**Oghma’s Faithful**

**by Alexis Álvarez and Microsoft Copilot**

**Chapter 11: ????**

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**Abstract:** X

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IC (in character): Round 1

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| **Character** | **Group** | **Initiative** | **Roll** | **Modified Roll** | **Speed** |
| Diabolist Thugs | 2 | 3 | 14 | 17 | 30’ |
| Sebenzi | 1 | 0 | 16 | 16 | 30’ |
| Banshee | 1 | 3 | 11 | 14 | 30’ |
| Eldrin | 1 | 2 | 3 | 5 | 30’ |
| Artemis | 1 | 1 | 1 | 2 | 30’ |

Diabolist thugs—their regalia somewhat displayed, though ambiguously—made their intentions known, and Eldrin alerted the others.

Already *detecting magic*, Sebenzi cast *shield of faith [expired on Round 51]* upon herself, and positioned herself in front of Eldrin, the most vulnerable among them.

*Sebenzi gained +2 to AC.*

Already having cast *eyes of the avoral*, Banshee noted the sap-toting thug approaching from the east, and now drew her kukri +1. “Behind us too,” she warned.

Already *detecting magic*, Eldrin cast *barkskin [expired in 50 minutes]* upon himself, and drew his light crossbow.

Artemis drew her longsword, and cast *shield of faith [expired on Round 51]* upon herself.

*Artemis gained +2 to AC.*

Round 2

The thugs closed in—two from the west upon Sebenzi and Artemis, and one from the east upon Banshee.

Thug 1 swung his masterwork sap at Banshee, striking cleanly.

*Mod d20 = 26. Hit. Dmg: 3 nonlethal [27/30 nonlethal tally].*

Thug 2 charged Sebenzi, his kukri slashing in a wide arc, hitting.

*Mod d20 = 17. Hit. Dmg: 3 [32/35].*

Thug 3 barreled toward Artemis, but his mace swung wide, missing with a total of 8.

*Miss.*

Sebenzi gauged the situation, and thought better than to cast her better spells now. Instead, she clubbed the kukri-wielding fool with her quarterstaff.

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| **Melee Weapon** | **Dmg** | **D+** | **TH+** | **Critical** | **Type** | **Wt.** | **Atk** | **Roll** | **Check** |
| MW Quarterstaff | 1d6+1 | +0 | 1 + 2  flank | x2 | Bludgeon | 8.0 | +6 | 2 | 8 |

*Miss.*

Banshee kukried the sap wielding man.

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| **Melee Weapon** | **Dmg** | **D+** | **TH+** | **Critical** | **Type** | **Wt.** | **Atk** | **Roll** | **Check** |
| Kukri +1 | 1d3+1 | +0 | 1 | 18-20/x2 | Slashing | 1.0 | +6 | 10 | 16 |

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

Eldrin also didn’t see much of a challenge with any of these thugs individually, and thus fired into the melee before him, targeting the mace wielder.

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| **Ranged Weapon** | **Dmg.** | **D+** | **TH+** | **Critical** | **Rng.** | **Wt.** | **Atk** | **Roll** | **Check** |
| MW Light Crossbow | 1d6 | 0 | 1 – 4  Melee | 19-20, x2 | 120’ | 4.0 | +3 | 18 | 21 |

*Hit. Dmg: 3.*

Artemis swung at the mace wielder.

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| **Melee Weapon** | **Dmg** | **D+** | **TH+** | **Critical** | **Type** | **Wt.** | **Atk** | **Roll** | **Check** | **Notes** |
| MW Longsword | 1d6+1 | +0 | 1 + 2  flank | 19-20/x2 | Slashing | 8.0 | +7 | 13 | 20 | Weapon Focus included |

*Hit. Dmg: 4 + 1 = 5.*

The maceman reconsidered his choices that day, but remained a threat.

Round 3

Two more baddies made themselves known appearing from the north and south rooftops with crossbows and firing into the melee (-4 penalty firing into melee; +2 bonus firing from above).

Thug 1 snarled at Banshee as she cut into him. He swung his masterwork sap again, aiming for her temple.

*Attack Roll: 16 → Hit*

*Damage: 2 nonlethal (29/30 nonlethal tally)*

Thug 2 lunged once more at Sebenzi, seeking to press his minor advantage.

*Attack Roll: 11 → Miss*

His kukri whistled harmlessly past her.

Thug 3, now bloodied and desperate, roared and swung wildly at Artemis.

*Attack Roll: 14 → Miss*

The blow glanced off her magically fortified defense.

From above, fresh threats revealed themselves—Thugs 4 and 5 aimed crossbows from their rooftop vantage points.

Thug 4 (light crossbow) fired at Sebenzi, seeing her as the anchor of the group.

*Attack Roll: 17 (including modifiers) → Hit*

*Damage: 5 piercing (27/35 HP)*

Thug 5 (heavy crossbow) took aim at Eldrin, his light armor an inviting target.

*Attack Roll: 18 → Hit*

*Damage: 8 piercing (30/38 HP)*

Bolts whistled through the air as bystanders screamed and scattered, diving behind carts and market stalls.

Sebenzi and Eldrin had spoken of a contingency such as this one, wherein snipers up high were safe, and could easily retreat when the time was right. She sought to deprive them of that choice, going for them at the onset of their arrival. She cast *fly* and flew upward 60’.

*Attack of Opportunity.*

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| **Character** | **Attack Type** | **Damage** | **BAB** | **Str Mod+** | **Total Score** | **Roll** | **Total** |
| Diabolist Thug 2 | Kukri | 1d4+1 | 2 | 1 | 3 | 17 | 20 |

*Hit. Dmg: .2 + 1 = 3 [24/35].*

Banshee swung again at her sap-toting assailant.

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| **Melee Weapon** | **Dmg** | **D+** | **TH+** | **Critical** | **Type** | **Wt.** | **Atk** | **Roll** | **Check** |
| Kukri +1 | 1d3+1 | +0 | 1 | 18-20/x2 | Slashing | 1.0 | +6 | 20 | 26 |

*Threat. 1d20 = 18 + 6 = 24, critical hit. Dmg: (2 x 3) + 1 = 6 + 1 = 7.*

The man took a slice to the face, and seemed incredulous, thinking to flee, but no, he stuck to his orders.

Eldrin reloaded and shot again.

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| **Ranged Weapon** | **Dmg.** | **D+** | **TH+** | **Critical** | **Rng.** | **Wt.** | **Atk** | **Roll** | **Check** |
| MW Light Crossbow | 1d6 | 0 | 1 – 4 | 19-20, x2 | 120’ | 4.0 | +3 | 10 | 13 |

*Miss.*

Artemis swung again at the maceman.

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| **Melee Weapon** | **Dmg** | **D+** | **TH+** | **Critical** | **Type** | **Wt.** | **Atk** | **Roll** | **Check** |
| MW Longsword | 1d6+1 | +0 | 1 | 19-20/x2 | Slashing | 8.0 | +5 | 11 | 16 |

*Hit. Dmg: 4 + 1 = 5.*

“Oh, shivers!” the maceman dropped his mace and fled, leaving the other two thugs to contend with mightier combatants than themselves.

Sebenzi was now at eye level with the man to the north, and was about to charge that rooftop.

Round 4

Thug 1 wiped blood from his face where Banshee had carved into him. His orders were clear—stall them. Gritting his teeth, he swung again.

*Attack Roll: 12 → Miss*

Banshee dodged deftly, her keen eyes tracking his every movement.

Thug 2 sneered as Sebenzi took flight, then turned toward Artemis, stepping into the space vacated by the fleeing maceman.

*Attack Roll: 14 → Miss*

His blade skidded off Artemis’s protective magic.

From above, Thug 4 and Thug 5 adjusted their positions to keep Sebenzi in their sights.

Thug 4 (light crossbow) took aim at the flying cleric, now an immediate threat.

*Attack Roll: 15 → Miss*

The bolt whizzed past Sebenzi, striking the rooftop tiles behind her.

Thug 5 (heavy crossbow) lined up a shot at Eldrin once more.

*Attack Roll: 14 → Miss*

The gnome’s instincts saved him, ducking at the last moment.

Sebenzi charge-attacked the arbalist in midflight.

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| **Melee Weapon** | **Dmg** | **D+** | **TH+** | **Critical** | **Type** | **Wt.** | **Atk** | **Roll** | **Check** |
| MW Quarterstaff | 1d6+1 | +0 | 1 + 2  charge | x2 | Bludgeon | 8.0 | +6 | 3 | 9 |

*Miss.*

Banshee slashed at the sap bearer.

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| **Melee Weapon** | **Dmg** | **D+** | **TH+** | **Critical** | **Type** | **Wt.** | **Atk** | **Roll** | **Check** |
| Kukri +1 | 1d3+1 | +0 | 1 | 18-20/x2 | Slashing | 1.0 | +6 | 13 | 19 |

*Hit. Dmg: .3 + 1 = 4*

Eldrin saw the fleeing maceman and figured the first thing he’d do is snitch on them, so he reloaded and shot the man in the back as he ran.

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| **Ranged Weapon** | **Dmg.** | **D+** | **TH+** | **Critical** | **Rng.** | **Wt.** | **Atk** | **Roll** | **Check** |
| MW Light Crossbow | 1d6 | 0 | 1 | 19-20, x2 | 120’ | 4.0 | +7 | 14 | 21 |

*Hit. Dmg: 5.*

The man fell over, then picked himself up, turned around to see that Eldrin was now following him, and ran further.

Artemis stepped over to the sap wielder and slashed at him.

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| **Melee Weapon** | **Dmg** | **D+** | **TH+** | **Critical** | **Type** | **Wt.** | **Atk** | **Roll** | **Check** |
| MW Longsword | 1d6+1 | +0 | 1 | 19-20/x2 | Slashing | 8.0 | +5 | **20** | 25 |

*Threat. 1d20 = 11 + 5 = 16, critical hit. (2 x 3) + 1 = 6 + 1 = 7.*

She followed the swing with a threat to jab into his neck, and the man knew he was defeated. He hesitantly knelt and surrendered as the kukri bearer yelled, “Fool!” and attacked the flat-footed repentant.

*Attack of Opportunity*

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| **Character** | **Attack Type** | **Damage** | **BAB** | **Str Mod+** | **Total Score** | **Roll** | **Total** |
| Diabolist Thug 2 | Kukri | 1d4+1 | 2 | 1 | 3 | 17 | 20 |

*Hit. Dmg: 3 + 1 = 4.*

The thug killed his friend, and held his blade menacingly.

Round 5

The tide of the skirmish shifted as one thug fell, slain by his own ally, and another teetered on the edge of defeat.

Thug 2 (kukri-wielder), blood pumping with fury, locked eyes with Artemis after cutting down his comrade. “No mercy,” he growled, swinging viciously.

*Attack Roll: 19 → Hit*

*Damage: 3 + 1 = 4 (Artemis: 16/20 HP)*

Thug 4 (light crossbow) scrambled backward on the rooftop, trying to keep distance from the airborne Sebenzi. He fired point-blank, his hands shaking as the cleric bore down on him.

*Attack Roll: 16 → Miss*

The bolt shattered harmlessly against a chimney stack.

Thug 5 (heavy crossbow) spotted Eldrin pursuing the retreating maceman and chose to assist his fleeing comrade.

*Attack Roll: 13 → Miss*

The heavy bolt embedded itself in a wooden crate near Eldrin’s feet. The market square now lay in shambles—stalls overturned, civilians scattered, and the once-organized ambush faltering under the party’s relentless assault.

Sebenzi hovered above Thug 4, the wind from her wings kicking up dust and tiles. She attacked with her staff.

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| **Melee Weapon** | **Dmg** | **D+** | **TH+** | **Critical** | **Type** | **Wt.** | **Atk** | **Roll** | **Check** |
| MW Quarterstaff | 1d6+1 | +0 | 1 | x2 | Bludgeon | 8.0 | +4 | 17 | 21 |

*Hit. Dmg: 4 + 1 = 5.*

Eldrin winked, aimed carefully, let the bolt course through his crossbow, and watched it fly towards his target.

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| **Ranged Weapon** | **Dmg.** | **D+** | **TH+** | **Critical** | **Rng.** | **Wt.** | **Atk** | **Roll** | **Check** |
| MW Light Crossbow | 1d6 | 0 | 1 | 19-20, x2 | 120’ | 4.0 | +7 | 10 | 17 |

*Hit. Dmg: 2.*

The man died, falling flat on his face.

Round 6

The diabolists were toast; some of them just didn’t realize it yet.

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| **Character** | **TAC** | **FFAC** | **AC** | **Melee** | **Ranged** | **Total Damage** | **HPs** | **Current HPs** |
| **Thug 1** | **11** | **14** | **15** | 24 |  | 24 | 21 | **-3** |
| **Thug 2** | **11** | **14** | **15** |  |  | 0 | 20 | 20 |
| **Thug 3** | **11** | **14** | **15** | 10 | 10 | 20 | 19 | **-1** |
| **Thug 4** | **11** | **14** | **15** | 5 |  | 5 | 18 | 13 |
| **Thug 5** | **11** | **14** | **15** |  |  | 0 | 17 | 17 |

The battlefield lay scattered with fallen foes and shattered crates, though a few stubborn diabolists still clung to the fight. The resolve of Thug 2 was clear—he would not yield. He snarled at Artemis, blood on his blade and murder in his eyes. “Come on, then!” he roared, slashing again.

*Attack Roll: 15 → Miss*

His strike was wild, driven by rage, and Artemis sidestepped it effortlessly.

Thug 4 (light crossbow), bruised and staggered from Sebenzi’s blow, panicked. Dropping his crossbow, he pulled a dagger and stabbed up at the flying cleric, hoping to drive her back.

*Attack Roll: 9 → Miss*

The blade barely grazed her armor.

Thug 5 (heavy crossbow) took a quick step back, reloading his weapon with shaking hands. He knew this was going badly but wasn’t about to flee yet. He needed more time to reload.

Another bolt clattered harmlessly into a market stall.

A few screams and other commotion littered the moment. Civilians peeked from their hiding spots, watching the battle’s final moments unfold.

Sebenzi, floating above her foe, could see the desperation in Thug 4’s eyes. Would she show mercy or finish him off? There was no choice if her objective was to be met.

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| **Melee Weapon** | **Dmg** | **D+** | **TH+** | **Critical** | **Type** | **Wt.** | **Atk** | **Roll** | **Check** |
| MW Quarterstaff | 1d6+1 | +0 | 1 | x2 | Bludgeon | 8.0 | +4 | 13 | 17 |

*Hit. Dmg: 6 + 1 = 7.*

Eldrin had a clear shot at the last rooftop sniper, and took it.

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| **Ranged Weapon** | **Dmg.** | **D+** | **TH+** | **Critical** | **Rng.** | **Wt.** | **Atk** | **Roll** | **Check** |
| MW Light Crossbow | 1d6 | 0 | 1 – 2  Height | 19-20, x2 | 120’ | 4.0 | +5 | 11 | 17 |

*Hit. Dmg: 4.*

The arbalist on the rooftop with the heavy crossbow took a bolt to the chest.

Artemis still faced the bloodthirsty kukri-wielder, and swung mightily.

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| **Melee Weapon** | **Dmg** | **D+** | **TH+** | **Critical** | **Type** | **Wt.** | **Atk** | **Roll** | **Check** |
| MW Longsword | 1d6+1 | +0 | 1 | 19-20/x2 | Slashing | 8.0 | +5 | 12 | 17 |

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

Banshee jump into the fight alongside Artemis with a charge-attack.

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| **Melee Weapon** | **Dmg** | **D+** | **TH+** | **Critical** | **Type** | **Wt.** | **Atk** | **Roll** | **Check** |
| Kukri +1 | 1d3+1 | +0 | 1 + 2  Charge | 18-20/x2 | Slashing | 1.0 | +8 | 10 | 18 |

*Hit. Dmg: 1 + 1 + 2 charge = 4.*

Round 7

The man with the light crossbow faced Sebenzi, who still threatened him with her quarterstaff.

Across the street on the opposite rooftop, the heavy crossbow was now reloaded.

Down on the ground, the kukri wielder taunted death.

The chaos of battle had thinned, but the bloodied streets still echoed with the clash of steel and the cries of desperate men. Only three diabolists remained—each one clinging to the fight in their own grim way.

Thug 2 (kukri-wielder), though wounded, grinned manically at Artemis and Banshee, blood trickling from a gash in his side. “I’ll take at least one of you with me!” he snarled, slashing at Banshee as she closed in.

*Attack Roll: 17 → Hit*

*Damage: 2 + 1 = 3 (Banshee 27/30 HP)*

Thug 4 (light crossbow), breathing heavily with Sebenzi towering above him, weighed his dwindling options. Pride faltered under the cleric’s relentless assault. With a shaking hand, he dropped his dagger and raised his empty palms. “I-I surrender!” he gasped, backing toward the edge of the rooftop.

Thug 5 (heavy crossbow) finally had his weapon loaded. His hands still trembled, but he aimed squarely at Eldrin below, determined to make his last shot count.

*Attack Roll: 18 → Hit*

*Damage: 5 (Eldrin 25/38 HP)*

The bolt grazed Eldrin’s shoulder, spinning him slightly but not knocking him down.

“Kneel, evildoer!” Sebenzi took the pleading man by the nape of his shirt, and faced the heavy crossbowman across the way. “Drop your weapon down to the street,” she commanded, aiming to finish off the diabolist she’d brought to his knees.

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| **Skill** | **Rank** | **Ability**  **& Mod.** | **Misc.**  **Mods.** | **Total** | **Roll** | **Check** |
| **Sebenzi, Intimidate** | 0 | **Cha (+0)** | 0 | 0 | 15 | 15 |

*You determine the DC of the intimidation check based on the situation, and draft the outcome in character.*

Eldrin, ignoring the sting in his shoulder, fired at the kukri-wielder, the bolt punching deep into the man’s thigh yet again. “You’re a stubborn one, aren’t you?”

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| **Ranged Weapon** | **Dmg.** | **D+** | **TH+** | **Critical** | **Rng.** | **Wt.** | **Atk** | **Roll** | **Check** |
| MW Light Crossbow | 1d6 | 0 | 1 – 4  Melee | 19-20, x2 | 120’ | 4.0 | +3 | 16 | 19 |

*Hit. Dmg: 5.*

“Fuuuck!” the man now saw the folly of trying to remain hard.

Banshee and Artemis let him have it.

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| **Melee Weapon** | **Dmg** | **D+** | **TH+** | **Critical** | **Type** | **Wt.** | **Atk** | **Roll** | **Check** |
| MW Longsword | 1d6+1 | +0 | 1 + 2  Flank | 19-20/x2 | Slashing | 8.0 | +7 | 6 | 13 |
| Kukri +1 | 1d3+1 | +0 | 1 + 2  Flank | 18-20/x2 | Slashing | 1.0 | +8 | 15 | 23 |

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

The man was weakening, and Artemis sensed this. “I can see the aura of your impending death,” she grimly stated. “Surrender, knave, that you might live to repent.”

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| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Skill** | **Rank** | **Ability**  **& Mod.** | **Misc.**  **Mods.** | **Total** | **Roll** | **Check** |
| **Artemis, Intimidate** | 0 | **Cha (+3)** | 0 | 3 | 10 | 13 |

*You determine the DC of the intimidation check based on the situation, and draft the outcome in character.*

Round 8

Thug 2 (kukri-wielder) staggered as Banshee’s kukri tore a shallow gash across his ribs. His grip trembled, blood dripping from his blade. Artemis’s calm yet chilling words cut through the din: For a heartbeat, he hesitated—then spat blood onto the cobblestones. “You think I’m scared of you?” But his snarl lacked the bite it once had. He faltered, footwork sloppy, a man teetering between death and surrender. He fought on, but fear now gnawed at him.

*Result of Intimidate DC 13: Shaken, –2 on attacks, saves, and skill checks.*

Thug 5 (heavy crossbow) froze as Sebenzi’s booming voice carried across the rooftops. With Thug 4 kneeling at her feet, bloodied but alive, the message was clear—mercy was possible, but only for the wise.

Hearing her command echoing in the tense air, “Drop your weapon down to the street!” the heavy crossbowman’s fingers twitched around the trigger. One more shot… but his companion was already disarmed, and another was bleeding out on the ground. His eyes darted between the chaos below and Sebenzi’s unyielding stare.

*Result of Intimidate DC 15: Success.*

With a defeated grunt, he loosed the heavy crossbow—but not the bolt. The weapon clattered to the cobblestones below. He raised his hands high. “I-I’m done! Don’t kill me!”

Sebenzi pulled her staff back slightly from the cringing thug beneath her. “Wise choice,” she muttered, keeping her eye on the surrendering rooftop sniper.

The kukri thug howled in pain, nearly dropping to one knee—but still he clung to his weapon, blood pooling beneath him.

Sebenzi kicked the light crossbow away from the man who’d dropped it, and now told him to sit on the floor, keeping an eye on the other arbalist who now had his hands up. “Need help down there?” she asked the others who were dealing with the stubborn one, now shaken.

“You’ve chosen to go down for your Master. May your soul find its place to the Outer Planes,” Artemis said as she swung.

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| **Melee Weapon** | **Dmg** | **D+** | **TH+** | **Critical** | **Type** | **Wt.** | **Atk** | **Roll** | **Check** |
| MW Longsword | 1d6+1 | +0 | 1 | 19-20/x2 | Slashing | 8.0 | +5 | 18 | 23 |

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

Banshee did her best to end this.

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| **Melee Weapon** | **Dmg** | **D+** | **TH+** | **Critical** | **Type** | **Wt.** | **Atk** | **Roll** | **Check** |
| Kukri +1 | 1d3+1 | +0 | 1 | 18-20/x2 | Slashing | 1.0 | +6 | 15 | 21 |

*Hit. Dmg: 3 + 1 = 4.*

The man dropped the kukri, and looked up to see his killers before falling to the ground with a thud.

Eldrin was about to shoot the man, but now answered Sebenzi, “No, that about does it.”

They now had to think about how to get both men down from the ledge for further questioning as three guards now approached.

Eldrin flashed a badge and produced a writ of provisional jurisdiction, immediately pointing out the two culprits on the rooftops.

Within a few minutes, everyone was back on the ground, and as far as they could tell, no diabolist was on their way now to tattle on the heroes who would be upon them soon.

Eldrin and Sebenzi did most of the talking, as they were most familiar with the legal language around the case, particularly the portions they could and could not divulge to the authorities due to secrecy classifications. Within a few more minutes, the suspects had provided ample information as to the whereabouts of the facility in the City of the Dead, and the heroes now booked fare aboard a covered wagon to travel inconspicuously while being able to monitor anyone following them.

The ride was short, but not short enough for Sebenzi’s *fly* spell to still be active. They paid the wagoner, descended the vehicle, and made their way into the neighborhood-sized cemetery.

~\*~

Earlier…

They’d *teleported* to the Font of Knowledge, Waterdeep’s Temple of Oghma, and from there exited unto Spyglass Dr., which they took to the main promenade, Sardoon Street, headed for the Hallow of Ashes in the City of the Dead, where the diabolists were alleged to be manufacturing meimer. They’d been ambushed, and overcame the diabolists’ forces, turning the survivors over to the City Guard.

Now…

They were approaching the Hallow, and spotted two of the faithful diabolists patrolling the area, as expected.

Family mausoleums and crypts were everywhere around them, and Sebenzi and Artemis followed behind Eldrin and Banshee, making their way behind a mausoleum. With luck, they wouldn’t be seen or heard.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Skill** | **Rank** | **Ability**  **& Mod.** | **Misc.**  **Mods.** | **Total** | **Roll** | **Check** |
| **Artemis, Hide** | 0 | **Dex (+1)** | -2 | -1 | 11 | 10 |
| **Artemis, Move Silently** | 0 | **Dex (+1)** | -2 | -1 | 4 | 3 |
| **Banshee, Hide** | 1 | **Dex (+3)** | 3 | 7 | 10 | 17 |
| **Banshee, Move Silently** | 1 | **Dex (+3)** | 3 | 7 | 7 | 14 |
| **Eldrin, Hide** | 0 | **Dex (+2)** | 0 | 2 | 17 | 19 |
| **Eldrin, Move Silently** | 6 | **Dex (+2)** | 0 | 8 | 12 | 20 |
| **Sebenzi, Hide** | 0 | **Dex (+0)** | -2 | -2 | 11 | 9 |
| **Sebenzi, Move Silently** | 0 | **Dex (+0)** | -2 | -2 | 3 | 1 |

*See below.*

The party was not particularly poised for stealth, and while the gnomes did alright, the humans—both wearing Chain Shirts of Stamina—chinked and clinked all the way to their crouching spots.

The diabolists *had* to have heard that, though they made no sudden calls to alert the heroes of this; from this, Eldrin deduced that these were not knaves, like the others they’d liberated, but wilier individuals specialized in doing sentry duty.

“This isn’t good,” Banshee whispered what the others were already thinking.

Round 71

One diabolist came into view from around the corner of the mausoleum, brandishing a masterwork sap much like the one that Eldrin had been hit with earlier. He charge-attacked Artemis, who was closest to him, with her sword still sheathed.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Character** | **Attack Type** | **Damage** | **BAB** | **Str Mod+** | **W+** | **Other+** | **Total Score** | **Roll** | **Total** |
| Diabolist Bodyguard 1 | MW Sap | 1d3 nonlethal | 3 | 2 | 0 | 1 + 2  charge | 8 | 8 | 16 |

*Hit. Dmg: 1 nonlethal.*

The heroes all unsheathed their weapons, Eldrin technically unshouldering his crossbow. The three others flank-attacked the diabolist, hoping to silence him quickly.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Melee Weapon** | **Dmg** | **D+** | **TH+** | **Critical** | **Type** | **Wt.** | **Atk** | **Roll** | **Check** |
| MW Longsword | 1d6+1 | +0 | 1 + 2  Flank | 19-20/x2 | Slashing | 8.0 | +7 | 11 | 18 |
| Kukri +1 | 1d3+1 | +0 | 1 + 2  Flank | 18-20/x2 | Slashing | 1.0 | +8 | 4 | 12 |
| MW Quarterstaff | 1d6+1 | +0 | 1 + 2  Flank | x2 | Bludgeon | 8.0 | +6 | 16 | 22 |

*Hit, miss, hit. Dmg: (1 + 1) + (4 + 1) = 2 + 5 = 7.*

Eldrin repositioned himself and shot into the melee.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Ranged Weapon** | **Dmg.** | **D+** | **TH+** | **Critical** | **Rng.** | **Wt.** | **Atk** | **Roll** | **Check** |
| MW Light Crossbow | 1d6 | 0 | 1 – 4  Melee | 19-20, x2 | 120’ | 4.0 | +3 | 9 | 12 |

*Miss.*

Round 72

The diabolist sapped at Artemis again.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Character** | **Attack Type** | **Damage** | **BAB** | **Str Mod+** | **Other+** | **Total Score** | **Roll** | **Total** | **Threat** |
| Diabolist Bodyguard 1 | MW Sap | 1d3 nonlethal | 3 | 2 | 1 | 6 | **20** | 26 | þ |

*Threat. 1d20 = 16 + 6 = 22, critical hit. Dmg: 2 x 3 = 6 nonlethal.*

Flinching back from the pain, Artemis was wondering where the other diabolist was, and now heard him running away northward, likely to alert his master. “The other one’s getting away,” she warned.

Sebenzi had already expended her *fly* spell, but Eldrin could still fly for about half a minute. He cast *footsteps of the divine [expired on Round 7]*, and flew towards and above the fleeing diabolist. No others were in sight, he noted, nor any witnesses to complicate matters.

The three melee combatants did their best to neutralize this unrepentant devil worshipper.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Melee Weapon** | **Dmg** | **D+** | **TH+** | **Critical** | **Type** | **Wt.** | **Atk** | **Roll** | **Check** |
| MW Longsword | 1d6+1 | +0 | 1 + 2  Flank | 19-20/x2 | Slashing | 8.0 | +7 | 7 | 14 |
| Kukri +1 | 1d3+1 | +0 | 1 + 2  Flank | 18-20/x2 | Slashing | 1.0 | +8 | 12 | 20 |
| MW Quarterstaff | 1d6+1 | +0 | 1 + 2  Flank | x2 | Bludgeon | 8.0 | +6 | 15 | 21 |

*Miss, hit, hit. Dmg: (2 + 1) + (4 + 1) = 3 + 5 = 8.*

Round 73

The diabolist before them was a self-preserving man, and his soul was not yet prepared for the condemnation of Baator, so he fled too, going in the opposite direction that his friend had taken.

They chased him down and tried to end him.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Melee Weapon** | **Dmg** | **D+** | **TH+** | **Critical** | **Type** | **Wt.** | **Atk** | **Roll** | **Check** |
| MW Longsword | 1d6+1 | +0 | 1 + 2  Flank | 19-20/x2 | Slashing | 8.0 | +7 | 10 | 17 |
| Kukri +1 | 1d3+1 | +0 | 1 + 2  Flank | 18-20/x2 | Slashing | 1.0 | +8 | 9 | 17 |
| MW Quarterstaff | 1d6+1 | +0 | 1 + 2  Flank | x2 | Bludgeon | 8.0 | +6 | 8 | 14 |

*Hit, hit, miss. Dmg: (2 + 1) + (3 + 1) = 3 + 4 = 7.*

That put the man down for good.

Eldrin had reloaded by now, and got into an optimal firing position right behind and above the fleeing diabolist, shooting the next bolt.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Ranged Weapon** | **Dmg.** | **D+** | **TH+** | **Critical** | **Rng.** | **Wt.** | **Atk** | **Roll** | **Check** |
| MW Light Crossbow | 1d6 | 0 | 1 + 2  Height | 19-20, x2 | 120’ | 4.0 | +9 | 8 | 17 |

*Hit. Dmg: 5.*

“Trespasserrrssss!” the diabolist yelled at the top of his breath until Eldrin’s bolt went into his left lung. Armed only with a dagger, he continued running.

Round 74

The women were searching the body of the dying diabolist.

Hundreds of feet to the north, Eldrin said, “I will give you a sporting chance to redeem yourself,” as he reloaded and fired again.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Ranged Weapon** | **Dmg.** | **D+** | **TH+** | **Critical** | **Rng.** | **Wt.** | **Atk** | **Roll** | **Check** |
| MW Light Crossbow | 1d6 | 0 | 1 + 2  Height | 19-20, x2 | 120’ | 4.0 | +9 | 4 | 13 |

*Miss.*

“I actually meant to miss,” the gnome lied poorly.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Skill** | **Rank** | **Ability & Mod.** | **Misc. Mods.** | **Total** | **Roll** | **Check** |
| **Eldrin, Bluff** | 0 | **Cha (+1)** | 0 | 1 | 10 | 11 |

*See below.*

Round 75

He reloaded and tried harder this time.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Ranged Weapon** | **Dmg.** | **D+** | **TH+** | **Critical** | **Rng.** | **Wt.** | **Atk** | **Roll** | **Check** |
| MW Light Crossbow | 1d6 | 0 | 1 + 2  Height | 19-20, x2 | 120’ | 4.0 | +9 | 8 | 17 |

*Hit. Dmg: 4.*

“Aw, fuuuck!” cried out the man as the bolt entered his left quad, and he started limping too much to keep running.

“Give it up, my friend,” Eldrin now told the truth, as a good Oghman always did. “There’s no way but down for your soul if you persist.”

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Skill** | **Rank** | **Ability & Mod.** | **Misc. Mods.** | **Total** | **Roll** | **Check** |
| **Eldrin, Diplomacy** | 1 | **Cha (+1)** | 0 | 2 | 15 | 17 |

*See below.*

The diabolist turned around, dropped to the ground to remove the bolt from his leg, and said, “I yield.”

The women to the south found nothing of interest or value on the diabolist, but they took his masterwork sap for safekeeping.

Rounds 76 – 80

Eldrin descended slowly, his spell about to expire, and he was about to talk the man further into repentance when the man removed the bolt from his leg and pierced his own jugular with it. “You will all bow to Asmo-” he said as he died.

Eldrin thought to heal him, but they didn’t have time to question him further, as this had become highly time sensitive. He couldn’t tell if anyone had heard his alarm, but as the women approached him, he dusted himself off and remained in place, as he was now confirming that the fugitive had led them to the Hallow of Ashes. By the description, and the markings on the map, it was unmistakable in its design, and he waited for his colleagues to join him before he pointed it out, hundreds of feet away.

Rounds 81 – 85

They stood behind another mausoleum now, hoping to not encounter a second contingent of sentries, and planned their incursion.

Taking a few moments to confirm the map’s contents relative to their position, they all nodded in agreement that they were just a few hundred feet from the threshold to a gated region within the City of the Dead: the Hallow of Ashes. They approached the gate, which was locked, and warded, as the cleric and archivist could both tell, still *detecting magic*. Beyond the gate was what appeared to be a mausoleum, though one of the questioned thugs mentioned that this was a decoy, and was actually the door to a staircase leading down into the diabolists’ base of operations.

Rounds 86 – 93

Having brought a *knock* spell, the cleric undid the lock with little fanfare, and they then squeaked the gate open and crept into the desolate graveyard, entering the mausoleum via the double-handled door. Descending via the staircase they’d been told about, they turned a corner northward and happened upon two guards—one 30’ from them and the other 70’—guarding the northbound passage.

Their contingency for this was to let Banshee lead the way, giving her as much time to sneak up on the closest guard before the others came in making a racket. Eldrin would be next, being just as quiet, though he wore less inconspicuous clothing than her black armor and trim.

Rounds 94 – 95

And so they went, first Banshee, then Eldrin,

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Skill** | **Rank** | **Ability**  **& Mod.** | **Misc.**  **Mods.** | **Total** | **Roll** | **Check** |
| **Banshee, Round 94, Hide** | 1 | **Dex (+3)** | 3 | 7 | 15 | 22 |
| **Banshee, Round 94, Listen** | 4 | **Wis (+3)** | 0 | 7 | 20 | 27 |
| **Banshee, Round 94, Move Silently** | 1 | **Dex (+3)** | 3 | 7 | 8 | 15 |
| **Banshee, Round 95, Hide** | 1 | **Dex (+3)** | 3 | 7 | 5 | 12 |
| **Banshee, Round 95, Listen** | 4 | **Wis (+3)** | 0 | 7 | 4 | 11 |
| **Banshee, Round 95, Move Silently** | 1 | **Dex (+3)** | 3 | 7 | 13 | 20 |
| **Eldrin, Round 95, Hide** | 0 | **Dex (+2)** | 0 | 2 | 11 | 13 |
| **Eldrin, Round 95, Listen** | 3 | **Wis (+2)** | 2 | 7 | 10 | 17 |
| **Eldrin, Round 95, Move Silently** | 6 | **Dex (+2)** | 0 | 8 | 1 | 9 |

*See below.*

The two guards were chatting about some sacrificial lamb they’d just killed for the cause, “and another one’s comin’ tonight,” added the closer one as Banshee crept up to 15’ south of him.

The woman guard to the north laughed at first, then said, “Hey, what’s that? Hey!”

Sebenzi and Artemis saw that the element of surprise was up, and they could now cast spells as they made their way over, which they did. Sebenzi had been impressed by the ape that Eldrin had conjured a tenday ago back in Turnpike. It had made short work of some minions, and she wanted to repeat that experience, so she cast the spell, moving 15’ northward, and casting *summon monster III [expired on Round 101]*.

*Full round action; will manifest on the next round.*

Artemis had already seen how quick these diabolists were to run to their friends, so she cast *spiritual weapon* at the spot just north of the guardswoman, and had it slash at her.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Melee Weapon** | **Dmg** | **D+** | **TH+** | **Critical** | **Type** | **Wt.** | **Atk** | **Roll** | **Check** |
| Spiritual Weapon (Longsword) | 1d8 | 1 | 0 | 19-20/x2 | Slashing | - | +3 | **20** | 23 |

*Threat. 1d20 = 20 + 3 = 23, critical hit. Dmg: (2 x 4) + 1 = 9.*

The woman was almost dead from the attack, and turned southward to join her male guard.

A blue light on a tree

AI-generated content may be incorrect.

Round 96

The male guard charge-attacked Banshee, and she parried and attacked back as the woman attacked her from her left flank.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Character** | **Attack Type** | **Damage** | **BAB** | **Str Mod+** | **Other+** | **Total Score** | **Roll** | **Total** |
| Diabolist Lookout | Short Spear | 1d6+1 | 2 | 1 | 2 flank | 5 | 5 | 10 |
| Diabolist Lookout | Short Spear | 1d6+1 | 2 | 1 | 2 flank | 5 | 19 | 24 |

*Miss, hit. Dmg: 1 + 1 = 2 [28/30].*

The two guards were now 30’ north of the southern edge of the area, and the heroes were now upon them.

Sebenzi’s ape appeared north of the guards, and pummeled the woman.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Character** | **Attack Type** | **Damage** | **BAB** | **Str Mod+** | **Other+** | **Total Score** | **Roll** | **Total** |
| Ape | Claw 1 | 1d6+5 | 2 | 5 | 2 flank | 9 | 12 | 21 |
| Ape | Claw 2 | 1d6+5 | 2 | 5 | 2 flank | 9 | 7 | 16 |

*Hit, miss. Dmg: 4 + 5 = 9.*

The woman guard died, leaving the man to plead for his life. “I’m only seventeen,” he could think of nothing better to say.

Rounds 97 – 99

With spell effects burning, the group executed yet another contingency: press on and take the hostage. Sebenzi and Artemis grabbed the man by each arm and led him forward. Artemis spoke in a soft tone, “You will call out your password as we approach, or I will cut your nuts off.” She looked at him square in the eyes, not knowing if she herself was bluffing or not.

<< Elen-ki’iri ba-honn, ph’ixtät. >> he spoke with as casual a tone as he could, and they were able to catch the next group of crazies off guard. There were two guards here, and four cells, with one or two prisoners inside each cell. Some were shackled to the walls; others just lay there hopelessly.

The guards were both intoxicated on some good meimer, and smiled, thinking they were hallucinating when their friend came in ushered by four Oghmans. “Wait!” one of them then realized before the ape knocked him out and everything went black.

~\*~

Rounds 103 – 111

With the ape and spiritual longsword no longer in play, the heroes kept the prisoners quiet as they

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Skill** | **Rank** | **Ability**  **& Mod.** | **Misc.**  **Mods.** | **Total** | **Roll** | **Check** |
| **Banshee, Open Lock** | 0 | **Dex (+3)** | 0 | 3 | 4 | 7 |
| **Eldrin, Open Lock** | 0 | **Dex (+2)** | 0 | 2 | 13 | 15 |

*Fail, success.*

They opened one of the gates, and the prisoner—an elven woman from the city—thanked them, and said, that guard has the key in his right vest pocket.

They searched, and within a minute, everyone was free.

The prisoners were told to go southward and up a flight of stairs then go west towards the Trades Ward, and off they went as quietly as they could.