



The

Poodle Mulch

Progress Report

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Sponsored by Gorman's Creepy Constructs®. Gives druids the heebie jeebies!

Issue XIII

Ah. Fresh out of a wacky dungeon inside of which Livia, Noctis, Andromeda, and Merle decided to play a game of musical consciousnesses, our stanky misfits emerged onto a mountaintop. Dawn was right around the corner to light their way as they moved to a pathway leading west to the dwarven city of Bog Boldur. Meanwhile, Merle was thinking that swapping bodies might be better than getting some surgery. Not only that, the titties and the cootch were free!

At least Liv, Noct, and Andromeda were eager to find a wizard to not only repair the broken jade rod but put all bodies in their proper positions. Along the way, the party heard a horse whinnying in distress. Of course, that brings druids a' runnin' faster than Pats to a treasure hoard. They found a huge ugly bugbear (is there any other kind?) whipping a horse next to a box wagon. The poor horse's leg was broken.

I find it interesting how the one person any same DM would have expected to viciously attack the bugbear got passed by the other party members who were already thumbing through their rolodexes in search of justifiable reasons to kill the guy. Since he was wearing red on a Tuesday, he had to die. The fight didn't last too long. At least Squirk found it roundly amusing. The bugbear was captured and interrogated, right after the "loot strippin'" took place.

Anyhoo, Lucieth found a strange creature in the wagon that one of the party members identified as a rust monster. With the armor-wearing misfits making for the exits, Lilly unlocked the cage to let it free. This must have sprung a trap, because the wagon caught fire. Not only that, our favorite giggly Squirt decided that the bugbear had to go. She whipped out her nifty crossbow, whispered "fuck you" to the bolt, and fired it into the bugbear's chest. The poor chap died while hearing the words "fuck you" whispered over and over.

After having completed the "bugbear looting and killing" phase of this week's session, the party forged onward. They didn't go far before they saw a halfling and a human female cleric of Su Reh. The halfling seemed to be using an odd stick to subdue the rust monster. The priestess greeted the party, saying that the beast was the property of her employer. She asked if they had seen the wagon and the bugbear. At that point, there was so much lying going on from the party, it sounded like any one of Trump's daily news briefings. Oh well. She bought it, and the misfits moved on.

With Livia using a scarf of disguise to change her kobold features to those of a dwarf, the misfits entered Bog Boldur. Lilly, ever on the watch for bad water, took a sample of the local fountain water for later testing. Don't worry, Emily, you'll find a conspiracy somewhere, I promise.

Wishing to eat, drink, and wash the road from their bodies, they stopped at the Hungry Heifer. Food and drink were ordered, as were bedrooms and baths. Merle decided the time had come to dress her new elven female body appropriately, for she planned to explore what it was like to be a woman. Andromeda, not quite keen on her body being used by someone else, followed with Dolly to make sure there was no hanky panky going on. Dolly stood on top of Andromeda's horned head and cried "Mush!" the entire time.

Merle found a tailor's shop and met a very sly looking and extremely polite .5 orc named Garak. And no, he's not an exiled member of the Obsidian Order. He's just plain, simple Garak the tailor. He found a very nice elven dress and shoes that made Merle look very elegant. Merle was so happy, she bought a nice feathered hat for Andromeda. What a nice person. After a trip to the hair stylist to get a nice 'do, she was all set.

Meanwhile back at the Hungry Heifer, the others were chatting about what to do next. Squirk was getting bombed. So much so that even Lucieth had to nod with drunken approval at the gnome's voracity. Merle strolled in looking like a pretty li'l thang. She looked around and found a good-looking man named Ronald.

After some tiny talk, he invited her back to his room to: drill for oil, assault Merle with a friendly weapon, attack her pink fortress, batter dip his corn dog, bump uglies, buzz the brillo, do the devil's dance, drive miss daisy, get up in her guts, the monster mash, open the gates of Mordor, release the kraken, shampoo the wookie, violate the prime directive, park the sub, clear the sinuses, make the kessel run in less than 12 par-sex, and many many more.

Unfortunately, Andromeda was not happy about having her body used like a playground by some strange guy. She tried to stop Merle with a little grapple session. Now Ronald saw the two chicks wrasslin' and began thinking about all the possibilities. Merle put that kind of thinking to rest. Our tipsy li'l gnome wizard decided to get frisky and used a spell to shrink Andromeda considerably. Because of that, Merle shrugged Andromeda off and stomped upstairs.

Getting in on the action, Livia followed. After taking the guise of an angrier more pissed off dwarf than usual, Livia picked the lock and burst into Ronald's room. She demanded that this nonsense stop immediately. Merle, faced with a Livia-block, caused the kind of drama-filled scene that would have made the Kardashians proud. Soon afterward, an armored-up Merle—having been booted from the tavern—stormed off to the seedier side of town.

Merle found a low-grade tavern with a single elven male among a crapload of dwarves. Without bothering to find out what the poor guy's name was, she took him out back for some shag time. Merle wanted to make it so that if anyone asked her which part of her body went to heaven first, she would say "My feet. Because I was on my back with my feet in the air saying 'Oh, God I'm coming!'" Anyway, she went back to Andlyn's cottage for more fun. Afterward, Andlyn was singing "I love swimmin' with bow-legged women and swim between their legs!"

Later, the others decided to head to the wizard's tower to the west of the city. They arrived to find an elegant tower of elven design. Much to Dolly's horror, she realized that they had come to the tower of Gorman the dwarven wizard. She was not happy and refused to go inside. Unhindered by such prejudices, Noctis, Livia, and Andromeda entered the tower of DOOOOM!. Ever cautious, Lilly stayed outside. Don't worry, druid. Someday we'll get that cob out of there.

Once inside, the trio discovered there were dolls. A LOT of dolls. Looks like Gorman had been busy. He was both surprised and happy that Dolly had come, yet disappointed when she would not see him. Gorman wore elven attire, and his furnishings were elven. He even admitted to hating dwarves, which everyone found odd. Come to find out that he was an ambassador to the elves many years ago. He had lived with them to the west and even fallen in love with an elf maiden.

About 20 years ago, there erupted a conflict between the elves and couple of Bog Boldur clans. Gorman refused to do anything that would have given either side an advantage. The dwarves got pissed at Gorman for not feeding them inside information to help in their fight. The elves got pissed at Gorman for not warning them of the attacks, so they kicked him out. And now here he is. Gorman also answered the party's questions concerning Dolly's hatred toward dwarves. He explained that when he makes dollems, a little piece of his personality goes into each one of them.

Anyhoo, Gorman was informed of how the jade rods caused the body switching. About that time, Andromeda heard a loud pop. She looked around wondering what it might be, unaware that it was her hymen being busted. Oh well. Gorman said that he could repair the 4th jade rod but had no need of gold. Instead, he wanted the party to go to the elven community where he had stayed as an ambassador. You see, his beloved Zlee'roa had been killed. He wanted the dress she had worn. Unfortunately, her brother Kroth was bitter toward Gorman, blaming him for his sister's death. He knew Gorman wanted the dress for some reason so kept it from him and would not release it to anyone. The party would have to find a way to get the garment back.

To help the party in their mission, Gorman graciously allowed each of the three members there to choose one of his unique dollems. Noctis chose a doll that looked like a kindly mature woman named Lolly. Livia, ever in need of a laugh, chose a clownish dollem named Jolly. Finally, Squirk chose the dapper little dollem named Pauly, and the jibes began. Lilly did not seem to keen on having more constructs added to the party mix. If it's any consolation, none of them have poisoned or diseased any water in the past 30 days.

Using the insight of another tactically-inclined dollem named Volley, the misifts checked out a map of the elven community in the hopes of finding a way to get the dress with minimal effort and maximum loot. Of course, the first thing out of Livia's paladin pie hole was to suggest that they start a fire in the elven village to distract the elves. This definitely did not sit well with Lilly, Andromeda, or Lucieth. When we ended the session, the party was still contemplating their best course of action. Hats off the Lilly for taking the time to track down the whereabouts of Merle to ensure she was safe. Hats back on for Lilly finding the cottage where Merle was located and then leaving without bothering to actually check on her. I definitely want that gnomish druid on my SVU team, baby.

So there we are. While the fat man works on his book, he gets to relax and play a monk in Cinn's game that will be looking forward to some new blood in the party. Until next time, kiddies.



SEX FACE

Everyone has it