

Beds: Each of the beds is large enough to accommodate one hobgoblin. A bed provides cover for someone adjacent to it. It costs 2 squares of movement to hop up on a bed. A character can make a DC 15 Strength check to tip over a bed, which can then grant superior cover.

Tables: A table or similar piece of furniture is tall enough that a Small creature can move under it and possibly gain cover from doing so. It costs 2 squares of movement to hop up on a table. A character can make a DC 10 Strength check to tip over a table, which can then grant superior cover.

Two tables have been turned over (denoted by red and blue polygons) and provide superior cover, but now are difficult terrain, and require two squares of movement to pass.




 **Matt: Tradden Aversward**

Nov 7 ▼

Now there was a hell of a ruckuss going on. Again, the young fighter had to hold himself back from leaping over the barricade and sticking his head round the corner to take a look. No, this was the plan. What would Khalin say if he went against the agreed actions at the drop of a hat. (A very odd sounding hat, he had to agree with himself.)

Something was up with Zero that was for sure. He couldn't see his face, but there was "still" and there was "still". He would wait and see what the Rogue did...

[Delay Turn until after Zero]

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

Nov 7 ▼

Kireth crouched, palm faced down he moved his hand in a circular motion above the floor, muttering words as old as time.

Ahead, the ground shimmered for a moment and then, strangely, started to bubble.

[Acid Mire]
[Damage: **3d6+5: 16**]

[Attack vs Carrion Crawler #01's Fortitude: **1d20+8: 14**] - misses!
[Half Damage: **8**]
[Attack vs Carrion Crawler #02's Fortitude: **1d20+8: 25**] - hits!
[Damage: **16**]

Caustic yellow slime covered the floor, the rotting hulk of meat fizzing and popping as it slowly sank into the floor. Hisses of steam rose from the carrion crawlers' feet and they let out squeals of pain.




[Acid Mire Pool - Blue Polygon]

 **Me: Hobgoblin Beastmasters**

Nov 7 ▼

Two hobgoblins followed the abominations into the area, wielding whips and stout cudgels. They barked orders at the beasts, trying to cajole them with shouts and rapid cracks of the whips. However, they balked at the sight of the sickly yellow slime, and tried to turn their beasts from where they were.

*The northern crawler was just out of reach of their physical adjustments, and kept its path towards **Zero**. The second, however, was turned to the east, searching out where the magical spell had its origin.*

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

Nov 7 ▼

Khalin narrowed his eyes before turning to Kireth beside him. *"Do you think you can try keep one of those rotters in that acid with one of those bolts of yours?"* he whispered.

[Direct the Strike: Target Kireth - Kireth gets basic attack vs Carrion Crawler #02]

"Well, we will see, shall we?" replied Kireth, and raised his staff. A blue bolt of light shot from the tip and exploded into the second crawler.

[Magic Missile vs Carrion Crawler #02] - automatic hit!
[Damage: **2+4+1: 7**]

A squeal of pain came from the aberration, but it didn't appear to be stunned.

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

Nov 8 ▼

Zero briefly considered retreating; there was no denying the oversized creepy crawly had spotted him; but he held his ground. Tactically it would have been foolish, when he was still behind cover and the only person covering the north/south corridor.

"Alright," he whispered, "let's see if I can slow you down a bit."

He aimed carefully and fired a bolt at one of the creature's legs.

[Preparatory Shot vs Carrion Crawler #01: **1d20+9: 24**] - hits!
[Damage: **3+2: 5**] and [Grants Combat Advantage to Zero]

*The bolt struck the creature in one of it's forelegs, causing it to stumble a little and lean to one side. **Zero** could get a great shot in now. If only the thing would stop advancing towards him!*

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

Nov 8 ▼

Tradden started to climb over the barricade. Then he stopped. *"No, stay. I should stay."* He thought to himself.

No one could see the young fighter, but had they been able to they would have witnessed the clear internal battle being played out in his facial expressions.

"Oh, Correlon." He concluded. *"Rangrim!"* he hissed back at the Dwarf. *"Go and see what is going on down there will you?"*

The youth then slipped over the barricade and sidled against the wall, stopping just before the darkness which currently hid Zero started to deepen. Peering down the corridor through the jutting corners which threatened to block his view entirely Tradden espied something from his recent nightmares.

"Ah. Tentacles. Who knew?" he said flatly, bringing his crossbow up and letting an all-too casual shot fly in its direction.

[Hand Crossbow vs Carrion Crawler #01: **1d20+7-2: 8**] - misses!
[Marked]

"Em, Hey, you ... thingy ... over here..." he said, without any real enthusiasm, putting his crossbow away [Minor Action].

  **Me and Random: Rangrim Ironnose**

Nov 8 ▼

*Rangrim looked up towards **Tradden** as the young fighter lithely vaulted the barricade and cast a glance across to **Khalin** and **Kireth**. The dwarf was pointing to the west, urging **Kireth** to action as the mage cast some sort of glowing dart down the corridor.*

The dwarf looked at the prostrate figure of the hobgoblin archer at his feet and brought Khalin's hammer down on its skull.

[Coup de Grace vs Hobgoblin Archer] - automatic critical hit!
[Damage: **1d10+6: 16**] plus [2d8+3: 21] sneak damage]

"Not having that thing sneak up behind us," he muttered as he marched towards his kinsman, without a single backward glance.

When he reached the barricade he put a hand on **Khalin's** shoulder.

"By the nine hells!" Rangrim shouted. "Crawlers!"

[Hobgoblin Archer Dead]

Me and Random: **Carriion Crawlers**

Nov 8 ▼

The first of the bloated aberrations was caught between getting away from the floral scent of the meat, getting itself out of the burning acid, and heading towards the gesticulating food to the north. Without its master to guide it, it hesitated, and the acid burnt further into its legs.

[Acid Mire: **5** damage]

Its mind made up it rumbled northwards, squeezing its bulk through the open doors, one of them cracking and splintering as the creature almost oozed through the gap, its tentacles quivering and pulsing.

Once free of the restriction is darted forwards, at an unbelievable speed for its bulk, its body arching and compressing, and then squeezing out, forcing it forwards with an odd scuttling pace, bulging past the steeled **Zero**, who managed to loose of a bolt in alarm.

[Zero Opportunity Attack vs Carriion Crawler #01: **1d20+9+2: 22**] - hits!
[Damage: **1d6+4: 5**] plus [**2d8: 8** sneak damage]

The bolt thudded into the creature's bulk, but it continued undeterred. Before **Tradden** could draw his swords it was on him, its tentacles reaching out to strike at the young fighter.

[Carriion Crawler #01 Tentacles: **1d20+8: 28** vs Tradden's Fortitude(19)] - critical hit!
[**Dazed**]

At the touch of the tentacles, **Tradden** felt a short, sharp sting, and then giddy and dazed.

The second beast hesitated more than the first. The acid burnt into its legs and the scent of the meat combined with the whip of its master served to confuse, rather than spur it on.

[Acid Mire: **5** damage]

It faltered a number of times, going backwards and forwards before succumbing to its master's will and heading towards the east.

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

Nov 8 ▼

Kireth's lips curled in frustration, he had hoped to hold the creatures in his acid longer. Nonetheless he kept his left palm faced down to the floor and the Mire up ahead bubbled in response [Sustain Acid Mire].

With his right hand he made a swirling motion, finishing by slowly closing his fist in a choking fashion.

[Shadow Claws vs Carriion Crawler #02's Fortitude: **1d20+4: 18**] - hits!
[Damage: **1d10+1: 10**]

A frosty shadow bubbled out of the acid and wrapped its cold cloak around the creature. Within the cloud Khalin thought, just for a moment, he saw a face similar to Kireth's but twisted and altogether more evil looking. It smiled. Turning he saw the mage was smiling too.

Me and Random: **Hobgoblin Grunts**

Nov 8 ▼

From the corridor to the south came a number of shouts, urges and orders, barked out quickly and curtly by a loud goblin voice.

As the group watched from their respective positions they saw a number of hobgoblins burst from behind the beastmasters, attempting to jump the bubbling pool, using the carriion crawler as a vault.

[Hobgoblin Grunt #01 Athletics - Long Jump: **1d20+6: 10**] - success!
[Hobgoblin Grunt #02 Athletics - Long Jump: **1d20+6: 12**] - success!
[Hobgoblin Grunt #03 Athletics - Long Jump: **1d20+6: 8**] - failure!
[Hobgoblin Grunt #04 Athletics - Long Jump: **1d20+6: 23**] - success!

One of the hobgoblins jumped quite high, almost striking the wall on the far side. Another two made it, but only just, splashing gobs of acid around the soles of their boots. A final one didn't make it, landing squarely in the acid, tripping over and screaming as it burnt.

[Hobgoblin Grunt #03 Dead]

Me: **Hobgoblin Beastmasters**

Nov 8 ▼

The two whip-wielding hobgoblins kept their station - wary of the burning acid in front of them. They whipped the carriion crawler in front of them, trying to get it to move off to the east, and trying to shred the strange shadows that surrounded it.

Me: **Hobgoblin Warchief**

Nov 8 ▼

In the southern corridor, behind the beastmasters, appeared a taller, broader hobgoblin barking out orders and urging his troops on. It looked as though it was weighing up the jump across the acid.

Mark and me: **Khalin Grundokri**

Nov 9 ▼

"Nice work my friend!" grinned Khalin, admiring the magical onslaught Kireth was weaving. If they could take out the crawler, he could let Aecris loose on some hobgobs. "Blast that crawler again, it's weakening!" urged the dwarf again.

[Direct the Strike: Target Kireth - Kireth gets basic attack vs Carriion Crawler #02]

Kireth followed **Khalin's** advice with another silvery bolt of force.

[Magic Missile vs Carriion Crawler #02] - automatic hit!
[Damage: **2+4+1: 7**]

The warlord was in two minds as to where to direct Rangrim. Tradden sounded like he'd been hit, but the majority of the enemies were at this side. He stayed his order - Tradden and Zero could handle the other beast for now. Two hammers against a troop of hobgoblins would be better than one.

Me and Random: **Zero Uhlit**

Nov 9 ▼

More than a little panicked, Zero leapt away from the slimy, grasping monster [Shift: W] and shot a bolt at its slavering, ugly maw.

[Sly Flourish vs Carriion Crawler #01: **1d20+9+2: 29**] - hits!
[Damage: **1d6+6: 8**] plus [**2d8: 11** sneak damage]

The bolt thudded into the bulging creature, bursting blood and ooze out onto the floor.

[Carriion Crawler #01 Bloodied]

Carriion Crawler #01: Disobed



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

Nov 9 ▼

Tradden's head was spinning. Those tentacles hadn't really hurt but something was wrong - he felt sluggish and dazed.

Focus, focus. Big thingy. Need hit with sword. Need sword.
[Draws Longsword as Minor Action]

[Save vs Dazed: **1d20+1: 7**] - failure!

Whatever it was that was coursing through his veins was strong. The young fighter knew he was in trouble...



Nick: "Come on, Tradden!" Zero yelled at his groggy friend. "I need your help here, old chum!"

Nov 9 ▼



Matt: "Wha?" Replied Tradden, in a daze. "Yes, of, course, I would love to dance..."

Nov 9 ▼



Me and Random: **Rangrim Ironnose**

Nov 9 ▼

"Keep that thing in there, right?" asked Rangrim of **Khalin**.

Before the warlord could answer Rangrim had vaulted the table, holding his warhammer over his head, and charged into the midst of the hobgoblins.
[Move: W and Charge]

[Charge vs Hobgoblin Grunt #02: **1d20+9+1: 13**] - misses!

The dwarf was over-confident, though, and the guarded ranks of the hobgoblins blocked his weak attack.



Me and Random: **Carrion Crawlers**

Nov 9 ▼

The crawler near **Tradden** and **Zero** went into a furious whirl at the strike of **Zero's** bolt, spinning in circles and barging into them, its bulging sides pushing and unsettling them.

[Move: Unsettling Scuttle]
[Scuttle: **1d20+8: 16** vs Tradden's Reflex(16)] - hits!
[Knocked **Prone**]
[Scuttle: **1d20+8-2: 23** vs Zero's Reflex(19)] - hits!
[Knocked **Prone**]

The friends were knocked on their backsides by the beast, unable to get out of the way of the blur of legs and loathsome body. The crawler ended up roughly in the same spot it had started, and bent down its neck to snap at **Tradden's** prostrate form with a saliva-dripping maw.

[Carrion Crawler Bite: **1d20+10+2: 30** vs Tradden's AC(18)] - hits!
[Damage: **3d8+4: 9**]

The jaws sunk deep and **Tradden** let out a howl of pain.



Me and Random: **Carrion Crawlers**

Nov 9 ▼

The second carrion crawler was still rooted in the acid pool, trapped by some fearful shadows.

[Acid Mire: **5** damage]

The stings and burns of the acid forced it to move, away to the east, scuttling with fury over Rangrim. The shadows held it fast for a moment, however, the chill of their magic burning its flesh as they tried to hold the bulk still.

[Shadow Claws: **2+4: 6** damage]

As the tendrils of shadow tore away, the beast scuttled over its comrades and pushed past Rangrim.

[Move (Shift): Unsettling Scuttle]
[Scuttle: **1d20+8: 10** vs Rangrim's Reflex(18)] - misses!

The dwarf managed to press himself against the wall and keep himself upright as the beast scuttled past, filling the corridor as it sped quickly to the makeshift barricade, mounting it and thrusting out its tentacles.

[Carrion Crawler #02 Tentacles: **1d20+8: 21** vs Kireth's Fortitude(15)] - hits!
[Dazed] and [Dragged]

The beast wrapped **Kireth** in its tentacles, and then backed off, dragging the hapless mage towards his own pool of acid. [Pulls 3 West]



Me: **Hobgoblin Archer**

Nov 9 ▼

Another hobgoblin appeared in the southern chamber, armed with bow and arrows. The loud hobgoblin next to it started to issue instructions, pointing to the north.



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

Nov 9 ▼

"Gah!" yelled the mage in clear frustration. He didn't seem to be injured, a spell hadn't failed. He seemed to have wrestled his conscience and a part he didn't like had won.

Despite it all, Kireth maintained a lowered palm [Sustain Acid Mire]

"Kill it! Kill it NOW!" he said quite clearly to Khalin. It didn't seem like a request or an option.

[Save vs Dazed: **1d20: 10**] - success!

Kireth's momentary lapse in concentration passed.





Me and Random: **Hobgoblin Grunts**

Nov 9 ▼

The grunts placed themselves in formation around Rangrim, their eyes gleaming and their wicked blades flashing in the torchlight. One by one they struck.

[Hobgoblin Grunt #01 Longsword: **1d20+6: 7** vs Rangrim's AC(18)] - misses!
[Hobgoblin Grunt #02 Longsword: **1d20+6+2: 28** vs Rangrim's AC(18)] - critical hit!
[Damage: **5**]
[Hobgoblin Grunt #04 Longsword: **1d20+6: 20** vs Rangrim's AC(18)] - hits!
[Damage: **5**]

Two of the blades struck, drawing thin lines of blood on the dwarf's arms.

 Me and Random: **Hobgoblin Beastmasters**

Nov 9 ▼

The beastmasters, driven onwards by their warchief behind them, splashed through the acidic puddles, fizzes and hisses popping from the soles of their feet.



[Acid Mire vs Hobgoblin Beastmaster #01: **5** damage]
[Acid Mire vs Hobgoblin Beastmaster #02: **5** damage]

One of them sped onwards, along the northern corridor, and got behind its animal, driving it on furiously with its whip.

The other, its beast beyond Rangrim, used its whip on the dwarf from range, hoping to get to its beast when it could.

[Hobgoblin Beastmaster #02 War Whip: **1d20+8: 13** vs Rangrim's AC(18)] - misses!

The dwarf managed to dodge the leather snake that cracked next to his ear, wary of all the enemies around him.

 Me and Random: **Hobgoblin Warchief**

Nov 9 ▼

The warchief took a run-up at the acid, attempting to clear it in one huge leap.

[Hobgoblin Warchief Athletics: **1d20+14: 21**] - failure!

However, it only managed to clear just over half of the pool, and he skidded through some of the acid before coming to rest by the far wall.

[Acid Mire: **5** damage]

He picked himself up and made his decision, he would head north - away from the mage - and pick off the easy targets first.

"Chakka maga maga!" he shouted at the archer, pointing down the eastern corridor, before he moved off to the north.

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

Nov 10 ▼




"Buggery," muttered Khalin, unused to being the last one to enter a skirmish. Holding for a few moments more had apparently backfired. Oh well, nothing a little smiting couldn't fix...

Vaulting the makeshift barricade with what might pass for aplomb for a dwarf, the warlord charged into the hulking crawler that was dragging Kireth away...

[Minor Action: Vanguard Craghammer Daily Power]
[Charge vs Carrion Crawler #02: **1d20+9+2+1: 30**] - hits!
[Damage: **1d10r2+7+1d8: 22**]
[Allies within 10 squares gain +1 to attack rolls and +3 to damage rolls till start of Khalin's next turn]

The warlord crashed into the side of the creature with a fury, the sharp claw of the hammer puncturing its leathery skin and hitting a vital organ. Its screams did not take long to die down, but the screams of its master continued, echoing around the hallways.

[Carrion Crawler #02 Dead]

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

Nov 10 ▼




Noticing the creature's master was right beside it, Zero tried to clip the thing in just the right place to make it turn on the hobgoblin. Quickly getting to his feet, he let fly with his crossbow.

[Confounding Attack vs Carrion Crawler #01: **1d20+9+1: 19**] - hits!
[Damage: **2d6+4+3: 12**]

The beast looked as though it were on its last legs, the bolt severing one of its tentacles, blood flowing freely. In its frenzy it whirled around, trying to sense where to source of pain came from, and bit out at the first thing it found in a blinding rage.

[Carrion Crawler #01 Bite vs Hobgoblin Beastmaster #01: **1d20+10: 14**] - misses!

The hobgoblin managed to get its goad up in time to block the frenzied attack, swapping to its whip to berate the creature, and force it back to attack the enemy.

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



Nov 10 ▼

It was all going on. Down on the floor. Oh yes. Although, time to stand up?
[Move Action: Get up from Prone]

[Save vs Daze: **1d20+1: 2**] - critical failure!

The young fighter got to his feet, but his recent inability to shake off ailments put on him continued. His head appeared completely muddled.

"Tea please!" he asked of Zero.

 Me and Random: **Rangrim Ironnose**

Nov 10 ▼

Rangrim's nostrils flared as he swung the warhammer around his head.

"Hurt my friends, will ya?" he shouted at them all, before reversing his swing, pushing the head of the warhammer directly into the chest of the nearest hobgoblin, trying to push it into the acid, or at least give that impression!

[Flailing Shove vs Hobgoblin Grunt #02: **1d20+9: 21**] - hits!
[Damage: **1d10+6: 13**] and [**Push 1**]

The grunt's sword swung around wildly, as it tried to avoid falling into the acid pit behind.

[Hobgoblin Grunt #02 Saving Throw: **1d20: 3**] - failure!

It couldn't regain its balance, though, and as it fell its longsword neatly sliced off the head of its nearest comrade, before both fell into the acid with a hiss.


[Hobgoblin Grunt #02 Acid Mire: **5** damage]
[Hobgoblin Grunt #01 Flailing Shove: **2+3: 5** damage]

"Pity," said Rangrim to the melting corpses as he moved swiftly around the other side of the remaining grunt [Shift: NW]. "I was hoping you might stand your ground."

[Hobgoblin Grunt #01 Dead]
[Hobgoblin Grunt #02 Dead]

 Me and Random: **Carrion Crawlers**

Nov 10 ▼

 Me and Random: **Carrion Crawlers** Nov 10 ▼
*The remaining beast was a whirl of fury, its tentacles pouring out blood and its jaw opening and clamping shut. It scuttled back and forth, driven on by the whip of the master behind it, pushing past **Zero** and **Tradden** once more.*

[Move: Unsettling Scuttle]
[Scuttle: **1d20+8: 16** vs Tradden's Reflex(16)] - hits!
[Knocked **Prone**]
[Scuttle: **1d20+8: 18** vs Zero's Reflex(19)] - misses!

Returning to its position next to its master, it clamped down its jaws on the stricken Tradden.

[Carrion Crawler #01 Bite: **1d20+10+2: 31** vs Tradden's AC(18)] - hits!
[Damage: **3d8+4: 25**]

*This time the maw found purchase, clamping down on **Tradden's** left leg with a crunch. The youth let out a howl of pain and the onlooking **Zero** went white.*

[Tradden Bloodied]

 Me and Random: **Hobgoblin Archer** Nov 10 ▼

Fearing the wrath of its leader, the archer padded to the edge of the acid pool and jumped right in, skipping along its edges near the wall, trying to reach the barrels and crates at the eastern edge of the room.

[Acid Mire: **5** damage]

It was with great relief it turned, out of the pool, and set its sights on the mage.

[Hobgoblin Archer Longbow: **1d20+9: 18** vs Kireth's AC(17)] - hits!

*The arrow sped towards **Kireth's** shoulder, but the mage twirled his staff effortlessly, and the arrow bounced off and into the wall.*

[Staff of Defence: +2 to AC]

Kireth simply looked at **Khalin** and gave a brief wink.

 Neil and me: **Kireth Majere** Nov 10 ▼

The dwarf, Rangrim, seemed to be doing just fine on his own and there was always the fact "who is he to Kireth anyway?". So the mage returned the favour to the archer.

[Magic Missile vs Hobgoblin Archer Longbow - automatic hit!
[Damage: **2+4+1: 7**]

The bolt slammed into the archer, knocking the wind out of it. To further the archer's distraction the pool of acid before it steamed and bubbled away as the mage, causing so much trouble, grinned.

[Minor Action: Sustain Acid Mire]


 Me and Random: **Hobgoblin Grunts** Nov 10 ▼

The remaining grunt looked in dismay at the fate of its colleagues, their corpses hissing and bubbling in the pool of acid.

It turned its ire on Rangrim, striking out with its sword.

[Hobgoblin Grunt #04 Longsword: **1d20+6: 25** vs Rangrim's AC(18)] - hits!
[Damage: **5**]

The blade caught Rangrim unawares.

 Me and Random: **Hobgoblin Beastmasters** Nov 10 ▼

The beastmaster in the northern chamber, sensing victory in the air for its beast, urged it on with its goad.

"Chakka, chakka!" it exulted, ordering the beast to strike.

[Hobgoblin Beastmaster #01 Attack Command]
[Carrion Crawler #01 Bite: **1d20+10+2: 17** vs Tradden's AC(18)] - misses!

Somehow the prostrate youth managed to squirm out of the way before the jaws clamped down once more.

The howling beastmaster in the southern chamber stifled tears in a rage it had never felt before. Around the corner of the doorway stood the creature that had killed its pride and joy.

With a recklessness associated only with those that have lost a beloved it moved away from Rangrim, skirting the edge of the wall past its comrade and headed into the corridor in search of the murderer.

Rangrim took the opportunity to strike.

[Rangrim Opportunity Attack vs Hobgoblin Beastmaster #02: **1d20+9+1: 17**] - hits!
[Damage: **1d10+6+3: 17**]

The blow struck the hobgoblin on the shoulder, but in its rage it appeared to ignore the pain, continuing around the corner.

*Within sight of **Khalin** and **Kireth** it spotted the carcass of its beloved, with blood and ichor dripping off the craghammer in the warlord's hands.*

"Oppa chakka!" it screamed, and rushed at the dwarf with its goad.

[Hobgoblin Beastmaster #02 Charge: **1d20+8+1: 29** vs Khalin's AC(21)] - critical hit!
[Damage: **1d8+6: 14**]

*The ferocity of the attack surprised even **Khalin**, who struggled to repel the creature.*

 Me and Random: **Hobgoblin Warchief** Nov 10 ▼

*The taller hobgoblin, resplendent in his battered but impressive armour kept striding towards **Zero**, his arms bringing forward a long spear, aiming for the rogue's heart.*

"Pusta chakka acto," it barked out at the beastmaster, pointing its spear towards **Zero**.

It then struck out at the rogue with an exploratory thrust.

[Hobgoblin Warchief Spear: **1d20+12: 17** vs Zero's AC(17)] - hits!
[Damage: **1d8+5: 13**]

*The tip of the spear brushed past **Zero's** defences, opening a wound in his side.*

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

Nov 11 ▼

Khalin gritted his teeth against the blow from the hobgoblin, before deftly moving to cover Kireth. [Shift: SW]

The warlord then looked to return the complement, *Aecris* wheeling, the dwarf roared, a glorious rallying cry emanating loudly from his throat...

[Stand the Fallen vs Hobgoblin Beastmaster #02: **1d20+9: 15**] - misses!
[Allies within 10 squares can spend a healing surge +3 extra hp]
[Kireth spends no healing surges]
[Tradden spends a healing surge and regains **12+3: 15** hp]
[Zero spends a healing surge and regains **11+3: 14** hp]
[Rangrim spends a healing surge and regains **13+3: 16** hp]

"Rangrim!" Khalin yelled to his kinsman, *"See if you can help Zero and Tradden, sounds like trouble through there!"*

"I'll deal with these two," the dwarf added, nodding at the beastmaster and the grunt, before taking a long intake of breath.

[Minor Action - Dwarven Resilience: Khalin spends a healing surge and gains **11** hp, plus +2 to defences]



[Spend Action Point]

Khalin rounded once more on the beastmaster, swinging his hammer in a wide arc, protecting Kireth.

[Shielded Assault vs Hobgoblin Beastmaster #02: **1d20+9: 29**] - critical hit!
[Damage: **2d10r2+7: 27**] plus [2d8: 5 critical damage]
[Adjacent allies and self get +2 AC until end of next turn]

*This time the hammer connected with the hobgoblin's skull, crushing it against the wall. The corpse slid down the wall leaving a bloody streak, but **Khalin** was already looking off to the west.*

[Hobgoblin Beastmaster #02 Dead]

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

Nov 11 ▼

The War Chief was all over Zero, all but daring him to take another shot at the giant crawler behind him.

Zero cursed. He knew firing would leave him open to attack, but he couldn't let his incapacitated friend take another hit.

He dodged left, then suddenly knelt and fired a bolt underneath the goblin's arm.

[Sly Flourish vs Carrion Crawler #01: **1d20+9: 21**] - hits!
[Damage: **1d6+6: 8**]



The bolt hit the beast in the eye and it lurched from side to side recklessly before crashing to the ground in a heap amidst a scream from the beastmaster.

*As **Zero** looked on, pleased with his shot, the warchief bustled in with an attack of its own at the rogue unprotected head.*

[Hobgoblin Warchief Opportunity Attack: **1d20+12: 20** vs Zero's AC(17)] - hits!
[Damage: **1d8+5: 12**]

*The spear drew a long cut across **Zero's** temple, and the rogue flinched backwards, pinned against the wall once more.*

[Carrion Crawler #01 Dead]

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


Nov 11 ▼

Looking up from his face down position, Tradden saw the large tentacled thing slump to the floor, a familiar looking bolt in one eye, and also a particularly nasty looking Hobgoblin catching Zero with its spear.

Tradden said nothing, but the look of grim determination on his face was a sight to behold. Getting up [Stand as Move Action] he focused his now almost shut eyes (so narrowed were they) on what was clearly the Hobgoblin leader.

[Save vs Dazed: **1d20+1: 16**] - success!

"Two things..." he said, his free hand starting to move towards his shoulder where his short-sword stuck invitingly out. *"That, was the most pathetic creature I have ever had the misfortune to lay my eyes on. What did you feed it? Fish food?"* He said to the nearest Hobgoblin, who looked for all the world like he was going to cry. *"And YOU..."* he turned on the leader, *"My mother uses a spear like that - comes in handy for picking up litter outside the front door. Quite frankly, I reckon hers is more dangerous!"*

  Me and Random: **Rangrim Ironnose**

Nov 11 ▼

Rangrim nodded towards his kinsman, ready to take the warlord's instruction. ***Khalin's** tactics were different to Rhasgar's, Rangrim's usual commander, but nevertheless ended in dead enemies, which at the end of the day was all that counted. Rangrim was happy enough with that.*

Disregarding the grunt in front of him, he moved away to the north, to assist the other two, allowing the hobgoblin to get in a quick swing with its longsword.

[Hobgoblin Grunt Opportunity Attack: **1d20+6: 9** vs Rangrim's AC(18)] - misses!

*The swing missed by a country mile, and Rangrim skipped out of the hobgoblin's range, picking up speed as he darted away, aiming for the warchief that beset **Zero**.*

As he passed the doorway he let out a scream, charging straight for the back of the hobgoblin.

[Charge vs Hobgoblin Warchief: **1d20+6+1+2: 15**] - misses!

The hobgoblin whirled, and blocked the attack easily with its spear, snarling at the newcomer.

  Me and Random: **Hobgoblin Archer**

Nov 11 ▼

The archer grumbled to himself. This battle didn't seem to be going that well. He had his instructions, though, to kill the mage. A runt of a dwarf was in the firing line, however, and the archer had to wait for the right moment. The fumes from the acid pool didn't help.

[Hobgoblin Archer Longbow: **1d20+6-2: 20** vs Kireth's AC(18+2)] - hits!
[Damage: **1d8+2: 8**]

*Another arrow clipped **Kireth**, regardless of **Khalin's** protection, and the mage fumed with anger.*

Still maintaining the pool of acid [sustain] Kireth moved back behind the overturned table. No point taking any more arrows if he could lessen the chance.

"My arrows sting too"

[Magic Missile vs Hobgoblin Archer Longbow - automatic hit!
[Damage: 2+4+1: 7]

The remaining grunt was caught in to minds. The dwarven scum close to it had escaped to the north, attacking its leader, and there was yet another piece of vermin just through the doors.

It made its mind up - its warchief could more than handle itself. It would kill the dwarf vermin first and then torture the mage. That would win it favour.

It moved forwards cautiously and swung its longsword in an arc at **Khalin's** head.

[Hobgoblin Grunt Longsword: 1d20+6: 15 vs Khalin's AC(21+2+2)] - misses!

Khalin blocked the stroke with the edge of his shield with ease.

The beastmaster shrieked at the death of its pet and charged forward, its whip brandished around its head with fury, **Zero** its target for revenge.

[Hobgoblin Beastmaster #01 Whip: 1d20+8+2: 25 vs Zero's AC(17)] - hits!
[Damage: 2d4+5+2: 10] and [Knocked **Prone**]

The whip curled around the bottom of **Zero's** leg and the hobgoblin yanked, pulling the rogue off his feet. The warchief looked down on the prostrate rogue with gleaming eyes.

The warchief growled at the enemies around it - the dwarf had charged into it, but it had easily cast that piece of vermin aside. Its ally had knocked the human before it to the floor, and the other human to his east looked almost dead. Victory would be its, and the favour of his master.

First, though, it must kill those before it.

[Hobgoblin Warchief Spear: 1d20+12+2: 22 vs Zero's AC(17)] - hits!
[Damage: 1d8+5: 12]

Another spear thrust tore into **Zero's** armour, an the rogue doubled up in pain as he saw his blood leak onto the floor.

[Zero Bloodied]

It sounded from the commotion to the north that the second crawler may have fallen. However, the other groans of pain he could hear sounded like Zero's. Khalin needed to dispense with the final hobgob before him and leave the archer to Kireth. Speaking of the mage, where the devil had he gone? Hadn't someone somewhere once said discretion was the better part of valour? ...and clearly hiding behind an upturned table was the better part of discretion! (Hmm, perhaps I should take up writing, mused the dwarf).

No matter, the final grunt would need to be dispatched, and quickly. Khalin once again muttered a prayer to Clangeddin that his strike might be true...

[Craghammer vs Hobgoblin Grunt #04: 1d20+9: 27] - hits!
[Damage if hits: 1d10r2+7: 17]

"Pop that archer!" the dwarf barked over his shoulder in the direction of the retreating half-elf, and with that he sprinted towards the sounds of battle to the north.

[Hobgoblin Grunt #04 Dead]

"No, no. You run ahead. I'll be fine" muttered Kireth sarcastically.

Panicked at the sudden frenzied attack against him and the sight of his own blood spattering the floor, Zero scrambled to his feet and tried to regain his scattered faculties. [Move: Stand Up]

[Standard Action - Second Wind: Zero spends a healing surge and gains 11 hp, plus +2 to defences]

The insults had not had their desired effect. Well, the young fighter, in a reflective mood now, had to concede that the Hobgoblins could hardly be blamed for seeing Zero as a bigger threat. Still, the Rogue was taking a beating now and he needed to turn their attentions away from his fellow Human.

Drawing his shortsword, he flailed wildly, knowing that his allies had seen this before and so would know what was coming...

[Sweeping Slash]
[Primary Attack vs Hobgoblin Warchief's Reflex: 1d20+11: 20] - hits!
[Push 1 NW] and [Marked]
[Primary Attack vs Hobgoblin Beastmaster's Reflex: 1d20+11: 12] - critical miss!
[Marked]

The Hobgoblin with the whip didnt seem to see what was happening, or perhaps was still just too angry over the death of his pet - either way it stood its ground. It's leader was forced back however, back against the wall. Tradden used the opportunity to step up, into the middle of the frey where he belonged. [Shift: NW]

As he drifted forward he held out his shortsword to try and slice at the Beastmaster's legs as he did so.

[Secondary Attack vs Hobgoblin Beastmaster: 1d20+10: 22] - hits!
[Damage: 1d6+7: 13]

The shortsword sliced a bloody cut on the beastmaster's thigh.

Tradden appeared to have turned up just in time. **Zero** was covered in blood and was being oppresed on two sides. The young fighter's appearance had seemed to swing this minor battle around, and Rangrim was more than happy to take the full opportunity.

He moved quickly to press the hobgoblin warchief even further against the wall [Shift: NW] and quickly assessed the creature for any weaknesses.

[Minor Action - Ferret Out Frailty]

Minor Action: Fling Out: Rally]



It seemed like the warchiefs over-confidence might be its downfall, and keeping it away from forming a better defensive line with the beastmaster would be tactically sound.

Killing it quickly might also be a good option, the dwarfmused, and swung his hammer around, trying to crush the warchiefagainst the stonework.

[Precise Incision vs Hobgoblin Warchief: **1d20+9+2: 25**] - hits!
[Damage: **3d10+6: 24**] plus [2d8+3: 16 sneak damage]

The swing was precise, and the hammer slammed the hobgoblin's arm into the wall, almost causing the warchiefto drop its spear.

[Hobgoblin Warchief Bloodied]

 Me and Random: **Hobgoblin Archer**

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Trading projectiles, mundane and magical, with the mage was not going to end well for the archer. It knew it. Its instructions were firm, though - kill the mage. It looked down at the acid pool and took a long breath, dropping its bow and pulling out a wicked longsword. It began to charge across the acid, its boots fizzing in the mire, before gathering speed up the corridor and letting out a warcry.

[Acid Mire: **5** damage]
[Hobgoblin Archer Bloodied]

Kireth was startled as the hulk sped towards him, clearing the distance between them in moments and leaping onto the barricade with a swing of its sword.

[Hobgoblin Archer Charge: **1d20+6+1: 19** vs Kireth's AC(17)] - hits!
[Damage: **1d8+2: 10**]

The sword sliced across **Kireth's** cheek as he dodged backwards, drawing another thin line of blood to add to his collection.

 Neil and me: **Kireth Majere**

Nov 14 ▼

The idiot dwarf ran off leaving the exposed, unarmoured and unprotected mage on his own and the Hobgoblin chose that moment to run over and attack. Really? Gosh, no one saw that coming did they? Had the current predicament not demanded his absolute attention, Kireth's fury might have boiled into an entirely new level.

First things first, he jinxed backwards trying to put some distance between himself and the swinging sword [shift]. Then as he backed off further he channeled the fury that was threatening to boil over and put it to greater use.

[Wizards Fury]

Spinning his staff over he let lose a salvo of raw energy.



[Magic Missile vs Hobgoblin Archer Longbow - automatic hit!
[Damage: **2+4+1: 7**]

Knowing his life well may depend upon it he roared in defiance, calling forth yet more from the world of magic.

[Action point]

[Magic Missile vs Hobgoblin Archer Longbow - automatic hit!
[Damage: **2+4+1: 7**]

The pool of acid bubbled its last and sank away between the cracks of the paving.

 Me and Random: **Hobgoblin Beastmasters**

Nov 14 ▼

The beastmaster was furious at **Zero** for murdering its beast, but could not ignore the taunts and whirling blades of the young human that now stood in front of it for once.




It needed time to pick the murderer apart - for now it could deal with the blade-wielder with a simple gesture.

[Hobgoblin Beastmaster Whip: **1d20+8: 21** vs Tradden's AC(19)] - result!
[Damage: **2d4+5: 9**] and [Knocked **Prone**] and [Slide **1**: SW]

The whip cracked as it grabbed hold of**Tradden's** leg, pulling the youth to the floor. With another swift gesture the beastmaster yanked the leather strip, and **Tradden** found himselfbeing tumbled across the floor.

[Move Action: Phalanx Movement]

The beastmaster snarled with delight, and the warchiefwas able to step into the vacated space, [Shift: SE]forming a strong defensive position.

 Me, Random and Matt: **Hobgoblin Warchief**




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As the warchiefmoved into position it was already raising its spear, jabbing it down onto **Tradden's** chest.

[Hobgoblin Warchief Spear: **1d20+12+2: 16** vs Tradden's AC(19)] - misses!

But **Tradden** managed to roll out of the way just in the nick of time, and the spearpoint struck the flagstones, just at the side of his head, showering the young fighter in shards of stone. He felt a tug on the top of his head, although didn't think much of it.

Tradden turned his head, which felt lighter - "Must have lost a lot of blood...", he thought - to see Khalin powering up the corridor towards the melee. "Khalin - I am beginning to see the benefits of having a shield!" yelled the youth, trying not to get stepped on by man, beast or Dwarf.

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

Nov 14 ▼


Khalin was sure he'd be getting an earful for leaving the all-powerful mage in the clutches of one badly injured archer, but he still wagered the former could handle the situation. Still, if not the mage had shown before he could show a clean pair of heels. More pressing right now were the shouts of pain from the chamber to the north. However, as the dwarf skidded into the adjacent chamber the situation looked more in hand. Rangrim looked fresh as a daisy, Zero had gritted his teeth and was attempting to evade two hobgobs, and Tradden was, whilst admittedly lying flat on his back, still managing to critique weaponry options. Still, the two enemies had cornered the rogue, and at least one was looking hail and hearty.

Khalin charged in to strike against the fitter of the two hobgoblins, who wielded a cruel looking whip, angling his approach to sandwich the greenie between himself and Zero...

[Charge vs Hobgoblin Beastmaster: **1d20+9+1+2: 22**] - hits!
[Damage: **1d10r2+7+1d8: 24**]

The warlord slammed into the back of the beastmaster, knocking the wind out of it.

[Hobgoblin Beastmaster Bloodied]

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

Nov 14 ▼


Khalin and Tradden had, thankfully, distracted the Beastmaster, giving Zero the chance to recuperate and steady his fevish breaths.

Now able to think again, he let his crossbow drop and drew his shortsword, which fair squeaked from infrequent use as it slipped from its sheath.

With vicious delight, he drove it right at the Beastmaster's ribcage, precisely where its heart should be.

[Sly Flourish vs Hobgoblin Beastmaster: **1d20+8+2: 11**] - critical miss!

*With a practiced flourish the blade sang through the air and cut swiftly, right in the space where the hobgoblin had been some moments before. It would have caused a vicious wound, **Zero** was sure, had the hobgoblin not sidestepped. How rude!*

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

Nov 15 ▼

"*What the?*" thought Tradden, He knew a sidestep when he saw one and the larger hobgoblin had nearly just sidestepped right onto his head!


With an "S" like flick Tradden vaulted from lying position to standing in the blink of an eye. [Stand Up as Move Action].

"*You!*" he said, pointing his shortsword at the larger hobgoblin. "*Time to die!*" With that, the youth's longsword flew through the air...

[Surprising Stab vs Hobgoblin Warchief's Reflex: **1d20+11: 12**] - critical miss!
[Marked]

The swing was all a distraction however - Tradden's shortsword was moving at the same time, albeit lower down. The Warchief was a wily old campaigner however, and it saw the cheap tactic coming a mile off, easily avoiding the clumsy sweep.

Tradden didn't stop moving though, and started to weave a web of destruction all around him with his blades. It was mesmerising to watch - flashing steel carving numerous deadly paths in the air around him. They seemed to stay away from his comrades, but clearly presented a problem for his enemies. [Minor Action: Commence Rain of Steel stance].

 Me and Random: **Rangrim Ironnose**

Nov 15 ▼


*Rangrim noticed out of the corner of his eye the two humans trading blows with fresh air and grunted. At least his kinsman had added to the fray - knocking the wind out of the beastmaster. If **Khalin** could keep pounding that one, he'd concentrate on the warchief. He moved slyly across towards **Khalin**, trapping the warchief between himself and **Zero**. [Shift: SE]*

He then reversed his hammer swing, bringing it down on the back of the warchief's knee, hoping to twist and cripple their leader in pain, leaving it unable to act.

[Deep Cut vs Hobgoblin Warchief's Fortitude: **1d20+9+2: 27**] - hits!
[Damage: **2d10+6: 22**] plus [**2d8+3: 13** sneak damage] plus [**5+3: 8** ongoing damage (Save Ends)]

The warchief howled, clutching it's left leg in agony, and fell to the floor as the shock stopped it's heart.

[Hobgoblin Warchief Dead]


 Me and Random: **Hobgoblin Archer**

Nov 15 ▼

*The bruised and battered archer, blood streaming from its nose from the repeated force missiles cast by **Kireth**, staggered forwards, its blade edge still keen and intent on the mage's destruction. The hobgoblin's military training allowed it a huge sweep, gathering strength from its reserves, the swing aimed at **Kireth's** head.*

[Hobgoblin Archer Longsword: **1d20+6: 10** vs Kireth's AC(17)] - misses!

*Its swing was laboured, regardless of the strength behind it, and **Kireth** managed to duck out of the way.*

 Neil and me: **Kireth Majere**

Nov 15 ▼


What compelled it to keep coming forward? Was it brave, loyal, scared of its master or just stupid? Kireth didn't care. As far as he was concerned it was just... dead.

[Magic Missile vs Hobgoblin Archer Longbow - automatic hit!
[Damage: **2+4+1: 7**]

[Magic Missile vs Hobgoblin Archer Longbow - automatic hit!
[Damage: **2+4+1: 7**]

The hobgoblin fell at Kireth's feet, as the mage looked down at it with a mixture of irritation and indifference. He quickly headed in the direction of the others.

[Hobgoblin Archer Dead]

 Me and Random: **Hobgoblin Beastmasters**

Nov 15 ▼

*The beastmaster, rapidly running out of options but still seething about the loss of its pet, decided that it would go down fighting, with full retribution on the creature that caused its pet's death. With another crack of its whip it backed slightly away [Shift: S] before extending its arm and thrusting the whip towards **Zero**.*

[Hobgoblin Beastmaster Whip: **1d20+8: 23** vs Zero's AC(18)] - hits!
[Damage: **2d4+5: 10**] plus [Knocked **Prone**] plus [**Slide 1: S**]

*The whip curled around **Zero's** leg, and the beastmaster pulled the hapless rogue across the rough floor on his backside.*

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


Nov 15 ▼

Khalin raised an eyebrow at the curious attempts at swordplay from his colleagues. Zero was touche-ing at shadows and Tradden appeared to be having some sort of fit. Perhaps he'd misread the situation and things were worse than he'd thought!

Oh well, better try end this nonsense, the warlord concluded. The muffled howl of a dying hobgoblin from the other chamber indicated that Kireth had at least had some luck, and no doubt the half-elf would be huffing and puffing through in a moment. Just the beastmaster remained then...

[Craghammer vs Beastmaster #01: **1d20+9+2: 16**] - misses!

"*Ah, pride comes before a fall,*" muttered the dwarf to himself in frustration, as the beastmaster somehow parried the blow.

 Nick and me: **Zero Uhlit**

Nov 15 ▼

Furious at his incompetence with a sword, Zero dropped the weapon and picked up his crossbow as he got up.

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

Nov 16 ▼

The young fighter took a step back and then curved round to attack the beleaguered beastmaster, who was now almost completely surrounded.

[Frost Longsword vs Hobgoblin Beastmaster: **1d20+11: 18**] - hits!
[Damage: **1d8+7: 11**]

As the beastmaster backed away, Tradden cut it down with one well-placed strike.

[Hobgoblin Beastmaster Dead]

 Matt and me: "Ha!" exclaimed Tradden, finally despatching the last of the enemy.

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Turning to the others he gulped in a large breath, his chest inflating proudly.

"Well," he said, as Kireth trotted over to join the group. He appeared to be glowering. Tradden ignored it - that was nothing new. *"that was a tough battle!"*

Sheathing his swords he stretched out his arms and threw back his head. Despite the battering he had taken, mostly whilst being prostrate on the floor he admitted, he felt good! His arms felt strangely light, and his head didn't feel as heavy as it perhaps used to. He felt like there had been a shift in that battle - something nearly intangible. Before he had been a youth, a "young whelp" as the ancient undead dwarf had mocked, but now - now he had gone through another rite of passage. He felt more - he felt like a man! The others must have noticed his beaming face as they were all looking at him.

"Er ... lad" said Khalin.

"Yes, I know!" answered Tradden quickly. "I know. It's different now. I get it now!"

The Dwarf was pointing to something, although Tradden was too caught up in himself to notice.


"I feel ..." continued Tradden, "I feel"

"Laddie, you should, er ..." tried to inject Khalin, without success. Realising he wasn't getting through, the Warlord bent down and picked something up.


"I feel - more! I see things now that I didn't before. Now, now I know - I am a Man!", Tradden finished, turning the end into a low growl. "What's that by the way?" he asked of Khalin, looking at the somehow strangely familiar bundle of something in his outstretched hand.

"Your hair lad."

Tradden screamed like a woman.

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

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 Me, Random and Matt: The sounds of battle died down as **Kireth** rounded the corner, staring at **Khalin** silently with daggers in his eyes, replaced by the rough sound of panting and wheezing. **Zero** flopped down onto one of the hobgoblins' coarse beds, regardless of the stench, moaning and cursing his wounds. Tradden sat down on one of the nearby beds, sobbing lightly and cradling the fast-disintegrating bundle of hair, so cruelly deprived to the world by the Warchief's spear.


The smell of the salty fish and rotting vegetables, mixed with the acrid smell of the acid and tang of blood in the air assaulted everyone's senses, and the chamber became a giddy whirl of exhaustion.

"Is that them all?" asked **Zero** from his death-bed with a rasping cough.

"I think so," replied **Khalin**, his breathing under control. "What did we count? A dozen, two dozen maybe in both assaults?"

[Khalin History Check: **1d20+7: 9**] - failure!

"I've no idea if there's more down here, but I'm not sure we're ready to face another assault," he continued after a moment's pause for thought.

 Me: "Pull yourself together, boy," grumbled **Khalin**, adjusting his armour, but not sheathing his weapon or shield. "We need to move on, I'm not resting in this filth ridden place with all these corpses about."


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The warlord moved off to the south, indicating for the others to follow.

Rangrim joined him, eager to continue. **Kireth** walked behind, glaring at the warlord's back after checking the carrion crawler corpse with some intent.

Tradden and **Zero** picked themselves glumly off the beds and heaved themselves into line.

Stepping over the corpses they passed the area where **Kireth's** spell had delayed their hobgoblin attackers. The stonework was pitted and scarred where the acid had burnt through parts of the stone, and the remains of the corpses that had been trapped were still bubbling and fizzing, an acrid stench that made all hold their breath. As **Kireth** passed he formed a smile, his magic was growing stronger every day, and this was just the start of things to come.

 Me: **Short Rest**

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Healing Surges

Healing surges are applied.

Khalin spends 1 healing surge (0 left) to get to 46/46 hp.

Kireth spends 2 healing surges (4 left) to get to 40/40 hp.

Tradden spends 1 healing surge (0 left) to get to 28/51 hp.

Zero spends 3 healing surges (2 left) to get to 40/40 hp.

Rangrim spends 0 healing surges (1 left) to get to 53/53 hp.

Encounter Powers


All encounter powers are recharged.

Milestones

Milestone Reached (1 Action Point awarded).

Levelling


No-one is ready to level.

 Me: **Zero** pushed past the group swiftly as she moved to the south, clutching his sorely injured side with one arm, and wiping the blood from his face with an intricately decorated lilac handkerchief.

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"Let me go first," he offered to **Khalin**, stowing the kerchief hastily in the folds of his tunic. "It was a gift," he added quickly.

Khalin raised an eyebrow, but said no more, allowing **Zero** to move to the fore.

 Me and Random: The rogue headed to the entrance to the chamber, and listened very carefully before popping his head out into the corridor and taking a good look.


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[Zero Perception Check: **1d20+10: 14**] - success!

The corridor seemed to be clear, with no noise indicating massed ranks or charges from hobgoblin enemies. **Zero** sighed with relief.

Just across the corridor he could see another entrance leading off south, but even straining he couldn't hear any noise at all.

"Seems clear to me," he whispered back to the group. "So which way - back to the central chamber, or down this other passage?"

 Me and Random: **Khalin** motioned with his warhammer to cross the corridor and take the passageway south, and **Zero** nodded in agreement. He padded softly across the

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[Zero Stealth Check: **1d20+13: 22**]
[Zero Perception Check: **1d20+10: 29**]

The passageway led away southwards into a torchlit room. **Zero** could see a large oaken table with chairs scattered around it. There didn't appear to be any noises fluttering up the passage, nor were there any smells to speak of, and he cautiously tip-toed forwards.



About ten feet into the passageway he stopped abruptly, holding his left foot in the air. He pulled his foot back gingerly and shuffled himself a couple of small steps. He knelt down and began examining something.

"What is it?" hissed **Khalin**, eager to join the rogue in his explorations.

Zero scowled to himself, not wanting to be disturbed whilst he worked his own special brand of magic. He bowed to the floor, ignoring **Khalin** for now, and blew some of the dust away from the outside of a slightly raised flagstone in the floor.

[Zero Thievery Check - Disable Traps: **1d20+10+2: 28**]

With one of his delicate tools he slowly traced the crack in the flagstone, and smiled when he found the catch, pulling it upwards and to the right. Using another tool in his other hand he delicately pulled out a small pin, pocketing it with pride. He stood up, took one amused glance at the watching group, and jumped theatrically onto the raised flagstone.

 Me and Random: There was an audible click and for a short moment a look of concern flittered across the rogue's face. Another ten feet or so in front of **Zero** some spikes jutted down from the ceiling, but halted almost as abruptly. The smile spread once more to **Zero's** face.

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He walked slowly forwards, looking up at the spikes and then down at the floor beneath them. Listening for a moment, he turned back to the group.

"C'mon," he said, not bothering to lower his voice. "It's clear now. Looks like this was some form of portcullis - must have a mechanism somewhere inside the room to raise and lower it."

As the group crossed the corridor and headed south slowly, the rogue wandered into the main room.

The chamber was about forty feet wide by thirty feet, with the great oaken table in the middle dominating the space. The table was scarred with burns and dagger cuts, several mugs and crumbled parchments laid scattered across the surface. Two doors led out, both open, one in the east wall, the other in the south, into what appeared to be bedchambers. In the southeastern corner of the room were piled a number of barrels and crates, fortunately these did not smell of salty fish, nor rotting meat.

Along the western wall was a huge weapon rack, mostly bereft of weapons and any armour. A couple of fallen spears and a small short sword laid askew gave the impression that a group had left here quite hastily.

The bedchamber to the east had three beds, simple wooden frames with flea-ridden straw mattresses, but was ordered and tidy - with military precision, **Khalin** noticed. On the bedchambers western wall was a small lever - perhaps the mechanism for the portcullis **Zero** offered.

The southern bedchamber was a grander affair, with a larger bed complete with a down-filled mattress. Again the room was tidy and ordered, with a large chest in the southwestern corner.

Zero set to work eagerly on the chest - another puzzle for him to solve. Taking his fine tools he checked the chest for any traps.


[Zero Perception Check - Find Traps: **1d20+10+2: 32**]

Finding none, a little bit to his dismay, he went to work on the lock, using his skill with the tools rather than going back to check the corpses in the northern chamber.

[Zero Thievery Check - Open Locks: **1d20+10+2: 18**]

With another theatrical flourish, and a beaming smile, the rogue flung open the lid of the chest, turning to the group behind him. Unfortunately for **Zero**, they all seemed to be concerned with other things - **Kireth** and **Khalin** were examining the parchments on the table, Rangrim was sat down by their side checking his wounds, and **Tradden** was off in the other chamber toying with the idea of pulling the lever.

Zero sighed, and contented himself with examining the loot. The chest contained small compartments with thin wooden dividers, allowing the contents to be ordered and tidy, and perhaps also as protection during transit. The rogue went to work on finding things of interest.

 Me: The mage and the warlord had both been drawn to the parchments on the oaken table. Scattered as they were, it didn't take long for **Kireth** to put them in some semblance of order. With a curiosity at hand, the mage's ire seemed to have cooled and his focus was now firmly on understanding what was before him.

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Khalin seemed most intrigued by one of the larger pieces of parchment, scrawling lines depicting a few points of interest, with long sweeping curves of arrows with intricate notes. It appeared, as far as he could tell, to be some form of battle plan, with the ruined keep they were in on the right hand side of the page. Following two of the sweeping lines to the left he guessed another scrawl indicated the mausoleum, just outside Blackengorge - a smaller arrow joining the first from there the assault Blackengorge's northern flank. The second line was more direct, cutting across the page directly to Blackengorge's western walls. A smaller line from the southeast, presumably the old goblin cave, cast against the west walls.

The warlord gasped a little - it seemed that these battleplans were for an assault on Blackengorge itself, though how many, or when was beyond his understanding.

Kireth, meanwhile, had been studying some of the more mundane items, although one stood out, what appeared to be a letter, or instruction, written in Common and in a similar hand to one he had seen before. He read the letter softly, more to himself than the others, but everyone could hear.

Bolkuz,

I will be in the lower chambers for three days. I do not wish to be disturbed, whatever the reason. In one day bring the remainder of the slaves to the subtemple where Morkin will take care with them. You may do what you will with them in the meantime, but they must be alive. Deal with all other issues yourself - you have full command. When we are finished you will have your troops.

Skauril

Kireth then cast an eye across to the warlord's page, quickly considering the intricate notes.

"A small force judging by these notes," **Kireth** said coldly. "Perhaps thirty or so hobgoblin warriors, likely enough to challenge Valino's guard. Maybe picking up more troops on the way by the looks of things."


"See here," he said, pointing at the areas where the pair concluded the mausoleum and goblin cave stood. "It mentions Helvec and Irontooth."

The mage paused, reading some more of the notes, the goblinoid script starting to come easy to him now.

"Hmm, wait," he mused, "there's some more here."

Khalin waited for the mage to finish reading. **Kireth** had gone slightly pale, and seemed to be reading the same passage over and over again, trying to make sense of it all. The mage even looked back at the letter.

"What is a 'cohort'?" the mage asked **Khalin** cautiously.

 Me: The largest item in the chest was probably one that **Zero** was least concerned about, although he could admire its workmanship. It was a helm, probably of iron or steel, buffed to a dull shine with minute etchings covering its surface, depicting troops in defensive formations. Thick guards covered the nose and cheeks and wrapped around to the back of the neck in a pleasing line. It was topped with a brush of coarse hair standing upright as though to attention. The rogue chucked the helm onto the bed, and continued his investigations.

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Stowed away in the corners of the chest were small velvet bags, tied by a short drawstring. **Zero** reached the bag in his hand, bearing a friendly tinkle, and opened it to reveal the coins he as


stowed away in the corner of the chest was a small velvet bag, tied by a short drawstring. **Zero** weighed the bag in his hand, hearing a friendly tinkling, and opened it up to reveal the coins he so desired, please that the aches, pains, and worse were starting to become worthwhile. The velvet bag found its way swiftly into **Zero's** pack.

Underneath half a dozen bottles of some mystery liquid was another intriguing parcel - a carefully wrapped bundle of linen. **Zero** slowly unwrapped the parcel, being careful not to damage what was within. As the final linen wraps came away, **Zero** found himself holding a black cloth, that when he started to spread out on the floor revealed itself to be a standard, a flag of black resplendent with the silvery-white image of a goblin's head with flaming eye sockets. The rogue shivered, and quickly wrapped the standard up once more.

The rest of the chest just contained minor trinkets, of no significant value, and **Zero** rose to his feet and joined the others near the table in dismay.

[Party have found a helm]
[Party have found 380 gold pieces]
[Party have found a battle standard]

 **Matt:** "Oh - I know." Piped up **Tradden**. "I dated a girl who went to the University in Deepingwald. Studied entemolosome something. Anyway, she said her class was a cohort. Was about 10 people?" Nov 17 ▼

 **Me:** "A cohort?" enquired **Khalin**, as **Zero** sidled up behind him and took a seat at the table. "Well, sometime in the Border March we experimented with cohorts, but always seemed to find that platoons and squads were more effective for us. Sometimes, we even..." Nov 17 ▼

"Just give me the answer!" demanded **Kireth**, raising his voice sharply, causing all to turn and stare.

"It's a military unit," **Khalin** grumbled. "Usually six centuria of soldiers. Why? What's so important?"

"How many soldiers in a centuria?" **Kireth** asked, his voice low and level, staring violently at **Tradden**, daring him to interrupt this time.

"About eighty or so," replied the warlord. "I don't understand why you're asking."

Kireth paled even more before pointing at the western edge of the map.

"Because the force that starts out from here will be accompanied by a cohort of 'Gabletta'."

Kireth paused, some would argue for effect, before he answered the question on everyone's lips.

"'Gabletta' is goblin for Undead."

There was a loud crash in the corridor as the iron portcullis smashed down against the flagstones, locking the group in the room. A pale **Tradden**, his hands firmly holding the lever in the eastern bedchamber, looked on at the group with wide eyes.

 **Nick:** "If we're resting, bagsy the big bed," said **Zero**, raising his hand. Nov 17 ▼

 **Me:** "Yes, we need to rest," said **Kireth** quietly, his thoughts obviously elsewhere. Nov 17 ▼

Zero nodded eagerly and had already set off into the southern bedchamber to relax on the bed. **Tradden** looked relieved and set about cleaning his swords and looking for something reflective to check the cuts on his face and the mess of his hair.

"But, Gilmorril!" spluttered **Khalin**. "We can't just sit here and wait while..."

"And my friends," argued **Rangrim**, speaking up for the first time. "I'm not going to sit around while they're in danger!"

The pair rose as one, defiance in their eyes.

Kireth looked at them with something that resembled pity, perhaps at their weakness for loyalty and concern. "We are no good to any of them if we are dead ourselves. **Tradden** can hardly walk, **Zero** can barely lift his crossbow, and my powers are but a shadow of what they could be. If we run into more hobgoblins then we will be slain or captured ourselves. We are in no state to proceed. However much I agree it is necessary to act with haste, I can only see folly in continuing much longer without the chance to rest."

The mage turned back to the parchments on the table, confident that his voice of pure reason would be followed.

Both of the dwarves grumbled, but eventually they conceded the point, and set to preparing themselves for the journey to come.

 **Me:** The party fell into a silence as they rested. Nov 17 ▼


Kireth continued to examine the parchments on the table, before taking out some of the books from his pack and starting to make careful notes on the clean, crisp pages. Gloom seemed to settle around him as he worked, his robes wrapped close and the hood masking his face in depths of shadow.

Khalin studied the maps and battle plans with ever-deepening concern. Perhaps they had thwarted the hobgoblin warchief's plans for the invasion of Blackengorge - the warchief, Irontooth, and Helvec were all dead - but the thought of hundreds of undead walking the lands still filled him with a sense of dread and foreboding.

Tradden paced relentlessly for a while, concern and worry over something, but eventually settled in the eastern bedchamber, away from the others, trying out some stretching exercises he'd learnt in Deepingwald for dance improvement. He found that it eased some of his aches and pains, before he returned to the pacing, wandering about and touching everything in the rooms that he could find to work out what it was, and what it could be used for. He spent some time peering over **Khalin's** shoulders at the map, trying to help the warlord fathom out whatever tactics the warchief had planned.

Zero fell onto the warchief's bed, knocking off the helm and sinking into the luxury of the down mattress. He tried his best to ignore the odour left behind by hobgoblin flesh and quickly fell into a shallow sleep.

Rangrim stayed alert, sat on one of the wooden chairs, staring out through the bars of the portcullis for any sign movement or any sounds to reach his ears.


 **Me:** The time seemed to pass slowly for **Tradden**. He couldn't get to sleep. He wasn't that tired mentally or physically. He'd dressed his cuts and wounds, and put a salve on the bruises - they'd be fine with a bit more rest. He appeared to be more worried about his hair than anything else, and without the facilities to check, and clean, and preen it, he seemed lost. Nov 17 ▼

He needed to keep himself busy. He wouldn't disturb **Kireth** deep in his books, it would be like angering a wasp. **Zero** was asleep and he'd already had **Khalin** chase him off a couple of times as he'd tried to assist with the tactical views of the map. He had a brief chat with **Rangrim**, but the dwarf seemed just to be anxious to get moving, and **Tradden** disappointedly didn't learn anything new about the dwarves on the continent.

A thought crossed his mind to wake **Zero**, and perhaps have a game of Three Dragon Ante - the rogue always had a deck put away somewhere, but as he wandered into the bedchamber he came across the helm on its side on the floor.

He tried it on. It didn't quite fit. A shrill stab of fear went up his spine - what if it was because his hair was really messed up, but he calmed down quickly, convincing himself that everything was alright. Surely it was the padding in the helm and the general shape was more suitable for a hobgoblin skull than a human's.

At least the helm was something to talk to **Kireth** about - perhaps it was magical. He took it over to the mage, holding it out, and coughed, trying to get **Kireth's** attention.


 **Me:** **Kireth** had spent an hour or so contemplating his spells, learning and re-learning the intricacies of the magic, fortifying it in his mind. The power was coming quicker and easier now, as if a tunnel to the core of the power was getting wider, allowing him to dip in and take what he needed at will. He felt as though it would not be long before... Nov 17 ▼

His vision blurred and his throat caught, the room began to spin. He tried to call out, but nothing came. He couldn't breathe and he felt as though a membrane of shadow clung to his face like a wet rag, stifling him, cloying his senses. It pushed against him and then away again, bulging out, letting him breathe, but only before a moment, before it was back again, tight against his skin in a moist embrace. The darkness came into his eyes and he felt himself slipping, falling.

Then there was a noise, a bark, a cough, and the sensation lifted, the light of the torches streaming into his eyes and a bowl thrust in front of him.

The mage threw up into the outstretched helm - a black, vile vomit flecked with blood that stang his throat and nose.

Without a word to **Tradden**, who was left with the upturned helm, he stormed into the eastern chamber, where the astonished group heard a racking bout of coughing, before the door slammed shut.

 Matt: *"Well. There is something you don't see everyday..."* mumered Tradden to himself, holding out the helmet a little further away from himself in a largely involuntary motion.

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He stood there for a moment, thinking. As has been mentioned before, it often surprised folk that Tradden was big on thinking.


The fighter sidled over to where Khalin had turned back to musing over the map, his jaw resting on his fist and one finger stoking his upper lip. Tradden nudged him.

"*Hmm?*" hummed the Dwarf, not moving and certainly not taking his eyes off the map.

Tradden nudged again, a little harder this time. The Dwarf turned round, ready to scald whoever was disturbing his contemplations, only to be presented with what was quite clearly a helmet of vomit. For a moment the Warlord's eyes went from the helmet, to Tradden, and back again. This continued for a few moments, the Dwarfs lips moving as if to say something, but clearly not finding the words.

"...*Why...?*" he croaked, eventually.


With a whisper, not wanting to make anymore of a scene than was already the case, Tradden recounted what had happened prior to the mage bounding over to the easter room. "*He's in there now.*" he finished, even though that was not necessary.

 Mark: Khalin considered what he had heard, stroking his beard in thought for a moment. Then, a decision apparently made, he pushed back his chair and strode purposefully towards the door the mage had disappeared behind.

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The warlord rapped hard on the door. "*Kireth? KIRETH! What in Moradin's name is going on with you?*" he called, trying to balance a modicum of concern with a generous helping of assertiveness. This wasn't the first time the half-elf had shown symptoms of an ailment of late.

The dwarf decided he'd wait for a count of five for a response, then march through the door regardless. Kireth had made quite the speech about the group being rested and recovered for any final battle, but if one of their number was hiding a handicap of some sort then it jeopardised the whole party, and the lives of any hostages they might hope to find alive.

 Neil and me: Behind the door, the mage stood with a hand against the wall for support. He sucked down large lungfuls of air trying to freshen his insides. His usual stinging responses were now overruled by the stinging in his throat.



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He heard the dwarf's call. "*Morgana's spirit*" he cursed under his breath. The dwarf would come through, there was no doubt of this.

"*I'm throwing up!*" he yelled back. "*What does it look like?*".

He paused a moment to take in some more air and choke down another bout of nausea.

"*It would seem that maintaining a pool of acid for as long a time as I did has to be paid for. Now, if that is all, I shall return to my retching. If you would like to come and watch, be my guest.*"

  Matt and me: Tradden peered on as Khalin bunched up his shoulders and fists, as if he were to barge the door down there and then. However, the Warlord then relaxed his posture, turned his head to Tradden and shrugged.



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"*Very well.*" said the Dwarf loudly, before leading forward and whispering. "*You and I are due a talk though, my wizardly friend!*". It was so low that even the nearby Tradden could hardly tell what the Warlord had said, but Khalin clearly thought that the mage on the otherside of the door would have heard.

"*Right,*" exclaimed Khalin, in "harumphy" fashion, stalking back towards the map table. "*Try and get some sleep lad and, for Moradin's sake, get rid of that will you?*".

With that the Dwarf did indeed return to his musings over the various documents on the large table. Tradden stood there for a moment, holding the vomit filled helmet, before heading off towards the southern bedroom. Trying to tease one of the pillows that wasn't being wholly used by a sleeping Zero, the fighter did manage to avoid waking him up, only causing the rogue to turn over and mutter something in his sleep, which sounded to Tradden awfully like "*I thought you said your husband wasn't due back until tomorrow?*". He then went back to the main room and emptied the contents of the helmet into one of the nearly empy crates, using the pillow cover to clean up the helmet as best he could.

Tradden decided to heed the Warlord's advice and so headed back to the large bed to try and capture as much space from the sprawling Zero as he could, but he left the helm on the table and asked Khalin to see if it was anything special.

  Me and Random: ***Khalin*** became restless, eager to get going, and had to hold himself back from ordering the others to get up and follow. Although he was recognised as their tactical leader, this wasn't a military group, and he didn't feel as though orders would be upheld in the same way. He looked at the helmet with disdain - it looked fancy, but there was no way that hobgoblin workmanship would ever outstrip a dwarven smith. The helm was serviceable, but more for show than any real battle.

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More hours passed and **Kireth** did not return to the main room, the door of the bedchamber remaining firmly closed. More than once **Tradden** listened at the door, contemplating a knock and entering, but thought better of it.

About an hour before **Khalin** felt the group were ready to move on he broke out some of the rations, ensuring everyone ate well. The food from Skillet was hearty, although dry and compact for travel, and miraculously **Zero** seemed to rise and appear as soon as the food was placed on the table. **Kireth**, however, did not return.

As the group munched on their food, their came a wailing from **Kireth's** room.

"By the gods,"muttered **Khalin**, as the wails increased. "It sounds as though the lad's being torn inside out!"


He jumped up, followed closely by **Tradden** and the pair sped across to the door, grabbing the handle. The door didn't budge!

Khalin pounded on the frame. "Kireth! Open up!" he yelled, as the sounds grew louder.

Then there was the sound of a huge retch from inside followed by a short scream. Then there was silence.

The warlord and the young fighter looked at each other momentarily, and then the pair kicked out at the door in tandem.

[Tradden Strength Check: **1d20+6+2: 26**]

 Me: The door splintered open with a crash, the combined might of the human and dwarfbursting through in an instant.

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The room was dark, filled with shadows curving and fleeting around the room. Their soft touch startled **Tradden** with their icy chill, and the pair stood and watched in shock. In a moment, however, they were gone, as if they had never been there, leaving the room lit with the soft torchlight once more, and a frail **Kireth** picking himself up from the floor, wiping away spittle and blood from his mouth.

The mage regarded the pair in the door with a faraway look, before composing himself and focusing.

"We need to continue," stated the mage through a hoarse throat. "We need to continue right now."

"What in the world is happening, Kireth?" demanded the warlord. "We have a right to know!"

"*Know?*" Kireth raised an eyebrow. "*You could never know and I have no time to try explain. Suffice to say that there are things that talk to me as steel and stonework might talk to you. Sometimes they make their point very strongly. And they are saying we go now!*"

"Well, the spirits and I agree on something then."

A look of steely determination then descended across the dwarfs visage. *"Fall the men in, we're moving!"*

The party began to stow their gear, and ready themselves for whatever lay ahead.

"The corridor to the south?" **Khalin** asked **Tradden** quietly as the rest tightened their straps and picked up their weapons.

Tradden nodded back, twirling his shortsword absent-mindedly. "I guess, so," he mused, unsure of exactly what had happened during their rest.

"Right, let's go," stated **Khalin** assertively.

They fell into their usual formation, moving back to the central chamber before heading south down the main corridor. It ran fifty feet or so, with torches softly blazing at regular intervals, until it opened up into a larger chamber, about forty feet square. The smell of offal and worse grew gradually as they closed in on the chamber, and they were greeted with what appeared to be a makeshift stable, although there were no horses or mules to speak of. A pair of iron-banded wooden doors stood in a recess in the southern wall.

*For a moment they stood with wrinkled brows and wrinkled noses, until **Tradden** piped up naively.*

"Maybe it's a stable for those big centipedes?" *he started.* "They had harnesses or something on them."

He gathered incredulous looks, until they realised he was probably correct.

"What for?" *asked **Khalin**.* "They'd be difficult to control, I would guess, and would need feeding constantly. Seems like a bit too much of a burden to me."

"To pull a slave caravan, perhaps," *offered Rangrim.* "You could always feed them the slaves that didn't make it, or were deemed weak and useless." *His voice was cold and distant.*

"Maybe," *considered **Khalin**,* "but we have tasks at hand. Zero, see if you can discover anything at that door."

He sidled up to the door, as if trying to catch it unawares, and studied it remorselessly.

[Zero Perception Check - Find Traps: **1d20+10+2: 28**]

He didn't sense any, so took a long listen, his ear pressed up against the hard wood.

[Zero Perception Check: **1d20+10: 11**]

He turned back to the group with a shrug. "Nothing."

Turning back to the door he studied the large ring handles - there didn't appear to be any locking mechanism on this one. Slowly, and surely he turned them and pushed the door inwards.

*In the corners of the eastern wall sat two crouched dragons, instantly raising the heckles on **Zero** and **Khalin's** necks before they realised they were stone statues.*

To the south an entryway led to another set of double doors. In the entryway sat four more statues of small, cherubic figures holding vases above their heads - quite out of keeping with the rest of the decor.

"I dinna like this." growled Khalin, standing at the fore, hands firmly planted on hips. His words were not necessary - it was clear he was not happy with what lay before them.

"Note the blood on the floor." added Kireth, inspecting his nails as if it were an everyday sight.

"Hmmm - that big statue." Said Tradden, cocking his head to one side. "It doesn't look quite ... right. A statue is normally solid isn't it? This one looks like it is made of bits, a bit like one of Mr Ironfoot's little walking men he makes from time to time."

Tradden's mind was playing over their experience in Helvec's tomb outside Blackengorge when a couple of statues had come alive. This one didn't look the same, but there was an old saying the the Freepeoples - 'once bitten, twice shy'.

"I wonder if it can move?"

[Perception Check: **1d20+4: 15**] - success!

The dais at the bottom of the statue appeared to be beautifully crafted quite in keeping with the rest of the stonework the group had witnessed throughout the ruins. It was a large piece, perhaps twenty feet a side, a good couple of feet high, and probably weighing - assuming it was solid granite - at least fifty tons, if not more.

However, the statue appeared to jar against the granite, as though it was a later addition. Rough holes were hewn into the top of the dais, some left empty as if something had been torn away, and the others had metal rods plunged into them to hold the statue upright from the legs. Scratches and scrapes, visible even from here, gave the suggestion of movement - the metal scraping against the stone - but as to the extent, it was difficult to tell.

The metalwork of the statue itself was impressive, but crude. Rough bolts and clamps held the limbs and head in position, the counterweight supplied by the stone presumably. The statue was certainly articulated - the joints allowed that, but again it was difficult to tell from this angle what movement it may have.

One thing that did strike Tradden, however, was a small metal flap carved crudely into the dias at the statue's feet, towards the western side of the stone.

"Hey - what's that?" Tradden pointed out the flap with his shortsword.

*It was only a few feet into the main chamber when **Zero** heard the click. He was just about to tell **Khalin** to stop when the warlord stopped of his own accord, looking up at the statue towering above him. There was a whirr, and a grate of metal on metal. Then the torso of the statue swung around with surprising speed - the outstretched sword forming a deadly sweep in a long arc as the goliath swiveled on it's base.*

There was another crash, as the doors behind **Tradden** slammed shut, causing the young fighter to jump as the blade sped towards **Khalin** and **Zero**.



Me: [...continued in [Chapter #07, Scene #04...](#)]

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Tags:

Next wave ➡