Lbgiterature Final

Eric Gulotty JR.

Literature

Ms. Derdiger

My name is Arjhan, I am a dragonborn. I live in the town of Hillton, a rather large and prosperous town. I work at the only magic shop in town, the only reason I even have this job is probably the fact that I am a sorcerer, and I am the only person that knows anything about any magic items in this town. The people of Hillton like “real”, “non- magical” stuff that seems “normal”. It’s a miracle that the store is still in business. Anyways, it’s my job, I guess that I should be grateful that I even have a job, people in Hillton fear anything that they don’t consider normal, and a banished dragonborn with a short temper definitely is not on their “normal” list. When I walk through the street, people look at me with either looks of fear or looks of hate, I’m used to those looks now, but it still annoys me.

When I was walking on the road to work would be a good example, I passed a human family of four, laughing and smiling as they walked down the road. When they saw me, all of their smiles vanished from their faces, the father stood in front of his family, as if that was going to somehow protect the rest of his family if a actually wanted to kill them. As a copper Dragonborn (I am a descendant of a copper dragon) I have the ability to spew acid through my mouth, instantly killing anyone who is in range and can’t dodge in time. I don’t use it often, but I use it when I have to.

Anyways, I went to work, nobody showed up at the store today, as usual, I do wonder how the store even makes money. Most magic items don’t really have an expiration date, so I guess that they could be on the shelves for ever and still have the same effect on you when you use them. And that would mean that it would be much harder for the store to lose money because they could just keep the same items on the shelf forever, and never have to worry about losing money because the potions expire.

After work, I went home, I live in the less wealthy part of town. In a small shack in a dark ally, the reason I say it’s a dark ally is because, even on the brightest of days, the alleyway is always, and I mean always, no matter what, dark. My house/ shack does not have much furniture, I have a bed to one side, a wardrobe to the other, next to my bed is my nightstand, and all the way in the back is my shower.

 After a quick shower, I decided to go to bed. The next day, I heard a knock on the door. I was still tired and just sort of groaned. Rarely do I ever get any visitors, most of the people living here know who I am and avoid my house. So this was rather surprising. Then a voice that sounded like a child’s said, “Mr. Zealous, are you there?”

I rolled out of bed, and straightened my clothes and said, “Coming!”

Then I walked to the door. When I opened it, I saw a teenager standing there, in his hand was something that looked like a letter. He was dressed in simple clothes, and he looked like the son of a typical family in Hillton, so why he was running around sending letters really perplexed me.

“Are you Mr. Zealous?” he asked.

“Yes I am.” I replied, Zealous was the last name given to me by my clan, when I came to Hillton, I decided to use it as my last name. I don’t know why, but I did.

The teenager held out the letter, “A letter for you, sir.” he said.

I took the letter, on the envelop, in very fancy script that I had never seen before, was my name and address. This sort of creeped me out, because I didn’t even know that my shack had an official address. There was no address in the letter saying where it came from or who sent it. So I asked the kid, “Do you by any chance know who sent this letter?”

“No” he said and shook his head, “A man in simple clothes came very early in the morning and gave me this, he said to give it to the recipient, and he would pay me for the job.”

“Okay, thanks for coming.” I said, the teenager quickly ran out of the alley, right before he was gone for good, he turned and yelled, “Remember to give the letter to the guy up front” Then he disappeared before I could say a word

I closed the door, I put the letter on my nightstand. I decided to think about it later. After work, I came home and opened the letter. The letter was written in the same fancy script that was on the envelop. The letter asked me to go to the Red Orc Inn for a private meeting. It also talked about a one-time only job opportunity, the pay was listed at the bottom. When I saw it, I almost screamed out loud, the amount listed was enough for me to live off my whole life. With just that reason, I showed up the Red Orc Inn. There was a fancy carriage parked up front, standing at the door was a guard. I took out the letter and gave it to the guard, he looked it over. Then he nodded, gave me the letter and opened the door, when he opened the door I noticed that there was a piece of paper that read, “Closed, private meeting.” When I entered sitting at the large table in the center, were four humanoids. They were engaged in a conversation. One of the four looked in my direction, he was well dressed in expensive clothes, he looked like a noble, and I decided that he must be the owner of the carriage in front. He stood and held out his hand, “Sir Tobias Dalton, at your service.”

I shook his hand and said, “Arjhan Zealous, at yours.”

After him, a gnome came up to me, he was not as well dressed, and he looked a bit dirty, he was wearing a belt, clipped to it was what looked like a set of keys. He also held out his hand and said, “Finn, at your service.”

“Arjhan, at yours.”

Next came a halfling, he was dressed in normal clothes and was holding a crossbow. He said, “Pete the Pious, nice to meet you.”

“Nice to meet you too, my name’s Arjhan.” I replied.

The only person I hadn’t met yet was a dwarf sitting at the table, enjoying some beer.

“His name is Marble,” said Pete, “Aside from that, we don’t know much about him, I heard that he is also deaf.”

I decided to find a way to say hi to him later. I sat at the table where the group was sitting at had a short conversation, through which I learned that Tobias, or Sir Tobias, was actually a noble trying to become a paladin and came to try to “help”. I also learned that Finn was a poor gnome who was a fisherman, but then he became a thief because he couldn’t make enough money being fisherman. He came for the reward, just like me, and he was hoping that he can escape his current financial position through the reward. Pete is a cleric who came not just to help, but also the reward. Just when I was about to tell my backstory, the door suddenly swung open. In came a man dressed in clothes even more expensive than Tobias’s, he came to our table and said, “Hello and thank you all for coming today, my name is Toward Damaran.” He looked in Tobias’s direction and nodded, “You’re a Dalton, right?” he asked.

“Indeed I am.” said Tobias. He extended his hand and the two shook hands for a moment. Then Toward turned to us.

“So, I know all of you want to know why you’re all here, and I bet you all have seen the reward on the letter. So I’m just gonna tell you right now what I need you to do. But first, I should give you guys a bit of a backstory first, then you’ll know why you’re here. So, there’s this thing called Frostfire Wine, if you’ve never heard of it, it’s this amazing wine that is literally, and I mean literally, the best wine there is. People will do anything to get their hands on a bottle of Frostfire Wine. And this is where you guys come in. In the eastern regions of the Silver Woods, there is a Halfling settlement led by Silvia Hobblenoble. Her ancestors were the creators of the Frostfire Wine and are the only ones who know the recipie. So here’s what I need you to do, I need you guys to go over there, and get me some Frostfire Wine. When you come back, then you’ll get your reward.” He said.

“Okay, but I have one question,” I said, “Why can’t you just go yourself, why do you need us?” I gestured around the table.

After my question, Toward seem to grow a bit uncomfortable.

“He can’t,” Tobias said, looking at Toward, “his family has a bad history with the Hobblenoble family.”

“Then why,” Finn asked, “do you need us, a bunch of ragtag nobodies, to do the job for you. What I mean here is that, what guarantee is there that we will get the wine. How do you know that we won’t get turned down.”

“Well, I do know that Silvia is fighting a war,” Toward said, “You could offer your help in the war in exchange for the wine.”

“So you’re paying us to be mercenaries for someone else for some wine?” I asked.

“Unless you have a better way to get your hands on some Frostfire Wine.” Toward replied,“Here’s the deal,” He continued, “in exactly one month’s time, we will be meeting right here do discuss the final group, you have a month to make up your mind. If you decide to join, you will come here and sign a contract. And if you successfully retrieve the wine, you will get the pay.” Saying each of his last words slowly, and with that final statement, he turned and left.

After a long silence, I decided to say, “I’m sorry, but being a mercenary just isn’t what I was imagining when I decided to come here.” After that I stood up and turned to leave, but Tobias stopped me.

“Please think about it.” He said, “Without you, we can’t form a team.”

I nodded, and with one last look at the group sitting at the table, I turned and left. The sky outside had turned dark already, with a sigh, I turned and walked in the direction of my home.

I had a lot to think about that night, and I decided that I would go to the woods tomorrow and figure this out. Not many people know this, but I actually love being in the forest, for some unknown reason I like to be there. So the next day there I was, in the forest , thinking about the talk I had last night and then I heard a chant. Now I’ve been in those woods several times, and I can tell you that I have never heard anything like that before. Instantly I went in the direction of the chant, and before I knew it, I was in front of an old dragonborn. He was holding on to a staff and chanting. And as he chanted, runes seemed to generate from him, randomly float around and then disappear. I stood there for a long time, just standing there in awe. Finally he noticed me. He stopped his chant and the runes stopped generating from his body. He looked toward me and said, “Do you need any help, young man?” He asked. He didn’t seem to be surprised that I was a dragonborn, or that I just stood there for what seemed like forever listening to him chant.

“No, sir.” I said, “Sir, are you a magic user?”

“Indeed I am, a sorcerer, too.” he replied, “Are you interested in magic and magic usage?”

I was very surprised when he said that he was also a sorcerer, for the longest time I had always thought that I was the only dragonborn sorcerer in these parts, I never thought that a would actually meet another one. Finally I said, “I am a sorcerer too sir, though I am very inexperienced.” I don’t use my sorcerer abilities very often, and thus I can’t really control my abilities yet. I have only used them when I am very, very, very, angry or I am in a desperate situation. Like a few years ago, I fried a few punks how were trying to rob me, I burned them and sent them running for their mommies. Just when I was thinking about this, the sorcerer spoke. “Very well,” he said, “I would like to test your skills, I am now challenging you to a sorcerer’s duel, do you accept?”

I was pretty sure that he was going to make me look like a total fool during this battle, but I still wanted to test my skills nonetheless. “I accept your challenge.” I said. Even though I had no idea what a “Sorcerer’s Duel” was.

“Then let me explain the rules, I will draw two magic circles, thirty feet apart, five feet in diameter. One for each of us. We will each stand in our own circles and take turns attacking and defending ourselves against each other’s spells. The first person to be knocked out of their circle is defeated.” Then he started quickly drawing the circles. When the circles were finished, I stepped in one and he stepped on one. Then he lightly tapped his staff on the ground, suddenly the circles started to glow. Right then a thought hit me, “What’s stopping us from killing each other by accident?” I asked.

“Don’t worry, young man,” he said, “the circles are here for this purpose, if one of us manages to deal a killing blow, the circles will protect us and will change color. Indicating that one of us has been defeated.”

“But can we harm each other?”

“Yes and no, if you can’t defend yourself in time, the circle will absorb most of the damage and turn it into a force that pushes you back. The more damage that is absorbed by the circle, the stronger the push will be.”

“Okay.” I said, “Do you want to attack first?”

“I would love to,” he said, “but why don’t you give it a try first.”

I stood in what I thought was a good battle stance and thought that I would start with something simple.

For those of you who don’t know how a sorcerer’s power work, I would say that it’s sort of this thing where you can tap into this pool of power. The more powerful you are, the more power you can withdraw from the pool. The more you withdraw, the more powerful your spells become, I have heard that some sorcerers have become so strong that they can instantly kill someone just by uttering a word. You also have to be very careful when drawing power too, if you try to pull too much, more than you can withstand, you can burn up. I have heard terrifying stories of sorcerers literally burning up and turning into ashes. As I said before, I am not very experienced and cannot draw a lot from that pool of power.

I decided to throw a fire bolt, it acts much like a fireball, but is much smaller and deals less damage. I put my hands over my head, palms facing each other, and I imagined a fireball growing there, becoming larger and larger by the second. I felt the intense heat coming from the fire bolt, but I knew I could not harm me. Sorcerers cannot be harmed by spells that they conjure. When I felt that the fire bolt was large enough, I threw it with all my might towards the other sorcerer. As the ball of fire streaked toward him, I saw no signs of worry on his face, he just simply raised his staff and swiped through the air. I could swear I saw a purplish light ripple before him as the fireball made impact. The impact caused a cloud of smoke to form and I thought that I had done some serious damage, but when the smoke cleared, all I saw was the old dragonborn standing there, not a single hint of damage on his body.

“So that is the effect of the circles?” I asked.

“No, No, that was the effect of my own spell” he replied, and then he smiled, “That was not a bad first try, young man, but you still have much to learn.”

Just out of curiosity, I asked, “Sir, how long have you been a sorcerer?”

“Well, I didn’t choose to be a sorcerer, the life of a sorcerer choose me.” He replied, the he continued to say “You can’t just choose to be a sorcerer, like being a wizard, a bard or a monk. Something very important must’ve happened in your life, some major event, that granted you access to the powers of a sorcerer. It could be a drip of a dragon’s blood that runs in your veins, it could be a power that has been passed down from generation to generation, it could be anything, to be honest.”

It took me a while to process that information, I thought about it for a while, and I realized that I never *choose* to be a sorcerer. It was just sort of this feeling that I always had, that I never could understand until now.

Suddenly the old dragonborn spoke, “Now is my turn, are you ready?”

I got into my “battle stance” and nodded. He trust his palm out toward me, from his hand three balls of intense heat formed and streaked toward me with extreme speed. I barely had time to react. The only thing I had time to do is raise my hands in self-defence, to my extreme surprise, a wall of purplish light formed before me absorbing the damage of two of the balls. One of them still got through, and just when I thought it was going to blast me to ashes. The circle turned a shade of bright yellow and the ball stopped a few inches from my chest, I could feel the intense heat radiating from the ball. I watched in awe as the ball slowly dissipated and sizzled into nothingness, then suddenly an invisible force pushed me back, hard too. I must’ve flown at least a good ten feet before landing hard on my back. I sat up groaning, my back felt like it was smashed and then set on fire. I looked across the field where the challenge took place, there was no sign of burning fiery heat missiles or bright shining circles. The old dragonborn walked over and helped me up, after he checked and made sure I was okay, he said, “Sorry, I forgot to introduce myself, my name is Lusolth.” Then he asked, “What is your name, young man?”

I was still a bit shaken, but I managed to say, “Arjhan… Arjhan Zealous.”

After that he took me back to his cottage, it was a small house constructed out of wood at the edge of the forest. The interior was also very simple, with only one bed, a simple dining table and a couple of chairs, and there was also a fireplace across the room from the bed. Next to his bed was a nightstand, there was a tiny kitchen to a corner, near the fireplace. After he gave me a short tour around, we exchanged backstories, I told him about the band of misfits and their quest for the Frostfire Wine. I also told him how I got banished from my clan, and how I got to Hillton. He told me a brief backstory about himself, how he got banished for being different and causing accidents, how he harnessed his powers in the woods, and finally, he told me about the wondrous adventures that he embarked as a sorcerer, and the rewards that he got out of them. After a long talk, I asked him about helping me harness my powers, I also needed his wisdom if I were to go on this quest.

For the following month I spent most of my day training with Lusolth, attempting to harness my powers and learning how to act in different, life-threatening situations. By the end of the month, I had become much stronger than I was before, but I was still nowhere near the power of Lusolth. On the day when the contract signing was supposed to take place, I said farewell to Lusolth, and I promised him, if I lived, that I would come back and finish my training. Then I set out for the Red Orc Inn. When I got to the inn, it looked exactly like the day the group first met. With Tobias’s carriage parked up front, when I entered, I saw the guys sitting at the center table, chatting away. Tobias noticed me first. He said, “Hey! Nice to see you, I see that you have decided to come.”

“Yeah,” I replied, “but I better get my reward for doing this, or I’m gonna be a real angry dragonborn.”

Tobias patted me on the shoulder, “Don’t worry,” he said, “Toward is a man of his word, you’ll get your reward.”

At that moment Toward entered the inn, “Hello everyone,” he said, pulling out a document, “hope you’re all ready for some contract-signing.” He handed each of us a piece of paper.

I read over the document, there was nothing to it, just a bunch of details that state this and that, the two things that I cared about was what we had to get done, and what our reward was. After a quick scan, I looked at the other group members, Finn looked eager to sign, Tobias and Pete had no expressions, Marble looked very confused, but that was expected. I looked at everyone at the table, and said, “So, a raise of hands, who wants to sign?” Every person raised their hand, while Marble looked confused. After a long confusing explanation, Marble seemed to understand the reason why we all were there and agreed to sign. After the signing of the contracts, Toward sent us to the edge of the woods, “From now on,” he said, “ you are on your own. Remember, find Silvia, get the wine, come home, and you get your money. Good luck gentlemen.” He gave us a wave and turned his horse and left.

I had prepared a pack filled with rations and water, I brought a staff that Lusolth had given to me, a also carried two knives, I doubted that I would ever need to use them, but I thought, better to be prepared than not, right? Compared to Pete and Tobias, who were both wearing heavy armor, I was relatively unprotected. Spell casters can’t wear any armor, I find it annoying, but if we wear armor, we can’t cast any spells.

Our walk through the forest was rather quiet, we were not attacked by anything, which was a relief. After a day’s walk or two, we came to a sign with an elf with a crazy smile and pointing forwards, underneath that the sign read, “Frog Meadow, this way” I turned to my companions, “What do you expect ahead.” I asked no one in particular.

“Don’t know,” Pete replied, “judging from this sign, we can expect anything from elves to orcs.”

“Let’s just continue on and hope they’re friendly” Tobias said.

 After about half a day’s walk, we arrived at Frog Meadow. The meadow was completely quiet, other then some croaking frogs, the meadow seemed uninhabited.

“Do you think anyone lives here?” Finn asked.

“Well,” Tobias started to reply, “I think judging from the road that leads in there, and the well maintained grounds, that there should be people here.” He said, pointing as he talked.

After hearing what Tobias said, I decided to look closely and, sure enough, the grass was well trimmed along the path leading into the meadow, the trees were well tended to and seemed to exactly the same distance apart.

I asked, “Who thinks we should go down the path?”

“I see nothing wrong with it” said Tobias.

“Me neither.” Pete replied.

Finn also looked fine with the idea, just he didn’t say a word and was studying the trees. Marble was the only one who didn’t seem to like this place, being a dwarf, he would like dark, underground places, not nice, beautiful paths leading into a meadow.

Tobias decided to take the lead, with Pete following him, then came me, behind me was Marble while Finn brought up the rear. After about half an hour, we came to a crossroad, two paths lead off from there. One seemed to be going further into the meadow, the other seemed to be going out.

“Does anyone want to leave now?” Tobias asked.

No one responded, so we kept going into the meadow. After about another half hour, we came to what looked to me like a blacksmith hut. I was a hut roughly twice the size of my house, there was a three stump with an axe embedded into it, and a pile of cut wood next to it. There was a chimney on the roof, which was one of the reasons why I thought it was a blacksmith hut. The door was closed, but there were no signs of anyone inside.

“Look,” Tobias was pointing at some trees, “there are some signs engraved on the trees.”

I took a closer look toward the trees that Tobias was pointing at, and I noticed some signs carved into the trees saying, “blacksmith hut, beware of fire” and a bunch of other warnings like that. What really puzzled me is that the signs were written in common, as far as I knew, no humans lived this deep in the woods. So why the signs were written in common, I had no idea.

Pete spoke up at this time, “Are we just going to stand here all day or are we going to check this out?”

Finn took a step forward and said, “I’ll lead the way, let’s go guys.” He started walking toward the hut. None of us noticed as we left that Marble had went missing.

We naturally formed a semicircle at the front door of the hut. Tobias took a step forward and knocked on the door. A voice came from inside calling, “Coming!” In a few seconds, the door swung open, an elf was standing in the doorway. He looked middle aged, which would be around 150 years old for an elf, but they’re fey creatures, so it’s hard to tell. He was wearing a large apron that was smeared with oil and grime, on his apron were multiple pockets built for holding various tools.

“Now what brought you guys here?” the elf asked.

“Hello kind sir,” Tobias said, “we are travellers headed to the east, towards the halfling settlement run by the Hobblenoble family.”

“Aye, the halflings you say? They’ve been fighting a tough war, much worse than it is here.” the elf replied.

“Sir, may I ask, who are the halflings fighting?” Tobias asked, “And are you fighting the here, too? How bad is it, we would love to help.” I nudged Tobias a bit, I knew that he wants to help, being a paladin and all, but I didn’t want him to offer our help to every single person in distress. Because there are a lot of problems on the road to the halfling settlement, if we helped everyone, we could encounter a monster we can’t defeat. We could be killed before we even join the big fight.

“The goblins, they are fighting the goblins.” The elf was speaking again, “The goblins have wanted to destroy the halfling settlement for centuries. Now they’re attacking us, too, extremely annoying, they are. They can’t cause any damage to us, not with the way they’re attacking, but there is a possibility… Nah, goblins with them, impossible!” The way he said the last part was more like he was reassuring himself than talking to us.

“Sir, is there any way that we could help?” Tobias asked.

The ef seemed to miss his question, he appeared to be worrying about something.

“Sir?” Tobias asked again.

“Oh, yes?” The elf snapped out of the dazed state he was in, he then said, “Sorry, that I’ve kept you waiting outside, come, come.” he started pushing us inside. The interior of the hut was what I thought a typical blacksmith hut would look like, there were weapons on anvils, large chunks of metal were piled in various places. The elf pushed us towards the back door of the hut. Behind the hut there was a huge table along with several chairs.

“Come, sit, please.” The elf gestured toward the table, “I used to hold parties here, but now everyone’s so tense, no one is in the mood for parties, everyone’s focused on the war.” He seemed very sad about that fact. Then his smile returned. “You guys just wait here, I’ll get ya’ll some tea.” And then he rushed back into the hut.

“Since when did elves like to party?” I whispered to Tobias.

“I don’t know, you never know with elves.” Tobias replied.

The elf came back with a tray holding a kettle of tea, next to the kettle were several cups. He put the cups on the table, one for each of us, including himself, then he filled them with tea. I’m not a big fan of tea, so I drank my cup in small sips.

“Sir,” Pete asked, “can we offer our help in any way?”

“Well, you could help us in holding off the goblins in Sorrow Grove,” the elf replied, “they have been our biggest problem.”

“No problem, we’ll set out first thing in the morning tomorrow.” Tobias said.

“How can we take them out once and for all? Because we can’t afford to take too much time fighting endless waves of goblins.” I asked, I wasn’t liking where this was going.

“Well, I do know that those goblins are led by a bugbear, take him out, and they should not be able to operate for a long time.” The elf said.

“Okay,” Tobias said, “sir, do by any chance know where we can stay for the night?”

“Oh yes,” the elf replied, “if you go down the road leading into the meadow, there should be a tavern. It’s run by a good friend of mine, tell him that Adoben sent you, he should give you a discount.”

We thanked him and left, promising that we would help attack the goblins of Sorrow Grove the next day. It was not until we got to the part where we first spotted the blacksmith hut did we realize that Marble was missing. Turns out that he didn’t want to go into the blacksmith hut and started carving warning signs out of nearby rocks. By the time we got to him he already had a dozen little signs littered around him.

We walked down the main path, looking for the tavern that Adoben was talking about. It was hard to miss, aside from the dozens of signs that pointed in it’s direction. It was also huge, and I mean huge. It was several stories tall, made using wood and stone, it was magnificent to look at.

“Wow, that is huge.” Finn said in awe. Marble studied the rocks with intrest.

“Shall we?” Tobias gestured toward the door. I walked forward and opened it. The second we entered, the whole building went silent. Elves occupied almost every table in the tavern, some were in armor, some were not, but they all looked deadly serious. The armor the elves were wearing was made of several golden plates linked together through different kinds of straps, on top of the armor of the elves were leaves, which I found very interesting. Marble was snickering, no doubt at the armor of the elves. Being a dwarf, of course he would think the elves’ armor looked dumb.

Tobias stepped forward and said, “Hello, my friends, we’re here to help, we are going to attack the goblins in Sorrow Grove, and kill their leader.”

One of the elves spoke up, “Good luck with that!” That got a bunch of laughs.

“Adoben sent us.” Tobias said.

Suddenly the bartender looked up, “Adoben sent you?” He motioned for us to walk over.

When we got to the bar, conversations resumed, and it was like we didn’t exist.

“How’s Adoben doing?” the bartender asked when we made it to the bar, “I don’t see him much anymore, you know, with the war preparations and all, he’s always pressed for new weapons.”

“Adoben is fine.” Tobias said, “He said we could stay here for the night, before we set out for the Sorrow Grove.”

“Okay,” the bartender replied, “you can stay here, but before you enter Sorrow Grove, remember, a great evil lurks there, all the elves that have fought there say the same thing. Some even swear that they saw a humanoid shape made of black smoke commanding the army, so I would be carefull if I were you.”

He told us which room that we would be staying in, and the next day we were on our way to Sorrow Grove. I was anxious to test my powers, but I was also nervous because of what the bartender said about a lurking evil the night before.

When we got to the grove, it was misty and visibility was low. While we searched for traces of a goblin army, we heard a voice cry, “YAAKAAKAA!!” Suddenly the mist cleared, in front of us were about twenty goblins, they formed a loose circle around a campfire, standing behind the goblins, was a bugbear, shouting orders. I didn’t really think about it until then, but bugbears are actually pretty ugly, they look generally like bears, but they really look like a superfit human crossed with a bear with oversized claws. Their faces are pretty ugly too, they look like a bear’s head crossed with a goblin’s. This one was not in a good mood. He yelled an order, and the goblins attacked. Tobias took on two, Pete pulled out his crossbow and attacked from far away. Finn started moving around the enemy, I think he wanted to outflank them. I saw three goblins coming my way and I ran forward. At that moment I saw Pete fire and hit a goblin square in the chest, the goblin let out a screech of horror and fell to the ground, dead. Pete reloaded and looked for his next enemy. I was almost at the goblins, Tobias was far in front, bashing away at the two goblins that stood before him. The goblins that were targeting me pulled their weapons, two had scimitars and one had a long sword. I decided to try this little trick that I had been practicing with Lusolth, I put my hands together, palms facing the ground with thumbs touching. The goblins were almost within attacking range now, they were only five feet away, tops. I felt the power surging through me, I closed my eyes and imagined the effects of the spell. Suddenly I opened my eyes, a wave of flames sprouted from my fingertips and engulfed the attacking goblins, goblins are nimble creatures that can dodge attacks easily, but his attack took them completely by surprise. All three goblins screamed as the flames started to burn them, they ran wildly across the battlefield until they finally collapsed, dead. The next goblin wave planning to attack hesitated for a bit, allowing me to advance on them. Before they knew it, I was on them, from my mouth I spit out deadly acid that caused them goblins to disintegrate. By that time most goblins that were going to attack me decided to retreat and find other targets, this gave me a chance to look around the battlefield.

Tobias was holding up well against the goblins, destroying wave after wave with his longsword. Pete had gone melee, the goblins had gotten too close to him for him to use his crossbow, and so he took out his scimitar and began fighting with that. Finn was nowhere to be seen, being a thief, that was his thing, but every time I saw a goblin fall to the ground with a surprised look on it’s face, I knew that he had been there. Marble was hard to locate, but eventually I spotted him clapping his hands, I thought that he had gone insane until I saw what happened to the goblins around him. Every goblin that got close was blasted back every time he clapped, and I heard the vague sound of thunder in the distance, no doubt caused by his spell.

Eventually the goblin army was reduced to a few goblins and the bugbear, the bugbear was still yelling orders, but he was not joining the fight. Finally there were only five goblins left, the bugbear did not show any sign of fear, instead, he lifted his weapon. It was a ten foot long mace, just a foot taller than the nine feet tall bugbear. After lifting his weapon, the bugbear charged at Tobias. What happened next was unexpected and pretty terrifying, for the bugbear, not me.

Tobias swung his longsword full circle, going from his waist behind his back, then the sword came crashing down on the bugbear. The moment the sword made contact, Tobias glowed with a bright blue light. Then, out of the clear blue sky, came a flash of lightning along with a huge boom of thunder. Both of which dealt massive damage to the bugbear. The strike knocked the bugbear to the ground, the bugbear tried to stand back up, but Pete put a crossbow bolt through him and he fell to the ground, dead. The rest of the goblins either surrendered or started to run, the ones that decided to run were able to get away, most of them. Just as one of the goblins was about to disappear into the woods, I was able to shoot a firebolt at him, it turned out to be a fatal blow, as the moment he was hit, he fell to the ground, unmoving. We tied the rest of the goblins up and were going to hang them over the fire, but Tobias had issues with his faith and thus, we couldn’t hang the goblins. Eventually we decided to tie all the goblins to a tree and leave them there for the elves.

After we dealt with the goblins, we finally had a chance to rest, I didn’t realize how tired I was until I sat down to rest. Pete checked all of us and decided to cast a healing spell on all of us, it took him ten minutes to prepare, but the effects were amazing, I watched in awe as the cuts and wounds in my body slowly closed, until they were nothing but scars, then they turned into minor scratches, then they disappeared completely. I instantly felt much better. After Pete made sure that I was alright, I walked over to where Tobias was sitting.

“How did you that?” I asked him.

“Do what?” Tobias looked puzzled.

“That thing with the lightning and the thunder.” I said.

“Oh that,” Tobias looked at the ground, “I guess it’s just part of my ‘divine powers’.”

“Your ‘divine powers’?” Now I was confused.

“When I first pledged myself to become a paladin in the name of Bahamut, the dragon god of good and lawful ways, the priests of the Bahamut gave me connection to the god through a ceremony. Think of it as a spot light. The more I follow the ways of Bahamut and do good, the more the light of the god’s power shines on me. If I do anything that doesn’t follow the ways of Bahamut, the light moves away from me. That light, is where I get my ‘divine powers’.” Tobias explained.

“Okay, so how do you choose what spells you use and not use?” I asked.

“When I hit the bugbear, I felt a surge of power flow through me, I felt the power of Bahamut. Then, I saw lightning and thunder, and I channeled the power through me and into the bugbear, the power transformed into lightning and thunder. That, is how I cast my ‘spells’.” Tobias said.

“Oh.” I said, not really knowing what to say next. The two of us were silent for a while as we watched Pete tend the wounds of Marble and Finn. Eventually he walked over and said, “Shall we keep going?”

After a quick talk, we agreed that we should get to the halfling settlement first, then we will be able to rest and think about our next move.

After a day’s walk, we could hear the marching of armies and the sound of two armies fighting. When we got to the top of a hill a few miles away from the settlement, we could finally see it. Huge amounts of goblins were attacking the settlement, the settlement itself was a large hill, with many smaller hills around it, broken walls seemed to surround the settlement. From several different parts of the broken wall fire seemed to spread.

“It sure isn’t looking good for the halflings.” Finn said.

“How are we going to enter if the settlement is surrounded by goblins and fire?” I asked.

“Well, we could try to enter through gaps in the goblin’s lines.” Pete suggested.

“Yes, but I think we should try to get a closer look to see what’s going on, then make a plan.” Tobias said.

We agreed to move first and then make a plan when we had a better idea of what’s going on. As we moved closer to the settlement, the fighting noises got louder. I tried not to focus on that and focus on the forest. There was almost no more wildlife left in the forest because of the raging war, and the trees seemed to be in a worse shape the closer we got to the battle. I didn’t want to think about how long it would take for the forest to return to its original shape again. It was really depressing, looking at all of the smashed trees, it made me angry, war doesn’t just harm the people participating in it, it also destroys anything that is in it’s path.

Eventually we made it to the tip of a huge hill, from there, we could see the whole settlement. From there, I could see the broken walls better. There was something odd about them though, something that I thought was very unusual. The walls seemed to be the exact same distance apart, and in between them, there seemed to be spikes between them. Upon a closer look, they turned out to be battlements, just with no wall in between them. In front of the battlements there were many lines that I thought were trenches, and the trenches seemed to be the source of the fire. From inside the trenches, fire blasted outward, burning anything in their path to ash.

“Look!” Pete yelled, “Hobgoblins!”

“Impossible!” Tobias cried, “Hobgoblins never work with goblins.”

“This is really bad.” Pete sunk behind a rock.

“Why is this bad?” I asked, “And what are hobgoblins?”

“Think about the goblin family as a pyramid,” Pete popped out from behind his rock, “hobgoblins are at the top. Which means they are the strongest, and the best fighters.”

“And where are the goblins in this pyramid?” I asked.

“They are at the very, very bottom, they are the weakest of the bunch.” Tobias explained.

“And you guys are saying that hobgoblins never work with goblins? To do anything?” Now Finn joined the conversation.

“Well,” Pete had to think about it, “only in very desperate situations where hobgoblins have to work with goblins.”

“Would this be considered a desperate situation?” I asked, I wasn’t looking forward to fighting these hobgoblins, and I hate to admit it, but I was pretty scared.

“For the goblin family, sieges are big events, but I wouldn’t call them ‘desperate situations’.” Tobias said, scratching his chin.

“Then why are they working together, what’s the reason?” Finn asked, I wanted to ask the same thing, but I was afraid of the possible answer.

“The only reason,” Pete had almost disappeared under the rock, his voice was shaky, and he looked terrified, “would be that there is a stronger commander, forcing them to work together. This commander has to be stronger than any hobgoblin, and he or she has to be a nearly unstoppable force.”

After hearing what Pete said, I wanted to sink behind a rock too. Our mission seemed impossible, how were we going to stop a nearly unstoppable force?

“It’s okay guys,” Tobias was doing his best to try and calm us down, “those stories are just legends, there is no goblins commander that is an unstoppable force.” He then continued, “We should try to get to the Hobblenobles first, then find out how we can get the wine, and then get out of there.” He made it sound so easy I wanted to believe him.

“I agree,” Finn spoke up, “we should finish our mission.”

I peered over the thick trees surrounding the settlement, in most areas, the smoke was thick and the sounds of battling armies were loud. I kept looking, to the far, far, right of the main force, there seemed to be a gap in the armies.

“Look!” I yelled at the others, pointing at the gap that I saw.

“There seems to be no one there.” Tobias said.

“Okay, do you guys want to enter from there?” Pete asked.

“I don’t see a problem with that.” Finn said.

Eventually we decided to go around the battle at night, and in the early morning, we would sneak through the gap.

When we got to where we thought the gap was, there were several humanoids and a couple of campfires.

“Are you sure this is the break in the line?” Finn asked quietly when we got to a hiding spot.

“Compared to other parts of the battle? Yes, this is a break in their lines.” I replied.

“ How to we plan to get past them then?” Pete asked.

“We have two options,” I said, “one, is to attack and kill this force here, but that most likely will draw more forces and our presence will be known. The other option we have is to just sneak past them and hope that the halflings don’t blast us with fire.”

“I think option two is better.” Tobias said.

“I’ll go first and scout, I’ll tell you if it’s safe.” Finn said, being a thief, he was the stealthiest in the group. Then he disappeared into the thick bush. After a few minutes, Finn emerged from the bushes, “All clear, follow me.” he said.

I was the first one to follow Finn, so I didn’t have a very clear idea about what was going on behind me. I was pretty stealthy as I followed Finn, so I was able to focus more on the force we were avoiding. By one of the campfires, there were five goblins, two were having an argument, the other three were either sleeping or resting. The creatures at the other campfire were much more menacing than the goblins, there were two hobgoblins. That was the first time in my life that I ever looked at a hobgoblin. They looked like goblins, but seemed much more intelligent and were much bigger. They also were wearing much better armor than goblins. At that moment, I heard the bang of armor behind me, no doubt Tobias. I heard Pete’s voice warning for Tobias to be careful. I kept moving, hoping that we still we not seen. After what seemed like eternity of moving through bushes, me and Finn reached a hiding area. There we were in between the halflings and the goblins. From there we could see the goblins better, and there I noticed something unusual. There seemed to be a bugbear chained to several large rocks, then the beast turned its head, and I heard Finn gasp.

“That’s an owlbear!” He said with a small voice.

“Is it bad?” I asked, I didn’t want this thing to expose us.

“Owlbears are usually not that aggressive,” Finn explained, “this one must’ve been in the area and was captured.”

“What for?” An idea was slowly starting to form in my head.

“That is beyond me.” Finn replied.

I looked closer at the beast, it looked just like a bear with an owl’s head. It looked very powerful, very time it tried to move, the rocks holding it shaked.

“Is it possible for you to unleash him, and let him cause havoc. That way the rest of the group will have a better chance of getting here.” I told Finn my plan.

“That would work if, it doesn’t attack us first.” Finn replied, he looked a bit skeptical.

“But if it does work, we won’t have to worry about them seeing us.” I said, not giving up on my plan.

“Fine, I’ll give it a try, this better work.” Finn said as he extended his arm.

What he did next was completely unexpected, I thought he was going to do some ninja moves, disappear, and then unleash the owlbear. Instead, he extended his arm, in front of him, I saw the vague shape of a hand, then the hand disappeared. Then Finn’s face changed, his eyebrows knit together and his hand twisted and turned. I looked at the chains holding the owlbear down, they started to loosen, as if some invisible hand were pulling on them. That’s when I realized what Finn was doing, and why I saw the hand disappear. Just then, the chains loosened enough for the owlbear to pull itself free, immediately it turned and snapped up a goblin with its beak, then it swung its head and used the goblin to knock over everything in its path. At that moment Tobias and Pete emerged from the bushes.

“Whats going on?” Pete asked, he seemed overwhelmed by the sudden appearance of a raging owlbear.

“I convinced Finn to free the owlbear, to cause a distraction.” I said.

“Well it certainly did that.” Tobias replied.

Suddenly there was large movement in the bushes, Marble came tumbling out, spitting leafs out of his mouth. He was not a happy dwarf right then. Once the team was back together again, we quietly moved forward, trying to get as close to the halflings as possible. I took one last look at the owlbear. It finally was under control, with the hobgoblins yelling at the goblins, no doubt asking them how the owlbear got loose.

After a few minutes, we could clearly see trenches. I could also see heads bobbing up and down. We kept going forward until a halfling voice said, “Stop right there!”

“We come in peace!” Tobias called.

“State your names and business.” the halfling yelled again, the voice seemed to be coming from one of the battlements that I noticed before.

“My name is Tobias Dalton.”

I went next, “Arjhan Zealous.”

“Finn Tartan.”

“Pete Falzon.”

Marble looked confused.

“Hey dwarf,” the halfling yelled again, “I asked you to state your name!”

“Sorry, but our poor friend here is deaf, I’m afraid he doesn’t understand you.” Tobias said, “His name is Marble.” Then Tobias continued, “We want an audience with Silvia Hobblenoble.”

“Is that all?” asked the halfling.

“Yes.” Tobias replied.

Two halflings came out of the first row of trenches, armed with crossbows.

“Please follow us.” The first halfling said. Then he lead us through the trenches, the second halfling followed us keeping a close eye on everything we do. We made our way past the battlements, which were all halfling sized. Finally we made it to a very large tent, even for human standards. The leading halfling opened the drapes in front, and lead us in, the second halfling stayed outside.

“Ms. Hobblenoble, you have visitors.” Said the halfling who lead us in here. Then he turned around and faced us.

“Weapons, please.” The halfling asked. We all gave him our weapons, and he retreated out.

I took a look around, the tent was decorated very simply, lots of tables and chairs, a few bed to one corner, and at the center of it all, was a huge table surrounded by several chairs. On top of the table, was a huge battle map. Only one seat at the table was occupied, and in that seat, sat Silvia Hobblenoble.

“Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome.” She said, “I’ve heard quite a lot about you boys, and you little quest for Frostfire Wine.”

“Yes, and we came here to offer our service in exchange for Frostfire Wine.” Said Tobias.

“Oh, Toward and his little tricks,” Silvia looked amused, which was really creeping me out, “he thinks that he can just send a bunch of ragtag ‘heroes’ to come help me and I will give him the wine. I’m afraid it’s not that simple, you can’t just come, kill a few goblins and expect me to give you the wine. No, no.”

“Then what can we do to help you?” Pete asked.

“You’re going to take care of the root of the problem.” Silvia said, “but before I tell you more, please sit.” She gestured toward the chairs in front of the huge table, we each took a seat.

Silvia cleared her throat.

“For you to get the wine you must do the following. Go to a place known as Castle.” She pointed to a place on the map, directly north of the settlement, was a place witten on the map as Castle. “After you get to that place, find and kill an individual known as Raek.”

Tobias’ eyes widened, “You mean the Raek who joined the Golden Talon? The one who took on the best fighters of the century? I thought he was dead.”

“Precisely, I mean the Raek who joined the Golden Talon, and he is not dead, we know for sure that he is hiding at Castle. He was badly wounded in the battle with the Golden Talon, now he hides in Castle, like a cornered mouse. The goblins and hobgoblins don’t see him for what he is, they see Gak, their leader before Raek, Gak died in a battle long ago, but Raek put an enchantment on himself so all of the goblins and hobgoblins see him as Gak.” Silvia said.

“I am very, very confused here. First, who are the Golden Talon? Why did they attack Raek? And finally who is Raek?” I asked, this Raek person seemed very powerful to me, and I wasn’t sure that I wanted to fight him.

“The Golden Talon is an organization that is made up of several deadly assassins, they are basically mercenaries, the whole organization has one rule. When you sign a contract, you must complete it to keep the reward, if you fail, you give the money back, if you don’t, the whole Golden Talon will come together and kill you.” Silvia said. “ Raek did exactly that, he signed a contract, didn’t complete the job, and tried to keep the money. So for the first time in centuries, the Golden Talon came together and tried to kill Raek, the battle was legendary and it destroyed the countryside. Raek was presumed to be dead, until now.”

“Okay,” I was still processing all that information, “so is there anything that you can tell us that would help us with this mission?”

“I’ve told you everything I know.” Silvia replied, “one last thing, Raek is nearly going insane. This is the best chance we will ever have to kill him, so I suggest you take it.”

Before we left she gave each of us a healing potion, which made me think of home. My normal life, selling potions everyday, not worrying about being attacked by goblins and bugbears.

Silvia sent us to the northern border of the settlement, “From here you’re on your own boys,” she said, “I wish you all the best of luck.”

We walked through the forest for a long time, listening to the sounds of yelling hobgoblins and the marching of armies. Finally we reached a hill where we could clearly see castle, it looked like a giant pyramid made up of rocks. We could not see the entrance, but we could clearly see three guards, one on each corner. After a few minutes of observing, we saw a fourth guard, he seemed to be a moving patrol. We decided to take out the guard closest to us first, each side of the pyramid was about 100 feet long, each corner was fifty feet away from the edge of the clearing in which the pyramid was sitting in. Finn went down first and got the guard’s attention, when he followed Finn back, we blasted him with everything we’d got. We did the same for the next two guards. Then we had the patrol guard to deal with, but Marble took care of that, he cast a spell that allowed him to to move objects and use them to attack others, he sent a rock going straight through the heart of the hobgoblin. After dealing with the guards, we entered the pyramid, the entrance sloped down, and before we knew it, we were inside a dungeon. The dungeon was deserted, which I thought was really strange, there were no guards. Though Pete speculated that they may all be off fighting the war. We walked through the echoey dungeon halls, there was not a single soul there, which really was starting to creep me out. Eventually we stumbled upon what we presumed to be Raek’s throne room, there was one lock, a very sophisticated one too, even Finn said that that type of lock was way beyond his knowledge. So we set out to look for the key to Raek’s throne room, we stumbled through the dark corridors of the dungeon and came upon a room, inside huge ogre was sleeping, the ogre was surrounded by bones of what looked to me like a goblin’s. On his belt, was a key that looked as if it would fit the keyhole, Finn tried to pull the same trick that he used to free the owlbear on the ogre, but he accidentally waked it up. We barely had time to get Finn and the key out and close the door before the ogre crashed into it. Once we got the key, we opened the door to Raek’s throne room. The throne room was simple, but still was pretty amazing, huge stone pillars reached for the top of the cavern, forming a walkway, each pillar was ten feet apart from the next, and there were four pillars in each side. At the end of the cavern was a throne made of stone, and on top of it, sat Raek. The first thing that I noticed was that he was a dragon born. He did not look well, he looked like, well, he’d just fought a bunch of legendary warriors and lost, badly too. Several parts of his body were covered with patches, in many parts, his scales were torn off. I could barely see the tip of his weapon, it was concealed behind the huge mass of his body.

He was staring straight ahead his eyes were filled with intense hate and anger.

Tobias stepped forward, he wanted to reason with Raek to minimize the damage“O Great Raek, we have come to discuss your troubles.”

“My troubles? You butcher my men, you attack my Castle, and you want to discuss my troubles!?” He screamed.

Then Raek stood, he rose to his full height, he was seven feet tall, but his sword kept coming out of the rock, until we were looking at a sword with a twelve foot blade and a three foot long hilt.

We started to fan out, I thought that attacking from behind would be my best option. So I decided to move around the pillars, then come from behind Raek and then attack him from there. In the time that I tried to outflank Raek, Finn managed to move all the way to the end of the room. Tobias standing in his original place, not knowing what to do. Then, Finn created an illusion of himself and put it right next to Raek. Raek did not seemed fazed by the illusion nor did he look like he was fooled by the illusion. But for some reason he smashed illusion with his gigantic sword anyways. Seeing this, Pete puts a shot in his shoulder, the shot did more mental damage than physical. Evident as Raek turned around and pulled the arrow out of his chest, he pointed his twelve foot sword at Pete and screamed, “WIZARD!!” Pete quickly retreated behind the safe cover of a pillar. While Raek was focused on Pete, I was able to turn and shot a firebolt at him, the attack hit, but barely fazed him. His full concentration was on Pete, he lifted his sword, rested it on his shoulder, and started to charge at Pete, building up momentum to strike. Just when Raek was about to deal a massive blow to Pete, Tobias, in attempt to break Raek’s concentration, screamed, “The Golden Talon said you weren’t worth the time!” Raek seemed to be affected by this insult, but he already made the move to attack Pete, and so his crushing blow came straight down on Pete, the attack split Pete’s armor in half and he crumbled to the floor, shuddering. Then I saw Finn shoot at him, the bolt hit him square in the back. Again he didn’t seem to be in pain, he was just in a blind rage. He started moving towards Tobias, I was able to get another shot at him with a firebolt, but it missed. When Reak got to Tobias, he swung his sword full circle, and it came crashing down on Tobias, but Tobias anticipated the attack and brought his shield up just in time to block it. Raek then took advantage of Tobias’ raised shield and kicked him in the gut, the kick sent Tobias flying and he crashed into one of the pillars, he looked at me and gave me weak smile. As if to say he was still okay.

Then Raek turned to the rest of us, the three of us, me, Finn, and Marble, were grouped to together at the end of the hall, in front of the throne. Raek came toward us, but he wasn’t running now, he was walking, with his sword on his shoulder. When he came close enough, I cast firebolt, Marble threw a rock at him with his spell, and Finn shot him with his crossbow. I don’t know what happened then, but it seemed as if he suddenly teleported, because right when all of our attacks were about to hit, he disappeared, then reappeared in front of one of the pillars. He took his sword, aimed its hilt at the base of the pillar, and with one strong strike, he knocked it down. Rocks and other objects rained down on us, Marble and Finn were able to escape, but I couldn’t move in time and was knocked prone by a huge rock. When I was knocked down by the huge rock, my vision blurred, and I couldn’t focus for a second. I heard Finn screaming at me, but I couldn’t understand any of the words he was saying. When I could finally see clearly again, I saw Raek charging at Marble, for some reason, Raek seemed to be trying to force Marble back to where I was. Finn was trying to drag me away, but I was to heavy for him, so he decided to retreat, and try to provide covering fire for me, if I ever would be able to get myself up. I looked down the hall, Tobias was seemed to have recovered from the kick and was running towards us. Pete was hobbling behind him, where his armor broke, there was a huge red gash. His face was pale, and he didn’t look like he would be able to sustain another blow. Marble was now desperately clapping and throwing rocks. Raek had almost got him to my position. I tried hard to rise, but for some reason I just couldn’t, my legs we weak, everytime I tried to stand, my brain seemed to bounce around aimlessly in my skull, which hurt a lot. Suddenly, Raek’s throat grew large in size, and being a dragonborn, I knew exactly what that meant, “Take Cover!” I screamed with whatever strength was left in me. Fire exploded from Raek’s mouth, engulfing me and Marble. My vision went dark, I could vaguely hear the sounds of my comrades, screaming at each other to take cover. I saw my whole life flash before my eyes, the day I was born, the days with my clan, the death of my parents, the day I was banished, the day I came to Hillton, meeting everyone at the Red Orc Inn, training with Lusolth, and finally, this. My body felt like it was floating, I couldn’t see touch, or feel anything. Just when I thought it was all over, and I was dead. A light flashed before my eyes, good memories flowed through me, I felt like I was given another chance to live. I could feel my surroundings, then I could hear the raging battle, then I could see it.

The group had circled Raek and were preparing to hit them with everything they got. I looked around, Pete had disappeared, then I saw him pop out from a corner. He looked straight at me and gave me a weak smile, he pointed at me and then pointed at him, indicating that he’d just saved me from death. Then he pointed at Raek, and made a slashing move with his thumb across his throat. I nodded, I wanted to run over and thank him right then for saving me, but the fight wasn’t over yet, Raek was still alive.

Raek roared with rage as a bolt from Finn’s crossbow hit him in the back, he pulled it out, like he did when we hit him before, but now he was visibly hurt. His old wounds were opening up again, and blood was pouring down from many different spots on his body. All that seem to make him angrier, he smashed the hilt of his sword on the ground, sending spider web like cracks all over the floor. Everyone close enough fell over, only Pete wasn't in range, I was still on the ground when this happened, and when I felt the cracks come toward me, lifted my legs, and then pulled the down with extreme force. I then used this momentum to help me flip my whole body up, so when everyone fell, I flipped myself up.

After I regained my balance, I immediately attacked Raek. I walked toward him, his bac was facing me, he still didn’t know that I managed to stand back up. I cast the most powerful spell I could conjure, a spell that Lusolth taught me, I stuck my palm out, facing Raek, and three intense balls of heat formed. The three balls made a beeline for Raek, and all hit him square in the back. He roared with rage and turned toward me, his eyes glowing with hate, I stared him down. I decided to tap into my sorcerer’s powers a bit more, I cast the spell again, and all three balls hit target, again. Raek roared with so much rage he sounded exactly like a dragon. I roared back, the decision I made next was perhaps the dumbest one in my life. I charge at Raek, roaring insults. Raek started charging too, only this time it seemed a bit different. He no longer carried his sword on his back, he just dragged it behind him, he was definitely dying. When Raek came close enough, I spit out deadly acid, the acid slowed him down, but it didn’t stop him. Suddenly I had an idea. Just when Raek was about to strike, I got in close and punched him square in the jaw. That attack stopped his whole movement, he was absolutely stunned by the sudden attack that I made. I took advantage of the moment he was stunned, pulled out my dagger, cut him across the chest, and kicked him in the gut, he stumbled and fell to the ground. Raek was really on his last leg then, blood was pouring out of him like waterfalls. Soon, a pool of blood surrounded him. I had thrown everything I got at him, and if he was still alive, I would probably die. I looked at my comrades, they were starting to stand up. Pete had drank a healing potion and looked a lot better, the blood had stopped flowing from his wound, and the would now was just a scar. Then Raek got up, he stared straight forward, his eyes were glowing red. I was extremely exhausted and had thrown everything I possibly could at Raek, I didn’t want to be his next target. Then, Raek roared, the roar shook the whole cavern and possibly the whole structure. After the roar, his right arm, the one holding the sword, completely detached from his body. He fell to the ground, Raek the Berserker, was dead.

After we killed Raek, everyone was still in shock, Pete healed us all, and we decided to exit the dungeon.

Silvia was waiting for us when we got out. Two halfling assistants were with her

“I see you killed Raek.” She said, “I must give you my thanks, I have wanted him dead for a long time.”

“Yeah, about that,” I had some questions for her, “why didn’t you tell us he was a red dragonborn? Or that he had a sword that was fifteen feet long?”

“Well, I was afraid if it told you that, you guys would be too afraid to go and actually kill him.” Silvia said, as if that explained everything, “Anyways, here’s your reward,” her assistants moved forward and gave each of us a bottle of Frostfire Wine, then she continued, “I believe that Toward will give you your reward.” She turned and left, her assistants following behind her. Then, she turned back around again, and said “Could you guys do a favor for me, tell Toward he’s a coward.” And with that final statement, Silvia Hobblenoble disappeared into the woods.

We made our way back to Hillton, when we got to Frog Meadow, there was an evil feeling in the air, as if some evil being was watching us. Suddenly an elf came out of nowhere, his armor was shredded in many places, and he looked terrified, “HE’S BACK!” the elf screamed, “THE NECROMANCER, HE’S BACK!!!”