



The

Poodle Mulch

Progress Report

February 2, 2019

Sponsored by Endangered Druid Eagle Meat. Guaranteed to escape the dinner table!

Issue V

After having fought a couple of pesky ogres, the party holed up in their lair and found some goodies. Caves usually have goodies inside them, like two of the dead couriers that had been sent to find the dwarf Othwadah. They ventured out and made their way to the tower. The entrance was guarded by a pair of animated tin men with top hats. Looks like Mr. Peanut decided to go techno.

In a rare move, the party actually tried to talk to the watchmen. You know, parlay and shit. They even bantered with Othwadah, talking about returning the telescope. The dwarf was not amused, saying that the party could tell the Meistro that he would be getting his money in a month or two.

Meanwhile, all this parlaying took the DM by surprise. It took a few seconds for him to recover from the shock. By the time he did, the fight was on and he smiled with relief, knowing that everything had gone back to normal. The watchmen bore halberds and even fired nets from their chests. The DM thought about rocket launchers, but decided that now wasn't the time.

Being low-level means getting your asses kicked a little. As our intrepid group of do-gooders fought the watchmen, Othwadah flew down outside as an eagle and started lobbing spells. Inside, a dragonborn had poked his head down from the upper floor and did the same. The party found itself in trouble and retreated for some more resting. Afterward, they got back to work.

Dispatching the watchmen took a little time. With a couple of people going down, the gnome nearly getting snatched like a fish from a giant dwarven eagle, things got tight. When Sammy the Wyvern appeared, things got REALLY tight, but the party pushed through and won the tower. Unfortunately, Othwadah got away. The dragonborn had tried to get tricky and meld into stone, but Squirk's detect magic found him and they rooted him out. There quickly followed a "tyin' up the dragonborn" party. It was a hoot.

The dragonborn's name was Rhogar a companion of Othwadah. After talking to Rhogar and sifting through a ton of documents and journals, Brynhildr discovered that the pair of druids had been doing research on finding a higher being than the gods themselves, the "All Creator". Their goal was to find this ultimate being and coax him/her/it to come to Irith and help eliminate all the ills of the world.

Noctis went topside and looked through the tower to see a strange distant nondescript structure (nebula) that Othwadah's notes referred to as a Celestial Temple where the All Creator supposedly lived. Downstairs, Livia noticed a small doll with pigtails and wearing overalls sitting on a table watching the party. Being the compassionate person prone to gather all the facts and be sure she weighed all options before acting, Livia quickly brandished her weapon and prepared to cut that doll bitch in TWAIN! The little doll recoiled and called out in alarm.

Thankfully, Livia was stopped by her more reasonable companions. They spoke with the doll, who introduced herself as Dolly the dolem. She had been created by a wizard named Gorman. One day she was stuffed into a bag and brought out again by Othwadah, supposedly her new master. She didn't know why she had changed hands. In essence, she had been a servant to the dwarf, helping fetch things as he studied the All Creator. Dolly seemed to have a bit of an aversion to dwarves . . . well, a HUGE aversion. But since she was cute and spoke several languages, she was taken in by the party. I suppose there are a lot of cute, skilled racists out there that are actually okay. Dolly quickly developed an affinity for Andromeda and Merle, who made her a nice li'l fur outfit to keep her warm. Awww.

Working their tails off, the party disassembled the telescope. After a snow storm had come and gone, the party muscled the telescope and everything they'd found down to the wagons and a waiting Roger. In a half day, they arrived back in Kheylar.

Hoping to get paid for their efforts, they clippity clopped to the Oriental Rapier in search of Hubys. To everyone's complete and utter surprise, he wasn't there. Inquiries of the staff netted nothing. Although Hubys was a regular, no one knew him very well, let alone where he lived or where to find him. With time on their hands, it was time to sell off booty. Now if they had Oprah with them, they could have sold off enough booty to retire. But I digress.

While some went shopping and selling, others stuck around the OR in the hopes that Hubys had returned. He didn't. A strange man had approached the wagon and inquired about the telescope and whether it was for sale. He was told "maybe", and he exited the scene. Eventually, everyone piled back to Uncle Rockfist's home and came upon a grim atmosphere. Jon had gone missing, only recently returning completely shaved with his thumbs cut off. A note pinned to his chest read:

Come home, Livia, or soon my boredom may no longer be satisfied with simply shaving beards and taking thumbs. He told me everything, by the way . . . and in a mere few seconds' time. Funny, I always thought dwarves were tough . . .

*Warmest Regards
Drotorith*

Uncky Rockfist and his wife were not amused. Few dwarves are. He pulled Brynhildr aside and demanded to know why she still traveled with Livia. Brynhildr said that Liv was cool (in so many words). Anyway. With the dragonborn shackled in the cellar, the party hunkered down for the evening while contemplating how they could get their money if they couldn't find Hubys. They also had to find trainers to help them hone their skills.

As a DM, I'm leaning toward a TPK. But then again, I'm biased and maniacal.

