



For Your Garden

The

Poodle Mulch

Progress Report

January 12, 2019

Sponsored by the Drunken Pied Piper. Rats think he's the cheese!

Issue II

So, after beating a bunch of brigands, the next thing you want to do is pile the dead bodies against the door and then crash on them, kinda like a makeshift charnel couch. With the weather worsening with snow outside, everyone hunkered together and rested while swapping wives-er I mean histories. No one asked Lucieth about his, though. I guess attack sponges aren't very interesting. Oh, well.

Filled with piss and vinegar and a full 6, 8, 10, or 12 whole 1st level hit points, our intrepid party moseyed out of the tower they had holed up in and went 'splorin'. They came to a staircase leading down. Now as Wile E. Coyote discovered early on in his career, every A.C.M.E. 1st level dungeon staircase comes equipped with ravenous rats that want to bite off your face. Before the fight could really begin, Lucieth rushed forward and told everyone to get back. Using some smoochie and other weird noises, along with some rations, he coaxed the rats to the tower room with the dead bandits. Once they started munching on the dead bodies, he closed the door. The rest of the party looked at Lucieth like a bunch of dogs hearing a high-pitched noise as their ears perked and their heads cocked way to the side. Resolving conflict was foreign to this group, so they didn't know exactly what to do.

Gathering themselves, they proceeded down the stairs into a large open area with several doors to choose from. Merle, his/her fingernails freshly painted, struck a pose and did a nice li'l eeny-meeny-miny-moe to choose where they would go. They didn't get far as a bunch of zombies piled out of some nearby cells and shuffled forward. As they advanced, they could be heard muttering "Go Trump . . .", "Make America Great Again . . ." and "How 'bout them Cowboys . . ."—a truly horrific if not unsurprising sight.

With Pat making like he was in an old folks' home filled with Alzheimer's patients, he made sure to remind everyone of their stats, hit points, damage, PC abilities, and the best way to use them . . . every round . . . without fail. He's like a crack whore with a shaking hand that can't resist that spoonful of sugar to help the medicine go down. Don't worry, Papa Curtis is going to put a stop to it. Anyway, ya'll took out the zombies, yet somehow Trump remained in office. Oh, and Livia found a nice gem in one of the zombie cells. The party also found a couple of rooms with some weapons, armor, brandy, and capes bearing golden flaming eyes embroidered on them. Bryhildr had the bright idea of having everyone wear one in case they came in handy later.

The party looked around and found a torture chamber with a secret door in a column leading down. Deciding to rest and heal—you know, because it had only been about 5 minutes since their last 8-hour crash—they almost made it when an ogre burst in on the scene only to be dispatched fairly quickly. Finally, everyone got some nap time and was fresh for the next fight. They even made it up to 2nd level.

After descending down the column with the secret door, the party found a crypt with lots of burial alcoves. Surprisingly, several Kardashian sisters emerged and attacked, or ghouls. Whichever. Brynhildr held out her holy symbol and spoke some divine jibber jabber (once you get to higher levels it ceases to be jibber jabber and becomes holy words of faith or some bullshit like that). Anyway, she turned the ghouls, something the rest of the party didn't realize as they kept on whacking and dispelling a couple of the creatures' fear. The other two fled the scene. Eventually the party won the fight and all was better than it had been before the fight had begun. Even Lucieth had fun as he was plastered during the fight.

Nice job of roleplaying that you didn't know how hitting a turned undead would break its fear. That's what Willis was talkin' 'bout.

Deciding to rest again like a 90 year old grandma who needs her hourly nap (fucking 2nd level twinks), the party was about to get comfy when Noctis heard the cries of someone in distress. Like moths to a flame, or Squirk, Merle, and Andromeda to a going-out-of-business shoe sale, the party went to investigate. They

came to a room where a gnoll could be seen standing guard and the cries of distress coming from beyond him.

Without warning, a drunken Lucieth charged forward and began kicking some grassy gnoll ass. With the fight underway, the party joined in and another tense struggle ensued. Everyone worked together very well, with Livia using some timely Healing Words to keep Lucieth from biting it twice. Good job.

With the gnolls defeated, the party found the source of the yelling—a heavily-cloaked and cowled man wearing gloves and a decorated black and white mask who went by the name Roger. They had found the man they were looking for! Roger was scared and worried that other bad men would come. He said their leader was Lareth. Livia had earlier determined that flaming golden eye had something to do with a family in Sestillion in the city of Kutarish.

Roger revealed that he was Boreoa. Squirk recalled that Boreao is a land far to the north in Northern Houress. She knew that there was little information about the place and its people, and that it is widely believed that anyone who goes there dies.

tried to get Roger to take off his mask, but he said it was forbidden and rebuffed her requests again until she finally gave up. She did note that he had blue eyes, though. The party decided to heed Roger's advice and get the heck out of Dodge. Once they got topside, however, they found that the snow storm had hit with a fury. Visibility had become impossible, and the snow had piled up. This made things too dangerous, and the party decided to rest in the abandoned moat house to rest and wait out the storm.

The question is . . . will Lareth and the boys find them before they can escape? What do YOU think?

