



The

Poodle Mulch

Progress Report

March 2, 2019

Sponsored by Lilly's Spike Growth. A ghoul's best friend!

Issue IX

Sans Merle, the party continued their nice li'l dungeon crawl by finding a room with some brass urns and a sarcophagus. They didn't find much, but they did lose Noctis, who crawled into one of the urns and suddenly found himself gone. You know, like Milli Vanilli. The others finally noticed that something was wrong; there wasn't any loot. Well, that and Noctis was gone.

The cranky little kobold found himself in a small stone alcove with no way out. With a sudden bolt of inspiration, he remembered that he had one of the Protorith's communications stones. He pulled it out and began squealing like a Benny. Squirk, with visions of fireballs dancing in her head—not to mention the best way to rub out her raven so she could bring in an owl—picked up the line and the call dropped. God damned T-Mobile sucks in a dungeon. Anyway, she finally connected and they began playing "Protorith!" "Dead assassin" (Marco/Polo for you slow folks out there) until they discovered the gold gnawin' kobold under the sarcophagus.

There was great rejoicing as they party found no loot, just a huge jester jack-in-the-box that popped out on a big spring. The party did some experimentation and found that meth was much better than recreational marijuana. Oops! Wrong Poodle. Actually, they found enough time apart from giving the DM shit about correctly spelling "destruction" to determine that the urn would teleport anything solid placed into it to the small alcove under the sarcophagus.

Plugging on, the misfits found a room with a trapped door that Squirk discovered had some sort of magical shield over it. Livia, tired of waiting around for people to spring the trap for her, moved to the door and tried to pick it; she must've thought it was a huge nose, or something. Anyway, the trap went off and Livia disappeared. Unbeknownst to the others, she had been teleported into the room with a bunch of white apes. Kinda like a bunch of Trump followers. *rim shot*

Livia had a great idea when she tried to use her scarf of disguise to look like one of the other apes. One of them decided they didn't like her, and the fight was on; she must've looked like a big banana or something like that. The rest of the party hurried to the door and was able to shout back and forth with Livia right before she decided to take a "dungeon floor nap".

With Squirk calling out that they were coming, Andromeda and Lucieth, along with Noctis's lightning arrows, managed to bust down the door. They poured in and the apes looked up. One of them said "Looks like meat's back on the menu, boys!" as they charged forward. Of course, the party had strange ideas about surviving and all that shit and killed the apes as Lilly wondered about apes just lurking around in a dungeon room for no good reason.

With Livia saved from death, there was great rejoicing. Dolly was a bit disappointed. She had surmised that those attacking Livia simply HAD to be some nefarious dwarves looking to do their worst. It's okay, Dolly. There are some dwarves out there fucking someone somewhere. Their only reason they haven't hit the party yet was because their supervisor Chet had called in sick.

After some resting, during which Roger began to learn from Squirk the ways of spellcasting, the misfits continued on and found a hallway with an open door. The end of the hall was scorched with the imprint of a humanoid figure on the wall as if they had been blasted. After Livia used her magic to fling open the door, Noctis sneaked down to see a room with a sarcophagus in the center. The lid was off, and there was a pack of ghoulish critters eating a mummified body. One of them thought the kobold would make a pretty good snack and ran after him.

In the hall, Lilly remembered that she disliked undead just a weeeee bit. Using her druidic abilities, she caused the ground in the immediate area to become tangled with a spiky undergrowth. You know, like a

hippy chick's bu-GI-nah. Anyhoo, the ghouls were so intent on getting some tasty delver meat that they just ran over the spike growth and through a cloud of daggers and died . . . again. And there was great rejoicing in the party. That's alright, the DM *will* get you. And your little doll, too.

Bored, the party continued on while tracking where the ghouls had come from. They came to a long hall, where a ghostly king and queen appeared giving the standard "do not come this way" and "you will meet your doom if you don't turn back" warnings. You know, the usual. Aside from Squirk "squirking" her pants with fright, the party decided to press on to the next ghostly image of Princess Leia standing before R2D2 while looking around before saying "Help me Obi Wan Kenobi. You're my only hope."

The ghoule trail came to a crack in the hall wall. After some investigation, the party found that there was a tunnel leading up to a chamber with some treasure. From there, another tunnel led up to the surface, where a winter storm continued to rage. Lilly turned into a wolf and padded around. She was able to get a general sense where they were and what direction north was, but not much else.

It was here that the mean ole nasty dwarven lovin' DM decided to end the game. When next we meet in 2 weeks, we'll be sans Squirk, who will be too short to ride any of the rides at Disneyland anyway. That's kind of odd, since it's a small world, after all. Oh, well.

