

One Winter's Night

Session 1 – Rescue!

24-11-98

It's winter on the continent of Oerik and in the cold north in the vicinity of the Vesve forest a group of demobbed supply train guards trudge slowly south toward the bright lights and relatively temperate climate of the city of Greyhawk in search of who knows what.

Who are these hopeful souls, this lost platoon?

Talon

A Dwarf fighter, low on charisma (again Simon?) and tough as old boots.

A weapons specialist with the Battleaxe he is eager to test its edge on as many Goblin and Orc necks that happen to be on the same continent, world, galaxy, universe or dimension. He doesn't like them much.

Blok (it seems more Dwarfish if spelt that way Andy. What do you think?)

Another Dwarven fighter but far more charming company (as Dwarves go). Also as tough as etc... Blok is also a Battleaxe wielder but in rather a more controlled fashion than his "friend". Unusually for a Dwarf he has overcome his racial fear of horse-like creatures in order to become a skilled rider. Now all he needs is a pony.

Ozone

What can we say? A brick wall on legs, even his muscles have muscles. While Ozone is a human fighter (seems a shame to waste all that brawn) he's no slouch intellectually, although he disguises this attribute carefully in order to maintain his "Barbarian chic".

Bumbletum

A cute little halfling who gets on with everybody (hint hint) Bumbletum is a competent Cleric and pipeweed addict. Tough for his size, he is of Stoutish blood and therefore has a few underground specialities (Karim, you munchkin, you've been reading the rules again!).

Academius

Already going a bit grey, Academius has the air of one in search of an elusive something or other. The young but alarmingly wise human cleric is a studious fellow and can often be seen observing the more hilarious antics of his companions with wry smile on his face. At least he's got Cure Light Wounds and bandages if it all goes wrong.

The companions are heading towards the small town of Crockport intending to rest and re-provision before setting out on next leg of their journey, when suddenly a shape bursts from the trees. A fearsome array of missile weaponry is trained upon what turns out to be a young lad riding a mule as fast as he can drive it.

The boy (Emory) quickly informs the party that his uncle is trapped below a fallen tree in the forest. Unfortunately the boy's uncle had spotted the tracks of Goblins and Wolves in the area and as dusk fell they were about to head back to their stockade as the accident happened.

The party, realising what will happen to an injured man at night in Goblin country, immediately agree to help, except for ~~Andrea~~ Talon who argues vociferously that they should let the guy die horribly whilst simultaneously terrorising the young boy. The others, shocked at such contemptible behaviour overrule the miserable git and lead the, by now, sobbing boy they head off into the forest as the snow begins to fall.

They find the clearing in about 45 minutes as the snow begins to fall more heavily. There is indeed a man trapped under a huge fir tree. He thanks the group and introduces himself as Gearad, a craftsman from the nearby stockade settlement of Fitzgrey but reminds them of their danger, both from the elements and the goblins.

"I heard 'em drummin' and howlin' a while back. They're gonna tear through here like wildfire. If you can't yank me free, take the boy an' head for the stockade!"

Our noble friends are determined to free him and set to work immediately. A short while later they become aware of the sound of distant drums pounding a menacing pulse.

As Bumbletum wriggles through the branches to Gearad, various strategies for moving the tree are bandied about and several good ideas ignored until they decide upon using two large logs to lever the tree off the trapped man. After sawing off the branches on the side of the tree nearest them, the party heave mightily but notice that the tree is prevented from moving by the branches on the other side. At this moment the clerics notice that the drums have stopped and to make matters worse it is now very dark. With a renewed urgency the party saw and hack off the remaining branches and heave again, this time mightily enough to roll the tree off the trapped man, who is quickly loaded onto their supply sled which is hitched to the mule. As they attempt to leave the clearing they are greeted by a rush attack of 3 Worgs, ridden by 2 Goblins each.

A melee ensues during which the poor mule gets the worst of the Goblins' "drive-by shooting" attacks. Worg number 1 escapes into the woods leaving its second Goblin on the ground for a strolling Academius to finish off as our brave chaps attempt to struggle past the crazed mule. Fortunately Ozone manages to free the beast and a bout of weapon dropping ensues where the Goblins get a hit or two on party members. Bumbletum casts a quick entangle and manages to catch 1 Worg and 1 Goblin in the writhing mass, and trip the other one, throwing its Goblin riders at Ozone's feet. While the others hack and slash at the now standing (growling, slaving etc etc) Worg, Academius takes up position near the entangled Worg and starts to thump it for a fair bit of damage with his mace. Unfortunately after a few minutes at this pleasant pursuit the entangle spell grabs his mace and the cleric with it – Oh Dear!

Meanwhile the others have finished off the Worg and the 2 Goblins (Ozone also managing to throw his Axe at the mule, nearly doing it in as well) and after a quick CLW from Bumbletum, come to join in the entangled Worg. They manage to do for the Worg but the entangle spell lifts their weapons in the process. As a kind-hearted Bumbletum CLW's the grateful Mule (much to "animal-lover" Talon's irritation), a sweaty 5 minutes is spent defenceless, just waiting for the spell to expire. Academius CLW's somebody (can't remember who) for a massive 1hp and fortunately nothing untoward happens and they retrieve their weapons just as the drums begin again!

Reason for XP	Talon	Blok	Ozone	Bumbletum	Academius
Opponents	80	80	80	80	80
Spells				80	20
Proficiencies					
Ideas	10	20	20	10	
Problem Solving					
Role Play	10	20	20	10	10
Treasure					
Finishing					
Fun Factor	10	10	20	10	10
Total (This session)	110	130	140	190	120
Grand Total	110	130	140	190	120

DM's Notes:-

Malcolm – CLW stands for Cure Light Wounds (spell)

Melee combat XP was shared out since you were all involved.

House Rules :-

Treasure XP is to be equally divided between all party members unless there are circumstances where an individual is wholly or mostly responsible for recovering the treasure. In this case the character will receive a larger proportion of the XP than the rest of the party.

Creatures killed or defeated in battle earn XP for the character. In the case of a group action where the group as a whole is responsible for the defeat the XP will be shared.

Standard CLW's cast in unremarkable circumstances score 10XP. CLW's cast in combat get more according to how sweaty the situation is.

Clerical Turn Undead scores a base 100XP as use of a power, however bonuses can be awarded for spectacular dice rolling or cunning use of the ability. The XP is recorded as a spell.