

The Adventure Zone Balance: Petals to the Metal, Chapter Eight

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Griffin: Previously, on The Adventure Zone...

[theme music plays]

Griffin: Hurley says...

Hurley: Remember, we got 15 opponents, but all we have to do is beat Sloane.

Justin: `Kay, I cast *Levitate*...

Clint: [laughs]

Justin: ... on the bobsled.

Griffin: The car just starts flipping and spinning wildly, uh, and you see it disappear into the dust. Merle, you are pulled out of the car, and what you see almost looks like a gumball machine. And inside of the tank, you see a helpless Merle alongside a blue-spotted octopus.

Travis: And now I'd like to use my second attack to attack the tank.

Griffin: This ball shatters. So the two of you are now hanging off of the side of the gumball octopus wagon. This octopus gets two tentacles on the top of the car, and is now also hanging off the side of the car.

Announcer: This episode's a regular stunt spectacular. Don't try this at home, kids, unless you happen to live in... The Adventure Zone!

[theme music plays]

Griffin: Uh, Merle and Magnus, are you gonna get back up on top of this thing or are you gonna just spend the whole time—

Travis: [sneezes]

Griffin: —sort of skitching on your—ooh, my goodness!

Travis: I sneeze-ed!

Clint: Bless you!

Griffin: Is that—was that in character? Or did that come out of your real nose?

Travis: It was. I'm allergic to octopi.

Griffin: Well, it's good we know that now.

Travis: Well, let me ask you this, Griffin. Is the—now that the glass bubble has broken, is there like, standing room?

Griffin: Oh yeah, yeah, you can get up there.

Travis: Then yes, I would like to—

Griffin: You can full-blown Teen Wolf surf the whip on this thing. Okay, uh, yeah, just go ahead and make a strength saving throw. Merle, why don't you go ahead and make one too to see if you can hold...

Travis: Do I still have the strength of the bull?

Griffin: Yeah, you do, yeah.

Travis: Okay, good, because that was a seven. Oh, cool!

Justin: Hold on, Dad's missing something.

Clint: It's alright. Let me borrow one of your—

Griffin: Are you missing your D20? Hold on, is dad missing his D20? That's literally the only dice you need in life.

Justin: He's missing all his dice, I think. Did you not bring them?

Clint: I just had them, yeah. I'll—I'll find them. I put them down.

Travis: Look up your butt.

Clint: 18!

Justin: Whoa, that lucked him up!

Griffin: Yeah, but those were using Justin's dice. That doesn't count. Dad, did you look up your butt?

Travis: Did you look up your butt?

Clint: [yelling] Oh, there they are!

Griffin: Dad, did you look up your—there they are!

Justin: I have told you this, old man, you have a microphone. If you yell again, I'm evicting you. I'm gonna make you record this at your house.

Clint: [laughing]

Griffin: Uh, 18 will get you up and, uh, Magnus, how did you do?

Travis: 22.

Griffin: Okay, yeah, you both pull yourself on top of the wagon. The bottom of this wagon is sort of like a um... uh, sort of like a heavy, uh, like a troop carrier, almost. It's got like, these tank treads on it, uh, and it's just like a big, broad, heavy metal base of the gumball machine, but you've shattered through the gumball component.

Travis: Griffin, I would like to help the octopus up.

Griffin: Yeah, you look down and you see this sort of pathetic-looking octopus. Uh, six of its tentacles are just sort of waving behind it as it uses its suckers to hold onto the base of the tank.

Travis: I help him up.

Taako: [distantly] That's good eatin'!

Griffin: [laughs] You shout from 30 feet away in another car. Hey!

Taako: [distantly] That's good eatin'!

Griffin: Uh, okay, yeah, you reach down and you grab one of the tentacles of this blue-spotted octopus, and you pull it up, and... what are you going to do with it?

Travis: Can I throw it at the drivers?

Griffin: Uh, they're inside a sort of enclosed tank. I mean, you can, it might spook 'em.

Travis: I'm gonna do that.

Griffin: Okay, you throw it and you hear... *splort*, as it suction cups onto the front almost like a uh, one of those Garfields that people put up on their window.

Travis: Uh-huh.

Griffin: That says like, "hang in there." Uh, and it doesn't seem to have any effect. They actually turn on the windshield wipers and you see the octopus go flying off the right side of the car.

Clint: [wiper noise]

Travis: Aw, man! I feel bad, I feel like people are gonna be upset that the octopus got hurt.

Clint: He was—he was becoming a fan favorite.

Travis: Yeah.

Justin: Beloved character.

Griffin: Well, you guys didn't kill him, and that's rare.

Justin: That's—yeah, that's true.

Clint: Can we go back and kill him?

Griffin: Actually, as you see him fly off in the distance, you see one of those safety bubbles pop out of his tiny octopus harness that he was wearing. So he's—he's okay, everybody. Now, he is—he is in the desert somewhere. [laughs]

Clint: [laughs]

Griffin: And that's not like, where octopi *love* to be.

Justin: Then we see PETA is there in the stands and they go help retrieve him and they make him - whoa - the mayor of town.

Griffin: Whoa!

Justin: What a great ending for him!

Travis: We'll deal with that twist later.

Clint: [laughs]

Griffin: That is... not canonical. Okay, so the two of you are Teen Wolf-ing

on top of this uh, battlewagon. Uh, it's been literally a month since we last recorded, so I don't remember who's next in the order. Um, but we'll say it is... Taako.

Justin: Okay, um... I'm... it has been literally a month since we recorded.

Griffin: Been literally 30 calendar days.

Clint: We've traveled 6,000 miles.

Justin: I do magic, right?

Griffin: Yeah, you do magic.

Clint: Yeah, you're a magic guy.

Justin: What am I trying to achieve?

Travis: We're trying to stop this car.

Justin: Okay.

Griffin: Yeah.

Justin: But Travis is on it, right?

Griffin: Travis and Dad.

Travis: Is there like still a wire from that car to our car, too?

Griffin: Yeah, you're uh—no, there's not the claw, you cut the claw off, but you are—you have a rope, Magnus, that is attaching you, that you tied off to uh... to the—Hurley's battlewagon.

Travis: Perfect.

Justin: Free action to talk to them.

Taako: Guys, what should I do? I don't want to mess this thing up too bad if you're on it.

Magnus: No, uh, we have the rope! Just do it!

Taako: Okay, uh, that's Magnus's opinion.

Griffin: [laughs]

Taako: Unsurprising, I'd say. Not—I could've—I could've written that one myself. Merle?

Merle: [desperately] Don't hurt me! Please, don't hurt me!

Taako: Excellent. Okay, great.

Magnus: Just aim around him!

Griffin: Hurley, uh, Hurley yells, up from the front seat, uh...

Hurley: I think I can do somethin', just uh—just aim for the tires! Aim for the treads!

Taako: Okay?

Justin: Uh, I cast... [clicking noise] Umm... *Magic Missile*, on the front le—the front tire facing me, so I guess front driver.

Griffin: Okay, cool. Uh, so you don't roll an attack, you just roll damage on that.

Justin: Yeah, what's that, uhh...

Griffin: A 1d4...

Travis: A million!

Griffin: I think it's 1d4 plus one, and you do it three times?

Justin: Yeah.

Griffin: I'm guessing.

Justin: So...

Clint: That's the one with four sides.

Justin: Thanks, Dad.
[dice rolling]

Griffin: Looks like a little pyramid!

Justin: Uh, how many times? Three times, right?

Griffin: Three.

Justin: Right, okay. Four... three... four.

Griffin: Damn, son!

Travis: And then it's plus—and then it's plus two?

Griffin: Well, plus—no, I imagine you already added it to each one each time.

Justin: It was added as I went, yeah.

Travis: Oh, okay.

Griffin: So that's 11 points of damage?

Justin: Yeah.

Griffin: Uh, the three missiles fly the 30 feet span between the two wagons and uh, hit the front tire. The first two don't seem to do anything, but the third one manages to sort of uh, imbalance the tread that is running across that, uh, that wheel, uh, and you hear...

Magnus and Merle, you're sort of shaken up. Not to an extent where you're in danger of falling off the car but you definitely feel the wagon just sort of start to shudder a little bit.

Travis: I do want to use my reaction real quick.

Griffin: It goes *chunka-chunka-chunka-chunka-chunk*.

Travis: Can I use the, just like, reaction to like, grab the back of his collar? 'Cause I just realized I'm tied on and he is not.

Griffin: Uh, yeah, sure.

Travis: Okay.

Griffin: We'll retcon that. Uh, next in the order is uh, Hurley, who, uh yells to... uh, Magnus and Merle, uh...

Hurley: Get ready to jump!

Griffin: And then, uh—

Magnus: What?!

Griffin: She uh, hopes that you—

Travis: What did she say?

Griffin: She hopes that you did do—

Merle: She wants us to hump! What does that mean?

Travis: Aw, she's a dirty bird...

Clint: She is.

Hurley: Yeah I do, but that's a—that's a later thing! Just kidding.

Travis: [laughing]

Clint: Attention fan-fictioneers! [laughing]

Griffin: No. You can't. Don't. Please don't. Burn your computer. Put your computer down the garbage disposal. Um, she, uh, grabs the wheel, shifts gears again. This thing's got like 18 gears, and she keeps shiftin' `em. It's like a Huffy bike.

Uh, and she cuts the wheel hard to the right. And Taako—or uh, Merle and Magnus from on top of the gumball battle wagon, uh, you see the imposing shape of the, uh, this uh ram-horn equipped muscle car roaring at you. And uh, it is approaching very, very quickly, obviously coming in at ramming speed.

Travis: [imitating Strong Bad] Looks like I'm going to have to jump.

Griffin: [laughing] Oh my god! Dangeresque!

Travis: I am going to jump, though.

Griffin: Okay. Uh...

Travis: And I'm going to take—I'm going to take Merle with me.

Clint: But it's not your turn.

Griffin: Uh, no, this is a special... this is a special instance where I will, uh, allow it. Uh, this'll be uh, either an athletics or an acrobatics check. You can make either one.

Travis: I'm going to do athletics.

Griffin: If you do this carrying... carrying, uh, Merle, then, you're going to be at a disadvantage. Because you're jumping a distance holding another person.

Travis: I look at Merle and I'm like...

Magnus: Can you do—what's your athletics and your—

Travis: Well, I guess I wouldn't say, "How good are you at jumping?!"

Griffin: You look at him and you have a look in your eyes like, "Can you jump, dawg?"

Travis: "Yo, dawg."

Griffin: "Hey, hey. How's your ups?"

Travis: "You jump?"

Clint: Ehh, eh, well, I'm a stubby-legged little dwarf, so uh...

Griffin: Yeah, but that doesn't mean anything.

Clint: Well, I got zero dexterity...

Griffin: That's not a lot of dexterity.

Clint: Two strength...

Griffin: Hey, alright! And you have a little bubble marked in next to athletics or acrobatics?

Clint: I have a bubble marked in next to athletics, and it's plus four!

Griffin: Yeah, dawg, you're good!

Travis: You're gonna be fine. Okay, you go first then.

Justin: [laughs]

Clint: Okay! Wait a minute.

Travis: That way I can save you if you—

Clint: There's gotta be a smarter way to do this...

Griffin: You have a—you're jumping onto a car that is driving at ramming speed toward the car that you're currently standing on. You're both jumping simultaneously. You don't have time to—

Justin: Hurley is ramming you.

Clint: Okay so she's—she's ramming us.

Justin: Right.

Travis: Yeah.

Clint: And I'm jumping towards the vehicle coming towards us.

Griffin: Yeah.

Justin: Dad's doing the math on the vehicle he's intending to jump.

Clint: And I'm not tied to anything?

Griffin: If one battle wagon going 90 miles an hour, departing from Chicago...

Travis: Right, okay, I'm rolling. Let's do this!

Clint: I'll roll, I'll go! I'll go!

Griffin: Alright.

Clint: Alright.

Travis: I rolled a 19.

Clint: [wheezing]

Justin: Ho...ly... shit.

Clint: ... I rolled a one.

Griffin: ... Oh, man.

Travis: Maybe I *do* take him with me.

Justin: No no no no no no no. We're here.

Clint: No no, you go ahead. Go for it!

Travis: Well, I rolled a 19, so...

Clint: What die—of course you did. What die am I supposed to roll?

Travis: Well, I rolled a 12 plus my seven, so.

Clint: Go ahead. We'll see what happens.

Griffin: Uhh...

Clint: [laughing] So basically I just kinda hopped up in the air about six inches and came right back down.

Griffin: Yeah, you didn't really do much of anything there, huh?

Clint: Eh...

Griffin: Magnus, you effortlessly float through the air like a leaf, uh, and land on the back of the wagon and get your hand on one of those safety railings at the top of the car, uh, which is good.

Travis: All while drinking a cup of tea!

Griffin: Yeah, you—

Justin: Do I still—okay.

Griffin: Upside-down.

Justin: Okay, as I see... is he flown—

Griffin: Yeah, you know what? If everyone else gets a special round, Taako, you also get a special round here to see if you can unfuck this situation.

Justin: I need to react—I'm gonna react, though, after I see, uh, what's hap—like, is Merle in danger?

Griffin: Yes, Merle is upside—we're in slow-mo time right now. Bullet time.

Justin: Okay.

Griffin: Uh, Merle is upside-down. He jumped way too early and not very far, and he has basically jumped and is now floating in the air, uh, and it looks like he is going to land in front of Hurley's battle wagon.

Justin: I focus all my energy and wait for the fucking spell that I've been wanting to cast and have not had the opportunity to until just this moment. A bolt of light erupts from the Umbra staff, and underneath of Merle... appears... a phantom steed.

Clint: [neighs like a horse]

Griffin: What the fuck?! [laughing]

Travis: Whoa!

Griffin: What?!

Clint: [distantly] Suck it!

Justin: That's right.

Griffin: What?!

Justin: A large, quasi-real horse-like creature appears on the ground.

Travis: I'm sorry, read that description one more time?

Justin: A large, quasi-real, horse-like creature appears on the ground.

Travis: [laughing]

Justin: I decide the creature's appearance, so it looks like a beautiful unicorn. It's got a big unicorn horn and rainbow colors.

Griffin: [laughing] Holy shit.

Justin: His name is Garyl. It's like Gary and Daryl mixed together.

Griffin: [laughing] Oh my god.

Justin: I've done more character work on Garyl than I did on Taako.

Clint: [laughing]

Griffin: Holy shit...

Justin: And Garyl—like, you can hear Erasure, like, just floating through the wind.

Griffin: [laughing]

Justin: And like, Garyl appears underneath Merle, and with a whinny, a perfectly tonal whinny, that races through the octaves... [imitates a horse whinny]

Clint: [also imitating various whinnies]

Justin: Garyl appears below Merle, catching him effortlessly.

Merle: Ow!

Griffin: Yeah, Merle, you're kind of—you're flying head-first towards the ground in front of the battle wagon and this spectral unicorn appears in front of you. And you almost do like a ring around its—the rosie around its neck, uh, because you're moving at such velocity.

Justin: Oh, I forgot one thing. His mane is like, more of a mullet, but he is making it *work*.

Griffin: Okay.

Justin: That is the most amazing thing about Garyl.

Clint: Woow...

Griffin: And you get two hands full o' mullet, and Garyl—

Clint: Yeah!

Griffin: Garyl very quickly hops out of the way of this speeding vehicle.

Clint: [laughs]

Griffin: Uh, avoiding a second death, and now you are riding on the back of a spectral—this game is fucking ridiculous. You are holding onto the back of a spectral unicorn.

Clint: It's like riding Billy Ray Cyrus!

Justin: [snorts]

Travis: It's *exactly* like that.

Griffin: And you get out of the way *just* as Hurley, uh, puts one of the gigantic, silvery, chrome ram-horn on the front-right of the battle wagon into the front-left tread that Taako just disrupted.

Clint: Ohh...

Griffin: Uh, and the tread just goes flying off those—those wheels on the left side, uh, and Hurley corrects and gets to the left, sort of getting out of the way of what happens next, which is that the tank base of this gumball octopus battle wagon uh, sort of, like, starts to veer to the left, and it corrects too much to the right.

And then it just flips, basically, over its side that you busted the treads off of, and goes spinning wildly, uh, dangerously back into the dust cloud behind you where you can't see it. And you actually see Hurley like look back and go like...

Hurley: [inhales sharply] God, I hope... I hope they're okay...

Magnus: They had those bubbles.

Griffin: [makes a large explosion sound]

Travis: Oh no.

Griffin: You see a giant, giant, *giant* explosion, uh, piercing through the

dust cloud behind you. And then you hear three horns blast, uh, from the pylons on either side of the course, and Hurley goes...

[three horns blast]

Hurley: [inhales sharply again] Oooh... welp.

Magnus: We're going to prison.

Hurley: Yeah... yikes.

Clint: [laughs]

Hurley: Well, that was an accident, so uh...

Magnus: Yikes...

Hurley: Let's uh... we'll unpack that later.

Griffin: She says. Uh, okay so now you're back, uh—

Taako: Hey, if you need to hide the bodies, we have a cool spot.

Clint: [laughs]

Hurley: What do you mean?

Magnus: Nothing!

Taako: I think I misspoke.

Griffin: Uh, Merle, are you going to stay on this... How long does your unicorn last?

Justin: For an *hour*. Handle it.

Travis: [laughs]

Clint: [laughs]

Justin: And also, he has a name, and it's Garyl.

Clint: It's Garyl, okay? I don't want to get off Garyl! I feel like I'm in an Old Spice commercial!

Travis: Justin, I don't want to critique your gameplay, but why *the fuck* has it taken you 25 episodes to summon Garyl?!

Justin: Well, Garyl is a thir—first off, it had to be the right moment, and I believe that was it. Secondly, Garyl is a third-level incantation, it is very taxing on me.

Travis: [laughing] You need to take a quick nap and eat a power bar.

Griffin: [laughing] Yeah.

Justin: Yeah, I need to be re-energized and re-carbed.

Griffin: You are exorsted. Okay, um, well, I didn't... it might surprise the three of you to learn that in planning this whole race encounter, I never factored in...

Clint: Garyl.

Griffin: The fact that Taako might summon Garyl, the spectral unicorn.

Clint: [laughs] Well, I'll just ride alongside of ya like uh, almost like I'm a... a bard.

Griffin: There we are. That's fine.

Justin: Well, the problem is gonna be this, that we have to—this is probably too nitpicky for our game, but what speed are the battle wagons going at? 'Cause like—

Griffin: Approximately—approximately Garyl miles per hour.

Clint: [amused] Garyl miles an hour?

Justin: Perfect. Okay.

Griffin: I'm not—I'm not gonna—are you kidding me? I'm not gonna like, I'm not gonna ruin your fantastical visions with a thing as like, ridiculous as speed differentials. No way.

Justin: [laughing] Physics.

Travis: Also, it's a quasi-real, horse-like steed. Like...

Griffin: Yeah, it's fine.

Travis: Are we really going to get into *physics*?

Griffin: He's running very, very fast.

Travis: It's a magical unicorn horse, I don't know that math applies.

Clint: Alright.

Griffin: Uh, so you just heard three horns. You're up to 11. And remember, there is 16 wagons total including yours.

Travis: Oh, okay.

Griffin: Um, and The Raven is still ahead of you, uh, a good distance. Um, and, in fact, uh, just a few short moments after you hear that massive explosion and the three horns that followed, uh... your battle wagon emerges from this dust cloud that you have been sort of pushing through the entire race.

And you do see The Raven's winged long boat just ahead. It's about about a hundred yards ahead of you, um, kicking up a straight line of dust as it sort of hovers over the desert.

Travis: Hey, Griffin?

Griffin: Yeah?

Travis: Can I just say real quick, this is like, a *really* good D&D campaign you've made.

Griffin: Oh, thank you.

Travis: I just wanted to say. I just realized I was sitting here like, on the edge of my seat, like adrenaline-fueled like, "Alright! What—ohh, yess!"

Griffin: Thank you.

Travis: I just wanted to say thank you, and you've done a really great job.

Griffin: Well, it's you—it's you guys that make the magic in me.

Justin: Let's wait and see how it ends, though, because Lost seemed pretty good, too.

Travis: That's fair.

Griffin: [bursts into laughter]

Travis: [laughs]

Clint: [laughs]

Griffin: Um, so you see The Raven about a hundred yards ahead of you.

Clint: Are we in second place?

Griffin: Yeah, you're—it seems like you are in second place, you don't see any cars in front of The Raven. Or wagons. Not cars, cars don't exist.

Clint: Is Penelope Pitstop somewhere behind us? And Dick Dastardly?

Griffin: Yeah, she's the final—Dick Dastardly is the final boss. Um, uhh, about a mile ahead of you, and slightly off to the right, you see the sun sort of shimmering off of the skyline of Goldcliff.

Uh, which, remember, this racetrack dead ends. The finish line is basically right up flush against the cliff that Goldcliff is built around, so you know that you are getting pretty near to the finish line. And uh, Hurley yells from the front seat, uh...

Hurley: Taako, get ready, uh, on the harpoon! We're still a little bit out of range, but we're going to be able to nab her here really quick! Just stay frosty!

Griffin: She says.

Taako: Okay, yeah. Frosty indeed.

Merle: Now listen, don't forget the big red button.

Taako: Yeah.

Griffin: There's also a big red button, but that's, uh, Merle, that's in your uh... well, it was in the front seat. Somebody's going to have to lean up and hit that when the time comes.

Clint: Because now I'm on Daryl!

Justin: Garyl.

Travis: Garyl. Please!

Clint: Garyl...

Griffin: I have a second—oh my god, is there a second ghostly unicorn?

Justin: No, it's just Garyl.

Travis: No, his name is Darry.

Griffin: Can Garyl die? I just need to know the narrative stakes.

Justin: Garyl is unkillable.

Griffin: Holy shit.

Justin: Well... hold on. Let me see...

Travis: [snickering] Yeah, hold on, is that just what your heart tells you?

Justin: Uh, I mean, he's like quasi-real. Like, what would you do to him? He's spectral. Like, no.

Travis: You'd have to hit him with, um... some kind of positron beam.

Griffin: I just want the three of you to know, I'm more invested in Garyl than I am in any of your three characters, so I'm willing to make—

Travis: I'm willing to bet the audience is as well, Griffin.

Griffin: If someone is to make a brave sacrifice, I want it to be Garyl.

Travis: Right.

Griffin: Does that make sense? Because I feel like people are going to— anyway.

Travis: Steven is getting really jealous of Garyl at this point, because I

think like, it's like uh... who—who was the cute kid that they brought on Brady Bunch?

Griffin: Leonardo DiCaprio? Nope, that was Growing Pains.

Justin: Did I mention he can talk? He can also talk.

Griffin: No, no, no, I'm not doing a voice for Garyl.

Justin: No, I control Garyl. [snorts] Don't be stupid.

Griffin: You wanna voice an NPC? This is unorthodox.

Justin: He's not an NPC, he's an NPH.

Travis: [laughs]

Griffin: [laughs] He's a Neil Patrick Harris?

Clint: That's the voice!

Justin: Yeah.

Griffin: Yep. And everybody please welcome to the show, Neil Patrick Harris.

Justin: [impersonating Neil Patrick Harris] What a pleasha to be hee-yah.

Clint: [laughs]

Griffin: What is that?

Justin: [in a strange accent] It's me, Neil Patrick Harris.

Travis: He's a wizard.

Clint: [laughing]

Griffin: Okay. Um, we've put off... we've put off the story for too long. Uhm, from behind you, you hear... a bestial roar.

Travis: Klaarg.

Griffin: Uhh, no, it's actually... uh, you see, uh, push its way out of the dust cloud that you just emerged from, uh... you see a gigantic, armored boar.

Travis: [gasps]

Griffin: With two, uh, tusks that uh, seem to have been like, sort of shaved down to be these serrated, uh, blades? On the front of its face? Uh, this boar is a little bit bigger than your battle wagon. It is ginormous.

Clint: That's a big boar.

Griffin: It's a big ol' boar.

Clint: Big-ass boar.

Travis: In-character, Magnus looks back and smiles really big. He likes the idea of fighting a giant metal boar.

Griffin: Uh, well, it's not just a giant metal—it's not a metal boar, it's armored. It's not a robo-boar.

Travis: Aww, man.

Griffin: Although, shit, that would have been cool. Um, no, it's a real boar, and it's armored and it's got these sharp tusks, and it's pulling, uh, sort of like a big chariot, uh, with two riders who are also wearing boar masks. Um, and they pull-out of the dust cloud, and they're gaining speed on you coming up quick. And they're sort of behind you and to the left.

Behind you and to the right, another wagon emerges from the dust cloud. And this one is sort of perplexing. It just almost looks like the big shipping

crate that you guys were in at the beginning of the race. Like it—it just looks like a big shipping crate. A big red shipping crate, that, uh, is... if it has wheels, you can't see them. They might be underneath the shipping crate, but it is just sort of movin'—movin' along, and you don't see any holes in it, you don't see... anything. It's just like this—

Clint: Wheels?

Justin: Is it gliding?

Clint: We can't tell?

Griffin: You can't tell. It is off the ground, uh, but this shipping crate is also comin' up quick to the right side. You can't sort of—there is no discernable means of propulsion on this crate. Just a big crate, comin' up through the wasteland. Uhh...

Travis: Ditto, how long do I have to wait before I can jump on the chariot?

Griffin: Well, you have to wait until your turn.

Travis: Ugh. I hate this game.

Clint: [laughs]

Griffin: Yeah, it's a stupid game.

Travis: Stupid game with turns.

Griffin: [mumbling quietly] Uhh, okay...

Travis: So is this all the same encounter?

Griffin: Oh yeah, boy.

Travis: Oh boy.

Griffin: No sleep `til...

Travis: Phandalin.

Griffin: Uhh... okay. Uh, we're back at the top of the order. Merle, uh, and I suppose Garyl. Uh, we'll say—we'll say that you have sort of free movement, uh, with Garyl, within reason. So you are riding Garyl, you feel a tight bond with him, holding onto his mane.

Justin: Garyl turns back to you and says...

Garyl: [in a deep, gruff] What's next, little man?

Clint: Oho, I like the voice.

Griffin: Shit.

Justin: That's what Garyl sounds like.

Griffin: Okay.

Travis: Garyl's badass.

Griffin: Yeah, he's great.

Merle: Welp, seems to me that we've got... two opponents left before we make a run on Raven, right?

Garyl: Yeah, listen, here's my plan.

Travis: [dissolves into laughter]

Garyl: Listen, listen, listen.

Magnus: You're a loose cannon, Garyl!

Garyl: Listen, listen, I got a plan. Let's go eat some oatsss. Spectral oatsss!

Travis: [laughs]

Clint: New spectral oats!

Garyl: They're rich with fiber 'n shit. Naw, naw, naw, you're cool. What's up though?

Merle: Let's attack...

Garyl: Yeah.

Merle: ... the armored boar.

Garyl: Hell yeah.

Merle: And, uh, and see what we can do! What kind of damage we can do.

Garyl: Fuck that shit up, hell yeah.

Griffin: [bursts into laughter]

Garyl: You're just a little man though. You got a gun or somethin'? 'Cause I don't know.

Merle: I got better than a gun.

Garyl: Okay?

Merle: I got a .357 magnum, the most powerful handgun—

Griffin: No.

Travis: That *is* a gun!

Griffin: That's a gun.

Garyl: That's a gun.

Clint: Okay, I am going to—I'm gonna cast *Guiding Bolt*.

Garyl: Hell yeah.

Griffin: Okay.

Merle: I cast *Guiding Bolt*.

Justin: You don't have to say it in-character, I don't think.

Clint: I don't?

Justin: [laughing] No, I don't think so. I think you just do it.

Clint: Well, you were doin' characters!

Travis: You have to say it in Latin.

Justin: [laughs]

Merle: Ipso-boltus guidiness!

Justin: Yeah...

Griffin: Now that's a Harry Potter spell.

Clint: I'll tell you what I'm gonna do, though...

Justin: Okay.

Griffin: Have you changed your mind from the *Guiding Bolt*?

Clint: No, I'm gonna cast *Guiding Bolt*.

Griffin: Okay.

Clint: But I'm gonna cast it on the connection between the armored boar and the chariot. Whatever's holding it.

Griffin: Okay, it's- it's sort of a big, uh, wooden... truss? Is that the word? Travis, I heard you gasp, I just need to reiterate here...

Travis: Only trees. Only trees.

Griffin: Your axe works on trees. Not all wood.

Travis: Yep. Yep yep yep.

Griffin: It's thick. It's like, uh, like a gigantic—

Travis: Like a tree? Like a tree?

Griffin: *Log*. Not like a tree.

Clint: That's what I'm gonna do. I'm gonna—I'm gonna cast *Guiding Bolt*. I cast 2d8, right?

Griffin: Well, you have to—

Travis: You just do it?

Griffin: You're either making a ranged attack or the thing gets to make an evasion attack.

Clint: It's a ranged—it says 'ranged attack'.

Griffin: Okay, then you're going to roll a d20, and you're gonna add your spell-casting modifier to it.

Clint: And 15.

Griffin: You rolled a 15?

Clint: Yes.

Justin: Yep. So 21.

Griffin: Yeah, that's gonna be a hit on this wooden connector.

Clint: Alright, and now I roll two d8 plus two.

Griffin: Okay.

Clint: So, seven...

Justin: Nine.

Clint: Five.

Justin: Seven, 16 altogether.

Griffin: 16, alright. Yeah, you cast *Guiding Bolt*, and a shimmering arrow of light flies out of your Extreme Teen Bible. And with a *koonk*, just sort of connects with this big, thick wooden connector, between the, uh, wagon and the boar. Uh, it didn't destroy it or anything like this, but the wooden connector is now sort of glowing, because *Guiding Bolt* also has another effect on it, doesn't it?

Clint: Yes it does! It's—it, uh, before the end of the next turn, the... no, it doesn't have anything else, it just glitters.

Justin: [laughs]

Griffin: Oh, I thought it helped other people—I thought it helped other people attack...

Clint: Oh, I'm sorry. Yeah, you're right. Before the end of your next turn,

the next person has advantage thanks to the mystical dim light glittering on the target.

Griffin: Yeah.

Justin: Cool.

Griffin: Okay, yep, okay. Uh, next in the order, uh, is the crate, which is just going to accelerate and uh, uh pull up about, uh... 20 feet to the right of your battle wagon. And that is all that they are going to do. Next in the order is Merle. Uh, Merle, because I know you like jumping—

Travis: Merle just went.

Griffin: Oh, I'm sorry, Magnus. Um, because I know you like jumping, the crate is about 20 feet off to your right. It's significantly taller in stature than the wagon you're on, so jumping on that would be a tricky maneuver. The boar wagon hasn't really accelerated up to being sort of uh, adjacent to the wagon. It's still lagging behind you a ways. Have you snapped yourself back into the rails, by the way?

Travis: Uhhhh, sure.

Clint: [laughs]

Travis: I may undo that here in a moment.

Griffin: Okay, uh... alright. It's your turn. There's not really much in jumping distance, um, unless you wanted to try for the crate, which would be tricky. But otherwise, it's your turn.

Travis: Uh, you know what? I'm just going to do basic and pull out my bow and aim for one of the guys driving the uh... the boar car. Ditto, the attack that Merle did on the thing, was it like, "Oh, it cracked three quarters of the way through!"?

Griffin: No, no, it's a—it's a big, big, big chunk a wood. It's gonna be hard

to—it's gonna be hard to break off. Certainly, I guarantee you won't do it with an arrow.

Travis: Okay, uh, yeah. I'm going to—I'm going to aim an arrow at the, uh, at the—one of the drivers.

Griffin: Okay, so there's two riders. One of them has a big ol' two handed scimitar on him. Like, really big. Like, dude-sized. And the other one has a pretty imposing looking crossbow, almost like the one that Killian wields.

Travis: Ooh! And I can't jump to them yet?

Griffin: No, they're way—they're way—they're pretty far behind. They're about a—as the crow flies, they're about 40 feet away from you.

Travis: You know what? I'm gonna ready an action then, and just, like, crouch down and get ready to jump, when they get close enough.

Griffin: Do you just want to delay your turn?

Travis: Uh... Is delay my turn, is that the same as like 'when they, then I'?

Griffin: No, no, no, uh, that's ready an action. Delay your turn is, you just take yourself out of the order, and then whenever you want to get back into the order, you just say, "I wanna go now!", and then you go.

Travis: Well but I want—yeah, okay, then I'll do that.

Griffin: Okay. Uh, next in the order is the boar wagon.

Travis: I wanna go now!!

Griffin: [laughing] Well, no.

Travis: Oh no, wait, sorry, sorry. Too soon, it's too soon.

Griffin: Uh, so the uh, they do accelerate up, pretty much, uh, adjacent

with the car and unicorn. Um, the guy with the big crossbow is going to launch a shot at you, Magnus.

Travis: 'Kay.

Griffin: He rolled 23.

Travis: I mean yes... but, hold on, I can do stuff.

Griffin: Oh yeah, you have your Fletcher's Mitt.

Travis: Yeah, I do have that, but...

Griffin: But that just gives you plus one AC, I think.

Travis: Yeah. Well that's not melee attack though, is it?

Griffin: No, it's—

Travis: Nope. Okay. Okay yep, sorry.

Griffin: Oh man, I'm rolling like shit.

Travis: Yeah.

Griffin: Uh, eight points of damage.

Travis: Nice!

Griffin: Uh, big ol', big ol' crossbow bolt comes in and catches you in the shoulder, uh, for eight. The rider with the scimitar is going to ready an action.

Travis: ... Uh, well, now, hold on. [laughs]

Griffin: And the, uh, boar is going to, uh, attack the Garyl-Merle hybrid beast.

Travis: Wait, so the boar is sentient?

Griffin: Yeah! It's a boar!

Travis: But you said it wasn't a ro—oh, it's a pl—okay, I got you, it's an armored, like, mammal boar, not like an armored engine, which is what I thought you meant.

Griffin: [laughing] No!

Travis: I thought it was like a boar-shaped engine.

Griffin: This is like a case of hearing hoof prints and thinking robotic zebra. What are you talking about?

Travis: I wanted it to be a boar shaped engine, Griffin. I got very excited and it was not that, it's fine.

Clint: Oh my god...

Travis: We're dealing in a world with hamster wheels and octopi and giant thing—I don't know!

Clint: Oh, I thought it was like somebody was going to come up to you and whip out their phone and show you the pictures of their trip to Napa Valley.

Griffin: That's a pretty good joke.

Travis: That actually sounds fascinating, dad.

Clint: Yeah!

Griffin: Um, that was a 14. I'm guessing that's not going to hit you, Merle.

[pause]

Clint: Woo! Dodge!

Griffin: [laughing] Can you confirm or deny?

Clint: Oh, yeah!

Griffin: What's your AC number?

Clint: My AC number is... 20—no!

Justin: Not saying it into the mic.

Griffin: Holy shit.

Clint: 21?

Griffin: No, not possible.

Justin: Where would he—

Travis: No! Mine's only—mine's only 17!

Justin: It's 18.

Griffin: Unpossible.

Clint: 18! 18! I'm sorry.

Griffin: Okay. Uh, Justin, what's Garyl's AC?

Justin: Infinite.

Griffin: [laughing] This is—this can't be! Let's take a—let's take a break and go to the commercial break, and during that, we're going to suss out some numbers vis-à-vis Garyl.

Clint: [laughs]

[theme music plays]

[advertisements play]

[theme music plays]

Justin: In terms of like, rules, he follows, like, the—you know, in terms of like, his speed and shit like that, he is a horse, but like it doesn't say anything about, like, vulnerabilities or anything.

Clint: We are onto something.

Travis: If I may... If I may pitch something here. What if Garyl is an extension of Taako's spirit? He's the—he's the bold, cool, like calm, collected part of Taako's spirit, and so all of his resistances are the same as Taako's.

Clint: What's that called on Harry Potter?

Travis: It's his patronus.

Griffin: Yeah. [laughing]

Justin: So he's basically my patronus.

Griffin: Yeah, we'll allow that.

Clint: Well then, we have to have the classic battle. I need—I'll have to rush Garyl at the boar! We have to!

Justin: Umm...

Griffin: Uh, well, you can maybe try that on your turn. Uh...

Clint: Jurassic Park style!

Griffin: Sure. Uh, next in the—

Travis: I will be going now.

Griffin: Okay. Next in the order is Magnus. I meant to say, of course, it's Magnus.

Travis: I would like to jump onto the chariot.

Griffin: Okay. By doing this, you are leaping over Garyl. Which is gonna look pretty fucking sweet, actually, now that you think about it.

Travis: Yeah, yeah.

Clint: It's gotta be in slow-mo, too.

Griffin: All of this—this whole thing, by the way, has all been in slow-mo.

Clint: Oh wow.

Travis: Alright, so, acrobatics. No, athletics. That's what I'm good at.

Clint: And these are all real effects. I mean, none of this is CGI, guys.

Justin: Yeah, no.

Travis: No, no fireworks.

Griffin: This is all—

Clint: This is real.

Travis: I rolled a 13, plus seven is 20.

Griffin: Yep, 20 will do it. Uh, you hop onto this battlewagon. Uh, as you

land, the guy with the scimitar is gonna take a swing at you. You've activated his readied action.

Travis: I figured.

Griffin: Uh, 16?

Travis: Versus AC?

Griffin: Yeah.

Travis: That is a miss. My AC is 17.

Griffin: Okay he swings just a second too early.

Travis: I am going to use...

Griffin: He cuts—he cuts some gum off of the bottom of your shoe. That is how near the miss was.

Clint: [whistles]

Travis: I'm going to use riposte! When a creature misses you with a melee attack, you spend a superiority dice to make a melee attack against that creature. If you hit, add superiority dice which is a D6.

Griffin: Okay.

Travis: Although somebody tried to explain to me on Twitter that it is a D8. If that is correct, I apologize, I'm gonna keep rolling a D6, 'cause it's what it says in my helpful booklet I made.

Justin: Why would it say D6 plus two if it's D8—I don't understand.

Griffin: It sounds like a lie.

Justin: Yeah.

Griffin: It sounds like you were maybe lied to. Let's maybe go with the rulebook and not what the liar said.

Travis: Okay. So, melee attack... my battle-axe... uh, that's 14 plus seven, 21!

Griffin: 21 is a hit!

Travis: Great. And then I roll D—okay so the damage is D8... six plus six, 12, plus two, so 14 points of damage.

Griffin: Uh, yeah, 14 points of damage. Okay, the—you hit this guy *hard*. Uh, and you stagger him backwards. Um, and he pitches backwards and bumps into the guy with the uh... bumps into the guy that was holding the crossbow, uh, and as you sort of knock them backwards to the side of the... to the side of the wagon, uh, they actually sort of tilt the reins of this boar a little bit, and the wagon moves away from the, uh, from your battle wagon. You're about 40 feet away from them, now.

Travis: Cool. Um, so now my turn.

Griffin: Yeah, you get to do... two attacks?

Travis: Can I—Griffin...

Griffin: Yeah?

Travis: Real talk.

Griffin: Yeah?

Travis: Can I throw one of them off the chariot?

Justin: Pfft.

Griffin: If you... beat them in a strength contest.

Travis: I've got Strength of Bull, and I'm feelin' real pumped up. I've got the Red Bull coursing through my veins.

Griffin: Yeah. Fuck yeah, that's what Red Bull—by the way, this week's episode is brought to you by Red Bull. It lets you throw people.

Travis: I'm gonna throw... I'm gonna throw scimitar guy off the chariot.

Griffin: Okay. You got 'em both up sort of against the ropes, on the far side of this chariot.

Travis: That's a 16... that's a 15... plus... strength, seven, so 23.

Griffin: 'Kay. Uh, yeah. Also a hit. Or no, I'm sorry, this is a strength contest, isn't it?

Travis: Yes, I'm throwing him.

Griffin: Uh, I rolled a nineteen, which would have been good, normally, if you didn't have that *fucking* Red Bull coursing through your veins making you so powerful.

Clint: You're welcome!

Griffin: Uh, okay! Yeah, so you are going to just sort of pick him up over your head with your bull strength and... chuck him? Um...

Clint: It gives you wiiings!

Griffin: Uh, which direction are you chucking him?

Travis: I am... I am chucking him... uhh...

Griffin: This is important.

Clint: Chuck him in between. So he falls under the wheels.

Griffin: God!

Travis: No, I don't wanna kill him. I'm gonna—

Clint: Kill him!

Travis: No. I'm gonna throw him away from... the action. Okay.

Clint: Oh my... What has happened to this team?

Griffin: So like, to the left, away from your battle wagon?

Travis: Yes.

Griffin: Okay. Uh, he's gonna make a dexterity saving throw to see if he can grab the side. Ohh, he can't! He super can't. Okay! Yeah, you chuck the scimitar wielding guy, uh, off the wagon, and you hear a *bonk, bonk, bonk* as his, uh, bubble deploys. You see him fly off.

Travis: Great. My second attack...

Griffin: Oh my god... so many attacks.

Travis: Yeah, uh, and then I'm gonna use Disarming Strike, uh, against the guy with the uh...

Griffin: Crossbow?

Travis: Crossbow. Yep.

Griffin: Okay.

Travis: That's 11, plus seven, 18?

Griffin: Uh, that does *not* do it.

Travis: Really?!

Griffin: Yup.

Justin: Nice.

Griffin: I know it's—sometimes things happen, that you try something and it doesn't work.

Travis: 18 doesn't work?

Griffin: Yeah bro.

Travis: Okay fine. Fine!

Griffin: You're level six now! This is how we do!

Travis: Yeah. Alright, fine. I threw one of 'em off!

Griffin: Yeah, that was pretty cool. Uh—

Travis: And the guy with the crossbow was the one, like, with the reins, right?

Griffin: Uh, yes. Uh, so, uh, you see a... you do your second attack, and it doesn't go as great, but you can still sort of see the scimitar guy, like, bouncing around behind you, um, and he's sort of bouncing backwards towards the dust cloud you guys emerged from. And uh... you actually see him get hit by... a massive, massive battle wagon that emerges from the dust cloud.

Clint: I see.

Justin: Son of a bitch.

Griffin: It is a gigantic tank in the shape of a shark.

Travis: Oh yeah, those guys. From like a month and a half ago.

Griffin: Uh, it's got razor sharp teeth. It's got a cannon on top. Uh, it uh... it doesn't seem to have any sort of, uh, like, window to the cockpit, it seems like—

Travis: We're gonna need a bigger cart.

Griffin: —the gigantic uh, uh, shark tank is... by the way, I didn't realize that I made a shark tank, like the show? Someone pointed out on Twitter like, "Hey, great joke." And I was like, "What are you talking—oh my god! Yes!"

Travis: [laughter] It is a great joke!

Clint: Yes it is.

Griffin: Uh, shark tank, uh, you see it emerge from the dust cloud behind you, uh, and its mouth opens up, and this big uh, pointy, uh, spear with these like, sharp, like, fangs coming out of it, start spinning inside of its mouth.

Travis: Remind me – they like us, or they don't like us?

Clint: [laughs]

Griffin: Uh, next in the order is Merle. Uh, you're still next to the wagon. The boar wagon is to your left, but it got pulled away, uh, pretty far away. You got the shark tank behind you, and you got the crate to your right.

Clint: Hmm. Alright. I am going to... first, I'm going to pet Garyl affectionately.

Griffin: And that's your turn.

Travis: Plus two, plus two.

Clint: No it's not!

Justin: No, that's a free action.

Clint: That's a free action.

Travis: You get inspiration.

Garyl: I do appreciate that, thank you so much.

Merle: Yeah. You're welcome.

Clint: I am, uh, going to, uh... I'm going to cast *Spiritual Weapon*, at the, uh, one charioteer still remaining.

Griffin: 'Kay. What does that do? Just make some—

Clint: It's a floating spectral weapon. Uh, you can make a melee spell attack against a creature within five feet. I'm not within five feet.

Griffin: No, homie. You're not within eight five feet. You need to—

Justin: Where's he at?

Griffin: You can—you can definitely get over there.

Justin: Is he back on my cart?

Griffin: No.

Clint: Well, I'm on Garyl, too.

Justin: You're on Garyl.

Clint: Can Garyl make a move towards him so I can get in striking distance?

Griffin: Yeah, for sure.

Garyl: Yeah, it's no problem.

Griffin: I'm counting Garyl's movement as your—your movement.

Merle: Garyl, get me there.

Garyl: Absolutely, you got a range of a hundred feet, homie, that's no problem.

Griffin: Holy shit, that's insane range.

Garyl: I'm a hooorse!

Griffin: Okay. Uh, so, the horse, Garyl, uh... is it a horse or a unicorn? `Cause we keep interchanging.

Clint: Unicorn! He's a unicorn.

Garyl: Um, I look like a unicorn.

Clint: But it's just a glandular condition.

Garyl: It's a spectral—I mean, I have no—I'm whatever Taako wants me to be. Whatever he wants me to look like. Look-look at him right now.

Griffin: Okay. Wow.

Justin: And Taako flicks his wrist, and Garyl has a second horn all of a sudden.

Clint: Holy shit.

Garyl: Check that shit out.

Griffin: So we actually—okay, we have a word for one of those, actually. That's a deer.

Garyl: Naw, naw, naw, naw naw naw naw. Deer don't have—

Clint: He's got one of them on his nose like a rhino, and one on his head like a unicorn.

Travis: He's a binacorn.

Garyl: I'm a binacorn, I got two rainbow colored horns coming off of me, and it's amaziing.

Griffin: Hell yeah.

Clint: [Singing] Gaaaryl, the binacorn.

Griffin: Alright, Garyl the Binacorn runs you, uh, Merle, over, uh, adjacent to the boar wagon. The two of you are over there.

Clint: And I cast *Spiritual Weapon*.

Griffin: Okay.

Clint: So it's...

Travis: So like, the power of prayer?

Clint: So that's 18. So if it's a melee attack, I add strength to it, right? So I add two to that, so that's 20.

Travis: Nice.

Griffin: Okay. Yeah. That's gonna be a hit.

Justin: Nice.

Travis: And good math.

Clint: Thanks, for a change.

Griffin: What is your spirit weapon—what does your spirit weapon look like?

Clint: It looks like a big tennis racket with a waffle iron on the front of it.

Justin: Niiice.

Griffin: What does that even... Okay.

Travis: Wait, what? [laughs] Hold on.

Griffin: Hold on. It could've been—it could've been anything, And what he did was like, the craziest homemade home defense implement I've ever heard of.

Clint: It's very Kevin—

Travis: It falls on Joe Pesci's head.

Clint: Home Alone, it's absolutely Home Alone.

Griffin: [laughs]

Clint: And it's real hot, so it's gonna leave an impression on his face.

Griffin: Yeah, it looks like Buzz's tarantula.

Clint: Alright. So, I roll a d8.

Justin: Ohhh.

Clint: Two d8—

Griffin: Oh shit.

Clint: —plus two, so it's two times... so that's—

Griffin: Eight.

Clint: Plus two, so that's twenty.

Travis: Yeah.

Griffin: 20 points of damage?!

Clint: Do 20 points of damage with my waffle iron.

Griffin: Uh, yeah, he, uh... you conk him down on the head, and he, uh, goes completely unconscious and falls backwards off the wagon, and you see his bubble deploy. Bonk bonk bonk.

Clint: And the side of his head looks like Archie, right?

Griffin: Yeah. Uh, as he, uh, falls off the wagon—

Travis: Can I grab the reins, or is it—

Griffin: The, uh—it's not your turn. The boar—

Travis: Oh no.

Griffin: —actually seems enraged that you have conquered its two riders. Uh, and he lets out another bestial roar. But it's not his turn. It is in fact...

Clint: Eat that shit, boar.

Justin: I feel like I haven't taken a turn since the last time the crate moved.

Griffin: Uh, did I skip you, Taako?

Justin: I think you skipped me, my dude.

Griffin: I'm sorry. Yeah, you should've gone before—

Clint: I took two turns.

Griffin: You should've gone before Merle.

Justin: That's alright.

Griffin: Uh, Taako, it is your turn.

Justin: I have no idea what to do.

Griffin: Uh, we'll—we'll drop you in now. The boar is fuckin' super angry.

Justin: Okay.

Griffin: You got the shark tank behind you, spinning up something nasty. And you got the crate to your right.

Clint: [sings Jaws music]

Justin: I mean I like, I guess I should... oh man.

Travis: The crate seems, though mysterious, rather nonthreatening.

Justin: Yeah, the crate's just gonna—I'm not gonna attack the crate.

Travis: Crate's just chillin' for all we know.

Clint: [still singing Jaws music]

Travis: It could be full of, like, stuffed animals.

Justin: Yeah, I was thinking about, um... okay. Dad's Jaws music is making it hard to think.

Clint: Bum bum—

Justin: Stop it.

Clint: ... bum bum.

Travis: Nope.

Clint: Bum.

Justin: Uhh...

Griffin: [laughs]

Travis: Hit him. That's the only way he'll learn, squirt him with the spray bottle.

Clint: [continues singing, but Star Wars instead]

Griffin: This is—you're costing us thousands of—tens of thousands of millions of dollars.

Justin: Tens of thousands of dollars. Uh... yeah, y'know, I think I'm gonna cast... I'm just gonna cast *Fireball* on the boar. I don't know.

Griffin: Yeah, that seems probably pretty good.

Justin: Yeah, seems like a good thing to do. Yeah, I'm just gonna cast *Fireball* on the boar, 'cause I—this shark is serious, but I think we're closer to being able to deal with this boar situation.

Clint: Is the—is the shark right behind the boar?

Griffin: Oh, nah, you're way—it's pretty far back. It literally—it just came outta that dust cloud that you emerged from like 30 seconds ago, so.

Justin: So you have to make a—the boar has to make a dexterity saving throw.

Griffin: Oh my god. Welp, let me do my trick!

Clint: With those hooves?

Griffin: How much dexterity modifier he gets. That's a two. That's a fun—fun tip for you at home DMs, just roll a d4! And use whatever number! It's a quick 'lil shortcut. Uh, 13.

Justin: Okay. So now I roll a d20?

Griffin: Naw, you gotta—it's your, spellcasting modifier.

Clint: [whispering] This happens to me all the time.

Griffin: What's your intellect? What's your intelligence? What's your intelligence?

Justin: My intelligence is, uh, 17.

Clint: Off the chart.

Justin: And it's a bonus of three.

Griffin: Okay. Plus three, okay. Plus three, and you're proficient in spellcasting so that's plus two?

Justin: Plus—I have a plus three proficiency bonus.

Griffin: Okay, so that's six, and then you have the plus one from the Umbrastaff, so it's actually plus seven, so 15, is your... to dodge.

Justin: Okay.

Griffin: Seven plus eight.

Justin: Yeah.

Griffin: Okay, so, ah, that does not... I did not save. You Fireballed this boar.

Justin: Okay. Hold on—hold on to your butt, boar.

Travis: What does the boar have to roll to hold onto its butt?

Griffin: —and also, Magnus, hold onto your butt, since you are...

Travis: Aww.

Griffin: You're sort of—your fate is kinda bound to this boar a little bit.

Travis: Snap.

Clint: Uh, I'm riding along next to him on Garyl.

Griffin: Oh yeah, that's a good point.

Taako: Hey! Who wants bacon?

Clint: [laughs]

Griffin: I couldn't—I sort of thought that's what you were doing, taking a long time, but...

Justin: Yeah, it's no problem.

Travis: Griffin, will you edit out the five minutes of silence while Justin came up with that line?

Griffin: Yeah, sure.

Clint: [laughs]

Justin: Uh, I do 33 points of damage.

Griffin: Fuck me running!

Travis: Whoa!

Justin: Yeah, it's 8d6, homie.

Travis: The boar's kids felt that.

Justin: Yeah.

Griffin: Yeah, you, uh, you set this boar on fire. Uh, this boar is now, uh... it's not on fire. It's on fire for, like, a brief moment, but it is definitely struggling. Uh, it seems very angry, its armor is like, super-heated, and you hear it sort of sizzling, and there is, actually, kinda a nice smell in the air.

Clint: Oh, wow, yeah.

Justin: That's good eatin'.

Clint: Pig roast! Put an apple in its mouth!

Griffin: Uh, but yeah. He seems like he's, uh... like a stiff wind could knock this boar over. Uh, next in the order though—

Travis: Is the stiff wind.

Griffin: —is the stiff wind. [whistles] The boar falls over dead. No, uh, next in the order is, uh... the crate! And the crate...

Travis: Waves at you.

Griffin: Actually, falls apart. The walls of the crate and roof of the crate sort of just fall off the sides off the wagon, and it is basically just like a big flat bed, uhh, with a, uh, a small component in the front, or a small compartment in the front, uh, where somebody is controlling the wagon.

And on it are, uh, three, uh, humanoids of different races, and they're all wearing cricket masks. And two of them have some gnarly looking handaxes and big poles, and, uh, those two are actually going to sort of use those poles to sort of vault over onto, uh, your battlewagon.

One of them crits. That was a good jump. Uh, and the other one gets a 19, so they both make it onto the battlewagon. One of them lands sort of on the hood, and one of them sort of launches and uh, lands on the side of the car. It's like, holding onto the windows on the right side of the car.

The third one, uh... doesn't seem to have any sort of perceivable weapons. Instead, they have a glowing, purple orb. Uh, and uh, this cricket person holds up this orb that starts pulsating with this light, uh, and points a finger at you, Taako, in the back of the car. And you're gonna need to make a wisdom saving throw.

Justin: Okay. That is a... three.

Travis: [snorts]

Griffin: Yeah. That's...

Travis: Another success!

Griffin: And that does it, yeah. Congratulations. Yeah, it was a two.

Justin: Great.

Griffin: You needed to beat a two, so you—

Justin: Oh, great.

Griffin: No, actually, that is very insufficient. Taako, you have been dominated.

Justin: Nooo.

Griffin: By this cricket person. And you, uh, don't have any control over your body right now.

Justin: Okay.

Griffin: Um, this cricket person does. You actually hear the sound of crickets in your head. And you, uh... but you have no control over your body. You uh, hoist yourself up out of the gunner chamber, where you were standing, and you... unsnap your safety harness.

Justin: Sweet.

Griffin: And you throw it off the side of the car.

Justin: Okay, great.

Griffin: And—

Travis: The safety harness is the thing that bubbles when you fall off, right?

Griffin: Uh-huh.

Travis: Cool.

Griffin: And then, you run... and take a diving leap off the back of the car.

Travis: Gary!!!

Clint: That sounds like two actions.

Griffin: Uh, it's technically all movement. He moved less than 30 feet. Uh, so you take off your safety harness, and you just chuck yourself off of the back of the wagon. Um, and you uh—you get a good leap. You're sort of flying backwards.

Um, and uh, just as you hear Hurley shout...

Hurley: No!!

Griffin: And she looks behind her, uh... you hear something. You hear, uh... [makes a vehicle 'vroom' noise] Uh, and from behind the shark tank, you see a stream of dust come up on you as you're flying through the air; again, in bullet time. Again, in slow motion. Uh... and you're snatched out of the air like a foul ball by a gigantic, furry hand.

Travis: [gasps]

Griffin: And placed down into the side car of a motorcycle.

Clint: [laughs]

Griffin: And driving that motorcycle, you see Klaarg the Bugbear.

Justin: Hell yes!

Travis: My boy!

Griffin: Who looks at you and says, uh...

Klaarg: [in a dignified voice] Wow, that was a close one, wasn't it?

[theme music plays]

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