



The

Poodle Mulch

Progress Report

February 9, 2019

Sponsored by Chef Boy Ar Dee's Revenge. Best served cold and by surprise!

Issue VI

What better way to celebrate a successful telescope recovery mission than by returning home to a bunch of pissy dwarves who don't want Livia there anymore. Our spent party were forced to eat away from the Rockfist clan for Uncky and Auntie Rockfist were not happy about Livia's presence inside their homes. Only because Bryhildr batted her eyes cutely and gave the Roger Rabbit "p-p-p-p-p-p-pleeeeeeeese" did they give in.

Following dinner, they party was summoned to the front door by a visitor looking for those in possession of the wagons filled with telescope parts. Merle must've thought that he had forgotten to turn the faucet off between his legs when he saw an extremely well-dressed half orc with the perfect physique standing there. His name was Tivitch, and he seemed to be eyeing Merle with a most appreciative eye. The well-spoken half orc introduced himself as the representative of the client who owned the telescope. He didn't seem fazed when told that the party already had a contract with Hubys. Tivitch said that the client Hubys represented was his and that he would be paying a fair price for the telescope. With no Hubys to be found, the party seemed more than receptive to talking about it.

After Tivitch inspected the goods and seemed satisfied that all was in order, he decided to go take a look at the telescope. Afterward, he told the party that Hubys had been found dead at the bottom of an abandoned coal mine. Livia and the others wanted to know all the details and to see the body. Tivitch led them to a safe house, where they saw the shirtless body of the dead elf. Carved into his chest were the bloody words:

GO HOME LIVIA

Needless to say, but I'm gonna say it, Livia was getting pissed. At least she felt a little better when Tivitch whipped out a sack of "chewin' gold" for Noctis to play with. The party returned to Rockfist manor with some gold and some frustrations to deal with. The good news was that they weren't all massacred by those nasty-assed conniving dwarves. Thank the gods that Dolly was on watch. Tivitch, although unwilling to say who his employer actually was, did secure some quality time with Merle. Let the mating ritual begin!

Noctis even found an old woman outside Chez Rockfist, watching the entrance intently. The party descended upon her in a flash. The frightened old woman said that she had been given 5 pieces of silver to stand here and watch the house. When she saw Livia, she gave him a note as she had been instructed to do. The note said that the old woman was innocent and that (he) protorith would continue to harass Livia's allies and friends until she came to her senses and went home.

To make matters worse before bedtime, a package arrived for Livia. Eager to spring the trap, she opened it and found a small round smooth stone with a note that read: SPEAK AND I SHALL RESPOND. PROTORITH. Livia spoke and the stone began to pulse with each syllable spoken by the familiar voice of Pierce Bros-er-Protolith the Really Bad Guy.

After trading barbs with Livia and the rest of the party, Protolith finally stopped talking, and the stone went silent. Everyone dejectedly sat around bouncing ideas on how to catch Protolith, who seemed quite intent on forcing to Livia to return home through indirect means. Having to admit that there wasn't much they could do at the moment, the party turned their attention toward getting themselves the training they needed to focus their skills.

The next day, they set forth to do training. The idea of getting the trainers to come to Chez Rockfist wasn't met very well with Doltav the wizard or any of the other trainers. So much for that idea. Highlights of the first day of training came with Andromeda allowing Doltav to commune with her memory of the fight with the evil bitch who kicked her into this world. Squirk even paid Doltav to do the same thing to her so that he could know Protorith's face in the hopes that he would scry around and find the slippery asshole. All it would take is money.

Hoping to get in on that delicious "Doltav action", Merle inquired about getting some funbags and going from stick to automatic. The dwarven wizard seemed taken aback as to why the half orc would want to change genders but seemed satisfied with her explanation that she was born into the wrong body. The DM can certainly relate to that, as he's actually a lesbian trapped in a man's body.

Kudos to Andromeda for remembering to bring up the subject of somehow bringing Dolly to life, even if Dolly at first wasn't quite translating what she said to the dwarf with 100% accuracy. Doltav was at a loss as to how it could be done. He offered the option of making her a flesh body (golem), but she still wouldn't possess the spark of life. Anyway, he told the trio to come back the next day, when he could offer his answer to Andromeda on how to get home, as well as do the scrying spell if they could pay for it. At the very least, he would be training Squirk. I'm sure he'll be teaching her how to do much more than make cute hopping clockwork frogs. ;O)

Merle and Andromeda found a cranky dwarf rager to train them. Noctis drew bead on a blood hunter that lived outside of the city and who happened to be a Satyr, of all things. Livia found a $\frac{1}{2}$ giant paladin of Vor living near the temple, and Brynhildr found a priest at the temple of Kharsallis to pair up with.

That night, Tivitch took Merle out to din din at the Oriental Rapier. He talked about how he went from being a thieving street urchin to working for his master in a more respectable trade. Merle talked about his background, and both had a very nice evening. Tivitch even took her up to the high watch tower for some city/star-gazing. The burly half orc was hoping to get lucky, but Merle's legs snapped shut quicker than a bear trap. Gotta keep 'em wanting more, it seems 😊 The evening wasn't a total loss as Tivitch revealed that his men had discovered something that might relate to Protorith. A loose band of thugs called the "Tunnel Rats" that lurk in and around the mines were responsible for making off with a bunch of horses. They were not known to do that sort of thing, let alone act so organized.

The next day, Brynhildr had a good idea. She would use a location spell to find the communication stone that Protorith held. Before doing so, the group revealed their plan to Tivitch. Impressed, the dapper half orc supplied 5 rogue-types to help out. Not long after casting the spell, Brynhildr directed everyone to a tavern located near the entrance to the mines that many dwarves frequented. Taking care to surround the building, the party sprang their trap.

The battle went on for a time before Protorith was taken down by Noctis. Livia stopped on her way to the loot to coup de grace Grey Eye's troublesome enforcer. All but a couple of Protorith's companions got away. And thus ended the threat ... or did it?

The party quickly moved to a safe house belonging to the helper thieves before summoning Tivitch for a look see. The half orc was disappointed that Protorith had not been taken alive. And that was where we left off. We'll see if the party can stay out of trouble long enough to finish their training and move on to the next city on their way to Kentelly. Trouble? This party? Naw!

Ain't he a cutie?

