



For Your Garden

The

Poodle Mulch



Progress Report

August 7, 2021

Sponsored by Misfits and the Beastalk. A giant mess in the sky!

Issue LVII

After having battled a bunch of grabby toughs and floating skull with living issues, the party beat feet out of the Yawning Portal to escape any imperial entanglements. Everyone in town arrived, such as guardsmen, fire fighters and lookie-loos. Hell, even a clown car filled with Trump supporters showed up wearing hats embroidered with MAGA (Misfits Are Great, Assholes).

When Squirk and some of the party members went 'round back to get their goodies out of their room via the specialized "Gnome Broomer Service", Noctis assumed the disguise of a curious gnome. Of course, nobody believed he was a gnome because he wasn't yapping non-stop. Oh well. Noctis made some inquiries and was told to ambascray while law enforcement did their investigation.

Squirk tried to take the "correct" way into the boys' room to get their stuff but was stopped by a guard who wasn't buying her usual yappy bs. The guard took her down to the constable, and eventually the rest of the party (minus Lykos and Brynhildr). They were question about what happened and were told to stay another couple of days until the investigation was concluded. The Misfits also advised the constable about the friendly halfling named Zalph that was after them.

At that time, a woman pointed out the party and announced to the owner that they had set fire to the inn and then put it out with water, which is what Squirk did while Keri was off rockin' on the front porch with her relative swappin' stories about corn while popping stray hogs in their asses with .22s. Good times, y'all.

The owner was not happy, saying that they owed him for all the damage that needed to be repaired. Squirk decided to give him the thousand gold he demanded plus a little some some extra for the trouble. If Lykos had been asked to cough up that kind of gold, Pat would have suddenly demonstrated that he was a championship trial lawyer and begun to orate to the jury how paying that money was not the responsibility of the party. As it was, the owner showed his gratitude to the party by saying they were welcome to stay.

That night, the party had a hard time sleeping because of a yappy dog out back in the alley under their windows. Noctis finally had enough and shot it with an arrow. The pooch ran off bleeding. Noctis, who thinks he's such a crack shot, couldn't possibly believe that anyone or anything that he one-shots could still be alive, knew something was up and hunter's marked the pooch.

The next day, the party knocked off some errands, such as visiting wizards to give them information about the Corux disease, resupplying, buying dress material for dolly, buying cool jewelry and getting a hair cut, and selling Rivenor to a famous $\frac{1}{2}$ ogre blacksmith

name Dominus. Rivenor was very happy at the prospect of finally getting into the hands of someone who know how to use him properly.

Noctis, Bolinda, Brynhildr, Squirk, and Lykos decided to go find the injured pooch. Noctis tracked the blood into a tavern to an upstairs door. They knocked on the door and was told to get lost by a female voice who wasn't interested in "official business." Right before the party kicked in the door, they heard the slap of wood on wood followed by a muffled female voice inside saying "You didn't think this would be easy, did you?".

The companions entered the empty room, finding an open window, an empty bottle on the floor by some blood, and some half-eaten food on a table by the bed. Hot on the trail, the Misfits piled outside and began tracking the blood and asking bystanders questions (for a little money, of course). Eventually, the trail went cold. How frustrating for the Misfits. (DM bats his eyes innocently)

The next day, the party set out to return to the city of Eurador. There, they would pick up the items they had commissioned to be made so they would be worthy of the 14th level they had achieved in 56 sessions (whoa!)

After breaking camp later that night in the wilderness, the party retreated into Squirk's Tiny Leomund's Tiny Hut for some protected sleep. Nothing really happened except for a vole that showed up snoofing around. During a watch change, the hut began to shake violently. Vines curled up the sides from below, and the hut shot into the air, pushed up by a huge beanstalk. Soon, the hut punched through a thick cloud that seemed to magically appear overhead.

The Misfits were on a cloudy plane in the air. A dirt path led away to a huge cave opening. On either side of the path were some weird coppery bushes with walnut-sized seeds on its branches. It wasn't long before some huge cloud giants piled out of the cave, followed by a hag flying in a mortar and pestle. The fight was on and will continue next week. Same Assassin Time, Same Assassin Channel!

