Arena Campaign

Posted by Kradlo - 2006/12/01 17:55

My new campaign, partly begun at the local gaming store on Meetup days, has now had its full start for running at my home on Thursday nights. It's going to be great running games regularly again, and having a full campaign starting from level 1.

Two of the four players couldn't show, but should be at the games in the future. I'm looking to add about two more players, so that I'll regularly have 4 to 6 players at the table, depending on peoples' schedules.

Our current crew consists of Hengest, a human cleric of Heironeous (with a penchant for bling) and Kalin Stoneheart, a Dwarven cleric of Moradin. These were originally pregen characters I'd made for the Meetup days, and the players have taken a shine to them.

From the Saturday games at White Cap Comics, Hengest made it to 2nd level, and has spent his wealth on a gold-plated symbol of Heironeous with sapphires, a burgundy velvet half-cloak with silver thread work, and has had his helmet enchanted with continual flame so that it has a crown of blue flames. It keeps his hands free (no need to hold a torch now), and with the domains of Glory and War, he likes to be the center of attention.

Kalin had a run-in with a smiling Elf in the Rusty Nail tavern in the Low Quarter. The Elf seems to have taken an interest in the young Dwarf, and offered to roll dice with him. Kalin declined when the Elf offered to wager a fine blue pearl against the Dwarf's beard.

The two have now made their way to the Howling Cavern, and are going to enter it seeking the glowing green "wyrdstone" that a scholar wants. He's paying five times its weight in gold, so they're happy to oblige.

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Posted by Kradlo - 2006/12/01 17:56

Velur Driassen, the Elf bard/rogue that Kalin Stoneheart met, has decided to write a ballad about the young Dwarf.

The Ballad of Kalin Rustbeard

A beardling Dwarf set out to make
His fortune and his fame
His thirst for liquor he would slake
Remembered be his name!

Chorus:
Sing hey, hey, what d’ye say
Laugh the merry day away
Too long left out in the rain
Kalin Rustbeard is his name

Dwarves are ever stout and bold
They live in halls of stone
Their hearts do ever lust for gold
Their skulls are naught but bone!

Chorus

Dwarven heroes never flee
Their courage never lacks
Their enemies dispatched with glee
They shoot them in their backs!

Chorus

So take your chance and roll the dice
He’s courage incarnate
Kalin Rustbeard pays the price
As long as it’s half-rate!

Chorus

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Arena Campaign

Posted by Kradlo - 2007/01/04 23:40

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Tonight's session went well. We've lost two players to scheduling conflicts, so we're down to four. That's about what I figured at the start, and it's a good crew.

Our intrepid adventurers had a surprise visit from a Drow cleric of Lolth and her two eight-legged pets (Small spiders) when a false wall disappeared. Lilasha, the monk, was on the raft they'd found and was the target of two webs, and wound up entangled. The surprise round was over, and initiative was rolled for the rest.

The party got poor initiative, so the Drow cast bless on her and her allies, and the spiders moved to attack Lilasha. She got bitten, and felt weakened (3 points of temporary Str damage). She had a hard time escaping from the web (being entangled gives a -4 penalty to Dex, so that affected her Escape Artist checks), and her allies started firing at the spiders.

One spider got disabled, but the other was going after Lilasha on the raft. The Drow fired her hand crossbow at Hengest, the cleric of Heironeous, but to no effect (good AC). Lilasha finally got free of her bonds, while Hengest grabbed the rope attached to her waist. She then leapt for the shore while Hengest pulled, letting her make it to land. The spider on the raft sent another web her way, and Lilasha cursed as she was entangled again.

Meanwhile, the elf minstrel (an NPC they'd invited to join them) got close enough to start peppering the spider with arrows. He dropped one, and then the Drow cleric used cure minor wounds to put the other one back on its many feet. It moved up to the raft, only to be shot by an arrow from the elf and killed.

The Drow took to the river and waded downstream. She managed to escape while the rest of the group were tending to the wounded monk. Hengest used his Heal skill to keep the poison from further

affecting her (she'd been bitten three times).

Though the Drow escaped, the party was victorious. They did a further search of the area, and found a trio of skeletons (some of the lost souls of the military company that had entered the Howling Cavern some decades before), which they fought. Kalin Stoneheart, the Dwarf cleric of Moradin, got injured, but shrugged it off with Dwarven stoicism and laid into them with his morningstar. Hengest used Sacred Purification to finish them off, his power turning them to dust (I love that feat).

A search discovered one of the wydstones they were seeking, roughly two pounds in weight. While they were checking that out, Sylvia, the female ranger, was searching the webs where the Drow and her cohorts had been. She found a large egg sac, which curiosity led her to open. The hundreds of baby spiders that swarmed out were quite startling, so she leaped into the water to rid herself of them. The cave fish were delighted at the unexpected meal, as they converged on the many wriggling spiders.

Another avenue was checked out, but turned up nothing. Hengest decided that this was somehow wrong, and that he disbelieved this could be so. He walked up to the limestone wall, and right through it. He found himself in an area of grey mist, unable to see beyond his fingertips. He distantly heard a muffled tapping, as of metal on stone far away, but was more disturbed by the tapping he felt on his shoulder.

Hengest instinctively swung his shield in an arc to strike whatever had touched him, only to feel his shield stopped cold. A chilling voice whispered, "Who are you?"

"I am Hengest," he answered. "Are you trapped here?"

"I am not trapped. You are. This is not a place for mortals."

"Are you alive?" he asked.

"I have transcended mortality. What is it you seek?"

"I'm seeking the green 'wyrdstone' in this cavern."

Hengest could hear the answering smile. "So you say. What is it you truly seek?"

His eyes widened, feeling confusion. "I'm not sure I understand," he said.

"Do you want riches?"

"No."

"Power?"

"No."

"Glory?"

Hengest felt his heart beat faster, but was silent.

"Do you want fame?"

He attempted to put on a blustering front. "I'm already famous."

The voice dripped with temptation. "Do you want to become the stuff of legends?"

Hengest knew the answer. "I want to become the hand of Heironeous."

The voice smiled, "Of course you do. Do you wish to transcend your mortality?"

Hengest shook his head. "No. I want to return to the mortal world."

"Then you must leave."

With that, Hengest saw the dim outline of the speaker, and saw a hand outstretched. He felt the finger brush his forehead, and felt himself ejected from the grey realm.

Sylvia saw Hengest emerge from the limestone wall into which he'd walked. She'd been frantically tapping on the wall, trying to find a way to get to him, and had all but considered him lost for good. Hengest was disoriented, and she noted a greyish smudge on his forehead. The smudge wouldn't come off, no matter how vigorously Hengest rubbed.

To be continued...

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Arena Campaign
Posted by Harneloot - 2007/01/05 06:34

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Cool!

Thanks for sharing the story!

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Arena Campaign
Posted by Stefan - 2007/01/05 10:41

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Kool story...It's probably good Hengest didn't choose to transcend mortality eh....

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