The session started with the party gathered in the barracks of Oakenshield, listening to General Stonesbane’s orders regarding their part in the defense. Since the elf druid, dwarf monk, halfelf paladin and dragonborn fighter were all better trained and equipped than the rest of the town’s defense, the four strangers were told to patrol the perimeter of the town looking for any signs of orcs in the area.

The party had an hour to prepare for their patrol. It was the early morning hours and Oakenshield was just beginning to awake. After contemplating murdering an unconscious halforc in the barracks, the adventurers first visited the local merchant Ian Sylvan. The merchant’s modest stock left much to be desired by much of the party, but the elf did have a few health potions he was willing to sell. However, upon hearing the price, Milthrar felt the merchant was trying to cheat the group, and quickly forgot his monastic ways and went into a tirade against the poor elf. The infuriated monk stormed out of the shop while Adran tried to soothe things over with the shopkeeper. After the dwarves departure the party ended up paying 100 gp total (50 from Adoros, 25 from Adran and Mauzapen) for five health potions.

After leaving the merchant the party split ways for their remaining free time. Milthrar went to calm himself with a few pints at the local tavern, much to the surprise of the sleepy barkeep. Adran visited the local smith, disappointed in his meager selection. Adoros wandered the northern district of town, observing the living conditions of the poorer townsfolk. He found them poor, but not downtrodden and seemingly happy enough. At a loss of what to do, the dragonborn Mauzapen followed Adoros through town, causing much anxiety among the townsfolk that saw the hulking, golden-scaled warrior and his two large weapons across his back.

The sun began to rise as the four adventurers finally met with Stonesbane in front of the town gate. The scarred and grizzled dwarf veteran told the party to walk the perimeter of the town keeping the gate in sight. At the first sign of orcs the party needed to somehow warn the town so the final defenses can be put in place.

The party then set off to the west, making their way deeper into the forest. After walking for perhaps a couple of hours the forest grew thick around them, and eventually they lost sight of the wall. Just before noon they came upon an open field. Milthrar first noticed the grass in the clearing had been disturbed, and had the rest of the party hold up. Adran and Milthrar quickly spotted an orc hiding behind a tree on the opposite side of the clearing. The perceptive elf Adoros easily spotted two more orcs, and he saw the orcs realizing they were found out. Knowing their surprise ambush failed, two orcs angrily charged into the field. However, before they could even reach the party they saw the orc holding his morningstar fall to the ground, an arrow lodged in his throat.

Seeing the orcs charge, Milthrar charged into the field to meet them in battle. He covered the field with surprising quickness for a dwarf, his martial training as a monk allowing him to move his feet as lightly as an elf. He easily batted the orcs club out of the way with his staff and brought the other end down on the orcs forehead, killing him with a sickening smack.

Adran ran out to Milthrar’s side as the dwarf dispatched the orc, eager to fight alongside his new comrade. Seeing two of his friends die out in the field, a third orc gave out a roar and ran over to Adran with his shortsword held high. The paladin easily deflected his chop with his shield. Mauzapen came to the halfelf’s side, bringing his heavy Warhammer around into the orc’s side with a mighty two handed swing. Bones could be heard crunching under the hammers impact.

A fourth orc emerged from the trees and attempted to shoot a shortbow at the dragonborn, but his shot went wide. Finally, an orc chieftain emerged from the shadows, the rage at his tribe’s failure smoldering in his beady eyes. He bellowed and rushed the party, but during his bloodlust the other orc, still dazed from Mauzapen’s strike, stumbled in his way. The chieftain punched the orc in the face, cracking his jaw.

Adoros attempted to hide in the bushes, hoping he had yet to be spotted. However, before he could fully conceal himself he sees the chieftain looking right at him. Giving up on that plan the elf then runs to the southeast side of the clearing and prepares a spell.

A fifth orc emerged from the treeline and ran out to help his chieftain. Before he could reach the skirmish another arrow struck him in his left shoulder, momentarily incapacitating him. Another arrow flew out and struck the chieftain in the back. This time Adoros and Milthrar both notice that the arrows seem to be coming from the northwest side of the clearing, with Adoros in particular noticing that the arrows seem to be coming from high up in the branches.

Milthrar turned to the orc holding the shortsword. He brought the end of his staff forward in a quick jab to the orc’s throat. The orc gasped in pain, and didn’t seem long for this world but he was still standing.

Seeing the orc with the sword occupied, Adran engaged the orc with the arrow sticking out of his shoulder. The halfelf raised his axe high above his head and brought it down in a mighty overhead swing, cleaving through the orcs spear and bringing his axe right between the orcs eyes. He pulled his axe free of the orc’s skull with a yank as the lifeless body tumbled backwards.

The dying orc takes a halfhearted stab at Mauzapen with his shortsword, but the fighter turned the blade aside with the handle of his axe and pushed the creature away from him, intent on killing the chieftain. The dragonborn feels enraged at the sight of the large orc and quickly swings his hammer low into the orc’s left knee, causing the orc to tumble to his one good knee. As the orc fell Mauzapen swung the pommel of his hammer up into the orcs face, smashing the ugly creature’s skull in with the sheer force of the blow.

The orc archer at the treeline takes a shot at the dragonborn, but after seeing his chieftain so easily dispatched he shook with fear, causing his arrow to once again go wide of his target.

Milthrar dashed to the trees to dispatch this ranged threat. He swatted the orc’s bow from his hands, but the archer was more elusive than the dwarf would have first thought and was able to dodge out of the way of the staff swinging around for his head.

Seeing that his party seemed to have the situation handled, Adran remembered General Stonesbane’s orders, and turned to run back to town, informing the nearby party members of his intention to warn Stonesbane.

The wounded orc looked at Mauzapen, his gauntlets still dripping with the chieftain’s brain matter, and he hobbled off in fear. The dragonborn dropped his Warhammer to the ground and grabbed a handaxe from his belt. Unfortunately in his hurry he lost his grip on the handle of the axe as he brought it behind his head, and his clumsiness caused the heavy axe to fly behind him, striking Adran in between his shoulder blades with enough force to put a dent in his armor. Adran turned around glaring at the dragonborn shouting “WHAT THE FUCK?!” The dragonborn shrugged his shoulders and Adran turned around and began his jog back to town, albeit a little slower.

Seeing his companion’s inability to stop the slowly fleeing orc, Adoros quickly cast thorn whip. A long whip made of thorny vines snapped out at the orc. The barbed vines wrapped around the orc’s neck, and with a tug Adoros flung the orc’s now lifeless body back towards the center of the clearing, his neck snapped from the force.

The remaining orc slashed at Milthrar with his own handaxe, but the nimble monk rolled underneath the swing. He tried to return the blow but the squirrely orc managed to dodge out of the way yet again. Finally, Mauzapen charged over. The orc held his own against the two fighters for one more round, but the large dragonborn’s bloodlust was far from satiated and he quickly smashed the orc’s knees with his hammer in a similar manner as he had done to the chieftain. Feeling his rage only further fueled by his aggression he grasped the howling orc’s skull between his scaly hands and lifted the orc off the ground by several feet. The orc’s skull finally caved under fighter’s immense strength, showering the dragonborn’s arms and front with blood. Mauzapen tossed the headless corpse to the ground in disgust.

While his companions dispatched the remaining orc, Adoros investigated the area where he suspected the arrows had come from. He inspected the area and the overlying branches but came up with nothing. Suddenly a wood elf with long blonde hair and a green cloak dropped from a tree to the druid’s left. He greets the surprised group and introduces himself as Tauriel, a ranger from the wood elf clans of this forest.

He explains that the wood elves have been hunting the orcs they find in the forest. He says that this particular bunch is the closest to the city that he’s aware of, but that there are larger parties not far off.

Adoros then inspects the bodies, finding 5 gp, an amulet to the orc god Gruumsh and two notes. One note said to start the attack on the town early, and mentioned a deal the orc leader Obould had made. It hinted at dissatisfied factions within the orcs. The other note spoke of a cave where a midnight meeting between orc leaders is to take place prior to the planned attack the following day. After seeing the note, Tauriel remarked that he is familiar with the cave, and that it’s not far from Oakenshield.

Around this time Adran finally made it back to town. After telling the gate guard about the orcs, he rushed to the barracks to let Stonesbane know about the orcs in the area. Adran threw open the door to find Stonesbane at the table. The paladin quickly marched over and reported to the dwarf that the party had encountered a band of orcs, and that most of them had been killed. After a little prodding from Stonesbane, Adran also reveals the presence of the mysterious archer, but having left before Tauriel’s appearance he couldn’t offer much. The dwarf stroked his beard thoughtfully for a moment, but he wasn’t sure what to make of the news. Stonesbane thanks the halfelf for making sure to fulfill his duties to the town.

A sound similar to thunder boomed in the distance. Stonesbane and Adran looked at each other at the distant sound, the general recognizing the sound of orc war drums. The party members in the clearing heard the drums louder, but still distant. All at once the drums stopped. Tauriel said they needed to hurry back to Oakenshield, stating that apparently the orcs are closer than he had realized. The three party members in the clearing with Tauriel started heading back to town, making it to the gate in twice the pace thanks to the ranger’s knowledge of the land.

As they reached the front gate Stonesbane and Adran began to hear a crowd gathering outside the barracks. The old dwarf begrudgingly got up from the table and headed outside with Adran not far behind. A crowd of townsfolk was at the front step of the barracks, shouting at each other words of panic and anxiety. Stonesbane attempted to calm the crowd, and got most of them to hesitantly head home. He then saw the rest of the party returning and told them all to get inside to discuss their plan. He trudged inside the barracks with Tauriel not far behind.

The party stood outside, sharing their newfound revelations with Adran and debating whether or not to share them with Stonesbane, fearing that they wouldn’t be the ones sent to investigate. After much debate the party decided to tell Stonesbane, who responded in a manner unexpected by the party. He told them taking the offense might be their best shot at saving the town and told the group to go with Tauriel to the cave to disrupt the meeting of orc leadership. As the party turned to leave the barracks, Stonesbane stopped Adran, seeing his wound from Mauzapen’s handaxe. He gave the paladin a potion of healing for his wounds.

The party set off as the sun was beginning to set. They weren’t sure what was in store, but they were ready to do their part to help Oakenshield…