*Chapter 30: Ankhapur*

The journey had been longer to Ankhapur than their previous jaunt aboard the roc-drawn giant wagon, and as the carpet descended upon a tarmac clearing and was received by their local counterparts, the heroes were glad to put their boots on firm ground again. They had flown at an altitude of about 100’ on the average, and had avoided a few monsters and bandits as they whizzed along the Lake of Steam’s northern coast.

Astrid had already gotten acquainted with the sole Ankhapuri Prefect: Margo Seti-Ryam.

A person in a garment

Description automatically generated with low confidence

Aside from her official position with the secular monarchy, headed by King Janol Famisso *[FRCS (unofficial PDF), p. 153]*, Margo was also a priestess of Red Knight, and a heroine and mentor to a multitude of youths throughout the city. She and King Janol had doublehandedly destroyed the city’s previous undead ruler, and she was glad to receive those whom Astrid now introduced as the Fist of Light before saying their names individually as each hero stepped off the carpet.

Tore bowed his head slightly as he was introduced, “It is a pleasure to meet you, priestess.” As he stood, Tore took in the view from her feet to the top of her head and her red hair. Margo was a very powerful and beautiful looking woman.

Saradette missed Stratus, but she was now surrounded by scores of able-bodied men and women who had pledged to fight alongside the forces of Mintar, Saelmur, the Sky Tree, and Rockhard’s horde in a united front against Borak’s forces.

Heralds had trumpeted the carpet’s advent only moments after it had been spotted, and within the courtyard where legions trained and squadrons were dispatched, the Fist of Light took in the sights of Ankhapur, which boasted over 30,000 permanent inhabitants. Mintar, by comparison, barely surpassed 20,000 by the most recent headcount, and the heroes recognized that they were now in a slightly more urbanized area than they’d grown accustomed to.

Map

Description automatically generated

Pleasantries and introductions manifested, and Astrid wasted no time before wishing everyone well and heading for the lavatory to freshen up before her trip back. “See you all in the morning, maybe.”

Tore smiled, “Thank you for the smooth ride.” He then watched as Astrid walked away, perhaps a little longer than he really should have watched her.

The heroes were led along a winding garden and into a courtyard wherein a dozen or so humanoids stood around a rectangular table, looking over two maps: one of their beloved city, and another of the Lake of Steam region, which had a few counters placed based on the estimated positions of each battalion.

Map

Description automatically generated

Two distinct conversations were unraveling: on the left side of the table, tacticians discussed offensive initiatives, while on the right side of the table a variety of engineers debated alternative defensive strategies around the city walls and ports. The heroes were led to the left side, where they could better see the counters, and an acolyte now explained what each counter represented.

“My lords and lady, the Fist of Light,” Margo spoke to her peers.

A picture containing yellow, leather, altar, tan

Description automatically generated

“Ah!” one of them—a human with a delightful smile named Almitra—said before greeting them. She then thanked them all for their service to the crown, and filled the three heroes in on the most recent intel, which involved the compositions of each battalion under Rockhard’s influence. “We expect all of these forces,” she pointed to the orcs and goblin on the map, and continued, “to have gathered here within three days’ time.”

The heroes noted the positions along the roads between settlements. “And the dragons?” Tore smiled and bowed to each in turn, though his gaze lingered on Almitra a bit longer than on the others.



“We know less about the exact whereabouts of the enemy forces...” Almitra’s colleague—an elf named Leander—sighed, lowering his gaze. “We’ve lost a few good spies to the dragons, and have had to withdraw our surveillance teams.”

“So we have no forces beyond this point?” Tore pointed to Yhep.

“A bit further east, but not much,” the third tactician said. The robust—or perhaps rotund—human named Lorenz Barnabi was a retired merchant who had settled here about half a decade ago, and whose interest now leaned towards marrying his progeny into the ruling dynasty. Nevertheless, his interests today were in the safety of the city, and his peers pardoned his personal faults, particularly since he’d donated generously to this war effort. “We dare not hold a front until we have realized a few preliminary objectives.”

A person in a garment

Description automatically generated with medium confidence

They were then briefed formally on the prospect of an offensive against the dragons’ heavy artillery, which was reputed to be enough to lay low any walled city in this part of the continent. “This is where you will likely be tasked, though we have yet to plan the time and place of the execution of this mission,” they were told, along with, “You should get enough food, drink, and rest tonight. In the morning, we are likely to have a much better idea of where the enemy forces will be most vulnerable.

Almitra and the two men confirmed what the heroes had heard back in Mintar: a pack of bluespawns and other rabble were being led by a half-dragon. The blue godslayers, stormlizards, and burrowers were noted as well, but there was also mention of a few wheeled mangonels and even a siege golem.”

“We weren’t told about a siege golem,” Saradette needed to put out there. “That really changes the nature of the engagement.”

“And the risk...” Tore added. “Which counter represents that expeditionary force?”

“This one,” Almitra pointed to the dragon bearing southward.

Seeing the locations, Tore asked, “Are we still to proceed as planned or have there been changes since we were last briefed? It would seem,” he said looking at those around the table, “that a bit more fire power would be needed beyond what we already have.”

Map

Description automatically generated

“Indeed,” answered Almitra, clarifying as she introduced them to a group of heroes who had just been led into the courtyard overlooking the seaside sunset to the southeast. “Behold: *Those Who Do Not Fumble*!”

“This must be the *Fist of Light* that I keep hearing about,” said a gnome who could have passed for Saradette given the right lighting.

A group of action figures

Description automatically generated with medium confidence

“*Those Who Do Not Fumble* are a band of local heroes. Ankhapur owes more than one debt of gratitude to these eclectic adventurers,” Lorenz Barnabi complimented the individuals whose recent exploits he’d had a minor hand in funding.

“You do us honor, Sir Lorenz,” a charismatic tabaxi bard curtsied and greeted the Fist of Light, asking, “So... are you all going with us on the carpet bombing expedition?” the bard coined the term.

“Yes,” Almitra interjected. “I was just getting to that. “We haven’t much time until we’re due back in the King’s chambers, so I want to ensure that all is conveyed. *Those Who Do Not Fumble*—at least *most* of you—will be taken atop two separate carpets. Here are your assignments,” she handed a parchment over to a goblin who bore a handful of medals and rank-depicting scars.

The eloquent goblin with a far eastern accent and intonation recited the names of some of his mates, then called that the first group, and then said his own name, along with a few others, and said, “We’re going in the second carpet.”

“And the *Fist of Light* will be going on a third carpet,” Almitra said, adding with assurance that, “Astrid is due back tomorrow with two of Mintar’s Prefects, after which we will deploy our first counteroffensive.”

“Is that us?” asked a unicorn who noticed that her name hadn’t been called.

“No. We have a contingent of assassins poised to take out the dragons’ dragoons who now cross the Lake of Steam northwestwardly,” Leander pointed to the dragon counter. “I can divulge no more information at this time on this targeted blitz for fear that it may be divined from your minds. And you, Fher-Heather, are needed for something a bit closer to home,” he told the unicorn.

The unicorn shrugged.

The heroes from the Fist of Light were each handed a city map marked with useful go-to spots, and were told that they’d been given lodging at an inn called the Heaving Sternum. “It’s a few blocks down,” Leander pointed out the building on the map.

The local heroes were well established and had their own abodes. They were all told to not exchange information yet. “We have reason to suspect evil divinations are at work, and want to compartmentalize as much knowledge as possible for now.”

“We understand,” said the tabaxi bard. “We live in a world wherein no secret can exist forever.”

Elsabet had been primarily and somewhat uncharacteristically quiet for a change during the briefing, with brief words acknowledging others’ remarks, focusing instead on memorizing names, faces and groupings, for later recording in her journal—though she resolved not to write down any details regarding the strategy, tactics, and missions that had been touched on. She had been content to let Tore and Saradette do most of the questioning and discussing. She was, perhaps, a bit talked out, and with so many new people, she needed to figure out the dynamics. She had grinned at the name the other adventurers went under—not fumbling was certainly a reasonable thing to aspire to!

The conversation ended when a squire entered the room and reported to the three tacticians. Almitra delegated to the young boy the ushering of the Fist of Light to their inn where they might put down their battle gear and enjoy a little dining at the Sternum’s kitchen. “Don’t let the name discourage you,” Almitra assured the heroes. “That’s just bravado for the tourists.”

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Elsabet thought to ask before leaving: “Do we know if or how many of the half-dragons have wings? I recall hearing they needed to be large for that, but I could have misheard.”

“We shall have a briefing packet prepared for you tomorrow,” Almitra assured Elsabet, who asked the squire if he was allowed to eat with them of if he had other duties to tend to after getting us to the Sternum.

Elsabet thanked Almitra, and once the boy was leading them off, she said quietly to her comrades, “things are moving pretty quickly. Did we get a decent briefing on just what the various bluespawn creatures are capable of, how powerful they are?”

“I’ve to get home to me mum, I’m afraid, but otherwise, I’d have a drop with you... a drop of tea since I’m still on duty.”

“Sssso, yes?”

“Oh, nah, I can’t. Me mum,” the squire shrugged.

Elsabet nodded and said, “I understand.” Then she reached into her haversack and extracted a packet of Zakharan tea, and held it out to him. “Here, perhaps, you’ll like this, it is my favorite tea, a Zakharan blend.” She smiled, and said “when you drink it you can think of us.”

The lad was grateful, and smiled as he blushed.

Tore had nothing more to ask the Prefect. He was glad to hear they would have additional help on the mission and agreed that keeping information to a minimum for now was a good idea.

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The Heaving Sternum was bustling more than they’d expected, with a few singers and dancers taking turns on and off the stage as different numbers required different instrumentation and dance training. The tavern was technically a separate building from the caddy-corner inn that had gnome-inspired designs scaled for human-sized occupants; only the penthouse boasted smaller accommodations, and the room just beneath it had hybrid amenities. It was quite upscale, though it was surrounded by slightly less well kept buildings with slightly less regulated activities going on therein. Right across the street, they could see a dozen young thugs “guarding” an establishment called the Suf’rin’ Succotash, where services of the flesh could be procured or brokered day or night.

Tore turned his attention back to the table, and reprised the topic of Elsabet’s earlier question, “No, you did not miss anything earlier. They’re still vetting and compiling the information, or opted not to tell us for now to prevent the enemy from divining just how much we know. We can follow up with those questions in the morning. With us headed off on our mission, any divination at that point would do the enemy little good.”

“Thanks, Tore,” Elsabet replied. “I think I will jot down a few observations and thoughts in my journal later, after which a good night’s rest will be in order. But first a bit of a meal would be nice.”

Tore turned to their waiter, “Is there someplace where we might be able to purchase some potions? I’d like to see if they have any potions of *bull’s strength* or *cure serious wounds*.”

“I’m not sure about the selection, but those seem to be mainstream enough spells that you could find them just around the block at Mathis’s Emporium,” the polite half-elf responded before taking their orders.

“So tonight we sleep in our own beds,” Saradette observed in the voucher stubs they’d been handed back before being led to their individual rooms.

Tore turned to Saradette, “I assume so, though I’m sure you could hire someone for companionship from across the street should you so desire,” he stated flatly, though he added a wink at the end.

Saradette, who had largely kept her own counsel during the trip, grinned at Tore. “As I’m sure you could, as well.” She took a drink of her ale. “Before we set off, I’d like to have a little time to check my equipment to be sure it’s all working correctly. If we had more time, I might have been able to whip something up to help us with our mission.”

After placing his pack and shield in the room, Tore went down stairs for an ale along with something to east (some sort of beef stew, meat loaf or similar meal).

When the waiter looked at her, Elsabet smiled at him. “I will try whatever dish you would reckon is the most often ordered by your regular customers, along with a light ale or small beer or the like which you would judge most complements the food. I like trying new dishes in new cities, and I am sure I will enjoy whatever you select for me.”

After the others had finished ordering, Elsabet started a general conversation comparing the cities and towns that she and Saradette had travelled through over the several years they had known each other, and asking Tore about the places he had been. She was interested in the ways they seemed similar as well as the ways they seemed different, and it also seemed to be both a way to get to know each other better as well as a safe topic to chat about. It looked like Tore was going to stick around a while, and she was happy to have another comrade combining divine power with combat prowess, so getting to hear about some of his experiences seemed like a good idea.

Tore gladly talked about the places he had visited on his journey from Neverwinter. “I personally like stews and soups, so I have tried as many different kinds as I could. I found that each city and each region have their own flair when it comes to flavors and the level of spices that they like to use. Some are a bit much for my taste though.” He finished a bit of his stew before adding, “There is also an excellent clam chowder that is served in several of the establishments in Ten Towns. It is very tasty, about the best I’ve ever had.”

He was also willing to talk about any fights and other encounters that he had during his travels as well, but he found himself alone in that.

There was plenty of war-theming going around with every other drink now being called an “orcish” this or a “dragon” that. A street vendor sold cookies shaped much like the silhouettes of orcs and dragons that they’d seen back at the castle on the planning map.

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They’d had their fill of food and drink and the conversation was winding down. Before they settled into their respective rooms, they discussed any last-minute topics that needed to be addressed before the morrow.

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Morning, 7 Tarsakh

Saradette unpacked her workshop and went over her two weapons to be sure that they were ready for use. Then, she repacked her workshop, and settled it on her back under her haversack.

Elsabet asked Tore what 2nd-level spells he was preparing. “My own spells known at 2nd are *bull’s strength*, *lesser restoration*, and *silence*—if we need to melee at some point, I’d be happy to cast that first spell on you, if you want to prepare something else.”

Tore thought for a moment, “Well, I have *bull’s strength* as well, plus *luminous armor* and *summon monster II*. I also have *guiding light, divine inspiration* and *sanctuary* as my lower-level spells.”

Elsabet nodded; later she would ask for details on a few of those spells she wasn’t familiar with—perhaps one or more of them would be good to get scrolls of. For the moment, it was time to get to the briefing!

“Also,” Tore added, “Lurue grants me Domain Spells over animals and healing. I can cast healing spells at any time instead of those granted me as well as *calm animal* and *hold animal*, though I don’t know if they would be of much use against the dragon’s hordes.”

All in all, the heroes were getting to know each other better. Though Elsabet and Saradette were already well acquainted, each found it interesting to see the other putting on a first-impression face.

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Highsun, 7 Tarsakh

Ankhapur, the King’s Castle

The heroes stood out in the lawn near the garderobes, ironclad and armed for combat, and it was a good thing, for the strategists and diviners had been toiling most of the night and morning on how to best execute these missions. Those Who Do Not Fumble were meeting their carpet jockeys, and testing out the carpets’ buoyancy once activated.

“Marvelous!”

“Splendid!”

The heroes from the larger group loaded a crate onto each of their carpets, just as Tore and Elsabet loaded theirs onto the same carpet that Astrid had used to ferry them here the day prior. Astrid was feeling chipper and optimistic about this whole affair, and had brought a note back from Stratus. She handed it to Saradette with a “You go, girl!” to go with it.

Tore smiled at Astrid’s comment as she walked over, “Good to see you again, Astrid. I’m looking forward to another smooth flight, at least until we reach our designated target.”

The note was sweet and comforting, wishing Saradette strength and courage, and expressing a longing to see her again soon.

Margo came and discussed some mundane things with them, mostly about Astrid’s following distance. “As the middle vessel in the convoy, try to be mindful of any incoming threats from your flanks,” she was sure to emphasize. “Once you acquire your targets, your mission is to at least wound the living, and render any of their constructs and siege engines inoperable. We’d rather fight more of their wounded than less of their perfectly fit forces. This will force Borak’s appointed leaders to either divert their efforts towards healing or sacrifice some for the benefit of others. Either way, history is testament to this tactic’s triumphs more often than not.”

Tore spoke up, “We should designate which carpet should target the siege engines; then the others target the troops... assuming the engines are grouped together.”

They were all offered shields to sit on, and Elsabet was given two divine scrolls of *sending* and asked to relay news of their success once the mission was complete. The second scroll was meant as an emergency measure, should it be needed.

Now atop their carpets, the heroes bid the Ankhapuri authorities well. “With any luck, we’ll be back by sunset with news of success,” Elsabet proclaimed.

The carpets lifted off, and at a leisurely speed made their way upward and northeastward.

Elsabet mentioned her *confusion* spell, leaving it up to Astrid to decide when that would be a reasonable option to take.

“Noted,” the pilot guided their craft to be in the median position in the three-point formation.

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Saradette sat and read Stratus’ note a couple of times, and then she carefully tucked it away in her pouch. For the rest of the flight, she sat with her launcher in her lap, and looked around them for any threats.

14:30

Tore cast *luminous armor* upon himself *[expired at 22:30]*.

15:11

“Let me know when we’re five minutes out,” Saradette said as she resolved to cast *mage armor* on herself before their scheduled rendezvous with their targets.

“Based on the intel we got earlier today, it’ll be another quarter of a bell’s toll before we’re...,” Astrid said, then corrected herself, “Oh, no, I guess it’s showtime now.”

“Aw, shizzlesticks!” the gnome exclaimed as she hastily fished for a piece of cured leather from her spell component pouch, scrambling to get into a sitting spellcaster’s posture.

And so, after an almost-two-hour carpet ride, it was on. The lead carpet had just started descending, and the tabaxi aboard it was waving his arms about as his friends got their flasks and gear ready.

Tore told Astrid, “If I use my *guiding light* spell to help us aim, we will need to stay low. Tell me when you have picked out our target and I will cast the spell.”

Having dropped to an altitude of 300’ now, Astrid simply replied, “That fellow there,” she pointed to the only bloke on the ground that they could see: a 10’ tall, blue-tailed monk. Then a few other blue monstrosities became evident, as well as a few rolled siege weapons.

A picture containing diagram

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| **Round** | 1 | **Current Time** | 15:12 |

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| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Character** | **Group** | **Initiative** | **Roll** | **Modified Roll** | **Move** |
| Astrid | 1 | 8 | 13 | 21 | 40’ |
| Saradette | 1 | 3 | 15 | 18 | 20’ |
| Tore | 1 | 2 | 10 | 12 | 40’ |
| TWDNF | 1 | 2 | 8 | 10 | 30’ – 50’ |
| Elsabet | 1 | 4 | 5 | 9 | 30’ |
| Dragonspawns | 2 | 2 | 7 | 9 | 30’ – 60’ |

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| ***Those Who Do Not Fumble*** | | |
| **Character** | **ECL** | **Levels** |
| Kestrel the Virtuous | 10 | Half-elf Ranger |
| Garnet dh’Grommit | 9 | Gnome Beguiler |
| Drom’vu Grishtar | 9 | Half-elf Druid |
| Langley Glissando | 8 | Tabaxi (1) Bard (7) |
| Mathis the Chaste | 8 | Musteval 6 Swashbuckler (2) |
| Thag the Third | 7 | Half-orc Fighter |
| Gambino Hook | 7 | Half-orc Ninja |
| Kelvin Blezibu | 7 | Tiefling (1) Sorcerer (6) |
| **Total Levels** | 65 | **Average Level: 8** |
| **Party Members** | 8 |  |

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| ***Fist of Light*** | | |
| **Character** | **ECL** | **Levels** |
| Tore | 9 | Cleric of Lurue |
| Elsabet | 9 | Favored Soul / Crusader / Warlock |
| Astrid | 11 | Ranger / Shooting Star3,4 / Fighter / Deepwood Sniper |
| Saradette | 9 | Rogue / Illusionist / Artificer |
| **Total Levels** | 38 | **Average Level: 10** |
| **Party Members** | 4 |  |

Astrid adopted a wide zigzag flight pattern, slowing down a bit as the other two carpets similarly amended their courses to avoid being clustered together.

Saradette cast *mage armor [expired at 21:12, Round 601]* upon herself.

*Saradette gained +4 to FFAC and AC. [move action remaining]*

Tore cast *guiding light [expired on Round 41]* upon the blue-scaled leader of the formation.

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| **Ranged Weapon** | **Atk** | **Roll** | **Check** |
| Bypass Spell Resistance | +8 | **20** | 28 |

*Success. Ranged attacks against the formation leader gained +2 to hit. [move action remaining]*

A magical bubble burst around the target, highlighting him for those who would drop flasks upon him.

In the lead carpet, Kestrel the Virtuous lobbed down an acid flask.

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| **Character** | **Attack Type** | **Damage** | **BAB** | **Dex Mod+** | **Other+** | **Total Score** | **Roll** | **Total** |
| Kestrel the Virtuous | Flask | 1d6 fire; 100’ vertical | 10 | 3 | -4 movement  -6 vertical distance  +4 height | 7 + 2  *guiding light* | 18 | 27 |
| Kestrel the Virtuous | Flask, 2nd lob | 1d6 acid; 100’ vertical | 5 | 3 | -4 -6 + 4 | 2 + 2 | 5 | 9 |

*Hit, miss. Dmg: 3 fire.*

Garnet dh’Grommit saw her ranger colleague’s partial success, and followed suit.

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| **Character** | **Attack Type** | **Damage** | **BAB** | **Dex Mod+** | **Other+** | **Total Score** | **Roll** | **Total** |
| Garnet dh'Grommit | Flask | 1d6 fire; 100’ vertical | 6 | 3 | -6 | 3 + 2 *gl* | 8 | 13 |
| Garnet dh'Grommit | Flask, 2nd lob | 1d6 acid; 100’ vertical | 1 | 3 | -6 | -2 + 2 *gl* | 5 | 5 |

*Miss, miss.*

The gnome was disappointed in herself as a flask of each type was wasted on the ground.

Drom’vu Grishtar threw down the two flasks that she had in her hands.

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| **Character** | **Attack Type** | **Damage** | **BAB** | **Dex Mod+** | **Other+** | **Total Score** | **Roll** | **Total** |
| Drom’vu Grishtar | Flask | 1d6 acid; 100’ vertical | 6 | 2 | -6 | 2 + 2 *gl* | 4 | 8 |
| Drom’vu Grishtar | Flask, 2nd lob | 1d6 fire; 100’ vertical | 1 | 2 | -6 | -3 + 2 *gl* | 11 | 10 |

*Miss, miss.*

Langley Glissando, bard extraordinaire, sought to put a hurting on the blue leader as the other beasts got into view.

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| **Character** | **Attack Type** | **Damage** | **BAB** | **Dex Mod+** | **Other+** | **Total Score** | **Roll** | **Total** |
| Langley Glissando | Flask | 1d6 acid; 100’ vertical | 6 | 3 | -6 | 3 + 2 *gl* | 14 | 19 |
| Langley Glissando | Flask, 2nd lob | 1d6 fire; 100’ vertical | 1 | 3 | -6 | -2 + 2 *gl* | 6 | 6 |

*Hit, miss. Dmg: 1 acid + 1 acid on next round.*

Only barely wounded, the monk half-dragon shouted a war cry to those behind him, and held his naginata defensively and with a ferocious grimace. And though the flying heroes were about to go to battle with a formidable collection of draconic monsters and their siege lackeys, this was a much lesser group than they’d been told to expect.

Aboard the rearmost carpet Mathis the Chaste and his comrades waited to get into position.

Map

Description automatically generated

The carpets had dropped to an altitude of about 200’ now.

Elsabet was now approaching the ideal position for dropping flasks on the leader.

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

When the moment came, she lobbed two flasks of alchemist’s fire down at the lit up bluespawn target, having armed herself as several others had.

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| **Ranged Weapon** | **Dmg.** | **D+** | **TH+** | **Critical** | **Rng.** | **Wt.** | **Atk** | **Roll** | **Check** |
| Flask of Alchemist’s Fire | **1d6** | 0 | 2 GL | 20 | 10’ | 1.0 | +10 | 16 | 26 |
| Flask, 2nd Lob | **as above** | 0 | 0 | 20 | 10’ | - | +3 | 1 | 4 |

*Hit, miss. Dmg: 2 fire.*

Looking over the enemy group, she spoke calmly. “Astrid, can you drop us about 30’?” She thought she might be able to get a couple of siege crews in a *confusion spell*, which could prove useful, perhaps keeping them from being used.

Astrid did so, bringing them down to somewhere between 150’ and 175’ above their targets.

Now coming into position to attack the landborne dragonborn at an altitude of about 130’, Mathis the Chaste could only drop a single flask, which weighed as much as his torso.

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| **Character** | **Attack Type** | **Damage** | **BAB** | **Dex Mod+** | **Other+** | **Total Score** | **Roll** | **Total** |
| Mathis the Chaste | Flask | 1d6 fire; 100’ vertical | 5 | 3 | -6+2 GL | 2 | 16 | 20 |

*Hit. Dmg: 4 fire.*

Thag the Third said, “Let’s go for those bigger ones now that the leader is hurt.”

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| **Character** | **Attack Type** | **Damage** | **BAB** | **Dex Mod+** | **Other+** | **Total Score** | **Roll** | **Total** |
| Thag the Third | Flask | 1d6 acid; 100’ vertical | 7 | 1 | -6+2 GL | 2 | 11 | 15 |
| Thag the Third | Flask, 2nd lob | 1d6 acid; 100’ vertical | 2 | 1 | -6+2 GL | -1 | 13 | 12 |

*Miss, miss.*

The rear-carpet jockey—a halfling named Bigmac—nodded and turned the tapestry-vessel to his right.

Gambino Hook dropped a pair of alchemist’s fire flasks.

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| **Character** | **Attack Type** | **Damage** | **BAB** | **Dex Mod+** | **Other+** | **Total Score** | **Roll** | **Total** |
| Gambino Hook | Flask | 1d6 fire; 100’ vertical | 6 | 3 | -6+2 GL | 5 | 17 | 22 |
| Gambino Hook | Flask, 2nd lob | 1d6 fire; 100’ vertical | 1 | 3 | -6+2 GL | 0 | 19 | 19 |

*Hit, hit. Dmg: 1 + 6 = 7 fire.*

Kelvin Blezibu had high hopes for this mission, but started off poorly.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Character** | **Attack Type** | **Damage** | **BAB** | **Dex Mod+** | **Other+** | **Total Score** | **Roll** | **Total** |
| Kelvin Blezibu | Flask | 1d6 acid; 100’ vertical | 4 | 1 | -6+2 GL | 1 | 5 | 6 |
| Kelvin Blezibu | Flask, 2nd lob | 1d6 fire; 100’ vertical | -1 | 1 | -6+2 GL | -4 | 16 | 12 |

*Miss, miss.*

“Drat!” the tiefling sorcerer protested his own clumsiness and poor sense of timing.

The dragonspawns were now mobilizing for an offensive. The burrowers began to burrow into the ground, leaving the twin mangonels resting somewhat firmly on the ground. Each mangonel had an engineer resting atop it. The humanoids were clad in blue, with only their sleeves and hats distinguishing them from one another, with one set being green and the other red.



With their monk leader yelling commands in Draconic, they began to set up their siege engines, unhoisting them from the burrowers’ harnesses so the monsters could also attack freely.



Meanwhile, the godlsayers—massive and mighty as they were—were armed only with melee weapons, and could do little but scramble for cover, and otherwise act defensively.



As the godslayers cowered, two identical stormlizards reared up rampantly, then hunkered down low, expanded their midsections and neck crests, rattled the tips of their tails, and tried to look as menacing as possible.



Their fearless leader—having issued his commands—did his best to dodge the flasks, also acting defensively now.

Diagram

Description automatically generated with medium confidence

All in all, it was shaping up to be a good afternoon.

Map

Description automatically generated

Round 2

Astrid continued to guide the carpet, maintaining her altitude so as to not crash into the lead carpet, which was now about 30’ to 40’ below them.

Saradette picked up one of the flasks and threw it at the enemy leader.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Ranged Weapon** | **Dmg.** | **D+** | **TH+** | **Critical** | **Rng.** | **Wt.** | **Atk** | **Roll** | **Check** |
| Flask | 1d6 acid | 0 | +2 GL | 20 | 10’ | 0.0 | 11 | 7 | 18 |

*Hit. Dmg: 2 acid.*

Saradette then chucked a second flask of acid at the enemy leader.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Ranged Weapon** | **Dmg.** | **D+** | **TH+** | **Critical** | **Rng.** | **Wt.** | **Atk** | **Roll** | **Check** |
| Flask, 2nd Lob | 1d6 | 0 | 0 | 20 | 10’ | - | 4 | 4 | 8 |

*Miss.*

Tore grabbed two flasks to throw, randomly grabbing two acid-filled ones. As they approached one of the godslayers, Tore threw his flasks at the creature, trying get as close to possible if not hit it directly.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Ranged Weapon** | **Dmg.** | **D+** | **TH+** | **Critical** | **Rng.** | **Wt.** | **Atk** | **Roll** | **Check** |
| Flask | 1d6 | 0 | +2 GL | 20 | 10’ | 0.0 | +10 | 10 | 20 |
| Flask, 2nd Lob | 1d6 | 0 | +2 GL | 20 | 10’ | - | +5 | 15 | 20 |

*Hit, hit. Dmg: 1 + 4 = 5 acid.*

“Thanks Astrid,” Elsabet said, as she quickly looked over the battlefield. It looked like there might be enough of the burrowers showing to catch in the spell, as they were still getting unhitched, and the operators just beginning to set up.

She concentrated and used her *confusion [expired on Round 11]* spell-like ability, centering the burst right between the two mangonels. It would catch the crews and the burrowers, but wasn’t big enough to include any of the other bluespawn.

|  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Character** | **Save vs.**  *confusion* | **Ranks** | **Roll** | **Result** |
| Bluespawn Burrower | Will | 5 | 14 | 19 |
| Bluespawn Burrower | Will | 5 | 17 | 22 |
| Mario | Will | 2 | 7 | 9 |
| Luigi | Will | 2 | 8 | 10 |

*Success, success, fail, fail.*

The two humans in overalls and pudgy hats hopped off their respective mangonels and started fist fighting with one another.

*Assuming that ½ the attacks between now and Round 11 will hit.*

*Will determine nonlethal damage at that point and see if they’ve knocked each other the fuck out by then.*

Elsabet then told the others, “Gonna summon an air elemental, send it at the golem.”

Atop the lead carpet and now targeting godslayer 2, Kestrel the Virtuous, Garnet dh’Grommit, Drom’vu Grishtar, and Langley Glissando threw down two more flasks each.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Character** | **Attack Type** | **Damage** | **BAB** | **Dex Mod+** | **W+** | **Other+** | **Total Score** | **Roll** | **Total** |
| Kestrel the Virtuous | Flask | 1d6 acid; 100’ vertical | 10 | 3 | 2 GL | -6 | 9 | 10 | 19 |
| Kestrel the Virtuous | Flask, 2nd lob | 1d6 acid; 100’ vertical | 5 | 3 | 2 GL | -6 | 4 | 8 | 12 |
| Garnet dh'Grommit | Flask | 1d6 acid; 100’ vertical | 6 | 3 | 2 GL | -6 | 5 | 16 | 21 |
| Garnet dh'Grommit | Flask, 2nd lob | 1d6 acid; 100’ vertical | 1 | 3 | 2 GL | -6 | 0 | 19 | 19 |
| Drom’vu Grishtar | Flask | 1d6 acid; 100’ vertical | 6 | 2 | 2 GL | -6 | 4 | **19** | 23 |
| Drom’vu Grishtar | Flask, 2nd lob | 1d6 acid; 100’ vertical | 1 | 2 | 2 GL | -6 | -1 | **20** | 19 |
| Langley Glissando | Flask | 1d6 acid; 100’ vertical | 6 | 3 | 2 GL | -6 | 5 | 4 | 9 |
| Langley Glissando | Flask, 2nd lob | 1d6 acid; 100’ vertical | 1 | 3 | 2 GL | -6 | 0 | 12 | 12 |

*Hit, hit, hit, hit, threat, threat, hit, hit. 1d20 = 4, 3, no critical hits.*

*Dmg to godslayer 2: 4 + 4 + 3 + 2 + 2 + 2 + 4 + 4 = 25 acid.*

Atop the trailing carpet, Mathis the Chaste, Thag the Third, Gambino Hook, and Kelvin Blezibu also dropped their respective flasks upon stormlizards 1 and 2.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Character** | **Attack Type** | **Damage** | **BAB** | **Dex Mod+** | **W+** | **Other+** | **Total Score** | **Roll** | **Total** |
| Mathis the Chaste | Flask | 1d6 fire; 100’ vertical | 5 | 3 | 2 GL | -6 | 4 | 11 | 15 |
| Mathis the Chaste | Flask, 2nd lob | 1d6 fire; 100’ vertical | 0 | 3 | 2 GL | -6 | -1 | 2 | 1 |
| Thag the Third | Flask | 1d6 fire; 100’ vertical | 7 | 1 | 2 GL | -6 | 4 | 8 | 12 |
| Thag the Third | Flask, 2nd lob | 1d6 fire; 100’ vertical | 2 | 1 | 2 GL | -6 | -1 | 18 | 17 |
| Gambino Hook | Flask | 1d6 fire; 100’ vertical | 6 | 3 | 2 GL | -6 | 5 | 5 | 10 |
| Gambino Hook | Flask, 2nd lob | 1d6 fire; 100’ vertical | 1 | 3 | 2 GL | -6 | 0 | 15 | 15 |
| Kelvin Blezibu | Flask | 1d6 fire; 100’ vertical | 4 | 1 | 2 GL | -6 | 1 | 6 | 7 |
| Kelvin Blezibu | Flask, 2nd lob | 1d6 fire; 100’ vertical | -1 | 1 | 2 GL | -6 | -4 | 16 | 12 |

*Targeting SL1: hit, miss, hit, hit. Dmg: 2 + 4 + 5 = 11 acid.*

*Targeting SL2: hit, hit, hit, hit. Dmg: 2 + 3 + 1 + 6 = 12 acid.*

Phem Shiang gave commands, then went under a tree. The bluespawn godslayers ran over to the siege engines.

*Phem Shiang gained (Wholeness of Body) 18 hps.*

The bluespawn burrowers readied their bloodlust as they waited for the godlslayers to finish undoing the straps from the mangonels.

The bluespawn stormlizards fled westward in a panic.

The first carpet remained aloft for the moment, but the tiefling sorcerer was beat up pretty bad.

Mario and Luigi kept duking it out and making fun of each other’s mother, which was odd because they were brothers from the same mother.

The siege golem had gotten into position, and loaded itself with debris from the canyon floor. It now threw a volley of shrapnel towards the frontmost carpet.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Character** | **Attack Type** | **Damage** | **BAB** | **Dex Mod+** | **Total Score** | **Roll** | **Total** |
| Miniature Siege Golem | Ballista | 3d6+5, 200’ | 6 | 1 | 7 | 11 | 18 |

*Hit (carpet 1). Dmg to carpet 1: 11 + 5 = 16.*

*Miss (Mathis), miss (Thag), miss (Gambino), hit (Kelvin). Dmg to Kelvin: 16 + 5 = 21.*

Saradette spotted a single, blue kobold to their northeast as they headed in that direction.

Diagram

Description automatically generated

Round 3

Astrid had flown too far for Saradette to throw them at the half-dragon monk, so the gnome picked up two more flasks without looking at them and dropped them on the nearest target.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Ranged Weapon** | **Dmg.** | **D+** | **TH+** | **Critical** | **Rng.** | **Wt.** | **Atk** | **Roll** | **Check** |
| Flask | 1d6 acid | 0 | -4 | 20 | 10’ | 0.0 | 3 | 17 | 20 |
| Flask, 2nd Lob | 1d6 acid | 0 | -4 | 20 | 10’ | - | -2 | 5 | 3 |

*Hit (bluespawn stormlizard 2), miss. Dmg: 5 acid.*

*You can try to attack an enemy behind you, but at these speeds and heights, I’d strongly advise against it, given the available enemies that are much easier to hit right below you.*

Saradette made a comment about the importance of taking out the monk.

“I’ll circle around,” Astrid assured her, doing her best to stay at a higher altitude than the more daring carpet jockeys were taking their respective quartets of heroes.

Saradette and her friends were now in a better position to further soil the monk’s head with acid and liquid fire.

As they passed over the dragonspawn, Tore pulled two more flasks and prepared to throw them at the closest siege engine or godslayer below.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Ranged Weapon** | **Dmg.** | **D+** | **TH+** | **Critical** | **Rng.** | **Wt.** | **Atk** | **Roll** | **Check** |
| Flask | 1d6 fire | 0 | -4 | 20 | 10’ | 0.0 | +4 | 11 | 15 |
| Flask, 2nd Lob | 1d6 fire | 0 | -4 | 20 | 10’ | - | -1 | 11 | 10 |

*Miss, miss.*

Wondering how fast the siege golem could gather debris, and whether the godslayers might just hurl stones or operate the mangonels, Elsabet yelled out loudly “Get within 30 feet!” in the hopes that the other carpet drivers would hear her and react to do so.

With an immediate action, Elsabet then activated her protection devotion *[expired on Round 13]*. The sacred aura would hopefully keep the carpet and all aboard it safer.

*PCs and possibly some NPC allies gained +4 to AC. Carpets do not benefit from this boost.*

Then she began concentrating on activating her *summon nature’s ally* spell-like ability to summon a large air elemental.

Kestrel the Virtuous, Garnet dh’Grommit, Drom’vu Grishtar, and Langley Glissando represented the first carpet by doing their best to bring down that siege golem.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Character** | **Attack Type** | **Damage** | **BAB** | **Dex Mod+** | **Other+** | **Total Score** | **Roll** | **Total** | **Crit** | **Threat** |
| Kestrel the Virtuous | Flask | 1d6 acid; 100’ vertical | 10 | 3 | -6 | 7 | 3 | 10 | 19 | ý |
| Kestrel the Virtuous | Flask, 2nd lob | 1d6 fire; 100’ vertical | 5 | 3 | -6 | 2 | 20 | 22 | 19 | þ |
| Garnet dh'Grommit | Flask | 1d6 fire; 100’ vertical | 6 | 3 | -6 | 3 | 20 | 23 | 17 | þ |
| Garnet dh'Grommit | Flask, 2nd lob | 1d6 fire; 100’ vertical | 1 | 3 | -6 | -2 | 15 | 13 | 17 | ý |
| Drom’vu Grishtar | Flask | 1d6 acid; 100’ vertical | 6 | 2 | -6 | 2 | 10 | 12 | 19 | ý |
| Drom’vu Grishtar | Flask, 2nd lob | 1d6 fire; 100’ vertical | 1 | 2 | -6 | -3 | 7 | 4 | 20 | ý |
| Langley Glissando | Flask | 1d6 acid; 100’ vertical | 6 | 3 | -6 | 3 | 5 | 8 | 20 | ý |
| Langley Glissando | Flask, 2nd lob | 1d6 acid; 100’ vertical | 1 | 3 | -6 | -2 | 1 | -1 | 20 | ý |

*Hit, threat, threat, hit, hit, miss, hit, miss. 1d20 = 11 + 2 = 13; 3 + 3 = 6; one critical hit.*

*Dmg to mini siege golem: (3 + 1 + 1 acid) + ([2 x 3] + 3 + 6 fire) = 5 acid + 15 fire = 20.*

The siege golem caught on fire.

*Dmg: 4 fire.*

Mathis the Chaste, Thag the Third, Gambino Hook, and Kelvin Blezibu were a bit more conservative, having a badly wounded tiefling among them now. They—too—targeted the golem, which seemed to be the biggest threat to the airborne bombers.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Character** | **Attack Type** | **Damage** | **BAB** | **Dex Mod+** | **Other+** | **Total Score** | **Roll** | **Total** | **Crit** | **Threat** |
| Mathis the Chaste | Flask | 1d6 acid; 100’ vertical | 5 | 3 | -4 | 4 | 2 | 6 | 20 | ý |
| Mathis the Chaste | Flask, 2nd lob | 1d6 fire; 100’ vertical | 0 | 3 | -4 | -1 | 7 | 6 | 20 | ý |
| Thag the Third | Flask | 1d6 fire; 100’ vertical | 7 | 1 | -4 | 4 | 2 | 6 | 20 | ý |
| Thag the Third | Flask, 2nd lob | 1d6 fire; 100’ vertical | 2 | 1 | -4 | -1 | 13 | 12 | 20 | ý |
| Gambino Hook | Flask | 1d6 acid; 100’ vertical | 6 | 3 | -4 | 5 | 13 | 18 | 20 | ý |
| Gambino Hook | Flask, 2nd lob | 1d6 fire; 100’ vertical | 1 | 3 | -4 | 0 | 3 | 3 | 20 | ý |
| Kelvin Blezibu | Flask | 1d6 acid; 100’ vertical | 4 | 1 | -4 | 1 | 2 | 3 | 20 | ý |
| Kelvin Blezibu | Flask, 2nd lob | 1d6 acid; 100’ vertical | -1 | 1 | -4 | -4 | 7 | 3 | 20 | ý |

*Miss, miss, miss, hit, hit, miss, miss, miss.*

*Dmg: 4 fire + 6 acid = 10.*

The third carpet didn’t have as much luck, and much of their liquid spilled onto the ground, and lit a few bushes, but the golem began to corrode and burn fast with the first round of flasks that were thrown upon it.

Seeing the Fist of Light descending upon him, Phem Shiang ran eastward, placing himself once again behind them to make the bombers’ job a bit harder.

The bluespawn godslayers were defiant in their stances. One climbed atop the rock near the golem, ready to pounce upon the carpets if and when they got close.

|  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Character** | **Skill** | **Ranks** | **Roll** | **Result** |
| Bluespawn Godslayer | Climb | 15 | 8 | 23 |

*Success.*

The godslayer atop the rock now crouched down so as to make itself smaller, while the other one grabbed a rock the size of a human torso, and threw it upward at the lead carpet.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Character** | **Attack Type** | **Damage** | **BAB** | **Dex Mod+** | **Other+** | **Total Score** | **Roll** | **Total** |
| Bluespawn Godslayer | Thrown Rock | 2d6+3 | 12 | -2 | -4 height | 6 | 4 | 10 |

*Miss.*

With Mario and Luigi fighting one another, the bluespawn burrowers were now stuck to their respective mangonels, and could do little at this point.

The bluespawn stormlizards continued to stampede southward.

A picture containing text

Description automatically generated

The miniature siege golem attacked the carpet that had led the formation.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Character** | **Attack Type** | **Damage** | **BAB** | **Dex Mod+** | **Total Score** | **Roll** | **Total** |
| Miniature Siege Golem | Ballista | 3d6+5, 200’ | 6 | 1 | 7 | 17 | 24 |

*Hit (carpet 1). Dmg to carpet 1: 9 + 5 = 14.*

*Hit (Kestrel), hit (Garnet), hit (Drom’vu), hit (Langley), hit (jockey).*

*Dmg to each NPC aboard the carpet: 10 + 5 = 15.*

Despite the heavy toll on the passengers and jockey, the carpet remained aloft, and no one was at risk of falling off it at this time.

Mario and Luigi kept duking it out.

Map

Description automatically generated

Round 4

Saradette threw two more flasks—both of them fire—upon the monk as they passed by him and veered back towards the golem.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Ranged Weapon** | **Dmg.** | **D+** | **TH+** | **Critical** | **Rng.** | **Wt.** | **Atk** | **Roll** | **Check** |
| Flask | 1d6 fire | 0 | -4 +2 GL | 20 | 10’ | 0.0 | 7 | 2 | 9 |
| Flask, 2nd Lob | 1d6 fire | 0 | -4 +2 GL | 20 | 10’ | - | 2 | 14 | 16 |

*Miss, hit. Dmg: 4 fire.*

A Large air elemental appeared in the designated spot, still well over 100’ above the siege golem, and swooped down upon the golem with a flurry of ferocity.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Character** | **Attack Type** | **Damage** | **BAB** | **Str Mod+** | **Other+** | **Total Score** | **Roll** | **Total** |
| Large air elemental | Slam 1 | 2d6+2 | 6 | 6 | +2 charge | 14 | 12 | 26 |

*Hit. Dmg: 7 + 2 + 2 charge + 5 Leading the Charge = 16. Partial damage negated.*

The elemental suffered from hitting the burning golem.

*Dmg: 3 fire.*

“Astrid, please get within 30’ of the other carpets,” Elsabet asked, trying to help protect the other group of adventurers, as she quickly grabbed a couple flasks at random and hurled them, not at a creature but at the nearest mangonel.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Ranged Weapon** | **Dmg.** | **D+** | **TH+** | **Critical** | **Rng.** | **Wt.** | **Atk** | **Roll** | **Check** |
| Flask of Acid | **1d6** | 0 | -4 | 20 | 10’ | one | +4 | 8 | 12 |
| Flask of Alchemist’s Fire | **1d6** | 0 | -4 | 20 | 10’ | 1.0 | -1 | 12 | 11 |

*Hit, hit. Dmg: 6 acid + 2 fire = 8.*

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

Though she noted that the wood didn’t immediately catch afire upon her fiery flask smashing onto it, she was pleased to see that the air elemental had reached the siege golem and was occupying its attention. She counted the remaining flasks in the crate.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Character** | **Carpet** | **Flask** | **R1** | **R2** | **R3** | **R4** | **Total** | |
| Elsabet | 2 | Acid | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 1 | |
| Saradette | 2 | Acid | 0 | 2 | 2 | 0 | 4 | |
| Tore | 2 | Acid | 0 | 2 | 0 | 0 | 2 | |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | |  |  |
|  | **Carpet** | **Acid** | **Acid Remaining** | | | | |  | |  |  |
|  | 2 | 7 | 13 | | | | |  | |  |  |

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Character** | **Carpet** | **Flask** | **R1** | **R2** | **R3** | **R4** | **Total** | |
| Elsabet | 2 | Fire | 2 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 3 | |
| Saradette | 2 | Fire | 0 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 2 | |
| Tore | 2 | Fire | 0 | 0 | 2 | 0 | 2 | |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | |  |  |
|  | **Carpet** | **Fire** | **Fire Remaining** | | | | |  | |  |  |
|  | 2 | 7 | 13 | | | | |  | |  |  |

Astrid began to descend, but would not be 30’ lower for another 6 seconds or so.

Tore now quick-drew his bow and then grabbed an arrow.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Ranged Weapon** | **Dmg.** | **D+** | **TH+** | **Critical** | **Rng.** | **Wt.** | **Atk** | **Roll** | **Check** |
| Longbow | 1d8 | 0 | -4 + 2 + 2 GL | x3 | 100’ | 3.0 | +8 | 6 | 14 |
| Longbow, 2nd Shot | 1d8 | 0 | -4 + 2 + 2 GL | x3 | 100’ | - | +3 | 13 | 16 |

*Miss, miss.*

The monk was able to step out of the path of both arrows.

Kestrel the Virtuous, Garnet dh’Grommit, Drom’vu Grishtar, and Langley Glissando took note of how many grenades they had left in the crate.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Character** | **Carpet** | **Flask** | **R1** | **R2** | **R3** | **Total** | |
| Drom’vu Grishtar | 1 | Acid | 1 | 2 | 1 | 4 | |
| Garnet dh’Grommit | 1 | Acid | 1 | 2 | 0 | 3 | |
| Kestrel the Virtuous | 1 | Acid | 1 | 2 | 1 | 4 | |
| Langley Glissando | 1 | Acid | 1 | 2 | 2 | 5 | |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | |  |  |  |
|  | **Carpet** | **Acid** | **Acid Remaining** | | | | | |  |  |  |
|  | 1 | 16 | 4 | | | | | |  |  |  |

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Character** | **Carpet** | **Flask** | **R1** | **R2** | **R3** | **Total** | |
| Drom’vu Grishtar | 1 | Fire | 1 | 0 | 1 | 2 | |
| Garnet dh’Grommit | 1 | Fire | 1 | 0 | 2 | 3 | |
| Kestrel the Virtuous | 1 | Fire | 1 | 0 | 1 | 2 | |
| Langley Glissando | 1 | Fire | 1 | 0 | 0 | 1 | |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | |  |  |  |
|  | **Carpet** | **Fire** | **Fire Remaining** | | | | | |  |  |  |
|  | 1 | 8 | 12 | | | | | |  |  |  |

Having more fire flasks than acid ones, they opted to quadruple-down on the alchemist’s fire, aiming for the siege golem.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Character** | **Attack Type** | **Damage** | **BAB** | **Dex Mod+** | **Other+** | **Total Score** | **Roll** | **Total** | **Crit** | **Threat** |
| Kestrel the Virtuous | Flask | 1d6 fire; 100’ vertical | 10 | 3 | -6 | 7 | 17 | 24 | 19 | ý |
| Kestrel the Virtuous | Flask, 2nd lob | 1d6 fire; 100’ vertical | 5 | 3 | -6 | 2 | 11 | 13 | 19 | ý |
| Garnet dh’Grommit | Flask | 1d6 fire; 100’ vertical | 6 | 3 | -6 | 3 | 10 | 13 | 17 | ý |
| Garnet dh’Grommit | Flask, 2nd lob | 1d6 fire; 100’ vertical | 1 | 3 | -6 | -2 | 8 | 6 | 17 | ý |
| Drom’vu Grishtar | Flask | 1d6 fire; 100’ vertical | 6 | 2 | -6 | 2 | 16 | 18 | 19 | ý |
| Drom’vu Grishtar | Flask, 2nd lob | 1d6 fire; 100’ vertical | 1 | 2 | -6 | -3 | 1 | -2 | 20 | ý |
| Langley Glissando | Flask | 1d6 fire; 100’ vertical | 6 | 3 | -6 | 3 | 11 | 14 | 20 | ý |
| Langley Glissando | Flask, 2nd lob | 1d6 fire; 100’ vertical | 1 | 3 | -6 | -2 | 3 | 1 | 20 | ý |

*Hit, hit, hit, miss, hit, miss, hit, miss. Dmg: 5 + 1 + 6 + 4 + 5 = 21 fire.*

Mathis the Chaste, Thag the Third, Gambino Hook, and Kelvin Blezibu also inventoried their remaining flasks.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Character** | **Carpet** | **Flask** | **R1** | **R2** | **R3** | **Total** | |
| Gambino Hook | 3 | Acid | 0 | 2 | 1 | 3 | |
| Kelvin Blezibu | 3 | Acid | 1 | 2 | 2 | 5 | |
| Mathis the Chaste | 3 | Acid | 0 | 2 | 1 | 3 | |
| Thag the Third | 3 | Acid | 2 | 2 | 0 | 4 | |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | |  |  |  |
|  | **Carpet** | **Acid** | **Acid Remaining** | | | | | |  |  |  |
|  | 3 | 15 | 5 | | | | | |  |  |  |

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Character** | **Carpet** | **Flask** | **R1** | **R2** | **R3** | **Total** | |
| Gambino Hook | 3 | Fire | 2 | 0 | 1 | 3 | |
| Kelvin Blezibu | 3 | Fire | 1 | 0 | 0 | 1 | |
| Mathis the Chaste | 3 | Fire | 1 | 0 | 1 | 2 | |
| Thag the Third | 3 | Fire | 0 | 0 | 2 | 2 | |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | |  |  |  |
|  | **Carpet** | **Fire** | **Fire Remaining** | | | | | |  |  |  |
|  | 3 | 8 | 12 | | | | | |  |  |  |

They also opted to balance their arsenal by dropping the fire flasks, targeting the godslayer that was conveniently along their path.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Character** | **Attack Type** | **Damage** | **BAB** | **Dex Mod+** | **Other+** | **Total Score** | **Roll** | **Total** | **Crit** | **Threat** |
| Mathis the Chaste | Flask | 1d6 fire; 100’ vertical | 5 | 3 | -6 | 2 | 10 | 12 | 20 | ý |
| Mathis the Chaste | Flask, 2nd lob | 1d6 fire; 100’ vertical | 0 | 3 | -6 | -3 | 4 | 1 | 20 | ý |
| Thag the Third | Flask | 1d6 fire; 100’ vertical | 7 | 1 | -6 | 2 | **20** | 22 | 20 | þ |
| Thag the Third | Flask, 2nd lob | 1d6 fire; 100’ vertical | 2 | 1 | -6 | -3 | 2 | -1 | 20 | ý |
| Gambino Hook | Flask | 1d6 fire; 100’ vertical | 6 | 3 | -6 | 3 | 17 | 20 | 20 | ý |
| Gambino Hook | Flask, 2nd lob | 1d6 fire; 100’ vertical | 1 | 3 | -6 | -2 | 1 | -1 | 20 | ý |
| Kelvin Blezibu | Flask | 1d6 fire; 100’ vertical | 4 | 1 | -6 | -1 | 2 | 1 | 20 | ý |
| Kelvin Blezibu | Flask, 2nd lob | 1d6 fire; 100’ vertical | -1 | 1 | -6 | -6 | 19 | 13 | 20 | ý |

*Hit, miss, threat, miss, hit, miss, miss, hit. 1d20 = 6 + 2 = 8, critical hit. Dmg: 1 + (2 x 2) + 5 + 4 = 14 fire.*

Phem Shiang ran, leapt, and charge-flank-attacked the air elemental.

|  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Character** | **Skill** | **Ranks** | **Roll** | **Result** |
| Phem Shiang | Jump | 11 | 7 | 18 |

*Success.*

Using as leverage the boulder adjacent to the golem, the monk got some altitude, and leapt upon the elemental, slashing with his naginata.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Character** | **Attack Type** | **Damage** | **BAB** | **Str Mod+** | **Dex Mod+** | **W+** | **Other+** | **Total Score** | **Roll** | **Total** |
| Phem Shiang | Keen Naginata | 1d10+3+1/19-20 x3 | 11 | 3 | 3 | 1 | +2 charge  +2 flank  -2 altitude | 17 | 15 | 32 |

*Hit. Dmg: 7 + 3 + 1 + 2 = 13. Partial damage negated.*

The bluespawn godslayers saw their fearless leader going at it with the elemental, and hissed menacingly. The one already next to the golem turned and leapt towards the elemental.

|  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Character** | **Skill** | **Ranks** | **Roll** | **Result** |
| Bluespawn Godslayer | Jump | 13 | 17 | 30 |

*Success.*

The leap was enough to attain the altitude of the siege golem’s topside, plus 5’ or 10’, and the godlsayer swiped once with glee.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Character** | **Attack Type** | **Damage** | **BAB** | **Str Mod+** | **W+** | **Other+** | **Total Score** | **Roll** | **Total** |
| Bluespawn Godslayer | Bastard Sword +2 | 3d8+12+2d6 electricity | 12 | 11 | 2 | +2 charge  +2 flank  -2 altitude | 27 | 15 | 42 |

*Hit. Dmg: 13 + 12 + 9 electric = 34. Partial damage negated.*

The second godlsayer finished undoing a burrower’s harness, and moved over to the next one. One bluespawn burrower was now free, and burrowed underneath the ground. The other snarled at the godlsayer coming to free him or her.

The bluespawn stormlizards were stampeding southward now. The blue kobold in the distance disappeared northward around the slot canyon’s bend.

The miniature siege golem finished scooping up some dirt and rocks, and catapulted them like a scorpion’s stinger towards the carpet with the Fist of Light aboard.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Character** | **Attack Type** | **Damage** | **BAB** | **Dex Mod+** | **Total Score** | **Roll** | **Total** |
| Miniature Siege Golem | Ballista | 3d6+5, 200’ | 6 | 1 | 7 | 8 | 15 |

*Hit (carpet). Miss Elsabet, Saradette, and Tore.*

*Dmg to carpet: 10 + 5 = 15.*

The carpet wobbled a bit, but Astrid kept it under control for the time being.

The air elemental took an attack of opportunity against the golem.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Character** | **Attack Type** | **Damage** | **BAB** | **Str Mod+** | **Total Score** | **Roll** | **Total** |
| Large air elemental | Slam 1 | 2d6+2 | 6 | 6 | 12 | 6 | 18 |

*Hit. Dmg: 7 + 2 = 9. Partial damage negated.*

Mario and Luigi kept duking it out.

Diagram, map

Description automatically generated

Round 5

Astrid descended another 30’ on her own initiative, seeing the melee cluster fomenting below.

Saradette lobbed two flasks of acid at the siege golem.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Ranged Weapon** | **Dmg.** | **D+** | **TH+** | **Critical** | **Rng.** | **Wt.** | **Atk** | **Roll** | **Check** |
| Flask | 1d6 | 0 | -2 – 4 into melee | 20 | 10’ | 0.0 | 3 | 2 | 5 |
| Flask, 2nd Lob | 1d6 | 0 | -2 – 4 | 20 | 10’ | - | -2 | 4 | 2 |

*Miss, miss.*

Tore continued to use his bow and fired at a godslayer.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Ranged Weapon** | **Dmg.** | **D+** | **TH+** | **Critical** | **Rng.** | **Wt.** | **Atk** | **Roll** | **Check** |
| Longbow | 1d8 | 0 | 0 | x3 | 100’ | 3.0 | +8 | 16 | 24 |
| Longbow, 2nd Shot | 1d8 | 0 | 0 | x3 | 100’ | - | +3 | 13 | 16 |

*Hit, miss. Dmg: 2. Damage negated.*

Tore’s experience told him his arrows would never make a dent in the godslayers’ hides without a magical bow.

The elemental slammed at the golem.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Character** | **Attack Type** | **Damage** | **BAB** | **Str Mod+** | **Total Score** | **Roll** | **Total** |
| Large air elemental | Slam 1 | 2d6+2 | 6 | 6 | 12 | 14 | 26 |
| Large air elemental | Slam 2 | 2d6+2 | 6 | 6 | 12 | 7 | 19 |

*Hit, hit. Dmg: (7 + 2) + (4 + 2) = 15. Partial damage negated.*

Looking down, Elsabet saw the elemental slamming at the golem, and grinned, though it looked like the bluespawn might be able to take it out shortly. She grabbed two flasks from the supply at random and hurled them down at the godslayer which had attacked the air elemental, hoping to weaken it, since the directive had been to damage as many enemies as possible.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Ranged Weapon** | **Dmg.** | **D+** | **TH+** | **Critical** | **Rng.** | **Wt.** | **Atk** | **Roll** | **Check** |
| Flask of Acid | **1d6** | 0 | –2 –2 charging away | 20 | 10’ | - | +4 | 3 | 7 |
| Flask, 2nd Lob | as above | 0 | –2 – 2 | 20 | 10’ | - | -1 | 12 | 11 |

*Hit, hit. Dmg: 2 + 2 = 4 acid.*

Looking around, she thought maybe a pass by the mangonels again might be in order. Clearly the carpets were all maneuvering independently, and staying close together wasn’t going to happen, but the protection effect seemed to have protected her carpet’s crew at least.

Kestrel the Virtuous, Garnet dh’Grommit, Drom’vu Grishtar, and Langley Glissando passed over the southernmost godslayer and mangonel, and released their last full volley of flasks upon them both.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Character** | **Attack Type** | **Damage** | **BAB** | **Dex Mod+** | **Other+** | **Total Score** | **Roll** | **Total** | **Crit** |
| Kestrel the Virtuous | Flask | 1d6 acid; 100’ vertical | 10 | 3 | -6 | 7 | 4 | 11 | 19 |
| Kestrel the Virtuous | Flask, 2nd lob | 1d6 acid; 100’ vertical | 5 | 3 | -6 | 2 | 14 | 16 | 19 |
| Garnet dh’Grommit | Flask | 1d6 acid; 100’ vertical | 6 | 3 | -6 | 3 | 4 | 7 | 17 |
| Garnet dh’Grommit | Flask, 2nd lob | 1d6 acid; 100’ vertical | 1 | 3 | -6 | -2 | 6 | 4 | 17 |
| Drom’vu Grishtar | Flask | 1d6 fire; 100’ vertical | 6 | 2 | -6 | 2 | 13 | 15 | 19 |
| Drom’vu Grishtar | Flask, 2nd lob | 1d6 fire; 100’ vertical | 1 | 2 | -6 | -3 | 7 | 4 | 20 |
| Langley Glissando | Flask | 1d6 fire; 100’ vertical | 6 | 3 | -6 | 3 | 9 | 12 | 20 |
| Langley Glissando | Flask, 2nd lob | 1d6 fire; 100’ vertical | 1 | 3 | -6 | -2 | 19 | 17 | 20 |

*Targeting godslayer 1: hit, hit, hit, miss. Dmg: 6 + 5 + 2 = 13 acid.*

*Targeting mangonel 1: hit, miss, hit, hit. Dmg: 2 + 6 + 4 = 12 fire.*

Mathis the Chaste, Thag the Third, Gambino Hook, and Kelvin Blezibu could tell that both the mangonel that had just been napalmed and the siege golem were about to expire. Their jockey veered southward and they took care to avoid the air elemental as they targeted just about everything else in that clusterfuck.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Character** | **Attack Type** | **Damage** | **BAB** | **Dex Mod+** | **Other+** | **Total Score** | **Roll** | **Total** | **Targeting** |
| Mathis the Chaste | Flask | 1d6 acid; 100’ vertical | 5 | 3 | -2 -4 firing  into melee | 2 | 6 | 8 | Godslayer 2 |
| Mathis the Chaste | Flask, 2nd lob | 1d6 fire; 100’ vertical | 0 | 3 | -2 – 4 | -3 | 1 | -2 | Siege golem |
| Thag the Third | Flask | 1d6 acid; 100’ vertical | 7 | 1 | -2 – 4 + 2 | 2 | 17 | 21 | Phem Shiang |
| Thag the Third | Flask, 2nd lob | 1d6 fire; 100’ vertical | 2 | 1 | -2 – 4 | -3 | **20** | 17 | Siege golem |
| Gambino Hook | Flask | 1d6 acid; 100’ vertical | 6 | 3 | -2 – 4 | 3 | 7 | 10 | Siege golem |
| Gambino Hook | Flask, 2nd lob | 1d6 fire; 100’ vertical | 1 | 3 | -2 – 4 + 2 | -2 | 4 | 4 | Phem Shiang |
| Kelvin Blezibu | Flask | 1d6 acid; 100’ vertical | 4 | 1 | -2 – 4 + 2 | -1 | 11 | 12 | Phem Shiang |
| Kelvin Blezibu | Flask, 2nd lob | 1d6 fire; 100’ vertical | -1 | 1 | -2 – 4 | -6 | 4 | -2 | Godslayer 2 |

*Targeting godlsayer 2: hit, miss. Dmg: 1 acid.*

*Targeting Phem Shiang: hit, miss, miss. Dmg: 4 acid.*

*Targeting siege golem: miss, threat, hit. 1d20 = 17 – 3 = 14, critical hit. Dmg: (2 x 3) + 4 = 10 fire.*

Phem Shiang was barely scuffed by the acid that doused his shoulder. He full-attacked the air elemental.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Character** | **Attack Type** | **Damage** | **BAB** | **Str Mod+** | **W+** | **Total Score** | **Roll** | **Total** |
| Phem Shiang | Keen Naginata | 1d10+3+1/19-20 x3 | 11 | 3 | 1 | 15 | 10 | 25 |
| Phem Shiang | Naginata, 2nd Attack | 1d10+3+1/19-20 x3 | 6 | 3 | 1 | 10 | 15 | 25 |

*Hit, hit. Dmg: (3 + 3 + 1) + (4 + 3 + 1) = 7 + 8 = 15. Partial damage negated.*

The bluespawn godslayer to the south finished undoing the second mangonel while the godslayer to the north full-attacked the air elemental.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Character** | **Attack Type** | **Damage** | **BAB** | **Str Mod+** | **W+** | **Total Score** | **Roll** | **Total** |
| Bluespawn Godslayer | Bastard Sword +2 | 3d8+12+2d6 electricity | 12 | 11 | 2 | 25 | 20 | 45 |
| Bluespawn Godslayer | Bastard Sword +2 | 3d8+12+2d6 electricity | 7 | 11 | 2 | 20 | 1 | 21 |
| Bluespawn Godslayer | Bastard Sword +2 | 3d8+12+2d6 electricity | 2 | 11 | 2 | 15 | 7 | 22 |

*Threat, miss, hit. 1d20 = 10 + 25 = 35, critical hit. Dmg: ([2 x 18] + 12 + 3 electric) + (6 + 12 + 9 electric) = 36 + 12 + 6 + 12 + 12 electric = 78. Partial damage negated.*

The air elemental was no more. The Borak-descended monk turned upward towards the carpets, and hissed defiantly.

The bluespawn burrowers were now free, but nowhere in sight. Instead, three bluespawn ambushers leapt up towards the melee that was no more, and then scampered at the monk’s growls. The dragon-descended monsters stayed clear of the flames all around them, as they regrouped and sought to end the blitzkrieg that had been imposed on them.

The bluespawn stormlizards were now out of sight.

The miniature siege golem hurled yet another volley of sediments towards the carpet with the Fist of Light aboard.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Character** | **Attack Type** | **Damage** | **BAB** | **Dex Mod+** | **Other+** | **Total Score** | **Roll** | **Total** |
| Miniature Siege Golem | Ballista | 3d6+5, 200’ | 6 | 1 | -2 height | 9 | **20** | 25 |

*Threat. 1d20 = 18 + 9 = 27, critical hit to carpet, Astrid, Saradette, and Tore.*

*Dmg to carpet: 2 x 16 = 32.*

*Dmg to Astrid: 2 x 8 = 16.*

*Dmg to Elsabet: 12 [51/63].*

*Dmg to Saradette: 2 x 7 = 14 [33/47].*

*Dmg to Tore: 2 x 10 = 20 [51/71].*

Astrid was now unable to operate the carpet, which careened downward and crashed.

*Dmg to Astrid: 23.*

*Dmg to Elsabet: 20 [31/63].*

*Dmg to Saradette: 21 [12/47].*

*Dmg to Tore: 18 [33/71].*

Both mangonels were on fire now.

*Dmg to each: 3 fire.*

Mario and Luigi ignored Tore, who had fallen just a few feet from them. Elsabet, Saradette, and Astrid had also landed in the midst of the flames, acid puddles, and draconic warriors. The other two carpets were still aloft, but the siege golem was poised to bring another one down if it was not put down soon.

Map

Description automatically generated

Round 6

The ambushers that had just shown up now menacingly growled at the heroes on the ground, as they lay on the ground groaning.

Astrid got up and unshouldered her bow as Saradette rolled to her knees from her prone position and drew her blaster.

Tore cast *sanctuary [expired on Round 10]* upon himself, then stood up and drew his longsword.

*Tore gained sanctuary.*

Seeing two godslayers within reach of her, both relatively healthy still, Elsabet could not risk standing normally and provoking attacks, so with a swift command word she activated her anklet of translocation to teleport 5’ to the north to a standing position next to the half-dragon monk, between Saradette and the nearest godslayer. She then activated her healing belt, using all 3 charges to heal herself, as she would be of no use if the godslayers took her down with their next attacks.

*Elsabet gained 22 hps [53/63].*

Finally, she drew her bastard sword, and as she felt her next maneuver granted, she got ready to defend Saradette against the first attack made against the wounded gnome with her shield block counter if needed.

Drom’vu Grishtar asked his jockey, “Can you lower the craft so we can cast short-range spells?”

“You’re not worried about their lightning-bolt breath weapons?” asked the jockey.

The druid nodded and shrugged, admitting, “A little bit,” before casting *ice storm [expired on Round 7]*.

*Dmg to each creature within the area of effect: 12 + 9 cold = 21.*

*Creatures affected: godslayer 1, burrower 2, and Mario.*

Mario seemed to be close to dead, but still packed a punch.

The jockey from the lead carpet had dropped down to a double-digit altitude, and—being amongst the more heroic of Those Who Do Not Fumble—Kestrel the Virtuous took her opportunity to shine. She *feather fell* part of the way towards godslayer 1, then dropped upon him with her longsword pointed straight down at the godslayer’s brain stem.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Character** | **Attack Type** | **Damage** | **BAB** | **Str Mod+** | **W+** | **Other+** | **Total Score** | **Roll** | **Total** |
| Kestrel the Virtuous | Longsword +1 | 1d8+2+1/19-20 | 10 | 2 | 1 | + 2 altitude  + 4 vertical charge | 19 | 8 | 27 |

*Hit. Dmg: 1 + 2 + 1 + 2 = 6.*

Garnet dh’Grommit noted that there were no more flasks to be thrown, and thus she cast *hold monster [expired on Round 15]* upon the godslayer to the north, shouting, “Leave that one alone for now. Concentrate on the others!”

|  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Character** | **Attack Type** | **CL** | **Roll** | **Total** |
| Garnet dh’Grommit | Bypass Spell Resistance | 9 | 13 | 22 |

*Success. SR bypassed.*

|  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Character** | **Save vs.**  *hold monster* | **Ranks** | **Roll** | **Result** |
| Bluespawn Godslayer | Will | 8 | 2 | 10 |

*Fail.*

The godslayer in the thick of it all froze in its tracks.

Langley Glissando opted to draw his crossbow and snipe at the easier targets, like Luigi.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Ranged Weapon** | **Dmg.** | **D+** | **TH+** | **Critical** | **Rng.** | **Wt.** | **Atk** | **Roll** | **Check** |
| Light Crossbow | 1d8 | 0 | 0 | 19-20, x2 | 80’ | four | +7 | 11 | 18 |

*Hit. Dmg: 4.*

The rear carpet was about 40’ above the ground now. Mathis the Chaste threw the remaining acid flask at the miniature siege golem.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Character** | **Attack Type** | **Damage** | **BAB** | **Dex Mod+** | **Other+** | **Total Score** | **Roll** | **Total** |
| Mathis the Chaste | Flask | 1d6 acid; 100’ vertical | 5 | 3 | +2 | 4 | 13 | 17 |

*Hit. Dmg: 4 acid.*

And with this, the golem began to collapse under its own weight, and ceased to otherwise move.

Thag the Third waited until they were down to about 30’ altitude, and pulled the same stunt as Kestrel had, but hurled himself towards Phem Shiang instead, aiming to swing his club downward upon the monk’s skull harder than he ever had before.

*Falling damage: 7.*

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Character** | **Attack Type** | **Damage** | **BAB** | **Str Mod+** | **W+** | **Other+** | **Total Score** | **Roll** | **Total** |
| Thag the Third | Spiked Club of Wounding | 1d6+1+1 Con | 7 | 4 | 1 | + 2 altitude  + 4 vertical charge  + 2 GL | 20 | 15 | 35 |

*Hit. 4 + 1 = 5 + 1 Con.*

Gambino Hook shot at Phem Shiang.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Character** | **Attack Type** | **Damage** | **BAB** | **Str Mod+** | **Dex Mod+** | **Other+** | **Total Score** | **Roll** | **Total** |
| Gambino Hook | Shortbow +1 | 1d4+1+Sneak | 6 | 2 | 3 | +2 | 11 | 7 | 18 |

*Miss.*

Kelvin Blezibu cast *rainbow blast* upon Phem Shiang.

|  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Character** | **Save vs.**  *rainbow blast* | **Ranks** | **Roll** | **Result** |
| Phem Shiang | Reflex | 10 | 15 | 25 |

*Success. Saves for ½ damage. Dmg: (½ x 4 acid) + (½ x 4 cold) + (½ x 2 electric) + (½ x 4 fire) + (½ x 3 sonic) = 2 acid + 2 cold + 1 electric + 2 fire + 1 sonic = 8. Electric damage negated.*

Phem Shiang shrugged off the electricity coursing through him, cringed at the rest of the energy that was comingled with it, and hissed something in Draconic that caused all of his minions to pause momentarily before reprising a new directive. The monk ascetic then turned to face the half-orc fighter who’d just clubbed him on his head, and full-attacked the man.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Character** | **Attack Type** | **Damage** | **BAB** | **Str Mod+** | **W+** | **Total Score** | **Roll** | **Total** |
| Phem Shiang | Keen Naginata | 1d10+3+1/19-20 x3 | 11 | 3 | 1 | 15 | 3 | 18 |
| Phem Shiang | Naginata, 2nd Attack | 1d10+3+1/19-20 x3 | 6 | 3 | 1 | 10 | 14 | 24 |

*Hit, hit. Dmg: (1 + 3 + 1) + (3 + 3 + 1) = 5 + 7 = 12.*

One godslayer remained *held* while the other fiercely got the half-elf ranger off of its back *[move action]* and attacked the motherfucker.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Character** | **Attack Type** | **Damage** | **BAB** | **Str Mod+** | **W+** | **Total Score** | **Roll** | **Total** |
| Bluespawn Godslayer | Bastard Sword +2 | 3d8+12+2d6 electricity | 12 | 11 | 2 | 25 | 6 | 31 |

*Hit. Dmg: 14 + 12 + 5 electric = 31.*

The mangonels continued to burn away as Mario and Luigi turned to look at Tore, who lay on the ground.

|  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Character** | **Save vs.**  *sanctuary* | **Ranks** | **Roll** | **Result** |
| Mario | Will | 2 | 19 | 21 |
| Luigi | Will | 2 | 5 | 7 |

*Success, fail. Mario bypassed Tore’s sanctuary.*

Luigi couldn’t attack Tore, but Mario could, and thus he did so as his life companion continued to attack him.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Character** | **Attack Type** | **Damage** | **BAB** | **Str Mod+** | **Total Score** | **Roll** | **Total** |
| Mario | Unarmed Attack | 1d3+1 | 5 | 1 | 6 | 3 | 9 |
| Luigi | Unarmed Attack | 1d3+1 | 5 | 1 | 6 | 19 | 25 |

*Miss (Tore), hit (Mario). Dmg: 1 + 1 = 2.*

The burrowers now emerged from underground, as did the ambushers, and together they circled the Fist of Light, with one ambitious ambusher rushing in first, charging Saradette.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Character** | **Attack Type** | **Damage** | **BAB** | **Str Mod+** | **Other+** | **Total Score** | **Roll** | **Total** |
| Bluespawn Ambusher | Gore | 1d6+2 | 4 | 6 | 2 charge | 12 | 5 | 17 |

*Miss.*

Map

Description automatically generated

Round 7

Saradette shot the ambusher who’d charged her with her blaster.

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

*Dmg: 5 sonic.*

|  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Character** | **Save vs.**  *Horizikaul’s boom* | **Ranks** | **Roll** | **Result** |
| Bluespawn Ambusher | Will | 3 | 6 | 9 |

*Fail. Deafened for 3 rounds.*

Astrid activated a magic item that boosted her bow, and shot at one of the ambushers, noting that they were afraid of fire.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Ranged Weapon** | **Dmg.** | **D+** | **TH+** | **Critical** | **Rng.** | **Wt.** | **Atk** | **Roll** | **Check** | **Notes** |
| Dragonbone Composite  Longbow +1 Force +2 Strength | 1d8 | +1+2+2+2+3 | 6 | 19-20,x4 | 165’+20’+20’ | 3.0 | +24 | 7 | 31 | +1 within 30’ |
| DB Longbow +1, 2nd Shot | 1d8 | +1+2+2+2+3 | 6 | 19-20,x4 | 165’+20’+20’ | - | +19 | 2 | 21 | +1 within 30’ |
| DB Longbow +1, 3rd Shot | 1d8 | +1+2+2+2+3 | 6 | 19-20,x4 | 165’+20’+20’ | - | +14 | 4 | 18 | +1 within 30’ |
| DB Longbow +1, Rapid Shot | 1d8 | +1+2+2+2+3 | 6 | 19-20,x4 | 165’+20’+20’ | - | +14 | 6 | 20 | +1 within 30’ |

*Hit, hit, hit, hit. Dmg: (2 + 1 + 2 + 2 + 2 + 3) + (6 + 1 + 2 + 2 + 2 + 3) + (3 + 1 + 2 + 2 + 2 + 3) + (4 + 1 + 2 + 2 + 2 + 3) = 12 + 16 + 13 + 14 = 55.*

That was more than enough of a hurting to bring the rabid reptile down as its sonically wounded sibling backed away from Saradette.

*No AoO from Saradette (not armed with melee weapon) or Tore (sanctuaried).*

Saradette’s senses told her that these ambushers were likely the weakest foes on the battlefield.

Still *sanctuaried*, Tore now moved towards Saradette, hoping that his *sanctuary* spell would keep any of the bluespawn filth from attacking him. As he reached Saradette, he activated his Amulet of Retributive Healing and cast *cure moderate wounds* on Saradette, so each would receive the healing benefits.

*Spell slot sacrificed: bull’s strength.*

*Saradette gained 10 + 10 = 20 hps [32/47].*

*Tore gained 10 + 10 = 20 hps [53/71].*

Seeing the half-dragon monk under attack by an ally, Elsabet initiated her crusader’s strike and swung at the monk, hoping to hit it and channel the healing to Saradette.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Melee Weapon** | **Dmg** | **D+** | **TH+** | **Critical** | **Type** | **Wt.** | **Atk** | **Roll** | **Check** |
| Bastard Sword +1, 1-handed | 1d10+1 | +2 | 2 | 19-20/x2 | Slashing | 6.0 | +10 | 8 | 18 |
| Bastard Sword, 2nd Attack | 1d10+1 | +2 | 2 | 19-20/x2 | Slashing | - | +5 | 17 | 22 |

*Miss, hit. Dmg: 8 + 1 + 2 = 11.*

*Saradette gained 4 + 5 = 9 hps [41/47].*

Taking a moment to look around, Elsabet saw their allies pressing the fight, but things looked pretty dangerous, so with a move action she grabbed a potion of enlarge person with her off hand. She wasn’t sure she would end up drinking it, but she didn’t see any good place to move to, so she figured she could at least have it ready.

With a swift command word, Elsabet then activated her amulet of tears, using all 3 charges to gain the most additional vitality she could with a single action.

*Elsabet gained 24 temporary hit points [****77****/63].*

Kestrel power-attacked the godslayer before him.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Character** | **Attack Type** | **Damage** | **BAB** | **Str Mod+** | **W+** | **Other+** | **Total Score** | **Roll** | **Total** |
| Kestrel the Virtuous | Longsword +1 | 1d8+2+1 | 10 | 2 | 1 | -3 PA | 10 | 17 | 27 |
| Kestrel the Virtuous | Longsword, 2nd Attack | 1d8+2+1 | 5 | 2 | 1 | -3 PA | 5 | 3 | 8 |

*Hit, miss. Dmg: 4 + 2 + 1 + 3 PA = 10. Partial damage negated.*

Garnet was pleased that her *hold monster* spell was working so well. As the carpet remained about 20’ from the ground, the beguiler cast *slow* *[expired on Round 16]* upon the other godslayer.

|  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Character** | **Attack Type** | **CL** | **Roll** | **Total** |
| Garnet dh’Grommit | Bypass Spell Resistance | 9 | 13 | 22 |

*Success. SR bypassed.*

|  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Character** | **Save vs.**  *slow* | **Ranks** | **Roll** | **Result** |
| Bluespawn Godslayer | Will | 8 | 11 | 19 |

*Success. Effect negated.*

“Well, fuck a gnome!” the beguiler muttered, seeing that the spell had failed.

Drom’vu vowed to not fumble as badly as her gnomish friend had. The druid cast *summon nature’s ally V [expired on Round 16]*, conjuring a dire lion next to the active godlsayer, and unleashing the lion upon said godslayer.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Character** | **Attack Type** | **Damage** | **BAB** | **Str Mod+** | **Other+** | **Total Score** | **Roll** | **Total** |
| Dire Lion | Claw 1 | 1d6+7 | 6 | 7 | 2 flank | 15 | 6 | 21 |
| Dire Lion | Claw 2 | 1d6+7 | 6 | 7 | 2 flank | 15 | 13 | 28 |
| Dire Lion | Bite | 1d8+3 | 6 | 1 | 2 flank | 9 | 7 | 16 |

*Miss, hit, miss. Dmg: 6 + 7 = 13. Partial damage negated.*

Langley was close enough to the monk now to cast *crushing despair [expired on Round 87]*, and now did so.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Character** | **Attack Type** | **BAB** | **Total Score** | **Roll** | **Total** |
| Langley Glissando | Bypass Spell Resistance | 8 | 8 | 11 | 19 |

*Success. SR bypassed.*

|  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Character** | **Save vs.**  *crushing despair* | **Ranks** | **Roll** | **Result** |
| Phem Shiang | Will | 12 | 18 | 30 |

*Success. Effect negated.*

The monk’s still mind staved off the Enchantment’s effects, making the tabaxi’s balls shrink with fear.

Mathis took his blowgun and started sniping at the monk.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Ranged Weapon** | **Dmg.** | **D+** | **TH+** | **Critical** | **Rng.** | **Wt.** | **Atk** | **Roll** | **Check** | **Notes** |
| MW Blowgun | 1 | 1 | 2 | x2 | 10’ | 0.1 | +12 | 13 | 25 | +3d6 Sneak |
| Blowgun, 2nd Attack | 1 | 0 | 2 | x2 | 10’ | - | +7 | 1 | 8 | +3d6 Sneak |

*Hit, miss. Dmg: 1 + 9 = 10.*

That first pellet got the leader in the neck, and began to turn the tide of combat.

Thag full-attacked Phem Shiang.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Character** | **Attack Type** | **Damage** | **BAB** | **Str Mod+** | **W+** | **Total Score** | **Roll** | **Total** |
| Thag the Third | Spiked Club of Wounding | 1d6+1+1 Con | 7 | 4 | 1 | 12 | 14 | 26 |
| Thag the Third | Spiked Club, 2nd Swing | 1d6+1+1 Con | 2 | 4 | 1 | 7 | 18 | 25 |

*Hit, hit. Dmg: (1 + 1) + (4 + 1) = 7 + 2 Con.*

That also took the monk’s state down a few notches.

Gambino shot another arrow at the monk.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Character** | **Attack Type** | **Damage** | **BAB** | **Dex Mod+** | **W+** | **Other+** | **Total Score** | **Roll** | **Total** |
| Gambino Hook | Shortbow +1 | 1d4+1+Sneak | 6 | 3 | 0 | +2 height | 11 | 1 | 12 |
| Gambino Hook | Shortbow +1, 2nd Shot | 1d4+1+Sneak | 1 | 3 | 0 | +2 height | 6 | 12 | 18 |

*Miss, miss.*

Kelvin wanted so bad to cast *fireball*, but alas, there were too many allies on the ground, so instead, he cast *orb of force* upon the active godslayer.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Character** | **Attack Type** | **Damage** | **BAB** | **Dex Mod+** | **Total Score** | **Roll** | **Total** |
| Kelvin Blezibu | Ranged Touch Attack | 7d6 force | 4 | 1 | 5 | 10 | 15 |

*Hit. Dmg: 30 force.*

Phem full-attacked Thag.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Character** | **Attack Type** | **Damage** | **BAB** | **Str Mod+** | **W+** | **Total Score** | **Roll** | **Total** |
| Phem Shiang | Keen Naginata | 1d10+3+1/19-20 x3 | 11 | 3 | 1 | 15 | 15 | 30 |
| Phem Shiang | Naginata, 2nd Attack | 1d10+3+1/19-20 x3 | 6 | 3 | 1 | 10 | 2 | 12 |

*Hit, miss. Dmg: 6 + 3 + 1 = 10.*

This did little to discourage the already wounded half-orc fighter.

A picture containing text, book

Description automatically generated

The *held g*odslayer struggled to free itself of the bonds that impeded its movement.

|  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Character** | **Save vs.**  *hold monster* | **Ranks** | **Roll** | **Result** |
| Bluespawn Godslayer | Will | 8 | 4 | 12 |

*Fail.*

Amidst the flames, the godslayer remained in place as its counterpart power-attacked Kestrel.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Character** | **Attack Type** | **Damage** | **BAB** | **Str Mod+** | **W+** | **Total Score** | **Roll** | **Total** |
| Bluespawn Godslayer | Bastard Sword +2 | 3d8+12+2d6 electricity | 12 | 11 | 2 – 2 PA | 23 | 7 | 30 |
| Bluespawn Godslayer | Bastard Sword +2 | 3d8+12+2d6 electricity | 7 | 11 | 2 – 2 PA | 18 | 17 | 35 |
| Bluespawn Godslayer | Bastard Sword +2 | 3d8+12+2d6 electricity | 2 | 11 | 2 – 2 PA | 13 | 20 | 33 |

*Hit, threat, threat. 1d20 = 16 + 18 = 34; 15 + 13 = 28; 2 critical hits.*

*Dmg: ([2 x 14] + 12 + 11 electric + 2 PA) + ([2 x 9] + 12 + 7 electric + 2 PA) + (15 + 12 + 7 electric + 2 PA) = 28 + 12 + 18 + 12 + 15 + 12 + 2 + 2 + 2 + 25 electric = .*

Kestrel died at the first slash, but the godslayer had to make a point, and thus quartered the ranger before his body could hit the ground.

The miniature siege golem and mangonels were now ablaze, and would not be representing on any battlefield anytime soon. Mario and Luigi went back to fighting one another.

The defiant godlsayer roared triumphantly as the bluespawn burrowers and ambushers hissed in unison and prepared to pounce upon their foes.

And then the monk gave up the fight. “Yield!” he said in a peculiar strain of Common, laying down his naginata.

Map

Description automatically generated with medium confidence

Round 8

The ambushers and burrowers deferred to the monk, but the godslayer who’d just slain Kestrel wasn’t having it, and immediately protested by turning towards and charge-attacking his mean master.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Character** | **Attack Type** | **Damage** | **BAB** | **Str Mod+** | **W+** | **Other+** | **Total Score** | **Roll** | **Total** |
| Bluespawn Godslayer | Bastard Sword +2 | 3d8+12+2d6 electricity | 12 | 11 | 2 | 2 flank  2 charge | 29 | 20 | 49 |

*Threat. 1d20 = 6 + 29 = 35; critical hit. Dmg: (2 x 21) + 12 + 7 electric = 61. Electric damage negated.*

The monk died. The burrowers and ambushers were outraged by this act, and in turn leapt upon the godslayer, with Elsabet and a few others right in the thick of it.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Character** | **Attack Type** | **Damage** | **BAB** | **Str Mod+** | **Other+** | **Total Score** | **Roll** | **Total** |
| Bluespawn Burrower 1 | Claw | 2d8+3 | 12 | 5 | 2 flank  2 charge | 21 | 14 | 35 |
| Bluespawn Burrower 2 | Claw | 2d8+3 | 12 | 5 | 2 flank | 19 | 6 | 25 |
| Bluespawn Ambusher 1 | Claw | 1d8+4 | 4 | 4 | 2 flank  2 charge | 12 | 12 | 24 |
| Bluespawn Ambusher 2 | Claw | 1d8+4 | 4 | 4 | 2 flank  2 charge | 12 | 11 | 23 |

*Hit, hit, hit, hit. Dmg: (5 + 3 + 2 charge) + (1 + 3) + (7 + 4 + 2 charge) + (4 + 4 + 2 charge) = 10 + 4 + 13 + 10 = 37. Partial damage negated.*

The lesser drakes barely scuffed the godslayer while its sibling tried to wrest itself free.

|  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Character** | **Save vs.**  *hold monster* | **Ranks** | **Roll** | **Result** |
| Bluespawn Godslayer | Will | 8 | 7 | 15 |

*Fail.*

The giant godslayer could do little to save its sibling from the frenzy around them.

Luigi knocked Mario unconscious, then turned to smile at Tore.

One of the burrowers was so frenzied that it didn’t realize that it had charged right into a fire.

*Dmg: 13 fire.*

Astrid spotted her carpet just on the other side of the fire that was now consuming the burrower. She would have to tumble into the frenzy to grab it, and hopefully it was not damaged beyond immediate use.

The carpets descended in order to let the heroes board, but did not yet land. Kestrel’s body was asunder, and Thag and his friends were beside themselves with their friend’s death.

Saradette shot the godslayer who wasn’t held with her blaster.

Tore watched as the bluespawn seem to turn on each other. He was unsure what exactly was going on, but decided to attack the godslayer that had killed the monk. Using his Spring Attack ability, he took a 5’ step towards burrower 1 before he hacked at the godslayer with his sword, effectively dispelling his *sanctuary* ward.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Melee Weapon** | **Dmg** | **D+** | **TH+** | **Critical** | **Type** | **Wt.** | **Atk** | **Roll** | **Check** |
| Longsword +1 | 1d8+1 | +1 | 1 | 19-20/x2 | Slashing | 8.0 | +8 | 1 | 9 |

*Miss.*

Missing, he then moved 10’ to his north.

Elsabet raised her eyebrows at the sudden turning on each other of their enemies, and realized she had flanking on the active godslayer. While she could possibly have gotten an attack of opportunity as one of the ambushers moved past her, she held back. Perhaps there was a chance to disengage once the fanatic godslayer was taken out. Hoping that some of these creatures—and certainly the engineers—spoke common, she called out, “take down the godslayer and call a truce!” She then repeated << truce >> in Goblinoid, Sylvan and Giant. With a swift command word, she activated her brute gauntlets for a single charge.

*Elsabet gained +2 to melee damage*

The dragonspawns were in no mood to listen to the yellow-haired one speak.

Suiting her actions to her words, she initiated her foehammer strike, swinging hard at the embattled godslayer, praying that the other one remained held.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Melee Weapon** | **Dmg** | **D+** | **TH+** | **Critical** | **Type** | **Wt.** | **Atk** | **Roll** | **Check** |
| Bastard Sword +1, 1-handed | 1d10+1 | +2 + 2 gauntlets | 2 + 2  Flank | 19-20/x2 | Slashing | 6.0 | +12 | 7 | 19 |
| Bastard Sword, 2nd Attack | 1d10+1 | +2 + 2 gauntlets | 2 + 2  flank | 19-20/x2 | Slashing | - | +7 | 10 | 17 |

*Miss, miss.*

Finally, she felt her remaining maneuvers fade and two new ones granted.

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

Garnet cast *greater invisibility [expired on Round 98]*, upon herself as her carpet reached the ground, hovering a foot above it. She hopped off as her jockey called out, “Ranged combatants, come aboard! I can take two more now.”

The dire lion full-attacked the godslayer.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Character** | **Attack Type** | **Damage** | **BAB** | **Str Mod+** | **W+** | **Other+** | **Total Score** | **Roll** | **Total** | **Crit** | **Threat** |
| Dire Lion | Claw 1 | 1d6+7 | 6 | 7 | 0 | 2 flank | 15 | 18 | 33 | 20 | ý |
| Dire Lion | Claw 2 | 1d6+7 | 6 | 7 | 0 | 2 flank | 15 | **20** | 35 | 20 | þ |
| Dire Lion | Bite | 1d8+3 | 6 | 1 | 0 | 2 flank | 9 | 4 | 13 | 20 | ý |

*Hit, threat, miss. 1d20 = 7 + 15 = 22, not a critical hit.*

*Dmg: (4 + 7) + (2 + 7) = 11 + 9 = 20. Partial damage negated.*

Normally, Drom’vu would have cast *call lightning storm*, and she would be half-way through her supply of fifteen bolts. However, today was a day of fighting bluespawns, and these folks were all resistant to electricity. Furthermore, the siege engineers didn’t seem to warrant that much firepower, so instead, she now, cast *flame strike* upon the defiant godslayer, and also singing the other godslayer, one of the burrowers, and one of the ambushers, not to mention Mario’s unconscious body.

|  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Character** | **Save vs.**  *flame strike* | **Ranks** | **Roll** | **Result** |
| Bluespawn Godslayer | Reflex | 6 | 1 | 7 |
| Bluespawn Godslayer | Reflex | 6 | 9 | 15 |
| Bluespawn Burrower | Reflex | 10 | 9 | 19 |
| Bluespawn Burrower | Reflex | 10 | 14 | 19 |
| Mario | Reflex | n.a. | - | - |

*Fail, fail, success, success, auto-fail.*

*The two burrowers save for ½ damage.*

*Dmg to godslayer 1: 17 fire + 17 divine = 34.*

*Dmg to godslayer 2: 13 fire + 14 divine = 27.*

*Dmg to burrower 2: ½ x 18 fire + ½ x 18 divine = 9 fire + 9 divine = 18.*

*Dmg to ambusher 2: ½ x 19 fire + ½ x 19 divine = 9 fire + 10 divine = 19.*

*Dmg to Mario: fire + divine = 14 fire + 14 divine = 28.*

The defiant godlsayer was nearly finished now, as was the ambusher that had made the mistake of running into the spell’s area of effect.

Mario coughed up blood, and died as Luigi started to perform CPR on him.

Langley was impressed at the success of his druid partner, and cast *invisibility [expired on Round 808]* upon himself, nodding to his teammates on the other carpet.

The other carpet touched down as well, and as Mathis cast *invisibility [expired on Round 308]* upon himself and hopped off the carpet, Thag charge-attacked ambusher 1.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Character** | **Attack Type** | **Damage** | **BAB** | **Str Mod+** | **W+** | **Other+** | **Total Score** | **Roll** | **Total** |
| Thag the Third | Spiked Club of Wounding | 1d6+1+1 Con | 7 | 4 | 1 | 2 charge | 14 | 3 | 17 |

*Miss.*

Gambino stepped off the carpet and made his way behind a boulder.

Kelvin cast *magic missile* upon the dying godslayer, hoping to finish him off.

*Dmg: 10 + 4 = 14 magic.*

And at last, the godslayer that had just taken its master’s life was dead, and the other one looked like it might come out of its *held* state soon enough.

Diagram

Description automatically generated

Round 9

Astrid took the opportunity to slip by the burrower—still dumbfounded by the flames consuming it—and grab the carpet.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Skill** | **Rank** | **Ability & Mod.** | **Misc. Mods.** | **Total** | **Roll** | **Check** |
| **Astrid, Move Silently** | 12 | **Dex (+6)** | 0 | 18 | 8 | 26 |

*See below.*

Astrid had an easy time tiptoeing around the crackling flames and roaring dragonspawns, but *[untrained]* she couldn’t quite tumble in the way that was needed, so instead she stepped in a fiery puddle of alchemical juice and got a little burnt.

*Dmg: 5 fire.*

Saradette expended all the charges in her healing belt on herself.

*Saradette gained 16 hps [47/47].*

The artificer then backed away from the live enemies.

Seeing Astrid getting their ride ready, and being more than fully healthy, Elsabet moved to get next to her and the carpet, not worrying about the possibility of an attack from one of the bluespawn still active. “Gather in!” She called out as the foe adjacent to her swiped at her.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Character** | **Attack Type** | **Damage** | **BAB** | **Str Mod+** | **W+** | **Total Score** | **Roll** | **Total** |
| Bluespawn Ambusher | Claw 1 | 1d8+4 | 4 | 4 | 0 | 8 | 1 | 9 |

*Miss.*

Once there, out of enemy reach, she focused on her *charm monster* spell-like ability, casting it at the remaining, and currently held, godslayer.

|  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Character** | **Save vs.**  *charm monster* | **Ranks** | **Roll** | **Result** |
| Bluespawn Godslayer | Will | 8 | 6 | 14 |

*Fail. Held godslayer became friendly towards Elsabet.*

Seeing one of the godslayers go down, Tore hoped that the fighting would end, he didn’t want to have to fight all of the bluespawns further. However, he stood, prepared to defend himself. Tore waited to see the reaction of the enemy they had just been fighting. He hoped that Elsabet would be able to talk to them and reach some kind or truce, no matter how long it lasted.

*Tore gained +4 to AC while on the defensive.*

Garnet noted that the big guns were either dead or *held* for the moment, and thus she made headway for Luigi, all the while *invisible*.

Seeing that the nearly mindless ambusher dogs continued to threaten their friends, Drom’vu directed the dire lion to charge-attack the only one in her field of vision.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Character** | **Attack Type** | **Damage** | **BAB** | **Str Mod+** | **Other+** | **Total Score** | **Roll** | **Total** |
| Dire Lion | Claw 1 | 1d6+7 | 6 | 7 | 2 charge  2 flank | 17 | 16 | 33 |

*hit. Dmg: 5 + 7 + 2 charge = 14.*

Langley ran around the southern periphery of the conflict’s epicenter. Like Langley, Mathis—a musteval swashbuckler—was also now *invisible*, and now converged with the tabaxi as each came from their respective carpet.

Thag flank-attacked the largest ambusher.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Character** | **Attack Type** | **Damage** | **BAB** | **Str Mod+** | **W+** | **Other+** | **Total Score** | **Roll** | **Total** |
| Thag the Third | Spiked Club of Wounding | 1d6+1+1 Con | 7 | 4 | 1 | 2 flank | 14 | 12 | 26 |
| Thag the Third | Spiked Club, 2nd Swing | 1d6+1+1 Con | 2 | 4 | 1 | 2 flank | 9 | 17 | 26 |

*Hit, hit. Dmg: (4 + 1) + (6 + 1) = 12 + 2 Con.*

The eldest ambusher dropped, leaving only the frailest standing and whimpering next to the *held* godslayer.

Gambino could tell the battle was almost over, and the heroes were surprisingly looking like they were the ones to checkmate the drakes. The half-orc ninja studied the remaining burrower’s charge, and ghost stepped towards a position that would give him the best charging trajectory in the next few moments. Invisible to others, the ninja held his axe at the ready.

Kelvin remained on the carpet, which how hovered motionlessly, and cast *magic missile* upon the remaining ambusher.

*Dmg: 6 + 3 = 9 force.*

The ambusher was not quite dead, but it, and the two burrowers now scuttled under the ground, their rumbling subsiding as they went deeper and deeper into the sands.

Luigi shook his head as the *confusion* effect expired. He looked around, and saw his partner dead from the *flame strike* damage he’d just sustained. “Mariooooo!” he cried out as he crouched before the deceased.

The remaining godslayer tried once more to resist the *hold monster* spell.

|  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Character** | **Save vs.**  *hold monster* | **Ranks** | **Roll** | **Result** |
| Bluespawn Godslayer | Will | 8 | 16 | 24 |

*Success.*

The monster now turned around to look upon the battlefield, and nodded at Elsabet as the rest of the heroes trained their weapons and index fingers on it. Some then realized by the nod that one of them had just charmed the creature.

Then the jockey on carpet 1 spotted and pointed out a handful of blue kobolds peeking from around the canyon bend.

Chart

Description automatically generated with medium confidence

Map

Description automatically generated

Round 10

Tore turned to Saradette, “Let’s get to the carpet and get ready to leave.” He then made his way to the carpet using the most direct route and avoiding the flames.

Once there, Tore made sure that nobody needed any healing. He remained in a defensive stance as Luigi partly knelt on the tattered carpet.

The artificer looked to be sure that the siege engines were totally destroyed, and was amply satisfied, but was disappointed as she noticed Astrid shaking her head, knowing that their carpet would not be getting off the ground without a *mending* spell or three.

Elsabet leapt and climbed back up onto the boulders, so that she could be closer to her new ‘friend’ and hopefully be seen be all, her sword held point down away from the bluespawn.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Skill** | **Rank** | **Ability & Mod.** | **Misc. Mods.** | **Total** | **Roll** | **Check** |
| **Elsabet, Jump** | 5 | **Str (+2)** | 0 | 7 | 10 | 17 |
| **Elsabet, Climb** | 0 | **Str (+2)** | 0 | 2 | 19 | 21 |

*See below.*

Atop the boulder now, she shouted out to her allies, “Truce! Let this be the end of the battle, while I speak with the new leader of this band, my new friend... Gather the fallen.” She winked as she said ‘friend”.

The godslayer noted the kobolds to the northeast and hissed at them.

The kobolds scuttled away.

The dire lion chased after the kobolds.

Looking up at the surviving godslayer, she hoped he too spoke Common. “Let’s talk.”

Those Who Do Not Fumble were either *invisible* or could be seen backing up now that the tentative truce had been brokered by the favored soul of Mayaheine.

The godslayer looked to Elsabet, and crackled a phrase in its language, which she could not understand.

Luigi turned to Astrid and attacked her.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Character** | **Attack Type** | **Damage** | **BAB** | **Str Mod+** | **Total Score** | **Roll** | **Total** |
| Luigi | Unarmed Attack | 1d3+1 | 5 | 1 | 6 | 5 | 11 |

*Miss.*

Astrid defended herself.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Ranged Weapon** | **Dmg.** | **D+** | **TH+** | **Critical** | **Rng.** | **Wt.** | **Atk** | **Roll** | **Check** | **Notes** |
| Dragonbone Composite Longbow +1 Force +2 Strength | 1d8 | +1+2+2+2+3 | 6 | 19-20,x4 | 165’+20’+20’ | 3.0 | +24 | 19 | 43 | +1 within 30’ |
| DB Longbow +1, 2nd Shot | 1d8 | +1+2+2+2+3 | 6 | 19-20,x4 | 165’+20’+20’ | - | +19 | 2 | 21 | +1 within 30’ |
| DB Longbow +1, 3rd Shot | 1d8 | +1+2+2+2+3 | 6 | 19-20,x4 | 165’+20’+20’ | - | +14 | 4 | 18 | +1 within 30’ |
| DB Longbow +1, Rapid Shot | 1d8 | +1+2+2+2+3 | 6 | 19-20,x4 | 165’+20’+20’ | - | +14 | 14 | 28 | +1 within 30’ |

*Hit, hit, hit, hit. Dmg: (8 + 1 + 2 + 2 + 2 + 3) + (6 + 1 + 2 + 2 + 2 + 3) + (1 + 1 + 2 + 2 + 2 + 3) + (5 + 1 + 2 + 2 + 2 + 3) = 18 + 16 + 11 + 15 = 60.*

Luigi died on the spot, then dropped, forcing all four arrows deeper into his neck and chest.

Map

Description automatically generated

Round 11

With flames all around her, Elsabet carefully sheathed her sword, while looking up at the godslayer, and asked a brief question in each of her other languages.

<< Speak Giant? >> in Giant.

<< Speak Goblinoid? >> in Goblinoid.

<< Speak Sylvan? >> in Sylvan.

Those Who Do Not Fumble—as well as Saradette—were already on the carpet, while Astrid now picked up the tatters of her carpet, and shook her head. Rolling up the tapestry as best as she could, she listened and watched what unfolded.

Elsabet held her open hand out to invite the godslayer to respond.

<< P’chk’tåa grebonebulo’os! >> the godslayer said, looking around at his dead comrades, and grunting a sigh, << ¡Q-früüüüühhh! >>

Round 12

The other two jockeys would be hard pressed to take this many people aboard. Anticipating taking 2 extra folks each, they both nodded to Astrid, and invited the Fist of Light to hop aboard. They’d only be able to hover at a few miles per hour, and only a few feet off the ground, but they’d eventually get back without having to walk the whole way.

Elsabet looked around and asked in Common, “Anyone here speak Draconic?”

No one could. Those Who Do Not Fumble were local action heroes, with not a bookish linguist or well-traveled polyglot among them.

That was her best guess as to the godslayer’s language, hopefully someone could act as an interpreter, if necessary. She had a scroll of *comprehend languages*, but that would only allow her to understand a language, not actually speak it.

If necessary, she would have to improvise in sign language, she supposed...

Astrid pointed out, “We’ve weakened them enough. Let us make way before the burrowers and stormlizards return to give us a run for our money.”

Round 13

Tore watched and listened as Elsabet tried to talk to the massive beast. When communication didn’t seem to be possible, he said, in a low tone, “Perhaps we should just count ourselves lucky and vacate the area.”

When they talked about the carpets, and potentially overloading them Tore suggested, “Perhaps Elsabet can teleport us a good distance from here. You guys can fly back, then return to pick us up. We can walk part of the way.”

Round 14

Elsabet nodded. “We’re in good shape,” she said. “Load your fallen and head back; I’ll *dimension door* us a goodly distance from these folks and we’ll start hoofing it, and you can zoom back for us.”

Turning back to the godslayer, she used sign language to attempt to convey the plan. Pointing at the members of the other group, she then flattened her hands and mimicked the carpets flying off in the direction they had come from, then pointed at herself and her group and made a snapping motion and gestured in the same direction, and finally pointed at the godslayer and made a sweeping circling motion to encompass the rest of the bluespawn, followed by fingers mimicking walking back in the direction they had come from. Then she tilted her head and held her hands out, palms up, as a gesture for “okay?”

Diagram, map

Description automatically generated

The druid dismissed the dire lion, and their carpet got underway.

Elsabet took hold of Astrid’s, Saradette’s, and Tore’s hands, and cast *dimension door*, shunting their bodies about 500’ southward to a relatively flat spot over which they’d flown. From there, they could see the bend, but not beyond it.

Graphical user interface, text, application, calendar

Description automatically generated with medium confidence

And just like she’d suspected, the two stormlizards, no longer winded from their sprint, were waddling southward and now spotted them.

Map

Description automatically generated

Round 15

|  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Character** | **Group** | **Initiative** | **Roll** | **Modified Roll** | **Move** |
| Astrid | 1 | 8 | 10 | 18 | 40’ |
| Elsabet | 1 | 4 | 14 | 18 | 30’ |
| Saradette | 1 | 3 | 9 | 12 | 20’ |
| Tore | 1 | 2 | 3 | 5 | 40’ |
| Stormlizards | 2 | -1 | 1 | 0 | 40’ |

Astrid already had her bow drawn, and now nocked an arrow. *[deferring rapid fire until PCs have acted]*

“If they scatter, let them go,” Elsabet suggested. Then she drew her bastard sword, took a step to the side to be able to see better, and grinned. “If not...” She left the rest unsaid. The protection aura was no longer in place, and she preferred to start back, but if the lizards attacked and managed to get close, they could be dealt with. Given Astrid’s skill with her bow, the lizards probably would.

Tore looked at the stormlizards and shook his head, “I assume they are unaware of the truce.” He then got his bow off his back as well. He hoped that their elevation would make it difficult for the lizards to climb up to them, giving them more time to engage from a distance.

The truce had been made—if at all—at a point when only one godlsayer was left standing, and all other bluespawns had either died or fled, and Astrid murmured as much as she saw the stormlizards licking their chops and making headway up the slight grade towards the heroes atop the relatively flat ground. She then shot at the one that looked like it had her in its crosshairs. “Better you than me, buddy. Sorry it has to be this way.”

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Ranged Weapon** | **Dmg.** | **D+** | **TH+** | **Critical** | **Rng.** | **Wt.** | **Atk** | **Roll** | **Check** |
| Dragonbone Composite  Longbow +1 Force +2 Strength | 1d8 | +1+2+2+2+3 | 6 | 19-20, x4 | 165’+20’+20’ | 3.0 | +24 | 12 | 36 |

*Hit. Dmg: 1 + 1 + 2 + 2 + 2 + 3 = 11.*

The stormlizards charged towards Astrid and her friends, with the one that Astrid just wounded limping a bit slower than its sibling.

Tore followed Astrid’s lead and fired an arrow at the same lizard Astrid had fired at.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Ranged Weapon** | **Dmg.** | **D+** | **TH+** | **Critical** | **Rng.** | **Wt.** | **Atk** | **Roll** | **Check** |
| Longbow | 1d8 | 0 | 0 | x3 | 100’ | 3.0 | +8 | 17 | 25 |

*Hit. Dmg: 8. Partial damage negated.*

Saradette drew her blaster and shot the closest stormlizard.

|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
| **Ranged Weapon** | **Dmg.** | **D+** |
| Horizikaul’s Boom | 2d4 Sonic | Will DC 14 or deafened for 1d4 rounds |

*Dmg: 3 sonic.*

|  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Character** | **Save vs.**  *Horizikaul’s boom* | **Ranks** | **Roll** | **Result** |
| Bluespawn Stormlizard | Will | 4 | 12 | 16 |

*Success. Stormlizard not deafened.*

Map

Description automatically generated

Round 16

Astrid shot at the frontmost lizard before it could reach her.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Ranged Weapon** | **Dmg.** | **D+** | **TH+** | **Critical** | **Rng.** | **Wt.** | **Atk** | **Roll** | **Check** | **Notes** |
| Dragonbone Composite Longbow  +1 Force +2 Strength | 1d8 | +1+2+2+2+3 | 6 | 19-20, x4 | 165’+20’+20’ | 3.0 | +24 | 13 | 37 | +1 within 30’ |
| DB Longbow +1, 2nd Shot | 1d8 | +1+2+2+2+3 | 6 | 19-20, x4 | 165’+20’+20’ | - | +19 | 16 | 35 | +1 within 30’ |
| DB Longbow +1, 3rd Shot | 1d8 | +1+2+2+2+3 | 6 | 19-20, x4 | 165’+20’+20’ | - | +14 | 6 | 20 | +1 within 30’ |
| DB Longbow +1, Rapid Shot | 1d8 | +1+2+2+2+3 | 6 | 19-20, x4 | 165’+20’+20’ | - | +14 | **20** | 34 | +1 within 30’ |

*Hit, hit, miss, threat. 1d20 = 17 + 14 = 31, critical hit.*

*Dmg: (5 + 1 + 2 + 2 + 2 + 3) + (1 + 1 + 2 + 2 + 2 + 3) + ([4 x 6] + 1 + 2 + 2 + 2 + 3) = 15 + 11 + 34 = 60.*

That left only the wounded straggler alive and whimpering. It stopped its charge, and timidly skeetered westward.

Diagram, map

Description automatically generated with medium confidence

Tore was impressed with Astrid’s skill with her bow and nodded admiringly. Though, as the other stormlizard limped away, Tore felt sorry for the creature. Had it stopped, he might have taken the chance to build a bit more goodwill and tried to heal it, even just a few hit points, to show no ill will.

“Nice shooting, guys,” Elsabet said. “If it hadn’t fallen, I was ready to charge it.” She looked at the fleeing one, shrugged, and started walking south. If her allies finished that one off too, it would be one less bluespawn in the world, and she wouldn’t mind, but for herself, she didn’t have the heart to go after it.

The artificer returned her blaster to its carrier on her left hip. “What do we do, now? There’s still the one we lost, but I suppose his companions can return him to be restored.”

Elsabet replied. “We start walking, and they send carpets back for us. I believe Astrid can lead us in the right direction. Maybe we run into more excitement on the way. Who knows?”

“You seem to think excitement is a good thing,” the gnome observed darkly. “Slogging through the wilderness isn’t high on my list of things I want to do before I die.”

Elsabet nodded at Saradette. “I get that. I am hoping any excitement is friendly—or can be made friendly—rather than hostile. But we are healthy, right? With plenty of spells and gear remaining. How’s your arsenal looking?”

“Yes, we are healthy, or at least healed.” Saradette patted her blaster. “I could wish for a more powerful weapon, but my last experiment didn’t do so well. The good part is, I’ve managed to increase the launcher’s range to something respectable.”

~\*~

The conversation continued for a few more minutes, and the other two carpets soon came flying over. Langley spotted the dead stormlizard and commended the archer on the well-placed shots. “It never stood a chance,” the tabaxi said.

They distributed the weight of the extra heroes evenly across the two parties, and could only fly a few feet above the ground with the added load, but they could at least keep an average pace of 20 mph, and by Midnight they’d made it back to Ankhapur.

Prefect Margo Seti-Ryam received the heroes and conveyed the gratitude of the Ankhapuri people for their heroism. They made their way to the same room where they’d been briefed, and were now debriefed before going to their quarters to bathe and sleep.

Elsabet reviewed the bombardment mission as best she could, especially mentioning the heroism of the other adventurers jumping into the fray after the carpet carrying the Fist of Light was downed by the siege golem. She was pleased to report the casualties suffered by the enemy group—especially noting the teamwork involved in destroying the siege golem, as her air elemental couldn’t finish it on its own.

Tore added his comments and confirmed Elsabet’s details as well as adding his acknowledgement (and thanks) for the actions of Those Who Do Not Fumble. He had expected to fight the bluespawns on their own after the crash. He was glad for their help and for how things had turned out.

She did note that she regretted not asking the carpet drivers to try to maintain a steady pattern involving having her carpet in the middle with one allied carpet leading by 20 – 30 feet and the other trailing by 20 – 30 feet, in that her protection devotion might have been able to shield some of the other riders from some damage from the siege catapult’s barrages of rocks and gravel, but as the two groups hadn’t had any prior experience in this sort of formation, she thought it was only a minor oversight.

She noted that it could have gotten a lot bloodier when the surviving godslayer broke free of the *hold monster* spell, but her *charm monster* luckily had worked and allowed a truce; she thought keeping the rest of the adventurers alive was a higher priority than trying to take out more foes at that point in time. She wasn’t sure if the mangonels could be easily repaired but it looked like the only foes who knew how to operate them had died.

She hoped the other group could get their fallen hero back in one piece again, and was soon told that this was underway. However, the dire news that Borak had just destroyed Dalelost came the heroes’ way soon thereafter. The mournful tone of such news then turned to the pressing business of tomorrow’s campaign, part of which would undoubtedly unfold at the gates of Ankhapur, and hopefully not within the city.

As they pondered their next day’s spells, the heroes were given a short briefing document on which the intel folks would expand in the morning once they’d divinely and mundanely gathered more information. The three heroes bid Those Who Do Not Fumble well, with a special well wish for Kestrel’s uncomplicated resurrection. Astrid also said goodbye, and went to sleep in the nearby house of a local relative.