



For Your Garden

The

Poodle Mulch

Progress Report

February 16, 2019

Sponsored by Druid Poison-Be-Gone. When finding that poison can get you invited to the party.

Issue VII

Day three of training in Kheylar brought some intrigue to our intrepid misfits. Doltav the dwarven wizard had a busy morning. First, he gave Andromeda a scroll with some information concerning the magic that the evil sorceress Ertaliana had used to send her to Irith. Doltav instructed Andromeda to find a powerful wizard named Omliss the Wise in the city of Veradic in the Dwarflands. Omliss specializes in portal magic. Hopefully, Omliss would be able to use the information that Doltav had gained from "experiencing" Andromeda's traumatic event to help her get home.

As for Merle, Doltav explained that making him a her would be possible. The process involved a polymorph spell administered by three high level mages, as well as a high quality gem. In Pat terms, 8000 gp. Merle thought about hooking for the funds, but decided that would have to come after the "operation".

Finally, the busy dwarven wizard turned his attention to Squirk. He spoke of dire accounts to the west of an affliction that has popped up among the wizarding community. It seems that this (as of yet) unknown disease causes pain and weakness and even death to those wizards who are infected with it. The only clue that Doltav had thus far was the spells cast by an infected wizard might have a greenish tinge to them. He asked that Squirk relay any information she might find concerning the malady back to him. On a final note, Doltav also relayed that there have been increased reports of wizards being harassed by people in communities across the land.

Armed with the sad news that Brynhildr would be staying in Kheylar indefinitely to help her cousin Jon to heal, the party met at a local tavern for lunch. Right after the serving wench set the party's drinks on the table, a strange female gnome sat next to Merle, pointed to Livia's drink and firmly advised her not to drink it. Right after that, the stranger began casting a spell. Merle grabbed her hand to stop what was going on.

After a quick conversation, the gnome called Cathalilly explained that she had witnessed a guy at a nearby table slip something into Livia's cup. Merle eventually let the gnome's arm go so that she could cast a spell. Sho' nuff, there was poison in the cup—a deadly poison. Livia expressed her thanks, and a quick investigation concerning "the guy" turned up nothing. At the very least, Cathalilly earned free drinks from the tavern keep for preventing one of his customers from being killed. Poisoned bodies are bad for business, you know.

The party quickly learned that Lilly was a druid, and very keen on making sure that water everywhere was pure and fresh. In any event, the misfits had found a replacement for Brynhildr. This pleased Dolly greatly until she got a taste of her own prejudicial medicine when Lilly gave her the cold shoulder. Seems that the gnome did not like constructs. Will Dolly learn a valuable lesson? Tune in next time for the Brady Bunch!

That evening at Uncle Rockfists's home, Tivitch arrived for his date with Merle. And boy did he look dashing. With a dolled up Merle on his arm, he led her to the Black Pit, a rough and tumble bar with pit fighting as the main attraction. The Tiv-meister invited Merle to join him in a pairs match in the pit against another team. With a tusky grin, Merle agreed. At that point, Merle pulled Tivitch to the side and revealed that she was a woman trapped in man's body. In a stressful moment of truth, she felt relief when Tivitch said he didn't care and wanted her for who she was.

With that off her back, Merle joined her honey in the ring, where they promptly (well not so promptly) dispatched a pair of dragonborn brawlers. Tiv then took Merle to a underground mineral mud bath where, they soaked and relaxed and talked before retiring to his home for a little wrasslin' time. It was a good night for the barbarian.

The next day, the misfits decided that they had spent long enough in Kheylar. Without bothering to thank Uncle Rockfist for his generous hospitality or even visit Krimli Doo to see if he was doing all right, the party made to leave. At the gate, one of Tivitch's men caught Noctis's attention and advised him of some news. They had caught a pair of tunnel rats and questioned them. Oddly enough, they swore that they had spoken to Protorith the night before. Kinda makes a twitchy party go "hmmm."

On the road with Lilly in the lead, the party made their way toward Bog Boldur. Suddenly at a rocky turn in the road, the new gnome was surprised by a couple of goblins running toward her. She noticed that they were looking fearfully over their shoulder while crying "Aye-yi-yi-yi!". Deciding to charge in another direction, Lilly ran back to her new friends.

Everyone got ready in time to see three dragons flying into view, hot on the goblins' asses. They might have continued to go after the goblins if they hadn't been attacked. With new targets, the dragons swooped in and the battle was on. They seemed to be using a strange warped force breath weapon that knocked targets back. In a few moments, the party had routed the lizards, even killing a couple. The scale/claw/horn/tooth store was officially open for business!

That night, the ever-inquisitive Roger chose Livia to quiz about her religion and so forth. The conversation gravitated to others in the party. Soon, they persuaded Roger to speak more about himself and the land of Boreoa. They even got him to remove his mask to reveal a hairless head with one side the color of bright white, the other completely black. Roger revealed that his entire body followed the same color scheme. Intrigued, the misfits questioned Roger further, learning that the Boreoans did die of old age. When someone died, they burned the body and then informed the nearest "Enforcer", which are those who keep law and order. So many days later, a fully-grown replacement would come from Biaster to the north. Roger also couldn't remember anything before waking up one day and then being taken to his home in the farmland. He also revealed that there were no Boreoan children, something that seemed to jive with his complete lack of understanding concerning reproduction (outside of that of farm animals). Finally, he revealed that leaders of his people were called "Intellects."

Roger apologized to the misfits concerning lying about taking of his mask and dying. He was merely fearful of what might happen as he and his people were told not to reveal anything about their society to others. He expressed that after getting to know the party, he found that he didn't have so much to fear as they had been very kind to him. He still reiterated the need to go home, where he expected to face punishment for the transgression of leaving.

With much to think of, the party pressed on the next day. Unfortunately, the weather turned nasty, with a terrible wind storm whipping up so badly that they had to take shelter. Moving up into the rocks, they found the top of a step pyramid with three stone statues on top. With their very survival in doubt, the party moved to a door in the side of the steps leading the statues. Well most of them. Livia whipped out her tape measure and began getting the exact dimensions of the structure. That shit can mean the difference between life and death, folks.

After moving inside, they found a room that seemed to be venting harmful gas. Needing to get back, Dolly was called forth to take some rags and plug the holes and stop the gas. She stubbornly refused to do it unless Lilly admitted that she had value. With reluctance, Lilly agreed. With a satisfied look, Dolly did her duty and the gas was stopped. After springing some other traps, the party found themselves ready to descend to another level filled with strange fiery beetles. But not until next week, kiddies.

