

The Adventure Zone: Steeplechase - Episode 33

Published July 27, 2023

[Listen here on mcelroy.family](#)

Krystal: Hello, Steepies. Krystal with a K here. This is literally the worst news I have ever had to report here at Steepy Watch. Please take a seat. Steeplechase has, as of today, stopped offering chocca at any of its thousands of eateries. The powdered chocolate drink has been a mainstay of the park for over 30 years. But due to a very slight lead contamination, the park has disposed of all of its existing chocca, and sold its majority stake in its producer, Chemicorp Global Plastics.

Frankly, it's unthinkable to watch Denton bow to this kind of public pressure. So, in protest, we are canceling Wednesday's second midafternoon episode of Steepy Watch. Nope, our minds are made up! We have to draw the line somewhere. If you expect us to take this news lying down, we hope you never know when to stop dreaming.

[Steeplechase theme music plays]

Weaver: [silence]

Justin: Hello and welcome back to Ethersea.

Clint: Oh, god... oh, god...

Griffin: Is he okay?

Clint: He's dead! He's dead, isn't he?

Griffin: Is he dead?

Justin: Hello and welcome back to Ethersea.

Travis: Who are you guys talking about?

Clint: Crusty man.

Justin: The incredible—

Griffin: Mr. Crust.

Justin: The creaky man, I believe is what you all agreed on.

Clint: Creaky man is dead.

Travis: Who?

Justin: Welcome back to Ethersea.

Clint: What?

Travis: No.

Justin: [chuckles] We have just been talking about Ethersea for reasons that—

Griffin: Definitely not related to news. Just sort of a modern, big story—

Travis: This is a weird thing to start our episode with, huh?

Justin: A weird energy.

Griffin: Welcome.

Justin: No, this is Steeplechase, baby. And you all, you three brave adventurers had just found yourself in the jungle. You have just been confronted by a giraffe with the head of a dinosaur.

Clint: Like you do.

Justin: In that split second, things kind of slow down. And you see that this is the jungle. It is a place where discarded gym equipment has been left to rot, basically. It is largely overgrown. You can still see some things that look like they could still be fun, though. There are a few pieces of equipment that are not broken down. And then over to your right, to the right, as time has

slowed here, you see some games that have made—that if not completely disintegrated with the ravages of time. So, welcome to the jungle. They have fun and games.

Travis: Okay, great. Yeah?

Griffin: [chuckles]

Justin: But there's also the giraffe with the head of a dinosaur.

Griffin: Yeah, sure.

Justin: And it is headed right for you.

Travis: Justin, can I ask, and I think this is something we'd be able to see right away, right. This dino giraffe—

Justin: Sorry, Giraffesaur.

Travis: Giraffesaur, thank you.

Justin: Sorry, Giraffesaurus Rex. Thank you.

Travis: Can we go with T-Raff? This T-Raff—

Griffin: No. Nothing.

Justin: If you're fuckin', it would be T-Raff. [chuckles] But you're not fuckin'.

Travis: Is the head to body size ratio, like is it a T-Rex sized head on a giraffe sized body? Or does it all like proportionally make sense?

Justin: No. It does not proportionately make sense at all.

Travis: Excellent.

Justin: It is a Tyrannosaurus Rex sized head on a giraffe body.

Travis: Awkward.

Justin: Montrose, here's what I want to say, in the efforts of not slowing things down more; Montrose, something about this exact thing... not this exact thing. But something about this thing is tickling your memory. There is something about this that is familiar to you.

Griffin: Can I attempt to study it as I am caught, deer in the headlights style? At this charging monstrosity coming right at me? Oh, no, I shouldn't do that. I'm gonna—

Justin: Oh, wait you don't want to take a roll that could go bad with a Giraffesaurus Rex. [chuckles]

Travis: While you're just standing in front of it.

Justin: [chortles]

Griffin: I'm gonna wait until the last possible second, and I'm going to try to... I'm going to try to—

Justin: Oh, actually, wait.

Griffin: Oh, yeah, please.

Justin: Real quick, just to remind people, you guys grabbed weapons from Jizzbert.

Griffin: Right.

Justin: Who helped you at the time that you were retrieving them. Do you guys—can you guys recall which weapons that you brought with you?

Travis: Yeah, I have a shovel head axe.

Justin: Shovel head axe.

Griffin: I've got a rebar blackjack and either a small bow or a large slingshot.

Justin: And Dad, you rebuilt the—

Clint: Emerich has a rebuilt lightning hook out of a scimitar.

Justin: Okay, cool.

Clint: A prop seminar, which was made very clear.

Justin: A prop.

Griffin: I am going to try to wait until the very last second and then try to... as this thing sort of brings its head down on me, I want to try to jump out of the way and get up on its neck.

Travis: Justin, just for—I want to jump as soon as I can. I don't know why Griffin's waiting.

Justin: [chuckles]

Travis: As soon as I see it, I want to move out of the way.

Justin: Okay. I'm just... since you guys have gone this route, I'm going to gin up a quick clock for you. Just in case there is a... just in case there is a confrontation that needs to be... okay.

Travis: Listen, at this point, we came into the Giraffesaurus Rex's house.

Griffin: Yeah, no, we are in the wrong here.

Justin: You're in his house. Okay, so, you are attempting to leap out of the way, is that the idea here?

Travis: As soon as I can.

Justin: Okay, Beef, you're gonna leap out the way soon as you can. Let's see if Beef does not fall prey to this thing. Give me a, I guess, finesse. Or prowl?

Travis: Let me see...

Griffin: I think it's finesse.

Justin: Finesse. It's rare that you have a defensive roll in this game. So, it's always kind of a crapshoot. I mean, normally, you're taking the initiative, but that simply does not make sense here.

Travis: Yeah, I would say... Well, no. Now, hold on. I'm looking—

Griffin: Actually, it could be prowl, because prowl is like tumbling, also.

Travis: It says, "Prowl about unseen and traverse obstacles. Climb, swim, jump and tumble."

Justin: I feel like you've already been spotted. I think it's probably finesse, right?

Griffin: But prowl is also just like... "Prowl about unseen and traverse obstacles. Climb swim, run, jump and tumble."

Justin: I would also say, Trav, if you want to, I would be fine with a sort of defensive brawl maneuver. Like, if you want to go that route and use some like... the idea of like Judo, redirecting momentum sort of thing. You could go that route, too. It's up to you.

Travis: Hm...

Justin: It's getting really close, though, now. I do need you to pick.

Travis: Okay, yeah. I'm gonna go—I'm gonna go with skirmish, where I'm attempting to like, as it comes in... You know what I'm gonna do? And this is wild, but I'm going to attempt to like jump at it and bounce off. Because I'm trying to get past wherever it could chomp me. And instead, just take the

impact of the charge in a way that like I'm braced against. You know, like a linebacker kind of deal, where I'm gonna bounce off it but not get chomped.

Justin: Okay.

Travis: So, a dumb ass skirmish roll.

Justin: All right, let's see that dumbass skirmish roll.

Travis: What's the—what posish? It feels a little desperate.

Justin: It feels kind of desperate, doesn't it?

Travis: Yeah. I don't think I get a second try at this. Effect?

Justin: Doesn't feel like you would.

Travis: Effect?

Justin: What are you trying to do?

Travis: I'm trying to bounce off the body without getting chomped by the head.

Justin: Yeah, standard. Standard. Standard. Standard.

Travis: Okay. Here we go.

[sound of dice thrown]

Justin: Oh my gosh.

Travis: One, six, three!

Justin: You lucky ducky.

Travis: I feel like a lucky ducky, Justin.

Justin: All right, you, at the last second, sort of do an impossibly athletic, I think, for you, Beef, not one normally known for acrobatics. But you see the momentum coming, you know fighting well enough to know—

Travis: I played high school ball.

Justin: You played high school ball.

Travis: I played high school ball.

Justin: And you are out of the way. And I think with a 6, it has moved on to other people. Or you could keep its attention on you. I think it was enough of a stunt that I'll let you sort of have the option there. That's how we'll roll with your six.

Travis: I think like—if I can—if I grabbed its attention. I mean, I feel like if I flung my body its body, it would probably notice, right?

Justin: Yeah, exactly.

Travis: I'm fine with drawing its attention.

Justin: Okay. So, Beef, it is bearing down on you. But as it pivots its large, terrible body—I have a picture, actually, that I found. These amazing... This is just to give you an aesthetic idea. It's these amazing artists in France that make these giant, mechanical animals that I saw. Check this out.

Griffin: Oh, wow.

Travis: Oh, yeah, I like that.

Justin: You see that? It's like a 40 foot tall robotic elephant that people are riding and it's like spray—go look it up, it is on YouTube.

Travis: It's a little bit of like—if like the ancient like Greeks built—this is what it would look like.

Justin: Yeah! It has that vibe, doesn't it?

Travis: Yeah.

Justin: Like, yeah, how you imagine the Trojan Horse would look. But it's that separation. I wanted you guys to have an idea. I mentioned the size of this thing and how the head and neck are relative. But you also have to understand that this is not in good working condition.

Travis: So, this was an animatronic. I mean, like I assumed that, but—

Justin: Yes.

Travis: It's an animatronic.

Justin: Yes. It is an animatronic.

Travis: This is not some horrible animal hybrid thing? Okay.

Justin: No, no, This is a—this is—and you can tell that the connection between the head and the body is like rudimentary. It is obviously like aftermarket. [chuckles] If you will.

Travis: Mm-hmm, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah.

Griffin: I am going to change my sort of action, now that Beef has sort of distracted this thing. I still want to get up on it. But I want to use my bow and kind of try to get it around its like... around its neck or maybe like its jaw, to try to like create a kind of handlebar situation. [chuckles]

Justin: Okay, cool.

Griffin: That I can kind of hang onto. And then use as, you know, a bit, sort of. I would argue this is finesse, since that is handling vehicle or mount, which is kind of what I'm trying to do here.

Justin: Are you going to try to straddle it or are you just creating a handle?

Griffin: I mean, I'm going to be holding on to the handle, to the bow. So, you know, I guess I'm straddling it. Posish?

Justin: I will actually say this is risky, instead of desperate, because of the attention Beef has drawn.

Griffin: Got you. And effect, standard? Okay... Okay, no bonus dice.

[sound of dice thrown]

Griffin: Let's see... six, one, three. Wow.

Justin: Oh, wow!

Travis: Wow!

Griffin: Wild sort of—

Justin: What are the arrows again, Griff?

Griffin: What's that?

Justin: What are these projectiles you're shooting? What are you shooting?

Griffin: So, I'm not shooting anything at it. I'm like jumping up on it and trying to use the bow string to like, you know, get the bow string in its mouth and then kind of pull back. So, I'm like creating a kind of—

Justin: Okay, all right, a little bit of a harness. Okay, good.

Griffin: Yes.

Justin: Okay, you see this thing like turn and pivot right in front of you and back towards Beef. And in the moment that it's turning its body, you can tell this is not a natural action for this thing and it does not move this quickly. And you see a large gap open up in the plates between its back. And you use that opportunity to sort of scramble up. It's not beautiful, but you do it and you get up to the head of this thing. And manage to, with a little bit of effort, loop your bow string in through the mouth of this thing and feel some tension there. And you realize, as you pull back a little bit, that it is not the

powerful sort of like beast that you sort of expected. You don't feel the tension pulling against you, fighting you, that you sort of expected.

Montrose: Whoa, girl. Whoa, girl. Easy now. Shh-shh-shh-shh-shh. It's okay.

Justin: All right.

Travis: Wait, I want to know if him talking to it to calm it down worked.

Justin: Well, he doesn't get two turns in a row.

Travis: That's fair.

Justin: [chuckles] Emerich, you see this unthinkable series of events from your two compatriots. What's your step here?

Clint: I think Emerich's going to hide.

Travis: Mm-hm!

Clint: In some of the nearby equipment. I think he's going to like dive under the—dive through the jungle gym and—

Justin: Yeah, man. See a need, fill a need. I agree.

Travis: I think that's one of the best decisions Emerich's ever made.

Justin: [chuckles] Yeah!

Griffin: Yeah, I think so too.

Travis: In retrospect, I don't know why the other two of us weren't like, "You know what?"

Justin: [chuckles] Yeah! I should've let Emerich lead. Okay, Emerich, give me a, let's say prowl roll. You got a perfect amount of time to get out.

Clint: Okay. Would you say it's risky?

Justin: I would say it is risky, standard.

Clint: Okay.

[sound of dice thrown]

Clint: That's a six!

Griffin: Oh my god.

Travis: Oh my lord.

Clint: [chuckles]

Justin: Dad...

Griffin: Hot hands tonight, boys.

Justin: Dad, that's—

Clint: I need to describe this, then.

Justin: Okay. Yeah.

Clint: He puts one hand on the top of his bowler, so it doesn't fly off his head.

Travis: Oh, right.

Clint: And sprints like a madman towards the semi-dodecahedron jungle gym dome. And lively dives through it with his waspish frame and takes cover. Most of it is all grown over with weeds and shit.

Travis: Weeds and shit.

Clint: And then he says...

Emerich: I can't believe that worked.

Justin: [chuckles] "Neither can we," says the audience. All right... Let's see, Beef, it's back at you.

Travis: Okay, so, now, Montrose is on its neck, right? Or back, or something?

Justin: Yeah, I wouldn't say he's in like full control yet, but he definitely—yeah, that's what's happening.

Travis: And how is the creature responding to this?

Justin: So, the creature is fighting him, a lot. But it doesn't seem to have much power behind it. This is not the power and the strength of a wild animal that you're trying to capture. Which is not me like—this is not a hint to something, it is me doing expectation setting here. This is still an animatronic robot, right.

Travis: Okay.

Clint: Does it look like it's handling the strain of caring Montrose all right, without any difficulty?

Justin: It is—oh, good question, dad. You definitely see a bowing of the—I'm assuming you're like on its back area, right, Griff? That's how it was established?

Griffin: Yeah, yeah, yeah.

Justin: Yeah, so, I'm definitely seeing like a bowing there, in the middle of the back, where he is seated. It is not meant for that kind of weight.

Travis: Okay. I am going to... in this gym equipment, Justin, do I see jump ropes?

Justin: Let me look around, Travis. Yes, there are some.

Travis: Excellent. I'm gonna grab two of those.

Justin: They disintegrate in your hands.

Justin: Oh, no.

Justin: You scramble wildly until you find another pair. And somehow, miraculously, they're fine!

Travis: Hell yeah. And I'm going to attempt to like kind of get those—like, whip them around one of the legs of said giraffe.

Justin: Ooh, nice. A sort of... sort of whip.

Travis: Back leg.

Justin: Yeah, okay, great. I love it. I think we call this finesse? If it's like a whip? A bow, whip? Anything like that is like finessey?

Travis: Yeah, it's like control, I'm trying to bring the animal to its knees. N-n-n-knees. Kness. Because you in the—because you were—

Justin: Yeah, oh, no, no, no, no, no—

Travis: Because you referenced the song earlier.

Justin: I remember my extremely sweaty intro to the program.

Travis: Okay. Risky or desperate? Or controlled? [chuckles]

Justin: Certainly not that!

Travis: Okay! Yeah, yeah!

Justin: I'm gonna say it's—but I will say because of Montrose's actions and, in a way, because of Emerich's, it is not... it has sort of lost interest in you a little bit. So, we're gonna call this risky, standard.

Travis: Okay.

[sound of dice thrown]

Travis: Six, one, two, baby!

Justin: Wow, you guys!

Clint: Whoo!

Griffin: This is wild.

Justin: Okay. So, here's what happens; Beef, you grab a jump rope and whip it out. And just like in the fuckin' movies, man, it whips around the leg of this creature. And you kind of expected it to lose its balance. But what did happen is that the leg just kind of ripped clean off.

Travis: Oh, no. Oh, boy.

Justin: And the thing sort of stumbles back. Let me adjust my clock here... I'm gonna say it's at this point here.

Travis: So, we don't—okay, there we go.

Justin: This clock is filling up. So, this is—You bring it down. It has lost that leg and it sort of stumbles back and forth. And it manages—you can see some like servos and gears inside of it, recalibrating. And then it seems to have found its balance again on three legs. These are not powerful creatures, but you can tell that they have become very good at adaptation. Griff?

Griffin: I mean, is this thing down now that it is missing a leg?

Justin: It's... Can you see the clock?

Griffin: Yes, okay, now I can see it.

Justin: Okay, there you go. A good amount, five of the eight like wedges I have are filled in, so...

Griffin: I want to try to maneuver it, just to sort of fucking crash it into a big tree, or perhaps a pond of some sort?

Justin: Okay?

Griffin: Yeah, a pond sounds good.

Justin: Let me look.

Griffin: I'm gonna just sort of use this makeshift locus of control that I've created here—

Justin: I don't see a pond. But what we do have is a—roughly, if you had to guess, 12 foot by 12 foot sandbox that has become filled with clumps of mud and dirt and debris, and probably some litter.

Griffin: Great. Yeah, I'm gonna crash it on down into that.

Justin: Okay. I need you to give me a... Are you just kind of like pulling its momentum down into the into the muck, where it'll get fucked up?

Griffin: Yeah, I'm just trying to steer it as it tries to correct itself.

Justin: Steer it? Okay. I think, what did we just say, mounts are prowl?

Griffin: Finesse.

Justin: Finesse, okay.

Griffin: Handle a vehicle or mount.

Justin: So, give me a... I'll just keep calling this risky, standard. I feel like you're in a good position here.

[sound of dice thrown]

Griffin: Oh, there we go. Our first non-full success. Three, three, five.

Justin: Three, three, five. Okay. That's fine. So, you pull this thing and sort of jerk its momentum into this big sort of like wet, marshy sandbox. And it immediately is thrown, the new terrain has thrown it. And it manages to sort of lose its balance and crash down to the ground, knocking off a couple more plates of its armor. But you, in the effort, Montrose, are thrown from its back, and also squish into the dirty, gross ground.

Travis: Ew!

Griffin: Okay.

Justin: It doesn't hurt you, but it is gross, and you feel kind of squishy and bad.

Montrose: That's okay. Anyone—oh, who brought the wet wipes? God, did we forget the wet wipes? Every heist, I say, bring the wet wipes.

Emerich: I bet there were some back in the junk pile and we just didn't pick them up.

Beef: Nobody throws away wet wipes. Come on, Emerich.

Emerich: Well, the last one is always kind of goopy.

Beef: You still use it? [chuckles]

Montrose: You still got to use it.

Beef: If anything, it's the wettest wipe!

Montrose: It's the only world we get. We can't just go around wasting the wettest wipe.

Torgus: You throw them away if the package dries up.

Beef: Thank you. Yes. Thank you, Giraffesaurus Rex.

Justin: No, it wasn't him.

Travis: Oh?

Justin: It came from somewhere in the woods, probably about 10 yards away from where you're currently fighting this thing.

Travis: I mean, are we still fighting it, Justin?

Justin: Well, let me look at this clock. Yup, you are. You're seven eights done fighting it, but you are fighting it.

Beef: Voice in the woods, are you controlling this Giraffesaurus Rex? Be honest.

Torgus: I am not. I am Torgus!

Beef: Okay. Torgus, will you be upset if we destroy this Giraffesaurus Rex?

Torgus: I cannot upset!

Beef: Okay. Cool!

Clint: Emerich summons up Hard Doug out of his Give a Ghost Projector.

Justin: Okay?

Clint: And sends Hard Doug running towards the Giraffesaurus Rex.

Justin: Okay. So, this is, what do we call it, attune? Attune. And I'm gonna call it risky, standard. Or no, you know what? I'll say it's controlled. If this doesn't work, there's no harm to you. So, controlled, standard.

[sound of dice thrown]

Clint: Two, five, six!

Justin: Six! Nice! So, you raise your wrist out from underneath your incredible camouflage. [chuckles] That should have made it doubly controlled, out of your camouflage. And the silhouette of Hard Doug, the sort of original Sticky Fingers Paul Pantry character, is running at this thing.

What do you shout out, with a six? I mean, he's there. He's doing your bidding. What do you want him to do?

Clint: I want him to run where he's in a position close to the broken off leg, where the servers and all the other things are.

Justin: And do what? We got one more wedge in this thing. What do you want him to do?

Clint: [chuckles] I think I want him to stick his Hard Light hands up inside the mechanics of it.

Justin: Whoa, cool!

Clint: And just mess it up!

Justin: Inside the giraffe?

Clint: Well, where the open part is, where the leg had gotten torn—where the leg had been torn off.

Justin: Oh, right, okay, I gotcha. I thought you meant the place where the leg was now. You meant the place where the leg formally resided.

Clint: Right, where you said we could see into it and see all the—

Justin: Okay, great. So, Hard Doug comes running out of the—through the forest. At first, it's an outline and then the silhouette starts to like fill in, polygons just like pop in as it's going. As he's running through, he's sort of forming. And as his hand forms, you see him punch up through the guts of this thing. And...

Clint: Do the voice. Do the voice. Do the voice.

Justin: Wait, what was... I don't remember.

Clint: It was Paul Pantry's voice, except it was just a little harder. Remember?

Justin: Okay, yeah.

Hard Doug: Take this, you punk!

Justin: And then he punches the giraffe.. Finally, the Giraffesaurus Rex relents.

Beef: All right, you guys. Okay. I'll go. Ugh, you drive a hard bargain.

Torgus: Excellent! You really stuck your necks out!

Montrose: Was that a giraffe pun voice in the trees?

Torgus: Yes. I am programmed for maximum pun ability. But cannot recognize levity.

Montrose: That's great.

Beef: Torgus, was it?

Torgus: That's me.

Beef: Okay. Could you, I don't know, come out and talk to us? It's weird just—

Torgus: I cannot!

Beef: Oh?

Emerich: Can we come in and talk to you?

Justin: There's no 'come in.' This is from like, you would guess about... 10 yards to your east.

Travis: But like in the trees.

Griffin: I'm gonna walk over to it, the voice.

Justin: Yeah.

Clint: Yeah.

Travis: Yeah, me too.

Justin: Okay.

Clint: Wait, wait, wait, I have to clamber.

Justin: Yeah, you clamber.

Clint: To get out of the—

Emerich: Eh... Ah!

[theme music plays]

[ad reads]

[theme music plays]

Justin: As you are making your way through, you see through a pile of like mud and leaves, what appears to be metallic, about maybe toaster shaped, in the ground.

Travis: I bend down and I clean away the mud and leaves.

Justin: Okay, and you try to pick it up?

Travis: I just want to see what we're looking at.

Justin: It's a little bit bigger than you initially understood it to be. In fact, you would estimate it to be two toasters. But they're extremely—

Travis: So, like a four—you're saying like a four slicer?

Justin: Yeah, this is a four slicer, baby. This is like a toaster oven. I mean, this is nice.

Travis: Gotcha. Oh, okay.

Justin: But it is extremely heavy and dense. On the outside, it is fairly simple. It is a metal base that you can tell at one point had been painted this sort of like khaki color. But most of that has chipped away and you can just barely make out a name tag that says Torgus.

Clint: I'm gonna—Emerich does a study roll.

Justin: Okay. Montrose, can you assist with that? For narrative reasons?
[chuckles]

Griffin: Sure.

Justin: Because you had been about to do a similar study roll, so—

Griffin: Yeah, I mean, I was going to study the Giraffasaurus. But I mean—

Justin: Let's say a similar—

Griffin: Okay.

Justin: A similar result from either one. So, you two should work together. So I can honor that thing you wanted to do but it will be—

Griffin: Sure, yeah, no, I will assist. And I will—I say;

Montrose: I know my way around some historical animatronics. Let me see what it is we're working with here.

Justin: And you bring it—sorry, go ahead, Emerich. You were about to say something?

Clint: Controlled? Standard?

Justin: Yes, controlled, standard

Clint: With one bonus, right?

Justin: Yeah.

Griffin: Yes. And I'll mark stress.

[sound of dice thrown]

Clint: Five, six, three!

Justin: Okay. Excellent. You two start talking. This definitely tickled something in your memory, Montrose. And then you also brought—you brought it over to Emerich, who wanted to check it out. What you have realized is that these were originally created for Jungle Island, which was an attraction across from Knott's Berry Farm in the '60s and '70s. It was purchased by Dentonic. You remember hearing something about that. This was never a major attraction. It was just something that Dentonic decided to collect, once Knott's Berry Farm was done with it.

These animals, these animatronic animals sort of littered the area. They were sort of the main draw of the secondary attraction that you could walk over to. Torgus, you recognize, Emerich, from your work, was one of the like early attempts to make an AI animatronic that would be able to populate this revamped Jungle Island.

So, Torgus was an attempt at a guide. These were never in production. You know that from your work, Emerich. These were collected and they attempted to adapt these animals with AI, to create some sort of island, recreation of Jungle Island, with artificial intelligence. That effort was, quite literally, scrapped. Torgus is the torso of one of those guides.

Griffin: Just the torso?

Justin: Just the torso.

Montrose: This is a remarkable find. This is... this is living history. This I—I remember Jungle Island very fondly. There was a time where this was... this was the cutting edge. I can't believe we just stumbled upon this in a big trash heap, kindergarten prison island. This is... this is incredible!

Torgus: I believe my neck and waist were the cutting edges.

Beef: Oh, I get it.

Emerich: [chuckles] Oh...

Montrose: Oh, I see, because you have been decapitated and de-leg-itated. And that's unfortunate.

Beef: I think bisected, maybe?

Montrose: Trisected. I mean, if you—

Beef: Yeah, I guess that's true.

Montrose: Cut into three parts—

Beef: We'll behead—

Torgus: Hey, why are we splitting hairs?

Beef: Oh, that kind of works.

Emerich: Torgus, do you know where... do you know where your other sections are? Are you in contact with them?

Torgus: Hold on, let me look for them. Effort has failed.

Montrose: All right. Hold on—

Torgus: Lack of head prohibits search.

Beef: Yeah, yeah, yeah.

Montrose: Yes. That is an issue. One moment, please.

Griffin: I reach in my pocket and I pull out a Sharpie, and I draw a face on the torso.

Justin: Okay, great.

Clint: Aw.

Montrose: I realize that this is not—

Justin: Give me a straight D20.

Griffin: D20 roll, okay. Let's try, let's try.

[sound of dice thrown]

Griffin: 12.

Justin: That's the least funny thing you could have gotten. It's fine.

Travis: No, 11. 11 is the least funny.

Griffin: No, I think 12 is less funny.

Travis: You think?

Justin: Yeah, 12 is less funny. 11 is like one more than half, so it's just barely—

Travis: I got it, yeah.

Montrose: I realized that this does not provide you with any kind of optical benefit—

Travis: But why did he roll, Justin? Wait, hold on, Griffin. You rolled a 12 and then Justin didn't tell you what that meant.

Griffin: It means it's fine.

Justin: No, it means the face he drew is fine.

Travis: Oh, okay.

Justin: Like, if he had gotten a really good roll, it would've been like sick.
[chuckles]

Travis: [chuckles] Okay, good. With like flames and shit.

Justin: Yeah, like cool shit. [chuckles]

Griffin: Well, I'll keep adding to it. I'll keep rolling—

Travis: Do a Marvin the Martian.

Griffin: And just keep adding more features to Torgus.

Montrose: This is more for—this is for our benefit, just so we can have sort of a thing to talk at.

Justin: Have you set him down, by the way?

Clint: No. No, no, no—

Justin: Okay, it's extremely heavy. Like, you would guess about 100 pounds, Beef.

Travis: Did I pick him up?

Justin: I thought you said you did? When you clean him off, I kind of assumed you had picked him up.

Travis: Yeah.

Justin: But... okay.

Emerich: Can we take him with us?

Beef: I mean...

Montrose: That's up to Beef. Neither of us are equipped to carry 100 pounds—

Beef: Yeah, hold on... Yeah, okay.

Travis: And Beef gets some more jump ropes and makes like a bat—like, ties him up so that he can like put his arms through and carry him on his back. Like Chewbacca does with C-3PO.

Justin: Okay. Beef, if you are making the choice to bring Torgus with you—

Travis: At least for now.

Justin: It will impact your ability to do certain things. I just wanted you to know that.

Travis: Like poop in private?

Justin: And this rig that you've made is not something you can instantly discard.

Travis: Oh, okay.

Beef: Well, wait, hold on. Before we decided to take you with us, Torgus, we can. Do you know—we're looking for like a case of like chocco drink mix stuff, that like fell down from, you know, one of the recycling trash dump things. And then we can use that to like basically trade for help escaping. Do you know anything about this chocco drink mix? Or where—if there's like, I don't know, people here who would have taken it somewhere?

Torgus: What I gathered about this lab before I found myself in this state, is that most of the recycling that made its way to the jungle ended up in the Crazy River.

Beef: Oh? Okay

Torgus: Then it would have been swept southward.

Beef: And do you know how to get to the Crazy River from here?

Torgus: I do.

Beef: All right.

Torgus: It's to the east.

Montrose: This is great. This is—this is working—

Beef: Yeah, you're coming with us. Come on, big guy.

Montrose: One more thing.

Griffin: And I look at Torgus in the face and I say:

Montrose: This is a long shot, but you remind me of someone. Does the name.... does the name the creaky man register with you at all, Torgus?

Torgus: I... I can't believe—no!

Beef: Okay.

Torgus: Not at all.

Montrose: Hold on. Hold on it. There was a thing you were doing there for a second?

Torgus: It was a joke.

Montrose: Okay. All right, worth a shot. Let's go!

Clint: You're not going to use your truth telling powers here?

Griffin: I mean, a robot can't lie, dad. That's like—

Travis: That's like rule number two.

Justin: Robotics, man.

Griffin: Yeah. I mean, I can ask Justin. It would be a waste of all of our time. Justin, was the robot lying?

Justin: What?

Griffin: Was the robot lying about knowing the creaky man?

Justin: Okay, if you tell me how you in—how you use your truth telling ability to tell me if a torso is lying. Then I'll tell you if it's lying or not.
[chuckles]

Travis: He checks the heartbeat, Justin. Come on.

Justin: I'm pretty sure your thing applies to people. I'm not sure about torsos. But—

Griffin: "You can always tell when someone is lying to you." Is this someone?

Travis: Ooh, is a robot someone? Answer, Justin!

Justin: Is a robot someone? No, he's not lying.

Griffin: Okay, great.

Travis: Does a robot tell electric lies?

Justin: [chuckles]

Clint: [chuckles]

Justin: Okay, you start to head towards the east.

Clint: As we do, Emerich gently rests a hand on Beef's back. You know, like, pats him on the back and says...

Emerich: Thank you for bringing that. I appreciate it. I appreciate you bringing that for me.

Beef: Oh, I brought it... Thank you. I brought it for us. I mean, it's a resource and we're short on those.

Emerich: I appreciate it. Thank you. I think I can do some wonderful things with that. Thank you.

Beef: Okay, you should ask him—

Emerich: You are my friend.

Beef: I appreciate that. Thank you, Emerich. Don't do anything weird with him, okay?

Emerich: Define weird—no. I wouldn't, I would never.

Beef: Ah? Okay...

Justin: After a few minutes of discussion and a couple of hours walking. You start—

Travis: What?!

Justin: Yeah, it was a long way—

Travis: Oh, my god, you didn't tell me that?

Justin: Yeah, you're fucking exhausted. You hear the water before you're close. And you arrive at what a dilapidated sign pointing you in this direction calls the Crazy River. This river is a massive, gigantic loop. Probably, if you had to guess, 15 feet wide.

Travis: Oh, boy!

Justin: And this is the eternal dream of all children; a lazy river where they can ruin everything and be totally goofy. Every kid has wanted to ruin a lazy river for other adults, and now they can. There are—the river is absolutely chock-a-block with detritus. Mainly, the main thing you notice is like foam pool noodles that have been—

Travis: Oh my god, those don't belong here!

Justin: That have been sliced up and cut—

Travis: This is for inner tubes!

Justin: There are several inner tubes. Of course, none are like inflated. They're all just sort of like floating through.

Travis: Oh my god.

Justin: Some animal carcasses. Robotic, thank you.

Travis: That's fine. Now, Justin, is it the kind of thing where the inner tubes are some where they're like those double inner tubes that are clearly way too big for the river? And like, those are for the slides, those aren't for the lazy river. What are those doing here?

Justin: Yes, there's some of that, too. Anything that would irritate you as an adult is in this beautiful, Crazy River.

Travis: Diarrhea.

Torgus: This is the proper direction.

Beef: So... but this is a loop, right, Torgus? So like, if anything was in here, we could hypothetically just wait?

Torgus: No, it empties out at the basin.

Justin: And the way this is shaped, you can see that there is definitely like an unloading and offloading point. It is directly to your west, there is a large basin. But you could see, if you had to guess, it's probably a good mile off. It is a great distance. If you were to follow the Crazy River all the way there, you know that it would take quite some time. So, you realize that you are going to have to cross the Crazy River.

Travis: Is it still flowing and stuff?

Justin: Yeah, it's flowing fast. It's kind of terrifying.

Travis: But when you say cross—

Clint: How far across?

Justin: 15 feet. That's your guess.

Travis: So, when you say cross, do you mean like we have to get from one side to the other? Or we have to like get in and get down to the basin?

Justin: No, I mean, that's kind of up to you. If you decide you want to build a water-fearing craft that can help you navigate this Crazy River, you could do that. Or you could cross it. I will leave that choice to you all.

Griffin: I mean, it's more fun if we do build a boat. But I feel like, narratively, it doesn't make much sense for us to stop for a long time so that we can build a boat out of pool noodles and inner tubes and the like.
[chuckles]

Justin: As you get a little closer and you start to weigh your options, you notice that there is... there is something else in the waters. Now—

Travis: Hm, anacondas!

Justin: No, actually, I don't know. What I'm going to ask... who wants—who do you think would be the most logical choice to head up there, to check things out?

Clint: Oh...

Griffin: I think Emerich.

Clint: Emerich!

Justin: Emerich? Okay. Dad, I want you to roll a D100.

Griffin: There is precedent for that.

[sound of dice thrown]

Clint: 35.

Justin: 35... okay.

Clint: [chuckles] There is precedent, yeah.

Justin: [chuckles] Okay... Let's see, let's get another one. Give me another D100 roll.

Clint: Okay.

[sound of dice thrown]

Griffin: Ooh, that's a good one.

Clint: 91.

Justin: 91.

Travis: Pretty good, that's an A.

Griffin: Or a bad one, I do not know what these numbers mean.

Justin: As you get closer, Emerich, you see a cloud in the water. And then you realize, as you get a little bit closer, it's not a cloud. It's a school of some sort of aquatic creature. One leaps out of the water when you get your face too close, and almost gets you. You realize that it has the head of a chihuahua and the body of an owl. It's a Chihuaowl.

Travis: No!

Justin: And it has absolutely infested these waters.

Griffin: An aquatic Chihuaowl? That sucks to say.

Justin: Yes, it's using the same mechanics that you would use to navigate the air flow and has just adapted those to a water life.

Beef: Damn, I've heard about this.

Justin: So, these are a whole massive school of Chihuaowls. Aquatic Chihuaowls. Thank you, Griffin. I'm sure there's an airborne Chihuaowl, too, and that's what we've really got to start to think about—

Travis: It's actually—

Clint: [chuckles]

Justin: Starting over as a species. [chuckles]

Travis: And Justin, it's—when it's—in this scenario, it's actually called a festival of aquatic Chihuaowls.

Justin: Oh, it's a festival of aquatic Chihuaowls.

Griffin: Yeah, that's the proper noun.

Travis: Yeah.

Griffin: Okay, I have some, at least, passing familiarity with the Jungle Island sort of attraction. This is—these hybrids, these Chimera sort of things, that wasn't the original design, right?

Justin: No, it was not.

Griffin: Something has gone horribly, horribly awry here.

Justin: Well, I... you don't know what's happened here. But I will say this; there's very little uniformity to these. It's the same pattern, right, of Chihuahua and owl. But they've all come together—this is not manufactured, you know what I mean? This is something that has been, again, aftermarket. Okay, so, that is the situation you find yourselves in.

Travis: Looking at the other side of the Crazy River, what do we see? Are there any structures? Trees, anything?

Justin: You see a tree, like a line of trees. And then sticking out is an animal that you, for the life of you, cannot place. You just see a head poking out, a gigantic, white eye on brown... you can't tell skin or hair. And a head shape that is absolutely baffling to you.

Travis: Cool! That's... Hey, J-man, that's horrifying, what you just described.

Griffin: I don't like that.

Travis: Like, I want to go. Not my character, me. I want to leave!

Justin: You have to be here. It's your job.

Travis: Ah, man...

Emerich: Torgus, are you familiar with whatever that creature is, that is looking at us? The eyeball creature?

Torgus: Oh, yes. It's a Winamile.

Emerich: A Woodable?

Torgus: A Winamile!

Emerich: Can you tell me anything about it?

Torgus: I would be happy to tell you about Winamiles, but my programming is geo located. I can only access that information when I am near them.

Emerich: That makes perfect narrative sense.

Torgus: Yes!

Montrose: All right, we're gonna throw you across the river and then we need you to yell super-duper loud.

Justin: There were—you've sort of reached what you could tell was a clearing. There are small sprigs, but nothing like the sort of forests that have

sprung up elsewhere. You can tell that this is probably a well-trafficked area for robots that need to clean dust or other grime out of their joints.

Clint: Is the water still flowing? Or is the water—

Justin: Again, yes.

Clint: Okay.

Travis: You know what? Okay, so there are Chihuaowls in the water. It is flowing 15 feet across. We need a way to get across that will not get us attacked by a festival of Chihuaowls. I'm going to start... the noodles, you said they'd been chopped up, right? Or sliced up. Sliced up, are they still length-wise or are they like sliced up into chunks?

Justin: What? I'm sorry, I don't exactly understand what you're asking me.

Travis: Pool noodles, are they long—

Justin: Yeah, they're all—they're just sort of dilapidated and cut to ribbons. I mean, it's...

Travis: Okay.

Griffin: All right, I got it. So, I'm gonna take my rebar blackjack, I'm gonna tie one of the cables that I brought with me onto it. I brought these long cables with me.

Travis: Mm-hm, yeah.

Griffin: And then, I'm gonna use my bow sling, my sling bow, and shoot it across the river, into a tree. And then, we can use that as a sort of slackline. Easy.

Justin: Easy?

Griffin: Figured it out. Solved it.

Justin: Wow, you just solved it like that?

Griffin: Yeah, I think that's what—I think that's the solution to this one.

Travis: Yeah.

Justin: Oh... So, you're just solving it?

Griffin: Yeah, yeah, yeah.

Justin: Okay. Yeah, go ahead. Let's go ahead and call that—what would we call that? What would you call that?

Travis: Finesse, right?

Justin: Finesse again, right?

Travis: If you are using a ranged weapon?

Griffin: Sadly, hunt, is the correct answer.

Justin: Okay.

Griffin: "Attack with precision shooting from a distance." This is just to get the thing on the other side, right? This is not even to cross it?

Justin: Correct, yes.

Griffin: That, I imagine, is gonna be its own sort of kettle of fish.

Clint: [chuckles] Chihuaowls.

Griffin: [chuckles] That's not what I said, but... position? What do you think? I mean, if this fails, I can just pull the cable back, right? And get my thing back.

Justin: Yeah...

Griffin: So, controlled?

Clint: What do you have in hunt?

Griffin: Two.

Justin: Yeah, I'm gonna say it's controlled. Yeah, controlled, standard.

Griffin: Cool.

Justin: Eh, control, great, because that'd be a hell of a thing if you pulled this off. [chuckles]

Griffin: Oh, okay, great. Controlled...

Travis: And I'm gonna help by like holding the cable up so that it's—the weight is lessened, so it's not pulling against the cable. So...

Griffin: Yeah, I mean, I'll need someone to hold on to the other end of the cable while I fire it off.

Travis: Yeah, I'll hold on to the cable and help hold it up to get the angle right.

Griffin: Okay. Then, here it goes.

Clint: Emerich will watch.

Griffin: Great.

[sound of dice thrown]

Griffin: Oh, yikes, four. Four, one, two. Four.

Travis: That's a mixed success.

Justin: That's a mixed success... [chuckles] Okay. You fired—and then you had like a rope attached, yes?

Griffin: Yeah, a cable.

Justin: A cable, okay. You fire it across and it's hurtling towards those trees, but stops about eight feet short and buries itself in the ground.

Griffin: Great.

Justin: But your cable has buried itself in the ground and is stretched across with you holding the other end. That is what—that is the situation that you now find yourself in.

Griffin: Awesome.

Montrose: And now, Beef, you hold that end. I'll just slackline across.

Beef: Well, it's ground level, so you'll tight rope across.

Montrose: Yeah, sure. I mean, we're splitting hairs. But this will—this is—this will be—this is the—that was the hard part! This is the easy part.

Beef: It is?

Montrose: You just hold that rope real, real, real good, because I don't know what a Chihuahua does when it is sort of presented with fresh meat. But I have to imagine is not good for the meat.

Beef: Yeah!

Griffin: All right. So, I hop up on there and I, just like I'm back in college, I just slackline across. Like I'm at the park with my buddies. We just finished sacking and now I'm going to... slacking.

Clint: Okay, so, are you going across it like a tight rope?

Griffin: Yeah, sure.

Justin: Wow...

Clint: Okay. I'm going to help.

Justin: Okay! How do you help him get across the other side?

Clint: I'm going to help him by projecting Scott Boldflex farther down the Crazy River and sticking a toe in the water to see if he can distract the Chihuaowls in his direction.

Travis: You knowm it occurs to me, and we don't have to go back and do this, but it does occur to me that Emerich could probably create a Hard Light bridge. Okay, let's do this!

Justin: What you do notice as you pull the rope taut, the trash, the detritus, and indeed, some of the Chihuaowls are starting to get like caught. What you've made as sort of a rudimentary dam here.

Griffin: Okay?

Justin: Where pieces of junk are starting to like catch on it. And that is happening with increased frequency.

Griffin: Okay, well, that will just make it easier to cross. There's more stuff.

Justin: Okay?

Griffin: For my feet to go on.

Justin: Okay.

Griffin: So, here we go.

Justin: All right, let me see that roll, please.

Griffin: This is probably desperate, yeah.

Justin: Oh, yeah, yeah, yeah.

Griffin: Standard effect?

Justin: Mm-hm.

Griffin: And I'm gonna take the one bonus dice from Emerich's help.

Clint: Yup.

Griffin: And we're just gonna roll it.

[sound of dice thrown]

Griffin: Oh, fuck. Four, five, two, four. Five, fuck. Oh, wait, wait, wait! Wait, wait, wait! On a desperate roll, I get plus one.

Justin: Really?

Griffin: Oh, "On a desperate action, you get plus one D to your roll if you also take minus D to any resistance rolls against consequences from your action." I forgot about that. Can I roll one more dice, please?

Justin: [chuckles] Yes.

Griffin: This one's gonna be it.

Justin: But that means the consequences will be worse, right?

Griffin: If I... yeah... [chuckles]

Justin: [chuckles] Okay.

Griffin: I have to use—I am a reckless guy.

Justin: Yeah, you're a reckless guy!

Griffin: And so, I have to use my daredevil action. Here we go, six!

[sound of dice thrown]

Griffin: Four. Fuck.

Travis: What just happened? What was that—oh, I see, okay. It was a four, you wanted a six.

Justin: We wanted a six.

Griffin: A triple four should—a four should—a triple four should be something. 'Cause three of the same number.

Travis: 'Cause that's 12!

Justin: If this was Yahtzee, that would definitely be something. But five is your highest. So, with a five... [chuckles] It's actually going really well. And as you're walking, you're continually seeing like some of the junk pile up here, and you're walking across it. You actually have a moment of like serenity. And you think, "I could have done this. I mean, I know that I... you know, I'm not perfect at it right now, but like, this could have been my life."

You're starting to have thoughts like that. And then you're about three quarters of the way over when a can of soda makes its way over the dam and just sort of accidentally rolls onto your feet. This empty soda can you step on and slip directly into the water. Your fall is buoyed by trash. And you managed to hold on to the line, so you're still being pushed along. But you have not made it all the way across, you are now stuck in the water, on the opposite side of the like rudimentary trash dam.

Griffin: Okay. Well, I get out.

Justin: Oh, you get out? [chuckles]

Clint: [laughs]

Griffin: [laughs]

Justin: Would anybody else like—okay, Beef, you're kind of stuck. Emerich, anything you wanna—you're trying to help with Scott Boldflex. What is—does anybody want to try to assist him so that this isn't just a do over roll? Or what?

Travis: Yeah, you know what? I'm going to assist him, Justin.

Justin: Okay?

Travis: As I'm holding the rope, I'm going to start walking downstream. So now, the rope is going to angle closer and closer to the side of the bank.

Clint: Oh, that's good.

Griffin: That's just physics.

Justin: That's just physics. All right, Travis, that would just be like a feat of strength, right?

Travis: Yes.

Justin: Okay.

Travis: So, you want to call it skirmish?

Justin: No, I don't want to call it skirmish.

Griffin: What?

Travis: So, what would it be?

Clint: Wreck?

Travis: Prowl?

Justin: Wreck. I would say wreck. Wreck. 'Cause you're—

Griffin: In what? I mean, I think it's finesse.

Justin: Finesse? Okay, finesse.

Travis: Okay. I mean, it's—I got—its equal in both.

Justin: I think it's a feat of strength, but I don't think there's—

Travis: Yeah, I don't know what that would be then, you know?

Justin: Yeah.

Travis: What is my posish?

Justin: I'm gonna call it risky, standard, again.

Travis: Let's do it.

[sound of dice thrown]

Travis: A one, two, four. It's a mixed success.

Justin: Ah... [chuckles] Okay, you manage to angle it downstream. You are perfectly successful in that, excellent. In the jostling of it, you managed to dislodge Montrose.

Travis: What?

Justin: Montrose is now being sucked down the river as a fleet of the Chihuaowls start to head towards him. And that is where you now find yourselves. With Montrose being sucked down the lazy river. The Crazy River, pardon me. This is no longer lazy for any of us.

Travis: Hey, Justin?

Justin: Yeah?

Travis: Are there any big, flat chunks of debris? A sign, perhaps, or... you said there was a dilapidated sign that said Crazy River?

Justin: I did. I did. I mentioned that exactly.

Travis: I'm gonna grab that sign... and I'm gonna do a little like skim. I'm gonna run and jump onto it.

Griffin: Fuck yeah.

Justin: Yes!

Travis: Try to skim across the top of the water.

Justin: Skim across the top of the water, yeah, okay!

Griffin: Yeah. Fuck yeah.

Justin: Yeah, yeah, yeah. Yeah!

Travis: I've seen people do it on TikTok.

Justin: Absolutely, dude. Roll it.

Griffin: Yeah, for sure. Dad, you can finish this campaign by yourself, right? When me and Travis are both fucking dead.

Travis: [laughs]

Justin: [chuckles]

Clint: Yeah!

Justin: Drown their asses. Unforced errors here, okay. [chuckles]

Clint: I'll just make copies of you guys and finish the campaign.

Griffin: That's great.

Travis: I love that. I love that.

Clint: I'll make copies of you.

Travis: I have less idea of what this roll would be classified as.

Justin: This is prowl, I think. I mean, right?

Griffin: Yeah.

Justin: Or finesse? I mean, I don't want to keep doing finesse. Everything feels like finesse.

Griffin: I think it's prowl.

Justin: Prowl, okay. Prowl.

Griffin: I think it's prowl.

Travis: Yeah.

Justin: It's like sick acrobatics, I feel like. I think it's prowl.

Travis: And would you say it's desperate?

Justin: I mean, no. It's risky, but you're not—I mean, it will start to be desperate, towards the end of the action. [chuckles]

Travis: And what is the effect?

Justin: Trav, I'm sorry, man, but I gotta make it great. I don't think you've done a lot of this. [chuckles] I think it will be great effect.

Travis: The effect is great? It'll be a great effect if I do it? Okay. And I'm gonna push myself.

Justin: Limited—that is not actually—sorry. Limited effect is what I should say. So, great is like when it's something that will definitely, like will have a huge effect. I will say limited.

Travis: Limited, got it. Uh-huh. And I'm gonna push myself. It's one of my superhuman feats—

Clint: I'm—wait.

Travis: What?

Clint: Wait, wait. Wait, wait. I'm going to use foresight to help you.

Travis: Yeah.

Justin: Oh, I don't think you need foresight to know how this is going to shake out, dad. [chuckles]

Travis: But I love that. I love that.

Clint: Foresight, okay. And what I'm going to do is have a flashback where Emerich says...

Emerich: Beef, have you ever seen this film called Point Break?

Beef: Of course.

Emerich: It has... It has surfing in it. I think you would really enjoy it and I think that you could learn from it.

Beef: Okay.

Clint: So, that's how Emerich helps him.

Travis: It's time to skimboard, baby. Let's do it.

Clint: So, add another die.

Travis: Okay. Real quick, I'm looking up an Instructables article on how to skimboard.

Justin: Okay, perfect. That's actually a huge bonus for you.

Griffin: Beef doing that on his phone as he's sprinting towards the water.

Justin: Yeah, I don't know why no one ever thinks to check wikiHow in the middle—

[sound of dice thrown]

Travis: I gotta make success. I got a 5, baby.

Beef: "How to skimboard. Step one, the board—" Uh-huh, okay.

Justin: A mixed success, okay. Beef?

Travis: Uh-huh?

Justin: With a mixed success, you run, you jump, you grab this sign and it's like hang 10.

Travis: Yeah?

Griffin: [laughs]

Justin: You are just skimming, skimming across. And you make it to Montrose.

Griffin: Fuck yeah!

Justin: And then, you lose your footing, right there and you tumble into the water. The two of you are now in the water.

Travis: Cool.

Justin: Dad? [chuckles] What have you got, bud?

Clint: Emerich creates a pair of Hard Light stilts and makes his way across the river towards his friends.

Justin: Just one normal thing with you guys. Just do one thing normal.

Travis: Yeah, hey, we're not gonna do that.

Justin: All right, you're good—

Griffin: The stilts are foolproof, Juice.

Justin: Everyone is coming up—can I just say, I want to be super impressed with you guys. The number of ways of conveyance you guys have found to join Griffin in his terrible situation are really good. You guys are great at getting into the same danger that Griffin has found himself in. [chuckles]

Travis: All I know, Justin, I can't help him from over here, right?

Justin: You definitely could! [chuckles] I mean, there are lots of things—

Griffin: This is fuckin'—[chuckles]

Travis: No, no, no, no, no—

Justin: When you said, "Do I have a long plank," the reality in which you were like, "Now I'm going to skimboard on it," and not, "I'm going to use it to rescue Montrose." [chuckles]

Travis: Your assumption, Justin, is that if I, Travis McElroy, was in this scenario, I'd make a good choice. That's ridiculous.

Justin: You're role playing?! [chuckles]

Travis: Yeah!

Justin: Make a good one!

Griffin: We are recreating the end of Toy Story 3 here, just sort of voluntarily. Just all of us are going down in this river full of Chihuaowls together.

Travis: Too real. Too real.

Justin: Too real.

Clint: May I take my turn now?

Justin: Yes, dad.

Griffin: Please, you must.

Clint: Okay. I start stilt walking across the water.

Travis: You just do it?

Justin: Well, let's see. That's definitely what you—are you—what is your—is your attempt to literally just get to them? What is your like end goal?

Clint: Well, I thought if I could still walk over to them, they could each grab a stilt and we could keep on going.

Justin: Okay, that would require a Herculean feat of strength from you. But we'll see how it goes. Give me a finesse roll.

Clint: No, it's basic physics. A finesse roll... it's not my best.

Justin: Mm-hm... you're the one that chose stilt walking. Risky, standard.

Travis: Now, to be fair, Justin, dad didn't choose the stilt walking life. The stilt walking life chose him. Okay? So like, dad's just being true to himself here. Okay? So why don't you back the fuck off?

Clint: I'm... I'm going to push myself.

Travis: Yeah, with stilts. [chuckles]

Clint: I don't guess you guys could help?

Travis: I can't think of how, Clinton.

Clint: All right, is this risky or desperate? You said risky, right?

Justin: Yeah.

Clint: And standard?

Justin: Yeah.

Clint: This is not gonna go well, is it? [chuckles] Finesse!

Travis: Yeah.

[sound of dice thrown]

Travis: Oh my god...

Griffin: [laughs]

Clint: How did it only roll one?

Travis: Because you had zero in finesse and you pushed yourself to get one die.

Griffin: [chuckles]

Clint: Okay. So, how did it fail? I want to know how it failed.

Justin: Oh, Dad...

Griffin: [chuckles] Can it just be that the stilts weren't long enough?

Justin: [chuckles]

Travis: [chuckles] Dad got a one. Hey, everybody at home, Dad got a one.

Clint: [chuckles]

Griffin: A one, one. Oh, fuck...

Justin: I mean, Emerich, I actually love Griffin's impulse. You get your stilts and you take like a couple seconds to just get your footing and you're like, "Okay, nice. I've got this. I've got this." [chuckles] And you still walk until you realize your first step like, "Okay, this is working out pretty good." And then you get about halfway to where they are, and you realize that you're up to your knees.

And the stilts stop right about—they managed to get you just to a point where, yes, you are about six feet away from Montrose and Beef, and their position being swept down the river. And as the waters whisk you away, you see a silhouette on the horizon. And it's getting closer to you. It's winged, like a pterodactyl, but the center mass is just too massive.

And eventually, you realize what you are seeing is an armored gorilla dactyl. The armor is made with prints from other animals. And the gorilla dactyl calmly, patiently flies about six feet above your head, and tilts his own with this sort of grinding, and maybe just a spark or two. And he says...

Orwell: My name is Orwell. I assume you are the best that they have. In which case, my chocca is perfectly shaped.

[Steeple chase theme song plays]

MaximumFun.org.
Comedy and culture.
Artist owned.
Audience supported.