

The Adventure Zone: Graduation – Ep. 34, The Ins and Outs of Contract Management

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Gary: Heyyy, it's me, Gary! Previously, on The Adventure Zone: Graduation...

[theme music plays]

Gary: The Thundermen are deep in the bowels of the Heroic Oversight Guild HQ. See, it all started when they enrolled at Hieronymous Wigenstaff's School for Heroism and Villainy. Turns out, Hieronymous had been replaced by his arch nemesis, Gray the Demon Prince. Hieronymous had been turned into a dog by his brother, Higglemas. Gray wanted war, and he was being backed by the embodiments of Order and Chaos.

Secretly, though, Order and Chaos' plan was for the Thundermen to win said war and launch Nua into a new age of chaos and growth. The only problem was that that war would result in the deaths of countless innocent people.

Now, The Thundermen hope to avoid the war by causing enough controlled chaos. Their first step is simple: completely undermine the current system by destroying every piece of essential paperwork they can get their hands on.

[theme music plays]

Travis: You're facing off against Milo and Bradford. We have the Firbolg, and we have Argo, squaring off against the two security guards as you, Fitzroy, are being launched up towards the stalag... tites?

Griffin: Yep, got it.

Travis: Um, and upstairs, on the first floor, is Linen, lost in his own world, doodling. He's doing that thing where like, you draw a heart, and you turn it into a puppy face.

Griffin: Witchcraft!!

Travis: Yep. It's absolutely witchcraft.

Clint: Sorcery.

Travis: He's making cootie catchers up there. On the first floor, we've got the setup for The Commodore's big promotion day, and the action resumes.

Fitzroy: Ahh! Splat! Ugh!

Travis: Uh, well, that ends Fitzroy. First thing's first – you, Argo, and you, Firbolg, roll initiative.

Griffin: Should I do that, too, just to get up in it?

Travis: Yeah, sure.

Griffin: Okay. I got a two. Plus two, four.

Travis: Okay.

Clint: I got a 20...

Travis: Why are you sad? Hey, Dad?

Clint: Because people are doubting my rolls, I'm afraid! [laughing]

Justin: 16 plus—

Travis: Yeah, it doesn't feel good, does it?

Justin: 16 plus—

Travis: I've been there, buddy. Don't you worry.

Justin: Everyone listen to me.

Travis: Okay.

Justin: 16 plus two.

Travis: Okay. So it's gonna go—

Griffin: Yo, can I see Justin's rolls? Did you see my roll when I just rolled?

Justin: No?

Clint: Is that possible?

Griffin: I think—sorry, this is not for the podcast, but I'm gonna roll a dice...

Justin: Okay.

Griffin: Did you just see that pop up?

Justin: Yeah.

Clint: Yeah. Sir Fitzroy Thundermen Maplecourt rolled a custom 15.

Justin: Rolled a 15.

Griffin: That's awesome! God, that's so fuckin' good!

Justin: Oh, we gotta pay attention to that now.

Griffin: That changes everything, man!

Justin: We'll be able to clock each other's' shit.

Travis: In D&D Beyond?

Clint: How did you do that?

Griffin: Yeah. I just—I just—

Justin: If you're logged into D&D Beyond, Argo Keene rolled an eight.

Griffin: Just rolled an eight.

Clint: Wow! That's awesome!

Travis: Now I gotta log into D&D Beyond, I guess.

Griffin: I've been waiting for them to—this is so great. We should—we should definitely use this and keep each other honest with it. This is huge.

Justin: This is—alright, everybody. You're hearing it live, here, on your number—

Griffin: We can no longer cheat.

Justin: There's no cheating allowed. Not that I've ever cheated.

Travis: I don't like that.

Clint: No, I've never cheated.

Griffin: Well, you can still cheat, Trav.

Justin: Unless it's better for the story.

Travis: Oh, okay, good. I looove cheatin'. Mmm!

Griffin: And we can react to each other's shitty rolls, which is the most fun part of Dungeons & Dragons.

Clint: As long as somebody announces them.

Travis: Uh, so, up first is Dad! What do you do, Dad?

Clint: Uh, so, I'm still in the headlock, right?

Travis: Uhh, no. I mean—

Justin: No, I've still got him in the headlock. Right? I mean, they don't buy it, right?

Travis: They don't buy it. They've removed—

Griffin: Hence the initiative.

Justin: Alright.

Travis: And they've drawn their weapons.

Justin: Um... okay. No, I don't have him in a headlock. As a free action, I've released my dad's headlock.

Travis: Okay. Dad, you're up.

Clint: Okay. So tell me about... who are we facing? Milo and Bradford?

Travis: Milo and Bradford. They—Milo is married. He has 16 kids.

Clint: Okay. Does he like long walks on the beach?

Travis: He fuckin' hates it. He loves short walks on the mountains.

Griffin: Does he like a knife? In his fuckin' chest?

Travis: He likes—he likes making love at 9:30PM sharp. And being in bed by 9:45.

Griffin: Atta boy.

Clint: I'm gonna pull out my belaying pin and hit, uh, Milo over the head with it.

Travis: You will try.

Clint: Yes, I will try.

Griffin: And we will see what number appears on the dice when you roll it.

Clint: Alright. Let me do... okay. So...

Justin: Oh, this is gonna be big.

Griffin: The big moment for us.

Clint: What kind of roll is this?

Travis: An attack roll.

Clint: Attack roll.

Travis: 'Cause you're attacking him.

Clint: Alright, so that's a 20? Right? D20?

Travis: Yeah.

Clint: Alright. I rolled it. Oh! [laughs]

Griffin: That is a fucking one!

Clint: [laughing]

Justin: That's a one. Now that we're watching.

Griffin: Our first public, visible roll is a crit fail.

Travis: Uh, okay. No, yeah, you totally blow it. And in fact, uh, I'm gonna say, you blow it so bad, he gets an attack of opportunity. You stumble with the belaying pin.

Clint: I'd say I probably hit myself with the belaying pin.

Travis: Oh my god. Okay, but then, you see, Milo rolled a one, too.
[laughs]

Clint: No! [laughing]

Griffin: What's going on? Everybody's just so concerned about me falling up to my death.

Travis: Yes. Uh, okay, so up next is Justin.

Justin: Um... I am going to... attack the one on the left.

Travis: That's Bradford.

Justin: Bradford. [blows raspberry]

Travis: Bradford was the pleasant one.

Justin: Oh. Well, then, the one on the right. The nasty one. I guess.

Clint: [laughs]

Travis: You're gonna—

Justin: I mean, I guess we'll have to fight them both.

Travis: Hey, listen. You can attack the pleasant one, too. Just remember, they're named after listeners, so keep that in mind as you, uh, eviscerate them.

Justin: Um... Y'know what I'm gonna try?

Travis: What's that?

Justin: I'm gonna try... yes. I am going to cast a third-level *Hold Person*.

Travis: Oh boy!

Justin: Which lets me do two, uh, two targets. And you gotta do a wisdom saving throw.

Travis: Yeah. That's a fail. Uh... mm, yep. A three and a six.

Justin: Yeah, both failures.

Travis: Both failures. Okay! [grunts]

Justin: Um, you're paralyzed for... a minute.

Travis: Uh, so let me go ahead and make saving throws for them to see if either one of them freed themse—

Justin: You just got to try your saving throw.

Travis: At the end of their turns.

Justin: Okay, got it. Yes.

Travis: Yeah. 'Cause they're up before Fitzroy. Uh, nope. And nope! Okay! An eight and a five. Those don't save. Okay, Griffin, you're up.

Griffin: Okay. Uh... I'm gonna—I mean, I was looking in my bag for a parachute. I don't even—would that even work? If I'm falling—if I'm falling upward—

Travis: How fast are you mov—you're falling at general falling speed, right? I don't think you've had time to achieve terminal velocity if you're only falling like, 40 feet.

Griffin: I think you can hit terminal velocity in 40 feet, for sure. Anyway, this is nothing to anyone. My spells... are not good. So I'm not really crazy about relying on those right now. But how—we haven't really talked about my rage. [laughs] Whether or not that is a thing that I have... access to, in my sort of... I mean, I got those powers from Chaos, too, huh?

Travis: Well, you tell me, Griffin. Because the thing is, is like, the rage maybe activated magic. But that doesn't mean that the reverse is true.

Griffin: Hm. We'll just do what we've been doing for spells. I'll roll for it. 'Cause I think rage is the only thing that's gonna keep me from really beefing it, here. So I'm gonna roll a d20. Hey, okay! That there's a 15.

Uh, okay. I haven't raged out in a while, so I think that it probably feels pretty weird. Um... and maybe it's not—maybe it's not the same exact brand of rage that I've been, uh, getting before I got sort of cut off from Chaos. But you hear me sort of scream in a new and exciting way as I fall upwards to my death, and I want to try to just land... neatly? Like, between some spikes?

Travis: Okay, yeah. So here's what we see, right? We see, uh—we see Fitzroy hurdling towards the spiked ceiling. He's looking straight up as the spikes are growing larger. We see them from his perspective, right? So like, if this was a 3D movie, people in the crowd would definitely be like, leaning backwards and raising their hands, right?

And as we see this, we cut back to a close shot of Fitzroy's eyes, and they start to crackle with lightning. And when it cuts back to him, he's screaming,

and we see that he has raged out as like, lightning is surrounding his hands. And he's holding onto two of the stalactites, like, holding himself from crashing into a third that is like, right in front of his face. So basically, he's gripping the stalactites in each hand and pushing himself away from the stalactite at his face.

What do you do now?

Griffin: Am I not rolling for that?

Travis: You did. You just raged out. Yeah, give me a strength roll with advantage.

Griffin: Okay. Uh, that's a crit fail. And that's an, uh... eight plus four, 12.

Travis: Um, yeah. So, you start to move forward. You are able to move your head. You catch the stalactite point in the shoulder.

Griffin: Okay.

Travis: And you take... doo doo doo... you take—it's not much. Six damage. Uh, it's piercing damage. Are you strong against that when you're raging out?

Griffin: Oh yeah, you're right! So that's only three.

Travis: Yeah, so only three points of damage. Um, but you are able to kind of spin around so that your feet are resting on a flat portion.

Griffin: Yeah. Y'know what else I need to do... is I need to roll a d8 to see what random effect I activate with my Wild Surge.

Travis: Oh, absolutely.

Griffin: Been a minute. Been a minute. We're remembering, though. That's a one. On a one, "Necrotic energy bursts from you. Each creature within 30

feet of you takes 1d10 necrotic damage, and you gain temporary hit points equal to the sum of the necrotic damage dealt to the creatures." Um, well...

[music plays]

Travis: Roll that d10 for me.

Griffin: Yeah, the boys on the ground, though, aren't within 30 feet of me.

Travis: No. Roll that d10 for me.

Griffin: Okay... that's a—whoa, it landed on the corner of the webpage. It didn't finish. Let me try again. I didn't know that could happen. That's a nine.

Travis: Um, so, where you—

Justin: That's a nine!

Travis: That's a nine.

Justin: I don't know if you need that every time.

Griffin: Yeah.

Travis: Where you have landed, um, as this like, energy crackles from you... and it's different. It's a different lightning than what you used to cast. It's golden, much like Snippers is now. And out from where your feet are standing, there begins a slow, spreading circle as the moss begins to gray and blacken, as this wave spreads out.

Griffin: Ohh, I guess moss is alive.

Travis: Yeah.

Griffin: Okay. What does that mean for me, temp hit point wise? How many mosses did I hit for nine points of damage? [laughs]

Travis: Uh, just the one moss.

Griffin: Just the one—one moss.

Travis: It's one organism. Uh, that's what I'm going with.

Griffin: Cool.

Travis: And please, nobody tweet at me. It's magic moss, and frankly, I don't care.

Justin: [laughs]

Clint: [in a nasally voice] Well, technically, you did say it lichen, which is not exactly—

Travis: It's all the same! It's a magic world of my creation! In this world, lichen and moss are the same thing.

Justin: [laughs]

Griffin: Is that not—

Justin: Also, hot dogs are rectangles.

Travis: Yeah. You don't know. And there's Kraft macaroni and cheese. Alright.

Uh, so now, you're standing there. You haven't like, killed all the moss. Let me be clear. But there is like, about a... let's say, uh, ten foot diameter circle around you that is now blackened and dead.

Griffin: Cool. Okay.

[heist music plays]

Travis: Now we hop back over to where the, uh, battle betwixt Justin and Dad and the guards is happening. Um, roll a stealth check for me, fellas.

Clint: Uh, I rolled a 16 plus 13. That's 29.

Travis: Yeah, it's kind of hard for you to fuck that up, huh? Uh, and I'm talking about Griffin and Justin, too.

Griffin: Oh, all of us?

Justin: That's gonna be a three...

Travis: Hoo boy.

Justin: Plus... well, two.

Travis: Fitzroy?

Griffin: Ten plus two, 12.

Travis: Uh, so, when you land, Fitzroy, and that like, wave of necrotic energy stretches out, and your hands are crackling... this successfully gets Linen's attention.

Griffin: Ha, yeah, I'm fuckin' eye level with Linen right now. Like, "Heyyy!"

Travis: Yeah, basically, Linen turns and like, your eyes have met at equal level. You're upside down, or he is, however you want to look at it. But you basically make eye contact, and... yeah, he—

Fitzroy: It's still me, Chud-Chud! It's—there's a, uh, weird... gravity... well in here, and I'm hittin' really nauseous, and...

Travis: He looks down, and he can see through the glass all the way down, uh, the two, Milo and Bradford, also like... stopped.

Fitzroy: They fell asleep.

Travis: And he takes off down the ramp. He had a decision point to make, and he decided, instead of going up and getting help, he's gonna run down and help his buddies.

Griffin: Okay. Good decision making, as always.

Travis: Um, and... he, uh, is chugging down to the bottom of the ramp, and uh, Dad, it is Argo's turn.

Clint: Argo's gonna steal the weapons off Milo and Bradford.

Travis: Isn't it hard not to say Milo and Otis?

Clint: [snorts]

Travis: It's getting—it's tripping me up really badly, and it's my own fault.

Clint: Could that be Bradford's first name?

Travis: His name is...

Clint: Brad Ford?

Travis: Yeah. Yeah. His name is Otis Bradford.

Clint: I'm gonna—and what weapons do they have?

Travis: Um, do an investigation check for me. You are going to, as quick as you can, try to find all the weapons on their bodies, I guess.

Clint: Alright. That is a four plus three. That's a seven.

Travis: Um, you are able to find their obvious weapons like batons. Stun batons, magical stun batons on their hips. But you don't know if they have any other concealed weapons, anything else. You're up, Firbolg.

Justin: Okay, let's lay it out. What's the situation?

Travis: So... Milo and Bradford are still held fast. Dad has just removed their obvious weapons.

Justin: Okay.

Travis: Fitzroy is standing upside down on the ceiling. He's dancing on the ceiling. Um, and Linen, the other security guard, is hoofin' it down the ramps. They're at about the second level at this point. Oh, and Kai, the Aarakocra, they are just like... wandering around, completely in a daze.

Griffin: Oh yeah, I forgot about Kai. Yeah.

Justin: Is—does Fitzroy seem to be in like, danger right now?

Travis: No, Fitzroy has landed safely.

Justin: Okay. Um... can I just like, sit on my turn? Can I pass? [laughs] Is that a thing?

Travis: Do you want to like, uh... yeah, you can delay an action.

Justin: I mean, like, I just don't know right now, like... it seems like we're doing okay.

Travis: Yeah, if you want to delay, or if you want to, uh...

Justin: Yeah, I'm gonna delay. I'm gonna delay.

Travis: Okay.

Justin: I want to be ready, and—how about this?

Travis: You're gonna ready an action?

Justin: I wanna delay `til—I wanna delay the action `til after their next turn, so in case they are, um... in case they wake up, I can get an opportunity.

Griffin: A good bonk goin'.

Justin: A good bonk.

Travis: Okay, so you're gonna ready an action that, if they free themselves from the *Hold Person*, if they break your concentration, you are going to attack.

Justin: Ha! I got it! Fuck these guys! Uh, uh, uh... I am going to...

[music plays]

Justin: What are they wearing?

Travis: Guard uniforms?

Justin: Okay. I'm gonna glue their boots together.

Travis: Oh!

Griffin: Nice!

Clint: [laughs]

Griffin: Some real Judge Reinhold shit.

Clint: [laughing]

Justin: [laughs] Yeah! Finally, finally getting deep into pranks!

Travis: Uh, so, roll to see how well the glue sticks.

Justin: God, if it's glued forever and these guys have to buy new boots, I'm gonna feel pretty bad about it.

Travis: They're—don't worry, they're company issued.

Justin: Y'know what, I almost did their faces, and then I remembered it can hold forever, and it's like, I don't actually need that. Although, I guess the skin cells would slough off eventually. Uh, sorry. I need to roll a... what is it, d6 for that?

Travis: I'm pulling it up right now.

Justin: Uh, I rolled a d22. I didn't need to do that. That's a one.

Travis: Uh, it falls apart immediately.

Justin: Hey, good try. Good glue. Good friends. No harm done.

Travis: Well, these are special magic boots. They're company-issued to avoid glue traps.

Justin: It makes perfect sense, actually. Yeah.

Travis: Yeah.

Justin: Yeah, that makes perfect sense. Ignore me. [whispers] Idiot.

Griffin: [laughs]

Justin: [whispering] Stupid.

Travis: Um, okay. Up next are Milo and Bradford. Ooh, nope! Okay. Uh, that is a 15 plus two, a 17. Does that beat your...

Justin: Yeah, beats me. I'm 16.

Travis: Okay. So Bradford is free of the *Hold Person* spell. Um, and he is—

Justin: [laughing] And he wakes up to see me on my hands and knees, putting bad glue on his feet. That must be very disconcerting.

Travis: And he says...

Bradford: Well, hey now! Um...

Travis: And he is going to, uh, just take a swing at you. Like a punch.

Justin: Oh.

Travis: Uh, let's see. That is a 14, uh... 17 versus AC?

Justin: Uh yeah, that's gonna hit. Hit ya boy.

Travis: And... six points of damage.

Justin: Aalright. Oof.

Travis: Yeah, he clocks you in the kisser. Uh, up next is... Fitzroy!

Griffin: Uh, I don't know. I feel like if I'm already raging, I might just... go melee mode, and smash some stalactites. But the ones that are not immediately over—over people's heads.

Travis: They're out in the hallway. I mean, yeah. So you're avoiding Kai, basically. You're not gonna kill Kai.

Griffin: Right.

Travis: Kai is over like, walking into a wall repeatedly. So they're over on the like, edge of the room.

Griffin: Okay.

Travis: So yeah, you can—you can pretty safely, uh, clobber some stalactites with your maul.

Griffin: Yeah, I pull out the big maul, and I do just like, a whirlwind smash into a big one. Uh, that is a 19.

Travis: Versus the stalactite's AC.

Griffin: Well, it's a rock. I imagine it's got decent AC.

Travis: Yes. So, that hits. Make a, uh... rather than rolling damage, roll a strength check for me.

Griffin: 'Kay. That's a crit!

Travis: Oh, shit! Um...

Justin: Oh, crit!

Travis: Oh, crit! So, uh, you clobber a group of the stalactites with your maul. And you hit at a pretty perfect angle. And uh, a group of them, about four fall, and the biggest one lands point-down on top of one of these cabinets down at the bottom. And the whole thing just splits wide open. And when it does so, that compression spell, the like, bag of holding-esque spell that was on it breaks, and there is just an absolute explosion of paperwork. Like, countless sheets of paper explode into the room, cover the floor in like, a foot deep mess.

Griffin: Uh, huh. Seeing that... gives Fitzroy an idea. And... can I still take a move action?

Travis: Yes you can.

Griffin: Can the move action be... I kick off the boot that has the upside down rock in it?

Travis: Uh, yeah. You take off your boot, and you begin to fall. And we're going to—

Griffin: I shrug. I'm still ragin'. It won't hurt that bad.

Travis: And we move over to Argonaut. So Linen is coming down the ramp, and they are like, there now.

Clint: Okay. I reach in and throw a handful of my ball bearings that I use for my slingshot at Linen's feet. On a ramp, right?

Travis: Yeah. Yeah, no, it's an excellent point. Let me see. Oh, okay. Uh, you do that, and Linen just takes it in stride. And what you did not know is that Linen, uh, in his free time, is a professional rollerblader.

Clint: Oh, come on!

Travis: Dad, listen, I rolled an 18. I don't know what to tell you.

Griffin: You had to know that. Do your fuckin' research, man. You gotta do the pre-plan before you do the heist.

Travis: Come on. I don't know what to tell you, Dad. The die told me that he was a professional—I rolled 'professional rollerblader.' And he just slides with it.

Clint: Okay.

Travis: Now, that was an action, but you could take a move or a bonus action.

Clint: I don't know what that would be. Um... I guess, um... jumps out of the way.

Travis: Okay. Um, and so, up next is the Firbolg.

Justin: I'm gonna—[laughs] I'm gonna punch the guy that punched me.

Travis: Okay! Take a swing at Bradford!

Justin: This is the way. This is the Firbolg code. If somebody punches you, you punch them back. We don't talk about this part very often. [laughing]
Uh, 18.

Travis: Yeah, that hits.

Justin: Plus... god, I do attacks so rarely. [laughing]

Travis: Are you just punching him, or are you like, hitting him with a weapon?

Justin: Uh, I'm doing an unarmed strike, I believe—

Travis: Unarmed strike.

Justin: In my people's parlance.

Travis: Ah, just like in Cobra Kai.

Justin: Well, that is a 22.

Travis: That's a solid—a palpable hit, as the bard would say!

Justin: Um, it just says—it's just a picture of three. I don't think I rolled for damage. It just says three on here. [laughs]

Travis: Okay. You hit him for three?

Griffin: Yeah, that's the damage.

Justin: That's for unarmed strike, right?

Griffin: Yeah.

Travis: Yeah.

Justin: Okay.

Griffin: I think it's your strength mod—or something like that.

Justin: Something.

Travis: Yeah, you pop him right in the nose.

Justin: [laughs]

Travis: And now you—both of you, your noses hurt. Or no, he missed you, didn't he?

Justin: No no no, he hit me.

Travis: Oh. So now, both of your noses hurt. It would be funny if your nose didn't hurt so bad.

Justin: This is what Gary Gygax dreamed, I think. Of just two brave warriors... [laughing]

Griffin: Just two bros, fuckin' slappin' meat!

Travis: Punchin' each other in the snoot.

Justin: Punching each other in the face. [laughing] I don't want to hurt anybody, but I do want to keep him busy.

Travis: Just snoot whackin'. Okay, uh, and Milo's gonna see if he can unhold himself. Oh yeah. So, Milo now shakes off the *Hold Person* as well, and he pulls a knife from his boot. Uh, and takes a swipe at you, Argonaut. Uh, does a 17 beat your AC?

Clint: Um, yes. I'm 16.

Travis: Uh, he slices you with that knife for eight points of damage. Uh, and up next is Bradford, who is going to attempt to grapple the Firbolg. So we're gonna do a contested strength check... and he rolled an 18.

Justin: Uh, okay. So, strength check... that's a 20. That's a roll. That is an 18 plus two, 20!

Travis: Ah boy! Okay, yeah. So you're both very strong. This is a battle of titans. Ohh, Bradford... Bradford and the Firbolg. Everybody's been talking about it for years. They're like, "When are Bradford and the Firbolg finally gonna face off so we can see who the stronger one is?" And y'know what? It's the Firbolg.

Firbolg: I punched your friend in the face. I will punch your face, too.

Bradford: It was actually my face. We look a lot alike. I see... I get it.

Firbolg: This is a great shame.

Bradford: That's okay. Hey, um... I'm gonna arrest you—

Firbolg: This happens to me—this happens to me and Tom Cruise as well.

Travis: Here's the thing – you can't lie. So that must happen!

Justin: Oh, I use—I hold up my Tangled Web. I use my one Tangled Web to do that lie.

Travis: [laughing]

Bradford: Oh!

Travis: Um, and so, yeah. You are able to best him in a competition of strength. Up next is the falling Fitzroy.

Griffin: Well, I got no stalactites to catch myself on, this time. Which is unfortunate. So am I just gonna eat shit, or...

Travis: You tell me, dude. You're the one who took off your shoe.

Griffin: I'm just gonna try and land perfectly, but in like, a cool, like, rolling way. So that I don't hurt my—

Travis: Okay, give me an acrobatics check.

Griffin: So that my body doesn't get hurt.

Travis: Uh, I'm gonna say, uh... how are you at acrobatics?

Griffin: I rolled a 13. 11 plus two, 13.

Travis: Um, okay. Yeah, you are able to land in such a way that you don't like, shatter any bones? But you're gonna take some damage upon impact. Uh, let's see... you take...

Griffin: I'm still workin' on moss energy, so like, I don't give a—like, hit me. Hit me, y'know?

Travis: Yeah. I mean, it's not much. It's, uh, eight points of damage.

Griffin: I—that doesn't even—eight points of damage is nothing. I just—I just fell *40 feet*, and I took eight points of damage?

Travis: Well, you were able to, with a 13, I mean, you didn't land on your head. You didn't land on your coccyx. Y'know what I mean? You landed prone on a—

Griffin: I'll take it. Okay.

Travis: And remember, there's a foot of paper on the ground. So there was some padding there.

Griffin: Okay. Now that my—wow, there was that much paper inside the thing?

Travis: Yeah, remember? It's compressed.

Griffin: Yeah, no, I remember.

Travis: Taren had said earlier that if, uh, if they had to find storage for it, it would be like, billions of sheets of paper.

Griffin: Oh, Jesus, okay. Um, uh, now that my rage has done everything I need it to do, I'm going to use a bonus action to... turn that off, so that I can cast a spell.

Travis: Bwoo bwoo bwoo bwoo bwoo!

Griffin: Or at least, try to cast a spell. First, let me roll to see if I can try and cast a spell.

Travis: And remember, you have plus one, because you've done it before.

Griffin: Fuck! That's a three.

Travis: Hoo boysie! That doesn't work.

Griffin: Okay. Well... fuck.

Justin: This is a new era, isn't it? The era of accountability.

Griffin: It's not great.

Justin: I'm not saying we've ever lied before. But boy, we're not—we can't do it now, for sure. [laughs]

Travis: Now, I will say, what we have done in the past... and the uh, procedure is... when you are going to cast, you have the ability to psyche yourself up, right? To get yourself prepared to do something to get yourself in the right headspace to cast.

Griffin: Oh, we don't need BS for this. I have *Tides of Chaos*. Once per long rest, you can gain advantage on one attack roll ability check or saving throw. Would you say that this is a—

Travis: This is an ability check for sure.

Griffin: Yeah. Okay. Please, this time, maybe? Fuck! That's a four!

Travis: That was better.

Griffin: Yeah, it's one better. That's true. Okay. Um, then... can I take an action instead of magic, then?

Travis: Yes.

Griffin: I want to spend my action, then, trying to usher Kai away from the file cabinets in the center of the room.

Travis: Like out of the room, or just like, to the, like...

Griffin: If I can kick Kai out of the room, that would be the safest for Kai.

Travis: Yeah, it doesn't take—there's—I'm not gonna even make you make any checks. Kai is absolutely putty in your hands. You guide Kai over to the doors.

And in fact, I'm going to say that there is now just a quick scene as we see like, the Firbolg and Bradford are punching each other. Linen has just skated down on some ball bearings to reach the bottom. We have, y'know, Milo swingin' a knife at Argo. And everything pauses as this seemingly, like, sleep-walking parrot Aarakocra just kind of like, wanders through on their way up the ramp. And then, everything resumes again, back in the fight.

Griffin: They need some juice!

Travis: Um, and Linen is up. And Linen is just going to take a running charge at you, Argonaut. So...

Justin: Who on earth is Linen?

Travis: Linen is the guard from upstairs.

Griffin: The roller blader.

Justin: Okay. Finally got wise. Got it.

Travis: So, uh, Argonaut, make a dexterity saving throw.

[music plays]

Clint: Well, I'll try.

Travis: You're good at it. Come on.

Clint: Dexterity... that is a... 12 plus nine, that's a 21.

Travis: Yeah, so, Linen comes charging at you, ready to tackle you to the ground. And at the last moment, you throw yourself to the side, and they go

charging past. And they, uh, trip as they go past, and end up prone on the ground in a roll. And you are still on your feet, and you are up.

Clint: Um...

Travis: Yeah, so just to clarify, now at this point, Milo and Linen are focused on Argo, and Bradford and the Firbolg have kind of squared off against each other.

Clint: Um... don't I have something like duel wield, where I can use two weapons at once?

Travis: Yes you do.

Clint: Okay. I'm going to use the two stun batons, one on Linen on the ground, and one on Milo, standing in front of me.

Travis: Okay. Uh, roll against Linen first. And you have advantage, since they are on the ground. They are prone.

Clint: 'Kay, that's a 15. Do I add anything to it?

Travis: What other weapons do you have? I'm trying to pull up all the D&D stuff.

Clint: I've got a club, I've got a dagger, a rapier...

Travis: Yeah, what does it say with your club?

Clint: With the club, it's 1d4 plus one.

Travis: No, that's damage. What's it say on the attack roll?

Clint: Plus five.

Travis: Okay, yeah, so add five to it, just like in a spell.

Clint: So it's a dirty 20.

Travis: Okay. And uh, roll again, 'cause you have advantage.

Clint: That is a five plus five, so that's—

Travis: That's not as good. Okay, yeah. So, uh, with that 20, you definitely make impact with that stun baton. Uh, and Linen takes some damage, but he is able to maintain consciousness. So... but it does hurt him for... you said it was, what, a d4 plus what for the damage?

Clint: d4 plus one.

Travis: Let's say that the stun baton is a d6 plus one.

Clint: I got, uh... one plus one, that's two. [laughs] Should've stuck with the other one.

Travis: And now, roll again against Milo.

Clint: That is... oh, a nat 20.

Travis: Oh boy!

Griffin: Ooh, yeah, nice!

Justin: Hey!

Travis: You get Milo square in the solar plexus with the point of the stun baton, and he goes down. So, he is stunned.

Clint: I'm gonna—actually, I am too.

Travis: Eh! Um, so up next is the Firbolg.

Justin: So who—which one was stunned?

Travis: Um, Milo is stunned on the ground, and you, Firbolg, are squaring off against Bradford.

Justin: Uh, I am... [clicks tongue] God, I really don't want to kill him.

Griffin: Then don't. It's so easy.

Justin: I feel pretty strongly about that. [laughs] It is—a lot of people think it's easier, in a way, to not kill people.

Clint: We've changed. [laughing]

Justin: Um... I feel like we're even now, with the punching. So, I'm gonna cast *Charm Person*.

Travis: Okay. And is that a wisdom saving roll?

Justin: Wisdom saving throw.

Travis: Uh, that is a ten.

Justin: And do it with advantage, 'cause we're fighting. Ugh. I hate that so much.

Travis: Oh, nope. That's a ten as well.

Justin: Alright!

Travis: He's charmed. He is, uh, way into you now. Not romantically, mind you, but more just like, into the idea of you. Just a big fan, really.

Griffin: Who's not?

Travis: And what—can you remind everybody of the effects of *Charm Person*? I mean, I know, of course, but...

Justin: Uhh... the charmed creature regards you as a friendly acquaintance.

Bradford: Oh, hey Firbolg! Wait, can I—do you need—can I help you with anything?

Firbolg: There's been a terrible, uh, mix up.

Bradford: Oh?

Firbolg: Yes. I—you hit me, and I punched you.

Bradford: Oh my goodness.

Firbolg: And I don't like—this was not kind, and I first would like to say I am very sorry of this.

Bradford: Is there anything I can do to fix this? I'm so sorry.

Firbolg: You fight Linen.

Bradford: Okay.

Griffin: [laughing]

Firbolg: We're buds, all of us, and Linen is turning on our group of friends.

Bradford: No!

Firbolg: He's turned on us four pals.

Bradford: Okay, I'll kill him for you.

Firbolg: No, this is not... [laughs] This is too much. No, just a regular good—I know you have the haymakers, and you have a very good style of punching!

Bradford: Okay.

Firbolg: I have experienced it first hand, and I want you to show Linen a bit of that passion of punch magic.

Bradford: Okay!

Travis: Well, Milo is incapacitated. Stunned upon the ground. So, Bradford is gonna run over and tackle Linen. Very successfully. Um... and he is going to hold him down, and twist tie – magical twist tie – his wrists together!

Griffin: Wow. Bradford—

Travis: So, Bradford stands up and says...

Bradford: Hey, is there anything else I can do to help?

Justin: Are we out of combat? That's everybody, right?

Travis: Uh, I mean, yeah, at this point, I guess as long as Bradford's charmed. Linen's bound, and Milo is incapacitated, and Bradford is charmed.

Firbolg: Go tell everyone that the danger has passed.

Bradford: Okay! What should I do with Linen and Milo?

Firbolg: This is not my concern.

Bradford: Okay!

Firbolg: Now friends, we need to get the hell out of here.

Fitzroy: Yeah, you're not kiddin'.

Travis: So, Bradford whistles his way up the ramp. Meets Kai halfway up the ramp to level two, and the two of them continue that walk-on together, whistling together. So, Milo is stunned on the ground, Linen is bound, and, uh, we are out of initiative. And so, now we're at Fitzroy, back in the archives.

Griffin: Uh... I'm gonna try and cast a spell again.

Travis: Okay.

Griffin: Can I... mm.

Justin: Are the archives not dealt with at this point? Like, have we not—

Griffin: I mean, I've taken up a chunk of—

Clint: There was only—he only opened one.

Griffin: Yeah, I destroyed one with a falling stalactite, and I have sort of damaged the exhaust system a bit, but that ain't gon' be enough to move the...

Clint: There are 28 file cabinets.

Griffin: Yeah, there's a lot.

Justin: Alright, alright.

Griffin: I—can I... wheeze the juice, so to speak, of this exhaust that is coming out of these, um... can I huff these cabinets, I guess?

Justin: [laughs]

Clint: [laughs]

Griffin: To like, get a little bit of...

Travis: Yeah. You position—

Griffin: ... magical potency?

Travis: You position yourself at the epicenter of that circle of dead moss that you created. Um, and you positioned yourself on the ground beneath it, hoping to like, catch some of this exhaust. So you can roll to cast a spell with advantage.

Griffin: Alright. Probably need it. Nope! Got it. 18.

Travis: Uh, yeah. So do you wanna—go ahead and roll again, just to see if you get that crit.

Griffin: I don't know what a crit... 15.

Travis: It would be pretty cool.

Griffin: Yeah, that probably would've been cool. Uh, okay. So, these cabinets are in sort of a square pattern, right?

Travis: Yeah. So they're—they're in a, um...

Griffin: There's rows and columns of them...

Travis: Yeah, it's five, four, five, four, that kind of thing.

Griffin: Okay. Uh, I'm gonna go to one kind of closer to the outskirts, and I'm going to cast *Enlarge/Reduce* on it, and I'm going to reduce its size. Specifically, I will reduce its size by half in all dimensions, and its weight will be reduced to one eighth of normal.

Travis: Okay. But is there a check that it has to—no. I mean, it's not a—

Griffin: It's not alive.

Travis: Yeah.

Griffin: So it does not check. Uh—

Travis: Now, here's my question for you, before I tell you what happens.

Griffin: Yeah?

Travis: What is your desired outcome?

Griffin: To have a small one of these that I can pick up and do something else with.

Travis: Oh, okay. I see. When you cast this spell, um... roll a d20 for me.

Griffin: `Kay...

Travis: And just let me know if the number is odd or even.

Griffin: Fuck. It is odd.

Travis: Okay, yeah. So, you cast this spell, and it begins shaking violently. Right? You have compressed this compression spell upon itself.

Griffin: Oh yeah. Cool, then it's not gonna like what happens next. [laughs]

Travis: Um, and you have limited time.

Griffin: Okay. Uh—

Travis: It is—you don't know how much time, and I'm not gonna tell you, but it is like, shaking violently.

Griffin: Okay.

Fitzroy: Boys, get in here! We're leaving!

Griffin: Are these cabinets locked? I try to open a—I try to open a different one of the cabinets to see if it's locked or not.

Travis: Uh, yeah, it is—these are sealed. Not by much, but like, a key. Like one might seal and important filing cabinet at a business.

Griffin: Okay.

Fitzroy: Argo, can you, uh—

Griffin: I go to a cabinet close to the center of the room.

Fitzroy: Uh, Argo, can you pop this? Quick? 'Cause I'm pretty sure I just made a bomb.

Travis: Uh, roll a dexterity check for me, Argo.

Argo: Ah! Mm-hmm.

Clint: Dexterity check. Here it comes. That is a... three.

Travis: Plus?

Clint: Plus... nine. So that's a 12.

Travis: Um...

Clint: Wait a minute, wait wait! I would assume that my thieves' tools would add to that?

Travis: Yeah, you get advantage with your thieves' tools.

Clint: 'Kay, then I will try it again. That's better. 16 plus nine. 25.

Travis: Oh yeah. This is a simple lock. This takes you half a second to pop it open.

Griffin: Cool. Is everyone here?

Travis: The three of you are together, yes.

Griffin: And no one else is in here?

Travis: Correct.

Griffin: M'kay. Um...

Fitzroy: So real quick... I had an idea, and let me know what you all think about it. We can vote, I guess, if we want, but I don't think we have a lot of time. Um...

Argo: Do we have time to workshop it at all?

Fitzroy: Nope, probably not.

Argo: Oh, okay.

Fitzroy: So uh... y'know, my dad worked in cargo, and worked with sort of compression magic from time to time... and uh, whenever you had compression magic on your wagon, there was a very important rule that they warned you about. Like, first day, rule number one, don't do this thing. And uh, I think we should do it. Um, but it's going—it could—I don't know what's going to happen to us. But we won't be here anymore, I don't think.

Argo: 'Cause we'll be dead?

Fitzroy: Probably not.

Argo: Okay.

Fitzroy: But I don't—we may not—we'll be unalive, may—it's gonna be weird. But I need—I need consent before we do it.

Argo: I say go for it. If you can explain what it is you're gonna do.

Travis: Running out of time! It's shaking even harder!

Fitzroy: Uh, thumbs up, then?

Firbolg: Go.

Argo: Oh, hell yeah, thumbs up.

Fitzroy: Okay! Put it in the hoop like jam.

Griffin: And I put the smaller file cabinet into the open drawer of the larger file cabinet.

Travis: Okay.

Clint: [laughs]

Travis: The two of them, now, one within the other one... you have created a bit of an ouroboros of compression. Um, and think of like, a feedback loop, right? So, as this compression magic is acting upon compression magic that is acting upon compression magic... um, there is an audible whine in the air.

Justin: I reach into my bag and pull out the Navigational Yarn, and I whisper to it...

Firbolg: We are leaving.

Justin: It will speedily roll in the intended direction.

Travis: Okay, great. Yeah.

Griffin: I'm curious what that is at this exact moment. [laughs]

Justin: That's what I—I don't know. But I told it the exit, so this navigational yarn's gotta figure it out. It's not my fuckin' problem. It's the string's problem.

Travis: Um, yeah. So I mean, the Navigational Yarn leads you over to the doors. The ones that can magically seal.

Justin: It's not the—wasn't there a—see, I kind of expected it would be the um...

Travis: The escape route?

[music plays]

Travis: Well, yes, that is interesting. So I want you to roll an investigation check as the Firbolg is looking at the escape hatch to figure out why the string isn't leading that way.

Griffin: Oh my god.

Justin: Well, bud, that's a one.

Travis: Oh! You have no idea! Oh no, why isn't it over—why isn't it taking you there?

Justin: That hasn't advanced the narrative.

Griffin: I mean, I think we confidently walk towards the escape hatch, if that's the—if that's how bad a fuck-up you did.

Travis: Luckily, the string leads you that way. I don't know, you stub your toe and take two damage or something. It's really bad. [laughs] You're so

busy looking at the escape hatch that you trip, and you bonk your nose on the ground, and it takes two damage.

But... you can follow the string the right way to go.

Griffin: But not—that is not towards the escape hatch?

Justin: Not towards the escape hatch?

Travis: Correct.

Griffin: Okay.

Justin: Um... I'm gonna start following the string. I mean, I think that's our best option.

Travis: So, the three of you begin sprinting for that sealing door. Um, it opens as you approach. And all three of you do that super cool dive that you might expect from an action movie as the doors seal behind you, and suddenly, we can't see through the Plexiglas anymore, because it is covered. The whole room is full, top to bottom, compressed with tiny flecks of paper.

[music stops]

[ad break]

[eerie music plays]

Travis: So you find yourself, now, safely—you've made it. You destroyed those records. It's going to take them quite some time to come back from this.

Griffin: I have—I gotta imagine, people saw that. Right?

Travis: Well, so still, at this point, I mean... Linen, Bradford, Milo, they were the only ones with eyes on here, and your party popper disabled the cameras.

Griffin: Oh, okay. Yeah, that's right.

Travis: So at this point... I mean, you can probably assume that people upstairs heard a noise, and are gettin' fairly suspish. But like, there was nobody that had eyes on what was going on.

Griffin: M'kay.

Fitzroy: Does anybody have a memory erase spell? 'Cause if not, we're gonna do—we are gonna do... some time, I think. We're not cool with murdering these three guards, right?

Firbolg: We should—

Fitzroy: No, no. Silly.

Firbolg: Take a vote. I vote abstain.

Argo: I abstain.

Fitzroy: That's not—it's not—I abstain.

Firbolg: Make the call.

Fitzroy: I also abstain. Three abstentions.

Firbolg: No! Leadership is important in an organization! You must make the call!

Fitzroy: Okay, we're obviously—we're not gonna kill anybody. That's, uh... but does anybody have a memory forgetting wiping thing?

Firbolg: I have Shillelagh?

Fitzroy: No? [laughs]

Argo: For bonk?

Firbolg: I could bonk? This works in stories. You get a bonk and forget.

Argo: Yeah, amnesia, right?

Firbolg: I am not a wizard.

Argo: Don't remember.

Fitzroy: Do you know the exact amount of strength to put behind the bonk to ensure memory erasure, but not consciousness erasure?

Firbolg: Is bonk. Is not exact science.

Fitzroy: Okay. Then let's...

Argo: I could water board them. Would that help?

Fitzroy: No! What? God, what?!

Justin: Christ. No, wait, I'm gonna come react to that as Justin. Christ!

Griffin: [laughs]

Travis: Uh, all three of you roll a perception check.

Justin: [singing] Maybe the funniest torture joke yet, on The Adventure Zone!

Griffin: 19. It's hard to pick, though, isn't it?

Justin: Perception? God. Five plus eight, 13.

Griffin: Uh, I got a 19 total.

Travis: Argo?

Clint: I got a... two.

Travis: Okay, great.

Griffin: Not good.

Travis: So uh, you, Fitzroy, amidst this trying to figure out what to do, you hear footsteps coming down the ramp. You turn in time to see The Commodore coming, and he says...

Griffin: Oh!

Commodore: Oh, come on, boys, we gotta get you outta here.

Fitzroy: Go where? What are we doing?

Commodore: Well, people are gonna be comin' down here pretty soon to investigate. Come on! We gotta go!

Griffin: I'm gonna roll an insight check to see if... I guess it's hard to tell when he's bullshitting. I got a flat 16.

Travis: Uh, he's definitely acting, uh, a little twitchy. With a 16, it's hard to tell if that is because of what the whole situation is, or if there's something going on.

Fitzroy: Uh... I think we can find our own way out. Right, fellas?

Argo: Yep. And why—why did you even come down here?

Fitzroy: This wasn't part of the plan.

Commodore: Well, you need—you need to get out of here. I can—I can distract 'em upstairs and get you outta here. Come on, boys, let's go!

Travis: And he starts to walk up the ramp, gesturing for you to follow him.

Firbolg: I think it is our best option.

Fitzroy: Okay...

Argo: Alright, but we keep an eye on him, 'cause I don't know if I brought this up before, but he's not the most trustworthy fella.

Fitzroy: Yeah.

Griffin: I ready an action to do my own special bonk on Commodore if he turns on his heels and is like, y'know, abracadabra. Y'know what I mean? I don't know if I'm legally allowed to do that. That seems like it breaks D&D a little bit, to just always be ready to smash somebody. [laughs]

Travis: Yeah, I don't—I think you can only ready an action—well... I don't—you're feeling twitchy.

Griffin: Okay. Yeah.

Travis: Um... okay.

Griffin: I'm just—we don't have to codify it. I'm fuckin' watching him.

Travis: No, no. Here's what I will say. I will let you ready the action, but you need to do a sleight of hand check to make sure he doesn't—

Griffin: To hold—[laughing] To hold my big maul over my head?

Travis: Well, to make sure he doesn't notice you like, readying your grip or whatever, y'know?

Griffin: 15. Sleight of hand. That's not bad, considering I'm not good at sleight of hand.

Travis: Yeah. Um, with that, y'know, he is turned around before you ready your grip on it. So, um... you make your way to the top of the ramp, and he says...

Commodore: Ugh, smooth as silk. Alright, boys. Now I'm gonna need you to wait here.

Travis: And I need all three of you to roll a wisdom saving throw.

Griffin: Fuck. Uh, 15.

Clint: Uh, eight plus—er, minus one. Seven.

Griffin: Dad, don't forget, you can click the number itself next to whatever thing you are rolling, and it will automatically—

Justin: Strength, right? Sorry.

Travis: Wisdom.

Griffin: Wisdom.

Justin: Wisdom. Much better. 19 plus four.

Travis: Okay. So Argo and Fitzroy...

Justin: That's 23.

Travis: Yes. As he says this, Fitzroy, I want you to make an attack roll with disadvantage.

Griffin: Oh, is that my—this is my ready thing?

Travis: Yeah.

Griffin: Okay. Um... six plus nine, 15. And... 12 plus nine, 21. So, 15. 15 city over here.

Travis: You, um, on the 15... uh, it does not hit.

Griffin: Fuck.

Travis: So, you raise it to strike, and suddenly, your muscles lock up, and you are held in place, as are you, Argo. Now, Firbolg, you have stayed in control of your own body, and uh, the Commodore turns around and says...

Commodore: You see, boys, ya did a great job causin' this chaos. It's truly wonderful to see. But here's the problem – y'see, it's not the plan. It's not what we want, y'see. And so, we need to ensure that you're out of the way until we can do... what we need to do to put the real plan in place. You understand?

Argo: No. Who's we?

Travis: Well, everybody's locked pretty except the Firbolg.

Griffin: Oh, we can't even talk?

Justin: Does he know... let me ask you this – does he know that I'm... I mean, I haven't done anything. Does he know that I'm not locked up?

Travis: Um, your body—I mean, your body didn't go into the same rigor that the other two did. I mean, you can try to fake it, but that's not really the Firbolg's thing.

Justin: Um, no, I'll continue to—I'll stay still for a second.

Travis: Okay.

Justin: `Til I figure out what's happening.

Commodore: You see, boys, I'm under new management.

Travis: And you see his eyes go all white, and you have seen this in real life, now, and in your dreams. These are the eyes of Order and Chaos.

Commodore: My bosses sent me here to keep you safe. Ooh, lucky for you. And to keep you out of the way. And what better way to do that than to make sure you're safely locked in prison? So, the three of you are gonna stay here, and I'm gonna go get the guards. I'll tell `em I caught ya, and I'll be an even bigger than hero than I was.

Firbolg: I... have a thought.

Commodore: Oh, please do tell, Master Firbolg.

Firbolg: Maybe you should mind your beesness!

Justin: And I smash the jar of bees on his head.

Clint: [laughs]

Griffin: [laughs]

Travis: Okay. Uh, make an attack roll with bees... ?

Griffin: While me and fuckin' Argo are paralyzed right next to him, you smash a jar of bees, and we're probably thinking, "Cool."

Clint: No. I'm thinkin', "I'm not gonna be able to run away from the bees!"
[laughs]

Justin: Alright, no one can give me shit about this! How do I use D&D Beyond to attack with jar of bees? [laughing]

Clint: [laughing]

Travis: This is such a good question. Are you trying to surprise him with the bees? You're trying to surprise him, right?

Justin: It's gonna be—hey, Trav? Trav? I don't think any action I take with this jar of bees, vis-à-vis smashing it on his cabeza, is not going to surprise him. [laughs]

Travis: Okay, do a—

Justin: Surprise is inbuilt.

Travis: Do a, uh, dexterity check.

Justin: Dexterity check! Yes! [laughs] That's a natural 20!

Travis: Oh yeah.

Griffin: Smash that motherfucker! Yes! Get him! Get him with the bees!

[bees buzzing]

Travis: Uh, you smash it on his head, and say you catch him by surprise is an understatement. Uh, he begins to panic, and in his panic, he does not see the person step up behind him and clobber him, now that he's distracted, and he goes down like a ton of bricks. And Hieronymous Wigenstaff steps into the light.

[music plays]

Fitzroy: What is—what—

Griffin: Oh, I'm still—are we still paralyzed? Or when he goes down, are we—

Travis: Yes. Uh, make another wisdom saving throw with advantage, now that he is knocked out. Now that he is out cold.

Griffin: 16?

Travis: Mm-hmm. You are free.

Clint: Uhh, I rolled an 11 and a 12.

Travis: You are still locked up. And Hieronymous says...

Hieronymous: This is so weird to say, but... Gray sent me?

Griffin: [laughs]

Fitzroy: Yeah, I bet that's a—you two make for strange bedfellows, huh?

Hieronymous: Yeah. And listen – we need to go... *now*. Like, *right now*. Firbolg, can you carry Argo?

Firbolg: I believe so.

Argo: How embarrassing...

Justin: I carry him like a baby.

Travis: Okay.

Justin: Baby-style, on my—no no no, I put him on my shoulders like a toddler.

Clint: [laughing]

Griffin: Is—is uh—

Travis: Okay. Oh, wait, like he's sitting on your shoulders like you guys are at Disney World?

Justin: Exactly.

Clint: [laughing]

Travis: Okay, great.

Justin: The Disney Dad, we call it.

Griffin: Is he uh... is The Commodore unconscious?

Travis: Yes, correct.

Griffin: Um...

Fitzroy: Wait, Firbolg. Can I borrow that mask?

Firbolg: Of course.

Justin: And I toss him the mask.

Fitzroy: And by borrow, I mean, it's going to stay here. But it's gonna be worth it, I think.

Griffin: And I put it over The Commodore's head, and make him look like me.

Travis: Ooh!

Justin: Hmm. And I... and I, before leaving, glue the mask to his head.

Griffin: Oh god!

Travis: [gasps] Okay, roll! Roll roll roll! Roll roll roll roll roll!

Griffin: Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes!

Justin: Come on, glue. I need you now, glue.

Griffin: Come on, glue.

Justin: Come on, glue! Come on! That's a two!

Clint: Glue! Glue! Glue!

Travis: How long does a two stay?

Justin: I mean, not—it doesn't disintegrate instantly.

Clint: Don't you think he'd have advantage since—

Travis: No, you can't get advantage on glue.

Justin: That's one of the oldest D&D rules.

Travis: That's true. It says that right there on the bag.

Griffin: Oh wait! I can boost it a little bit. Oh, y'know what?

Justin: It's up to your discretion, Trav.

Travis: Okay, yeah. For a two, it's gonna stay on there for two hours.

Justin: Perfect. Fine.

Griffin: Let me juice that a little bit with, uh... I have a thing. Where is it? *Bend Luck*. Whenever another creature makes an attack roll, ability check,

or saving throw, you can use your reaction and spend two sorcery points to add 1d4.

Travis: Okay!

Griffin: I don't know that two hours is gonna cut it.

Travis: Go for it.

Griffin: Oh wait, that's a d8.

Travis: Cut it in half.

Griffin: Two. Okay, so four hours.

Travis: Four hours. Right. So, Hieronymous just says...

Hieronymous: We need to move quickly. Uh, things are starting to get a little weird upstairs.

Travis: And as you guys make your way, y'know, out of the way, I assume you've grabbed your trash can. Your trusty trash can on the way. This time...

Clint: I ain't grabbin' nothin'.

Travis: Well, Fitzroy is grabbing it. He's basically—at this point, the trash can is like the fourth member of your group, really. It's like another Thunderman.

Griffin: I mean, it's your trash—I don't want to carry your trash can.

Clint: Beula. Its name is Beula.

Travis: Beula. Um, as you make your way out—

Griffin: Can I scoop up the present? The remains of the present, just to—or did it like, fully... explode?

Travis: Oh yeah, it's confetti.

Griffin: Okay, okay, okay. Cool.

Travis: Uh, unless you've recalled Snippers. You can pick up Snippers.

Griffin: I mean, I can do that at will, yeah.

Travis: Yeah, that's true. So, you guys have made your way back into the atrium. And upon exiting the ramp, what you first see is Kai, still delirious, though coming around, and Bradford, still charmed, talking to Hollifer. And Hollifer saying...

Hollifer: Okay, wait, hold on. What's happening? What's going on?

Travis: Uh, and Hieronymous gives you the like, "Let's just go, let's just go..." towards the exit. And Bailey Kern and Chef Mike see you sitting on the Firbolg's shoulders, and Bailey says...

Bailey: Oh, where you going, Blofeld? You leaving?

Travis: And you, of course, don't answer, because you're held.

Griffin: [laughs]

Clint: That's exactly what I did.

Bailey: Okay, well I'll see ya... around?

Clint: Could I have enough flexibility go to... [claps] Go, daddy! Go! Faster, faster!

Travis: Nnno. [laughs] Mostly 'cause I don't like you calling the Firbolg 'daddy,' though I'm sure there are some people who really like that.

Griffin: There are some people who—I throw my voice toward Argo, and I'm like.

Fitzroy: Oh, ugh, yes! Uhh, gotta—I have a doctor's appointment! Arr!

Clint: Oh my god, that's what Argo sounds like to you?

Travis: That's exactly what it sounds like.

Clint: 'Cause I was always—alright. I was always goin' for like, kind of a quint thing, y'know, on Jaws...

Griffin: Yeah, we know.

Travis: And as soon as Althea sees you, without asking any questions, she is catching up with you and walking with you. She knows that shit has gone down, and she also does not want to be around when that happens. Now, here is my question – do you attempt to get Taren's attention?

Griffin: Mmm, considering what just happened with The Commodore... I don't—I don't know that like, 'I worked with Gray' is necessarily a great seal of approval.

Travis: Okay. So, outside—

Griffin: I mean, I'm not—I don't want to decide for the group, but I feel very—I feel no allegiance to Taren.

Clint: And even if I did, I don't have diddly squat to do with it.

Travis: Yeah, you don't have a lot of choice there, do you, Argonaut?

Clint: No.

Griffin: Yeah, I want to hustle. We got Althea, and that's more important.

Travis: Excellent. So you make your way outside, and Hieronymous is explaining to you...

Hieronymous: Okay, we need to get into the alley over here so that Gordy can call us back. Um... we—[sighs] Shit is going down at the school, guys, and we need to get back as soon as we can.

Fitzroy: What's happening at the school?

Hieronymous: I think it'll probably be easier to show you.

Travis: And he writes in his Book of Farspeech, and the green fire that has teleported you before surrounds you, and you find yourself back at the school grounds. And it is not at all how you left it.

First, you are standing next to the Lich King, Gordy, amongst an army of skeletons.

Fitzroy: Oh, okay!

Travis: Second, the school is surrounded by a web of magical protection. Just inside the web, you see animal skeletons of all kinds patrolling the perimeter, and you spot Rainer keeping a watchful eye from the school's entryway.

You follow the protection spell to its source, and you are surprised to find the demon prince, Gray, and Higglemas Wigenstaff standing side by side on the balcony of Jackle the Kenku, weaving their magic together. However, none of that is what is most notable.

Between you and the school stands an absolute army of demons of all shapes and sizes. Easily, ten thousand of them at least, and each and every one of them sports a pair of all-white eyes. Also of note, they're not preparing to get into the school. They're positioned to keep you out. Their

ranks extend so that they are not only blocking the school, but also the place where you know Order is opening the portal.

And even with Gordy's skeletal army, you are outmatched. If you try to push through this force, you will be slaughtered.

Griffin: I roll to push through the force. I rolled a ten.

Travis: Oh, you're super slaughtered.

Griffin: Yeah.

Travis: Fitzroy, a hawk lands and perches at your wrist. It is Leon. He quirks his head at you in greeting.

Fitzroy: Oh, I haven't fed you in like, forever. Are you doing worms and stuff? Are you okay?

Leon: [hawk noise]

Fitzroy: I kind of forgot about you. Do you want to be back to being a person again, or...

[music plays]

Travis: Uh, I mean, he nods. But you look up and see that a lone figure on horseback has been following him. And this lone figure sees Althea and says...

Figure: Yes, excuse me. Are you Althea Song?

Travis: She says...

Althea: Uh... yes?

Travis: He says...

Figure: Ah! Good! We got your call for assistance. I believe you said that Sir Fitzroy Maplecourt, knight in absentia of the realm of Goodcastle, needed help, and so we came. The rest of our forces should arrive any day now.

Fitzroy: Who are you?

Figure: Oh, excuse me. In my excitement, I've forgotten to introduce myself. My name is Sir Reginald Thistlewhip, knight and advanced scout for the army of the realm of Goodcastle, at your service.

Fitzroy: [gasps]

[heroic guitar music plays]

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