

# The Chronicles of the Adventuring Misfits of Doom

D&D RPGA Home Game

DM Chris Trevino

## Current Party

Rurik Ironhead: LN Male Dwarf Samurai  
Mya: N Female Gnome Rogue  
Dimble: LN Male Gnome Fighter/Rogue  
Maeve Quilavel: NE Female Drow Favored Soul (Cleric)  
Young Ethan: NG Male Human Fighter  
Celise: LN Female Human Duskblade

## Foreword

Our party has been adventuring with the dwarf Rurik Ironhead on his quest to reclaim his honor with his clan. Rurik must enter the ruins of the dwarven mountain stronghold of the ancestral Ironbreaker Clan and procure from the Prince's tomb two items: the Cloak of the Hellfurnace and an axe of thunder named Thunbejorn, and then return them to his clan.

## Episode I

As we open this first chronicle, the party has entered the ruins and found that a goblin clan has taken up residence. The party, in securing the items, decimated the goblin clan, killed the Goblin King and Sorcerer, and finally got the chance to rest.

Anyway, in the goblin throne room, after resting, the party decides to start a-lookin' for stuff. Mya finds a small door behind a tapestry and her husband Dimble finds another door across the hall from the first. Mya figures out that her door is trapped, and Dimble, well, there is something wrong with his door, and he can't figure it out.

Mya disarmed her door - Dimble is still scratching his head and studying his trap. Now, Maeve, bored and searching elsewhere, finds a magical lock and trap on the throne itself, and determines that it is far older than the goblin occupation of the mines.

By now Mya has cleared out her little treasure room, and Dimble is still staring at his door with a dull, glazed expression. Maeve walks over to Dimble, looks at the door, and says (very professionally) that the trap is magical. "Ok smartass," replies Dimble, "Then you open it."

So Maeve casts Dispel Magic, and does.

Then the door explodes. Since Maeve, Dimble, and Mya are within 20' of the door, they all have to make reflex saves. Mya and Dimble pass theirs, ducking the blast so that it could travel unimpeded to Maeve, dealing its fury, and 16pts of damage, to her upper torso. (The trap is Thieves Bane, a 3rd level warlock invocation from Cityscape.) The party ransacks the little side room and continues on.

Current loot total to this point - 22pp, two scrolls - one with two 3rd lvl spells and the other with 3 third lvl spells, both arcane, a great looking cheap short sword, a cloak of protection +1, a ring of water breathing, magic tent, 1 100gp value emerald (raw), oil of protection from good. Mya almost put on the belt of weakness -1.

While the party rests, Maeve sits in the throne, and suddenly the throne slides back 5' and reveals a spiral staircase going deep (DEEP - 400') into the mountain. So, they carefully walk down 400' of steep winding staircase into a rough cut chamber about 20' wide by 40' long with a low 8' ceiling. In the wall of the chamber was a vein of milky massive quarts with a vein of solid gold a thick as Rurik's thumb running the length of the wall. Young Ethan tries to take his warhammer and knock a chunk out of the wall, and

manages to knock a few pieces of the ceiling loose. Dimble checks for traps, and comes up short realizing that the severely unstable room was the trap itself

That is when Ethan holstered the warhammer.

Dimble had already found the pile o' loot in the center of the back half of the room. He almost killed himself diving into the pile and narrowly missed being speared by candelabra. Grand total - 1500gp in loose assorted coins, 300gp in assorted gems, 800gp in assorted pieces d'art, mantle of faith, gauntlets of rust, an unidentified magic item that the party missed as they hurriedly chunked the treasure into a bag, and a brazier of command fire elemental in which Maeve has had the chance in game time to study and learn how to use (I'll explain that in a second...) (BTW, I did roll randomly for this stuff. They watched me!!)

After the party finished stuffing the loot into the bag, they haul it up the stairs to the throne room, where they try out their new magic tent and rest for the night. After resting and whatnot, they start the laborious climb back up the red shaft. It is very quiet on the way up the shaft, until they reach the mid lvl tunnel landing and stop to rest. Within moments, they hear movement and voices from up the shaft. There is a rumble, silence, then a crashing crescendo of dust, boulders, noise and debris. The orcs have blown the upper shaft, and sealed the parties extra arms and armour under the mountainside. That only left the back entrance through the smelter chamber as the only exit. The stench of the rotting goblin corpses almost made a slow suffocation mixed with starvation appealing! Dimble and Mya, on point, begin to find small barrels and heavily oiled pouches placed at regular intervals, with thin cloth ropes leading towards daylight and freedom. So they cut the fuses they find, and pick up the barrels. They leave the pouches behind. The party now has 8 small explosive kegs.

The tunnel slopes upwards for 60' feet, then leveled out. Afterwards, the tunnel ran about 40' before opening up into the exit gallery. An Orc overseer (Cr15) was happily ordering his two troll Giantkillers (Cr11's) and 6 goblin minions (Cr 1/2's) where to plant explosives in order to bring the mountain down on the party. Each troll had waist mounted baskets holding explosive kegs, and in one case a basket of the small leather pouches. The trolls would hand the goblins the explosives and the gobbos would place the bombs where directed. Standing watch over the work crew where three Orc rangers (Cr10's) ea controlling two magical hunting beasts (that's 6 beasts at Cr6). After careful planning, Mya gives Maeve her ring of invisibility, Maeve marches herself up the tunnel, takes exquisitely careful aim, and fires her wand of fireball (CL?) at the Troll on the right. The fireball shot unerringly into the basket of explosive kegs on the troll's hip. The kegs gangfire, touching off the basket of pouches on the trolls other hip.

The resulting explosion not only fires the load of explosives on the other troll, but it brings down the side of the mountain on top of Dimble and Maeve.

All that was left of my brilliantly planned ambush was a thin reddish paste under thousands of tons of rock. Oh well, maybe next time...

Of course this means that the party is now trapped under the mountain. With both exits blown, and Maeve and Dimble stuck in a bubble 20' into the rockslide that filled the tunnel, it takes the rest of the party 3 days and one keg of explosive to reveal the bubble's boundary through the rock. Again, the party stops to think, and Maeve crafts a wall of stone from the surrounding rock in order to brace the ceiling long enough for Dimble to dispel the bubble and then get from under the rock that has been closing in on them for three days now. Successfully, and with more grace than you'd think, the two adventurers survived to rejoin the rest of the party still trapped under the mountain. So Maeve and Rurik put their heads together, form one brain between the two, and come up with a plan. Maeve can cast Wall of stone 4 times a day. With effort, each casting can be made into a 5' deep arched tunnel through the rock. Ok, it is only 4' wide and 8' tall, but it is a tunnel. Maeve uses the better part of 6 days game time creating a new exit from the mines.

Dusk, on the sixth day of dig... err... magically crafting their way out of the collapsed tunnel, the party breathes in fresh, free air and begins counting campfires in the valley below them. They keep counting,

removing shoes and gauntlets to help with the calculations until determining that there must be at least 3500 goblin and orc clans and groups camping for the night in the valley below the mine entrance - on the badlands side of the mountain. By morning, the party realizes the assembled families and cohorts of goblinoid races are moving as one towards the eastern passes through the mountains. More like a pilgrimage than an army, the mass of greenskins flow towards the fertile valleys south of the mountain. Searching quickly, Rurik and Mya are able to find their mounts, even if Mya's dog was lame from a sword wound. Desperate for a fast way back to civilization, they searched through the treasure from the goblin king's throne room and find the one item they had missed. A single, medium sized magic pearl.

The party gathers around Maeve as she studies the pearl. There is a teleportation spell in the pearl. Maeve focuses, evokes the pearl, and the party materializes in the courtyard of the last military outpost the party had visited. There they met up with Celise, who was captured earlier and savagely ignored by the orcs. Eventually Celise got bored of the inattention and escaped, using her ability to fly to land her a first class view of the mountain falling on Maeve, Dimble, and my brilliantly created ambush. She even got to see the red ooze dripping from the collapsed mine entrance. Fearing the worst, Celise flew back to the last military outpost visited.

The session ends with the party beginning to refit themselves for the upcoming battle. All but Ethan, who announces his intention to retire from a life of adventuring and open a bar right there in the fort. This was greeted with much fanfare, and by the evening meal, an impromptu bar had been erected from three empty barn stalls, a few barrels, two wooden planks, four tables with assorted chairs, and a wagonload of donated booze. Ethan set up shop, and began dispensing while the rest of the party started reequipping.

Now the wizard at the outpost drank. Constantly. All day. Celise tried him at 10 am, asked the wizard to imbue her scythe with fire, and the wizard returns a scythe +1 lightning burst. It is sufficient to say that the Wizard is not a morning person, and morning is described as any time before 2 in the afternoon. So Dimble, at three in the afternoon, figures it is safe and asks the Wizard to make Ethan's +4 keen longsword weightless. The Wizard says "I don't know. That is expensive." Ethan answers with "You'll always drink free at my bar." To which the Wizard replies "Done! Come back in three hours."

BTW, Dimble did offer Mya to the Wizard as payment before Ethan spoke up. Dimble took 6pts of lightning damage from Mya's sword in return.

It takes Dimble until 7 in the evening, due to Ethan's grand opening, to remember about the sword. By this time the wizard has imbued the sword with weightlessness, walked away, forgot that he was finished with the sword, and returned to close out the incantation. The wizard blindly grabs a focus, in this case a piece of smoky quartz, and begins to imbue the already heavily enchanted sword with... Well, he isn't really sure at this point, but it will come to him in time. It always does. The soul fragment trapped in the smoky shard of quartz notices a wonderful get out of crystal free card and dives from the quartz into Dimble's sword. And in a flash, a new gaming atrocity is borne.

As Dimble unsheathes his new sword, he hears a disappointed male voice in his head. "I thought I was going to the girl."

The soul fragment was from Lt. Nickoly Cherchenkov, a 3rd lvl warmage attached to this outpost until an unfortunate accident involving the watch commander's girlfriend and a three headed chicken. Nicky, as Dimble has since christened the sword, is strong willed (ego 19), and has a problem with Lawful Neutral characters of all types. Nicky is to a point where he will launch a 10d6 fireball at any lawful neutral character, should Dimble fail his DC19 will save and lose dominance over the sword. Did we mention that Rurik is lawful neutral and took the gauntlets of rust? Tell me that the sword isn't going to label that one as a threat. Each time there is a crisis while Dimble is wielding Nicky, he will need to make a DC19 save to keep dominance over the sword. If the sword takes dominance, he will go after the first LN character it sees, most likely Rurik since the sword is nervous about the gauntlets of rust. Other powers the sword now has are: Faerie fire 3/day, minor image 1/day, and detect undead at will.