

The Adventure Zone: Graduation – Ep. 9, Mission: Imp Hospital

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Announcer: Just when you thought it was safe to go in...

Speaker 1: Come on, let's go in! It's safe!

Speaker 2: But what about the imps?

Announcer: Just when you thought you had nothing to worry about...

Speaker 1: Imps in a hospital? Don't be ridiculous. We've got nothing to worry about!

Announcer: Just when you thought it was going to be fine...

Speaker 2: Yeah, you're right. It's probably fine.

Announcer: It wasn't!

[exaggerated scream]

Announcer: This March, the imps... are... back.

[exaggerated monster growl]

Announcer: And also, so are the Thundermen.

[doing a bad impression of Argo] I think we can make it out alive!

[doing a bad impression of the Firbolg] Uhhh, I don't know if we can make it out alive.

[doing a bad impression of Fitzroy] Oh come on, let's see if we can make it out alive!

See if they can make it out alive in... Mission: Imp Hospital 2 – [explosion sound effect] – Unfinished Business.

Travis: So, when last we left our heroes, they had just finished cleaning out the first floor of the new hospital in Last Hope. Now, you guys, uh... you've cleaned it out. What's your next step?

Griffin: Um, I would love to just kind of kick it for a bit, if we... I mean, we're in a hospital.

Travis: Uh-huh.

Griffin: And my hit points... have been better? So I would like to—I would kind of like to chill, if we could.

Travis: Yeah, you guys could take a short rest. There's no reason you gotta do this in one fell swoop.

Griffin: I'm gonna take one of those short rests.

Clint: Yeah.

Griffin: Y'all can join me, or you can do pushups.

Clint: No no no, short rest—let's spend a little together time. Let's talk to each other, get to know each other.

Travis: Well, I mean—wait, before we do that, it's been a couple... well, for us, a couple weeks now. Maybe people are binging this, and it's just back to back. Where is everyone at, hit point wise?

Griffin: Well, thanks for asking, Travis. I'm at uh, 23 out of 38.

Travis: Okay.

Justin: Not too bad.

Griffin: It's not too bad, but I'd like to goose it a little bit in case we run into Ganondorf or whatever the fuck.

Justin: [laughs]

Clint: I'm at uh, 27 out of 27.

Travis: Nice.

Clint: Because I got healed... by the Firbolg, right?

Travis: Yes.

Griffin: Yeah, you're a healthy fella. That's a ten plus con... uh, I healed for 12. That's fine. I'll just be one hit—

Travis: Listen, don't just sit there and roll. Tell me what you're doing. I'm painting pictures for you.

Griffin: Sure sure sure.

Travis: The least you could do.

Griffin: Um, I think I just sit at the reception desk, right? In the middle of the room that we just finished like, clearing out. Uh, and the room's kind of a mess. Uh, and I... I just kind of chill. I think my uh, latent sort of glowing skin stuff kind of fades as the thrill of battle pauses for a moment, and uh... just kind of catch my breath. Hands on my knees, just doubled over, kind of doing some deep breathing.

Travis: And are you all just like, sitting there in silence, just like, staring at each other and doing, I guess, deep breathing?

Clint: I think, um... I think Argo's handing out some snacks.

Travis: Ooh!

Clint: I think he brought some snacks.

Travis: What kind?

Clint: Like his—um, fish jerky. His mom used to make fish jerky all the time, and whenever he eats fish jerky, he thinks about his mom. And I think he wants to share that with you guys. I think he'd say, uh...

Argo: Yep, this is a shabby Keene special, here. It's uh, cod, actually. Cod jerky. Tell me what you think, 'cause listen, I can't take a bite of this without thinkin' about me mom. So... here, have a bite and see if it makes you think!

Griffin: Could I make a fortune roll to see how tasty it is? I got a nat—I got a nat 20 on the tastiness roll!

Travis: You love it!

Griffin: I've never loved anything as much as this in my life!

Justin: There have been worse uses of a natural 20.

Griffin: [laughs] I can't think of it off the top of my head.

Clint: [laughs]

Justin: Yeah. But to make fish tasty is maybe the worst one I've ever heard.

Griffin: I yell, alerting every imp in the building...

Fitzroy: Damn!! This is good jerky!!

Justin: [laughs]

Argo: Oh, my mom would be pleased to hear you say that. What—how about you, Firbolg? You want to try a little bite?

Firbolg: Ye... yes. The flavor is... prrresent.

Travis: Beautiful.

Fitzroy: Is there any way you think, uh, maybe we could get the original recipe, and sort of slap the Thunderman brand on this? Uh, thinking like... Thunderman's Sea Feast! Or something like that?

Firbolg: It is a very wise idea for a small business. Farming production out to a co-packer is a wonderful way to improve margins and... increase quality... of product.

Fitzroy: [inhales] I—yes.

Griffin: It's hard for me to get in the space to play when I'm just so fucking impressed at my brother Justin's economic study that he has been doing IRL, in order to play this student of economics, IRG. I'm proud of you, Justin.

Justin: Uh, thanks Griff. You've never said that out loud, so I'm glad it's recorded.

Argo: Well, I'd agree to that idea, as long as we could maybe name it after my ma. 'Cause y'know, she was a very important part of my life.

Fitzroy: Thundermom!

Argo: [quietly] Thundermom...

Firbolg: We will do some market research to see how your mom tests.

Argo: [laughs] Th... thanks, I think? What about your moms? Do you guys have fond memories of your folks?

Fitzroy: Um, this short rest is turning into a bit of a... a bit of—

Argo: Oh come on, I'm just curious!

Firbolg: I did have a mother. She was no different to me than the rest of the clan.

Argo: Oh. And the rest of the clan... treated you okay? [laughs nervously]

Firbolg: [sighs] It... was... ah... for a time. Hm.

Argo: Memories, huh? What about you, Fitzroy? What about your folks?

Fitzroy: Oh... You know, uh, the—the house where I grew up, Argo, it's um... I don't like to flaunt it, but uh... it was large enough that I would go days without seeing either of my parents, and uh, they would frequently sort of travel from villa to villa. Or 'vi-ya,' as they would say it.

Argo: Villa vi-ya vee-illa? [laughs]

Fitzroy: Uh, yes. And so, yes, it was a... oh, a wonderful... a wonderful relationship I guess we had. I never received jerky, but I did receive... a... um... fortunate upbringing.

Firbolg: What is the name of your mother?

Fitzroy: Why, it's funny you ask.

Griffin: [laughs]

Firbolg: I cannot imagine the reason that would be the case. Is she Firbolg? Ah? She has no name?

Fitzroy: That would be quite a wild twist, wouldn't it, my Firbolg friend?

Firbolg: I would have known this was a silly question.

Fitzroy: Uh, her name was Dindra.

Argo: Din... Dindra. Did you get your magic powers from her, or from your dad?

Fitzroy: I mean, I'm half elf. We just sorta... have it... have it goin' on, y'know? Sometimes. I guess I have have it goin' on, but it's like a—I could draw you the Punnett square. Magic is, y'know, uh, usually recessive. I've apparently got it just chock full, huh?

Firbolg: Please. Tell me more of Dindra. All that you remember.

Travis: [laughs]

Clint: [laughs]

Fitzroy: Well, she uh... had... a biiig... purse that she would keep... gum inside... for me. I remember the good gum.

Justin: [laughing]

Fitzroy: And I would always say this about Dindra. She... is gonna have gum for ya. And that's—

Firbolg: What was the flavor of gum in your memory?

Fitzroy: Hot mint. Hot mint.

Justin: [laughing]

Clint: Hot mint!

Travis: [laughing] That spicy mint that all the kids love!

Justin: [laughing] You cannot canonically create hot mint!

Clint: [laughing]

Fitzroy: She would—I would say, “Mommy, I want some gummies, please,” and she would root around in her purse, moving aside various jewels, gems, amulets, golden... pieces...

Travis: Omelets?

Fitzroy: Am-you-lets. And she would—

Justin: Amelies?

Fitzroy: And she would find me a piece of hot mint gum. And I would chew on it for days.

Justin: Travis has just texted me a picture of his outline, and the weirdest thing is, at the beginning, it says, “Ten minutes about fish and moms.”

Travis: Yep.

Clint: [laughs] Fish and gum! We’re on a—we've got a whole side business here!

Travis: Fish and moms?

Clint: Fish and gum!

Travis: Oh, I see. Um, so your short rest has come to an end, unless you want to just go ahead and make it a long rest, and I don't know, camp here in the hospital for a couple days. [laughs]

Justin: I feel well rested.

Griffin: I actually am so—I do not think I can make up any more shit. So the rest of the episode, I'm just gonna be hitting stuff, 'cause I have—that really taxed me to my limit of narrative development.

Travis: Right behind the reception desk is a set of stairs leading up to the second floor.

Griffin: We do that.

Travis: You reach the top of the stairs. This floor is less decorated than downstairs. It is far less finished. Though, the construction is more or less done, you can tell that the finishing touches haven't been put on. There's not as many working lanterns, there's none of the, y'know, kind of generic art one might see in a hospital... some sort of almost obscure saxophone, where you think, "I think that's a saxophone, but why does it look like that?"

Um, and you see several toolboxes and containers of building materials lining the walls. And I would like all three of you to make a perception check, please.

Griffin: 13 plus... fiii—no. That's persuasion. If only. Two. Uh, 15.

Justin: Uh, six plus six for me. A 12.

Clint: One plus one.

Travis: Oh boy.

Griffin: Yikes.

Clint: My dirty rolls are back.

Travis: Uh, well, Argo, as you make your way up the stairs, uh, your lantern that you were still carrying from the first floor, uh, just doesn't quite shine well enough on the top step, and you're gonna stub your toe and take one damage.

Griffin: Damn, DM. That's fucking savage.

Travis: Listen, that was a nat one, and I'm not gonna let you guys just nat one left and right with no repercussions. But... um... you—Fitzroy, you see, uh, with your shades of gray vision, you see an imp tentatively peeking from behind one of the tool chests. And you can tell, with your keen, half-elven eyes, that he appears more nervous and nonthreatening than any imp you've seen so far.

Griffin: M'kay. Um... and this is out in the hallway, this tool chest?

Travis: This is up in kind of the main, uh, floor. The first floor, it was separated, y'know... the second floor, it's all rooms along the perimeter of the floor, and the middle is basically wide open.

Griffin: Okay. Um... I take some of that fish jerky, and I just, y'know...

Fitzroy: [whistles] [makes kissing sounds] Hey, little bud. Hey, little bud. You want some of this? It's a sea feast.

Imp: Is that... hey, buddy, is that fish jerky?

Fitzroy: It is, yes! Oh, I'm so delighted that you've decided to talk to me instead of turning into some sort of poison hawk!

Imp: Oh man, is that—is that fish jerky for me?

Fitzroy: Uh, it is fish jerky, the beef of the sea, and um... yeah, it can be, if the price is right.

Imp: Oh, buddy, that's so nice. It's nice to be offered the beef jerky, buddy.

Fitzroy: So come on over, pal. Let's have a chat, me and you.

Imp: Ohh... are you going to attack me when I come over there?

Fitzroy: That is not my style, no.

Imp: Can you promise that those other fellas aren't? That one's a big fella.

Fitzroy: Oh, the big fella you don't have to worry about. He's a—he's a peach.

Imp: Oh, what about the blue guy? Blue guy going to attack me?

Fitzroy: Not if you don't bite him!

Imp: Okay. I wouldn't bite, buddy.

Fitzroy: Don't say anything cross about the jerky, either.

Imp: Oh, I heard you yell about the jerky. I bet it's great.

Travis: And he uh... well, why don't you make a persuasion check?

Griffin: Now we're talkin'. Ten plus five, 15!

Travis: Oh yeah. He makes his way tentatively over. Uh, still keeps a little distance, but he does take a piece of the jerky, and he yummies down on it. And you can tell he enjoys it.

Imp: Oh yeah, you know, buddy? Imps don't normally eat, but I enjoy this jerk—this is good. You could sell this.

Fitzroy: You don't normally eat, you said?

Imp: Well, I'm a conjured being from, y'know, ichor and kind of nothingness, and so, I don't *need* to eat, I guess I should say. I do eat. Y'know.

Fitzroy: Hey, uh, speaking of, where did you come from, necessarily? That may be difficult for you to, uh...

Imp: Ohh, buddy... oh, buddy. I'd love to tell you, but I'd get in trouble, buddy, if I tell you.

Fitzroy: Oh, but I'm uh... your jerky friend!

Imp: Ohhh... is that what I should call you? Jerky friend?

Fitzroy: Yeah, I'm your little jerky boy, aren't I? So...

Imp: Oh, Jerky Boy... ohhh, Jerky Boy. My name is Ian.

Fitzroy: Ian!

Ian: It's spelled weird. It's—it's got a lot of weird characters in it, and it's very... impish. But it's still pronounced Ian.

Fitzroy: There's—[laughs] Okay, traditionally, there's only three letters in Ian, so there's not much room to hide in there.

Ian: Oh, buddy, there's like, 16 in imp version.

Fitzroy: Okay. So um...

Ian: Yeahhh. Most of them are kind of like, uh, y'know, ampersands and asterisks and stuff. But it's pronounced Ian.

Fitzroy: Here's the thing. Imp bustin'? Imp bustin' make us feel good.

Ian: Ohh, no!

Fitzroy: And so, we did that downstairs a lot. But like, we only did it because you guys were causing some trouble.

Ian: Yeah, buddy.

Fitzroy: We don't like, want to do it. So like, we just want to know where you came from so that this sort of intersection, this kind of like, y'know, collision...

Ian: Uh-huh.

Fitzroy: This unwanted visitation doesn't happen again.

Ian: Y'know, you destroyed my friends and stuff. You don't want to do that anymore.

Fitzroy: No, I don't! I just want to know where you all came from.

Ian: Oh, buddy. See, I used to make trouble. Um, but I don't want trouble. I don't want trouble. Recently, I've rethought all of my life decisions.

Fitzroy: Mm-hmm.

Ian: I saw you guys smash the downstairs boys so good.

Fitzroy: Yeah, we did. We got 'em.

Ian: I don't want that trouble. And I'll make you a deal. You let old Ian go, buddy... I no more make trouble, and I'll tell you what you wanna know. We'll be buddies. I'll go away. I'll do good things.

Fitzroy: Okay. Yeah. Sounds great.

Ian: Yeah?

Griffin: Can I roll an insight check to see if he's fuckin' lying to me?

Travis: Okay.

Griffin: That's a nat one. Son of a... gun.

Travis: You can't tell.

Griffin: Yeah, I'll say.

Travis: You can't tell nothing. You don't even know if you're lying to you.

Griffin: That's... I mean, there's an element of truth to that, Travis.

Travis: Isn't it?

Griffin: I feel like—here's where I'm comin' from. It's our job to bust all the imps, right? We were hired to treat the symptom. But like... this is—this is a part of a pattern, I feel like, of just weird shit happening around here, what with the holes to other planes of existence, and uh, reports of demons in the woods. So like, if this is tied to that, I just am trying to sort of... piece it together a little bit.

Clint: I have... Argo has horrible insight. Terrible wisdom. And not very good perception.

Griffin: I mean, you don't have to dump on yourself, Dad. Like, you're good at a lot of other stuff.

Travis: Yeah, don't—hey, buddy.

Clint: Yeah, I could sneak attack—I could sneak attack him, but that's gonna completely derail your effort!

Justin: [snorts]

Griffin: Yeah.

Justin: It wouldn't—it wouldn't occur to me... let's move on. It wouldn't occur to me to double check.

Ian: Okay, buddy. Hey, Jerky Boy? You a good friend.

Fitzroy: Thanks.

Ian: And I trust you. I see kindness in your eyes.

Fitzroy: Oh yeah, it's there.

Ian: You have kind eyes, Jerky Boy.

Fitzroy: Thanks. Your eyes have worms in them, kind of?

Ian: Oh no, that's just an illusion, but thank you.

Firbolg: We must move on.

Ian: Okay.

Fitzroy: Where are you from? Where did you come from? What's going on?

Ian: Well... because I trust you, I tell you. I'm going to get in trouble. My boss find out, I'm in trouble. But I tell you. You give me jerky, you nice to me. Um, we were sent here. We were conjured. Sent here. Uh, we was told to distract three idiots. But luckily, you guys came along...

Justin: [laughs]

Griffin: [laughs]

Ian: And you here, and you solved it, so... I don't know what happened to those idiots, but now you here.

Fitzroy: Distract—distract us from what?

Ian: I don't—I don't know. Tell me. Just sent here, say, y'know, keep three, y'know, real nincompoops. Keep 'em... out of my hair. But I'm not boss. Nobody tell me that. I got this second hand from my boss, buddy.

Fitzroy: And who said—who said it? Who said these things?

Ian: To my boss?

Fitzroy: Yes.

Ian: I don't know, my boss's boss.

Fitzroy: Who's your boss?

Ian: Listen, I am just a pawn in game of life, y'know? I don't ask questions. Uh, I don't make waves, y'know? Just trying to make it to retirement.

Fitzroy: Okay. Just one last question – if we do find and vanquish your boss, do you just kind of disappear, or... how's that work?

Ian: No. Y'know, I uh... I'm gonna last as long as I stay alive, and I don't want to work for boss no more. I'm gonna get into artisanal cheese.

Fitzroy: Okay.

Justin: [snorts]

Ian: That's what I've decided. That's my new thing.

Fitzroy: We'll—that sounds—

Ian: I've never done it before, but I just feel in my heart I'll be good at it, y'know?

Fitzroy: Yeah, I mean, it sounds amazing. I'm gonna hit you up, actually. Let me um... let me get your business card, and we'll have ourselves a cheese talk.

Ian: Um, one more thing, buddy. If you run into Terry – that's my boss – don't listen to a word that guy say. He a liar.

Fitzroy: Okay.

Ian: Okayyy! Byeee!

Fitzroy: Bye, Ian.

Travis: And Ian, uh... Ian the imp goes out the balcony doors, turns into a raven, and flies away.

Fitzroy: That dude was cool.

Justin: I'm gonna detect magic.

Travis: Okay.

Justin: Up here.

Travis: Does your skin glow, or maybe your hair turns into different elements or something?

Griffin: [laughs]

Justin: No, in a regular, non-showy way.

Travis: Okay.

Griffin: A non-bio-organic...

Travis: Uh, what are you looking for? What would you like me to describe to you?

Justin: Magic.

Travis: Magic? There's magic everywhere, my dude.

Justin: Alright, ICP. No. I mean, like... the—where am I sensing magic from? Any strong magic vibes? This is called detect magic.

Travis: Does your detect magic break it down into different kinds of magic, or just some magic?

Justin: Uh, I sense the presence of magic within 30 feet of me. If I sense magic in this way, I can use my action to see a faint aura around any visible creature or object in the area that bares magic, and learn its school of magic, if any.

Griffin: It is different, kind of, from mine, I think.

Justin: And to remind the listener, we are up here... we see, basically, ten doors in a sort of, uh, three quarter circle around us from where we've arrived.

Griffin: Ideally, we won't have to go into all ten of them. [laughs]

Travis: Well, the good news is that these rooms are quite smaller than the ones downstairs. These are more like, y'know, individual, sleep on this bed, wait for a doctor to come. They're not quite as large as a admin office or doctor's office or even the exam rooms.

Um, you do sense magic. But the problem is that the, uh, imps have kind of been coming and going so much that you're getting a lot of crossed signals. There's definitely some doors where, like, you can feel magic. Think of it this way – if you were in a restaurant, and you tried to smell food, you would definitely smell food stronger from the kitchen. Uh, but you would kind of get a foodie smell pretty much in the air.

But you can definitely sense that there are some rooms where it's stronger than others, and maybe some, uh, trails that are fresher than others.

Justin: Okay. I'm just gonna open the door to room one.

Travis: Okay.

Justin: How about that?

Travis: Uh, when you open the door to room one, you find a fist-sized spider sitting in the middle of the floor.

Justin: I close the door to room one.

Griffin: We weren't—we aren't being paid to squish spiders.

Firbolg: I will not fuck with spider.

Travis: Let me ask you guys this. And I say this with all the love and respect as professional storytellers and game players. In the last, uh, two weeks, have you done any research on imps whatsoever? [laughs]

Griffin: [laughs] No, Travis, because Fitzroy wouldn't have.

Justin: Right.

Travis: Well, how about... how about, Fitzroy, you give me an arcana check, or anyone can make an arcana check.

Griffin: That is an 18... minus, probably? Yes? Uh, no. Plus one. 19.

Travis: Okay. Fitzroy, you know of imps... you did a little research before coming here. You looked in a tome or two. And you know that imps are magical shape shifters, and—

Griffin: [defeated] I remember.

Travis: Yeah, not only can they turn into ravens... they can also turn into spiders.

Griffin: [defeated] They can turn into big spiders. Okay.

Fitzroy: Did you find one, fella?

Firbolg: It was a spider.

Fitzroy: Yeah, but it's probably an imp, right?

Firbolg: It... was... a... spider.

Fitzroy: Okay.

Clint: Said the shape shifter.

Fitzroy: Well, either way, let's get in there. I don't think the hospital administration—

Firbolg: This is an—no, your friend has raised an excellent point. It is probably imp, now that I think on it.

Argo: I have a suggestion, then. Why don't we—you open the door. Did he see ya when you opened the door, Firbolg? Did he even react?

Firbolg: Yes. He turned around and said, "Oh my, a Firbolg! I have seen him!"

Argo: Alright. Let's go back in, and he'll see ya again, and get distracted, and then I can sneak attack him.

Firbolg: From... how... does the physics of this work?

Argo: We—we just walk in—

Firbolg: You'll slide between my legs?

Griffin: [laughs]

Argo: [pause] Well, uh, no. I think I would just... I'm an extremely stealthy guy, and I have something called sneak attack.

Firbolg: Right. [laughs] I think...

Justin: [laughs]

Fitzroy: It does say 'sneak' right on the tin, though.

Justin: [laughing] I mean... So, just so—[struggling to speak through laughter] Just to really hammer down the physics of the actions that are about to take place... the Firbolg will open the door. [laughs] The spider will look at the Firbolg. Dad, for some reason, will sneak—will sneakily, from directly in front of the spider, push past the Firbolg, and sneakily attack him?

Travis: Perhaps the word to use instead of 'sneak' would be 'surprise.' He's going to surprise attack him.

Justin: Surprise, bud. Gonna surprise his balls off, probably! For sure!

Griffin: [laughing]

Justin: Let's do it! Alright, the Firbolg throws open the door.

Firbolg: Spider, I have returned and I am sorry for misjudging you!

Travis: Okay.

Argo: Sneak attack!!

Travis: [laughs]

Griffin: There we go!

Travis: Okay, roll that d20.

Clint: Okay, and so—so, Argo kind of slips around the edge of the room, and goes around the Firbolg, and stabs him with his rapier.

Travis: Okay.

Clint: That's a 15 plus six. That's 21.

Travis: Oh yeah, that hits. So, roll your regular damage first, and then we'll do the sneak attack damage.

Clint: That is a five plus four, that is nine. Sneak attack, I deal an extra 2d6 damage.

Travis: Yep.

Clint: So, nine already... and there's a five, and...

Justin: 14.

Clint: A four.

Justin: 18.

Griffin: Jesus.

Travis: Well, uh, yeah. You skewer him real good. Uh, and... y'know, it, uh... kind of does a, "Bleh!" And then melts into just a spider-shaped puddle of black ichor.

Argo: Avast ye—oh, he's already dead. I actually should've said the ava— but then it wouldn't have been a sneak attack if I'd yelled out 'avast ye.'

Firbolg: This is the problem.

Fitzroy: Well, it still wasn't a sneak attack, if you think about it...

Argo: It wouldn't have been, no.

Clint: So I gloat.

Argo: [laughs triumphantly]

Justin: Do we notice anything else in the room?

Travis: Uh, no. You can see that it is, uh, nearly finished. There's a kind of basic cot bed. There's some drawers. But uh, they have not been filled yet.

Justin: Travis, I'm about to close the door to this room for all eternity and relevance for all of existence, for every human being that has ever or will ever live. A simple no will be fine.

Travis: Fair.

Griffin: [laughs]

Clint: [laughs]

Travis: I'm trying to paint a word picture, Justin!

Justin: You're painting a word picture that I'm about to throw in the toilet forever and ever!

Travis: Okay. Fair enough.

Justin: Room two!

Travis: Fair enough. Room two.

Fitzroy: Might I suggest we just do that nine more times?

Firbolg: This is the plan.

Fitzroy: Alright!

Travis: Room two is empty—

Argo: Sneak attack!!

Travis: Oh, well. Okay. [laughs]

Argo: Oh wait, sorry. I gotta wait. Sorry. Right. Yeah. Sorry.

Travis: It's empty and undecorated. Now, I will say, uh, Fitzroy, with your previous arcana check about information about imps, they can turn invisible.

Griffin: Hm. Sure. Um...

Fitzroy: [quietly] There may be invisible imps in here. So make sure you sneak attack just every square inch of the room, okay partner?

Argo: Well, it doesn't really work like that. That's not sneaky.

Fitzroy: Well, again, I think... the last play was a little bit also unsneaky, but let's just, um... hm. Uhh...

Argo: Let me try something. Let me try something.

Clint: Little deception. I'm gonna try a little deception.

Griffin: Okay.

Clint: I'm gonna say out loud...

Argo: Wow! These imps are so easy to kill! That last one I skewered? It screamed! It cried! It was hilaaarious! [laughs] I love killin'!

Travis: Roll a deception check for me.

Griffin: Well, it's not really deception. He did do it.

Travis: I guess that's true. Performance check.

Justin: Performance? Yeah.

Travis: Roll a performance check for me.

Clint: 17 plus two. That's 19.

Travis: That's a solid performance. Nothing happens, but your performance is so solid that you know that, had an imp been in here, it definitely would've reacted.

Justin: Room three!

Clint: [laughs]

Travis: Now, when you get to room three, the door sticks a little bit.

Justin: I push it harder.

Travis: Uh, make a dexterity saving throw for me.

Griffin: Uh oh. All of us, or just—

Travis: Just the Firbolg.

Justin: 18.

Travis: [gasps] You're very lucky!

Justin: Plus... two.

Travis: You're able to dodge out of the way, as you can see that imps had kind of piled some building materials against the door. So as you opened the door, it falls outwards, but you are able to dodge out of the way at the last second.

Griffin: Nice try, you stupid imps!

Justin: Is there anything else of note in the room?

Travis: No.

Justin: Rooom four!

Clint: [laughs] Choo choo!

Griffin: [laughs]

Travis: Room four contains an imp using a model skeleton as a shield. You will be at disadvantage on attacks.

Griffin: I mean, it's a model skeleton, right?

Travis: Yeah. But he's a little guy.

Griffin: I say...

Fitzroy: Ah, I'll do this one. Sneak attack!

Griffin: And I attack the model skeleton with my maul.

Argo: You have sneak attack too?!

Fitzroy: Sure, if this is what we're calling it. I sneak attack the heck out of him.

Travis: Well, let's—if we're not doing a surprise attack, let's roll initiative.

Griffin: Oh. I mean, I am trying to do a surprise attack.

Justin: Eight—

Griffin: I think us jumping into the room and...

Travis: He's ready. He heard Argo yell over in room two.

Griffin: Yeah, that's fair.

Justin: 18 plus two, 20.

Clint: Six plus... six. 12.

Griffin: Four plus two. Six.

Justin: Hey, do I get my spell slots back on a short rest or a long rest?

Griffin: Uh, short rest, you get 'em back.

Travis: So, up first in the order is the Firbolg.

Justin: [opens a soda can]

Griffin: Yeah man. Fuck yeah, dude.

Travis: Grip it and rip it.

Justin: It's a can of whoop ass.

Clint: [laughs]

Travis: Grip it and rip it.

Griffin: Yeah, grip and rip that shit up.

Travis: Do it. Slam it. What is that, a brewski? Miller time? Huh?

Justin: Can of whoop ass I'm about to open on this guy.

Travis: Oh yeah, kick that ass! Whoop it!

Justin: Um... I am going to... do... uh, cast *Ice Knife*.

Travis: What?!

Justin: Yeah, I'm gonna cast *Ice Knife*. I'm gonna throw an *Ice Knife* at this imp. It's gonna be kickass. "Create a shard of ice and fling it at a creature." I'm gonna make a ranged attack against a target. That is an... 17 plus... two. 19.

Travis: Okay. And roll again, 'cause you have disadvantage because of his skeleton shield.

Justin: Well, that's a three plus two. Fiiiive.

Travis: Listen, that ice knife looks real cool. Uh, and it knocks the skull off the skeleton. But it does not hit the imp.

Fitzroy: Nice, dude! You killed the skeleton in one hit!

Firbolg: You're out. [chuckles]

Fitzroy: Nice try, bone monster! Not gonna steal my bones today!

Firbolg: Your giant imp exoskeleton will not save you, tiny skeleton.

Travis: Um, so—

Firbolg: The true foe is the skeleton!

Griffin: [laughing]

Travis: [laughs] Okay. Um, so, the imp, um, while trying to maintain his skeleton shield, is just going to kind of reach out and try to take a swipe at you with his little clawed hand. Uh, that is... a 16 versus AC, and this is against the Firbolg.

Justin: Hm, yeah, that's fair. Uh, yeah, it's 12 armor class for me, so...

Travis: Okay. And we're gonna do, uh... 1d4 plus three... Uhh, that is two—five points of damage, and he is not, uh... stinging with his tail, so there is no poison associated.

Justin: Great.

Travis: And up next is Dad!

Clint: Argo is going to cast, uh...

Travis: Oh?

Clint: Yeah. You heard me. He is going to cast *Create Water*, and make a 20-gallon cube around the imp to drown it.

Justin: Hm.

Griffin: Hm.

Travis: Now, I think...

Justin: Hmm. Hmm.

Griffin: Hmm.

Travis: Now, let me ask this.

Griffin: Hmm.

Justin: Hmm.

Travis: I like that play. But—

Justin: Why?

Travis: Does—well, hold on. Does *Create Water* allow you to make it hold its shape?

Clint: “When you create water, you create up to ten gallons of clean water within range in an open container. Alternatively, the water falls as rain in a 30 foot cube within range, extinguishing exposed...”

Justin: So you're gonna drown him with rain.

Travis: Uh-huh.

Clint: ... yeah.

Justin: Good spell, good magic, good times, good buddies. Love this.

Griffin: [laughing]

Clint: Hold on!

Justin: Love this. Hey, Mac, make him look—

Clint: But he also has—

Justin: Just make him look straight up for several hours with his mouth agape!

Griffin: [laughing]

Clint: He also has *Shape Water*.

Justin: Well, that's two spells.

Clint: So I can shape it, and freeze it...

Travis: Uh-huh.

Clint: Okay, let me start again.

Travis: Okay.

Justin: [laughs]

Clint: Okay, now, wait, wait, wait, wait, wait, wait, wait, wait, wait!! Wait wait, no no! I got this! He creates water in a ten gallon cube above the imp, and then he freezes it...

Travis: Well, now, these are two different spells. You can't do them both on your turn.

Clint: Hm. Okay.

Griffin: We can't all be magic boys.

Clint: But I have magic!! This is the one—

Justin: You created a cube of water above him, and let's just see where it goes from there. Because I think that's powerful, and I love the initiative.

Clint: Thank you, Justin. I create a—

Justin: There's a cube—I mean, let's be honest. I don't know what happens when you get a ten gallon cube of water dropped on you, but it ain't good.

Clint: It's gonna be 20. It's 20 gallons.

Travis: You can only do ten! You said so!

Clint: No no. At a higher level, you can do 20, and this is above level two.

Justin: So you're gonna burn a... so what level spell slot are you burning on this cube?

Travis: It's a cantrip.

Justin: This fucking flash dance reenactment you've got going on.

Griffin: [laughs]

Clint: Second level. Second level. I don't know what that means.

Griffin: Okay.

Justin: Well, that's the level below third and above first. [laughs] Dad just dropped, um... uh, a children's swimming pool onto an imp. What happens, DM? Weave us a spell.

Travis: Well, I looked it up, and uh, one gallon of water weighs eight pounds. So this is about 160 pounds. So, I'm—

Griffin: But—

Travis: I'm going to make a strength saving check to attempt to stay on my feet.

Griffin: [laughing]

Travis: Uh... and that fails, so it does knock him prone.

Justin: Fucking yes. You got him, Mack.

Clint: Yeah!

Justin: Yeah, bud.

Travis: And now, Griffin, you are up.

Griffin: Okay!

Travis: And so, because of the knocking prone, it has knocked the skeleton away. It did successfully remove his skeleton shield.

Fitzroy: What... just... happened, Argo?

Argo: Hell if I know. [laughs] I have—I have magic, too! I have one freakin' spell!

Travis: I said earlier that that was a cantrip. I was incorrect. *Shape Water* is a cantrip. *Create or Destroy Water* is a spell slot, and you only get one of those. [laughs] So...

Griffin: Yeah, it's a racial spell, right? And so, you can do it once a day or something like that.

Travis: Yeah, once per long rest.

Clint: Yeah, I don't think it's gonna come up again.

Griffin: [laughs]

Clint: [laughs]

Griffin: Uh, we're all still pretty far from this imp, right? We're not like, within melee range of it?

Travis: Uh, you easily could be. One or two steps forward.

Griffin: Okay, well, I take steps forward. I was more asking that it wasn't within range of the other two, uh, because I'm going to cast *Booming Blade*, or *Booming Maul*, I guess, in this case, where I make a melee attack action against a creature with my weapon of choice, which is the maul. 12 plus... six? 18.

Travis: That hits.

Griffin: Okay. Uh, and I... roll damage, as normal. So that's uhh, 2d6 plus four. Two, six, uhh... it's eight plus four. 12. And then, this may be unnecessary, because I don't know how many hit points this bad boy has, but—

Travis: Not a lot.

Griffin: Okay. Uh, the target suffers the attack's normal effects and becomes sheathed in booming energy until the start of my next turn. If it moves away from me, it immediately takes 1d8 thunder damage.

Travis: Oh. I like the idea of, "I'm surrounded by booming energy."

Griffin: Yeah.

Travis: Thanks, boomer! Am I right?

Griffin: I just blasted a vuvuzela in this dude's face.

Travis: Yeah. Oh, and listen – you squish him into ichor, and the ichor is surrounded by booming energy.

Griffin: Okay, cool.

Travis: Yeah.

Fitzroy: Well, next time, that's gonna be totally strategic and rad. That goo's not goin' anywhere! Hey, gang! Team effort! [claps] All three of us did great stuff in there.

Argo: Weeell...

Fitzroy: He—he decapitated the bone snatcher! You dropped—

Travis: That was, I should say, um... you guys kind of jumped ahead, but that was going to be the ultimate bad guy of the entire campaign.

Griffin: Yeah, I know!

Justin: Oh. [laughs]

Travis: It turned out that that skeleton was the bone snatcher who has kind of been behind it all.

Griffin: Right, right.

Justin: Oh, so we solved it.

Griffin: Okay. Room five, baby.

Travis: You just jumped ahead a little. I only had like, one more episode planned.

Griffin: Okay, cool.

Justin: Perfect.

Griffin: So I was thinking next time, we could do like, a space ship arc.

Justin: Room five?

Travis: Uh, room five appears to be empty.

Justin: Uh, I'm'a make a perception check. 'Cause I don't believe this fuckin' horse shit. That's an 18.

Travis: That's some good perceiving.

Justin: Plus six. 24.

Travis: Oh yeah. Oh, you see the shit out of everything. You see like, tastes. You see smells. Um, you can tell, this room is untouched. There is no footprints, nothing is out of place, and you can make a pretty confident educated guess that there is not and has never been an imp in this room.

Justin: Roommm... six.

Clint: Six!

Travis: Uh, inside this room, you find twoimps. One is eating cotton balls and tongue depressors, and the other is gleefully playing with the model of the human mouth, pretending to make it talk.

Griffin: Have they seen us?

Travis: Uh, when the door opens, they are aware of your presence.

Fitzroy: We should be sneakier next time.

Justin: Uh, what does it look like this room is?

Travis: It's just another one of like, the kind of uh, hospital rooms. Come here, stay, hang out, we'll check on you. Convalescing room. I don't know what they're called. Hospital room.

Justin: Do we need to roll initiative? I would—I mean, I would act pretty much immediately, but I don't know who we're actually getting the drop on.

Travis: Well, you are up first, so...

Griffin: Yeah.

Travis: The Firbolg is up in initiative. We'll keep the same initiative so we don't have to roll every time.

Justin: Uh, I will cast *Moonbeam* on these bad people.

Griffin: It worked so well last time.

Justin: It did. It worked very well last time. And I cast that as a second level spell.

Travis: So, do they need to make saving checks? Is that it?

Justin: Constitution, uh, saving throw.

Travis: Not their strength.

Justin: 14.

Travis: Nope! Okay! They both failed, even with magic resistance. They both rolled, uh, dog shit. So they're gonna take full damage.

Justin: That damage is... eight... plus... four. 12.

Travis: Oh, yep. They both melt into ichor, and even with the power—

Justin: I'll—

Travis: What?

Justin: I'll describe it.

Travis: Okay, yeah, you do it.

Justin: He puts out his hand and casts a spell, and turns around without looking back, and says...

Firbolg: Room seven.

Griffin: [laughs]

Travis: Yeah. And I guess, then, the *Moonbeam* kind of is—it's a really cool action movie moment. Uh, the crowd is going nuts. One guy went out to get a popcorn refill, and he hears the cheer and he comes back and is like, "What, what?!" And they're like, "You had to see it." And then he has to like, check, y'know, online, and see if he can find like a YouTube clip of it, and he can't.

Justin: He should've used RunPee.

Travis: Yep. Should've used RunPee.

Justin: You gotta pick the right moments. So, room seven.

Travis: In room seven, the roofing is—

Griffin: Can we—I don't want to walk into the room again like we did this time. I want to send Snippers in there with a sort of stealth drone maneuver.

Travis: Ooh!

Griffin: 'Cause we can—we have a sort of telepathic link. So I want to try and squish him under the door.

Travis: Oh yeah. You can kind of cast him. You put your hand up against the base of the door, and you can kind of cast him in there.

Griffin: M'kay. I telepathically tell him...

Fitzroy: Be sneaky. Be like the wind, my boy.

Snippers: [crab sounds]

Fitzroy: Like the wind, yeah.

Snippers: [crab sounds]

Fitzroy: We trained for this.

Snippers: [crab sounds]

Fitzroy: What do you—what do your crab eyes see?

Snippers: [crab sounds]

Travis: No imps. But, there is some kind of creature in here, but uh, it is not imp-like.

Fitzroy: What's the creature in there, Snippers?

Snippers: [crab sounds]

Travis: Uh, it's up high, and he can't quite get a look on it. It's hidden in the rafters.

Clint: What kind of pie?

Travis: What?

Clint: What kind of pie is it?

Griffin: Okay, this is alarming, 'cause I don't know if Dad's being serious or not, and if he is being serious, then he's got a wild brain. He's got like, some real, uh, what's the—Wimpy from Popeye brain sort of situation. "Did someone say pie?"

Travis: Uh, he can tell you, it is a bird-like creature. It's a bird crea—it's a bird. But it does not appear to be a raven like the previous ones.

Griffin: Okay, well...

Fitzroy: [quietly] Thank you, Snippers.

Griffin: Uh, yeah. Let's go on in there, then. It's just a bird.

Travis: In room seven, the roofing is incomplete. You see the bird that Snippers described sitting at the edge of the unfinished roof. Uh, however, as you have learned, the bird is not a raven like the ones you have encountered so far. This appears to be some sort of hawk, and shows no signs of attacking.

You can also see that, in its beak, it holds something shiny. When it sees you, Fitzroy, it drops the object, cocks its head at you, and flies away.

Griffin: Uh, what did he drop? Can I see it?

Travis: The object is an ornate brooch.

Griffin: Oh. Kickass. Uhh...

Fitzroy: Snippers? Touch that for daddy.

Snippers: [crab sounds]

Travis: He does and nothing happens.

Fitzroy: Cool.

Griffin: I grab it.

Travis: Your hand explode—no. [laughs]

Griffin: Jeez!

Travis: It's just a regular, pretty brooch.

Fitzroy: Okay. Hey guys, found this kickass brooch. So uh... that's alright. This job's payin' big dividends.

Firbolg: I have the perfect name for it.

Fitzroy: Okay.

Firbolg: Room eight!

Travis: Uh, inside—well, do you want to do some checks again?

Clint: Didn't you say in the last episode that the moonbeam extended up?

Griffin: Yeah, but we're on the top floor, right?

Clint: The second floor, yeah. Did it not—oh, that's what I thought you were getting at last week when you said the moonbeam went up into the next floor. That—to my calculations, that would've been... wouldn't that have been room eight and nine?

Travis: Maybe!

Justin: I'm just going to open the door to room eight. [laughs]

Travis: Room eight appears to be used as a temporary storage room until construction is complete. Inside, it is all healing stuff. You find three healers'

kits, as well as large crates of cotton balls, tongue depressors, lollypops, and it also contains several potion ingredients and magical components.

Justin: Um...

Griffin: [quietly] I want a lollypop...

Justin: What are the uh, what are the potion ingredients?

Travis: Um, you see several leaves that you would need to identify. You see, uh, some hunks of moss. You see a couple feathers from magical creatures. A couple vials of blood. You see a couple vials of different elements. Uh, y'know, like lead and mercury and arsenic and that kind of thing. You see some bandages, different waters labeled from different rivers...

Justin: Um, I'm going to take the mercury.

Travis: Okay.

Fitzroy: Um... I know we're villains and everything, but that is medicine. Right?

Firbolg: I... need this.

Fitzroy: Okay. You're buildin' a thermometer?

Firbolg: I... need... this.

Fitzroy: Okay. Well, yeah. I mean, okay.

Griffin: What kind of lollypops are we talkin' about, Trav?

Travis: Oh, it's all rainbow flavors, but it's the kind where you'd say like, "This tastes red. This tastes green. This one tastes yellow."

Griffin: I'll get one of those.

Travis: Which color?

Fitzroy: As long as we're doin' grabskis, uh... I'll take a green one.

Clint: Any copies of Highlights magazine?

Travis: They were downstairs.

Clint: Oh, right, right.

Fitzroy: Argo, take a grabski, bud! We're all takin' one.

Argo: Uh, I'll take the... oh, I don't know. I'll take the arsenic. I'll take some arsenic.

Travis: Whoa!

Fitzroy: I don't love that.

Argo: Well, I am a rogue.

Travis: What do you got planned?

Clint: Well, you never know. Um... pest problems, vermin... what are the stats on the healing kits? I mean, do they have stats like we had that one d10 HP potion downstairs? Do we have any stats?

Travis: Uh, yes. So the kit is a leather pouch containing bandages, salves, and splints. It has ten uses. As an action, you can expend one use of the kit to stabilize a creature that has zero hit points without needing to make a medicine check.

Clint: Oh, we need that.

Fitzroy: Yeah, dunk. You want to hold onto that, Argo? That can be your—

Argo: Yeah. Yeah, I'll grab that.

Travis: There are three of them, just so you know.

Griffin: I mean, it's a hos—I don't want to steal all of the hospital's supplies. Like...

Travis: Listen, I'm not trying to make you. I didn't say, "And so, do it." I just said, "Here's a statement of fact, there are three of them."

Griffin: Uh, yeah. I like—I like Argo—one of us needs to have one of these, it seems like.

Clint: Well, how about if I cram everything from one bag—in three bags into one bag and take the one bag, basically—

Griffin: [laughs] In the midst of an emergency, a doctor says, "Don't worry, guys. I've got my doctor bag." And opens it, and it's fucking empty.

Clint: You were ready to—you were gonna burn it down last week! When did you get so conscious about it?!

Griffin: Well, it's... we've done a lot of—to burn it down now would just make the other stuff we've done so far a fucking waste, so...

Clint: Alright, I'll take one kit.

Travis: Okay. So, just to get this straight, uh... the Firbolg took some mercury, and Argo took some arsenic and a healer kit? And then... you, Fitzroy, took a lollypop.

Griffin: A green lollypop, yeah.

Travis: A green—oh, let me write that down, sorry. A green lollypop. Okay. Uh, and that is all that is in this room.

Fitzroy: Nice. Boys, I may swing back here for another lollypop, depending on how long this takes us.

[theme music plays]

[advertisement break]

Travis: Hi everybody! I had a couple announcements I wanted to share with you. First, coming up, starting on March 16th is the MaxFunDrive! You're gonna hear a lot about it, so you don't need to hear the whole spiel, but just know, it's your chance, once a year, to support the shows you love, like The Adventure Zone, and get rewarded for it with a bunch of bonus content and rewards and gifts and all this stuff.

I'm not gonna tell you what it is yet, but let me tell you that the bonus episode for The Adventure Zone was very fun, and I think you all are gonna be very excited about it. Like I said, it starts March 16th, so don't miss it! It only lasts for two weeks, and you're gonna wanna get this bonus content.

Also, uh, so, the next episode is going to be, of course, a regular Adventure Zone: Graduation episode. But then, we're gonna have another episode in the second week of MaxFunDrive that's gonna be a The The Adventure Zone Zone. So if you have questions, make sure you email those into AdventureZoneCast@gmail.com, and make sure you put TTAZZ in the subject line.

Also, we have some tour dates on sale! If you go to McElroy.family, you can find them there. We're gonna be in Boston April 1st and April 2nd. My Brother, My Brother, and Me and Sawbones on the first, and Adventure Zone on the second, but I believe those shows are sold out. But April 3rd, we're going to be at Foxwood Casino in Mashantucket, Connecticut, with My Brother, My Brother, and Me and Sawbones.

And then, April 22nd and 23rd, we're in Baltimore. On the 22nd, it's My Brother, My Brother, and Me and Sawbones, and the 23rd is The Adventure Zone. And then, on April 24th, we're in Norfolk, Virginia with My Brother, My Brother, and Me and The Adventure Zone!

You can get those by going to McElroy.family and clicking on tours, and don't forget – The Adventure Zone graphic novel, book three, Petals to the Metal, is available for preorder now if you go to TheAdventureZoneComic.com. Don't wait, preorder it there. And y'know what? Have a great day.

[theme music plays]

Clint: Okay. Um, Argo is going to *stealthfully* sneak into room nine.

Travis: Ooh! Okay, make a stealth check.

Clint: That is 18 plus eight.

Travis: Oh yeah. Oh yeah. That's 26, my dude. Um, you sneak in there. You find two imps, and they are looking toasted. Like perhaps they might have been caught in some kind of extended beam, harnessing a celestial body.

Clint: [laughs]

Travis: And they are so busy, like, looking at each other's wounds and kind of—they're taking turns poking each other in the wounds and like, getting mad, and then poking the other one back, that they have not noticed you.

Argo: Sneak attack!!

Fitzroy: Now this is a good—yes!

Travis: This is a good use of sneak attack.

Clint: Thank you! What do I do?

Griffin: Just make an attack roll against one of them.

Clint: Yeah, right! Okay! Sneak attack! That is a 12 plus... uh, six. That is 18.

Travis: Yes, that does hit. We'll say that you're aiming for the one on the left. We'll call him Lefty.

Clint: Lefty. 2d6 plus four. Right?

Travis: Uh—

Clint: Three... oh, I gotta roll for damage. That's an eight plus four! That's 12!

Travis: Uh, before you can even sneak attack, he has already taken damage. Uh, but you do hit him with just kind of a free hit. He stabs, bursts into just a water balloon of ichor. Bursts.

Clint: Oh.

Travis: I mean, don't feel bad.

Clint: Well, I didn't get to use my sneak attack...

Travis: Well, y'know... sometimes we all get a little disappointed, and...

Clint: I have to leave something for the other kids. Okay.

Griffin: Uh, are we in combat now?

Travis: We are, yes.

Griffin: I imagine that the other one has noticed. Okay. Where are we at?

Travis: Uh, up next is the imp. So now, the imp, having seen... y'know, he's kind of frenemy. They weren't close, but they worked well together. That kind of thing.

Griffin: Sure.

Travis: Uh, murdered... he is going to turn on Argo, and attempt to sting him with his scorpion-like tail. Oh! I doubt that's gonna do it. But uh, he rolled a five plus five, so that's a ten versus your AC. So I doubt that hits.

Clint: It's 15, so it didn't.

Travis: Ah, excellent. So now, up next, it's once again you, Argo.

Clint: Well, I'm... how far away is he from me?

Travis: He's like, right in front of you. He was poking the other—this is the one on the right, who we'll call, um... I don't know... Tor.

Clint: And he's pretty beat up?

Travis: Uh, he's looking toasty. He's one of the ones that took half damage from the moonbeam.

Clint: Okay. Then I am going to, uh, do an unarmed strike and head-butt him.

Travis: Okay.

Clint: So that's... 11 plus... three. That's 14.

Travis: That does hit.

Clint: [laughs] God.

Travis: So it does two damage. Um, which, luckily for you, that is enough, and uh, you head-butt him into a puddle of ichor.

Fitzroy: Hey, Argo, you're just—

Travis: If you're wondering, you get some in your hair.

Fitzroy: Yeah, Argo, you're just kind of trying some stuff out tonight, aren't you?

Argo: [laughs] I'm just really exploring meself. I'm discovering Argo!

Fitzroy: Okay, so just like, moving forward, how did you feel about the head-butt operation?

Argo: Probably a bad choice. `Cause now I've got ichor. But my skin is so naturally... y'know, it always looks like it's kind of covered in water and oily and stuff that, hopefully, the ichor will wash out.

Fitzroy: Yeah, we need to pick a pronunciation of that word and stick with it.

Travis: It's eye-chor.

Clint: I was going ick-er.

Travis: It's eye-chor.

Griffin: I've always said ick-er. Alright.

Travis: It's eye-chor. We could go with itcher and just make everyone mad.

Griffin: Let's not die on this hill.

Clint: [laughs]

Griffin: Room ten!

Travis: Uh, who is opening room ten?

Griffin: Let's all—let's all—hey, fam?

Justin: Let's all get a hand on it.

Griffin: Let's all do it.

Travis: Okay, great! Everybody roll a dex saving throw.

Justin: Shit. [laughs]

Griffin: It was supposed to be a nice moment, Travis. Don't take that from us.

Travis: Okay.

Justin: Aw damn, 18 plus... twooo. 20.

Griffin: Okay, that's a... that's a three plus two, five. But, Travis, would you say that I have—I am able to see... what we are rolling against?

Travis: No.

Griffin: Oh, okay. Then, never mind.

Travis: Okay.

Clint: Okay, 13 plus six. That's 19.

Griffin: I have advantage on dex saving throws against effects I can see while not blinded, deafened, or incapacitated.

Travis: No. Um, because this is not an effect. So, you two dodge out of the way, but Fitzroy, you are caught unawares as two chains coming bursting through the door, smashing it to pieces. And you are going to take 11 points of damage.

Griffin: Ooh. Okay.

Travis: Uh, and out walks a chain devil.

Griffin: Wh—whoa!

Chain Devil: Ha ha ha! You fell right into my trap!

Griffin: Um... I'm sorry, what's a chain devil?

Travis: Well, Griffin, imagine a beefy fella, uh, with chains all over their body, and the ability to wield chains as weapons. Uh, and they're devils.

Griffin: Okay.

Clint: I'm gonna do a history check, just to see if I can figure out a weak point on the chain devil.

Griffin: Now, history—you're thinking about like, a famous fable about a chain devil who got like, hit in the left knee with a magic arrow?

Justin: You had to say his name backwards.

Griffin: Right.

Clint: [laughs] Well, I don't know Argo's history.

Griffin: [pause] I doubt this is a history roll.

Justin: [laughing] Roll it! Let the man roll to see about the history of chain devils!

Clint: It's a two!

Justin: Okay! [laughs]

Travis: You don't know shit.

Clint: Plus three, that's five!

Argo: What the hell is that? I've never seen one of those before!

Travis: Uh, and let's roll initiative anew, since this is a new character here.

Griffin: That's more like it.

Justin: 15 plus two.

Griffin: I also got a 15 plus two.

Travis: Whoa!

Clint: I got a 16 plus six.

Travis: Wow!

Justin: My dex is 14, Griffin. I don't know what yours is.

Griffin: My dex is... also 14!

Justin: Okay, well, we will stand until the heat death of the universe, waiting for the other one to go.

Griffin: [laughs] I think this means we have to take our turns at the same time.

Travis: Justin, I'm going to, like a brother, say that last time, you got to go first, and so, this time, Griffin can go first.

Clint: Wait, did my 16 plus six not equal 22?

Travis: You're going first out of everyone, Dad.

Griffin: Yeah.

Clint: Oh.

Travis: I'm just saying...

Justin: Griffin's going first between the two of us, he means.

Clint: I see.

Travis: I would never take that away from you. Uh, okay. So, up first is Clint, as the chain devil stands over you, saying...

Chain Devil: Ha ha ha! This has all been for nothing, you fools! You might have slain my imps, but now, I will destroy you! Ha ha ha ha haaa!

Clint: Um... Argo attacks with two weapon fighting. So he attacks with Florence in one hand, and his rapier in the other one.

Griffin: As we all Google two weapon fighting. Uh, it means he makes a bonus—he uses his bonus action to attack with both weapons at the same time, and you don't add your ability modifier to the damage of the bonus attack.

Travis: Got it. Okay, so, make two attacks!

Clint: Okay. 18 plus six. Correct?

Travis: Correct.

Clint: That's 24. And then, roll again?

Travis: Correct.

Griffin: Yeah, for your second weapon.

Clint: So that is 14 plus six, and that makes 20. So, 24 and 20.

Travis: Uh, those both hit, so roll—let's do damage with Florence first.

Clint: Now, that is 1d8 plus four.

Travis: Uh-huh.

Griffin: Right.

Clint: And then plus another three, 'cause it's Florence.

Travis: Yeah, if you expend one of the charges, yes. Which I believe you've already expended one, uh, downstairs.

Clint: Right.

Travis: And it's two per day.

Clint: So that's a seven, plus four, that's 11, plus three. That hits for 14.

Travis: Okay.

Clint: And the rapier is 1d8 plus four...

Travis: Well, it's just 1d8.

Griffin: Yeah, 'cause it's a bonus attack.

Clint: Okay. Right, so it's a five.

Griffin: Jesus.

Clint: So he swirls around majestically, waving the blades in counter-clockwise motion and clockwise motion, so they spin over his head like a helicopter, and then, while the chain lord is looking at this awesome spectacle, he jabs them both into him.

Travis: Uh, and it definitely hurts him, but he, with a lot of bravado, laughs at you as you injure him, saying...

Chain Devil: Ha ha! You don't think I can take a couple of stabs from your mortal weapons? Yes, continue to dance for me as you've danced in my machinations for months! Ha ha ha ha!

Argo: Oh, okay. [sings] Night fever, night fever...

Fitzroy: I don't think he was speaking...

Argo: Oh, you didn't mean that literally?

Chain Devil: I was speaking metaphorically! Ha ha ha!

Argo: Sorry, metaphoric dancing. Okay.

Travis: Up next is Griffin!

Griffin: Um... talking is free action, right?

Travis: Correct.

Griffin: Okay.

Fitzroy: Uh, for months? What's your machinations? Now that you're about to obviously kill us, because you're so big and so beefy and strong, and we are but whelps to you.

Chain Devil: I have been behind every mysterious thing that has happened to you since you arrived! It is I, your worst nightmare – Terrence, the chain demon! Ha ha ha haaa!

Griffin: I'm gonna go ahead and pass on doing an insight check on this. 'Cause I don't think that's true.

Travis: That's the name that Ian told you, don't listen to that dude.

Griffin: Okay, yeah. It's uh... yeah, it's hogwash.

Fitzroy: That's hogwash.

Terrence: What? [laughs] No! It has all been part of my master plan, all building to this... the final showdown! Ha ha ha!

Justin: [laughs]

Fitzroy: But why—what is—it's a bad plan.

Terrence: No, it was a good plan!

Fitzroy: No, okay, your plan was to make us go to school together, and then... some other stuff happened, and then you wanted to kill us in an abandoned hospital? Why is that a—

Terrence: I don't expect you to understand all of the nuance and intricacies of my brilliant plan, but yes.

Fitzroy: Why, though? Like, why, though?

Terrence: Just because. Ha ha ha ha ha!

Fitzroy: Okay. Terrence... it's—again, it's just a big load, isn't it?

Terrence: Are we going to talk, or are we going to fiiiight?

Fitzroy: Yeah, I guess we mi—*hadouken!!*

Clint: [laughs]

Griffin: And I cast, um... *Chromatic Orb*. From my outstretched palms, a four-inch diameter sphere of energy, uh, goes towards a creature. I'm gonna say, since he is wrapped in chains, I'm gonna go with lightning energy on this one?

Travis: Okay.

Griffin: And I make a ranged spell attack against the target. That is a big 19, plus... five, is my spell attack modifier. 24.

Travis: Uh, yeah. I mean, that definitely hits.

Griffin: Yeah, we got them good rolls today. That is 3d8 damage.

Travis: Oh boy!

Griffin: Yep. Seven... three... ten. And six. 16 points of lightning damage.

Travis: Uh, I'm actually gonna say, I think lightning was a good call, so I'm gonna give you an extra d6 damage.

Griffin: An extra d6. Five!

Travis: Okay.

Griffin: So that is... I forget where I was at. I was at ten, 16... 21. 21 points of lightning damage, as I sort of literally do a sort of hadouken shape with

my palms, and a four-inch diameter sphere of lightning energy shoots at him.

Terrence: Oh, ho ho! You are a worthy combatant, all three of you! I knew choosing you as my ultimate foes was the right choice!

Travis: Uh, and up next is Justin, the Firbolg.

Justin: Uh... [clears throat] I am going to cast, uh, *Hold Person*. So you need to do a wisdom saving throw.

Travis: That is not his strong suit. [laughs]

Justin: This was—this was my assumption, yes.

Travis: Uh, it is a 14 total.

Justin: That's a tie.

Travis: Okay, so he succeeds.

Justin: Damn.

Terrence: You try to hold me? The master of chains? Now, feel my wrath!

Travis: Uh, and he's going to attack you, uh, Firbolg...

Justin: Mm-hmm.

Travis: Uh, that's a 17 plus eight, 25.

Griffin: Jesus.

Justin: Wow. Vicious.

Travis: Uh-huh.

Justin: So I'm dead. [laughs]

Travis: Well no, that's the attack.

Justin: Oh, okay. Yep. Well, that hits.

Travis: Uh, and he hits you with 11 points of damage.

Justin: Okay. Not.

Travis: And then, uh, his second chain attack, he is going to send out at you, Fitzroy... uh, that is a four plus eight, 12 versus AC?

Griffin: Nooope.

Travis: Okay. Um, so, uh, Firbolg, you are now grappled. And until the grapple ends, the target is restrained, so you tried to hold him, but look out. And at the start of each of your turns, you are going to take 2d6 piercing damage, and then you are going to need to make a roll to escape.

Justin: Okay.

Travis: So up now is Clint!

Clint: How's your hit points, Fitzroy?

Griffin: I'm alright.

Clint: And Firbolg?

Justin: Uh, sorry, I was still subtracting the—I accidentally killed myself with the... so I had to re-add. Uh, I am... I mean, he looks... he doesn't look great, but he looks okay.

Clint: Okay. Um, how close is Argo to Firbolg?

Travis: I mean, you three are all standing together. You are within—

Griffin: We opened the door together, and we have not moved, so...

Clint: Okay. I'm... okay. I'm not supposed to ask if I can do things. Um, Argo turns and uses the 1d10 healing potion, and gives it to the Firbolg.

Travis: Oh, that's nice.

Griffin: Just kind of smash it on his head?

Travis: Or you pour it between his Firbolg lips.

Clint: Yeah. Pour it between his cute Firbolg lips, to add ten points to his health.

Travis: Well, 1d10.

Clint: 1d10... oh, I have to roll.

Justin: Does Dad roll that, or do I?

Travis: You roll it. Let fate be in your own hands.

Justin: Six. No, wait, hold on... nine! Ha ha!

Travis: Nice.

Clint: After pouring the potion in the Firbolg's lips and helping him out...

Travis: Which is great by the way, 'cause it's not like—he's not unconscious or anything. He's just totally conscious, standing there as Argo's just like, "Shh shh shh."

Griffin: "Shh, my sweet summer child."

Clint: "Shh, take your medicine."

Travis: "I'll save you."

Clint: He's gonna do Cunning Action and hide.

Travis: Okay. You're going to duck behind one of those tool chests. Uh, and that's gonna give you some cover. So, attacks against you are gonna be with disadvantage.

Justin: So the healing potion was really to help him last longer as a distraction.

Griffin: Right. [laughs]

Travis: It does seem like that, yeah. But, it is a very rogue move, and I appreciate it.

Griffin: Sure.

Travis: So up next is Griffin! Fitzroy.

Griffin: Uh, I'm gonna... I'm gonna rage out. I think any time the party gets like, really knocked around, like, it instinctively just activates rage mode, uh, as I charge toward the chain demon. Uh, which means... I roll on the... wild surge table.

Travis: Wheel!

Griffin: Uhhh... Arcane energy taps into the minds of those around you. Each creature within, uh... okay. Everybody make a wisdom saving throw.

Travis: Oh no.

Justin: Oh, great. Uh, one. [laughs]

Travis: Oh boy. Uh, the chain devil got a ten. Total.

Griffin: Argo?

Clint: 15 minus one, 14.

Griffin: Okay. Uh, Argo's... nothing happens. But for the Firbolg and for Terrence, I see a glimpse of the creature's thoughts, learning how it plans to attack you. As a result, the creature has disadvantage on attack rolls against you until the start of your next turn.

Travis: Oh, cool!

Griffin: Do I... if I'm in... I don't know if you would be generous enough to give this to me. But like, I'm in Terrence's dome. Like... he was... do I see a... an origin for the like, obviously subterfuge that's going on right now? Do I get anything like that?

Travis: No, he's mostly at this point just thinking, "I'm gonna hit him with chains! This is going great! They're totally buying it!" That kind of thing.

Griffin: Alright. Firbolg, what are you thinkin' 'bout?

Justin: Uh, I don't like this, how the chains are wrapped around me and I'm entangled. I'm not enjoying it.

Griffin: Uh, so, okay. Well, then, I'm gonna—I'm'a wreck it! Uh, and y'know what? I'm gonna do a reckless attack. This is a thing I haven't done before. Uh, when you make your first attack on your turn, you can decide to attack recklessly, giving you advantage on melee weapon attack rolls using strength during this turn, but attack rolls against you have advantage until your next turn. So I guess this would cancel that thing out. Uh, so, I'm going to attack.

Thank god, 'cause that's a two, plus... six is an eight. That's probably not gonna do it.

Travis: No.

Griffin: Uh, 12 plus six. 18.

Travis: That does hit.

Griffin: Cool. That is... six... one... seven, plus four, 11, plus rage... two. So, 13 points of damage, as I charge forward and see this thing's thoughts, but don't lose my step as I sort of baseball bat swing it at this guy's dome.

Travis: Uh, he is looking bloodied.

Griffin: Good. What's his blood look like, Travis?

Travis: Kind of like black ichor.

Griffin: Okay, cool.

Travis: Uh, up next is the Firbolg. To start your turn, go ahead and... uh, well, I'll do it for you so you don't have to feel like you're hurting yourself. Uh, that is only six points of damage. Total.

Justin: Okay. That ain't great. Uh, and now I have to do a roll... what do I roll to try to get out?

Travis: Uh, just roll a d20, and you need to do a 14 or better. Strength.

Justin: Oh, I got it. I did a 14 plus two, 16!

Travis: Yes! You break your chains!

Firbolg: Raaah!

Travis: Somewhere, Fleetwood Mac nods.

Griffin: [laughs]

Justin: [snorts]

Travis: They felt it. Fleetwood Mac is the king of a distant land, but you've only heard rumors.

Griffin: Sure.

Justin: Is this—oh my god.

Travis: Thank youuu.

Justin: Travis. Travis, I shant. I can't, and I shant.

Travis: We will, and you shall!

Justin: I... I can't. Um, is that the—is that my turn, or do I get to go again?

Travis: Uh, that's your movement, but you can still attack.

Justin: Uhh...

Travis: Is what I just decided right now without looking anything up.

Griffin: No, that tracks. Yeah.

Travis: Okay.

Justin: Okay. I'm gonna attack with my, uh, shillelagh.

Travis: Do it.

Justin: Gonna do it. 16 plus six. 22.

Travis: That does hit, yes.

Justin: Four plus... four, eight damage.

Travis: Okay.

Griffin: Can you describe it?

Travis: [sighs] He bonks him on the head real good.

Griffin: Okay, but...

Travis: And kind of stars float around as the chain devil kind of grabs his head and goes, "Bluhluhluh!"

Griffin: [laughs] Okay. In my defense, you literally told us, not a half hour ago, to be more descriptive with our actions.

Travis: You're right, you're right.

Griffin: So climb out of my fuckin' butt.

Travis: [laughs]

Clint: [laughs]

Travis: The Firbolg swings into action, swinging his shillelagh, angered about the chains that once entangled him. The blow connects, making a solid, meaty thunk, perhaps even... the cracking of skull? You see the chain devil grasp his head for a moment, disoriented and pained. He takes eight points of damage.

Griffin: You don't say the last—you don't have to say that.

Travis: Damn it! [laughs] You bonk him real good. Uh, he is going to swing one of those chains over at Argo, hiding behind, so that will be with disadvantage. That's good, 'cause that would've hit you. Uh, 12 plus eight.

Griffin: Of course that hits.

Clint: That beats my armor class.

Travis: Yes it does. Uh, you're going to take, uh, nine plus four. 13 points of damage. And you're grappled. He's pulled you from behind your hiding place, and he's also going to swing another chain, uh, back at Fitzroy this time.

Uhh... let's see, that is eight plus eight, 16.

Griffin: Yeah buddy.

Travis: And you are gonna take... uh, only eight points of damage.

Griffin: What type of damage?

Travis: Uh, it is piercing damage?

Griffin: Then I only take—

Travis: Oh, no, excuse me. Slashing damage.

Griffin: I take four points of damage, then.

Travis: Ooh!

Justin: `Cause you're raging?

Griffin: Yeah. When I'm raging, basically, I take half physical damage.

Travis: Excellent. Uh, so, Argo, you are grappled, and we are up to your turn. So you're gonna roll 2d—well, I'll do it, once again. Uh, that is only five points of damage. That could be way worse.

Clint: `Kay.

Travis: Uh, and now roll that d20 to see if you escape for a strength saving throw.

Clint: I have Disengage.

Griffin: Disengage allows you to move away from an enemy without taking an attack of opportunity.

Travis: Correct.

Clint: Okay. Well, I tell you what.

Travis: Alright. Am I about to get in trouble? Are you about to ground me?

Clint: No, no no no! Alright, tell me what I have to roll?

Travis: A d20.

Clint: A d20?

Travis: Get a 14 or better.

Clint: That's 18.

Travis: Well, yeah.

Clint: Okay. I have, as one of my actions in combat... I can grapple him!

Travis: Oh!

Clint: So I'm gonna take the chain that I picked up from downstairs... and wrap it around *his* arms!

Travis: Okay.

Clint: And grapple him!

Travis: You're gonna whip it back at him?

Clint: I'm gonna whip it back at him!

Travis: Okay.

Griffin: He's the lord of chains...

Clint: Yeah!

Griffin: He's the chain lord.

Travis: Make an attack roll plus, uh... let's see, is Argo proficient in chains? Yes, I'm going to say your life on the seas involved a lot of rope and chain work. Y'know, locking up boxes and chests and crates and whatnot. So I'm gonna say you are proficient in chains. So uh, make an attack roll, plus, uh, your proficiency bonus.

Clint: Attack roll, that is another 18.

Travis: Jeeze.

Clint: Plus two, in my proficiency bonus. That's a dirty 20.

Travis: That is a dirty 20! Okay! Uh, you... yeah, you grapple him. You wrap him up real good. Uh, he now needs to escape that in order to make an attack against you.

Clint: And would that not keep him from grappling others?

Travis: Well, yeah, I mean, he can't attack you, so he can't grapple until he breaks his hold. Um, up next is Griffin!

Griffin: Oh, good. Um... mmm... still raging. Uhh... yeah, I can't cast spells unless I click the rage off. So, are you like, behind him, holding him taut with these chains?

Clint: Who, Argo?

Griffin: Yeah.

Clint: Well, I think if he's grappling with him, he wouldn't be behind him, right? He'd have to be in front of him. He's grappling with him while he grapples with him.

Griffin: Okay. Uh, well then, I'm going to make another reckless attack, just sort of grabbing my maul by the bottom, chokin' way down on the hilt, and just doing a complete spinning attack, hoping to make contact with him. Uhh... that's a fucking one, but I have advantage. That is a 17 plus... uhh, six. 23.

Travis: That hits. Yep.

Griffin: Two... six, is eight, plus four, 12, plus two, 14!

Travis: Okay. He is looking real rough.

Griffin: Jesus, this is—lord of HP, more like!

Travis: I mean...

Justin: [laughs]

Travis: And uh, up next is the Firbolg!

Firbolg: I wish this to go no further.

Terrence: Okay?

Justin: Um, and then I cast... y'know what I'm gonna do? I'm gonna cast, um... *Frostbite*.

Travis: Okay.

Griffin: Hm.

Justin: That's a constitution saving throw.

Travis: And listen, I'm just gonna say – I've been trusting you guys to keep track of your spell slots. You've been doin' that, right?

Justin: This is a cantrip.

Travis: Okay, great. Uhh...

Justin: And yes, also.

Griffin: Yeah. D&D Beyond makes it super easy, too.

Travis: Uh, consti—that is a 12 total.

Justin: No!

Travis: Oka—whoa!

Justin: So you're gonna take 1d6 cold damage.

Travis: Okay.

Justin: But, and that's four, so not that big of a deal. But, you also have a disadvantage on the next weapon attack you make.

Travis: Oh, okay.

Griffin: Oh, neat!

Travis: Uh, cool. So you said that was how much damage?

Justin: Four. I know.

Travis: Hey, that's okay.

Justin: Just four.

Travis: Uh, so he is going to first try to break the hold. Uh, so we are going to make a contested strength check, Argo. So you roll a d20, and I'll roll a d20, and we'll see who gets the better strength score.

Clint: Okay. That's a 19 plus one.

Travis: That's pretty good.

Griffin: These rolls are fucking crazy!

Travis: He got an 18 plus four, 22. Uh, so he wins, but barely. And he pulls the chain out of your hands and breaks free.

Fitzroy: I did—I did warn you, he's the lord of chains. He's gonna be good at that.

Travis: He is going to animate chains. And the chain—any chain the devil can see, up to four chains the devil can see within 60 feet magically sprout razor-edged barbs and animate unto the devil's control...

Griffin: Whoa!

Travis: ... provided that the chains aren't being worn or carried. Uh, yeah. So, that chain, uh, let's see... uhh, that is going to attack, uh, you, uh, Argo. Turn it right back around on you. Uh, that is a 19 plus eight, 27.

Clint: [whistles] That probably hits.

Travis: Yeah.

Clint: Yes, it hits.

Travis: Um, and you are going to take... four... eight... twelve points of damage.

Clint: Okay. Uh, Argo's dead.

Travis: No.

Griffin: Not dead.

Travis: You're just at zero.

Griffin: You're unconscious.

Clint: He's at zero.

Travis: Yep.

Griffin: Wowzers! This went bad.

Travis: So, up next... well, would be Argo. So Argo, you're going to make, uh, a death save. So—

Clint: Now, do I have to when I have the healing kit?

Travis: Well, you're unconscious, so you can't use it on yourself.

Clint: Okay. What do I roll?

Travis: d20.

Clint: What do I have to get?

Griffin: Ten or better is a success. Uh, below ten is a failure. Three failures and you're dead.

Travis: And if you get a 20, you're healed.

Griffin: Yeah, you're back alive. Right.

Clint: 13.

Travis: Okay, a success.

Griffin: Yeah, you mark one success.

Travis: Up next is Fitzroy.

Griffin: Uhh... man. How many chains did he animate?

Travis: Just the one.

Griffin: Just the one?

Travis: And it's still floatin' around.

Griffin: Yeah, but I'm—I assume if we kill him, it's gonna lose its spunk, so... that's kind of my focus right now. Uhh... I am going to... does he still have chains around him? Like, visible chains?

Travis: Oh yeah, he's still swingin' chains around, y'know. He's got his own chains, and then there's that chain. It's a chain gang.

Griffin: Okay. I'm going to try and... sort of position... are—is the second floor like, overlooking the first floor? Like a...

Travis: Uh, the stairway, yeah. I mean, there's an opening that the stairway came up through, but it's not like, uh... it's not like an open—

Griffin: It's not like a terrace?

Travis: No.

Griffin: Oh, okay. Well, all my fun shit was struck down. Um... no, y'know what? I drop out of rage, as a bonus action.

Travis: [makes a descending sound effect]

Griffin: Yeah. Uh, I think that sort of takes the wind out of me, as I see Argo, uh, seemingly be killed by a razor-sharp chain. So I'm going to try and get over to him, taking an attack of opportunity, and try to get in his bag if I can.

Travis: Okay. Uh, mm, that's a nat 20. Uh, so you're going to take... ah, that wasn't so bad. That's ten—wait, 18... 18 points total.

Griffin: [laughs] I'm glad I said I drop out of rage, as uh, as I see that, because I lose my half damage ability, and uh, that's gonna take me down to, uh, two hit points! So, I dive towards Argo, take an enormous hit. Uhh, reach into his bag, grab the medicine kit, think about it real hard, about just kind of eatin' it myself, uh... but no, I'm going to uh, use it to revive Argo.

Travis: To stabilize him.

Griffin: To stabilize him.

Travis: Okay, so you don't have to make checks anymore, but uh, I believe you are still unconscious.

Griffin: How many of those potions did we get downstairs?

Travis: Just the one. The rest of them got broken somehow.

Griffin: Right, because of someone's irresponsible action. So, I don't have that potion on hand.

Travis: Correct.

Griffin: That was... okay, that's fine. I'll stick with that.

Travis: Uh, and... now it is Justin's turn. It's the Firbolg's turn.

Justin: Uh, I'm gonna cast *Ice Knife* again.

Fitzroy: Please kill him.

Justin: A level one *Ice Knife* this time. That's a, uhh... there we go... 19 plus... two.

Travis: That hits.

Justin: Thank god. And that's... seven. Seven damage.

Travis: The ice knife plunges into the chain devil's heart. He falls to his knees and says...

Terrence: Yes! You've defeated me in a worthy battle! Now... my plan is completed, and you don't need to worry about it anymore!

Fitzroy: Alright.

Terrence: You can rest easy now!

Fitzroy: Thanks Terry.

Terrence: [interrupting] My foes! And just kind of go about your business!

Fitzroy: Thanks. Thank you, Moriarty. You were a worthy adversary.

Terrence: [interrupting] Nothing else... is going to happen... so just... chill out.

Travis: And then he dies.

Fitzroy: `Kay. Well, the good news is—

Terrence: Yes—

Travis: No. [laughs]

Clint: [laughs]

Fitzroy: Well, the good news is, we are already in the hospital. Which is great. I'm just gonna roll that way ten feet, and tell everybody, all the doctors and stuff, I guess, to come on back in. We got two boys in here who are... very sick. Uh, and... yeah. I guess, uh, go share the news, Firbolg.

Travis: As you go outside to try to find some help, you are greeted by the mayor's assistant, who hands you the bags of gold that you were promised, as well as some gift certificates to Springs Eternal, uh, the tavern here in Last Hope. You get a free meal, and a free drink, and uh, a free trip to their spa. And a free bed for the night. You guys can like, crash out and rest up.

Griffin: Does anybody have like a good imp-based... pun... to kind of... like, we're not gonna match Mission: Imp Hospital.

[dramatic music plays]

Travis: I can give you one.

Griffin: Yeah, give—yeah, if you don't mind.

Travis: I think that that... that Terrence guy was an imp-poster.

Clint: Hmm...

Griffin: That's alright.

Clint: Do you have another one?

Travis: Uh, let me see... I think he behaved pretty imp-polite.

Griffin: Yeah, alright.

Clint: That's not bad. Could we stay in the imp-erial suite?

Travis: Well that's nothing. No one's ever referred to a suite as an imperial suite.

Griffin: Yeah.

Fitzroy: That demon punched me in the stomach so hard, my lower intestine imp-loded.

Travis: That's very good. Fade to credits.

Announcer: This has been a Travis McElroy experience, written by Travis McElroy. Edited by Travis McElroy. Produced by Travis McElroy. Starring, Travis McElroy. With, Clint McElroy. Guest starring, Justin McElroy. And introducing, Griffin McElroy. Catering by Doug's Pizza 'n' Stuff. No real imps were harmed in the making of this podcast. This podcast was not filmed in Georgia.

[dramatic music fades]

Travis: Uh, Fitzroy, when you enter Springs Eternal to rest up and claim your reward, you see Buckminster Eden sitting at the bar, having a drink.

Griffin: Am I planning on meeting the other two here? I mean, we goofed about like, uh, a hospital stay. I don't know how like—Argo seems like he got pretty fucked up.

Travis: You've come back here to convalesce and to heal up. They're gonna send—the hospital's still not really ready to be occupied. They have to go through and, y'know, clean up all the imp leavings. So they're gonna come back here. You assume Argo's probably already asleep somewhere, resting it off, and maybe uh, the Firbolg has gone to commune with nature. But he's not here now. It's just the two of you.

Fitzroy: Hey, Buck.

Buckminster: Oh! Hello!

Fitzroy: Did you hear the big news about the... the big, uh... imp excursion?

Buckminster: Yes, you guys cleaned out all the imps. Very good. Very good. I was hoping I'd run into you.

Fitzroy: Yep. Well, here I am. How's uh, how's tricks?

Buckminster: Well, I just wanted to tell you, uh... not to worry about the whole thing with Leon. I remember now that he told me he was going to be traveling for a while, so... abso—it's nothing. No issue. Don't worry about it.

Griffin: I'm gonna roll an insight check. Just to see... what I can see. Uh, that's a flat 17.

Travis: Um, you see—you can see that he believes it, but you can also see that his eyes seem, uh, just a little less engaged than you would expect about big news like this, and he seems fairly, uh, almost abnormally calm about it.

Griffin: Okay. I say...

Fitzroy: Oh! That's—oh, that is such excellent news, Buck. That is—I'm glad to hear it.

Griffin: And I put my hand on his back, and I wanna use my innate sort of Detect Magic. Because I think that there is something... I think, at this point, I would know that like, there is something going on with him. Because I am also pretty certain that Leon is not, uh, as he says he is.

Uh, I guess the school of magic that I would be detecting is... uhh... illusion, I guess? Like, hypnosis? Some sort of... what would that be?

Travis: Um, I think that would be under enchantment. Right? Or...

Griffin: Oh, yeah yeah yeah. That would for sure be enchantment. Yeah. I just want to see if I get any of that stink off of him, but just trying to be like, kind of discreet. As discreet as me with my glowing skin can be about it.

Travis: As Buckminster turns, uh, to order you a drink as well to celebrate your successful imp mission, you lay your hand upon his back, and you can see an aura around his head that is definitely a clear indication of enchantment.

Griffin: Okay. I take my hand back and uh, just try and tone that down before he can see what's going on.

Travis: And he turns back with your drink and hands it to you, and says...

Buckminster: To the Thundermen, and many successful missions to come!

Griffin: I... think... for the first time, maybe in my life, I'm at a loss for words, and I quietly cheers back.

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