

The Adventure Zone Versus Dracula - Episode 13

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[intro theme music plays]

Dracula: Dear diary...

I will be the first to admit that to the outside observer, Angrave is a pretty spooky place. And sure, as it's regent, I am somewhat to blame for that. But it's hard to sympathize with that heap of chattering babies who can't handle the occasional monster encounter, because I'm only afraid of one thing. And, well, as vast and vindictive as that thing may be, I neutralized it years ago. Well, okay, two things. I don't like little dogs! Yuck. No, thanks. You can keep 'em.

[The Adventure Zone Versus Dracula theme music plays]

Travis: I always feel like you'd have like a, "Kisses." Like some kind of like, "Okay, love you. Bye."

Griffin: It is a diary. So I don't know—

Travis: You don't sign off your diary?

Griffin: I don't sign off my diary with kisses to my future self.

Clint: [laughs]

Justin: That would be wild.

Travis: Okay.

Justin: Yeah, for sure.

Griffin: I sign off all of mine—

Travis: Oh, yeah, wild. Yeah.

Griffin: I sign off all of mine, "Thank you, reader." Because I just assume that someday it will be published as like—

Justin: I start all my journal entries with, "Dear history." [titters]

Griffin: Yeah, exactly. So—

Travis: Mine is, "Dear future husband, here's some things you need to know."

Griffin: [chuckles] The three of you have just had a somewhat disturbed night's rest, by an encounter with the Invisible Man. You have—

Travis: [spoofs "Down with the Sickness" by Disturbed]

Griffin: Okay, yeah, no, and then you... [chuckles] you all got down with the sickness.

Justin: We're trying to sleep and that guys like... [spoofs "Down with the Sickness" by Disturbed] It's three in the morning.

Griffin: [titters] That's actually the sound the Invisible Man makes.

Travis: We reference, between Down with the Sickness references and Disturbed references, we reference that too much.

Griffin: We do. It's an outside—

Travis: And I love it.

Griffin: For the year 2024. You all have had a long rest, so go ahead and do that to your characters. Rest 'em up, get all those tasty spell slots and your hit points back.

Clint: I'm going to do my daily ritual of concocting an experimental elixir.

Griffin: Okay, cool.

Clint: So I roll a—

Griffin: D20? No.

Clint: No, a six. What was it? I can't read it, it's—

Griffin: It is a one.

Clint: A one, okay. That would be... healing, okay. Strict healing elixir, regains a number of hit points equal to two D4 and your intelligence modifier. So I'll add that. Oh, yes.

Griffin: That may come in handy.

Travis: Griffin, I added the chupacabra friendship bracelet to my collection of teeth and trophies.

Griffin: Yeah, it's a magic item that let's you fly.

Travis: [gasps]

Griffin: And shoot a laser.

Travis: No, I'm just doing that for flavor.

Griffin: Yeah, sure.

Travis: Because you know, it's gonna be obviously a huge plot point. It was introduced as a cliffhanger at the end of the last episode.

Griffin: Yeah. No, the cliffhangers always introduce huge plot points. Like the fact that your dad is a crossbow bolt. We definitely will come back to that.

Travis: Yeah.

Griffin: You all walk through what would normally be the morning, but it's always night in Angrave. Until you pass the borders of the Ungentle Wood and traipse down the road a bit toward the Black Lagoon. And after a few hours' journey, you arrive. You approach a sort of gentle hill rolling downward towards a horseshoe-shaped body of water.

Travis: Ooh.

Griffin: Bordered on all sides—

Travis: Lucky!

Griffin: [titters] By a towering wall of shale rock. True to its name, the waters of this lagoon are black as pitch, clouded by runoff and peppered with sort of wooden debris from this flooded quarry's fallen mining operations. Where the land cuts into this lagoon, you all can see a pretty shoddy-looking dock that has been constructed, leading out into the water. And at the base of that dock, a similarly like shoddy handcrafted boathouse. There is a small boat with an onboard motor at the end of this dock, sitting motionless on the oily waters of the Black Lagoon. There is also a soft glow emanating through the windows of this boathouse. The lights are on inside, but you all are still a good distance away up this hill, leading down into where the lagoon sits.

Justin: And for the reader, why are we here?

Griffin: You all have come to the Black Lagoon after a tip from the dearly departed Wolf Man. That the iron mines that run underneath Angrave—

Travis: Departed from his head.

Griffin: Can get—[titters] yeah. Can allow you to pass through the Strangle Mire, towards Dracula's castle. And the only entrance that he knows of that you have access to is this flooded quarry that is now the Black Lagoon. The iron mines are where the Cult of the [Berry??] Blood have taken up residence. And the way that they move around, nobody seems to know. But this is your way into a tunnel system that can lead you to Dracula's Castle.

Crawford: Listen, man, I know we're on our way to fight Dracula... this place is gorgeous! You ever seen like a lagoon—like what was it? Black Lagoon? You ever seen anything like this before? Black water?

Godwin: It has a certain nobility, for certain. It's a little grimy for my tastes, but...

Phileaux: A good place for a resort maybe?

Crawford: Yeah!

Phileaux: One of those all-inclusive resorts?

Crawford: I just think it's amazing how like nature will take it back, stuff like this. Where like you know, man kind of came in and let's be honest, fucked it up, right? Dug a big 'ol pit or whatever and nature was like, "I'm gonna make something beautiful out of this."

Godwin: This is heartbreaking to me. I'm just now realizing the two of you have never experienced anything approaching elegance. But this is terrible... Look around at it, it's rather filthy. Have you three ever tried canapé?

Crawford: Who's the third one?

Phileaux: Who is our third?

Crawford: Oh, the dog?

Godwin: The dog. Yes, of course.

Crawford: Oh, Aggie, yeah. No, Aggie's had canapé. She loves that shit. She's a classy bitch. And I can say that because she's a female dog. But I've never had it before. Not for me. I'm a simple man. Simple tastes. Simple thirst. That's why I drink—[chuckles]

Phileaux: I too had just gruel. We had a lot of gruel at the Abbey. I have never had a canapé before.

Godwin: I can't decide whether or not I should be incredibly sad for you, which I am, or jealous that the merest... the merest delight could be unto you like a miracle. Imagine if someone gave you a Baked Alaska for example, you'd probably lose your mind.

Crawford: Wait, you can bake a state?

Godwin: Amazing.

Phileaux: Whoa, whoa... Alaska's a state?

Crawford: Now, listen. Hold on—

Godwin: It's like talking to hyper-evolved chimps!

Crawford: I understand that this mission to kick Dracula's ass and take his teeth, or what have you, is all important. Is it urgent though? Because we could take like a side journey and go somewhere classy like you're describing. You can introduce us to all this stuff if you want?

Godwin: My hope is that before our time together has ceased, I will be able to show you the true upper crust of Angrave. Because this, my friends, we call this the Redneck Riviera, is how we talk about the Black Lagoon. That's what we say.

Crawford: Oh, I love that. That sounds great.

Clint: [chuckles]

Godwin: It's a trashy vacation spot.

Crawford: I love that!

Phileaux: Do they have a Wings? Is there a Wings nearby?

Godwin: There's three Wings! And an eagle—

Crawford: Ooh!

Phileaux: Oh my god!

Godwin: There's a wings beach shop, an Eagle Beach Shop and a Surf Bum Emporium.

Phileaux: Oh, we could get a conch shell with googly eyes.

Godwin: We could buy a hermit crab at the mini golf.

Phileaux: [chuckles] Oh, gosh!

Crawford: They got somewhere where I can get a beer that's a yard long?

Godwin: I feel like if I talk about this more, I'm going to contract psoriasis.

Phileaux: Well, then we should... let's keep this in mind for a follow up mission.

Godwin: Moving forward, though—

Phileaux: Maybe a live show. [titters]

Griffin: You better believe I've written, "Side quest, experience luxury," in my notes. Okay, so you guys didn't actually do anything. [guffaws]

Clint: [laughs]

Travis: Oh, and then I walk down the hill.

Justin: Didn't we, Griffin?

Griffin: No, you did. You delighted a nation. But what do your characters now do about this—if you guys want to duck out and head to, you know, a food store to get fancy food, that's fine. Or you can—

Justin: I'm gonna knock on the boathouse store. See what's popping.

Griffin: Oh, wow? Okay.

Travis: Yeah, I mean, at this point, Griffin, all we've seen is we need to get into the place, we gotta swim through the water. There's a welcoming glow in a boathouse, seems like we get help there? Like, of all of the stuff we've encountered so far, this all seems pretty straightforward and nice!

Justin: I have a D&D rule. Wanna hear my D&D rule?

Griffin: I wanna hear it. I love it.

Justin: If there's only one door, go in it.

Griffin: Go right into it.

Travis: Yeah, I love that.

Griffin: Okay. You walk up to the door of the boathouse and knock on it. As you do, the door sort of rattles precariously, as it is so shittily made.

Justin: [titters]

Griffin: You hear a splash from inside and the creaking of floorboards. And then the door is thrown open and off of its hinges, which was just two sticks.

Travis: Ah, man.

Justin: Out?

Griffin: Inward. Ripped inward. And you see standing before you, a creature, a man-shaped creature. Perhaps at some point, maybe a sexy fishman, à la Shape of Water, in his time. But now, what you see before you is a six and a half foot tall, scaled creature, who is just sort of ashen scaled and sullen eyed. And as he opens the door and looks at you, he licks his lips and is panting.

Crawford: Hey. Hey, man, what's... I'm Crawford Muttner, you can call me Mutt. Everybody does. What's up? Hey. Hello. You broke your door.

Griffin: He looks at you hungrily. And then he leans down and picks a bucket of water up off the floor and dumps it on himself. And you see a little bit of life return to this fishman. And he says:

Gordon Clearwater: It's a pleasure to meet you! I'm Gordon Clearwater and welcome to my lagoon! And my boathouse. Come on in! Come on in!

Griffin: He gestures you into his boathouse.

Godwin: Is there room for all of us?

Gordon: It will be tight, but the more, the merrier is what I always say.

Clint: Brother Phileaux casts Mend on the door to fix it, as a gesture of goodwill.

Griffin: Okay.

Phileaux: Let me get that for you. Here.

Griffin: You mend the door. It's really just two sticks acting as the hinges. So I mean, you fix it as good as you think you can. But it's entirely likely that you're going to destroy this thing on your way out.

Travis: Just giving away your spell slots.

Phileaux: Oh, that was a cantrip. [laughs]

Crawford: Ah, thank god. Okay, thank god.

Griffin: He says:

Gordon: Can I make you a cuppa?

Crawford: Cuppa what?

Gordon: Tea?

Godwin: I will pass on the fish tea. Thank you so much for this.

Gordon: It's regular tea with leaves and everything.

Godwin: Oh, all right. Go on then. Yes, of course I'll have a cuppa.

Gordon: Three cuppas! Oh, four. Gotta make one for my wife, Elizabeth!

Griffin: He points in the corner, there's just like a basketball there.

Clint: [laughs]

Griffin: He goes over to the Black Lagoon and scoops his bucket up in it. And he pours some more on himself. And then he scoops up another bucket.

Clint: So there's a hole in the floor, right?

Griffin: I mean, it's a boathouse. So the back wall is just exposed to the water.

Clint: Okay, I gotcha.

Griffin: He walks over and he takes his bucket, and he pours it in a trash can with some kelp in it. And he just kind of like picks it up and shakes it a bunch, and it sloshes all over the place. And then he pours it into three cups and hands it to you all.

Gordon: So, what brings to my special lagoon, my little watering hole?

Crawford: Well, to be honest, man, we gotta swim down in it. Get through it to the other side. You know what I mean?

Gordon: Oh, going for a little late night swim in the Black Lagoon!

Crawford: It's technically morning. But yeah, I could see...

Gordon: I lose track. No clocks!

Clint: [titters]

Gordon: Never learned how to read myself. Isn't that right, Elizabeth?

Travis: Does Elizabeth say anything?

Griffin: No, it's basketball.

Travis: Hey, man! We're living in a magical world with a fishman and wolf and stuff! And you want me to *assume* the basketball doesn't talk?

Griffin: Fair. Good point.

Godwin: Sorry, I don't believe we've been introduced. Where is Elizabeth?

Gordon: Oh, she's right in the corner. Can you tell from her distinctive color? Bright orange!

Godwin: An orange?

Gordon: Beautiful.

Godwin: Hm... how did you two meet?

Gordon: What's that?

Godwin: How did you two meet? I'm a sucker for cute stories of young love.

Gordon: It's adorable. I had to go to the mall because I had to return some blue jeans at the Gap. And so I went there and I was looking around and I thought, you know, I may have let myself go a little bit, maybe I should go and take up jogging. And so I did, I went over to the Dick's Sporting Goods and I saw her across the aisle, and I thought, there she is. There she is. My lady love.

Phileaux: Oh... that is a story for the ages.

Gordon: I had to buy—I had to—

Phileaux: That's a tale as old as time even, I'd say.

Gordon: I had to buy her!

Godwin: I'll be honest, at the beginning of that story, I did not think it would be as long as it turned out to be.

Justin: [titters]

Gordon: Oh... my apologies.

Godwin: But it paid off in romance. And I love that.

Gordon: Yes... this is weird. This is strange. You all just wandered into my home and started sort of drilling me.

Crawford: You invited us.

Godwin: You invited us in.

Gordon: Yes, well, I didn't really know you're going to give me the degree on my basketball wife.

Godwin: I'm just getting to know your basketball. So you see a ball as well?

Gordon: What's that?

Godwin: You see a ball?

Gordon: It's a ball... I see a ball because it's a ball!

Crawford: That's a good point.

Phileaux: Do you have any children? Are there any like hand balls around?

Gordon: You tell me how that would work!

Godwin: Everyone, shut up. Any ball boys?

Justin: [titters]

Gordon: Puppet man... first of all, that's weird.

Griffin: I realize now, every character that interacts with you guys does need to take a beat to be like, "One of you is a puppet."

Justin: Otherwise the verisimilitude just collapses.

Griffin: Mm-hm.

Gordon: I would say that's weird, but my wife's a basketball. So who am I? Gordon Clearwater. You need to make your way over to the... you gotta go through the tunnels. Are you trying to get into the iron man? You all ain't those Berry Blood weirdos, are you?

Crawford: No, no, no. Man, we're, I would say, in opposition to them. You know what I mean? Like they're... you don't like 'em... and we don't like 'em either. So...

Gordon: All right. That sounds good enough for me. I'll tell you what, I can get you through the waters of the Black Lagoon.

Crawford: Oh, cool?

Gordon: It's not great for swimming. I love it—

Justin: This guy's a wet talker, huh? Like a really wet talker.

Griffin: Actually, as he is talking to you, you see his scales growing like more and more and more gray and ashy. And he goes:

Gordon: Oh, one second.

Griffin: And he scoops out a bucket of water and dumps it on himself.

Gordon: I would love to take you through there. I can get you to the [core??], no problem. We might have some trouble with the puppet, depending on sort of the buoyancy of his wooden—

Phileaux: Yes, I will need something to weight myself down.

Gordon: Oh, it's no problem. I have the same problem with Elizabeth. So, I can get you through there. The only problem is I can't really go into the Black Lagoon at the moment, because there is just a nasty little fish who's taken up residence there. And he does not like it when I go into—and all my stuff's down there. Except for me bucket and my wife. And so—

Godwin: Sorry, a nasty what?

Gordon: A nasty little fish! A fine-tooth little bastard. And if he wasn't there no more, I could definitely take you in. So, do you think maybe you'd be willing to ol' Gordon a favor and catch this big, nasty fish for me?

Crawford: You got like a fishing rod or...

Phileaux: A big net?

Clint: Yeah.

Phileaux: Something...

Gordon: There might be some stuff out in my boat.

Godwin: Can you speak with the fishes? Sorry, what was your name?

Gordon: Gordon.

Godwin: Gordon, can you speak with the fishes?

Gordon: Gordon Clearwater.

Godwin: Yes, yes, of course. Gordon, can you speak—

Gordon: An ironic name, wouldn't you agree?

Godwin: Because of Mrs. Gordon, the fish stick person?

Gordon: No, it's Clearwater—

Phileaux: That was a good one though! Yes.

Crawford: Oh, it's—wait, is it Clearwater because it's like a murky water?

Gordon: Well, I—

Godwin: Sorry, I'm trying to ascertain if you can speak to fish!

Gordon: Can you speak to fish?

Godwin: No, I assumed that you were some sort of master of—

Gordon: Hold up. Wait a second. I was being a little bit snarky there. A bit of a... a bit of a rat's ass. But you—I was taking a piss. But you can talk to fish—

Crawford: Right there in front of us? Man, that's gross.

Gordon: It's part of my physiology. You don't have to judge.

Crawford: I'm sorry, man. I shouldn't. No, yeah, I can speak to fish.

Griffin: There's no—okay, are we saying that speak to animals—

Travis: I have Speak with Animals. I have Speak with Animals, dude.

Griffin: A fish, I don't feel like that should—

Justin: Fish ain't animals.

Griffin: Work on fish.

Travis: Sorry, excuse me, Griffin. You're gonna plant a flag on fish ain't animals?

Clint: [titters]

Griffin: I feel like if you read the rules, the rules probably say, "But no fish though, because that would be fucking crazy."

Justin: [chuckles] That's crazy, they can't talk! But fish can't talk.

Griffin: [titters] He says:

Gordon: No, I can't talk to fish. What, do you think just because I have scales?

Travis: Yeah, man. It says right here, "But not fuckin' fish though. Gross!"
[laughs]

Griffin: Great. I'm glad you looked that up, Trav. I hate to hate to rules lawyer you, but...

Godwin: I just want to know more about the little fish. Why can't you handle this? You seem like the master of this lagoon.

Gordon: He's pretty fast. And you got sharp fangs, which is rude for a fish.

Phileaux: When you say little... how little do you mean?

Crawford: Yeah, are you being ironic?

Gordon: Hm... he's little in character. I will say that.

Crawford: Okay.

Gordon: You wouldn't say, "That's a big man." You would say he has a small personality.

Phileaux: And size-wise—

Gordon: Physically—

Phileaux: Catch and release?

Gordon: Hm... yes. I mean, if you can manage it. I don't care what happens to the fish.

Crawford: All right, so he's big, man. Just say it. Like I don't know why you're being coy.

Phileaux: In fishing parlance, that's called a lunker. So he's a lunker.

Crawford: Sorry, I don't know why you're being coy.

Gordon: There you go.

Phileaux: [laughs]

Godwin: Oh, isn't that something?

Gordon: Now you're taking a piss.

Crawford: Yeah, right here.

Godwin: Listen, we are—I would love to assist—

Travis: Griffin, just for reference taking *the* piss. Not taking *a* piss.

Griffin: No, Gordon says it taking a piss.

Travis: Okay. [titters]

Justin: It's a cultural thing, Trav. [chuckles]

Griffin: It's a cultural thing that you would not understand.

Godwin: Listen... we would love to assist you. But I will be honest and say that all of our abilities are rather more... land-based, than sort of the aquatic combat that would be required to deal with this, is a little beyond our scope I think.

Gordon: What you just said is crazy. Because do fishermen go out on their boats like, "Time for some aquatic combat!"

Godwin: Are you suggesting—

Crawford: Yes?

Godwin: [titters] Are you suggesting we... oh, you're—well... well, that is interesting. What if we could lose fish out of the water, out of its element? And then perhaps smite it after that fashion?

Gordon: Like onto land?

Godwin: Yes, of course.

Gordon: Okay, it's gonna have to be pretty enticing offer to get a fish to go up onto land, I will say. Quite a honeypot you're gonna have to construct there.

Godwin: I think all we need is bait.

Gordon: Gotta be pretty good bait for a fish to go, "Time to walk!" It took us millions and millions of years to accomplish that after the Cambrian era.

Godwin: Well, no, of course not. No, of course, your hook it.

Crawford: Mm-hm.

Godwin: The mechanics of fishing are perhaps anathema to you. You hook the fish and you drag it against its will.

Crawford: Yeah. And we're going to need some kind of bobber. Something that floats on the surface, that we can see move.

Godwin: We need bait too.

Crawford: Yeah.

Phileaux: Yes.

Crawford: What if they—now, what if they were one in the same?

Godwin: Yes. Well, what if the dog was the bait and your wife was the bobber?

Crawford: Nope.

Godwin: No, we talked about this. There's a lot of—I'm feeling a push against it.

Crawford: Hear me out, what if we had something that floated, that could move around and get this fish's attention? Right? But maybe was made of a... maybe biting resistant material. That we could then—

Phileaux: Where would we find—[chuckles]

Crawford: Hm!

Phileaux: Where would we find such a thing? Something that is cognizant and animated and—

Crawford: Uh-huh?

Phileaux: And it floats on the water, that's—

Crawford: Yeah?

Phileaux: That's... oh—

Crawford: Uh-huh?

Godwin: Oh, you're thinking a little bit of a woody... a woody pot. Like a—

Crawford: Yeah!

Godwin: Oh...

Phileaux: Oh?

Godwin: Now that's interesting. So, the fish—I'm trying to understand. So, the buoy is floating at the top of the water. And the fish sees it and he thinks, "Oh, my. Yes, indeed." And then leaps into the air. Now at what point—how do we get the fish from the water—

Crawford: Right, so—

Godwin: To a sort of more of a land-based—

Crawford: I gotcha. So, here's what I'm thinking.

Godwin: Okay?

Crawford: The fish swallows him. We got a rope tied around him. We pull 'em in. We got ourselves kind of a Monstro kind of deal here, right? A little, wooden boy gets swallowed by a big, aquatic creature. Then we reel 'em on in.

Godwin: Where is your extremely powerful reel?

Crawford: Oh, I'm looking at her, right there! With them two big fish lifters.

Godwin: It's me!

Crawford: Yeah!

Godwin: I will reel the—oh, this is interesting.

Phileaux: So, let me see if I've got this straight. You're not willing to risk your dog?

Crawford: Correct.

Phileaux: But you are willing to risk me, your boon companion?

Crawford: Well, buoy companion.

Phileaux: Buoy, oh.

Crawford: Because you float and you're—

Griffin: [chortles]

Phileaux: I have no argument left! That's it. You've got me there.

Godwin: All right. Buoy boy, in the water. The rest of you... wait, I guess, I—no, we need to hook the—we—this—I think—Gordon, let me just ask you, Gordon, how are you—

Griffin: He's kissing his wife.

Gordon: Sorry, I thought you were done with me!

Clint: [laughs]

Godwin: Gordon, what do you think of our plan? Gordon?

Gordon: Well, I guess the question is, what's the... there's a fishing rod out in the boat. I'm not entirely confident that it will be able to get this fish, small as though it may be, up and out of the water. So you know, some sort of rope and sharp thing is typically kind of like par for the course when it comes to fishing-based plans.

Crawford: So...

Godwin: Buoy boy, is there anything that you have in your bag of tricks that could, once within—

Crawford: Mm-hm.

Godwin: Which I know you don't like to contemplate, but let's be realistic, that is the ideal scenario. Once within the fish, do you have any sort of concoctions or like gut-burning sort of fiddle-faddle?

Phileaux: Well, actually, I have something that can add to that. I have Alter Self, which will allow me to adapt to an aquatic environment. Sprouting gills and growing webbing between my fingers.

Godwin: That would be wholly upsetting. I mean, even picturing that made me quite upset.

Phileaux: But then, I can also use that spell to grow fangs, claws, spines, horns or different natural weapons. If that can't impale the fishy's mouth—

Crawford: Now we're talking.

Phileaux: I don't know what can.

Crawford: Yeah, that one's good. I like that a lot. This might also help you out.

Travis: And Crawford hands him his sickle.

Phileaux: Oh?

Crawford: Very hook-shaped.

Griffin: Sure. Extremely hook-shaped.

Phileaux: I like it. I like it a lot.

Crawford: So here's what I'm thinking, this is the—we're gonna take a rope, he's gonna wind around—

Griffin: Can we just do it? Can we like—

Travis: Yeah, sure.

Griffin: Can we Blades in the Dark it a little bit and just like do it, instead of talking about it and then doing it?

Travis: Okay.

Griffin: Where are you guys—you have a few options as to where you are... your base of operations for this move. There is you know, the end of the dock, there is back sort of onshore and then there's the big shale wall. If you imagine sort of a quarry that wraps around the back of the lagoon. Where are you planning on doing the kind of like reeling in, land-based part of this operation from?

Clint: I think the shore, right? I mean, you don't want to have to haul this big ol' fish up over a shale wall, do you?

Travis: Well, I think the dock or the shore is what I was picturing. But if there's something that we could put the rope like once around, so that—

Griffin: Oh, yeah.

Travis: So that as Lady Godwin's pulling on it, right, there's kind of a pulley thing happening.

Justin: Maybe around the base of the pier?

Griffin: I think that's fine. Yeah, there's definitely you know, posts embedded in the loam here. Okay, cool. I think give me a survival check, probably Crawford, to like construct this mechanism.

Justin: Generous. [titters]

Griffin: Yeah.

Travis: Mm-hm. Thank you. Let's see... Okay... And okay, and with Hunter's Intuition, I can add a D4 to it. So... survival.

[sound of dice thrown]

Travis: That is a nine plus seven, 16.

Griffin: Plus D4?

Travis: Plus a D4...

[sound of dice thrown]

Travis: Plus a two. So a 19 total.

Griffin: 18.

Travis: Yes, thank you. Math.

Griffin: Okay, yeah. I mean, with an 18, you are able to wrap this rope, coil it around one of these piers. There is sort of a loose brass ring with rivets in it, that is sort of like providing support to the pier. You find one that is like without its rivets and loose, and are able to kind of coil it around that as a sort of makeshift sort of pulley. So you've set up a pretty tight little situation here. And then what happens?

Travis: I tie some beef jerky onto... onto Phileaux's legs.

Griffin: Okay, so is Phileaux going to be the bait and the bobber here?

Travis: Yeah.

Griffin: Okay. Great. Great. Great. Just making sure I understand the situation.

Clint: Well—

Justin: How are we gonna sink him?

Clint: I don't know if we need a bobber or not.

Griffin: Okay?

Clint: How about if I use this thing to turn into an aquatic form?

Griffin: Okay?

Clint: And then I can swim under the water.

Griffin: Yeah.

Clint: And then because if you have an animated hook, which is basically what he's going to be—

Griffin: Right, sure.

Travis: Yeah.

Clint: All you gotta do is wait for him to hook it.

Griffin: That's great.

Clint: Pull on the line, and you know to reel him in.

Griffin: Okay, burn that spell slot and tell me what it looks like when puppet Phileaux takes on an aquatic form.

Clint: So—

Griffin: And also, how do you accomplish this feat with your sort of alchemical form of magic?

Clint: I think, well, he has to use an item.

Griffin: Right.

Clint: As the focus of his spells. All of his spells. And technically, it is a spell. So I think that he's going to... his cross, his magic cross I think has become his main focus of using his magic. So I think the cross is what he uses.

Griffin: How does a puppet—I guess, to reframe my question, how does a puppet turn it into an aquatic form? Like what does that look like? It can be anything.

Clint: Well, it's magic...

Justin: [laughs]

Griffin: No, okay, listen. I know that.

Travis: I don't think Griffin's asking how, so much as—

Griffin: I'm not trying to trap—I'm not trying to trap or trick you.

Clint: I know.

Griffin: This works. I'm just saying, what's it look like? Visibly?

Clint: Well, he basically changes into kind of a fishy-looking—I think, at first glance. It looks like there are painted gills on his neck. His little wooden fingers become webbed.

Travis: Mm-hm.

Clint: And I mean just for shits and giggles, maybe a wooden dorsal fin.

Travis: Ah, hell yeah.

Griffin: Yeah.

Clint: Comes out of his back.

Travis: He's Limpeting. He's Limpeting!

Clint: Yeah, he's Mr. Limpet. He's Mr. Limpet.

Griffin: Fantastic.

Clint: And his two little—his two little finny legs—his two little wooden legs become like a merman's tail.

Griffin: I love that.

Travis: Hell yeah.

Clint: So he goes full Limpet.

Griffin: Does his shirt go—

Clint: He has big glasses on and—

Travis: Oh, dad! You never go full Limpet!

Clint: Oh, no, uh-uh. He's gonna go almost full Limpet. 98% Limpet.

Travis: Okay.

Griffin: Okay, and you have a rope tied onto you, as well as some jerky?

Clint: And I have... well, do we need the jerky?

Griffin: I guess it's up to you.

Clint: If I look like baitfish...

Griffin: Yeah.

Clint: Ah, let's take the jerky. Just to help out.

Griffin: Yeah, otherwise I was gonna make you do a contested roll to see if Mutt could tie jerky on to you without—

Travis: You noticing.

Griffin: Your permission.

Travis: I mean, I'm pretty sneaky.

Clint: I wouldn't be against it now. That's all right.

Griffin: Okay.

Travis: I'm gonna be out in the boat, kind of in between.

Griffin: Okay.

Travis: So that, one, the talented Phileaux Limpet isn't out there by himself.

Griffin: Got it.

Travis: And two, I can kind of communicate back to Lady Godwin when it's like, get ready.

Griffin: Okay.

Travis: I can see it's about to happen.

Griffin: And you are on the shore, holding the rope with this makeshift pulley system, right, Lady Godwin?

Justin: Yes.

Griffin: Okay, your boat—

Justin: I think I've dug in too. I've dug in like a—I'm not standing flat on—I've dug like a little ditch for myself. So I can keep my footing easier.

Griffin: Okay, that's cool. Yeah, I won't make you roll for that. I like that. So, Mutt, your boat smoothly cuts across the surface of the water. As Gordon Clearwater watches from his boathouse, holding his wife ball nervously, watching this. And Brother Phileaux, you swim into the moonlight waters.

Clint: Oh, I think he's gonna have to throw me in.

Griffin: Oh, okay, that's good too.

Clint: He's gotta throw me in!

Travis: Yeah.

Clint: He's gotta cast!

Griffin: And your boat sails onto the moonlit waters, cutting a ribbon across it that reflects the moonlight around, as we enter our first fishing mini game.

[theme music plays]

[ad read]

[theme music plays]

Griffin: Time to fish! Let's get a good cast going here.

Phileaux: Wait, wait, before we do!

Griffin: Yeah?

Justin: I would say we already have a pretty cast going here. [titters]

Griffin: Wow, that's really good, Juice. Thank you so much. Yeah.

Travis: All right, that's gonna do it for us this week. Thanks, everybody!

Griffin: Yeah, we're tired from that.

Clint: Brother Phileaux says...

Phileaux: Wait!

Clint: And he kneels and bows his head.

Phileaux: Oh, dear heavenly lord!

Crawford: Shh! Are you—is this your first day, man? Read a fuckin' book!

Phileaux: Please bless these efforts! Be with us! Guide us—

Crawford: Shh!

Phileaux: With your heavenly hand.

Crawford: Shh!

Phileaux: And don't let me get killed.

Griffin: Make a religion check for me, Brother Phileaux.

Clint: Absolutely. Religion check happens to be a plus six.

[sound of dice thrown]

Clint: So that's 24!

Griffin: Wow!

Clint: On the religion check.

Justin: Wow, dang.

Clint: Because I won't need an 18 later.

Justin: [sings] You really, really, really, really, really love god.

Griffin: [chuckles]

Clint: [laughs]

Griffin: With a 24, you see the form of fantasy Jesus standing on the surface of the water. And he just nods at you and winks. He's like, "I got you." And then vanishes.

Phileaux: Cast away, my friend, Mutt.

Justin: [titters] No, Castaway is the volleyball. This is a basketball.

Travis: Yeah.

Phileaux: Oh, right, right. That would have been the basketball, yes.

Crawford: Okay!

Gordon: We hate that movie!

Crawford: Yeah, do they not get it?

Gordon: They don't get it!

Phileaux: Wait, was that Elizabeth?

Gordon: No! It's a volleyball!

Crawford: It's her ex-husband.

Travis: Okay, I throw Phileaux! [chuckles]

Griffin: Okay.

Phileaux: Wee-ee!

Griffin: Make a strength check.

Travis: Are you sure it's not animal handling? Oh well, my strength's not bad.

Griffin: Animal handling?

Travis: Because I'm throwing a fish?

[sound of dice thrown]

Griffin: Oh, wow.

Travis: That's an artificial 20.

Griffin: Yeah, artificial 20. You yeet Brother Phileaux real good. And Brother Phileaux, you go sailing into the water and you splash down. Your senses are different, right? You get the impression that if you had the normal sort of human stuff, swimming in these waters would be pretty unpleasant. It is pretty viscous and sludgy. As years sort of runoff from this quarry have thoroughly polluted these waters. But because of the form you have taken, you are able to swim through them sort of unimpeded. What do you do? What's your game plan here?

Clint: I think like any good lure, I will swim down. Because you want to go as deep as you possibly can.

Griffin: Okay?

Clint: And then when you do fish, the key is to move like something natural. Move like a true little creature of the water.

Griffin: Okay.

Clint: To try to attract its attention. And I have one other idea to do.

Griffin: Please?

Clint: I would like to use my ability of Tinker.

Griffin: Okay?

Clint: My action of Tinker. And with Tinker, you can... imbue an object with a five foot radius of light.

Griffin: Okay. Oh, okay, cool. What are you doing that on?

Clint: Let's do it on... my hat.

Griffin: Okay.

Clint: I'm gonna do it on my little pointed Pinocchio hat.

Travis: I am now picturing a fish with a little hat on and I'm very happy!

Griffin: That's very good. And the hat is glowing.

Travis: Ooh!

Griffin: So I'm going to say, as you sort of writhe around in the water like an actual honest to god, tasty, delishy little fishy.

Phileaux: I don't like, writhe. I'm kind of elegant in my swimming motion.

Griffin: Yes, absolutely you are. But I will need a performance check from you, to be a fish.

Clint: Yes, yes, of course. Performance, that would be...

[sound of dice thrown]

Clint: 17!

Griffin: Oh, you're—

Justin: Oh my gosh!

Griffin: A tasty, tasty morsel. Lady Godwin, did you have something?

Godwin: I was just going to ask Gordon if he had any cold boys. I'm out here—

Griffin: Any what?

Godwin: I'm out here in the sand. I'm doing a little fishing. And I was just curious if you were in position of any cold boys?

Travis: Oh, yeah. Mutt's already popped one open.

Godwin: Any suds for your buds?

Gordon: Oh, suds! You should have said so. One second.

Griffin: He walks over and picks up Elizabeth and gets into the mini fridge underneath her. And comes back and is like:

Gordon: What's your poison? You're like a... a Natty Light?

Godwin: [giggles] Oh!

Gordon: A peep—a naut—a—

Griffin: [titters]

Gordon: A naughty little Peeber, maybe?

Travis: You hear from the boat:

Crawford: Take the Peeber, man!

Gordon: You gonna have a naughty Peeber?

Crawford: Man, you gotta have a naughty Peeber! I got a Peeber right here!

Godwin: I'm holding out that the third offering won't be utterly despicable.

Gordon: Oh, we got cheeky little Michelob Ultra!

Godwin: I pushed—I went too far! Oh no, I—

Gordon: Hey, you wanted cold boys. These boys is the coldest.

Godwin: Just tell me, do you have the champagne of beers?

Gordon: We're fresh out. But if you'd like to tap the Rockies, I could see to that!

Justin: [chuckles]

Godwin: I'm sorry, I've too recently been a werehorse to trifled with silver bullets. I'm—

Clint: [chortles]

Gordon: Sounds like a cheeky Peeber then.

Griffin: And he tosses you a—he tosses you an ice-cold, cheeky Pabst Blue Ribbon.

Travis: Hell yeah, bud.

Clint: [giggles]

Griffin: Do you crack that shit? Do you grip it and rip it?

Justin: Yeah, man.

Griffin: Okay.

Travis: I actually have here a racial background feature that just allows me to produce an ice-cold Peeber whenever I'm fishing.

Griffin: Sure. [titters]

Travis: It says it right here on my character sheet. Anytime I'm fishing, produce one.

Griffin: Give me a constitution saving throw, Lady Godwin.

Justin: Oh, a constitution saving throw? What's the gravity on this Peeber?

[sound of dice thrown]

Justin: It's a 23.

Griffin: Holy shit.

Clint: Wow, we're [rolling on kale??] today!

Griffin: All right, good lord. With a 23, you rip this Peeber—

Justin: Shotgun it. Over 20, I shotgun it, right?

Clint: [guffaws]

Griffin: You shotgun it, no kidding. Your body has processed many Peebers in its day. Your head, it's the first time. And a lot of the taste—

Justin: [chuckles] It's Peeber glands are fully developed.

Travis: Yeah.

Griffin: Exactly. Your head, where a lot of the taste action takes place, is new to this experience.

Justin: Okay.

Griffin: Inexplicably, you fuckin' love it.

Travis: Yeah! Hell yeah, brother!

Griffin: It's so, so good. And it also just makes you better at fishing. So I will give you an advantage on the first sort of check that you need to do.

Clint: [laughs]

Travis: Hell yeah.

Griffin: All right. Okay. With a 17, Brother Phileaux, you are a fish. You're doing an incredible job of swimming around idly, thinking your fish thoughts. What do those fish thoughts sound like?

Justin: I am going to put a super-duper moratorium on any more of dad's ASMR content. Dad, I love them, but they're not paying enough. They're not paying enough for it.

Travis: Yeah, you gotta save that. Put that behind a paywall, my bud.

Justin: Take that to Only Dads. Because it's not-

Griffin: [laughs] Oh, god!

Clint: [chuckles]

Justin: Don't do that, Griffin. Don't shame.

Travis: No judging here.

Justin: I saw dad's game. [titters]

Griffin: All right. You swim around the water for a few moments.

Clint: Inexplicably, I am like *starving*.

Griffin: Okay?

Clint: I want an earth worm!

Griffin: Give me a survival check.

Travis: Eh! I'm afraid dad's going too deep. Not even Phileaux, dad I'm afraid isn't gonna come back from this transformation.

Griffin: That's fine.

[sound of dice thrown]

Clint: Well, that's a six. So no worms for me...

Justin: Phileaux's gonna need a kick to get back up several layers of transformation. Like how many layers is dad immersed in now?

Griffin: [titters] Yeah, I know.

Justin: I'm worried we're pushing dad to his limits.

Clint: I think here's what he's thinking. I think he's just gonna go full Ernie from Sesame Street. I think he's swimming around going, "Here fishy, fishy, fishy, fishy!"

Griffin: Confusing.

Clint: "Oh, fishy, fishy, fishy, fishy!"

Griffin: Your fish instincts take over a bit and you are... you're snuffling for earthworms in the mucky flora of the Black Lagoon. And your light illuminates something behind you, as you have your back turned, looking for worms. Some reeds in the distance part. And they part very, very far. And from up behind you, you can sense something. You turn around just in time to see it. It is... enormous. It is larger than the boat that Crawford Muttner is currently floating on the surface of above. This fish is unlike anything you've ever seen before, in the water or otherwise. It has a face like a flayed man. With pale, dead eyes and long, needle-like teeth.

Travis: Griffin, are you sure you want to conjure that image? Not just in the game, but into existence?

Griffin: It has a bulbous sort of body that tapers off to a long tail barbed with spines. This fish is an unholy abomination. And it looms over you, and it appears ready to strike. You have a moment here, Phileaux. What do you do?

Clint: Panic.

Travis: Mm-hm.

Griffin: Okay. [titters] In a flash, you see a cloud of muck kicked upwards. And then the fish devours you. I'm going to say, as you sort of pass through its long rows of needle like teeth, I'm going to need a dexterity saving throw from you to see how painless an experience that is. This would be a good one to roll high on.

[sound of dice thrown]

Clint: How about 17?

Griffin: 17 is great. You manage to pass through most of the teeth, just sort of very adroitly, sort of weaving between them. But the back row of teeth catches you and scratches you, which like on your wooden puppet body wouldn't be a big deal. But with the way that you are transformed, it is going to hit you. And you take... seven points of piercing damage.

Clint: Geez! Wait, but I rolled a 17?!

Travis: Yeah, wish you rolled a 20, huh?

Griffin: Yeah, if you had rolled lower than that, it would have been—you would have been eaten pretty badly by a fish. As it is now, you've been eaten by a fish in one of the better ways that—

Travis: Lightly. Even lightly eaten.

Griffin: Lightly. Lady Godwin, you feel a tug on the rope.

Justin: I'm gonna yank it with all my might.

Griffin: Okay. And Phileaux, you feel the rope grow tight, as the jaws close around you. Your light is still activated. You can see in here, you maybe wish you couldn't. It sucks so bad. What do you do?

Clint: Okay... I'm gonna ram the sickle into the... into the wall of the fish's stomach.

Griffin: Okay, make a... make an attack roll for me. Normally, attacking underwater would not go so great, but you have some leverage for the fish you're inside. So...

Travis: Also, I'd have to imagine advantage. Because like how's he gonna miss?

Griffin: Yeah, well, it's more a question of can he actually get through this fish's stuff.

Travis: Oh, I see.

Clint: Can I use the Tavern Brawler Strike? Can I use that? That seems to be the closest thing to attacking—

Griffin: I don't know what that means.

Clint: A Tavern Brawler Strike is a melee attack using whatever happens to be at hand. You gain the following benefits; increase your strength or constitution score by one.

Griffin: No, I mean, you are doing an attack roll with a weapon. So I think—

Travis: Oh, yeah. So you roll... roll a D20, dad.

Clint: Well, this says with a weapon.

Griffin: With an improvised weapon.

Clint: Yeah. All right, so which attacks should I click on?

Travis: Just roll a D20.

Clint: I have a dart? Okay, just a D20?

Griffin: Yeah, if you have a melee weapon, a quarter staff or anything like that.

Travis: Yeah, just roll that and—

Griffin: Just roll that. Because the numbers will be the same.

[sound of dice thrown]

Clint: Quarterstaff. Oh, nat 20!

Griffin: Holy shit, Mac!

Travis: If there ever was a time.

Clint: Plus four!

Griffin: You managed to plant both feet on the bottom meat of whatever is inside of this fish. And you feel actually pretty sturdy, shockingly sturdy, as you feel the tug on this rope from behind you. You swing the sickle downward and it buries into this thing's gut. There's a spray of water that goes up into the fish as you jab this sickle downwards.

And it's a good thing that happened, because right away, this tug on the rope behind you becomes incredibly strong. And now all of a sudden, you are single handedly holding this hook into this fish. Mutt, are you doing anything as you sort of watch this from below? You see like lots of bubbles starting to form on the surface and you watch the rope sort of whip upwards into the water, as tension forms on it.

Travis: As soon as the tension forms, I'm going to move the boat towards the shore where Lady Godwin is, to assist in the reeling and catching and fighting.

Griffin: Okay, make an athletics check, just to see how fast you can get back there.

[sound of dice thrown]

Travis: Oh! It was almost 18. But it was a two. So that's a five, Griffin.

Griffin: Okay, you're struggling. One of the oars accidentally slips down into the water and now you're just kind of going in a circle.

Travis: I thought it was a motorboat?

Griffin: Yeah, okay, the motor won't start.

Travis: Okay.

Griffin: That's good, cool. Yeah, the motor won't start.

Travis: [chortles] Okay.

Clint: [laughs]

Griffin: You're on the surface, ripping and roaring. And make a... make a stealth check for me, please.

Travis: Okay.

[sound of dice thrown]

Travis: A 17 total.

Griffin: Okay, you see, just for a second, the light from Phileaux's hat shining through the needle-like teeth of this fangtooth fish. As it splashes upwards out of the water, it seemed to be attracted by the sound of the motor. But with that stealth check, it loses interest and just sort of splashes up out of the water nearby and back down. Lady Godwin, now this thing is trying to swim away from you. And the pressure on the rope is going to be pretty high.

Justin: I mean, I have—I mean, I'm just pulling it as hard as I can.

Griffin: Okay, give me a strength check, please.

Travis: With advantage.

Griffin: Yeah, I'll give you advantage because of this great ditch that you've dug for yourself.

Travis: Well, and the Peeber, right?

Griffin: And the Peeber. Yeah, the Peeber—

Justin: I go—no, wait, now hold on. I get an advantage from my ditch and I want to save my Peeber advantage, because I—

Griffin: No, no, no, I remembered you had advantage, but I didn't remember it was that it was from the Peeber that you downed.

Justin: All right. All right, boss. Let's see here, strength check...

[sound of dice thrown]

Justin: 13. And...

[sound of dice thrown]

Justin: A 17.

Griffin: Okay! 17, you start to just go hand over hand on this rope, pulling it in. It is the greatest sort of feat of strength that has been required of you in this new body. And you find yourself being taxed, but finding like a second wind that you didn't really know this form was capable of. You go hand over hand with the rope.

Travis: That's the power of beer!

Griffin: That's the power of beer.

Travis: [mouths silly guitar riff]

Clint: [guffaws]

Griffin: As you start to yank this—

Travis: Drinking is cool, kids! [titters] Beer rules! It makes you stronger and better at stuff! Winners drink! Drinkers win! [titters]

Clint: [giggles]

Griffin: This is the situation, Brother Phileaux, you are—

Justin: This is The Situation. "Hey, it's me! I'm on the Jersey Shore over here!"

Griffin: Every time I say the word situation, you reference fuckin' Jersey Shore.

Clint: [laughs]

Griffin: A cultural artifact that—

Justin: [titters] And I'm gonna continue to do that bit.

Griffin: Okay.

Justin: GTL, gym, tan, laundry. Baby!

Travis: Yeah.

Griffin: Here is the scenario—

Travis: Ah? Hi, it's me, his younger brother, the scenario. I'm kind of the math one.

Clint: [laughs] Weave your magic!

Griffin: Brother Phileaux, you are in the belly of this giant fangtooth fish, holding on for dear life, as you serve as the hook, the connection between Lady Godwin on the shore and the hook in this fish's belly. Mutt, you are on the surface of the water in a boat. The motor of which will not start.

Lady Godwin, you are pulling for dear life, and making progress as you yank this fish into shore. In fact, you see its horrible spines poke out of the surface of the water. It is about as far away as the end of the pier now and it is getting closer, despite its violent protestations. Nearby on the ground, Lady Godwin, you see one of your bags rustle and move of its own volition. Make a... make a perception check for me.

Justin: Okay...

Clint: So we're getting ads now from Russell Equipment? Is that a Russell bag?

Griffin: Yes, I guess.

[sound of dice thrown]

Justin: nine.

Griffin: nine... You don't notice this bag rustling, actually. But we do, the audience.

Justin: [titters] So you wasted my time, for sure?

Griffin: Well, not quite. Because the bag rustles for a moment and then... a thing pops out of it and flies at you. And when it gets very, very close, you can see what it is. It is Dracula's head, with bat wings sprouting out of its ears. And as he flies towards you, after leaping from your back, he yells...

Dracula: Jump scare!

[The Adventure Zone Versus Dracula theme music plays]

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