

Grimwald's thoughts part 35

Kendalan and Reed have found the center of the blight. Cuura having been enriched by her experiences underground sets to digging pit traps. I advice her on probable march routes, but I think Reed or Kendalan would know the behavior of animals and druids better, but I decide not to argue. An army of orcs is a danger to guard against, not a few animals.

I try to find a good defensible position, but there is no rock here just dirt and plants and trees everywhere. All we can do for defense is to shield each other. Fortunately Dumathoin has inspired me with a prayer which will ward off many of the blighter's minions.

Reed says the stars say the blighter has come from underground and through the water. Could it be a duergar or worse? There is little that will stand against its strange powers. Even though they have fallen because they shunned my God's protection they are foes to be reckoned with having raised themselves up against their masters, just like our ancestors shook themselves free of the drow thanks to Moradin's aid. Through perseverance comes strength and they too have persevered, just like the shield dwarves in the north.

A wolf comes running with two knotted strings around its neck. The string for small group and advancing. Cuura orders us to take up positions. She seems rather upset we have to let the tea she brewed, which was a lot better than it used to be, grow cold. I just hope she won't do anything rash because of it. Trying to finish the battle before teatime strikes a memory, but I can't remember where I heard it.

We see a large man in a hooded cape approaching along with a giant wolf like creature and a big solid looking beast. Others call it a rhinoceros. Looks like it could make a good study dwarven mount. A group of wargs completes the group. I call upon the hidden Keeper to turn me into a wielder of many weapons. A warhammer of force flies off to bash the rhino while daggers launch themselves at the wolverine. We pelt the man with arrows when suddenly lightning strikes and I find myself singed with my beard bristling in all directions. A lightning storm spell, and the rhino was watching me intently when it struck. The rhino must be the druid! When the blinding dazzle leaves my eyes I see the giant wolverine bearing down on me with its great fangs. I call out to the others "Druid is rhino" just before another bolt lances down at me, but this time I am ready for it watching the rhino and it merely glances me.

Being tied up by the giant wolverine Reed and Felina support me with healing and spells. Finally a working battle line! It brings tears of pride to my eyes or are they because of the searing pain and gashes, no matter we fight well and disciplined, what more can be hoped for? Reed rotates me out so I can heal myself and she burns the giant wolverine with a mere pat on its nose. I take her place again to relieve the pressure on Jay by what must be a flesh golem. We encircle the flesh golem and with Cuura's charge bringing down the druid the flying warhammer I prayed for starts bashing away at the flesh golem, its arcane protections not being proof against its divine might. While doing battle I find it hard to focus on my opponent while launching daggers as well as swinging my axe and blocking with my shield while trying to coordinate with Jay and the flying hammer. Surely to fight like this I need the Aid of the Hidden Keeper. I resolve to make it a priority again for next fight even though it was shunned by Cuura and Jay in the mines. As the hammer and dagger spells end I find myself better able to concentrate and with a fell swing finally manage to bring it down. The towering brute is finally laid low, Jay still lives although barely and Cuura grins triumphant having been instrumental in the defeat of both the druid and the golem saving me twice in one battle.

I feel my God is pleased with my progress as well as that of the group and the strength of my prayers sustained me in this fight even though they were given back to me by Felina. There is nothing more valuable than proper equipment and preparation. I feel inklings of inspiration about

the many weapons the wards of Dumathoin wield. I feel this understanding must become a craft a statement to the many weapons Dumathoin gave us to protect ourselves, turning a mere servant like myself into a multitude of weapons. A multitude of weapons, reminds me of the rod of lordly might. Yes I shall begin to forge a rod of Dwarven might to celebrate this great victory both over this blighter, but more importantly over the chaos in the group, turning into many varied instruments.