



For Your Garden

The

Poodle Mulch



Progress Report

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Sponsored by Tree Hugger's Anonymous. Where Human-Hating
Druids gather for fun!"

Issue XXV

After whoopin' on some innocent orcs and their human and elf buddies, the party rested for the night. Their plan was to continue westward in the direction the two surviving orcs had gone. Surely, Linus had to be there somewhere.

About that time, along came a wagon chock full 'o druid named Valmine. She was happy to see another Tiefling in Livia. Everyone got acquainted, and Valmine was invited to come along for the ride. You see, when a player introduces a PC to this group, they ask a couple of casual questions and then invite them in with no problem. If Curtis introduces an NPC, that NPC had better not say the wrong thing, or they'll get a special examination from Noctis the "Fisty" Bloodhunter.

As the Misifits moved west, they crossed the bridge where the battle had taken place. Sometime later, they met a mysterious humanoid of a race that nobody recognized. He moved and spoke in an odd way, and there were black spheres floating around him. He complemented the party's skills in killing his friends. With Squirk's motor running at 50mph, it was discovered that Drakh was part of a group of slavers living in an abandoned temple to the west.

When the party refused Drakh's offer to hire them to protect his slave caravan, he offered to sell Linus to the party for 3,000gp if he had him. The party agreed. Drakh left and returned with Linus, who was in pretty bad shape. The party coughed up the gold and got Linus instead of killing Drakh, which surprised the Heck out of the DM. Wonders never cease.

Linus talked about how he was directed this way by the lumberjacks and was captured and enslaved. The Misfits decided to avoid going after the slavers, instead opting for going after the lumberjacks and his two sons. Justice would be served ... cold. After Valmine spoke to the trees to confirm that the father and two sons had been naughty, the party loaded the lumberjack and sons into the wagon and headed south to the village of Tirialea to see about the bandit problem there.

Along the way, they came upon an old couple driving a huge wagon filled with dead rotting corpses. When the front wheel came off, the old driver tried to get the party for help fixing it so he could get his cargo to Tirialea. Seems the bandit problem was about to get worse. A stranger named Jonathan had come to the village and offered to help. According to the old man, Jonathan has the ability to touch a dead body and raise it as a zombie under his control.

This didn't sit well with just about everyone in the party. In fact, Squirk hated the idea so much, she bonfired the wagon, destroying it and the corpses. The old couple was

mortified. The Misfits escorted the couple into a winding canyon to a wall and gate that led into the Tirialee.

Repairing a hole in the wall were three zombies being directed by some guy. Eventually, the party was taken a local in, where they met with the lead elder named Hirocius Banser. He told a story of how, over the course of several months, some goblins attacked Tirialee and killed some people. With Lord Di Loar failing to answer their pleas for help, many citizens abandoned the village, leaving a few behind.

One day, a stranger named Jonathan arrived and helped get the villagers to safety until the goblins were done sacking the village. The survivors saw Jonathan as a hero. They were also amazed at his ability to raise and control the dead.

Jonathan was summoned, and the party grilled him on how he was. They didn't get too much info from the snippy man who seemed quite intent on strengthening the village's defenses. Brynhildr wasn't at all keen on Jonathan raising dead, but he didn't seem to care what the dwarven priest or anyone else thought.

Other men, including passersby, had stayed in Tirialee to help defend the people there, including Roik the Battlemaster, Jeefosus the Ranger, Gropnot the dwarven cleric of Kharsallis, and Aing Sool the monk. Everyone gathered later for dinner and planning strategy.

The next day, everyone took their positions along the wall. Traps were set, and old was poured. It was going to be a doozy. About noon, a drum beat announced the arrival of two wagons and six goblins. One of them demanded that the barricade be removed so they could come in and get some slaves. They were quickly cut down with arrows before they could get away. They had their answer.

A few hours later, the goblin hoard arrived with some ogres and charged the walls. The battle was on as arrows and spells flew. Some vulture-riding goblins dropped some gourd fire bombs before landing behind the wall and attacking those waiting there. A great many goblins were cut down and some ogres.

When we left off, an ogre mage had appeared behind the wall and began to fight the main defenders while more goblins and ogres arrived. This battle has only begun, my little piggies! Are you up to it?

