



For Your Garden

The

Poodle Mulch



Progress Report

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Issue XXXVI

This week resumed with the Misfits on a distant plane fighting doppelgangers of themselves. The battle took a few rounds, but the Misfits eventually wore the Evil Misfits down and won the day. Unfortunately, Roger was killed, leaving many distraught.

By the grace of Kharsallis, though, Brynhildr was given the knowledge necessary to raise Roger from the dead. There was great rejoicing. After resting for a while, the party decided to press on across the field of black grass to the waiting mountains beyond. There, they came across a pair of massive silver doors and entered into a cavern.

Inside the cavern, blocking a passageway, was a huge skeleton. The creature was K'La the Gatekeeper. After hem hawing about what to do, the party stopped to think about it some more. Squirk finally went to the statue. She cut her hand and let some blood drip into the giant's waiting mitt. The gatekeeper motioned her through, although she felt a little drained. Merle and Andromeda followed suit, as did the rest of the party. Also, the little scrying eye that was following Squirk wasn't able to pass into the cavern with the giant skeleton. Limitations, limitations.

The party started walking up a wide path wound counterclockwise around a central massive column. They noticed that the surface of the walkway was a sticky solid substance that held dozens of bodies of zombies and rotting corpses within. The DM chuckled at that point, knowing that party didn't suspect a THING.

At the top, they came to an open floor in the shape of an eye, with the pupil being a bridge across some nasty flames licking the ceiling. On the other side of the bridge rested a chair upon which sat a nasty-looking orc warrior; Verelorn. On the ground beside the chair was the dragon-themed box Vathroxi spoke of.

Brynhildr led the charge inside, where 3 zombie umber hulks appeared. The battle was on. Much to everyone's utter surprise, the path outside began to melt, releasing zombies hungry for brains. The battle raged in earnest, with Verelorn grabbing Squirk. He ripped her from her flying broom and dropped her into the pit of flames. At that moment, the toll of 6pm rang out and stopped the game. Sorry, folks. Crispy Squirk time will have to wait.

