



The

# Doodle Mulch

Progress Report

April 3, 2021

Sponsored by Crazy Lich Mortuary. Half off on burials for ½ Orc Barbarians!

Issue LI

There are things in life that are never certain, such as: whether a woman will get preggies after unprotected sex, whether the 100 year old lady in front of you is actually going to turn off her blinker, whether the bagger at the checkout will put everything you have into one plastic bag or each of everything you have into individual bags, whether cute noises will make Cinn giggle like a packers fan, whether Keri will spend five minutes talking before realizing her mute is on, whether Des will reveal the secret location of his house so we can pull a surprise visit, whether Mike will forget that Andromeda can rage, whether Pat will ask Curtis to repeat a clearly-spoken statement if it isn't what he wanted to hear . . . just to be sure, or whether the party will figure out the mess they're in.

Anyhoo, the session started with the extraction of a gold brick from a chest, which triggered a party-dividin' boulder that came bouncing from the tunnel behind. After some electrocutin' from a nice pit, Merle crowded close the bronze door before Roger fell into one of the non-lethal pits. Now, as a rule of thumb, when you're trying to destroy a big-assed bolder rolling toward your buddies, be sure to shoot it with arrows (otherwise known as spitballs) while the sound effects engineer integrates "pew pew" noises.

By the way, engraved into the stone above the door were the ominous words "THOSE WHO ENTER SHALL BE CURSED TO DIE OF HAPPINESS." Ooo . . .

Someone (can't remember who) tried opening the bronze doors and shot off a cone of cold that made for diamond nips. Half the party busted in on the lich chamber and were promptly attacked by some teleported baddies, namely a githyanki knight and a stone golem that wanted to slow the relationship down a little.

Merle went down pretty quickly. She's easy that way. The others fought on until Lykos, Brynhildr, and Squirk moseyed their dainty little buns into the fight. With the lich popping off some hard care spell action, Bryn was able to bring Merle back from the brink of sweet release. This didn't sit well with the lich, who thunderously screamed his rage. Poor baby.

The party fought on and eventually destroyed the undead creature's body. What remained was to find the phylacteries for him and his beloved snookums. The party him hawed around, detected magic, brought in a forensic team to analyze various samples, and even recruited McGruff the Crime Dog to lend a paw.

Finally, they found a couple indentations below the coffins that reeked of necromantic magic. Eager to end the liches' reign of evil and carnage the party rushed forth AND . . . went over to the magical stone teleportation pad and start whacking on it even after Noctis had just talked about the folly of destroying magic items. I'm sorry. Did you say something, little fella?

Unable to figure out what to do to the indentations, the party stood around thinking about having some eggs before Merle had had enough. She went over and started digging in the first spot with the githyanki's sword. She opened up a recess containing a brooch. Inspired, Merle opened up the second recess to find a magical vial. Convinced the two items were the phylacteries, Squirk mage handed them over to the electrical pit. With the items fried, the party started strutting around going "Yeah, that's right. We bad."

After packing away a nice loot haul, they decided to head back to Chochri to do some reward-collectin'. They were met by a thankful Lord Ibaharm, who gave them rooms and a fantastic breakfast. Being famished and tired, the Misfits indulged themselves.

Sometime during the meal, a sharp pain hit Merle's right earlobe. She at first thought Dolly had bitten her, but the dollem was nowhere to be found. Also, Merle's earlobe looked uninjured or marred in anyway.

Thinking that Dolly might still be back in the tomb, the party went back and did a thorough search, both physically and magically. Alas, they found no Dolly. Merle was not a happy camper. Lucieth was more or less indifferent. Where was the cheeky little construct?

After teleporting back to Chochri, the party was taken by Ibaharm to meet the leader of the city. The leader was a happy and gracious man who thanked the party and insisted they dine with him that evening. The leader also promised them a substantial reward. The Misfits were loving the cut of that dwarf's gib.

To make matters better, Brynhildr was summoned to the temple of Kharsallis. There, she discovered that the High Priest of the temple had been lost, and they needed a replacement. The job was offered to Bryn, who said that she had to think about it because finding Dolly was a priority.

Later, back at Ibaharms' place, the other companions were standing around scratching their heads wondering where the heck Dolly could be. Merle was even crying. With Squirk helping to console her, Merle was able to make her consolation check (rim shot). It was then that Andromeda felt a sudden sharp pain in her ear.

Snapping into action, Squirk put on her monocle of true seeing. She kinda looked like a cute little Colonel Klink from Hogan's Heroes. She scanned Andromeda to look for anything abnormal and saw nothing. Then she noticed a small squirrel sitting in the window that wasn't there before. With Squirk approaching, the squirrel busted a nut getting of there.

In the garden, Squirk followed the animal to a hole in a tree, where she saw it chittering and ready for a fight. She gave it a piece of food, which the critter took. It was at the very moment THAT . . . Sorry suckers. Next week.

