



Adventure #13

Last Session...

Getting rid of the Black Spider of Phandelver was not nearly as hard as they thought it would be. Dispatching his bugbear and giant spider minions proved much more difficult.

After battling a huge group of enemies in the Temple of Dumathoin under the watchful stone gaze of a dwarf statue with emerald eyes, the party was forced to retreat. Fyghta Wan the human warrior was dropped by a crit and poison, and the dwarf prospector they've been searching for all this time, Gundren Rockseeker, was still bound and gagged on the flagstone floor. The PCs could rescue neither one, they were outnumbered and had to fight out of the room.



The heroes retreat to the room where the bugbears originally let them in, and they see the Black Spider's two crabspiderhead emissaries curled up on the floor, either dead or inactive, they're not sure. They bar one door behind them and trot back to the Forge of Spells and hole themselves up in there. They've seen no more skeletons or wraiths or flying skulls or anything else unnatural, just the eerily flicking green flame in the brass brazier.

They wait an hour, tending their wounds and catching their breath after the last hectic battle. They don't want to leave either Fyghta Wan or Gundren to die in that room, if they're not dead already, but there's a chance they might

be alive. They listen for sounds of the bugbears but hear nothing at all, only silence except for the crackle of flames and the periodic rumble of an echoing wave surge somewhere in the complex they've not yet explored yet.

[DM Note: This session concluded the tenth hour of gameplay in the Lost Mine level and they still haven't searched the whole thing].

Their options at this point are to leave the mine completely and return to Phandalin to recuperate, or try to rescue the two people left behind. Gundren they didn't know very well, but Fyghta Wan has been at their side ever since they picked him up in town. They'd feel guilty to leave him to be eaten by monsters. So they decide to return to the Temple of Dumathoin and see what's going on.

The dwarf cleric attunes to the magic items he found in the Forge room, the +1 mace *Lightbringer* and the breastplate *Dragonsguard*.

[DM Note: The party began this session at 5th level, and Elgeth was remade as a Wiz4/Rog1, and Carp the warlock has some druid levels now].



They still don't see or hear anything, but Elgweh checks all the doors for traps anyway just in case the bugbears rigged some warning system. Finding nothing, they slowly advance, but are still careful to avoid the room with the pool of water just because it seems like something bad waiting to happen. At the next junction they see that the tunnel has been filled with webs that were not previously there. The giant spiders must have been busy. They start to burn the webs, flushing out a big spider in the process that crawls into the temple room, while Elgweh peeks down the steps to a room they've not entered yet.

The floor here is partially collapsed as if by an earthquake, and a stream runs out of a hole in the wall and plunges over the side. Several climbing pitons and ropes descend into the rift. He sees a glow and hears an electric buzz, and it's the exact same sound as when the shapeshifting thing last time opened the weird portal to some other place or dimension. Elgweh figures he must be near but he's approaching from the opposite direction. He peers around the corner and is flabbergasted by what he sees.





The portal has moved down the stairwell. Stranger, the portal has sprouted wet tentacles at the bottom and multiple oily eyes, and it blinks at Elgweh as he confusedly stares back at it, wondering what the hell is going on. He doesn't remember it looking like that before, so something must have changed.

They opt to clear out the temple room first before investigating this weird eyeball portal thing, but after the webs have burned away and Thorin looks

inside, they see that the bodies of the **Black Spider**, **Gundren**, and **Fygha Wan** are gone. The two bugbears they killed are gone as well, and only a dead spider remains.

Thorin steps in, but he's surprised by a venomous spider waiting right above the door. It drops onto the dwarf and bites hard, soon followed by two more spiders spewing webs, and within seconds all three have clustered next to him. He shrugs off the webs and swings his new mace, *Lightbringer*, thwacking an arachnid upside the head with a meaty blow.

The spiders are surprisingly vicious and resilient, trying to bite again and again and again, but Carp throws magic spells and Cora tumbles into the midst, somehow missing every single attack but it looked impressive nonetheless. After one spider is killed the other two flee opposite directions, attempting to climb the walls for the safety of a web-enshrouded ceiling. One of the spiders is dropped before it can make it, the other manages to hide, wounded, but then a fire bolt catches the web ablaze and its charred corpse soon tumbles from the recesses, where incidentally the two missing bugbears corpses disappeared to,

now partially cocooned.



They search briefly, but by far the most interesting aspect of the temple is the hulking statue of Dumathoin on the opposite end. Two emerald eyes glisten in stony sockets, and even for the dwarf cleric, this is a temptation.



Once again it's up to the elf rogue Elgweh to do the dirty work. He clambers onto the pedestal, licking his lips, and inspects the structure for traps. Finding none, he whips out a knife and carefully wiggles a gemstone loose. It drops into his hand, and smiling, he pops out the other one...

...and that's when something really bad happens.

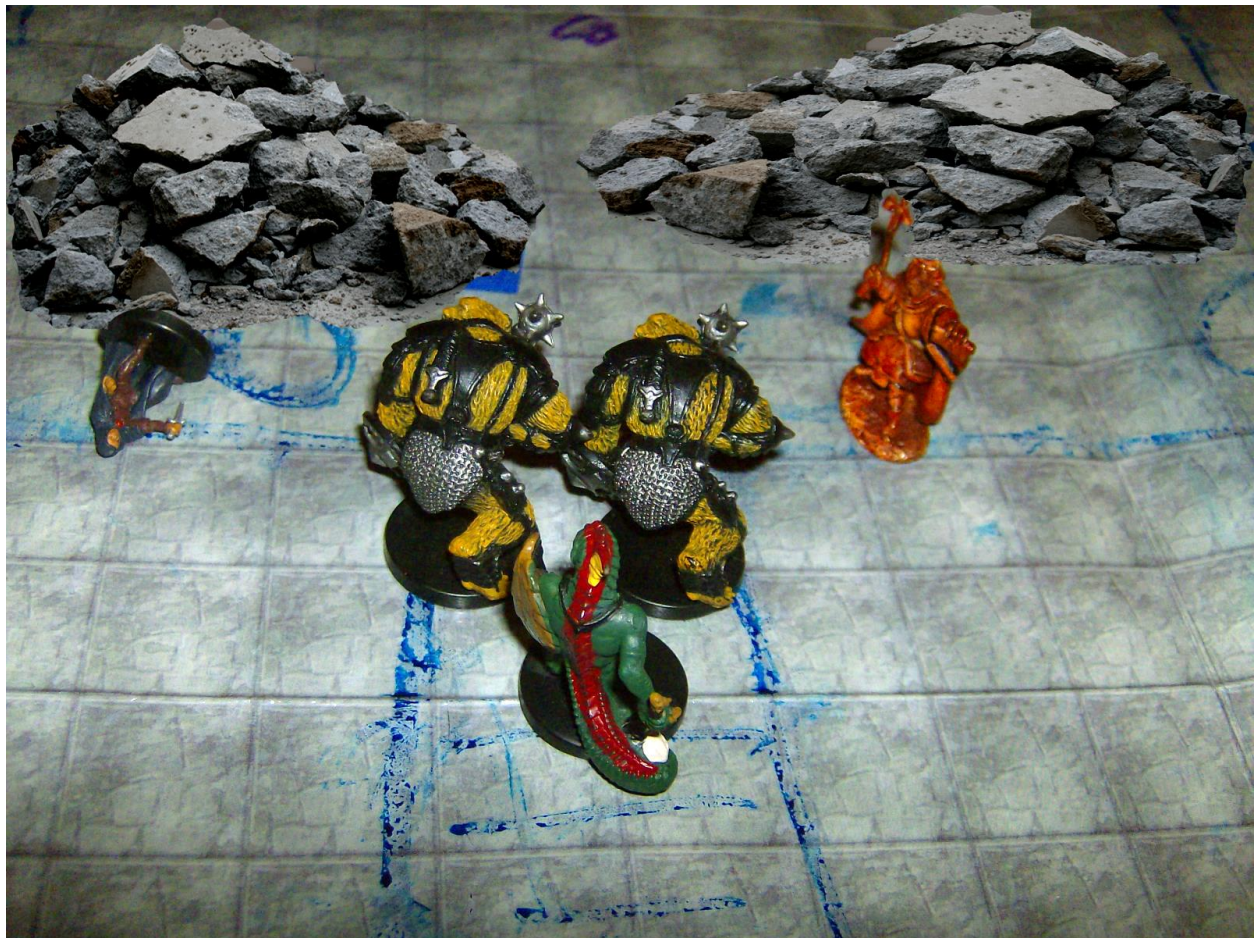
The statue was trapped after all, but not in a way the rogue could have detected. The floor rumbles. Hairline fractures split up the wall, quickly widening, and chunks of masonry collapse from the ceiling. Choking clouds of dust and dirt suddenly fill the room as half of the ceiling cracks apart and falls on the shocked PCs below.

Elgweh and Cora the monk makes their saving throws and dodge a large

amount of the debris. Even then, Elgweh is whopped hard and teetering into single digits again. A failed saving throw would have probably killed him, or at least buried him while unconscious. The dwarf Thorin and the halfling Carp aren't so lucky; they ARE buried under debris, and trickling dirt and clattering rocks continues for a long while as the dust slowly settles. The room is shrouded in darkness but those with darkvision can see, and Thorin's new mace of Lathander, *Lightbringer*, sheds a weak radiance under a pile of rubble.

Coughing, Elgweh tries to dig the dwarf out while Cora helps her brother Carp. Elgweh has just managed to get the cleric uncovered and to his feet when then they hear voices down the tunnel and see approaching light.

The cave-in has attracted someone.



From the direction where they think the eyeball-tentacle-portal is, there are three humanoids coming up the stairwell, two burly bugbears with morning

stars and a scaly lizard man. Carp is still trapped under rubble and Elgweh is not too far from being dead himself, and still suffering hit point loss from Mormesk the Wraith. The elf slinks to a corner behind a pillar and hides. The dwarf cleric lumbers against the wall, chanting the words to a BRAND new 3rd level spell – *Spiritual Guardians*, calling upon the divine aid of his god to assist him in a time of need. Cora hides on the other side of the room while Carp uses a new druid power and transforms into a rat, scampering out of the rubble before they see him.



Unfortunately for the bugbears and lizard man, things don't go well for them from here. *Spiritual Guardians* suddenly swarm around them like radiant, ghostly apparitions, inflicting horrible damage before they can even tell what's going on. To further confuse and confound them, Elgweh creates the illusion of a wraith not unlike Mormesk whom they battled earlier, and has it descend upon the terrified humanoids like a vengeful cloud. It can't actually hurt them, but the cleric's spell does that just fine, and the three creatures turn tail and flee, bouncing off walls and screaming as the spirits burn their flesh with

radiate light. The dwarf charges after them to keep the bugbears and lizard man within range of the spell (which is only 15 ft.) and none of the creatures make it down the steps alive. The dwarf singlehandedly kills all three of them. Now, for Cora and the others watching this spectacle, it looks like a buncha undead appeared out of nowhere and walloped the things.

Dusting themselves off and pocketing the emeralds taken from the statue (which very near cost them their lives) they inspect the dead monsters and one last room nearby with a door. The chamber behind the door looks like it might have been the sleeping quarters of the Black Spider while he resided in the caves, but it has been recently looted, probably by the bugbears as they fled after the battle over an hour ago. A chest is smashed open and the only thing remaining are a few electrum pieces.

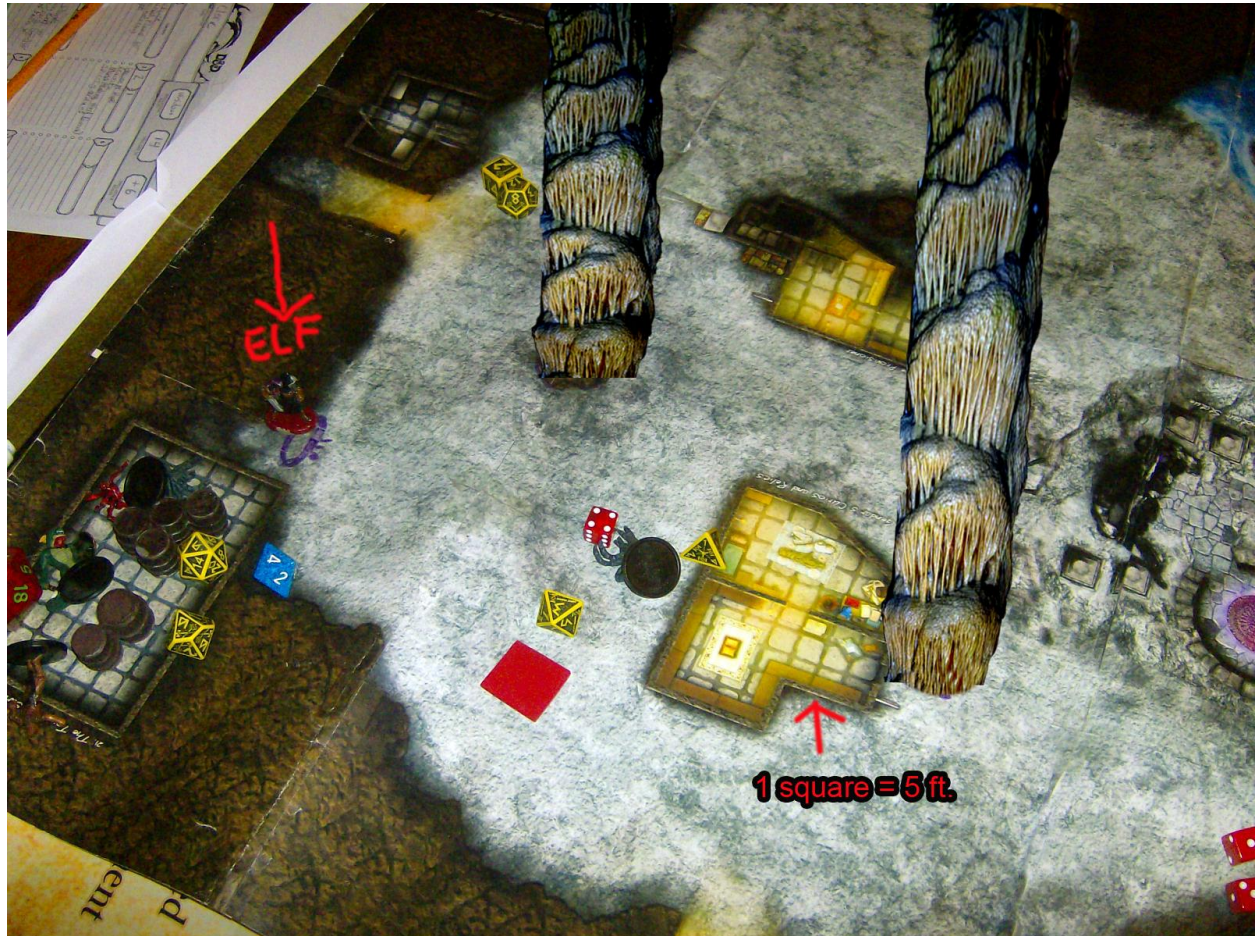


That leaves their next stop being the staircase to the creepy portal where the changeling fled. They've come around full circle.

The heroes are REALLY not comfortable going near this thing, it looks too weird, and the best they can surmise

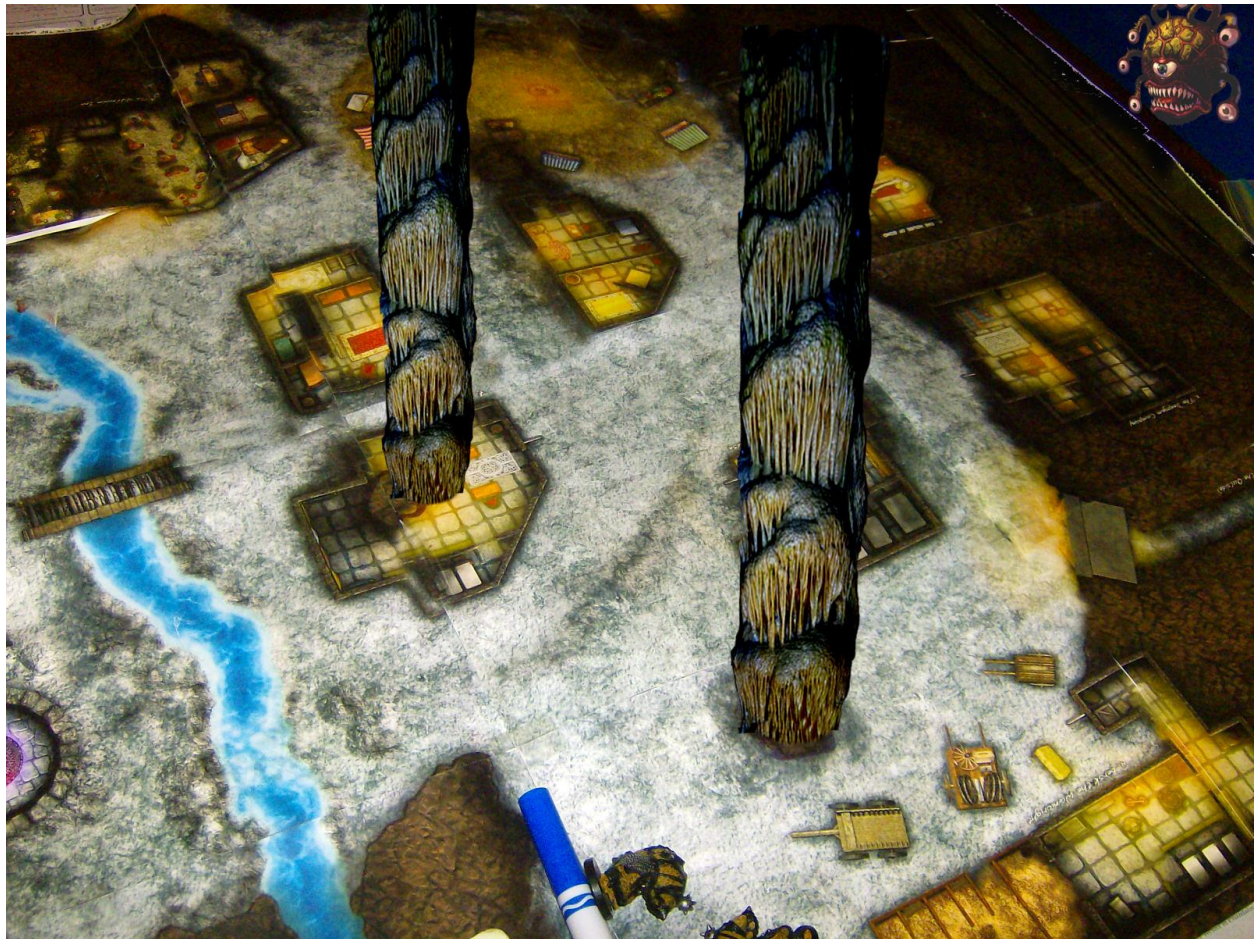
is that it's a portal to another town. It kinda LOOKS like a town through the wavy gate, a town at night with a weird purplish light. Thorin the cleric bravely pokes a finger through the blurry surface. It tingles but does no harm. Then Elgweh pokes his head in for a quick looksee. If Gundren and Fygha Wan were dragged into this place, the only way of getting them out might be to follow.

And HERE is what he sees, and he ain't really pleased:



Elgweh stares through the portal into a massive cavern at least 500 feet across and maybe 50 or 60 feet high, with a vaulted black ceiling embedded with mineral deposits like little glistening stars. Seven massive stalagmites rise from floor to ceiling and support the roof. Strewn between the seven pillars is a village of some sort, although the architecture is not something he readily identifies. It's not drow, he's sure of that though. He sees humanoids milling about, some bugbears and more lizard men, and the occasional thing he can't

quite identify, not at this distance anyway. But what REALLY unsettles him is what his eyes finally rest upon at the far end of the cavern, over 500 feet away, up in an alcove like a fat king lording over his domain:





Of course Elgweth has heard of such abominations: a dreaded BEHOLDER, an Eye Tyrant, and even over two hundred yards away the monster still looks huge, a great bloated bauble of eyes, although it might actually be asleep, he can't quite tell. He doesn't think it's an immediate threat, so he pulls back into the Wave Echo side and tells the others what he sees, and he's going in.

Elgweth has invisibility now as a rebuilt character, stronger on the wizardry stuff than the thievery stuff. He volunteers to scout inside, and tells the others that at the very most he'll be gone an hour, his spell won't last any longer than that, barring anything else catastrophic happening. And no, of course, what are the chances of that?? He's also VERY worried that the portal will close and trap him behind with no way to get back to Wave Echo Cave.

He steps through the portal and fully emerges inside the bizarre cavern. He's in a shadowed alcove the perimeter of the gateway is barely visible from this side. He hasn't cast the spell yet, he wants to save it for an emergency, so he slinks forward into the shadows and tries to press against the nearest massive pillar of rock.

Unfortunately, he doesn't slink too slinkily and he hears a gruff voice bark at him:



An eight-foot tall bull-headed minotaur has already spotted him and it stomps forward on cloven hooves. Elgweth hides quickly behind a pillar, casts an illusion of himself walking away, and then casts *invisibility*. The minotaur charges after the illusory duplicate and the elf breathes a sigh of relief.

Now to look for Gunter and Fyghta Wan. Maybe there's some kind of prisoner area where new captives are retained until...eating time? He has no idea. He hurries invisibly through the town and starts peeking in windows.

The first place he inspects through the pebbled window has two dusky skinned dwarves crowded around a table filled with items. And one of the items looks like something Elgweth saw not long ago! It's the spidersilk satchel that the changeling stole off the Black Spider's body, the same satchel from which it pulled the magic gate that led to this weird little town in a cavern.



There's other cluttered gear on the table, and Elgweth could swear he recognizes Fyghta Wan's sword as well. But he doesn't see his allies in there so he keeps moving.

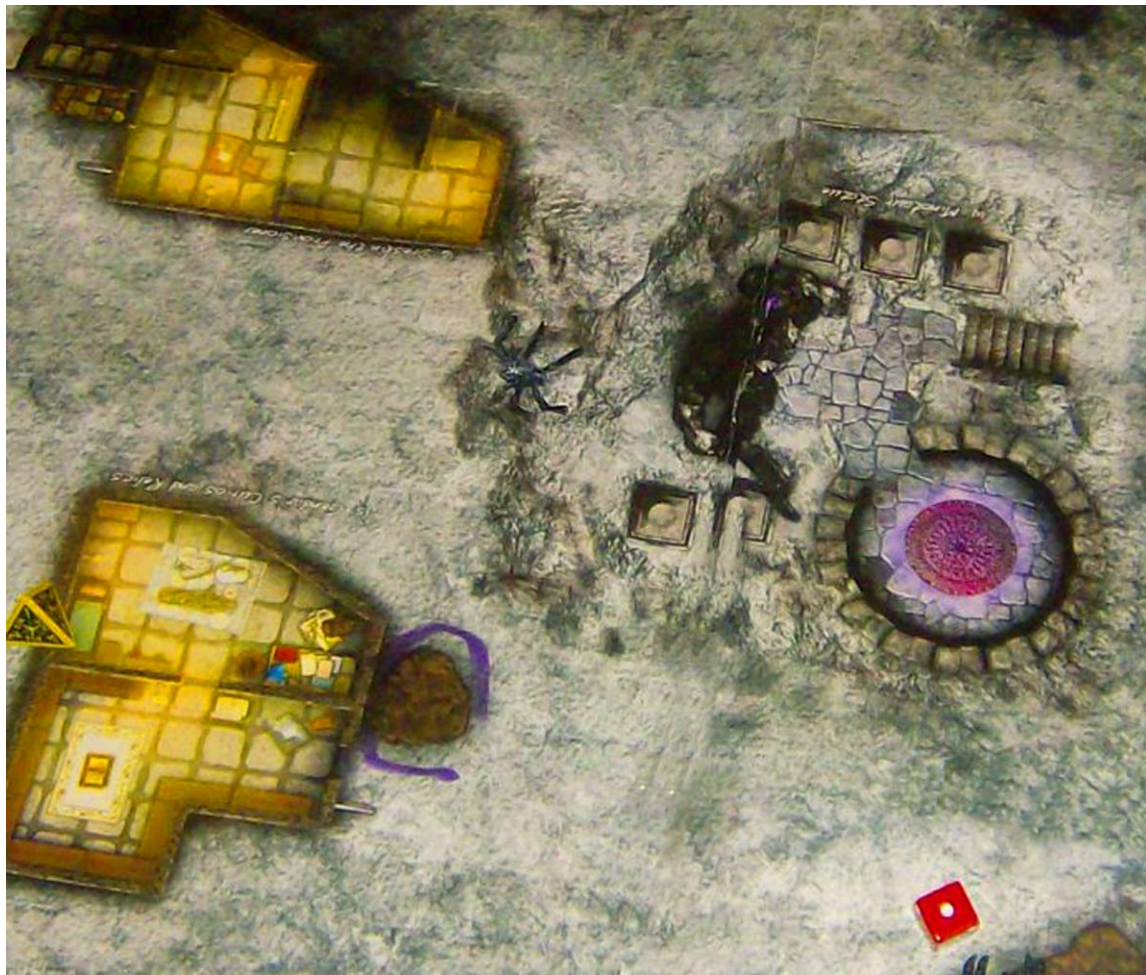
Some of the buildings have signs, some in rough Common tongue, others in what might be Deepspeech that he doesn't understand.

Grimmzuul Trading features some more of the gruff looking, dour dwarves with dark skin, and this place appears to be equipped with equipment for mining and exploration.



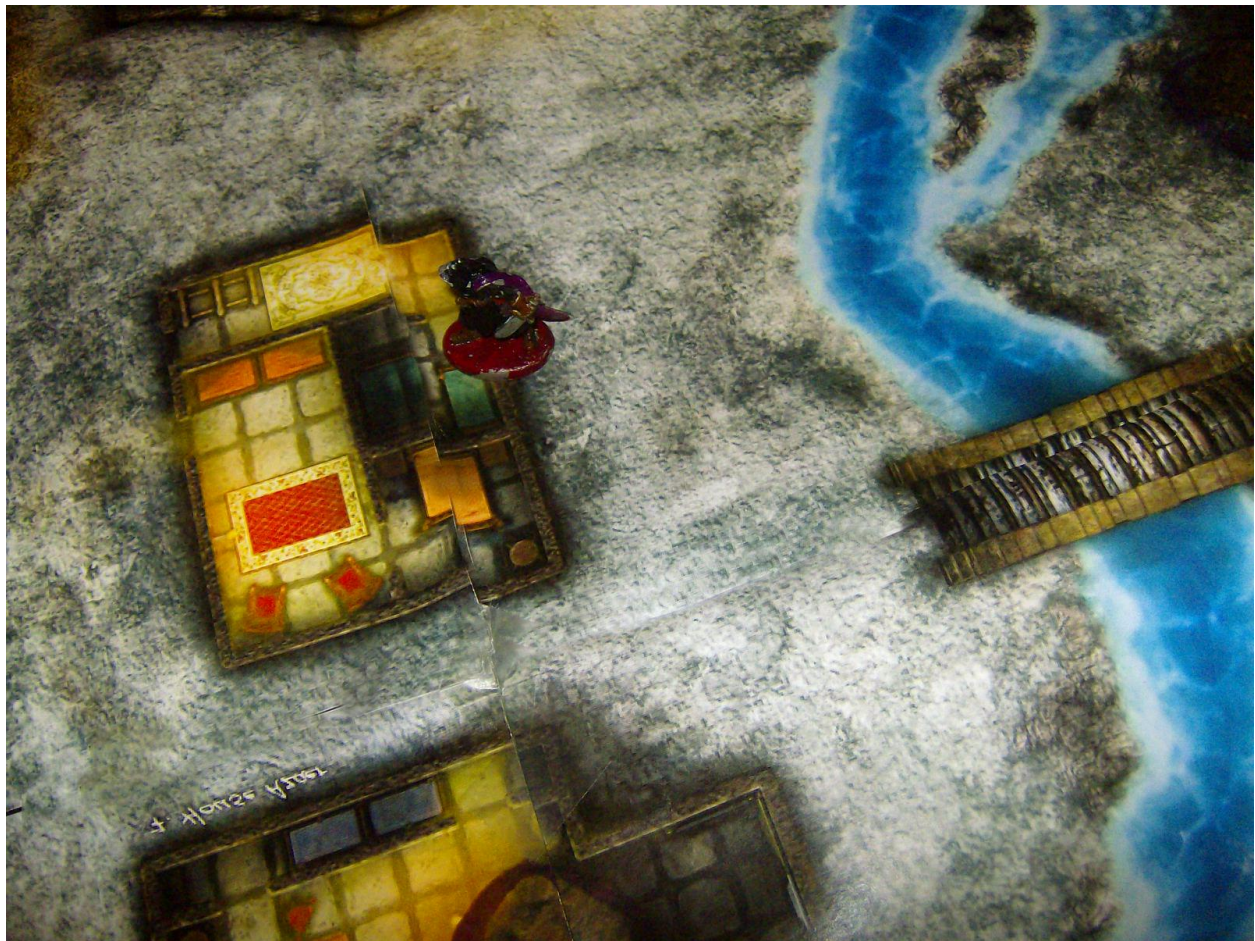
He keeps going, skipping from building to building invisibly, trying to peek in a window if there is one and a doorway if there's not. He passes a taproom that fills him with unease; it is filled with unsavory monsters of every type, some creatures that he has never seen before and he can smell the reek of their bodies and booze even without going inside. He presses on. He presses an ear to one door to a side-cavern dwelling and hears what sounds like monster sex. He doesn't bother going in. Another building, and then another, and he's getting closer and closer to the beholder looking over the town.

He crosses a quick moving black stream and reaches a rocky central dais in the middle of the town upon which stands a massive minotaur statue. He climbs the stairs and sees a magical circle glowing in the middle, and he surmises from the enchanted runes that it is probably teleportation magic, but he doesn't want to mess with it.



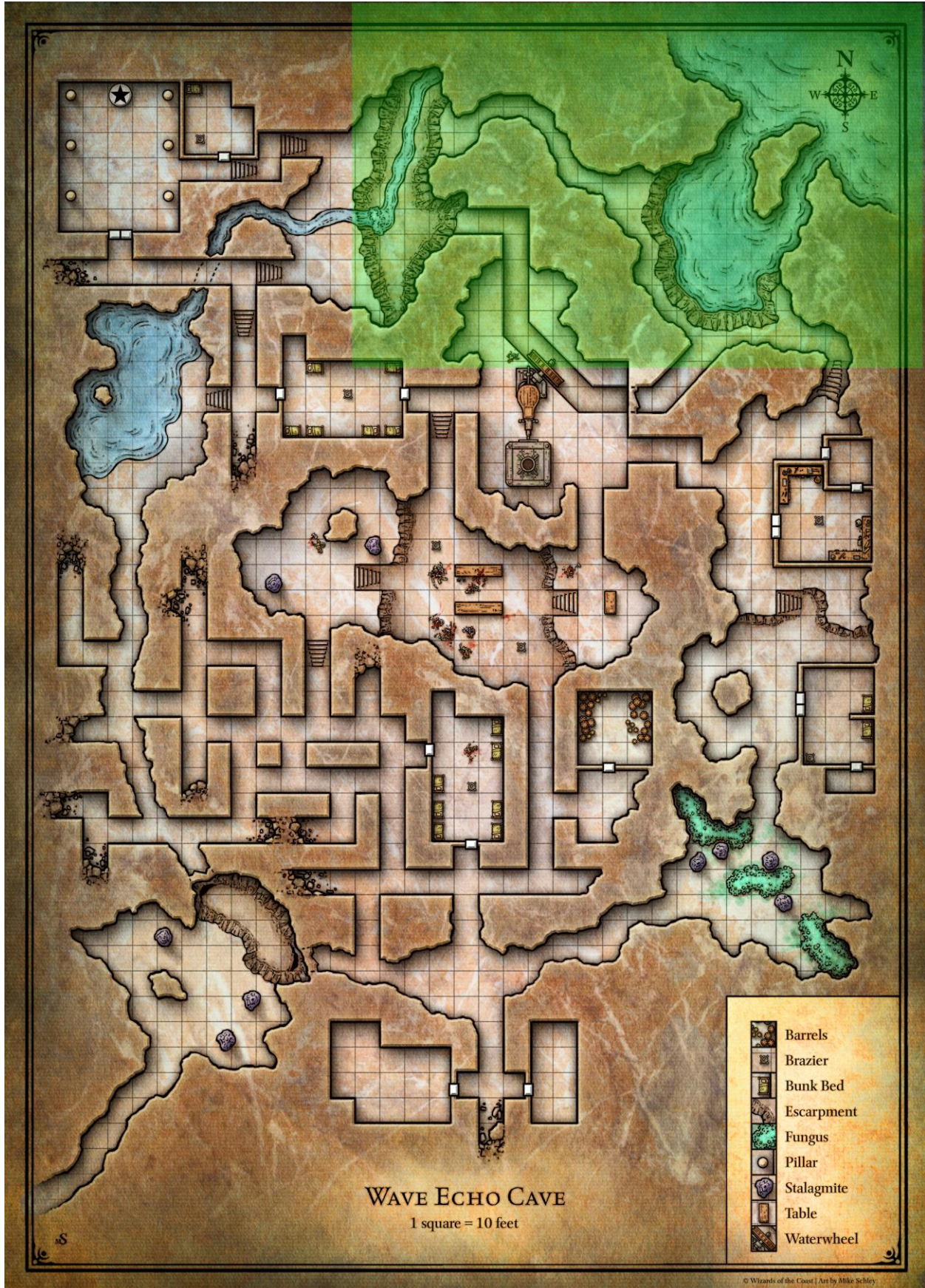
He finally stops at one more building, getting discouraged and frightened, and I pulled out the DMG and rolled a d20 for Random Rooms in a dungeon setting to figure out what it was....and lo and behold....

...a prisoner's holding cell. *Elgweh has found them.*



And we ran out of time right there.

[DM Note: This 13th session officially ended the module proper for *Lost Mine of Phandelver*. I am expanding the end of it, and it will probably take the party to 6th level, but I'm not sure. They still can explore the environs of Phandalin if they make it back there, and Cragmaw Castle was never entered, nor the orcs of Wyvern Tor dispatched, and there's a good five NPCs in Phandalin still with their own stuff going on, many of whom the PCs have not seen since, oh, session 3 or 4! Highlighted area below denotes the still unexplored sections of Wave Echo Cave].



WAVE ECHO CAVE

1 square = 10 feet

- Barrels
- Brazier
- Bunk Bed
- Escarpment
- Fungus
- Pillar
- Stalagmite
- Table
- Waterwheel

