



The

Poodle Mulch

Progress Report

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Sponsored by Grilled Cheesus. He died for its deliciousness!

Issue XI

A party at full strength is not what the bag guys ordered. The DM wasn't too pleased. Getting out his "party killin'" tools, the session began with a whimper.

After having descended a ladder, the party found a room with some furniture and a white cloak. With Squirk putting on her mickey mouse detect magic ears, the party all gathered and prayed for some magical loot. Bzzt. Just a wooden holy symbol of two intertwined snakes. Of course, nothing magical found is a clear indication that the time to move along had arrived.

The next room happened to be a kitchen. In the corner were a couple of snakes by the body of a woman wearing a rabbit mask. With a bored sigh, the party made their way into the room and decided to dispatch the snakes. Poor Andromeda, having been ripped away from her home world and her beloved, was very sad and needed a hug. One of the snakes felt bad and wrapped her up in its coils for a friendly squeeze. Needless to say, the snakes were taken care of in short order.

There was no magic here, but Noctis did find a nifty iridescent coin in the pantry. The coin wasn't chomp-worthy, but it was cool. Lilly seemed keen on finding more about the dead woman in the golden rabbit mask. She did some investigatin' and found there were tracks going back the way the party came. She decided to follow them and see where they went. Up the ladder in into the long hallway above, Lilly saw the tracks went to a dead-end wall.

More 'splorin' brought the group to a room with a checkerboard floor. The crafty gnome druid took care to note that the tracks from the rabbit chick only touched the white squares. Disregarding the obvious indication that stepping on the colored squares would release a secret door to a room filled with a king's ransom and every magic item they ever wanted, the party moved through the room stepping on the "safe" squares. Pussies.

Eventually, they found a tomb with a couple of sarcophagi containing a couple of mummified bodies. Further inspection revealed that the chests of gold, silver, electrum, and platinum contained only wooden coins. What a rip. Of course, Lilly was going nuts because rabbit girl's tracks mysteriously ended here. A DM bonus, folks.

Some investigation revealed a secret passage to another room, where the party found themselves attacked by a banshee. The undead creature's hideous wail made some of the heroes Squirk their pants and run for cover. The others continued to battle until the banshee was gone. Here, a mummy in a coffin seemed to be that of Queen Zenobia. In her coffin was a very nice jeweled crown.

The party found yet another secret passage and wound up in a room with yet another sarcophagus. Inside this one was a wight, which jumped out and attacked. With a yawn, the party took it out. Not like on a date or anything like that. Geez, they aren't necrophiliacs and shit. I run a clean game, mofos. The loot consisted of some magic plate armor, a magical made, and another jeweled crown. Pat was satisfied ... for the moment.

Anyhoo, the party went back to the kitchen and decided to press on to the next room, which seemed like a normal dusty room with two iron statues on either side of the door. You know, the usual. And of course no one at the game had any clue that the statues might animate and attack. I'm so clever. Surprisingly enough, the statues animated. Squirk tried to run, which she did nicely. What she didn't do was duck, or disengage as a full action. Hey, at least Pat waited until after she had been taken down before he told her how she had fucked up. What a gentleman.

Good ole Lucieth, despite a nasty hangover, disengaged from his struggle with a statue to run over, pick up Squirk, and haul her to safety. What a monk! Lilly tossed some healing the wizard's way, and Squirk was

back on the menu, boys! What a druid! Finally the battle ended with, you guessed it, two defeated statues. This room, like many before it, contained no loot except for a crossbow that allowed the wielder to whisper a message to the bolt in its chamber. The message would be whispered to anyone close to wherever the bolt hit after having been fired.

Having become experts at self-healing, the party decided the time had come to do some long restin'. When next we gather, there shall be more room, less loot, and a feeling of completed and utter frustration. Hey at least you're 4th level now, ya whiners.

