*Chapter 28: Tore Up*

Round 1

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Character** | **Group** | **Initiative** | **Roll** | **Modified Roll** |  | **Move** |
| Orc Plague Speaker | 2 | 5 | 13 | 18 |  | 20’ |
| Elsabet | 1 | 4 | 4 | 8 |  | 30’ |

An orcish plague speaker spotted Elsabet, and immediately cursed her, then cast *hold person [expired on Round 8]*. << Yurtrus wipes his asses with your soul! >> he said in Orcish, and she understood perfectly.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Save vs.**  *hold person* | **Rank** | **Ability**  **& Mod.** | **Misc.**  **Mods.** | **Total** | **Roll** | **Check** | **Notes** |
| **Elsabet, Will** | **9** | **Wis (-1)** | 6 | 14 | 14 | 28 | +3 vs. Enchantments |

*Success. Effect negated.*

Elsabet found herself sconced in an alcove that formed part of a ruined coliseum in the midst of a sand dune. She shrugged off the *hold person* spell’s effects. ‘Hmmm,’ Elsabet wondered to herself, ‘what have we here?’ More dreamscape, it seemed, but potentially fatal, no doubt. She quickly reviewed her options. She was fully equipped it seemed, so there were plenty of choices... but she was alone. Perhaps she should change those odds.

Having felt some magic attempt to mess with her will, she froze in place and said nothing, hoping to trick the orc into thinking it had succeeded in whatever it had tried. Then she concentrated on her recently mastered fey ability, attempting to use *summon nature’s ally V [expired on Round 10]* to bring a pack of dire wolves into play on her side. With luck the orc would be lured closer rather than bothering to cast more magic.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
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| **Skill** | **Rank** | | | **Ability**  **& Mod.** | | | | | **Misc.**  **Mods.** | | | **Total** | | | | **Roll** | | | | **Check** |
| **Elsabet, Bluff** | 5 | | | **Cha (+2)** | | | | | 0 | | | 7 | | | | Awesome | | | | ?? |
| **Character** | | | **Check** | | | **Ranks** | | | | **Roll** | | | | **Result** | | | |
| Orc Plague Speaker | | | Sense Motive | | | 5 | | | | ?? | | | | ?? | | | |
| **Skill** | | | | | **Rank** | | | **Ability**  **& Mod.** | | | | | **Misc.**  **Mods.** | | | | **Total** | | | **Roll** | **Check** |
| **Elsabet, Sense Motive** | | | | | 9 | | | **Wis (-1)** | | | | | 0 | | | | 8 | | | ?? | ?? |
| **Character** | | **Check** | | | | | **Ranks** | | | | **Roll** | | | | **Result** | | | |
| Orc Plague Speaker | | Bluff | | | | | 8 | | | | ?? | | | | ?? | | | |

*See below.*

Though she couldn’t be sure, she suspected that he suspected her to be bluffing, and it was likely that he also suspected that she suspected that he might be suspecting her of bluffing.

Diagram

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| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Character** | **Group** | **Initiative** | **Roll** | **Modified Roll** | **Move** |
| Half-orc Infiltrator | 2 | 6 | 19 | 25 | 30’ |
| Saradette | 1 | 3 | 15 | 18 | 20’ |
| Orc Battle Priest | 2 | 1 | 3 | 4 | 20’ |

Saradette found herself in the middle of a hemispherical chamber comprised of sedimentary stone and coated in dimly phosphorescent mosses. She spotted a half-orc infiltrator to the northeast who had apparently been stalking her, and now attacked her with her blowgun.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Character** | **Attack Type** | **Damage** | **BAB** | **Dex Mod+** | **W+** | **Total Score** | **Roll** | **Total** |
| Half-orc Infiltrator | MW Blowgun | 1d3/x3 | 2 | 3 | 1 – 2 range | 1 | 19 | 20 |

*Hit. Dmg: 2 [45/47].*

“Ouch! Bitch!” Saradette turned, aimed her fusil at the infiltrator, and fired.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Ranged Weapon** | **Dmg.** | **D+** | **TH+** | **Critical** | **Rng.** | **Wt.** | **Atk** | **Roll** | **Check** | **Notes** |
| Sabot Launcher | 6d6 | - | 0 | 15o cone | 100’ + 50’ | 5.0 | 9 | 14 | 23 | 34 charges (Launch Item) |

*Hit. Dmg: 20.*

The infiltrator immediately fell over and died.

An orc battle priest entered the chamber from the west (behind her), and cast *hold person [expired on Round 6]* upon the gnome.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Save vs.**  *hold person* | **Rank** | **Ability**  **& Mod.** | **Misc.**  **Mods.** | **Total** | **Roll** | **Check** |
| **Saradette, Will** | **4** | **Wis (+0)** | 0 | 4 | 19 | 23 |

*Success. Effect negated.*

The battle priest saw that his main bitch wasn’t going to get up, so he thought about taking Saradette as a warprice bride. “I let you live if you suck my cock and pledge your quim to me!” he proposed in Common.

This *had* to be a dream, and not one of the come-true kind.

Saradette laughed loudly. “My lover’s cock is taller than I am,” she informed the priest. “He would use you for a toothpick.”

Map

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|  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Character** | **Group** | **Initiative** | **Roll** | **Modified Roll** | **Move** |
| Tore | 1 | 2 | 20 | 22 | 30’ |
| Orc Berserker | 2 | 1 | 18 | 19 | 40’ |
| War Howler | 2 | 2 | 5 | 7 | 40’ |

Tore found himself atop a ziggurat under a zenith sun. He spotted an orc berserker and his war howler friend at the bottom of the stairs that led to the topmost platform, and noted their hostile mannerisms, then cast *luminous armor [expired on Round 2401]*. Tore then stepped to the edge of the top step, his shield in his left hand and Rod of Defiance in his right as he waited for his enemies to approach.

Move 5’ to T24

*Tore gained +5 AC, plus daylight effects; sighted enemies take -4 penalty to melee attacks.*

The orc berserker and war howler ran up the stairs, but did not yet reach Tore.

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Round 2

The orcish plague speaker cast *shield of faith*.

*The plague speaker gained +3 to AC.*

2 + 1 = 3 dire wolves appeared between the warlock and the priest. One of them charged while the other two got around and behind the orc.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Character** | **Attack Type** | **Damage** | **BAB** | **Str Mod+** | **Total Score** | **Roll** | **Total** |
| Dire Wolf | Bite | 1d8+10 | 4 | 7 + 2 charge | 11 | 8 | 19 |

*Miss.*

Elsabet grinned at the apparent success of her plan, as she saw the orc scurrying behind a boulder and then the dire wolves going after him. But now, it was time to get ready for a one-on-one divine champion fight. Well, not one-on-one anymore! She briefly considered her options as she hustled forward and to her right a bit, drawing her bastard sword, and then grinned even more widely as she tried to get a glimpse of the orc behind the dire wolf and boulder.

With her left hand, she made the simple gestures needed, and spoke the words, casting her *silence* spell near the plague speaker, targeting the boulder behind which she believed the orc was hiding, trying to cover the area of the fight. The spell automatically succeeded, but because it wasn’t cast on the orc, it would not follow him as he moved.

Then, she swiftly settled into her leading the charge stance just in case, wondering if there were any more foes in this ruined arena.

Diagram

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Saradette pushed the launcher back on its sling, drew her blaster, and shot the idiot with it.

|  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Ranged Weapon** | **Dmg.** | **Rng.** | **Notes** |
| Horizikaul’s Boom | 2d4 Sonic | 25’ + 2½’/lvl | Will DC 14 or deafened for 1d4 rounds |

*Dmg: 6 sonic.*

|  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Character** | **Save vs.**  *H’s boom* | **Ranks** | **Roll** | **Result** |
| Half-orc Infiltrator | Will | 1 | 16 | 17 |

*Success. Effect negated.*

The orc battle priest cast spiritual weapon, sending a spear flying towards Saradette.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Character** | **Attack Type** | **Damage** | **BAB** | **Wis Mod+** | **W+** | **Total Score** | **Roll** | **Total** |
| Orc Battle Priest | Spiritual Spear | 1d6 | 3 | 2 | 0 | 6 | 10 | 16 |

*Miss.*

Map

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Tore used *summon monster II [expired on Round 7]* and summoned 2 Celestial badgers 5’ behind the war howler.

Two Celestial badgers appeared behind the war howler and bit at the latter.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Character** | **Attack Type** | **Damage** | **BAB** | **Dex Mod+** | **Total Score** | **Roll** | **Total** |
| Celestial badger | Claw | 1d2-1 | 1 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 9 |
| Celestial badger | Claw | 1d2-1 | 1 | 3 | 4 | 7 | 11 |

*Miss, miss.*

The orc berserker and war howler both charge-attacked the cleric of Lurue.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Character** | **Attack Type** | **Damage** | **Ranged?** | **BAB** | **Str Mod+** | **W+** | **Total Score** | **Roll** | **Total** |
| Orc Berserker | MW Greataxe | 1d12+10/x3 | q | 4 | 3 – 3 Power Attack  + 2 charge | 1 | 7 | 18 | 25 |
| War Howler | MW Greataxe | 1d12+4/x3 | q | 3 | 3 – 3 Power Attack  + 2 charge | 1 | 6 | 7 | 13 |

*Hit, miss. Dmg: 5 + 10 + 3 PA + 2 charge = 20 [23/43].*

The badgers took the opportunity to attack the war howler as the howler continued to run up the stairs.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Character** | **Attack Type** | **Damage** | **BAB** | **Dex Mod+** | **Total Score** | **Roll** | **Total** |
| Celestial badger | Claw | 1d2-1 | 1 | 3 | 4 | 9 | 13 |
| Celestial badger | Claw | 1d2-1 | 1 | 3 | 4 | 2 | 6 |

*Miss.*

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Round 3

The orc plague speaker—favored by his deity for his knowledge of the Death domain—knew that he wouldn’t be able to cast spells effectively with these three wolves around him, so he *death touched* one of them.

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| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Character** | **Attack Type** | **Damage** | **BAB** | **Str Mod+** | **Total Score** | **Roll** | **Total** |
| Orc Plague Speaker | Touch Attack | Death Touch 5d6 | 3 | 1 | 4 | 16 | 20 |

*Hit. Dmg: 15 negative energy.*

The wolf was harmed by the negative energy, but persisted in threatening the plague speaker.

Hustling forward again, moving another 30’ westwards and south a little to avoid some rubble, Elsabet could tell the silence spell was working by the lack of snarling dire wolves. She hoped they were giving the orc a real gnashing and thrashing!

Meanwhile, she needed to get ready for combat, so she cast *bull’s strength [expired on Round 43]* on herself, one of her favorite spells for sure. Then, knowing she wouldn’t be able to so within the silence area, with a swift command she activated all three charges from her amulet of tears *[expired on Round 103]*, gaining the maximum amount of extra vigor.

*Elsabet gained +4 Strength and 24 temporary hit points [87/63].*

The three dire wolves did their best to eat the orc.

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| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Character** | **Attack Type** | **Damage** | **BAB** | **Str Mod+** | **Other+** | **Total Score** | **Roll** | **Total** |
| Dire Wolf | Bite | 1d8+10 | 4 | 7 | 2 flank | 13 | 1 | 14 |
| Dire Wolf | Bite | 1d8+10 | 4 | 7 | 2 flank | 13 | 4 | 17 |
| Dire Wolf | Bite | 1d8+10 | 4 | 7 | 0 | 11 | 19 | 30 |

*Miss, miss, hit. Dmg: 6 + 10 = 16 + trip.*

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Character** | **Attack Type** | **BAB** | **Str Mod+** | **Total Score** | **Roll** | **Total** |
| Dire Wolf | Grapple | 4 | 11 | 15 | 6 | 21 |
| Orc Plague Speaker | Grapple | 3 | 1 | 4 | 1 | 5 |

*Success.*

The orc fell prone in absolute silence as the dire wolves prepared to make a meal of him.

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Saradette shot the orc again.

|  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Ranged Weapon** | **Dmg.** | **Rng.** | **Notes** |
| Horizikaul’s Boom | 2d4 Sonic | 25’ + 2½’/lvl | Will DC 14 or deafened for 1d4 rounds |

*Dmg: 4 sonic.*

The orc battle priest passed out. It was unclear whether the boom had stunned him or completely laid him out, but he looked pretty messed up, and wouldn’t be coming back to this world without some magic.

The spiritual spear, however, was still going strong.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Character** | **Attack Type** | **Damage** | **BAB** | **Str Mod+** | **Dex Mod+** | **W+** | **Total Score** | **Roll** | **Total** |
| Orc Battle Priest | Spiritual Spear | 1d6 | 3 | 2 | 1 | 1 | 6 | 13 | 19 |

*Hit. Dmg: 2 [43/47].*

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Tore commanded the Celestial badgers to go after the war howler as he went after the orc berserker with his mace.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Melee Weapon** | **Dmg** | **D+** | **TH+** | **Critical** | **Type** | **Wt.** | **Atk** | **Roll** | **Check** |
| Rod of Defiance | 1d8 | 1 + 2 | 1 + 2 | x2 | Bludgeon | 8.0 | +10 | 16 | 26 |
| Rod, 2nd Attack | 1d8 | 1 + 2 | 1 + 2 | x2 | Bludgeon | - | +5 | 15 | 20 |

*Hit, hit. Dmg: (3 + 1 + 2) + (7 + 1 + 2) = 6 + 10 = 16.*

The Celestial badgers went after the war howler.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Character** | **Attack Type** | **Damage** | **BAB** | **Str Mod+** | **Total Score** | **Roll** | **Total** |
| Celestial badger | Claw | 1d2-1 | 1 | -1 + 2 charge | 2 | 3 | 5 |
| Celestial badger | Claw | 1d2-1 | 1 | -1 + 2 charge | 2 | 13 | 15 |

*Miss, hit. Dmg: 1 – 1 + 2 = 2.*

Seeing that their opponent was harder to hit than he seemed, the orc berserker and war howler forewent their Power Attack, and did their best to penetrate the cleric’s armor.

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| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Character** | **Attack Type** | **Damage** | **BAB** | **Str Mod+** | **W+** | **Total Score** | **Roll** | **Total** |
| Orc Berserker | MW Greataxe | 1d12+10/x3 | 4 | 3 | 1 | 8 | 9 | 17 |
| War Howler | MW Greataxe | 1d12+4/x3 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 7 | 13 | 20 |

*Miss, miss.*

Calendar

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Round 4

The orc plague speaker started to get to his feet, provoking attacks of opportunity from all three dire wolves.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Character** | **Attack Type** | **Damage** | **BAB** | **Str Mod+** | **W+** | **Other+** | **Total Score** | **Roll** | **Total** |
| Dire Wolf | Bite | 1d8+10 | 4 | 7 | 0 | 2 flank | 13 | 13 | 26 |
| Dire Wolf | Bite | 1d8+10 | 4 | 7 | 0 | 0 | 11 | 19 | 30 |
| Dire Wolf | Bite | 1d8+10 | 4 | 7 | 0 | 2 flank | 13 | 10 | 23 |

*Hit, hit, hit. Dmg: (7 + 10) + (1 + 10) + (4 + 10) = 17 + 11 + 14 = 42.*

The orc plague speaker died with zero dignity as his gennies were bitten off and swallowed by one of the wolves. The orc plague speaker died with zero dignity as his gennies were bitten off and swallowed by one of the wolves.

Elsabet hustled forward and off to her right again slightly, still unable to see the orc except for a brief moment now and again as the dire wolves attacked him. With no idea just how tough this orc was, she then cast *divine favor [expired on Round 14]* on herself, getting a boost to her attacks for the next minute.

*Elsabet gained +1 to attack and weapon damage.*

As she tried to gauge what was happening behind the boulder, she felt her maneuvers fade and refresh.

|  |
| --- |
| *Current Maneuvers* |
| Crusader’s Strike |
| Stone Vise |
| Battle Leader’s Charge |
| Foehammer |
| Shield Block |

The wolves reared their heads a bit and backed up; she then saw the orc plague speaker, who had fallen to the ground, and looked around her to see that she and the wolves were alone amidst the ruins and dunes.

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As the spear continued to attack her, Saradette looked around, and saw a few paths out of this chamber, though she knew that the weapon would likely follow her until it expired, and that she could not sunder it mundanely.

Saradette extracted a bit of leather from a small ouch, spoke a few words *[mage armor, expired long after dream ended]*, and touched her own chest.

*Saradette gained +4 to AC.*

She then went to the battle priest to be sure he was dead.

The spiritual spear attacked the gnome that remained defensive as it jabbed at her.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Character** | **Attack Type** | **Damage** | **BAB** | **Str Mod+** | **W+** | **Total Score** | **Roll** | **Total** |
| Orc Battle Priest | Spiritual Spear | 1d6 | 3 | 2 | 1 | 6 | 14 | 20 |

*Miss.*

The magical armor prevented the tip of the spear from doing more than prodding her rib.

The orc looked quite dead from this distance, though she kept approaching.

Map

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Tore was glad that the Celestial badgers were able to at least harass the war howler. Tore took a 5’ step back from the two orcs, putting himself out of their reach for the moment. He then cast *bull’s strength [expired on Round 44]* on himself and waited for the orcs to step towards him once more.

*Tore gained +4 to Strength.*

Meanwhile, the Celestial badgers harassed the war howler.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Character** | **Attack Type** | **Damage** | **BAB** | **Dex Mod+** | **Total Score** | **Roll** | **Total** |
| Celestial Badger | Claw | 1d2-1 | 1 | 3 | 4 | 2 | 6 |
| Celestial Badger | Claw | 1d2-1 | 1 | 3 | 4 | 12 | 16 |

*Miss, hit. Dmg: 1 – 1 = 1 minimum.*

The orc berserker and war howler took 5’ steps towards the cleric and slashed.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Character** | **Attack Type** | **Damage** | **BAB** | **Str Mod+** | **W+** | **Other+** | **Total Score** | **Roll** | **Total** |
| Orc Berserker | MW Greataxe | 1d12+10/x3 | 4 | 3 | 1 | -2 Power Attack | 6 | 13 | 19 |
| War Howler | MW Greataxe | 1d12+4/x3 | 3 | 3 | 1 | -2 Power Attack | 5 | 13 | 18 |

*Miss, miss.*

Timeline

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Round 5

Elsabet moved 20’ further west, closer to the dire wolves but not into the silenced area, while making a ‘come here’ motion, pointing at the nearest wolf and then the area around her.

The wolves came to her quickly, making eye contact and seeming to smile as their tongues cooled them. She looked over the wolves to see if any were injured, while telling them, “Well done, my friends, well done!” One of the wolves seemed a bit damaged...

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Character** | **TAC** | **FFAC** | **AC** | **Evil/ Neg** | **Total**  **Damage** | **Temp** | **HPs** | **Current**  **HPs** |
| **Elsabet** | **14** | **20** | **22** |  | 0 | 24 | 63 | 87 |
| **Dire Wolf 1** | **11** | **12** | **14** | 15 | 15 |  | 45 | 30 |
| **Dire Wolf 2** | **11** | **12** | **14** |  | 0 |  | 45 | 45 |
| **Dire Wolf 3** | **11** | **12** | **14** |  | 0 |  | 45 | 45 |

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Saradette continued westwardly, reaching the orc and seeing that he wasn’t going to make it.

The spiritual spear attacked her again.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Character** | **Attack Type** | **Damage** | **BAB** | **Str Mod+** | **W+** | **Total Score** | **Roll** | **Total** |
| Orc Battle Priest | Spiritual Spear | 1d6 | 3 | 2 | 1 | 6 | 2 | 8 |

*Miss.*

Saradette continued past the orc and into the passage he’d come out from.

Map

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Tore continued to command the celestial badgers to attack the war howler. He then focused his attacks on the orc berserker.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Melee Weapon** | **Dmg** | **D+** | **TH+** | **Critical** | **Type** | **Wt.** | **Atk** | **Roll** | **Check** |
| Rod of Defiance | 1d8 | +1 + 2 | +1 + 2 | x2 | Bludgeon | 8.0 | +8 | 7 | 15 |
| Rod, 2nd Attack | 1d8 | +1 + 2 | +1 + 2 | x2 | Bludgeon | - | +3 | **20** | 23 |

*Hit, threat. 1d20 = 19 + 3 + 2 = 24, critical hit.*

*Dmg: (2 + 1 + 2) + [(2 x 3) + 1 + 2] = 5 + 9 = 14.*

The Celestial badgers took 5’ steps northward, and attacked the war howler.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Character** | **Attack Type** | **Damage** | **BAB** | **Dex Mod+** | **Other+** | **Total Score** | **Roll** | **Total** |
| Celestial Badger | Claw | 1d2-1 | 1 | 3 | 0 | 4 | 15 | 19 |
| Celestial Badger | Claw | 1d2-1 | 1 | 3 | 0 | 4 | 3 | 7 |

*Hit, miss. Dmg: 2 – 1 = 1.*

“No more power attacks! This cunt is hard to hit!” the orc berserker told his war howler love slave as they continued to hack and slash away at Tore without explanation.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Character** | **Attack Type** | **Damage** | **BAB** | **Str Mod+** | **W+** | **Total Score** | **Roll** | **Total** |
| Orc Berserker | MW Greataxe | 1d12+10/x3 | 4 | 3 | 1 | 8 | 12 | 20 |
| War Howler | MW Greataxe | 1d12+4/x3 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 7 | 19 | 26 |

*Miss, hit. Dmg: 10 + 4 = 14 [9/43].*

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Round 6

Elsabet pointed to the two unwounded dire wolves, and said “you two look around for other creatures, howl if you find any, don’t bite unless attacked.” Then she turned her attention to the wounded dire wolf, and cast *cure light wounds* on it. She wanted one of the large lupines at her side until they returned whence they came. She left it to the other two to interpret her request as best they could.

*The wounded wolf gained 7 + 4 = 11 hps.*

The two tiptop wolves went out to scout by scent first and sight second.

~\*~

Saradette wandered through some confusingly wound-around corridors, and before she knew it, she turned around and found herself in Elsabet’s arena, which was now littered with what most would have called junk, though the artificer immediately identified about 5 items that could be salvaged and co-opted as Device Powers.

“Oh, hi,” Elsabet had half-expected to meet up here and go for smoothies, so she wasn’t really surprised to see her friend in the dreamscape.

“I just fought some of the orcs we were briefed on yesterday,” Saradette noted.

“Me too,” she pointed to her sole adversary, now dead within a lingering *silence* spell effect.

~\*~

Tore thought he could hear Elsabet and Saradette speaking nearby. Nevertheless, he had two raging adversaries to deal with, so he took a step back away from the orcs and activated his Belt of Healing *[3 charges]* as he yelled “ELSABET! UP HERE!” He was unsure if it was actually her, but it didn’t hurt to yell just in case.

*Tore gained 24 hps [33/43].*

Tore then waited for the orcs to close in again, ready to continue his attacks on the berserker orc.

The badgers continued to harass their target.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Character** | **Attack Type** | **Damage** | **BAB** | **Str Mod+** | **Total Score** | **Roll** | **Total** |
| Celestial Badger | Claw | 1d2-1 | 1 | -1 | 4 | 19 | 23 |
| Celestial Badger | Claw | 1d2-1 | 1 | -1 | 4 | 3 | 7 |

*Hit, miss. Dmg to war howler: 2 – 1 = 1.*

The orcs were upset that the cleric had healed himself, and tried to kill him even harder.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Character** | **Attack Type** | **Damage** | **BAB** | **Str Mod+** | **W+** | **Total Score** | **Roll** | **Total** |
| Orc Berserker | MW Greataxe | 1d12+10/x3 | 4 | 3 | 1 | 8 | 5 | 13 |
| War Howler | MW Greataxe | 1d12+4/x3 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 7 | 10 | 17 |

*Miss, miss.*



Round 7

Tore felt refreshed after using his Healing Belt. As the orcs stepped forward and missed, he again attacked the berserker orc with his Rod of Defiance.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Melee Weapon** | **Dmg** | **D+** | **TH+** | **Critical** | **Type** | **Wt.** | **Atk** | **Roll** | **Check** |
| Rod of Defiance | 1d8 | +3 | 1 | x2 | Bludgeon | 8.0 | +10 | **20** | 30 |
| Rod, 2nd Attack | 1d8 | +3 | 1 | x2 | Bludgeon | - | +5 | 1 | 6 |

*Threat, miss. 1d20 = 12 + 10 = 22, critical hit.*

*Dmg: (2 x 4) + 3 = 11.*

The Celestial badgers nipped at the war howler.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Character** | **Attack Type** | **Damage** | **BAB** | **Dex Mod+** | **Total Score** | **Roll** | **Total** |
| Celestial Badger | Claw | 1d2-1 | 1 | 3 | 4 | 16 | 20 |
| Celestial Badger | Claw | 1d2-1 | 1 | 3 | 4 | 14 | 18 |

*Hit, hit. Dmg: (1—1) + (2—1) = 2.*

The orcs slashed at Tore once again.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Character** | **Attack Type** | **Damage** | **BAB** | **Str Mod+** | **W+** | **Total Score** | **Roll** | **Total** |
| Orc Berserker | MW Greataxe | 1d12+10/x3 | 4 | 3 | 1 | 8 | 8 | 16 |
| War Howler | MW Greataxe | 1d12+4/x3 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 7 | 14 | 21 |

*Miss, miss.*

~\*~

Saradette looked around the area. “What is this place, anyway?”

“Some sort of arena, long abandoned, I think,” Elsabet replied, looking around as she stepped close to the gnome. “Here, let me heal you a bit,” she continued, and cast *cure light wounds* on Saradette, the one dire wolf pacing along beside her.

*Saradette gained 7 + 4 = 11 hps [47/47].*

~\*~

Round 8

Tore, satisfied with his protection continued his assault on the berserker orc as the badgers continued to harass the war howler.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Melee Weapon** | **Dmg** | **D+** | **TH+** | **Critical** | **Type** | **Wt.** | **Atk** | **Roll** | **Check** |
| Rod of Defiance | 1d8 | +3 | 1 | x2 | Bludgeon | 8.0 | +10 | 7 | 17 |
| Rod, 2nd Attack | 1d8 | +3 | 1 | x2 | Bludgeon | - | +5 | 16 | 21 |

*Hit, hit. Dmg: (8 + 3) + (5 + 3) = 11 + 8 = 19.*

The berserker either died or started to.

The badgers continued their affectionate nuzzling at the lesser orc’s boots.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Character** | **Attack Type** | **Damage** | **BAB** | **Dex Mod+** | **Total Score** | **Roll** | **Total** |
| Celestial Badger | Claw | 1d2-1 | 1 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 9 |
| Celestial Badger | Claw | 1d2-1 | 1 | 3 | 4 | 10 | 14 |

*Miss, hit. Dmg: 1 – 1 = 1 min.*

The remaining orc hacked away some more, thinking this was a good day to die.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Character** | **Attack Type** | **Damage** | **BAB** | **Str Mod+** | **W+** | **Total Score** | **Roll** | **Total** |
| War Howler | MW Greataxe | 1d12+4/x3 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 7 | 10 | 17 |

*Miss, miss.*

Round 9

The badgers dematerialized.

Always happy to deal death to evil, Tore continued his assault, not turning his focus to the remaining orc.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Melee Weapon** | **Dmg** | **D+** | **TH+** | **Critical** | **Type** | **Wt.** | **Atk** | **Roll** | **Check** |
| Rod of Defiance | 1d8 | +3 | 1 | x2 | Bludgeon | 8.0 | +10 | 8 | 18 |
| Rod, 2nd Attack | 1d8 | +3 | 1 | x2 | Bludgeon | - | +5 | 15 | 20 |

*Hit, hit. Dmg: (2 + 3) + (6 + 3) = 5 + 9 = 14.*

The war howler retreated down the stairs and escaped *[south 150’]*, preferring speed to grace. He seemed to be making way for a dilapidated coliseum of sorts.

~\*~

“D’you hear that?” Saradette’s ears twitched first.

Elsabet listened as the wolves’ ears also perked and cupped northward.

They both turned to see along the north-northwest a lone figure approaching laggardly towards them: another orc.

It was still a thousand feet or so away, with a discernible ziggurat behind him at some ungaugeable distance.

“Is this a dreamscape?” asked one of them.

The other did not answer as *[DM assumption]* they drew their ranged weapons.

Round 10

Tore cast *summon monster I* and called upon a Celestial dog, casting at the furthest extent of his range and commanded it to chase down the orc.

Round 11

Tore ran down the stairs, not wanting the orc to get away. As he ran, he sheathed his Rod of Defiance and pulled his bow.

He and the dog chased the orc war howler down, and the dog was able to pounce on him a few times as they continued to run through the trackless sand.

In the distance, Tore could now see more clearly now the ruined structure that had once accommodated hundreds of spectators.

Tore used an arrow on the orc once within short range. He kept the bow in his left hand and drew (quickdraw) his Rod of Defiance as he closed with the orc to pummel him if needed. Once the orc was dealt with, Tore dismissed the Celestial dog and then headed towards the ruined structure he saw in the distance.

~\*~

The dire wolves were long gone now. Tore had confirmed that the women he was approaching were Elsabet and Saradette, and they now sat together in the dunes, overlooking a dramatic, rouge sunset soon to be eclipsed by the horizon.

“What’s your favorite type of dragon?” Elsabet asked, “And why?”

“I’ve always wanted to talk with a brass dragon,” Saradette said as she unloaded her fusil and carefully tucked the brass cylinder into a loop on her belt.

Tore nodded thoughtfully, “I’ve heard a bit about white dragons growing up in Neverwinter. I’d like to talk to one of them, so long as I have assurances it won’t eat me after we talk.”

The gnome thought for a moment. “If you were rich, where would you like to live?”

Tore thought again for a moment, “I think I would like to have a winter cottage outside of Neverwinter. It was my home, and the mountains have some amazing views.” Tore then turned to Elsabet, “Where would be the ideal place for you to have a fortress or a keep?”

Elsabet thought for a few moments, musing over the possibilities.

“To be honest? Not really sure. I’m thinking Mintar might be a nice place to live near, eventually, assuming I reach an age where my muscles and bones ache more and I’ve gained in wisdom and experience, but at the same time it would be nice to be able to visit Barkley in Saradush. So perhaps about midway between Saradush and Mintar, somewhere along the road in currently unclaimed land, where travelers could rest up in a secure location.” She winked at Saradette. “With a shrine to Mayaheine, at least one place for visiting cloud giants to sleep, and maybe a nice workshop.”

Saradette grinned. “That sounds wonderful. I don’t know that I’m ready to settle down for a while, though. Maybe in another fifty or sixty years, I’ll think about it. What about you; do you want a little Elsabet running around one of these days?”

“If it happens, sure, but I’m not trying for kids or a full-time partner; I don’t think I would be happy with only one person trying to be all that I need.” Elsabet smiled, thinking on past lovers. “And I wouldn’t want to be anyone’s only lover, either. Too much work, not enough fun. My first priority is the Shieldmaiden.”

Tore nodded as Elsabet spoke. He’d grown up an orphan and had been raised by the clerics or Larue, so he’d really never considered marriage. However, based on the people of Neverwinter and the few married clerics he’d met, monogamy seemed the common practice. “Perhaps we can talk more about your choices in relationships, I’d be interested in hearing more. I was raised by priests of Larue after my parents were killed by an undead horde. So I’ve known mostly monastery life as well as a few married couples that I have dealt with over the years.” Tore’s tone carried no judgement and his expression showed genuine curiosity.

“It is possibly due to my fey heritage, as among the fey, liaisons and dalliances are more common than marriages, even though some such may last longer than a mortal lifetime.” She wondered how best to explain her thoughts.

“The way I see it—feel it in my core—is that love is not a finite resource, nor does it have a single flavor. You can love your parents, your siblings, your aunts and uncles, your cousins, your children, your mentors, your friends, and your lovers, all in different ways. Your love for a parent doesn’t—or shouldn’t—reduce your love for a sibling, child, or friend. You can love different people in different ways depending on the type of relationships you have. The same is true of lovers and partners.”

She paused for a moment, then continued. “What is actually limited isn’t love, but rather time and attention. Not counting magic, of course, there is only so much time in the day, only so much attention you can pay to people and events and so on dyrjng that time. Any partners I have will have to be okay with not being my only focus of time and attention, just as I won’t expect to be their only focus. When together, they will be my focus, but we would have to be able to be okay on our own or with others as well. And some of my attention will always be on my goddess, and what tasks she may give me to perform. I will answer her call first and foremost—any serious partner would need to accept that.”

She wondered if she and Tore would remember this conversation. Dreamscapes were strange; she wondered which power or being had brought them here...