



For Your Garden

The

Poodle Mulch



Progress Report

September 21, 2019

Sponsored by Imp Murderers Anonymous. They'll drown any imp at no charge!

Issue XVIII

You can save stamps, money, and time. The Misfits, however, prefer to save their asses, especially after they've robbed a sacred elven shrine and allowed themselves to get caught. Naughty naughty. After having fast-talked themselves out of an execution, the party offered to fetch Gorman for the elves, who wanted him badly yet would not risk another confrontation with the dwarves by going into their territory to get him.

After a victorious battle was done, and partial looting completed, the Misfits trundled a bound and gagged Gorman back to the village. They plopped him on the doorstep of the Em'Sharfhei temple, which pleased the High Priest to no end. He was so impressed, that he told the party to get the fuck out of Wilthorn. As a cherry on the top, he told the party that if they were ever seen within a 10-mile radius of Wilthorn they would be (yes, you guessed it) executed.

The elves had a special treat for Gorman. 132 elves had been lost in the conflict with the dwarves, which the elves blamed on Gorman's negligence. They planned to execute him every morning and resurrect him so he could do it again . . . 132 times. Nice, huh?

The Misfits went back to the tower, which they had the deed for . . . in Gorman's name . . . along with some land somewhere else near Bog Boldur. Before long, they decided to explore the cellar, which they had left alone. Livia was greeted by a nice magical handshake, which was Gorman's way of saying "Fuck you, you murdering bastards! Stay out of my cellar!"

Once the hand was destroyed, they found some interesting stuff in the cellar: Gorman's Dollems and a large unfinished construct of a woman that had hair, slippers, eyes and other doo dads lying nearby waiting to be used to finish her. The golllems verified that Gorman was trying to construct a large golem in the image of Zlee'roa, his lost elven love. Seems that Gorman thought that her dress contained her spirit that he could put into the body. With Gorman lost, most of the dollems agreed to go with the Misfits. Only Aolly and Jolly elected to remain behind.

The next morning someone noticed a box outside the tower that was covered with an elven cloak bearing a note that read "Your forgot something" in elven. The ever-cautious (and quite thirsty for a drink) Squirk used her mage hand to remove the cover to reveal the special imp cage that was empty. Not buying the ruse, the party discovered that Zym was inside, just invisible. The fast-talking imp tried to convince everyone that he could be of use to him, or perhaps they could just let him go. After about .5 seconds of debate, the decision was made to kill the little critter by drowning. Noctis was more than happy to oblige. And thus endeth the chronicle of Zym in a puff of infernal red smoke.

After Squirk did her thirsty damndest to open Gorman's spellbook without getting killed, the party journeyed north and then west to avoid Wilthorn on their way to Dirolg. They had them a wizard to find who could finish what Gorman had started so they could get their body back. Of course, the first thing Andromeda will feel when she's back in her body will be the slight pain between her legs of a busted cherry.

After a couple days' journey, the party were awakened at dawn by a hungry T-Rex. The famished lizard really had a craving for tiefling tail. He almost got it, but the rest of the party chipped in and saved her, dammit. The party hit the road and made their way into the heavily fortified city of Dirolg.

There, they discovered that a weeklong celebration called the Festival of Deliverance would be starting up the next day to celebrate Dirolg ancestors' involvement in toppling the white queen centuries ago. There would be food, singing, dancing, competitions, and begging a wizard to restore some bodies. What fun!

Everyone except Roger, Lucieth, and Aster, went wizard huntin' at the Mysticarium. They wound up at the college of Necromancy, where they found an interesting $\frac{1}{2}$ orc professor of the arts named Filorac. He seemed to fancy fine pipe tobacco. He was also interested in the story of how four of the Misfits had been forced to play musical consciousnesses. He said he could finish Gorman's work on the jade rod in 5 days, and it would only cost 5,000 gp. Never seen Pat give up money so quickly. *click* "That was easy."

Aster went hunting for adventure and found an inn called "The DTs". There, she heard some interesting roomers concerning things going on around town. She was also surprised by a dapper halfling who joined her for drinks. His name was, is, and will always be: Binbo. The two hit it off pretty well.

Aster played a song for Binbo. Well, I should say that she *tried* to play a song. Sounded like four beagles caught in a mixer while three banshees screamed after having stubbed their toes. She tried to distract Binbo by asking about picking locks, which he was happy to demonstrate.

Binbo led Aster to the back of a general store. They snuck inside and down into the cellar. Aster watched carefully as Binbo picked the lock. The two naughty .5lings beat feat and made it back to The DTs with minor coinage an loot. Aster seemed thrilled. So much so, that she agreed to join Binbo the next night for a play.

Meanwhile, Squirk met with Leevie the wizard to discuss how to open Gorman's book safely, which she was able to do. She also helped give Squirk information on how to spell guard her own book with blindness, fireball, or other magical traps. You know how them paranoid gnomish wizards can be.

With Livia unloading loot around town and getting things appraised and so forth, Noctis visited a local satyr druid named Loik. Noctis wanted to sell the dragon turtle egg. In exchange for taking the egg, Loik agreed to show Noctis the basics of communicating with animals over breakfast the next four days.

Eventually, everyone met up and went back to The DTs to consider what they would do on the morrow. They had seven days of celebration and contests they could indulge in. In

five days, Filoriac might be ready for them to get their bodies back . . . unless Curtis is in a cranky mood or the stars aren't in the correct alignment or shit. Who knows?

