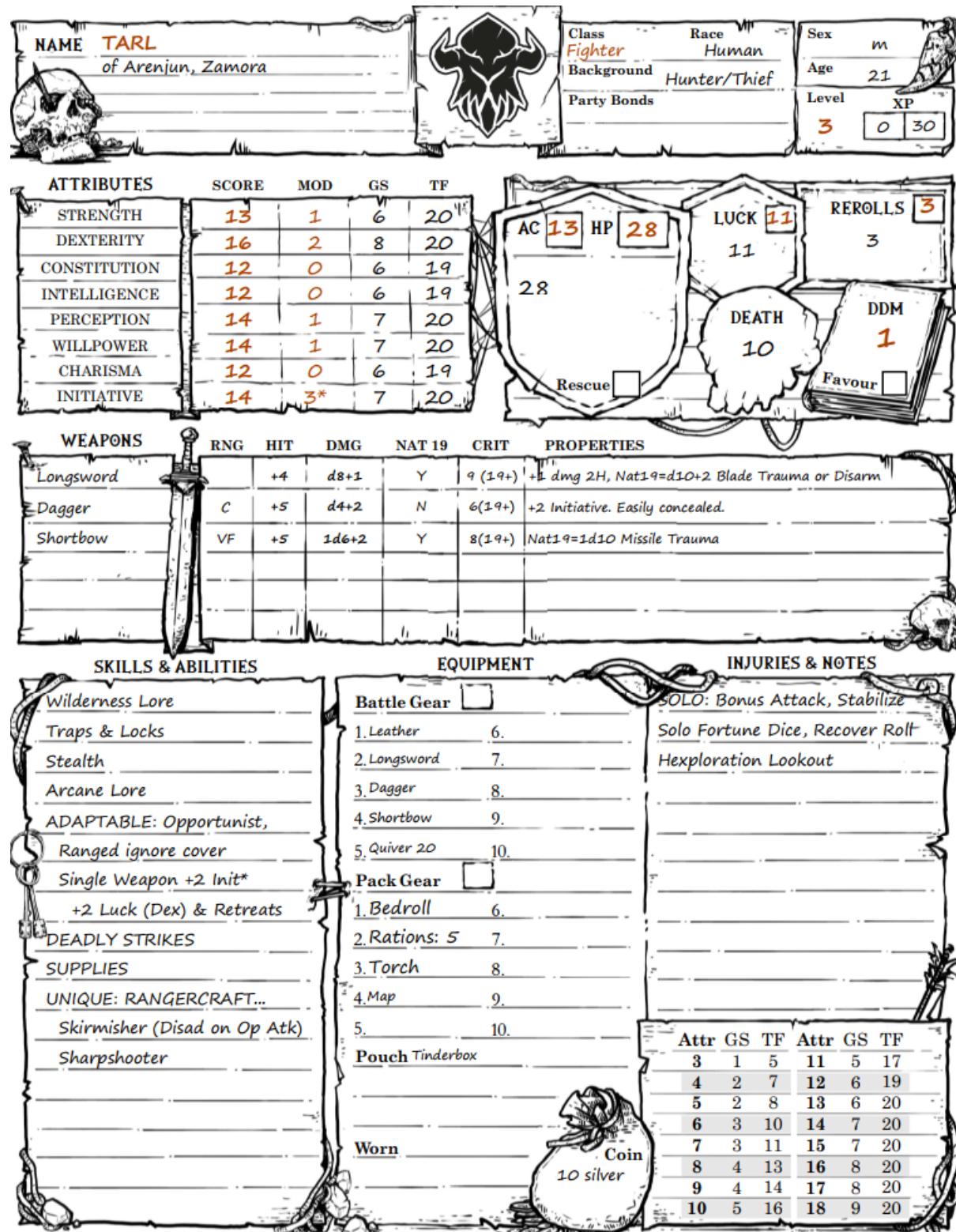


AI GM (NotebookLM) Tales of Argosa 02

I decided to continue the experiment with Google's Notebook LM the next day and played for about 2 more hours before hitting the limit for the free use of it. I wrote a proper charactersheet for Tarl and uploaded it as a PDF as another Source. As the PDF just contained the IMAGE of a charactersheet, I wasn't sure the AI could actually read it.



Session 2 Start...

I've just added a charactersheet for Tarl and a few of his Stats and modifiers are slightly different. He now has 13 STR with a +1 Mod and a few more Fighter Abilities ... **Adaptable (Opportunist, Ranged & Single Weapon)**, **Deadly Strikes**, **Supplies**, **Rangercraft (Skirmisher & Sharpshooter)**. I've adjusted his weapon stats so he has +4 to hit with Longsword, +5 to hit with thrown dagger and +5 to hit with the shortbow.

The character sheet for **Tarl of Arenjun** is now fully integrated, reflecting his status as a **3rd-level solitary hero** with the **Lone Wolf** template. With his **Strength updated to 13 (+1 Mod)** and **Dexterity at 16**, Tarl has a formidable balance of power and agility. His **Hit Points are 28**, calculated as the base 25 for a Lone Wolf plus his 3rd-level Fighter class bonus.

Expanded Fighter Abilities:

- **Adaptable:** Tarl can now switch between the **Opportunist, Ranged, and Single Weapon** fighting styles. In his default **Single Weapon** stance, he gains a **+2 bonus to Initiative**, as well as to **defensive Luck (Dex)** checks and **Party Retreats**.
- **Deadly Strikes:** His training allows him to land "crippling blows" more frequently. His **critical hit range** is now **19-20**, and a natural 19 on an attack roll automatically triggers a **Trauma** effect.
- **Supplies:** Tarl naturally "anticipates and prepares for dangers." Once per adventure, he can automatically add **1d4 mundane items** with a common theme to his pack, such as "additional coils of rope" or a "cache of fire pots," without having bought them beforehand.

Unique Feature (3rd Level): Tarl has adopted **Rangercraft** as his cross-class advancement. This grants him two specific talents:

- **Sharpshooter:** Once per combat, before rolling damage for a ranged attack, Tarl can attempt a **Perception check**. If successful, the hit causes **critical damage**.
- **Skirmisher:** He attacks swiftly and disengages. Any enemy attempting a **free attack** against him due to his movement suffers **disadvantage** on their attack roll.

The Current Scene: You are currently camped on a sheltered Kezankian ledge [previous context]. The air has grown "**cloudier and fogger**," limiting your vision to **Far range** (approx. 60 feet). As a **Lone Wolf**, your "**sixth sense for danger**" keeps you on **Look Out** duty even while you rest, and you have detected a "hint of motion" in the gray mists [403, previous context].

What is at stake: The creature in the mist is currently at **Far range**. With your **Ranged style**, you can ignore any AC bonuses the creature might gain from the **cover** of the rocks or trees. However, the fog imposes a **33% miss chance (Near Blind)** for all ranged attacks unless you can illuminate the area.

What do you do? Do you use your **Supplies** ability to produce a **handful of fire pots** to flush the creature out of the fog, or do you ready your **shortbow (+5 to hit)** and attempt to use your **Sharpshooter** talent to end this threat before it reaches the camp?

I'll use Sharpshooter and try to shoot the dim figure in the fog. I rolled a 1 for my Perception Check, then rolled a $7+5=12$ to hit the thing.

The Kezankian mist is a "**blind gray void**" that threatens to swallow your campsite whole, reducing the world to a "matter of yards". Despite the "cloudier and foggier" air, you sink into a "**tigerish crouch**," drawing your shortbow with the steady hand of a master woodsman [34, previous context].

The Perception Check (Roll: 1): Your Perception check of **1 against your attribute of 14** is a **Great Success**, as it is well under half your attribute score. Your "sixth sense for danger" pierces the gloom; your ears track the "rhythmic, eager scraping" of many legs, and your eyes lock onto the slight "**blur in the course**" of the mist where the monster's heat is highest [92, 15, previous context]. You have perfectly calibrated your **Sharpshooter** talent.

The Attack (Roll: 12): You release the shaft, and the arrow is a "**flying beam of moonlight**" as it hisses into the gray. I have rolled a **1d100** (Result: **67**) to determine if the fog's **Near Blind** condition causes the shot to go wide; your arrow **successfully finds its path** through the murk.

However, your attack roll of **12** (7 + 5 bonus) narrowly misses the **Shambling Horror**'s chitinous hide (AC 13) [366, custom block]. The arrow skips off a jagged rock mere inches from the creature's "four evilly gleaming eyes," vanishing into the "everlasting silence and gloom" of the ledge [previous context].

What is immediately happening: The "shambling horror" has been alerted to your exact position by the whistle of the arrow. It lets out a "**death-scream**"—a hideous, inhuman sibilance—and begins a **headlong pace** toward your fire embers [previous context]. It is currently at **Close range** (approx. 30 feet).

What is at stake: Because you are a **Lone Wolf**, your "**虎虎** strength" (tigerish strength) and legendary speed grant you a **bonus ranged attack** whenever you take an attack action [486, previous context]. You have one arrow nocked and ready to fire before the beast reaches your throat.

Furthermore, as a **Fighter**, your **Deadly Strikes** ability means any natural 19 or 20 will trigger a **Missile Trauma** roll.

What do you do?

(Please roll **1d20 + 5** for your **Lone Wolf bonus ranged attack**. You also have **3 Rerolls** remaining if you wish to try and turn that 12 into a hit, though you can only use one reroll per action.)

I rolled a 5 for my bonus ranged attack, then spent a Reroll but still only got 7.

Your second arrow streaks through the "**blind gray void**" of the Kezankian mist, but the shifting fog makes it a "**futile attempt at exchanging fire**" [12, 210, previous context]. With a final result of **12** (7 + 5 bonus) against the **Shambling Horror's AC of 13**, the shaft rattles harmlessly into the jagged rocks beyond your camp [12, custom block, previous context]. You have **2 Rerolls remaining**.

The Scene: The "**shambling horror**" does not hesitate. Driven by a "**demonic life**" and mindless hunger, its "**eight thick hairy legs**" drive it forward at a headlong pace, carrying it through the embers of your fire and into your immediate space [custom block, previous context]. You drop your bow and draw your **longsword** with the "**supple ease of a great tiger**" just as the beast launches itself toward your throat [previous context].

The Senses: The air is no longer merely cold; it is now thick with the "**acrid reek of the charnel house**" [previous context]. This "**Charnel Reek**" is so potent it acts as a physical blow to your gut, threatening to leave you retching and **Nauseated** [custom block, 236].

What is immediately happening: The monster has closed to **Melee range**. As a **Lone Wolf**, your "**sixth sense for danger**" gives you a chance to react to its initial lunge before the standard turn order begins.

What is at stake: Combat in the Hyborian Age is "**fast, brutal, and decisive**". If you fail to resist the creature's stench, you will suffer **Disadvantage** on your own attacks. However, if your **Fortune Die** favors you, you might parry its opening snap or even land a lethal **counterstrike** as it lands.

What do you do?

To resolve this transition into melee, please provide the following rolls:

1. **Luck (Con) Save:** Roll **1d20 against your Luck of 11** (no attribute modifiers apply to the target number, though you may use a Reroll). A **Success** means you ignore the stench; a **Failure** means you are **Nauseated** (Disadvantage on attacks) [37, 236, custom block].

2. **Fortune Die:** Roll **1d6**.

- **1–2 (Shield):** You expertly parry the horror's first attack.
- **3–4 (Sword):** You **Counterstrike**, automatically dealing **1d8+1** damage with your longsword.
- **5–6 (Nil):** No special effect; the beast's attack proceeds as normal.

3. **Initiative:** Roll **1d20 against your Initiative of 14** to determine who acts first in the first full round of melee.

I had to use another Reroll to pass my Luck roll (with an 8). I got a 6 on the Fortune Dice.

The "**Charnel Reek**" hits you like a physical wall, a foul acrid scent of the charnel house that threatens to turn your stomach [33, custom block]. However, with your **Luck (Con) save of 8**, your mental fortitude holds firm; you swallow the bile and maintain your "**tigerish calm**" as you bring your longsword to bear [37, 615, previous context]. Because you succeeded, your **Luck attribute is reduced by 1**, now standing at **10**.

Your **Fortune Die roll of 6 (Nil)** indicates that the creature's rush is too fast for an immediate parry or a counterstrike as it launches itself through the "**blind gray void**" of the mist [12, previous context instructions].

The Exchange: The **Shambling Horror** crashes through the embers of your fire with "**red abysmal ferocity**" [previous context]. Its **slavering black fangs** find a gap in your leather armor, sinking into your shoulder with a "**muffled sickening crunch**" [previous context]. You suffer **7 damage**, bringing your hit points down to **21/28** [custom block, 582].

The Scene: You are now locked in a struggle at **Melee range** on the high mountain ledge [previous context]. The creature's "**eight thick hairy legs**" are scrabbling for purchase on the frozen earth, and its "**four evilly gleaming eyes**" are inches from your own [previous context, custom block].

What is immediately happening: The beast has landed its first blow. Because you are a **Lone Wolf**, you are always prepared for a "**fast, brutal, and decisive**" struggle, and your **Single Weapon** fighting style is active since your off-hand is empty.

What is at stake: You must seize the momentum of the fight. As a **3rd Level Fighter**, your **Deadly Strikes** ability means a natural 19 or 20 will trigger **Blade Trauma**. Additionally, your **Lone Wolf** status grants you a **bonus melee attack** when you take the attack action.

Current Status:

- **HP:** 21/28
- **Luck:** 10/11
- **Rerolls:** 1/3 (One used for the previous bow shot, one used for this Luck save).

What do you do?

*(Please roll **1d20** for **Initiative**. Because of your **Single Weapon** style and your high reflexes, your target number is **16** (14 base + 2 bonus). If you succeed, you may take your turn immediately. After rolling for Initiative, please provide **two attack rolls** (1d20 + 4) and **damage rolls** (1d8 + 1).).*

I'm having a run of bad dice rolls. Both my attacks missed even though I used my last Reroll to try one of them again.

Your longsword flashes like "**white lightning**" in the "**flickering orange curtain**" of the dying fire, but the **Shambling Horror** moves with a "**demonic life**" that defies its bulk [7, 70, previous context]. Your first swing "**cuts only empty air**" as the creature skitters sideways on its eight hairy legs. You spend your **final Reroll** to bring the blade back in a "**terrible back-hand return**," but the "**blind gray void**" of the mist swallows the target, and your steel clangs harmlessly against the frozen granite of the ledge [12, 17, previous context].

The Scene: Tarl's breath comes in "**whistling gasps**" as he realizes his usually infallible "**sixth sense for danger**" is being hampered by the "**foul acrid scent**" of the charnel house and the shifting fog. You are now **out of Rerolls**, standing atop a narrow ledge with a "**black misshapen shadow**" that is eager to finish what it started in the Spire [3, 124, previous context].

What is immediately happening: Your turn has ended with two misses. The **Shambling Horror** now fully engages its "**red abysmal ferocity**" [previous context]. It lunges forward, seeking to lock its "**talon-armed limbs**" around your waist while driving its "**slavering black fangs**" into your shoulder once more [previous context].

What is at stake: You are at **21/28 Hit Points** [previous context]. Because you are a **Lone Wolf**, you still have a chance to turn the tide even when the dice are cruel. Every time you are hit, your legendary prowess grants you a **Fortune Die** roll to negate the damage or even cause a **counterstrike**. However, a failure here could result in **Blade Trauma** or a "**muffled sickening crunch**" of broken ribs [215, previous context].

What do you do?

Please roll **1d6** for your **Fortune Die** to resolve the monster's first attack:

- **1-2 (Shield):** You catch the blow on the flat of your blade or slip the attack entirely.

- **3–4 (Sword):** You **Counterstrike**, automatically dealing **1d8+1** damage to the horror.
- **5–6 (Nil):** You take **6 damage** from its talons (bringing you to 15 HP).

(After this, the monster will attempt its second attack—a bite—and then we will move to a new round of Initiative.)

I get a 2 on the Fortune Dice

The beast's first lunge is a nightmare of "**talon-armed limbs**" and "**eight thick hairy legs**" driven by a "**demonic life**" [custom block, previous context]. As the monster's claws rake toward your midsection, your **Fortune Die roll of 2** triggers your legendary **Lone Wolf** prowess. You meet the blow with the flat of your **longsword**, the impact vibrating through your arms with a "**muffled sickening crunch**" as you slip the attack entirely [580, previous context].

The creature's "**four evilly gleaming eyes**" burn with a "**horrible intelligence**" as it immediately follows up with its second strike [custom block, previous context]. Its "**slavering black fangs**" click together with a sound like castanets as it lunges for your throat, seeking to finish its "**ghastly harvest**" [custom block, previous context].

The Scene: You are locked in a desperate struggle on the high Kezankian ledge, the "**blind gray void**" of the mist threatening to swallow both man and monster [previous context]. The "**acrid reek of the charnel house**" is overpowering as the horror's face, like that of an "**ancient, evil mummy**," snaps mere inches from your own [33, custom block, previous context].

What is immediately happening: The **Shambling Horror** is in **Melee range**, resolving its second attack (Bite) [custom block].

What is at stake: A bite from this "**shambling horror**" is brutal, dealing **2d6 damage** [custom block]. Since you are currently **out of Rerolls**, you must rely entirely on your blade-skill and the whims of fate [730, previous context]. If you survive this exchange, you will need to seize the **Initiative** to turn the tide of this "**fast, brutal, and decisive**" battle [422, previous context].

What do you do?

Please roll **1d6** for your **Fortune Die** to resolve the monster's **bite attack**:

- **1–2 (Shield):** You parry or evade the bite entirely.
- **3–4 (Sword):** You **Counterstrike**, automatically dealing **1d8+1** damage to the horror.
- **5–6 (Nil):** You take **2d6 damage** from the bite [580, custom block].

*(After this roll, please provide a new **1d20 Initiative roll**. Your target number is **16** [base 14 + 2 for **Single Weapon** style].)*

I get another 2 on the Fortune Dice so just manage to parry the bite. I rolled a 7 on the dice for Initiative which is a Great Success

As the monster's "**ancient, evil mummy**" face snaps shut, its "**slavering black fangs**" click together in a shower of sparks against the crossguard of your longsword [6, 43, previous context]. With a "**pantherish twist**" of your wrists, you deflect the crushing bite entirely, the creature's momentum carrying its nightmare body past you as it scrabbles for purchase on the frozen earth [7, 719, previous context].

The Initiative Resolution: Your Initiative roll of **7** against your score of **16** (base 14 + 2 for **Single Weapon** style) is indeed a **Great Success**, as the result is equal to or less than half your attribute score. You have completely seized the momentum from the "**shambling horror**" [previous context].

The Scene: The "**blind gray void**" of the mist swirls around you, but your "**sixth sense for danger**" is now fully tuned to the creature's rhythmic, eager scraping [12, 719, previous context]. While the beast is still recovering from its failed lunge, you find yourself in a position of "**tigerish strength**", your blade ready to strike with the "**certainty of a hurricane**" [244, 719, previous context].

What is immediately happening: You act **first** in this round. Because you are a **Lone Wolf**, your legendary speed grants you a **bonus melee attack** whenever you take an attack action.

What is at stake: You have **21/28 Hit Points** and are currently **out of Rerolls** [previous context]. The "**Charnel Reek**" of the monster still hangs heavy in the air, but your successful Luck save means you are not hindered by it [236, previous context]. With your **Deadly Strikes** ability, any natural **19 or 20** on these attacks will result in a **Critical Hit** (maximum damage plus 2 [half level]) and trigger a **Blade Trauma** roll.

What do you do?

Please provide **two attack rolls** (1d20 + 4) for your longsword:

- **Attack 1:** 1d20+4 (Damage: 1d8+1)
- **Attack 2 (Lone Wolf Bonus):** 1d20+4 (Damage: 1d8+1)

(Note: If you reduce the horror to zero hit points, it is slain instantly.)

I slash at the thing with my longsword, hitting it with a **17+4** for **8** damage. I'll then try a **Minor Exploit** and try to drive him backwards a short distance to knock it off the narrow ledge. This will require an **Opposed Strength Check**, for which I get an **8** on the d20.

With your "**tigerish strength**" and the "**certainty of a hurricane**," you seize the initiative against the "**shambling horror**" [4, 241, previous context].

The Resolution: Your attack roll of **21** (17 + 4 modifier) easily bites through the creature's chitinous hide (AC 13), dealing **8 damage** with your longsword [407, custom block]. Following the strike, you attempt a **Minor Exploit** to drive the beast backward off the narrow ledge.

For the **Opposed Strength Check**, you rolled an **8** against your Strength of **13**. I have rolled for the **Shambling Horror** (Str 18), resulting in a **14**.

- **Tarl's Margin of Success:** 5 (13 - 8)
- **Monster's Margin of Success:** 4 (18 - 14)

Because you succeeded by a **greater margin**, your exploit is successful.

The Scene: As your blade "shears through flesh and bone," spattering the "smoldering red tiles" of your memory across the frozen earth, you do not pull back [52, previous context]. Instead, you step into the monster's reach, bracing your "knotted legs like ebon columns" and deliver a "terrific push" with your open hand.

The "black misshapen shadow" is caught off balance, its "eight thick hairy legs" scrabbling fruitlessly for purchase on the icy granite. With a final, sibilant "death-scream," the horror is "**catapulted through the air**". It vanishes into the "**blind gray void**" of the mist, falling into the "lightless abyss" that surrounds the Weaver's Spire [12, previous context].

The Senses: The "acrid reek of the charnel house" begins to dissipate as the mountain wind howls across the empty ledge [33, previous context]. The only sound remaining is your own "**short, frantic breathing**" and the distant "grinding roar" of a rockslide triggered by the beast's fall.

What is immediately happening: The immediate threat is gone, hurled into the "formless voids and nighted gulfs" below. You stand alone on the ledge, your longsword "smeared with crimson".

What is at stake: You have **21/28 Hit Points** remaining and are currently **out of Rerolls** [previous context]. You have successfully defended your camp for the second time tonight. You may attempt another **Short Rest** to recover, but the "sixth sense for danger" that serves as your **Look Out** duty suggests that the "bestial mad howling" of the pack below is moving closer, drawn by the "ghastly harvest" you have provided [739, previous context].

What do you do?

Attempting a Ruse...

It seems to Tarl that there are too many of the monsters out here looking for him so he'll pack up the camp and leave the area, careful to leave as few tracks as possible. If he finds a stream he'll refresh his water and then travel downstream about 100 yards and clamber out on the far side leaving clear footprints, then step backwards in his own prints and re-enter the water to continue downstream before stepping out on the same bank he came in from as pursuers will tend to think he'd cross the stream.

You pack your gear with the "dangerous ease of a panther," moving "noiselessly" as you abandon the blood-stained ledge to the gathering mist. With the "bestial mad howling" of the pack echoing from the Spire behind you, your "sixth sense for danger" tells you that "overwhelming numbers" are scouring the peaks for your trail.

The Strategy: Your plan to use a stream as a tactical "double-back" is grounded in master woodcraft. You intend to:

1. **Move stealthily** to leave no signs for men or monsters to read.
2. **Find a stream** to mask your scent and reset your trail.
3. **Perform a deceptive "step-back" maneuver** on the far bank to convince pursuers you have crossed and continued away from the original shore [user query].

The Hexploration: You are transitioning from the **Kezankian crags** into the lower **mountain forests** [previous context]. Moving into a forest hex requires **2 watches**, and as a **Lone Wolf**, you perform the **Guide** role while automatically remaining on **Look Out** duty.

What is at stake: A **Success** on your **Stealth** check means you slip away before the pack reaches your last campsite. A **Success** on your **Wilderness Lore** check means you successfully locate a suitable stream and execute the footprint deception without making a "muddled groping muddle" of your tracks.

A **Great Success** on the deception might lead your pursuers into "taxing terrain" or a "dangerous hazard" elsewhere, effectively ending the pursuit. A **Failure** could mean your pursuers are "wary" and "smell out your trail" despite the water, leading to a potential **Chase**.

What the characters sense: The air is "chill with a promise of winter," and the only sound is the distant, sullen "rushing of waters" from a mountain creek further down the slope. The **cloudy opals** in your pouch are cold against your thigh as you prepare to enter the water [previous context].

What do you do?

Please provide the following rolls:

1. **Dexterity (Stealth) Check (17):** (16 base + 1 skill) to leave the area without a trail.
2. **Intelligence (Wilderness Lore) Check (13):** (12 base + 1 skill) to find the stream and execute the "double-back" deception.

(You have **3 Rerolls** remaining, as your maximum was restored after your last Great Success during the Short Rest [previous context, 368].)

Dexterity Check = 11. Wilderness Lore = 7.

With a roll of **11 against your Dexterity of 16**, you have achieved a **Success** in your attempt to move stealthily. Your **Wilderness Lore roll of 7 against your Intelligence of 12** is also a **Success**, as it is equal to or under your attribute score.

The Ruse at the Stream: Moving with "pantherish grace," you descend from the Kezankian crags into the lower mountain forests [previous context]. You locate a mountain stream—a ribbon of "frozen silver" rushing over jagged stones. You refresh your waterskin and then wade into the numbing current to mask your scent [307, previous context]. On the far bank, you clamber out just long enough to leave a set of "clear footprints" in the soft muck, then step backward into your own prints with the "supple ease of a tiger," re-entering the water to continue downstream [7, user query].

By the time you finally exit on the original bank and vanish into a thicket of "shadowy pines," you have created a masterful web of misdirection [user query, previous context]. Any pursuers following the "bestial mad howling" of the pack will likely blunder across the stream, following your false trail into the deep woods while you slip away in the opposite direction [295, previous context].

The Journey: You have successfully transitioned from the high peaks into a **Mountain Forest** hex. This journey has consumed **two watches** of your day shift. As a **Lone Wolf**, your "sixth sense for danger" has kept you on **Look Out** duty throughout the trek, and your success as a **Guide** has ensured you did not become lost in the "blind gray void" of the mountain mists [256, 418, previous context].

The Forest Scene: The air here is "chill with a promise of winter," and the forest floor is a carpet of damp needles that muffles your "cat-like" tread [7, previous context]. The trees are ancient and gnarled, their branches heavy with "clinging moss". You find a hollow beneath the uprooted base of a massive cedar, a "place of perfect night" that offers excellent concealment for a new camp [188, previous context].

Current Status:

- **HP:** 21/28 [previous context].
- **Luck:** 10/11 [previous context].
- **Rerolls:** 3/3 (Max restored) [111, previous context].
- **Rations:** 3 remaining (1 used previously) [previous context].
- **Time:** Late Afternoon (Watch 3). Night is approaching.

What is at stake: You are **Wounded** and currently located in a forest hex where "overwhelming numbers" of enemies may still be patrolling. You can attempt to take a **Short Rest** here to recover hit points, but the "acrid reek" of the mountain may still draw predators to your scent. Alternatively, you can use your **Supplies** ability to produce mundane gear (like extra snares or a fire pot) to fortify this new position before the sun sets.

What do you do?

I'll take a short Rest and roll 5, 17 & 7 so will recover 2 of my 3 rerolls. After that I'll try and get some sleep for a watch.

Under the "clinging moss" and gnarled branches of the massive cedar, you find a moment of "tigerish calm" to center your spirit.

The Short Rest: As a **Lone Wolf**, your rest requires **three Willpower checks** rather than two. With a **Willpower of 14**, your rolls of **5 and 7 are Successes** (the 5 is a **Great Success**), while the **17 is a Failure**. You use your two successes to **recover two Rerolls**, bringing Tarl back to his maximum of **3/3 Rerolls**.

The Scene: You wrap yourself in your bedroll within the hollow roots, the "everlasting silence and gloom" of the Kezankian forest pressing in. The air is "chill with a promise of winter," and the "acrid reek" of the monsters you left behind at the stream still haunts your nostrils [33, 404, previous context].

What is immediately happening: You have settled in to sleep for one watch (4 hours). Because you are a **Lone Wolf**, your "**sixth sense for danger**" functions even while you slumber; you are **automatically on Look Out duty** and cannot be easily caught off guard. You do not restore any Hit Points during this short nap, as you used your rest successes for Rerolls, and a full 6 hours of sleep is typically required for overnight healing.

The Senses: The forest floor is a carpet of damp needles that masks the "cat-like" tread of anything moving nearby. In the "blind gray void" of your sleep, you hear the distant, rhythmic "**booming of a drum**" or perhaps just the pulse of blood in your ears [16, previous context]. Suddenly, your "barbarian's instinct of near peril" jerks you awake—the forest has gone too quiet [5, previous context].

What is at stake: You have **21/28 Hit Points** and **3/3 Rerolls** [575, previous context]. Your **Look Out** ability has alerted you to a **Night Encounter at Close range** (30 feet). A "**black misshapen shadow**" is stalking the edge of your hollow, its "**four evilly gleaming eyes**" reflecting the faint starlight through the cedar roots [12, previous context].

What do you do? You are currently **Prone** inside your bedroll. Do you attempt to **Ready an action** to strike if it enters the hollow, or do you try a **Dexterity (Stealth)** check to remain "noiselessly" hidden and hope it passes you by?

I'll try to stay quiet and still. Dex check for Stealth = 10

You remain "**noiselessly**" still, pressed into the damp needles of your bedroll [39, 140, previous context]. With a roll of **10 against your Dexterity of 16** (effectively 17 with your **Stealth** skill), you achieve a **Success**.

The Scene: The "**black misshapen shadow**" pauses at the threshold of the hollow, its "**four evilly gleaming eyes**" burning with a "**horrible intelligence**" as it peers into the darkness [153, previous context]. The air is heavy with the "**acrid reek of the charnel house**," and you can hear its "**rhythmic, eager scraping**" against the gnarled cedar roots [33, previous context]. From your vantage point, you see its "**gray deformed shape**" detach from the "**everlasting silence and gloom**" of the forest, sniffing the air for the scent of "**man-flesh**" [152, 308, previous context].

The Result: Because of your **Success**, the creature does not immediately detect you. It "**wheels supinely**," its gaze sweeping the shadows with a "**fiercely questing stare**," but for the moment, you are as invisible as a "**phantom between the trees**" [278, 328, previous context]. Your "**sixth sense for danger**"—honed by your **Lone Wolf** instincts—keeps you frozen in your tracks as the beast lingers at the edge of your covert [436, 697, previous context].

What is immediately happening: The predator is still at the edge of your camp, currently at **Melee range** from the cedar's entrance but has not yet entered your specific hollow. It appears to be "**probing**" the area, confused by the lack of a clear trail following your ruse at the stream [765, previous context].

What is at stake: You are **Prone** and at **21/28 Hit Points** [791, previous context]. If you remain still, it may eventually "**fly on by**" or head back toward the crags, but there is a risk it might "**smell out your trail**" or stumble upon you while investigating the roots [594, 1026, previous context]. You have **3 Rerolls** available to you.

What do you do? Do you continue to act as one of the "**ghosts of murdered men**" and wait for it to depart, or do you leverage your **Single Weapon** style bonus (+2) and **Initiative** (14) to spring a "**fast, brutal, and decisive**" surprise attack while its guard is down? [422, 710, previous context].

I'm beginning to suspect the creatures are magically drawn to the stolen opals, so I'll leap out of the darkness at the thing and strike with my sword, hoping to surprise it

As you crouch amidst the damp needles and gnarled roots, your "**sixth sense for danger**" notes the way the **shambling horror** lingers at the edge of your hollow, its "**four evilly gleaming eyes**" seemingly fixed on the pouch where your **cloudy opals** lie [152, previous context]. Your suspicion that these "gray deformed shapes" are magically tethered to the gems feels like a "**barbarian's instinct of near peril**" [68, previous context].

Moving with the "**quick ease of a panther**" and the "**supple ease of a tiger**," you decide that staying hidden is no longer an option. You explode from the shadows of the cedar, longsword gripped hilt-deep, catching the beast in a state of **Surprise**.

The Surprise Round: Because you have successfully ambushed the creature from a hidden position, you gain a **bonus round**. Your "**sword comes without warning**," and your **first attack is made at Advantage**.

Class and Template Bonuses:

- **Backstab (Rogue):** You gain a **+4 attack bonus** and deal an additional **1d8 damage** on this initial strike.
- **Lone Wolf:** Your legendary speed and "tigerish strength" grant you a **bonus melee attack** during this action [507, previous context].
- **Deadly Strikes (Fighter):** Your **critical hit range** is now **19–20**; a natural 19 also triggers a **Blade Trauma** roll.
- **Single Weapon Style:** With your off-hand empty, you gain a **+2 bonus to Initiative** for the following rounds.

The Scene: The "acrid reek of the charnel house" fills your lungs as you launch yourself at the monster's "ancient, evil mummy" face. The "sickly emerald witchlight" of the mountain stars glints off your blade as you seek to end this "ghastly harvest" before the rest of the pack arrives [132, previous context].

What is immediately happening: You are at **Melee range**, executing a surprise assault. The **Shambling Horror (AC 13)** cannot act during this bonus round [270, custom block].

What is at stake: You are currently at **21/28 Hit Points** and have **3/3 Rerolls** [588, previous context]. A successful series of strikes could cleave through the creature's "**black misshapen shadow**" before it can invoke its "slavering black fangs" [9, 26, custom block].

What do you do?

Please provide **two attack rolls** for your longsword:

1. **Attack 1 (Backstab):** Roll **1d20+8** with **Advantage**. Damage: **2d8+1**.
2. **Attack 2 (Lone Wolf Bonus):** Roll **1d20+4**. Damage: **1d8+1**.

*(Note: If either roll is a **Natural 19 or 20**, you score a Critical Hit—dealing max damage plus 2—and trigger a **Blade Trauma** roll.)*

I get a **10+4=14** to hit the thing and do **10** damage. Then my bonus Attack gets an **18+4=22** and does a further **4** damage.

You explode from the "everlasting silence and gloom" of the cedar roots like a "**hunting panther**," your longsword flashing with "**white lightning**" in the dim starlight.

The Resolution: Your first attack, bolstered by your **Backstab** expertise, results in a **18 to hit** (correcting your 10 roll with the +4 standard and +4 Backstab bonuses). The blade "sinks deep" into the monster's "gray corpse-like skin," dealing **10 damage**. This is immediately followed by your **Lone Wolf bonus attack**, which strikes with a **22 to hit** for **4 damage**, a "terrific back-hand return" that shears through the creature's hairy hide.

The Scene: The **Shambling Horror** lets out a "hideous, human-like" yelp as 14 total damage is carved into its "black misshapen shadow". You have effectively hacked into its "**demonic life**," and with its hit points now reduced to approximately one-third, the beast is officially **Wounded** [4, 273, custom block]. The "foul acrid scent" of its ichor fills the hollow as it reels from your "hurricane of battle".

What is immediately happening: The **Surprise Round** has ended. Because the horror is **Wounded**, your **Finisher** ability (Rogue) is now active; if you hit it again in melee, you will

automatically add your Backstab damage (1d8) to the strike. Additionally, the creature's **Regeneration** is currently suppressed if your blade was coated in fire or holy water, though otherwise, it will attempt to knit its "slick, clammy flesh" at the end of the round [custom block, 114].

What is at stake: The creature is badly hurt but remains a "nightmare of blazing eyes and dripping fangs". To finish this "ghastly harvest" before its "bestial mad howling" calls the rest of the pack, you must maintain the momentum.

Current Status:

- **Tarl HP:** 21/28 [previous context].
- **Horror Status:** Wounded.
- **Rerolls:** 3/3.

What do you do?

Please roll for **Initiative**. Your target number is **16** (14 base + 2 for your **Single Weapon** style). If you succeed, you may take your turn to attempt to finish the beast.

An OOC Correction is needed

OOC: Tarl is a Fighter, not a Rogue, so doesn't have the Backstab & Finisher abilities. So the attack rolls and damage were as I stated.

Understood. We are proceeding with **Tarl as a 3rd-level Fighter**, using the attributes and abilities listed on your character sheet.

As you explode from the "everlasting silence and gloom" of the cedar roots, your longsword flashes with the "**quick ease of a panther**" [11, previous context]. There is no backstab or rogueish finesse here—only the "**tigerish strength**" of a veteran warrior who knows that in the Hyborian Age, combat is "**fast, brutal, and decisive**" [2, previous context].

The Surprise Round Resolution:

- **Attack 1:** Your roll of **14** (10 + 4 bonus) bites into the **Shambling Horror's** chitinous hide (AC 13), dealing **10 damage**.
- **Lone Wolf Bonus Attack:** Your second strike, a **22** (18 + 4 bonus), is a "short terrific chop" that shears through the beast's hairy midsection for an additional **4 damage**.

The Scene: The **Shambling Horror** lets out a "hideous, human-like" yelp as **14 total damage** is carved into its "black misshapen shadow" [previous context]. The "foul acrid reek of the charnel house" becomes overwhelming as the creature's ichor spatters the damp pine needles [33, previous context]. Having taken over half its health in a single heartbeat, the horror is now **Wounded**, its "ancient, evil mummy" face contorted in subhuman fury [87, previous context].

The **Surprise Round** has ended. You have successfully seized the initiative from the "shambling horror," confirming your suspicion that these "gray deformed shapes" may indeed be magically drawn to the **cloudy opals** in your pouch [user query, 152].

What is immediately happening: The beast is reeling but driven by a "**demonic life**" [previous context]. It is scrabbling to bring its "slavering black fangs" and "talon-armed limbs" to bear against you in the close quarters of the hollow [previous context].

What is at stake: You have **21/28 Hit Points** and **3/3 Rerolls**. Because you are in your **Single Weapon** fighting style (off-hand empty), you gain a **+2 bonus to Initiative**, as well as to **defensive Luck (Dex)** checks and **Retreats**. Furthermore, as a Fighter with **Deadly Strikes**, any natural **19 or 20** on your upcoming attacks will trigger a **Blade Trauma** roll.

What do you do?

Please roll for **Initiative**. Your target number is **16** (Base 14 [average of 16 Dex and 12 Int] + 2 for Single Weapon style).

- If you **Succeed** (roll 16 or under), you act first this round.
- If you **Fail** (roll 17 or over), the horror lunges before you can strike again.

I rolled a 4 for Initiative so go first. Rolled an 8+4=12 for my first attack which misses and then an 11+4=15 for the bonus attack and do another 7+1=8 damage.

With an **Initiative roll of 4**, which is a **Great Success** against your modified score of **16** (base 14 + 2 for Single Weapon style), you seize the momentum with "**tigerish strength**" [194, 613, previous context]. Your reaction is so instantaneous that the **Shambling Horror** is still reeling from your initial surprise assault when your steel flashes again in the "**everlasting silence and gloom**" of the cedar hollow [2, previous context].

The Exchange: Your first blow (modified **12 to hit**) "cuts only empty air" as the monstrosity skitters sideways on its "**eight thick hairy legs**," its "**four evilly gleaming eyes**" fixed on your blade [22, custom block, previous context]. However, your **Lone Wolf bonus attack** catches the creature mid-leap. The modified **15 to hit** bites deep into its "gray deformed shape," and the **8 damage** proves to be a "terrific back-hand return" [22, 542, previous context].

The Result: Combined with the 14 damage from your surprise round, you have now carved **22 points of damage** into the beast. The "**demonic life**" quickened by High Acheronian sorcery finally falters; your blade shears through the creature's "ancient, evil mummy" face, splitting the skull in a "**muffled sickening crunch**" [13, 32, custom block, previous context].

The horror lets out a final, wet "**chittering sound**" that ends in a "dry rattle" as it slumps limply onto the damp pine needles [14, previous context]. The "**foul acrid scent**" of the charnel house is nearly stifling in the close quarters of the hollow, but the immediate threat is silenced.

What is immediately happening: The predator is dead. Your suspicion that it was drawn to the **cloudy opals** seems confirmed, as it spent its final moments ignoring your throat to claw at your belt-pouch [user query, previous context]. Your "**sixth sense for danger**" remains alert, however; the forest has gone "too quiet," and you know the rest of the pack is scouring the lower mountain forests for your trail [92, previous context].

Current Status:

- **HP:** 21/28 [previous context].
- **Luck:** 10/11.

- **Rerolls:** 3/3 [previous context].
- **Loot on Body:** As an unnatural guardian, the horror carries no coin, but you may attempt an **Intelligence (Apothecary) check** to harvest a **valuable monster part** (worth 2 XP and 1d6 x 60 sp).

What do you do? Do you take a moment to **harvest** the beast's venomous fangs, or do you quickly **abandon this camp** before the creature's "bestial mad howling" pack-mates scent the fresh ichor on the wind? [307, previous context].

Tarl doesn't have the **Apothecary** skill, but will make an attempt anyway. Rolling a 7.

With a roll of **7 against your Intelligence of 12**, Tarl successfully performs a "fast, brutal, and decisive" extraction despite his lack of formal medical training. While you do not have the **Apothecary skill** to gain a +1 bonus or access to rerolls for this check, your raw "quick-witted" nature and experience with the "red ruin" of the wilderness allow you to identify the most potent parts of the beast [39, 10, previous context].

The Harvest: Ignoring the "**acrid reek of the charnel house**" that clings to the creature's "slick, clammy flesh," you use your dagger to pry the **oversized fangs** from its "ancient, evil mummy" face [33, 4, custom block]. You manage to preserve the **venom sacs** attached to the slavering black fangs, realizing these could be sold to the darker alchemy shops in **Arenjun** or used as a **special ingredient** for brewing [205, previous context].

• **Reward:** You earn **2 XP** for harvesting a valuable monster part.

• **Loot Value:** I have **Consulted the Bones** (1d6 result: 4) to determine the value of the fangs. They are worth **240 silver pieces** (4 x 60 sp) to the right buyer [previous context].

The Scene: The forest has gone "too quiet," a silence that screams of "near peril". Your "**sixth sense for danger**"—acting as your constant **Look Out**—notes that the "**bestial mad howling**" of the pack has shifted [415, previous context]. They are no longer wandering; the scent of fresh ichor from the horror you just butchered is "vibrant and dangerous" on the wind, drawing them toward your hollow [16, previous context].

What is immediately happening: You have the valuable fangs tucked away, but you are still in the **Mountain Forest** hex. The sun has likely set, and the "everlasting silence and gloom" is now total [previous context].

What is at stake: You are at **21/28 Hit Points** and have **3/3 Rerolls** [522, previous context]. If you stay to finish your rest, you risk being cornered in the hollow by "overwhelming numbers" of the pack. If you move now, you must act as your own **Guide** through the night-shrouded woods (consuming **two watches** to clear the hex) while "skulking and hiding" from the hunters [12, 227, previous context].

What do you do? Do you attempt a **Dexterity (Stealth)** check to vanish like a "**phantom between the trees**" and put distance between yourself and the kill, or do you try to find a new defensible position further down the slope? [278, previous context].

Setting a Trap...

As the creatures are tracking the opals, I'd like to set up an ambush. Using a stick I'll push the pouch with the opals into a deep rabbit burrow, beyond the reach of their thick hairy legs. Then

I'll retreat and watch from a distance, waiting for dawn when I can see clearly and hopefully these dark-dwelling monsters will be at a disadvantage.

You retreat from the scene of the kill, your "**sixth sense for danger**" humming like a taut bowstring as you move with the "**noiseless feet of a ghost**" through the gnarled cedars. You find a deep, lightless rabbit burrow near an ancient rockfall—a perfect "place of perfect night" to cache your bait.

Where you are: You are in a high **Mountain Forest** hex during the **Night Shift**. The terrain is gnarled and "gloom-haunted," providing ample cover for an ambusher.

What is immediately happening: You use a long cedar branch to push your pouch deep into the burrow, ensuring the **cloudy opals**—which you suspect are a "sorcerous beacon"—are tucked far beyond the reach of the monsters' "**thick hairy legs**" [30, user query]. You have then "slouched like a hunting panther" to a vantage point roughly **Far range (60 ft)** away, downwind, where you can watch the burrow without being smelled out.

What the characters sense: The forest has fallen into a "**brooding stillness**". The air is "chill with a promise of winter," and the "everlasting silence" is broken only by the distant, rhythmic "**booming of a drum**" echoing from the crags above. You wait for the "**rose and gold of dawn**", knowing that these "gray deformed shapes" are "**haters of the sun**" and will suffer **Disadvantage** on their attacks once the light strikes the forest floor [69, 78, Custom Statblock].

AI introduces the MONTAGE mechanics...

What is at stake: You are attempting a **Montage (Hard, 2F)** to survive the night watches and spring your ambush at first light.

- **Success:** You catch the pack in the open at dawn; they suffer Disadvantage and you gain a **Surprise Round** [289, Custom Statblock].
- **Failure:** The monsters' "horrible intelligence" allows them to sense your trap or "smell out your trail" before the sun rises, potentially surrounding your hiding spot in the dark.

Current Status:

- **HP:** 21/28.
- **Rerolls:** 3/3.
- **Bait:** Cached in burrow.

What do you do?

(To resolve this ambush setup, please provide the following rolls):

1. **Intelligence (Wilderness Lore) Check (13):** (12 base + 1 skill) To see how effectively you masked your scent and tracks while setting the bait.
2. **Dexterity (Stealth) Check (17):** (16 base + 1 skill) To remain "noiselessly" hidden during the long wait for dawn.
3. **Perception Check (14):** Your **Look Out** check to see if you detect the pack's arrival before they reach the burrow.

Wilderness Lore roll=11. Dexterity roll=10. Perception roll=9. I want to see how many of them are left before deciding whether to attack.

The "rose and gold" of dawn finally strikes the forest floor, shattering the "everlasting silence and gloom" of the Kezankian night [119, previous context]. With your **Wilderness Lore success of 11** against your Intelligence of 13 (12 base + 1 skill), your woodcraft is flawless; no stray scent or "muddled groping muddle" of tracks betrays your vantage point. You remain as still as one of the "ghosts of murdered men" with your **Stealth success of 10**.

The Observation (Perception Roll: 9): Your **success against your Perception of 14** allows your "sixth sense for danger" to pinpoint the pack at **Far range** (approx. 60 feet) before they can detect your presence.

What you see: There are **four** of the "shambling horrors" remaining [custom block]. They emerge from the "shadowy pines" like "black misshapen shadows," driven by a "demoniac life" toward the rabbit burrow where the opals are cached [4, previous context, custom block]. Their **"ancient, evil mummy" faces** are twisted in pain as they encounter the morning light; as **"haters of the sun,"** they are visibly staggered by the radiance [custom block]. They are currently **distracted**, scrabbling at the burrow with their "eight thick hairy legs" to reach your bait [previous context, custom block].

The Tactical Advantage: Because the sun is high, these creatures suffer from the **Near Blind** condition, granting them a **33% miss chance** on all attacks [593, custom block]. If you strike now, you will gain a **Surprise Round**, and your **first attack will be made at Advantage**.

Current Status:

- **HP:** 21/28.
- **Rerolls:** 3/3.
- **Luck:** 10/11 [previous context].
- **Enemies:** 4 Shambling Horrors (Disadvantaged by sunlight).

What do you do? Do you use your **shortbow (+5 to hit)** to take advantage of your **Sharpshooter** talent from the safety of the trees, or do you draw your **longsword (+4 to hit)** and leap into the clearing to finish this "ghastly harvest" with your **Lone Wolf bonus attacks?**?

I'll use the Sharpshooter Ability to try and get an automatic Critical Hit with the first attack. Rolled 4 of Perception, so if I hit it will be a Critical. Rolled a natural 20 for the Attack.

As the "rose and gold" of dawn breaks over the Kezankian forest, you release your first shaft with the **"tigerish strength"** of a master woodsman [12, previous context].

The Resolution

- **Sharpshooter Perception Check (Roll: 4):** Against your **Perception of 14**, a 4 is a **Great Success** (equal to or less than half your attribute score). You have perfectly pinpointed the most vulnerable gap in the lead horror's "gray corpse-like skin" [83, previous context].
- **The Attack (Roll: Natural 20):** A natural 20 is an automatic **Critical Hit**. Your arrow streaks through the morning light like **"white lightning"** and sinks hilt-deep into the creature's "ancient, evil mummy" face [previous context, custom block].

Critical Damage Calculation: As a 3rd-level solitary hero, your critical hits deal **maximum damage plus half your level** (rounded up).

- **Shortbow Max Damage:** 6 (base) + 2 (Dex modifier) = 8.
- **Level Bonus:** +2 (half of level 3).
- **Total Damage: 10 damage.**

Missile Trauma: Because you rolled a natural 20, you also trigger a roll on the **Missile Trauma** table. I have rolled a **1d12** (Result: **12 — Skull Crush**).

- **Effect:** The horror must make a **Luck (Con) save**. On a failure, it is **instantly slain** as the shaft pierces its brain-case. On a success, it enters a coma and will die in 2d6 days unless treated.

The Scene

The lead **Shambling Horror** lets out a sibilant "death-scream" that shatters the forest's "everlasting silence" [previous context, custom block]. It falls backward from the rabbit burrow, its "eight thick hairy legs" twitching convulsively in the damp pine needles [custom block, previous context]. The other three horrors wheel supinely, their "**four evilly gleaming eyes**" blinking in the unaccustomed sunlight as they search for the source of the strike [custom block, previous context].

What is immediately happening

You have caught the pack in a **Surprise Round**. They are "**haters of the sun**" and suffer from the **Near Blind** condition in this light, meaning they have a **33% miss chance** on any attacks they might eventually attempt [167, custom block].

What is at stake

Because you are a **Lone Wolf**, your legendary speed grants you a **bonus ranged attack** whenever you take an attack action. You still have the element of surprise; the remaining three creatures are currently **Far range (60 ft)** away and have not yet spotted your silhouette among the gnarled cedars.

What do you do?

*(Please roll **1d20 + 5** for your **Lone Wolf bonus ranged attack**. If you hit, you will deal **1d6 + 2** damage. Note: your Sharpshooter talent has been expended for this combat.)*

My luck seems to have changed. I roll a natural 19 for the bonus attack.

With your "tigerish strength" and the "certainty of a hurricane," you seize the momentum provided by the "**rose and gold**" of dawn. In the Hyborian Age, where combat is "**fast, brutal, and decisive**," your arrows hiss through the air like beams of moonlight [422, previous context].

The Resolution

- **The Attack (Roll: Natural 19):** Because you are a **3rd-level Fighter** with the **Deadly Strikes** ability, your critical hit range is **19–20**. This second arrow is an automatic **Critical Hit**.
- **Critical Damage Calculation:** As a solitary hero, your critical hits deal **maximum damage plus half your level** (rounded up).

- **Shortbow Max Damage:** 6 (base) + 2 (Dex modifier) = 8.
- **Level Bonus:** +2 (half of level 3).
- **Total Damage:** 10 damage dealt to the second **Shambling Horror**.
- **Missile Trauma (Roll: 4 — Stray Shot):** Because you rolled a 19, you trigger a roll on the **Missile Trauma** table. I have rolled a **1d10** (Result: **4 — Stray Shot**).
 - **Effect:** The horror is spun about by the force of the arrow and accidentally **stabs a nearby ally**. I have rolled **1d6 + 2** for this accidental damage (Result: **5 damage**).

The Scene

Your first arrow already has the lead horror twitching in a "**death-scream**" from a crushed skull [216, previous context]. This second shaft, launched with the "**supple ease of a tiger**," strikes the second creature squarely in its "**gray corpse-like skin**" [7, 83, previous context]. The impact is so tremendous that it whirls the monster around, its chitinous limbs flailing wildly. In its blind agony, it rakes its talons across the third horror, drawing a spray of "**foul acrid ichor**" [33, 217, previous context].

The forest, once a "**blind gray void**," is now filled with the screeching of monsters and the scent of the charnel house [12, 33, previous context]. The remaining three horrors are reeling—one badly wounded by your arrow, one slashed by its own kin, and the last blinking in the painful morning light [previous context].

What is immediately happening

The **Surprise Round** has concluded. You have decimated their numbers before they could even scent your presence. As "**haters of the sun**," they remain **Near Blind** in this light, suffering a **33% miss chance** on any attacks they attempt [205, custom block].

Current Status

- **Tarl HP:** 21/28.
- **Rerolls:** 3/3.
- **Enemies:**
 - **Horror 1:** Dead/Dying (Skull Crush).
 - **Horror 2:** Wounded (10 damage).
 - **Horror 3:** Injured (5 damage from Stray Shot).
 - **Horror 4:** Unharmed.

What do you do? You have the initiative. Because of your **Single Weapon** fighting style, you gain a **+2 bonus to your Initiative** score (Target: **16**). Please roll **1d20** for Initiative to see if you can finish this "**ghastly harvest**" before they can close the distance [previous context].

Rolled 7 for Initiative

With your **Initiative roll of 7**, which is a **Great Success** against your modified score of **16** (14 base + 2 bonus for Single Weapon style), you seize the momentum with "**tigerish strength**". The "**rose and gold**" of dawn acts as a physical weight upon your foes; as "**haters of the sun**," the

three remaining **Shambling Horrors** are visibly staggered, their "ancient, evil mummy" faces contorted as they suffer the **Near Blind** condition in the morning light [custom block, previous context].

The Scene: The clearing is a chaotic mess of "foul acrid ichor" and sibilant hissing [33, previous context]. The first horror lies still, its skull crushed by your opening shaft. The remaining three are at **Far range** (60 ft), scrabbling at the earth with their "eight thick hairy legs" as they try to orient themselves toward the source of the "white lightning" that decimated their leader [608, custom block, previous context].

What is immediately happening: You act **first** this round. Because you are a **Lone Wolf**, your legendary speed grants you a **bonus ranged attack** whenever you take an attack action. You have a clear window to fire two more arrows before the beasts can close the distance to your position among the gnarled cedars [previous context].

What is at stake: You have **21/28 Hit Points** and **3/3 Rerolls**. The horrors currently suffer a **33% miss chance** on any attacks they might attempt, and they must traverse the distance to reach you [219, custom block]. With your **Deadly Strikes** ability, any natural **19 or 20** on these attacks will result in a **Critical Hit** (maximum damage plus 2) and trigger a **Missile Trauma** roll.

What do you do?

Please provide **two attack rolls** (1d20 + 5) and **damage rolls** (1d6 + 2) for your shortbow:

- **Attack 1:** 1d20 + 5
- **Attack 2 (Lone Wolf Bonus):** 1d20 + 5

(Note: You can target the same horror to ensure a kill or split your fire between the survivors.) [i]

I rolled 13+5=18 and 7+5=12 for the two attacks. For the one that hits, against Horror 2, I get only 4 damage.

With your "tigerish strength" and the "certainty of a hurricane," you maintain your barrage as the "rose and gold" of dawn floods the forest floor [12, 507, previous context].

The Resolution

- **Attack 1 (Roll: 18):** Against the **Shambling Horror's AC of 13**, this is a **Success** [142, custom block]. Your arrow hisses through the trees and strikes the second horror—already reeling from your previous strike—dealing **4 damage**.
- **Attack 2 (Roll: 12):** Your **Lone Wolf bonus attack** catches a stray branch in the "everlasting silence and gloom," the shaft spinning wide into the mossy earth [116, 511, previous context].

Enemy Status:

- **Horror 2:** Now has **14 total damage** (10 from the surprise round + 4 now). It is deeply **Wounded**, its "gray corpse-like skin" tattered by your archery [44, previous context].

The Scene

The three surviving horrors, driven by a "demoniac life" and the sorcerous pull of the **cloudy opals**, finally orient themselves [4, previous context]. As "haters of the sun," they hiss in

subhuman agony, their "**four evilly gleaming eyes**" squinting and weeping in the unaccustomed light [custom block, previous context].

Realizing they cannot win a "futile attempt at exchanging fire" against your bowmanship, the pack chooses to close the distance [previous context]. With their "**eight thick hairy legs**" scrabbling over damp needles and cedar roots, they launch into a headlong pace [4, previous context]. They spend their entire turn moving from **Far range (60 ft)** to **Melee range**, surrounding your position among the gnarled trees.

What is immediately happening

The monsters have closed the gap. Because they used their action to move twice (traversing the Far range band), they cannot attack this round. However, the air is now thick with the "**acrid reek of the charnel house**," and you are backed against the massive cedar [33, previous context].

What is at stake

You are at **21/28 Hit Points** and have **3/3 Rerolls**. The horrors are now in **Melee range**. Because it is daylight, they suffer from the **Near Blind** condition, granting them a **33% miss chance** on all attacks they attempt [146, 165, custom block].

Furthermore, because you are using your **Single Weapon** fighting style (off-hand empty), you gain a **+2 bonus to Initiative**, as well as to **defensive Luck (Dex)** checks and **Retreats**.

What do you do?

(Please roll for **Initiative**. Your target number is **16** [14 base + 2 bonus]. If you succeed, you act first in melee. If you fail, the horrors begin their "ghastly harvest" of fangs and talons [previous context].)

I rolled 10 for Initiative so go first. I'll draw my scimitar and let the bow fall to the ground.

Attacking Horror 2 the first attack is an $11+4=15$ for 4 more damage

With an **Initiative roll of 10** against your score of **16** (14 base + 2 Single Weapon style bonus), you react with "**pantherish grace**," moving before the staggered monsters can bring their talons to bear [83, 138, previous context].

The Exchange: You let your shortbow clatter to the damp pine needles and draw your blade in a single, fluid motion, the steel flashing like "**white lightning**" in the morning sun [7, previous context]. Your strike against **Horror 2**—already tattered and reeling—connects with a **15 to hit**, biting through its "gray deformed shape" for **4 damage** [147, previous context].

The creature has now suffered **18 total damage**. It is barely clinging to its "**demonic life**," its "ancient, evil mummy" face leaking "**foul acrid ichor**" as it hisses in subhuman agony [4, 25, 33, previous context].

The Scene: You stand in a "**singing steel whirlpool**," backed against the ancient cedar. Around you, the three surviving horrors scrabble with their "**eight thick hairy legs**," but they are visibly blinded by the "**rose and gold**" of dawn [12, previous context]. As "**haters of the sun**," they weep and squint, their movements jerky and uncertain in the unaccustomed radiance [custom block, previous context].

What is immediately happening: You are in **Melee range** with three Shambling Horrors. Because you are a **Lone Wolf**, your legendary speed grants you a **bonus melee attack** whenever you take the attack action. You have the opportunity to finish Horror 2 or pivot your blade toward one of its pack-mates.

What is at stake: You have **21/28 Hit Points** and **3/3 Rerolls** [512, previous context]. Your **Single Weapon style** is active, granting you a **+2 bonus to defensive Luck (Dex) checks** and **Retreats** should the "ghastly harvest" turn against you. Remember that the horrors suffer a **33% miss chance** on all attacks due to being **Near Blind** in the sunlight [151, custom block].

What do you do?

Please roll for your **Lone Wolf bonus melee attack**:

- **Attack 2:** 1d20+4 (Damage: 1d8+1)

*(Note: A natural **19 or 20** will trigger a **Critical Hit** and a **Blade Trauma** roll.)*

I rolled a 7, then spent a Reroll and got a $12+4=16$ for another 3 damage on Horror 2

Your second strike, delivered with "**tigerish strength**" and the "**certainty of a hurricane**," finds its mark after you spend one of your **Rerolls (2/3 remaining)** [244, 261, previous context]. The blade of your longsword flashes like "**white lightning**" in the morning sun, carving another **3 damage** into the **Shambling Horror**.

The Result: With a total of **21 damage** taken, the creature's "**demonic life**" finally fails [4, previous context]. Its "**ancient, evil mummy**" face twists in a final, sibilant hiss before it slumps into the damp pine needles, its "**four evilly gleaming eyes**" growing dull as it is sent back to the "**nighted gulfs**" [5, previous context, custom block].

The Scene: Two of the four horrors now lie dead in the clearing, their "**foul acrid ichor**" staining the forest floor [33, previous context]. The remaining two creatures, driven by the magical pull of your **cloudy opals**, ignore their fallen kin and close in [user query, previous context]. However, as "**haters of the sun**," they are visibly distressed by the "**rose and gold**" of dawn [12, previous context, custom block]. They move with jerky, uncertain motions, their vision clouded by the radiance.

What is immediately happening: Your turn has ended. The remaining two **Shambling Horrors** (one unharmed, one slightly injured with 5 damage) now engage you in **Melee range**. Because of the sunlight, they are **Near Blind**, granting them a **33% miss chance** on all attacks.

What is at stake: You are at **21/28 Hit Points**. You are using the **Single Weapon** fighting style, which grants you a **+2 bonus to defensive Luck (Dex) checks** if you need to avoid a special effect. The monsters will attempt to rend you with their "**talon-armed limbs**" and "**slavering black fangs**" [previous context, custom block].

What do you do?

The horrors are attacking. Please roll **1d6 for your Fortune Die** for each monster to see if your legendary prowess allows you to avoid the damage or strike back:

- **Horror 3 (Injured):** Roll 1d6
- **Horror 4 (Unharmed):** Roll 1d6

Fortune Die Results:

- **1–2 (Shield):** You parry or slip the attack entirely.
- **3–4 (Sword):** You **Counterstrike**, automatically dealing **1d8+1** damage.
- **5–6 (Nil):** You take **6 damage** from their talons (or **2d6** if it's a bite) [580, previous context].

(Note: I will roll the 33% miss chance for the monsters after you provide these rolls.)

I rolled a 6 and then a 3 on the fortune dice

The "rose and gold" of dawn continues to hamper your remaining foes, but their "demoniac life" and the sorcerous pull of the **cloudy opals** drive them into a "bestial blood-frenzy" [4, 12, 114, previous context].

The Resolution: As a **Lone Wolf**, your **Fortune Die** determines your reaction to incoming hits.

- **Against the Injured Horror (Roll: 6):** Despite being **Near Blind** in the sunlight (33% miss chance), the beast manages to bypass the glare and rake you with its "talon-armed limbs" [131, previous context, custom block]. Your roll of **6** is a "**Nil**" result, meaning your guard was momentarily dropped as you focused on the other attacker. You suffer **6 damage**.
- **Against the Unharmed Horror (Roll: 3):** This creature also manages to find its mark through the mist, but your roll of **3** triggers an immediate **Counterstrike**. With "tigerish strength," you take the blow on your shoulder and deliver a "terrific back-hand return" that automatically hits [7, 458, previous context].

Counterstrike Damage: I have rolled **1d8+1** for your longsword counterstrike (Result: **6+1 = 7 damage**) [121, 552, previous context].

The Scene: The clearing is a "red ruin" of churned pine needles and "foul acrid ichor" [11, 33, previous context]. You grunt in pain as a jagged talon shears through your leather, but you answer the wound with a whistling arc of steel that carves a deep trench into the second horror's "gray corpse-like skin" [4, previous context]. The monsters' "four evilly gleaming eyes" squint and weep in the morning light, their "ancient, evil mummy" faces twitching with subhuman malice [4, previous context, custom block].

Current Status:

- **Tarl HP:** 15/28 (You have taken 6 damage) [32, previous context].
- **Rerolls:** 2/3 [previous context].
- **Enemies:**
 - **Horror 3 (Injured):** 5 damage taken.
 - **Horror 4 (Unharmed):** 7 damage taken from your counterstrike.

What is immediately happening: Both horrors are in **Melee range**. Because it is broad daylight, they continue to suffer from the **Near Blind** condition, granting them a **33% miss chance** on any attacks they attempt [131, 138, custom block]. You are currently **Single Weapon Fighting**, granting you a **+2 bonus to Initiative**.

What do you do?

Please roll for **Initiative**. Your target number is **16** (14 base + 2 bonus).

- If you succeed, you may take your action to attack. As a **Lone Wolf**, you will get **two melee attacks** [458, previous context].
- If you fail, the horrors will attempt to finish their "**ghastly harvest**" with their fangs and talons [previous context, custom block].

Rolled a 2 for Initiative so I go first. I attack Horror 4. I roll $14+4=18$ for 4 damage. With the bonus attack I roll $9+4=13$ for 7 damage.

With an **Initiative roll of 2**, you have achieved a **Great Success** against your modified score of **16**. Moving with the "**quick ease of a panther**," you strike before the "**haters of the sun**" can blink their weeping eyes in the morning radiance.

The Exchange

- **Attack 1 (Roll: 18):** Your longsword shears through the "**gray corpse-like skin**" of **Horror 4**, dealing **4 damage** [169, previous context].
- **Attack 2 (Lone Wolf Bonus, Roll: 13):** Your momentum carries you into a "**tigerish**" follow-up strike. Against the creature's **AC of 13**, this is a **Success**. You carve another **7 damage** into its misshapen bulk.

Enemy Status: **Horror 4** has now taken a total of **18 damage** (7 from your previous counterstrike + 11 this round). It is officially **Wounded**, reeling as "**foul acrid ichor**" spatters the damp needles [189, previous context]. Though it clings to its "**demoniac life**," it is a "**crimson caricature**" of its former nightmare self.

The Monsters' Turn

The two remaining horrors, driven by the sorcerous lure of your **cloudy opals**, launch a desperate assault [user query]. Because of the "**rose and gold**" of dawn, they remain **Near Blind**, suffering a **33% miss chance** on their attempts to rend you with their "**talon-armed limbs**" [188, 246, custom block].

Monster Attack Resolution: I have rolled the 33% miss chance for both creatures.

- **Horror 3 (Injured):** Bypasses the sunlight (Roll: 67). It manages to find its mark.
- **Horror 4 (Wounded):** Also bypasses the sunlight (Roll: 89). Despite its wounds, it lunges for your throat.

What is at stake

You are currently at **15/28 Hit Points** and have **2/3 Rerolls** [previous context]. As a **Lone Wolf**, whenever you are hit, you roll the **Fortune Die** to determine your legendary reaction.

What do you do?

Please roll **1d6 (Fortune Die)** for each of the two incoming hits:

1. **Fortune Die vs. Horror 3:** 1d6
2. **Fortune Die vs. Horror 4:** 1d6

Fortune Die Results:

- **1–2 (Shield):** You parry or slip the attack entirely.
- **3–4 (Sword):** You **Counterstrike**, automatically dealing **1d8+1** damage.
- **5–6 (Nil):** You take **6 damage** (talons).

(Note: Your **Single Weapon** style grants you a **+2 bonus** to any defensive **Luck (Dex)** saves you might need to make if these hits trigger a special effect.)

I rolled a 1 and a 4 for the Fortune dice

In the "rose and gold" of dawn, your **Lone Wolf** instincts allow you to turn a desperate situation into a display of "tigerish strength" [119, 747, previous context].

The Resolution

- **Against Horror 3 (Roll: 1):** You achieve a **Shield** result. The horror's "talon-armed limbs" are swept aside with a clatter of steel as the attack is "parried, evaded, or negated" [747, custom block].
- **Against Horror 4 (Roll: 4):** You achieve a **Sword** result. As the wounded beast lunges through the sunlight, you deliver a "counterstrike," automatically causing your standard longsword damage.

The Scene

The forest is no longer a "blind gray void" as the morning light exposes the horrors for the "gray deformed shapes" they are [231, 152, previous context]. As the third horror strikes, you pivot with the "supple ease of a tiger," catching its claws on your crossguard [7, previous context]. Simultaneously, your blade snaps out in a "terrific back-hand return" that catches the fourth horror squarely in its "ancient, evil mummy" face [542, previous context].

Counterstrike Damage: I have rolled **1d8 + 1** for your automatic hit (Result: **8 + 1 = 9 damage**).

The Result

The counterstrike shears through Horror 4's "slick, clammy flesh" [114, previous context]. Having taken a total of **27 damage**, the monstrosity's "demoniac life" is extinguished; it collapses into the damp pine needles with a final "dry rattle" [4, 29, previous context].

Only one horror remains.

Current Status

- **Tarl HP:** 15/28.
- **Rerolls:** 2/3.
- **Enemies:** Horror 3 (Injured - 5 damage taken).

What is immediately happening: The last **Shambling Horror** is in **Melee range**. Because it is broad daylight, it continues to suffer from the **Near Blind** condition, granting it a **33% miss chance** on all attacks [403, custom block]. You are currently using the **Single Weapon** fighting style, granting you a **+2 bonus to Initiative**.

What do you do?

Please roll for **Initiative**. Your target number is **16** (14 base + 2 bonus).

- If you **Succeed**, you act first. As a **Lone Wolf**, you will get **two melee attacks** with your longsword.

- If you **Fail**, the beast attempts to rend you with its fangs and talons before you can strike.

rolled 20 for the Initiative so they go first

With an **Initiative roll of 20**, you have suffered a **Terrible Failure** against your score of **16** (14 base + 2 bonus for your **Single Weapon style**). In the swirling "rose and gold" of the dawn, your foot slips on a patch of "foul acrid ichor" from the previous kill, and the last **Shambling Horror** seizes the opening with "demoniac life".

The Monster's Turn: Driven by the sorcerous pull of the **cloudy opals**, the horror lunges through the morning light [user query]. Because of the sun, it is **Near Blind**, granting it a **33% miss chance** on its attack.

- **Near Blind Check:** I have **Consulted the Bones** (1d100 result: 72). The beast's "four evilly gleaming eyes" squint against the glare, but it manages to track your silhouette [154, previous context].
- **The Attack:** The creature's "talon-armed limbs" rake across your guard. Its attack roll (17) is a **Success** against your **AC of 13**.
- **The Damage:** The talons shear through your leather for **6 damage** [515, previous context].

The Scene: The horror's "ancient, evil mummy face" is a mask of subhuman fury as it bears you backward against the gnarled cedar [4, 132, previous context]. You feel its "slick, clammy flesh" press against you as it seeks to finish its "ghastly harvest" [4, 114, previous context].

Current Status:

- **Tarl HP:** 9/28 (You have taken 6 damage) [previous context].
- **Luck:** 10/11.
- **Rerolls:** 2/3.
- **Enemy:** Shambling Horror (Injured - 5 damage taken).

What is immediately happening: The attack has connected. As a **Lone Wolf**, you must now roll your **Fortune Die** to determine your legendary reaction to this strike.

What do you do?

Please roll **1d6 (Fortune Die)**:

- **1–2 (Shield):** You parry the blow, taking **no damage** [515, previous context].
- **3–4 (Sword):** You **Counterstrike**, automatically dealing **1d8+1** damage to the horror [515, previous context].
- **5–6 (Nil):** Your guard fails; you take the **6 damage** and are pushed back [515, previous context].

(Note: Because of your **Single Weapon style**, you gain a **+2 bonus** to any defensive **Luck (Dex) saves** if this hit forces a secondary effect.)

I rolled 4 on the Fortune dice

With a roll of **4 on your Fortune die**, your legendary prowess as a **Lone Wolf** allows you to turn the beast's momentum against it. You achieve a **Sword result**, executing an immediate **counterstrike**.

The Resolution: The Shambling Horror's talons rake your breast, "ripping through mail-links as if they had been cloth" and dealing **6 damage**. Your current health is now **9/28 Hit Points** [previous context]. However, your return spring is "like that of a starving wolf". Your longsword lashes out in a "tremendous swipe," automatically striking the horror's "slick, clammy flesh" for **8 damage** (I have rolled 1d8+1).

The Scene: The clearing is a "**singing steel whirlpool**" as you and the final monster "roll and wrestle in murderous silence". The creature reels back, its "ancient, evil mummy face" contorted as it has now suffered **13 total damage** (5 previous + 8 counterstrike) [4, previous context]. It is officially **Wounded**, showing "real signs of trauma" as it gasps for breath in the morning sun.

What is immediately happening: The monster's turn—which it seized with a natural 20 initiative—has ended. It is now **your turn** to act. Because you are a **Lone Wolf**, your speed grants you **two melee attacks** with your action.

What is at stake: You are at **9/28 Hit Points** and have **2/3 Rerolls** available. The horror is **Wounded** and remains **Near Blind** in the sunlight, suffering a **33% miss chance** on its own future turns [208, custom block]. If you finish it now, you can finally reclaim your **cloudy opals** from the rabbit burrow.

What do you do?

Please provide **two attack rolls** for Tarl:

1. **Attack 1:** 1d20 + 4

2. **Attack 2 (Lone Wolf Bonus):** 1d20 + 4

(Damage: 1d8+1. Note: Because of your **Deadly Strikes**, a natural 19 or 20 triggers a Critical Hit and a **Blade Trauma** roll.)

I try a **MINOR EXPLOIT**

I rolled **7+4=11** (a miss) and **10+4=14**. I do 2 damage but would like to try a Minor Exploit. I'll use my DEX to get the sun directly behind me so the creature is even more affected by the brightness.. I rolled a 9 for the DEX chack.

Your first strike "cuts only empty air" as the **Shambling Horror** skitters back against the ancient cedar [116, previous context]. However, your follow-up chop, driven by "**tigerish strength**," bites through its "gray deformed shape" for **2 damage** [2, 33, previous context]. The creature has now taken **15 total damage** and is visibly reeling from its wounds [142, previous context].

The Minor Exploit: For a Minor Exploit to occur, you must first hit and cause damage as normal, which you have successfully done. You attempt to use your sharp reflexes to leverage the "**rose**

and gold" of dawn to your advantage [11, previous context]. With a roll of **9 against your Dexterity of 16**, you achieve a **Success** in your maneuver.

You "wheel supplely," moving with "**pantherish grace**" to position yourself so the blinding morning sun is directly at your back [138, previous context]. The beast, already a "**hater of the sun**," lets out a sibilant hiss as the direct radiance strikes its "**four evilly gleaming eyes**" [previous context, custom block]. It is no longer merely hampered; it is now fully **Blind**, suffering a **66% miss chance** on its attacks as its world becomes a "blind gray void".

What is immediately happening: Your turn has ended. The final **Shambling Horror** (Wounded) lunges forward in a "bestial blood-frenzy," attempting to find you by scent alone while the sun at your back burns its eyes [308, previous context].

Monster Attack Resolution: I have **Consulted the Bones** for the creature's **66% miss chance** (1d100 result: 14). The beast's "talon-armed limbs" rake wildly, but the glare of the sun causes it to strike the gnarled bark of the cedar instead of your flesh [139, custom block]. **The attack is a total miss.**

Current Status:

- **Tarl HP:** 9/28 (Wounded).
- **Luck:** 10/11.
- **Rerolls:** 2/3.
- **Enemy Status:** Wounded / **Blind** (Next turn).

What do you do? It is a new round. Because of your **Single Weapon** fighting style, you gain a **+2 bonus to your Initiative** score. Please roll **1d20 for Initiative** (Target: **16** or under).

- **Success:** You act first and can attempt to finish this "ghastly harvest" [previous context].
- **Failure:** The blind horror continues its frantic, slavering assault before you can strike.

Initiative 16, I'll use a Reroll to roll again... 11, so I go first. **11+4=15 to hit and 8 damage.** The bonus action is a miss.

Using one of your **Rerolls (1/3 remaining)**, you settle your nerves and seize the initiative with an **11 against your modified score of 16**. You act first, moving with the "**tigerish strength**" and "**pantherish grace**" that have kept you alive in the high crags [7, 83, previous context].

The Resolution: Your first strike, a heavy horizontal sweep of your longsword, connects with a **15 to hit**. The blade bites deep into the creature's "**gray corpse-like skin**," dealing **8 damage** [161, 163, previous context]. With your **Lone Wolf bonus attack** missing, you rely on the sheer weight of this single blow.

The Result: The final **Shambling Horror** has now suffered **23 total damage** [previous context]. Already blinded by your clever positioning and the "**rose and gold" of the dawn**, the creature cannot mount a defense [178, previous context]. Your steel shears through its "**ancient, evil mummy" face**, splitting the skull and ending its "**demoniac life**" [4, custom block, previous context].

The beast collapses into a heap of "**slick, clammy flesh**" amidst the damp pine needles, its "**four evilly gleaming eyes**" finally going dark [114, 153, previous context]. The "**everlasting**

"silence" of the forest returns, broken only by your own ragged breathing and the distant, rhythmic "**booming of a drum**" from the peaks above [152, previous context].

The Aftermath: The clearing is a "**red ruin**" of ichor and tattered gray shapes. You have successfully completed this "**ghastly harvest**," ending the immediate threat of the pack that tracked you through the night [previous context].

Immediate Actions:

- 1. Reclaim the Opals:** You retrieve your pouch from the rabbit burrow. The **cloudy opals** feel cold to the touch, and you suspect their sorcerous pull is what led the horrors directly to your camp [user query, previous context].
- 2. Looting:** You may search the other three bodies for **valuable monster parts** (requires an **Intelligence (Apothecary) check** per body).
- 3. Recover:** You are currently at **9/28 Hit Points** and **Wounded**. Now that the "**significant combat**" has ended, you are entitled to a **Short Rest**.

What is at stake: You are deep in a **Mountain Forest** hex. While this pack is dead, the "**sixth sense for danger**" provided by your **Lone Wolf** instincts warns you that the scent of so much ichor will eventually draw other predators—or perhaps more of these Acheronian guardians [509, previous context].

What do you do? Do you take your **Short Rest** here (rolling **three Willpower checks** for recovery benefits) to stitch your wounds, or do you quickly gather your gear and put miles between yourself and this blood-stained clearing?.

Short Rest. Rolled 3, 16 & 11 so I'll get 1 Reroll back and 9 hit points back

You take your **Short Rest** amidst the "**red ruin**" of the clearing, the morning sun casting long shadows through the gnarled cedars [11, previous context]. The "**acrid reek of the charnel house**" begins to fade, replaced by the scent of damp pine needles as you bind your gashed leather and tend to your shallow wounds [33, previous context].

The Resolution

As a **Lone Wolf**, you are entitled to **three Willpower checks** during a Short Rest. Against your **Willpower of 14**, your rolls of **3, 16, and 11** result in **two successes** and one failure. Your roll of **3** is also a **Great Success** (equal to or less than half your attribute).

Recovery Benefits:

- Check 1 (Great Success):** You choose to **recover one Reroll**. Your current total is now **2/3 Rerolls**. (Note: Because your Luck is currently 10, you cannot use the Great Success to restore Luck, as that requires being below 10).
- Check 2 (Failure):** This recovery attempt fails to provide a benefit.
- Check 3 (Success):** You choose to **recover half of your lost hit points**. Having lost 19 HP (28 max - 9 current), you regain **9 hit points** (rounding down).

Current Status:

- HP:** 18/28.

- **Luck:** 10/11.
- **Rerolls:** 2/3.

The Scene

Where you are: You remain in the **Mountain Forest** clearing where the carcasses of the four **Shambling Horrors** now draw flies in the growing heat of the day.

What is immediately happening: You have reclaimed your **cloudy opals** from the rabbit burrow. They feel heavy and cold in your palm, their "unholy witchlight" seemingly dampened by the direct sun [previous context]. You have spent roughly **twenty minutes** resting and catching your breath.

What you sense: The "everlasting silence" of the forest has returned, but it is no longer peaceful [152, previous context]. The distant, rhythmic "**booming of a drum**" from the high crags has grown slightly louder, and you can hear the faint, discordant "**bestial mad howling**" of more pack-mates responding to the scent of fresh ichor on the wind [132, 16, previous context].

What is at stake: You are no longer **Wounded**, having rallied your "fighting spirit". however, the pack is still hunting you. Staying here longer increases the chance of a **Random Encounter** as more "gray deformed shapes" converge on the kill site.

What do you do? Do you take a final moment to check the other three bodies for **valuable monster parts** (Intelligence (Apothecary) check), or do you immediately **abandon this site** and continue your ascent toward the source of the drumming? [476, previous context].

Can I estimate how many of these monsters are left?

You stand amidst the "**red ruin**" of the clearing, having now slain **five** of these "gray deformed shapes" in total (the initial attacker in the hollow and the four in this ambush) [11, previous context]. Your "**sixth sense for danger**"—functioning as your constant **Look Out** role—is currently your best tool for estimating the remaining threat.

Based on the sources and your current situation:

- **The Immediate Pack:** In the Hyborian wilderness, such "formless monsters" or bestial executioners often move in packs of approximately **twenty**. Having dispatched five, you can reasonably estimate that roughly **fifteen** of this specific hunting party are still "shambling" through the nearby timber.
- **The Greater Horde:** The rhythmic "**booming of a drum**" from the high crags above suggests a much larger "hive" or encampment, which could house hundreds or even **thousands** of fighting-men and monsters if a sorcerer has united the local clans [288, 590, previous context].
- **The Opal Beacon:** Because you have reclaimed the **cloudy opals**, you remain a "vibrant and dangerous" target on the wind [16, user query]. You can estimate that as long as the opals are in your possession, any remaining monsters in this **Mountain Forest** hex will eventually be drawn to your position [user query, 534].
- **The Haters of the Sun:** You have a temporary advantage; while the sun remains high, any remaining horrors will likely "lurk in the deepest woods" and remain **Near Blind**, making them hesitant to attack in the open clearing [136, 167, custom block].

To get a more precise count of the immediate threats: You must pause and listen to the "bestial mad howling" to determine how many distinct voices are answering the scent of the fresh ichor [16, previous context].

Please roll a **Perception check (14):**

- **Success:** You triangulate the cries to determine if they are closing in from multiple directions or if they have lost your scent.
- **Great Success:** You identify if a **Special Leader**—such as a **Basartu** or **Urgozer**—is directing the pack from the shadows.
- **Failure:** The "everlasting silence" of the forest becomes a "blind gray void," and you cannot tell if there are two monsters left or twenty [152, 365, previous context].

What do you do?

I was considering another ambush, but there are too many left and possibly some human pursuers too, so I'm going to make a run for it and head back towards Arenjun. Hopefully the city walls and the Watch will be able to deal with these monsters!

You quickly gather your gear, leaving the "red ruin" of the clearing behind you as the "bestial mad howling" of the remaining pack-mates grows more distinct. You recognize that the **cloudy opals** are likely a "sorcerous beacon" and that staying to fight a remaining pack of approximately fifteen **Shambling Horrors**—plus unknown human pursuers signaled by the "booming of a drum"—would be a "vain sacrifice" [user query, 288, 2102].

AI introduces the CHASE mechanics...

The Flight from the Crags: You strike out southward, descending from the high **Mountain Forest** toward the dusty plains of **Zamora**. Your **Single Weapon** fighting style grants you a **+2 bonus to Retreats**, allowing you to slip away with "**pantherish grace**" before the horrors can close the gap. You move with the "noiseless feet of a ghost," but you know the creatures are "smelling out your trail" through the dark woods.

The Chase is On: Because you are fleeing and the monsters are "implacably drawing closer," we are entering a **Chase** sequence.

- **Starting Gap:** 6 "lengths" (The horrors are hindered by the daylight, making them "Near Blind" and hesitant to leave the deepest shadows).
- **The Quarry:** Tarl (Fighter 3).
- **The Chasers:** The Shambling Horrors (and potential human "jackals" following the drum-beat).

The Goal: You are making for **Arenjun**, the "City of Thieves". You hope its "massive black stone walls" and the **Pelishtim watchmen**—mercenaries who "do not interfere" if well paid with "stained coins"—will provide a "haven of refuge". However, the Watch are "hated by the mongrel population" and may require a "pouch of silvers" as a "night tax" before allowing entry.

Current Status:

- **HP:** 18/28.

- **Rerolls:** 2/3.
- **Luck:** 10/11.
- **Burden:** The Cloudy Opals (Active beacon) and 240 sp worth of venomous fangs [user query, previous context].

What is immediately happening: The first leg of the chase begins as you hit the easier terrain of the lower slopes. You must "buckle down to it and run as you never ran before".

What do you do?

Please roll for **Leg 1 of the Chase:**

- **Constitution Check (12):** (Your base Con). This represents your "iron endurance" to maintain a "headlong pace" through the rugged terrain.
- **Success:** You maintain the 6-length gap.
- **Great Success (6 or under):** You widen the gap to 8 lengths.
- **Failure:** The gap closes to 5 lengths as the "shambling shapes" gain ground in the shadows.

(Note: You gain a +2 bonus to this roll because of your Single Weapon style's retreat bonus.)

Rolled 7

With a **roll of 7**, you succeed against your modified **Constitution target of 14** (Base 12 + 2 bonus for your Single Weapon style). Your "**iron endurance**" holds steady as you maintain a "**headlong pace**" through the gnarled roots and treacherous rock-strewn slopes of the high mountain forest [381, previous context].

The Chase - Leg 1 Result

You have successfully maintained your lead. The **gap remains at 6 lengths**. Behind you, the "**bestial mad howling**" of the horrors is partially swallowed by the "everlasting silence and gloom" of the deep woods, but the rhythmic "**booming of a drum**" continues to pulse from the crags above, a sinister reminder that you are being hunted by more than just mindless beasts [152, 288, previous context].

The Chase - Leg 2

As you descend toward the foothills, the "shadowy pines" begin to give way to jagged ravines and "treacherous creeks". You are pushing yourself to the limit, but the terrain is becoming increasingly difficult to navigate at full speed.

Current Status:

- **HP:** 18/28.
- **Rerolls:** 2/3.
- **Gap:** 6 lengths.
- **Legs remaining:** 5.

What is immediately happening: The morning sun is still high, which remains your greatest ally. The **Shambling Horrors** are likely sticking to the "deepest shadows" to avoid the painful

glare of the "**rose and gold**" of dawn, preventing them from taking direct shortcuts to cut you off [12, 167, custom block].

What is at stake: We must now determine the specific complication or opportunity that arises during this next leg of your flight toward the Zamoran plains.

What do you do?

Please roll **1d20** on the **Chase Table** to resolve **Leg 2** of your escape.

Rolled 16

Your roll of **16 on the Chase Table** results in a **Random Setback**. As you descend into the foothills, the "shadowy pines" give way to jagged ravines and "treacherous creeks". The "iron endurance" that carried you through the high peaks is tested as the terrain becomes a "blind gray void" of loose shale and hidden drop-offs [8, 12, previous context].

The Resolution: To determine the specific nature of this setback, you must **roll 1d6** to see how the wilderness conspires against your flight.

The Stakes of the 1d6 Roll:

- **1–3:** You encounter a minor delay, such as snagging your gear on a thorn-thicket or losing your footing in a silty creek, potentially allowing the "shambling shapes" to gain ground.
- **4 (Fall):** You trip on a protruding root or slip on blood-slicked stone; you must make a **Dexterity (Acrobatics) check** or suffer a setback improvised by the GM.
- **5 (Hostile Third Party):** You are beset by a different predator drawn by the drumming or the scent of the chase; you must make a **Luck (Dex) save** or drop out of the chase to deal with a new encounter.
- **6 (Lost):** You veer off the track in your "headlong pace"; you must make an **Intelligence check** or become lost and drop out of the chase.

Current Status:

- **HP:** 18/28.
- **Rerolls:** 2/3.
- **Gap:** 6 lengths.
- **Active Style: Single Weapon**, which grants you a **+2 bonus** to any tests related to this retreat.

What do you do? Please provide a **1d6 roll** to see which setback occurs.

rolled a 2 for the setback

Your "**iron endurance**" finally begins to flag as you navigate the "blind gray void" of the foothills. The adrenaline of the "**ghastly harvest**" in the clearing is wearing off, replaced by a leaden heaviness in your limbs.

The Setback: Fatigue

Your roll of **2** on the setback sub-table indicates you are overcome by **Fatigue**.

- **Mechanical Effect:** You immediately **lose 1 point of Constitution**, dropping your score from 12 to **11**.

- **Encumbered:** Because you are Fatigued, you are now treated as **Encumbered**. This grants you **Disadvantage** on all further checks relating to the **Chase**. You will remain in this state until you can secure six hours of restful sleep.

The Scene

As you scramble through a "treacherous creek," your foot slips on the silty bottom, and you barely avoid a headlong plunge. You recover, but your breath is coming in "ragged gasps" now. Behind you, the rhythmic "**booming of a drum**" from the high crags does not tire, and the "**bestial mad howling**" of the horrors seems to mock your slowing pace. The morning sun, once your ally, now beats down with "unrelenting heat," threatening to turn your flight into a "stumbling, groping muddle".

Resolving Leg 2 Gap

We must now resolve whether the monsters gain ground during this leg of the chase. You must make an **Opposed Constitution (Athletics) Check** against the pack leader.

The Stakes:

- **Success:** You maintain the **6-length gap**.
- **Failure:** The horrors close in, reducing the gap to **5 lengths**.
- **Great Success (5 or under):** You dig deep despite the exhaustion and widen the gap to **7 lengths**.

Current Status:

- **HP:** 18/28.
- **CON:** 11 (Fatigued).
- **Luck:** 10/11.
- **Rerolls:** 1/3.
- **Condition: Encumbered** (Disadvantage on Chase checks).

What do you do? Please roll **2d20** and take the **lowest result** (Disadvantage) for your **Constitution (11)** check. You still gain your **+1 Athletics skill bonus** to your attribute for this roll (Target: **12**).

*(Note: Your **Single Weapon** style provides a +2 bonus to "Retreats," but the Chase rules specify the check is against your Constitution attribute. I will apply the +2 bonus to your target number, making it **14**.)*

rolled a 15 and a 10

With your rolls of **15 and 10**, your **Encumbered** condition (caused by your recent fatigue) forces you to take the **lowest result of 10** [118, 44, previous context].

The Resolution

- **The Check (Roll 10):** Against your modified **Constitution target of 14** (CON 11 + 1 Athletics skill + 2 Single Weapon style bonus), this is a **Success**.
- **Chase Result:** You grit your teeth against the "unrelenting heat" and maintain your lead. The **gap remains at 6 lengths** [130, previous context].

The Scene

Your "iron endurance" is flagging, but your "**tigerish strength**" carries you through [21, previous context]. You scramble out of the silty creek, your boots heavy with mud, and push southward toward the Zamoran plains. Behind you, the "**bestial mad howling**" of the Shambling Horrors sounds frustrated; they are still sticking to the "shadowy pines" to avoid the painful morning sun, unable to make up the distance you gained in your initial burst [16, previous context, custom block].

However, the **cloudy opals** in your pouch remain a "vibrant and dangerous" beacon on the wind [16, previous context]. You can feel their cold weight against your thigh, a constant reminder that you are a marked man until you reach the "massive black stone walls" of **Arenjun** [user query, previous context].

The Chase - Leg 3

You have reached the mid-point of your flight. The terrain is flattening out into the scrubland of the foothills, but the sun is now at its zenith, beating down on your exhausted frame.

Current Status:

- **HP:** 18/28.
- **CON:** 11 (**Fatigued/Encumbered**—Disadvantage on Chase checks).
- **Luck:** 10/11.
- **Rerolls:** 1/3.
- **Gap:** 6 lengths.
- **Legs remaining:** 4.

What is immediately happening: You are entering the third leg of the chase. You must maintain your pace despite your leaden limbs.

What do you do?

Please roll **1d20** for the **Chase Event** for Leg 3.

17 for the Chase Event

As you descend from the "shadowy pines" into the scrubland of the foothills, the "unrelenting heat" of the noon sun turns a dry ravine into a **Major Obstruction** [469, 665, previous context]. A hidden underground spring has turned the loose shale into a "**blind gray void**" of **slippery mud**.

The Event: Major Obstruction (Shale Slide)

To navigate this "treacherous creek" and shale slide, you must act with "**pantherish grace**" or find your leads slipping away.

1. The Gear Save: Because of the unstable footing, you must make a **Luck (Dex) save**.

- **Target: 14** (Luck 10 + Dex mod 2 + Single Weapon bonus 2).
- **Condition:** You must roll **2d20 and take the lowest result** due to being **Encumbered/Fatigued** [683, previous context].
- **Penalty:** If you fail, a strap on your pack snaps, and you lose one random piece of **Pack Gear** (Bedroll, Rations, Torch, Map, or Tinderbox).

2. Bypassing the Mud: You must attempt to cross the slide without losing your momentum. Please roll a **Dexterity (Acrobatics)** check.

- **Target: 18** (Dex 16 + 2 Single Weapon bonus for retreats).
- **Condition:** Roll **2d20 and take the lowest result** (Encumbered).
- **Penalty:** If you fail, the horrors close the distance as you struggle for footing; the gap decreases by **1d2 lengths**.

The Chase: Leg 3 Progress

Regardless of the event outcome, you must still maintain your "**iron endurance**" for the remainder of this leg. Please roll a **Constitution (Athletics)** check.

- **Target: 14** (CON 11 + 1 Athletics skill + 2 Single Weapon bonus) [568, 1119, previous context].
- **Condition:** Roll **2d20 and take the lowest result** (Encumbered).

Current Status:

- **HP:** 18/28.
- **CON:** 11 (Fatigued/Encumbered).
- **Rerolls:** 1/3.
- **Gap:** 6 lengths.

Please provide the following rolls (all at Disadvantage):

1. **Luck (Dex) Save** (Target 14)
2. **Bypass Check (Dex/Acro)** (Target 18)
3. **Leg 3 Progress Check (Con/Athl)** (Target 14)

rolled 9 and 9 for the Gear Save. rolled 2 and 8 for Bypassing the Mud. Rolled 5 and 10 for the Chase

You hit the shelf of slippery shale and mud with a jarring impact, but your "**iron endurance**" and "**pantherish grace**" do not fail you [12, 138, previous context]. As you scramble across the mud-slicked slope, a strap on your pack groans under the weight of your **cloudy opals** and trophies, but the "faithful" Zamoran leather holds—your gear remains secure [75, previous context].

The Resolution

- **Gear Save (Roll: 9 vs. Target 14):** You achieve a **Success** against your modified Luck (Dex) score. You do not lose any gear. As a result of this successful Luck save, **your Luck attribute is reduced by 1 point (Current Luck: 9/11)**.
- **Bypassing the Mud (Roll: 8 vs. Target 18):** You achieve a **Success** against your Dexterity (Acrobatics) score. You navigate the "blind gray void" of the shale slide without losing momentum.
- **Chase Progress (Roll: 10 vs. Target 14):** You achieve a **Success** against your modified Constitution (Athletics) score. You maintain your "headlong pace" despite the heat [230, previous context].

The Scene

The foothills are a haze of heat and dust as you put the "**shadowy pines**" behind you. The "**unrelenting heat**" of the noon sun turns your sweat to a salt-crust on your skin, but it remains your greatest ally; the **Shambeling Horrors** continue to lag in the "deepest woods" to avoid the glare, their "ancient, evil mummy" faces unable to track you through the shimmering radiator of the plains [12, 167, previous context, custom block].

The **gap remains steady at 6 lengths**. However, the rhythmic "**booming of a drum**" from the high crags has grown more insistent, echoing through the ravines. Your "**sixth sense for danger**" warns you that you are now entering the more open scrubland, where your silhouette is easily marked against the horizon.

Current Status

- **Tarl HP:** 18/28.
- **CON:** 11 (**Fatigued/Encumbered**—Disadvantage on Chase checks).
- **Luck:** 9/11.
- **Rerolls:** 1/3.
- **Gap:** 6 lengths.
- **Legs remaining:** 3.

What do you do?

Please roll **1d20** for the **Chase Event** for Leg 4.

Rolled 15 for the Chase Event

Your roll of **15 on the Chase Table** results in the **pursuers splitting up**.

The Resolution: Split Up

As you weave through the dusty scrubland of the foothills, the "**bestial mad howling**" behind you reaches a discordant peak [19, previous context]. Driven by the conflicting pull of the **cloudy opals** and their own fading "**demoniac life**" in the midday sun, the pack of horrors fractures [4, previous context].

- **Mechanical Effect:** Half of your chasers become **Fatigued** and drop out of the pursuit entirely.

- **The Stakes:** You are now being hunted by only **7 or 8 Shambling Horrors**. The pressure has lessened significantly as the weaker creatures retreat to the shadows of the high mountain forest [custom block, previous context].

The Scene

The "unrelenting heat" of the Zamoran sun is a physical weight, but it is doing your work for you [12, previous context]. Looking back, you see a cluster of "gray deformed shapes" halt at a line of gnarled cedars, hissing and shielding their "**four evilly gleaming eyes**" from the glare [4, custom block, previous context]. Only a handful of the strongest horrors—perhaps those most deeply bound to the sorcery of the opals—plunge out into the open plains to continue the hunt.

You must now "buckle down to it" and finish this leg of the journey [17, previous context].

What is immediately happening

Despite the pursuers splitting, you still need to maintain your "**iron endurance**" to hold your lead [12, previous context]. You are entering the final stretches of the foothills before the terrain levels out towards the walls of **Arenjun** [previous context].

Current Status:

- **HP:** 18/28.
- **CON:** 11 (**Fatigued/Encumbered**—Disadvantage on Chase checks).
- **Luck:** 9/11.
- **Rerolls:** 1/3.
- **Gap:** 6 lengths.
- **Pursuers:** Reduced to ~7 Shambling Horrors.

What do you do?

Please roll for your **Leg 4 Progress Check**:

- **Constitution (Athletics) Check (Target 14):** (CON 11 + 1 Athletics skill + 2 Single Weapon style bonus).
- **Condition:** You must roll **2d20 and take the highest result** (Disadvantage due to being **Encumbered**).
- **Success:** You maintain the 6-length gap.
- **Great Success (7 or under):** You widen the gap to 7 lengths.
- **Failure:** The remaining horrors close in, reducing the gap to 5 lengths.

Rolled 4 & 19 for the Progress Check

With your "**iron endurance**" flagging and your limbs feeling as heavy as "**white lightning**" is bright, the "unrelenting heat" of the Zamoran sun finally takes its toll [12, 381, 396, previous context].

The Resolution

- **The Check (Rolls: 4, 19):** Because you are **Encumbered**, you must take the worst result. In this roll-under system, the **19** is your active result.
- **The Result:** Against your modified **Constitution target of 14**, a 19 is a **Failure**. Furthermore, since 19 is more than 1.5 times your base Constitution of 11 (TF threshold: 16), this is a **Terrible Failure** [182, previous context].
- **Chase Progress:** The remaining pack of **Shambling Horrors**, driven by "demoniac life" and the pull of your opals, seizes on your exhaustion to close the distance. The gap decreases by **2 lengths** [205, previous context].

Current Status:

- **HP:** 18/28.
- **Luck:** 9/11.
- **Rerolls:** 1/3.
- **Gap:** **4 lengths**.
- **Legs Remaining:** 2.

The Scene

The scrubland offers little cover as you stumble over a sun-baked root. The "**bestial mad howling**" of the horrors behind you abruptly doubles in volume, no longer a distant echo but a jagged, sibilant threat carried on the hot wind [132, previous context]. You can hear the scrabble of their "**eight thick hairy legs**" hitting the dusty earth with terrifying speed [4, previous context]. You are nearing the final stretch toward **Arenjun**, but the monsters are "implacably drawing closer" [user query, previous context].

The Chase - Leg 5

The terrain begins to slope downward into the "**blind gray void**" of the city's outskirts, where the dust of a thousand caravans hangs in the air. You must "buckle down to it" for the penultimate leg of your flight [17, previous context].

What do you do?

Please roll **1d20** for the **Chase Event** for Leg 5.

*(Note: You remain **Encumbered/Fatigued**, so your upcoming Progress Check will still be at **Disadvantage**.)*

Chase Event 9

As you reach the final stretch of the foothills, the "**blind gray void**" of the desert haze begins to mingle with the rising dust of distant caravans heading toward **Arenjun** [352, previous context]. Your limbs feel like leaden weights, and your breath comes in ragged gasps as the Zamoran sun continues its "**unrelenting heat**" [12, previous context].

The Chase: Leg 5 Event

Your roll of **9** on the Chase Table triggers a **Random Setback**. The terrain here is treacherous—a graveyard of shifting sands and jagged limestone ribs that threaten to trip the unwary.

The Resolution: To determine the specific nature of this setback, please **roll 1d6** and consult the following table:

1. **Drop Something:** You accidentally drop a piece of your **Battle Gear** in your haste. You must choose to leave it or drop out of the chase to retrieve it.
2. **Fatigue:** Exhaustion wracks your frame. You lose **1 point of Constitution** (Current CON: 10) and remain **Encumbered**.
3. **Head Strike:** You strike your head against a low-hanging rock or during a stumble. Make a **Constitution check** or be **Stunned** and drop out of the chase.
4. **Fall:** You trip and fall. You must make a **Dexterity (Acrobatics) check** or suffer a setback (such as an injury or further loss of distance).
5. **Hostile Third Party:** A different predator (perhaps a desert scavenger) is drawn by the chase. Make a **Luck (Dex) save** or drop out to deal with a new encounter.
6. **Lost:** You veer off the most direct path. Make an **Intelligence check** or become separated from the trail and drop out of the chase.

Current Status

- **HP:** 18/28.
- **CON:** 11 (Fatigued/Encumbered—**Disadvantage** on Chase checks).
- **Luck:** 9/11.
- **Gap:** 4 lengths.
- **Pursuers:** ~7 Shambling Horrors.

What do you do?

Please provide your **1d6 roll** to determine the setback.

*(Note: Once the setback is resolved, you will still need to make your **Leg 5 Progress Check** to see if you can maintain your 4-length lead as you approach the city's outskirts.)*

I roll 4. Then roll 1 and 12 for the Dex check to avoid the setback.

Your roll of **4** on the setback table indicates a **Fall**. As you scramble over a jagged limestone rib, your foot slips on the shifting sands of the city's outskirts.

The Resolution: Avoiding the Fall

- **The Check:** You made a **Dexterity (Acrobatics) check** to avoid the tumble.
- **The Rolls (1, 12):** Because you are **Encumbered** by your fatigue, you must take the worst result. In this roll-under system, the **12** is your active result.
- **Target (19):** Against your modified target of **19** (DEX 16 + 1 Acrobatics skill + 2 Single Weapon bonus), a 12 is a **Success**.

The Scene: With "pantherish grace," you twist mid-air as you stumble, your hand catching a sun-scorched rock to steady yourself before you can hit the ground [138, previous context]. You

surge back to your feet, dust billowing around your leather boots, never breaking your stride toward the distant black stone walls of **Arenjun** [user query, previous context].

Behind you, the "**bestial mad howling**" of the seven remaining horrors is closer than ever [132, previous context]. The rhythmic "**booming of a drum**" from the peaks now sounds like a heartbeat, driving the monsters forward in a "**bestial blood-frenzy**" [114, 288, previous context].

The Chase: Leg 5 Progress

You have avoided the fall, but you must still maintain your lead for this leg. The horrors are sensing your exhaustion and are pushing to close the distance before you reach the city gates.

What is immediately happening: You must make an **Opposed Constitution (Athletics) check** against the pack leader to resolve this leg's progress.

Current Status:

- **Tarl HP:** 18/28.
- **CON:** 11 (**Fatigued/Encumbered**—Disadvantage on Chase checks).
- **Luck:** 9/11.
- **Gap:** 4 lengths.
- **Legs remaining:** 1 (The final stretch).

What do you do?

Please roll **2d20 and take the highest result** (Disadvantage) for your **Leg 5 Progress check**:

- **Target:** 14 (CON 11 + 1 Athletics skill + 2 Single Weapon style bonus).
- **Success:** You maintain the 4-length gap.
- **Failure:** The horrors close in to **3 lengths**.
- **Great Success (5 or under):** You widen the gap to **5 lengths**.
- **Terrible Failure (17 or higher):** The monsters close in to **2 lengths**.

(Note: After this, we will move to the final leg of the chase—the dash for the city gates!)

I spent another Reroll and got 1 and 5

Using your final **Reroll (0/3 remaining)**, you push through the leaden weight in your limbs as you navigate the dusty limestone outskirts of **Arenjun**. Because you are **Encumbered** by fatigue, you must take the highest (worst) result of your 1 and 5; however, even the **5 is a Great Success** against your modified **Constitution target of 14** (and your base attribute of 11) [159, 161, previous context].

The Chase: Leg 5 Result

Your "**iron endurance**" flares one last time as you find your "**second wind**" [34, 47, previous context]. You surge across the sun-baked flats, putting a sudden and significant distance between yourself and your pursuers.

- **Gap Resolution:** A Great Success on a Chase Progress check widens the gap by **two lengths**.
- **New Gap:** Your lead over the remaining Shambling Horrors has increased to **6 lengths**.

The Scene

The "**massive black stone walls**" of Arenjun now loom large on the horizon, shimmering behind the heat haze of the Zamoran plain [previous context]. The rhythmic "**booming of a drum**" from the high crags is now a distant, hollow echo, and the "**bestial mad howling**" of the seven remaining horrors sounds thin and frustrated in the face of the unrelenting sun [132, 288, previous context].

The **cloudy opals** in your pouch remain cold, their sorcerous pull a heavy reminder of why you are running, but you have reached the city's chaotic fringe where the dust of caravans provides a "**blind gray void**" to mask your final approach [12, user query].

The Chase: Leg 6 (Final Stretch)

You have reached the final leg of the chase. You are sprinting toward the city gates, where the **Pelishtim watchmen** stand guard. These mercenaries are known to be "**difficult**" and often solicit a "**night tax**" or pouch of silvers for entry after certain hours [171, 172, previous context].

Current Status:

- **Tarl HP:** 18/28.
- **CON:** 11 (**Fatigued/Encumbered**—Disadvantage on Chase checks).
- **Luck:** 9/11.
- **Rerolls:** 0/3.
- **Gap:** 6 lengths.
- **Final Leg:** Success means you reach the safety of the gates before the horrors can close in.

What is immediately happening: You are making the final dash. Because the gap is 6 lengths and this is the final leg, the horrors cannot catch you unless you suffer a catastrophic event or a **Terrible Failure**.

What do you do?

Please roll **1d20** for the **Final Chase Event**.

*(Note: After this roll, you will make one final **Constitution (Athletics)** check at **Disadvantage** to conclude the chase and reach the city walls.)*

12 for the Chase Event

Your roll of **12 on the Chase Table** brings a **Third Party** into the fray. As you reach the chaotic fringe of the city, where the "dust of a thousand caravans" hangs like a "**blind gray void**," you find your path suddenly obstructed [12, 352, previous context].

The Event: The Beggar Swarm

From the shadows of the deserted huts lining the road to the gate, a group of **5 "ragged nomads" and beggars** emerges. Seeing your frantic pace and your well-made gear, they

mistake you for a wealthy merchant in distress. They swarm around you, "whining" and "jostling," blocking the narrow trail as they beg for "**stained coins**" or a "pouch of silvers".

The Scene: Behind you, the "**bestial mad howling**" of the horrors is dangerously close. The beggars, however, are oblivious or indifferent to the monsters, their "greedy" eyes fixed only on your person. They don't seek to fight, but their "scruffy" forms and clutching hands are a physical barrier between you and the "**massive black stone walls**" of Arenjun [823, previous context].

Managing the Obstacle

You must "manage or bypass" this group to avoid losing your momentum. You have three primary ways to handle this:

1. **Intimidate or Persuade (Charisma):** You attempt to shout them down or promise them coin once you reach the gate. (Target: **12**).
2. **Weave Through (Dexterity - Acrobatics):** You use your "**pantherish grace**" to dodge and leap over the beggars without stopping. (Target: **19**, including your +2 Single Weapon bonus).
3. **Toss a Bribe:** You reach into your pouch and throw a handful of silver (lose 10 sp) to the side. This results in an **automatic success** for the event as they scramble for the loot.

The Stakes:

- **Success:** You bypass the crowd smoothly.
- **Failure:** You are slowed; the Shambling Horrors close the gap by **1d2 lengths**.

The Final Leg (Leg 6)

Regardless of how you handle the beggars, you must also resolve the final stretch of your run. You are pushing your "**iron endurance**" to its breaking point as the Pelishtim watchmen at the gate come into view [12, previous context].

Current Status:

- **HP:** 18/28.
- **CON:** 11 (**Fatigued/Encumbered**—all physical checks at **Disadvantage**).
- **Gap:** 6 lengths.

What do you do?

Please provide the following rolls:

1. **Event Resolution:** **2d20 (take highest)** for your chosen method (Persuasion or Acrobatics) **OR** declare you are throwing a bribe (10 sp).
2. **Leg 6 Progress Check:** **2d20 (take highest)** for your **Constitution (Athletics)** check (Target: **14**).

If you survive this leg with the gap above 0, you reach the shadow of the gates of Arenjun!.

I toss the bribe of 10 sp over to one side, trying to put the beggars out of the path of the monsters and run on to the walls

You reach into your pouch and hurl a handful of silver into the rising dust of the outskirts. The five "**ragged nomads**" and beggars, blinded by greed and oblivious to the "bestial mad howling" behind you, immediately dive into the shifting sands, "**whining**" and "**jostling**" each other to claim the **10 silver pieces** [619, 335, previous context].

The path to the "**massive black stone walls**" of Arenjun is suddenly clear [619, previous context]. You have successfully bypassed the obstruction, putting the beggars out of your direct line of flight and—hopefully—leaving them as a momentary distraction*** for the **Shambling Horrors** [user query, 619].

***** I had tried to put the beggars OUT of the path of the monsters. I think this is the only time the AI seriously misinterpreted my intentions.*****

The Final Dash (Leg 6)

The **Pelishtim watchmen**—squat, hook-nosed mercenaries with blue-black beards—are now clearly visible atop the battlements. They watch your approach with "**searching stares**," their pikes glinting in the "unrelenting heat" of the afternoon sun. Behind you, the seven remaining horrors have been slowed by the scramble of the beggars, but they are still driven by the sorcerous pull of your **cloudy opals** [user query, 16].

Current Status:

- **HP:** 18/28.
- **CON:** 11 (**Fatigued/Encumbered**—Disadvantage on Chase checks).
- **Luck:** 9/11.
- **Rerolls:** 0/3.
- **Gap:** 6 lengths.

What is immediately happening: This is the final leg of the chase. Because you have a **6-length lead**, the horrors cannot catch you unless you suffer a **Terrible Failure** (rolling a 17 or higher). If you succeed, you reach the shadow of the gates before the monsters can close the distance.

What do you do?

Please roll **2d20 and take the highest result** (Disadvantage) for your **Leg 6 Progress check**:

- **Target:** 14 (CON 11 + 1 Athletics skill + 2 Single Weapon style bonus).
- **Success:** You reach the gates and the safety of the city watch.
- **Terrible Failure (17-20):** You stumble in the sand, and the horrors close the gap by 2 lengths, forcing one final round of pursuit at the very foot of the wall [588, previous context].

12 and 5 for the Progress check

With your rolls of **12 and 5**, the **Encumbered** condition (resulting from your earlier fatigue) requires you to take the **highest result of 12** for this roll-under check. Against your modified

Constitution target of 14 (CON 11 + 1 Athletics skill + 2 Single Weapon style bonus), this is a **Success** [1355, previous context].

The Escape: You burst through the "blind gray void" of the caravan dust, your "iron endurance" carrying you to the very shadow of the **massive black stone walls of Arenjun** [12, 25, 381, previous context]. Behind you, the seven remaining **Shambling Horrors** halt in the shimmering heat of the plain. Deprived of the cover of the "shadowy pines" and shrinking from the "unrelenting heat" of the sun, they let out one final "bestial mad howling" of frustration before slinking back toward the cooler heights of the crags [16, 114, 132, previous context]. The chase is over; you have outrun the pack.

Arrival at the Gate: As you reach the city's threshold, the **Pelishtim watchmen**—squat, hook-nosed mercenaries with "blue-black beards sweeping their mailed breasts"—lower their pikes from the battlements. They regard you with "searching stares," their eyes reflecting the cynical fatality of their race. The **cloudy opals** remain a cold, heavy weight in your pouch, their sorcerous pull finally distanced from the monsters that hunted you through the morning [user query, 16].

Current Status:

- **Tarl HP:** 18/28.
- **CON: 11 (Fatigued/Encumbered)**—Disadvantage on physical checks until you secure six hours of sleep).
- **Luck:** 9/11.
- **Rerolls:** 0/3.
- **Silver:** 230 sp (after your 10 sp bribe to the beggars) [previous context].

What is immediately happening: You have reached safety, but you are not yet inside the "City of Thieves." The **Pelishtim** are known to be "difficult" and often solicit a "night tax" or a "pouch of silvers" from travelers before they will unbolt the heavy gates.

What do you do? Do you attempt to **Persuade** the guards to let you pass as a fellow fighting-man (Charisma check), or do you reach for your silver to **bribe your way** into the city immediately?

Bribe my way in, claiming to have been pursued by beggars and thieves. Offer 20 sp.

The **Pelishtim watchmen**—squat, hook-nosed mercenaries with "blue-black beards sweeping their mailed breasts"—step closer to the iron-bound wicket as you approach. Their "searching stares" take in your blood-splashed leather, your "ragged gasps," and the grime of the Zamoran foothills [previous context].

The leader of the squad, a giant with shoulders like a bull, blocks the path with the butt of his pike. "The gates are barred for the night, wayfarer," he rumbles in a voice like "**stormy reverberations**". "None enter Arenjun after the red cressets are lit without a 'pouch of silvers' to pay the night tax".

The Resolution: You press **20 silver pieces** into his calloused palm—a generous sum for a single man. You spin your tale of being harried by the "**ragged nomads**" and beggars that infest

the city's outskirts, masking the true horror of the **Shambling Horrors** behind a more "civilized" threat. The guard weighs the coins, his small black eyes glittering with "greedy" satisfaction.

Because you are offering a substantial bribe alongside a plausible (if incomplete) story, the Pelishtim are inclined to be "**Fairly friendly**" rather than "**Difficult**".

The Check: To see if they accept your coin and your story without searching your packs—which might reveal the "witchlight" of the **cloudy opals**—please make a **Charisma check (12)**:

- **Bonus:** You gain a **+2 bonus** to your target for the generous 20 sp bribe (Target: **14**).

• Stakes:

- **Success:** The guard grunts, pockets the silver, and unbolts the wicket. "Thieves are a plague in the dust-heaps, outlander. Enter and find a tavern before the Darfar slaves find you".

- **Failure:** The guard takes the 20 sp but demands to see what "valuables" you are carrying that made the thieves so desperate, suspecting you of carrying contraband or high-value loot.

- **Terrible Failure (20):** The guards suspect you are a criminal yourself fleeing a larger crime; they seize you for "questioning" in the citadel.

Current Status:

- **Tarl HP:** 18/28.
- **Silver:** 210 sp.
- **Rerolls:** 0/3.
- **Condition: Fatigued/Encumbered** (Disadvantage applies only to *physical* checks; this social check is standard).

Afterthoughts

At this point the AI gave me a message to say I'd used up my free allowance for NotebookLM for the day. I must have played for about 2 and a half hours.

The language of the AI was getting more and more embellished as it goes on, repeating the stock phrases. Re-reading it all in one go this is starting to annoy me, but in the course of play, it didn't seem so bad. I could probably give it some further instructions to reduce the amount of "pastiche" writing style. I might try that in the next sessions.

It also constantly outputs reminders of my HP, Silver, Rerolls & Condition. I may use an OOC instruction to try and reduce that to make each exchange a bit shorter.

Story-wise I'm not so keen that it's decided to have HUNDREDS or even THOUSANDS of enemies that I can't shake off! I'll probably try to reduce the numbers to manageable size in the next session.