



# THE COYOTE MULCH

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Sponsored by Griddle hookers. Devilishly cute!

Issue IV

Our Heroes traveled north to the Dwarven city of Ardoth Unrol. Needing to refresh their supplies, they decided to follow the main road that passes thru the border towns of Northwall and Southwall. As they approached, they saw to the southwest of Northwall, a camp the refugees fleeing from the Dragonborn lands and, to the southeast small constituency of Royal Guard. Upon seeing the refugees, Alexander decided to travel around the towns and continue on to Ardoth Unrol. He didn't have the time, nor patience, for all the Prophet of Bahamut silliness.

At the only tavern in Northwall, they met a young female Turtle, named Nicho. Oddly, our Heroes were not taken a back as this was the first time they had encountered this race. Though considering all they have already seen and experienced along their travels, it really isn't odd after all.

Nicho marched right up to their table, introducing herself. She went on to explain that their reputation had proceeded them; offering her services while she sought to wreak vengeance against the Drow as they had razed her home town.

While they were discussing their plans, a buxom blonde barmaid flirted heavily with Solek. Excusing himself, he and the maid went upstairs to his room. On the way up the stairs, he noticed she was unbalanced in her gait. Helping her up the stairs, he saw that thru her shoes, he could see a wooden foot. Once in the room, Solek confronted the woman, discovering she was actually an Imp on stilts in disguise.

This little guy introduced himself as Griddle and, kept apologizing for seeking to kidnap him. After a few drinks Solek questioned the Imp as to why he wanted to kidnap him. Griddle explained that the Lord of the Abyss wanted him captured, tho didn't tell Griddle why. Realizing this Imp could be used to his advantage, Solek "befriended" Griddle. Solek found some small robes and disguised Griddle as Baby Yoda.

Heading out the next day, our Heroes were once again ambushed by a party of Drow. Among this war party were strange constructs. Lorach now had Warforged of his own.