



The

# Poodle Mulch

Progress Report

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Sponsored by Merle's Sexy Winter Dresses. Designed for Effeminate ½ Orcs  
with style!

Issue III

When we reunited for another gripping episode of "As-the-broke-low-level-party-turns", our intrepid adventurers found themselves still mucking about the supposedly abandoned moathouse just outside the village of Hommlet. Having fought a tough fight with a group of gnolls, the party rescued Roger. Low on hit points, money, and fingernail polish, the group decided to ambascray. Unfortunately, they found that the blizzard outside had become more serious than they had hoped and had to stick around for a bit.

The party decided to hole up in the room of the ogre they had defeated until they could rest and heal. Roger was as advertised, a strange man in bulky clothing and a cowl, his face hidden by a tight-fitting wooden mask bearing a black and white design highlighted by gold. When asked about himself, Roger answered that he hailed from a land far to the north called Boreoa. When asked to explain the reason he wore a mask, Roger wouldn't really say, only admitting that if he took it off, he would die.

And then Curtis, being the mean ole nasty DM he is, made the appropriate roll that brought some bad guys pounding on the door looking for the ogre. The decision was made to open the door and talk, and the battle began. Still not fully healed, the party decided to retreat through the secret passageway upstairs to the tower room containing the dead brigands and the rats that were snacking on them.

Someone (I think it was Livia), had the bright idea to have Lucieth use his talents to lure the rats from the room above to the room below in order to keep the baddies with the black capes bearing the flaming golden eyes busy. It began to work until Merle tried asking one of the sexier guards what his number was before getting subdued and tied up. The battle halted with Lucieth saying something to one of the baddie leaders, something only Merle noticed.

Soon, the big baddie arrived; a pretty boy named Lareth. He didn't seem too keen on killing the party, just to parley. Brynhildr tweaked Lareth's panties by pointing out that Lareth and his boys didn't do a very good job of keeping themselves hidden if a couple of cows had found them. Lareth decided to let the party go if they gave up their gold and Lucieth gave up his cool spider walking slippers. This was done, with out extremely honest party giving up EVERY penny of what they had on them \*eye roll\*. Lareth ordered them to get the heck out now or else.

With the blizzard still in full swing, the party made their way outside. Things seemed dicey until they found some makeshift shelter and Squirk created a magical bonfire to give them some relief. Eventually, the storm subsided enough to where the party could slog through the snow back to Rollie's residence. There, they were greeted enthusiastically by the farmer and his young daughter Priyana. It was quite apparent that they were very happy to have their friend home.

Rollie tossed Noctis a bag of 100 gold coins. Being the trusting little kobold with an even temper, Noctis immediately took a coin out and bit it to be sure the gold was real. Getting into the spirit, Rollie grabbed Roger and bit him on the arm to be sure he was real, too. Touche'. As everyone ate supper and told stories, Roger announced that he wanted to travel home, the path to which seem to follow that of the party ... for now. The party seemed cool with that, although Rollie and Priyana were sad. Queue the puppy dog eyes and slow clarinet music.

Back in town, Livia quickly led her companions back to the jail to find that the four prisoners were still there. Merle seemed mighty happy and voiced her willingness to kill them. But alas, their fate would be in the hands of some other authority. After taking time to tell the village elder of the danger in the moathouse and declining an offer to help root them out, the party purchased supplies at the local general store. Now

armed with a pearl, Squirk was able to identify the cloak they found at the moathouse as being a Cloak of Elvenkind. Neat.

After staying another night in Hommet, the party set off for Kheylar to seek justice for their slavers and possibly seek a reward and/or some work. Along the way, they were attacked by a pack of Marlboro 100 filters, and-oops, sorry. They were attacked by a pack of hungry non-rib-showing undeadly-ish wolves. Merle decided to get himself some wolfie pelts to make some clothing and perhaps get some gold.

After the fight, the leader of the imprisoned slavers tried to get Squirk to talk to him, but she was not interested. Fucking straight-and-narrow gnomes. Can't bribe 'em, can't get them to fetch you a six pack when you're thirsty.

Later down the road, as they entered the hills leading into the Dornest Mountains, they came upon a quaint little dwarven tavern. They decided to wash the road from their throats and stay for the night. While there, Brynhildr spoke with a lusty li'l halfling serving wench and discovered that the penalty for slavery in Kheylar is a public flogging and dungeon time. Merle brightened, hoping to be the one doing the flogging. Here's to hope, ladies and gentlemen.

Noctis decided to guard the prisoners in the wagon stashed in the barn behind the tavern. The leader of the slaves tried to bribe the testy little kobold and got stabbed for his troubles. He vowed to kill Noctis, which made Noctis flash a toothy grin.

The next day at Kheylar, the party was allowed into the city with the understanding that if Noctis got out of line, Brynhildr would be held accountable. The party beat feet to the courthouse and made their accusations concerning the slavers. A court official, a smartly-dressed gnome who seemed to be giving Squirk that "come hither and fuck me" look, advised the party to make themselves available for the next two days, as they would be needed during the trial or for other questioning.

Fortunately for the party, Brynhildr had an uncle in the city named Bophell Rockfist, whose wife was named Talla. Those two had three triplet sons named Bon, Jon, and Lon. They were a family of well-to-do miners that were quite happy to see Brynhildr. Noctis, not so much. There commenced hugs, reminiscing, hot baths, and din din. During dinner, Bophell advised Brynhildr that her father had acquired some new information about the Hammer of Weyland that he wanted to discuss with her. The hammer is an ancient item that many dwarves give their beards to own. Brynhildr wants it just as badly.

When Livia requested information about Kentelly, Jon ran off and came back with some nice information about the city located in Brighkly. With various tasks to complete, the party woke up the next day and set off. Andromeda, Roger, and Lucieth went to see a local wizard. Andromeda voiced her desire to find a way back to her otherworldly home to take care of someone really evil. The wizard said that he would need to see the scene where Andromeda was thrown into Irith from her own world of Forestria. To do this, he would need 300 gp to cast the appropriate spell. From there, he would know more about how to help her. Andromeda, without the money, left. The DM suggests she does some hooking. Might help. Wouldn't hurt.

At Brynhildr's request to find mercenary or other work, Bophell suggested that she go to the non-dwarven part of town to seek an elf named Hubys at the Oriental Raper, Rapper, er Rapier. Ah, Hell, they all look the same. Anyway, when next we meet, we'll see if the party can stay out of trouble, help put away some nasty slavers, and make it to third level. Naw. Probably not.



YO! YO! YO!