



The

Poodle Mulch

Progress Report

March 20, 2021

Sponsored by Tootsie Roll Undead! How many Lichs does it take to get the center of an undead baddie. One . . . Ta-hOO . . . Three . . .

Issue XLIX

The game resumed with our mushy Misfits in the Dockrawlin city of Chochri. They had just had their meal interrupted and were battling a lich that felt the people of the city had an iron deficiency. So, the undead baddie unleashed 5 iron golems to suck up all the flames in the area and kick some bootay.

During the battle, the goddess of birthdays, Betty Crocker, appeared to give Pat a magical cake that he could use within 7 days for Bryn or Lykos to heal them or replace all their spell slots/sorcery points. Ain't she a peach?

After a battle that nearly lasted a whole minute, the Misfits managed to take down the golems and the lich. The lich kinda poofed away into nothingness, prompting Squirk to contact Filoriac the Necromancer to gain insight about them. Evidently, liches kept their life forces in special phylacteries that had to be destroyed, lest the lich rejuvenate. Some of the Misfits gathered some lich dust, because nothing makes better snuff than lich dust, baby.

A local lord named Ibaharm had joined the fight and was most gracious for the efforts of the party to stop the attack and help douse the flames burning several buildings. Good job Roger for using his wall of sand spells to kill the fire. He's more than just a pretty face.

Ibaharm told the party that some of his men had discovered a crack in a nearby rocky hill. The dwarves never returned. Shortly thereafter, the lich began appearing every couple of days to wreak havoc on the city and its citizens. Ibaharm was bitter that the city council had opted not to go to the lich lair. Rather, they decided to wait in the hopes that the lich would eventually give up and stop attacking. They should have known better. My players know better, don'tcha?

Ibaharm told the party that if they went to the lich lair and cleared out all of the evil within, he would give them 20 acres surrounding the lair, which included a silver mine that averages 45,000 gp per year. Nice one!

Spending only enough time to do a long rest, the Misfits set out late in the evening to go find the lich lair and the phylactery. They arrived at the entrance and carefully entered a long room with a chest, a bag, and a huge winged statue at the other end. After poking around, they started trying to put stuff in the statue's mouth. It crushed Bolinda's dagger and then regurgitated a shite load of scarabs that the party eventually dispatched.

Squirk took a large gem from the bag they found and put it into the statue's mouth, which closed upon it. The wings began to shudder and look as if they were about to move forward a moment before the mouth crushed the low-quality gem flat. And then came more scarabs.

When we stopped, the Misfits were knee deep in scarabs fighting for their lives. Will they live? Probably. Will Curtis keep trying to kill them? Well, duh! Will Dolly still have a wee bit of contempt for dwarves. Of course, bubby!

