



For Your Garden

The

Poodle Mulch



Progress Report

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Issue XXI

Our heroes continued their adventure locked in combat with some ghouls, ghosts and zombies. Things got a little rough, but they nickled and dimed their way to a victory. They gained enough experience to move on to the next level of their development. Yay!

With the battle won, and no cleric handy to heal those li'l ole wounds, the Misfits took a gnome (short) rest and got some healing back. They hit the road (jack) west toward Myrefal for a short visit. You know, because it's a halfling city and Noctis thinks all halflings are gnomes. That's all right, his mistakes are all Cosby approved.

On the road, they met an odd chap in black with a bowler hat, sunglasses, and a curled mustache. He was riding in a self-propelled wagon that seemed to run on magic. He introduced himself as Mr. Flynn the artist and admitted he was going to Myrefal, as he was on vacation. It's amazing he could get a word in edgewise with Squirk asking so many questions, but he managed. He would catch up with the party later, for the were moving much faster than before, thanks to Andromeda's newfound barbarian abilities!

That afternoon, three halfling hound riders were barreling down the road heading east past the party. They didn't see at all interested in speaking to anyone as they raced by. Hmm. That night, and a few hours from Myrefal, the party camped. Before they could settle down, though, a bunch of halfling refugees came to them heading east. Brynhildr was with them, along with a halfling sergeant of the militia, and a priest of Srultaven.

Seems that a dragon had been attacking some farms north of Myrefal. The halflings baited, trapped, and killed the monster. Unfortunately, it's mother or mate or whatever appeared the next day and started wreaking havoc on the city, killing many halflings. Being the goody goody save everyone and be the heroes they're meant to be, the Misfits were like "whatever" and decided to help. Even Mr. Flynn got into the spirit and agreed to observe and then maybe later paint a picture of the party.

They neared Myrefal and hooked up with some more halfling militiamen and went to the northeast to hunt them some dragon. A stranger who had been traveling through Myrefal, a completely nice fellow named Burnish, decided to help as well. For some reason though, he decided to leap forth and slam his jaw against Merle's fist. Strange ...

The ragtag party arrived at some hills and a small halfling run. There, they found a dragon that flew up into and then down out of the clouds. The fight was on. After a couple of rounds, and to everyone's surprise (especially Merle's) Burnish turned into a larger dragon and began attacking the party.

Now somewhere a few miles distant were a group of scientists that had a machine call a "Whiner's Richter Scale". The scientists were appalled by the contraption that went nuts from all the whining that was going on. Wow.

Anyhoo, the party managed to beat the dragons. Burnished was tea bagged appropriately, and the dragon scale, claws, teeth, head and nose hairs were harvested for later. The Misifts then found a nifty li'l treasure pile. Once the loot had been tallied, Livia rolled over, had a cigarette, and went to sleep. It was good for her.

The real fun began when the party went to Myrefal. Everyone there was celebrating what the Misifts had done. Well, almost everyone. The mayor was eager to get the party moving along out of the town. The rest of the citizens were throwing a party for their heroes. Free food, liquor and hospitality flowed like milk and honey.

Various party members broke off to do things. Merle, Andromeda, and Squirk ran the roast beef and gravy circuit. Livia took care of loot biz, while Noctis went hunting for books about undead and fiends. Badiya headed to the church of Srultavin to pray, while Lucieth and Roger went to a local tavern.

In all, the party had a splendid night of celebration. Merle won the admiration of a humble family and their small .25ling children, whom she snuck some candy to. Squirk. Well, what can I say? The happy little gnome spent the night with an older halfling couple who were well-to-do.

The next morning though, with white gravy on her lapel and reeking of pancakes and sausage, Squirk mentioned that she was a wizard. The mood of the halfling couple changed in an instant, and they couldn't seem to get Squirk out of their home fast enough. The chirpy gnome did not like that one bit, and grilled them on why people didn't like wizards. She even discovered that the local wizard Gonno had been killed in the fire that consumed his home not too long ago. She finally took the hint, as Squirk is prone not to do, and left the home. She even managed to leave without stealing any of the silverware, much to the relief of the halfling couple. Squirk did find out that many people in Myrefal didn't like wizards.

Badiya went back to the church and donated a sizeable sum of money to aid in the rebuilding of the areas of the town destroyed by the dragon. Wrom the cleric was overcome with emotion and blessed the masked outcast. What a guy!

While Merle was out buying the halfling children some candy, a steaming mad Squirk stormed to the church of Srultavin. With her finger in full "wag" mode, she gave Wron an earful about how he should have warned her that people weren't too happy with wizards. He apologized as best he could, but there was no stopping the angry gnome.

When we stopped, the Misifts were getting ready to head out the next morning. Squirk was considering the best way to alter her appearance so she wouldn't look so "wizardly." She might also do a little pre-departure investigation into the events surrounding Gonno's death. What . . . will . . . she . . . find???