1d20+13: 17**] - success!

The door swung open almost silently and **Zero** breathed another sigh of relief.

The corridor beyond was torchlit and led a small way into a further small chamber, the smell of salty fish and rotting vegetables floating down the walls. The party edged northwards, **Zero** and **Khalin** leading the way, the others close behind. The warlord's nose wrinkled at the smell of more than the fish.


"They're here somewhere," he growled.

[Khalin Stealth Check: **1d20+2: 5**]  
[Kireth Stealth Check: **1d20+4: 20**]  
[Tradden Stealth Check: **1d20+4: 20**]  
[Zero Stealth Check: **1d20+13: 28**]  
[Rangrim Stealth Check: **1d20+11: 21**]

**Khalin's** eagerness to cleave hobgoblin flesh nearly betrayed them, but as a group they were quiet enough.

Then, as they inched towards the chamber, an ugly face appeared around the corner of the right-hand wall at the entrance to the chamber. Green skin and ears protruding out past its helm betrayed it as one of the hobgoblins.

"Batrak! Batrak! Ekkak palla, padda!" it screamed back to its east, as it ducked away back around the corner.

 Matt, me and Random: "Don't let it go!" cried Tradden, pushing past his comrades. "The last thing we need is another bloody spider, or something, on the loose!" Oct 24 ▼  
The youth sprinted forward and hurtled after the Hobgoblin, his swords flailing behind him. The last thing the others saw were the tips of two blades disappearing around the corner.

Careering around the angled stone Tradden half expected to come face to face (literally) with a flail. The Hobgoblin was no-where to be seen however. Stopping for a moment the young fighter took in his surroundings.

The chamber was actually a bit bigger than they had first thought - perhaps forty feet west to east and half of that from north to south. The previously out-of-view western side was a mess of stacked barrels and crates. He could see, and smell, that these were the source of the fishy smell.

"Nice..." he said to himself, wrinkling his nose.

Turning back to the more urgent matter of trying to locate the Hobgoblin, Tradden saw two doors. The first was at the northeastern corner of the chamber and was closed. The second was just to his east, maybe 10 feet away. It was open. Bingo.

Without getting too close he could see that through the door was a shortish corridor, twenty feet maybe, which then opened out into another, larger chamber. From here he could tell that it stretched out perhaps another thirty feet or so to the far wall. How big it was from north to south was anyone's guess. His search for the Hobgoblin ended there - it was right in front of him, albeit around thirty feet to his east. It must have negotiated the corridor in double quick time. Fast bugger. Tradden could also see some tables and chairs in the main room, perhaps hastily drawn back, as well as a second Hobgoblin standing right against the far wall. "Great" he muttered as he moved forward towards the door. No point in not taking a closer look now...

[Perception Check: **1d20+4: 8**]

His positioning was good for cover, but less-than-ideal for seeing what was going on in the room however, and he couldn't make anything out.



"You guys, get up here - trouble!" he hissed back down towards the others.

Me: [...Continued in [Chapter #07, Scene #02...](#)]

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Tags: 

Next wave 