



The

Poodle Mulch

Progress Report

January 5, 2019

Sponsored by Misifits Clam Bake. When you just gotta go all girl!

Issue I

The best way to start out a new campaign is to get yourself three wagons and a bunch of law abiding minding their own business kinda guys who happened to be doing a favor by giving a shit-covered half orc Rue Paul a ride to the next town. Toss in a morally high-minded tiefling, a bearded dwarven lady from the circus, a big-assed elven-ish barbarian chick who can't understand the words that are coming out of anyone's mouth, a kobold with a chip on his shoulder, a small wave-happy gnome who barely knows her own name, and a transgender orc barbarian chick with 'tude. Put them all together, and you have a group of misfits with a mind to put slavers in their place. The jail, that is.

Circumstances brought these people together: Squirk the gnomish wizard, Merle the half orc barbarian, Noctis the blood warrior kobold, Andromeda the elvish barbarian, Brynhildr the cleric of Kharsallis, and Livia the tiefling paladin of Vor. Each had their own unique backgrounds (except Squirk's. She still working on it. You know . . . check's in the mail, I'll love you in the morning, and it's only a cold sore).

Having freed Merle and befriended the hard-to-communicate-with Andromeda, the party decided to work their way to Hommlet to see about getting a nice steaming hot cup 'o justice for the slavers, who had mentioned journeying to Kentelly. Livia was heading there. Go figger. Eventually, they made it to the town as the wintry winds picked up. The inhabitants there were quite surprised to see a kobold walking around carrying weapons. They were even more surprised that someone had been living in this world as long as they had without remembering their own name. Oh, and we also learned that kobolds demonstrate their prowess with a sword by unsheathing it and running a finger along its length rather than using it to kick someone's ass. Why flaunt it?

Anyway. Once in Hommlet, the party got some strange looks. Having missed her homecoming parade as a child, Squirk did the Diana royal wave to anyone and everyone she saw. Soon, the party took their slaver booty to the jail to deposit them for the night before the went and got a nice meal and to rest. They were met by the suspicious town elder who didn't seem too keen on taking any responsibility for the slavers, who loudly voiced their innocence. With little consideration, the elder said that the slavers would be held for the night, but they had to go in the morning. Livia gave her word that she would respect the elder's wishes.

The party decided to pile into the Inn of the Welcome Wench to get some vittles and warm their toesies. Merle stayed behind to watch the slaves. She evidently wasn't too happy about those boys and wanted to make sure they stayed right where they were. She even arranged to have a meal brought over for the jailer. What a nice barbarian, that only hours earlier had been covered in feces and anger.

At the bustling inn, the others got not only a table, but a lot of odd looks from the predominately human crowd. In fact, the owner of the bar sent his wench over to tell the party that they had to leave their pet (Noctis) outside. Eventually the owner came over to reinforce his demand. That is, until Noctic used his magical powers of "produce money to convince the man that he should stay." Damned wizard kobolds mucking up my DM plans with gold.

After a while, an older farmer-looking gent entered the inn and began going around talking to people, who seemed to be amused and/or annoyed by whatever he was talking to them about. Curious, the party asked the wench about the man, who turned out to be Rollie, a local farmer that usually keeps to himself. Something else about him that people don't particularly like is a farmhand he has working for him. Evidently, the farmhand is reclusive and never comes around the town, and also wears a wooden mask and heavy clothes.

Livia called Rollie over and asked him what is problem was. Rollie, a man with a twisted foot, seemed distraught over the disappearance of his farmhand Roger two days ago. During the conversation he revealed

that Roger was a little odd, but he has proven to be hard worker and a good man over the past few weeks. Rollie said that he would give 100 gp for Roger's return.

Having just come off of playing a higher-level campaign, this seemed like chump change to the veteran Curtis Campaigners, but they decided to help. In fact, another older and scraggly-looking man sitting nearby had heard the conversation and came over. He introduced himself as Lucieth, and he wanted to help out since his brother was helped by strangers at one time and he wanted to forward the favor to someone else. Now was his chance. Since Lucieth wasn't covered in neon signs that said "I'm a villain." The party decided he was okay to come along.

With night closing and the winds of a coming storm whipping about them, the misfit party struck out from Hommlet and Rollie's farm. They found cow and boot tracks heading west toward a forested swampy area of the countryside, where they came to a moat house. They knew because the map said "MOAT HOUSE". The DM waves at Cinnamon. Near the entrance, though, the party found themselves on the menu as some hungry winter frogs attacked from the roadside reeds.

Now at most parties, seeing someone put their fist into their mouths is a neat trick. These frogs went further than that and put the whole person inside their mouths. In fact, they did that to several party members. Things got a little dicey, but the party prevailed and pressed on into the old damaged moat house.

Inside, they found more hoof prints and a lot more boot prints of different kinds and sizes. Snoofing around, they came to a door. Livia opened it and found a room full of brigands. There came a soft bell ringing followed by a soothing female voice coming from the loudspeakers above "All brigands to the doorway to kill the intruders. All brigands to the doorway to kill the intruders. Please be sure to observe all hand-to-hand safety protocols, and have a nice day." With that, the brigands sallied forth.

A nice battle took place in which Merle went down and Livia nearly bit the big one. Lucieth saved the day by pulling Livia out and stabilizing her. He then pulled a nifty trick by walking on the ceiling to get through the crowded doorway to kick some brigand butts and end the conflict. The party decided it would be best to rest before they nearly get killed again. You know, the usual.

Will anyone pronounce Merle's name correctly?

Will Brynhildr ever find her hammer so she can't bring it down?

Will Noctis ever actually be as intimidating as he thinks he is?

Will Andromeda forget how many rages she has at first level again?

Will Squirk start to understand that it's safer to stand back and wave than wade forward into battle?

Will Livia actually convince someone that she's a real knight of Kentelly?

Will Curtis forget to pick up milk and eggs when he goes to the grocery store next time?

Stay tuned for the next episode of "As the Estrogen Turns".