

The Secrets of the Underdark

CHAPTER 1

“Refill!” Said a gruff voice as a dwarf slammed his empty mug onto the bar. This is Thorin Fargrim. He is a regular at the Phandalin bar. Let me tell you a bit about Thorin. He comes almost every day. The only days he’s not here is when he is adventuring. Thorin grew up here in Phandalin and currently lives here. He’s about four foot, three but weighs about as much as an average 6 foot human. As all dwarves do Thorin loves gold and riches, he would do almost anything to get his hands some. He wields his hefty greataxe and is known among the adventurers as the barbarian of his party. Now back to the story.

Just as the bartender was beginning to fill this thirsty dwarves’ drink a voice from the back of the room silenced the bar.

“I’m looking for Thorin, Thorin Fargrim?” It was like time froze. The clattering of dishes stopped, and the commoners cleared a path to the door.

Thorin slid off the bar stool, grabbed his axe, and spun it through his fingertips as he turned to face the frail old lady at the entrance to the bar.

“Thorin Far-”she was interrupted.

“I’m here” Thorin’s deep voice broke the silence of the room like a mallet striking a gong.”What do you want?”

“It’s your nephew. He’s, He’s, been taken.” a soft murmur brokout through the bar.

“Don’t lie to me woman!” Thorin raised his axe. The lady emitted a thunderous clap and a wave of thunder swept out from her knocking Thornin off his feet and into the bar stools.

The woman spoke one last word, “Duergar” and with that she left.

CHAPTER 2

The Dungeons and Dragons player's handbook states the definition of duergar as, “In the cities deep in the underdark live the duergar, or gray dwarves.

These vicious, stealthy, slave traders raid the surface world for captives, then sell their prey to other races of the underdark. They have innate magical abilities to become invisible and to temporarily grow to giant size.”

Intense right? Trust me, I know. After all I did write this. Anyway, back to Thorin.

Thoughts went through Thorin’s mind like passing cars on a new york street. Where’s my nephew? Was that lady telling the truth? If so is he alright? Should I go find him? Assemble the team?... He finally decided that the lady was telling the truth, and that he needed to assemble the adventurers to get back his nephew!

Thorin approached the small wood house humming with the sound of music and rapped his knuckles against the large door. The music stopped and he heard footsteps approaching. The door opened and a female voice greeted him happily.

“Thorin! What brings you to this wood shack!” It was Mailee, the first member of the four adventurers. Mailee was about 5 feet tall and had short white hair. Her elf ears were tall and sharp, and she wore colorful leather clothes that fell to her feet. Mailee was an elvish bard. Bards conduct their magic through music and instruments, Mailee played the flute and had one on a necklace around her neck. With magic flowing through their songs they serve as entertainers with compelling music. Mailee was a fierce fighter who could change the favor of a battle with only a few notes. Thorin told Mailee that his nephew George was missing, and she agreed to help, claiming “I would do anything for a friend like you” and, “I miss the others and can’t wait to get back into the action.”

Next, Thorin and Mailee set off to find Gayland. The human wizard, spellcaster of the bunch. Gayland had long silver hair that fell down his back and a long silver beard accompanying his hair. Gayland was six feet tall, held a tall wood staff and wore long blue robes falling down onto his brown beaded moccasins. He welcomed them to his home and he as well decided to help Thorin find his nephew.

Finally, the three travelers walked through town to find Baren the paladin. Baren was the healer of the group and the one most devoted to good. He was about four feet tall and wielded a mace along with some of his spells. He openly accepted the invitation and was happily reintroduced to his fellow adventurers.

Finally the four adventurers were reunited, and happily so. So now we can get into the interesting part of the story. Where the quest for Thorin's nephew, George, was to begin! So now my friends prepare yourself for an adventure where our fellow travellers will face their destiny. Stare it in the face, and grasp it in their hands. Our young travellers will face victory and defeat, happiness and sorrow, life and death. This my friends, is, where it all begins and where it all ends.

CHAPTER 3

Two Duergar patrolled the entrance of the sewer pipe from the underside. They heard the footsteps of four travelers above them and ran to deliver the news. On their way off the four travelers lifted the sewer cap and poked their heads down. A slim bard slipped through and looked around.

"All clear," she whispered to the others. They soon lowered themselves down. The four waded through the gray water. After a while of walking a circular iron door came up on the wall.

Mailee approached and listened, The rustling of armor could be heard through the door. But it seemed there weren't to many people. Galand stepped back and lifted his hand toward the door. Locks switched around and the door opened.

"Charge!" Two gray dwarves threw themselves at the intruders, swinging clubs. Gayland yelled and everyone understood, with the exception two very unlucky fellows. Mailee, Thorin, Baren and Gayland jumped out of the murky water as the powerful wizard shot an icy beam toward the depths of the grayness. The water around the duergar froze and left the immobilized in the ice. Thorin walked over and clubbed them both with the hilt of his axe until they were unconscious.

"Right then. Moving on." The intruders continued through the door, at a mild pace. Keeping their eyes open and holding their heads high these four travelers marched on. They were in some sort of tunnel lit with dim yellow lights. Baren could still sense darkness. Thorin, first in line (as being the meat-shield), came to an intersection. A passage tunneled left and right. Right, there was the

sound of more creatures yelling at what seemed to be prison inmates. To the left, it was silent.

“We should go left it seems there’s no one down that way.” stated Mailee.

“ You kiddin, my, my nephew has bound to be by the prison.”

“Did you hear how many guards were down there? No way! We go left.” said Gayland as he made the final decision.

Mailee popped her head around the corner to see if the guards were watching, but they seemed distracted. She ushered the other forward until they were out of sight. Pipes ran along this part of the tunnel and the smell was atrocious. Finally the four travelers came to a door and listened. The whimpering of a boy could be heard. Thorin froze.

“George” he whispered. Thorin tensed. Gripping his axe with great strength, he threw open the door and burst in. The others gave him warning calls then followed. All four were instantaneously pinned to the ground by two giants.

“Ah, what do we have here?” a drow sat upon a throne maliciously laughing. A drow, or, dark elf works with the duergar in the underdark.

“Release my nephew!” Thorin yelled.

“ I’m afraid we cannot do that, he is worth a great deal to us.” answered the drow. “I am Lucian Soveliss, king of this sector, I give the orders here.”

A duergar entered the room.

“Take the boy, it is time” said Lucian.

“Noooooo!” Thorin yelled.

“Uncle!” The door swung shut and the two giants started to laugh. A single note stood in the air. Then another. One of the giants was thrown back against the wall. Mailee stood holding her flute.

“ Kill the girl” yelled Lucian. Another note flew threw the room. Lucian’s head snapped back, slamming against his chair. A beautiful song erupted from the end of Mailee’s flute. The giants pounded each other. The song continued. Lucian’s throne crumbled and he was thrown onto the ground. The elf tried to get up but was hit in the back by a powerful swing of an axe. Thorin stood above him brutally hacking at the far from living drow.

Gayland watched the battle then opened the door and ran out. He saw the duergar with george about 200 yards ahead. Gayland ran. He ran until was too late.

There was horse and carriage up ahead to the left and the small boy was being loaded on.

The last that was heard were the final screams of the boy. As he disappeared into the darkness.

CHAPTER 4

The others exited the room to see their wizard standing alone in the middle of the tunnel.

“Where is-”

“Gone.”

