

The Adventure Zone Royale: Episode 12

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Griffin: Previously, on TAZ Royale...

Daze: We think it would actually be a great idea for the three of us to team up against the Titanic. That sounds great.

Rictus: Yeah, I was cursed... I was cursed, sorry, guys. Yeah, I was cursed by Death. But it seems cool now, because I fed it. Ugh...

Hellgrammite: Right now, we're fighting for second place or third place. I say we turn our attacks on the Tree.

Rictus: Yeah, sorry about this, Haste Jane. It's like, it's purely strategic... because like you hit us with needles too. Sorry!

Griffin: And everything goes dark, and then a second later, you four are standing on the steps of the Ziggurat.

Trace: Congratulations, Aspirants. You have survived the Trial of Evocation.

[The Adventure Zone Royale theme music plays]

Griffin: Welcome back to TAZ Royale, our winner-take-all battle royale season of The Adventure Zone. When last you joined us—I don't actually know when last you joined us. That's not really how a podcast works.

Travis: It was a Tuesday.

Griffin: It was a Tuesday for you. For us, it was just Tuesday also.

Travis: Yeah.

Griffin: Because we have roughly equivalent human experiences. You all completed, survived the Trial of Evocation. A third-place finish, but boy, that sure beats fourth place.

Travis: Mm-hm.

Griffin: The prize for fourth place is you're fired, from life.

Travis: Is death.

Griffin: It is death. So, the trial wraps up. The rest of the day sort of unfolds in a daze, as you all get used to being back in your own non-swampy bodies again.

Justin: That is a gross way of saying that.

Travis: Also, you don't know what the humidity is like on this island?

Griffin: I do, check this out.

Travis: Oh, right.

Griffin: It's quite dry.

Travis: Oh? It's a dry—

Griffin: Yeah, you're up high, you're floating in the air, and it's drier up here. You all watch a—

Justin: I'm just, I'm reading a romantasy novel right now, where at the beginning they were like, "The weather in this kingdom is so unpredictable. One day, it would be so cold, the next day is freezing, and then it's sunny." And it's like, okay, man, just say you didn't want to keep track of what the weather is like.

Clint: [chuckles]

Justin: Just say—just say, "Whatever crazy crap I write here makes sense, because it's like a wild weather place." [chuckles]

Griffin: Yeah, amazing. So, you all watch from the safety and comfort of the Ziggurat, as two more groups of 16 Aspirants, four teams of four, take on this Trial of Evocation. And from sort of the Ziggurat in the center of the island, you have sort of a hard time following the proceedings.

So, as the sun sets and the last of the Elementals falls, Aspirants file into the grand foyer of the Ziggurat, with its many tiered fountains and holographic projections of the fallen Aspirants. It is not until now that you get sort of an idea of who's gone.

There is a chime of a pleasant-sounding bell, and 12 more holographic busts materialize around the room. Obviously, the American Magical Gladiators, Haze, Daze, Blaze and Raze, who Rictus dispatched when you were in your elemental form, they get—their holograms appear.

And you all sort of get lulled into a sense of security, as the other faces that appear are unfamiliar to you. There's a stage performer, Presto Jones, Dwarven strong man, Stormbrother Watts, Ichora, the witch, the ice clown, Zack Frost, paring down our list of almost identical ice-based wizards.

Clint: [chuckles]

Griffin: The straitjacket-wearing Mister Mister. Hellgrammite, you see two thri-keen join the memorial. There's the egg-sack-wielding Brood, and the imposing cricket man, Hopper. None of these faces are, you know, belong to people that you have become particularly close to on the island so far.

At least not in the recorded podcast. But the last face that appears catches you all by surprise, especially you, Lorovith. You see in the last of these alcoves, a hologram of the masked countenance of Absolute Zero, the icy ninja who accompanied you in the previous trial.

Justin: Was he the one that went into the eggs?

Griffin: He is the one who went into one of the eggs, yeah.

Justin: Yeah, okay.

Griffin: It strikes you all that the crowd assembled here is nearly half of the first assembly that you had sort of surrounding the Ziggurat. 28 wizards have fallen in total, and 36 remain.

Justin: Griffin?

Griffin: Yeah?

Justin: Do you have wizards that have died, that you—[chuckles] that you didn't get to?

Griffin: Like do stuff—do like—

Justin: Like is there—are there ones that like we could say goodbye to? That you didn't get a chance to like—that didn't get a chance to live?

Griffin: Oh, you're asking like—

Justin: Is there—I'm just wondering if we could like—

Griffin: Yeah.

Justin: Here's what—here's what I—okay, can I—Griffin, Griffin—

Travis: If there's ones you wanna tell us about because you're real proud.

Griffin: Sure.

Justin: Griffin, here's what I'd like to ask you—

Griffin: Right

Justin: I want this guy to talk about some of the ones that we lost in like an in memoriam one, in an in memoriam sort of vibe. Like, if you wanna be talking about—

Clint: Like they do at the Oscars?

Justin: Yeah, but it's just talking about the ones that we didn't really get to like spend enough time with.

Griffin: Yeah.

Justin: For some reason, our narrative doesn't overlap with the ones that were important enough at the school to be included. [chuckles]

Griffin: Yeah, it's funny you say that, Juice, because at this exact moment, Trace appears as the... the Octave appears in their different fountains around the room. And Trace clears her throat, she says:

Trace: I've prepared a brief in memoriam segment for the Aspirants that we've lost thus far.

Griffin: And some gentle piano music starts playing.

Clint: "Go Rest High on That Mountain," by Vince Gill.

Griffin: It's—

Justin: No, no, no—

Griffin: It's, they can't actually be—

Justin: You copyright violating maniac. [chuckles]

Griffin: It's Taylor Swift's "Mean," it starts playing—no.

Justin: [chuckles] Yeah! Good!

Clint: Ah?

Justin: That's good, man!

Griffin: No, it is a gentle and extremely public domain piano—it's Jingle Bells—

[group laugh]

Griffin: Starts playing, as you see a hologram appear over the central fountain of Bobby Dazzler, hitting Bobby Rolls. That's what he called him. God, I miss him so much!

Clint: [laughs]

Griffin: You see Bill Shredly appear with his big guitar, playing a—playing a sweet tune. You see Betty Fortuna appear and start to be like really problematic and racist, because that's what Justin said she was. [chuckles]

Clint: [chuckles]

Griffin: And then they kind of cut that one off really quick.

Justin: Yeah. [titters]

Griffin: You see Powder Keg Kelly, the first goblin to fall, first—the first death, as he goes to help out at the orphanage soup kitchen. It's a special soup kitchen just for orphans. And—

Justin: To work at, or to be served by?

Clint: [laughs]

Travis: No, that's—it's their specialty that they serve.

Griffin: Yeah.

Travis: "Do you like orphan soup? Then come on down."

Griffin: It doesn't have orphans in it, it's just the name of the soup. It's a—it's a legume-based soup.

Clint: [titters]

Justin: It used to have orphans in it, but then the FDA got—[chuckles] whatever. Now it's just—

Griffin: Powder Keg Kelly would never, he's a sweetheart. So, the presentation ends, and you look around the room. It is a mix of teary-eyed Aspirants, and people looking pretty confused because they didn't really know much of anybody. So, Trace sort of clears her throat, wipes her eyes, takes off her Coke bottle glasses and cleans her eyes, and says:

Trace: Ah... So, you all survived. You've proven your mastery of the elements, and passed this third trial. You are all one step closer to deification. While I know the terror and sorrows of this ordeal are a lot to bear, the eight of us can assure you, this prize is worth it. Now, you will have the rest of today and tomorrow to recover, before we reconvene for our next trial.

Please rest, recover, study and prepare yourselves. A reminder of the ground rules; you must never remove your Grimoire. Doing so will mark your immediate disqualification from the Conclave. You may not attack, injure or bring direct harm to another Aspirant, and you are prohibited still from approaching the Crystallarium at the island's northern rim.

I know that today was strange, I know that perhaps you are not prepared for the sort of out of body experience that we thrust you all into, but you have proven yourselves a capable group of wizards. And we are honored that one of you will join our ranks upon this Conclave's finish.

Lorovith: Excuse me!

Trace: Yes?

Lorovith: Lorovith Gonjuban Dreamwanderer! A question.

Trace: Yes?

Lorovith: Who gets the things?

Trace: Sorry?

Lorovith: Who gets their things?

Trace: The things—

Lorovith: Their personal possessions. We've lost half our number. I'm just curious if their thing—if it's a dibs...

Trace: Are you—

Lorovith: If we're—if we're—if it's dibs, or...

Trace: Are you under the impression that this Conclave is some sort of treasure hunting opportunity?

Lorovith: No, but they brought... things with them, they won't be needing them. But I'd rather... I wonder if they have some things!

Trace: If your Aspirants, your friends, I suppose, have fallen—have bequeathed unto you any of their—

Lorovith: Wouldn't they want the things to go to use? I know I'd want—here's an announcement!

Justin: [titters]

Lorovith: I'm making a formal announcement! Should fate befall me an untoward demise before my time, use my things! They're good things! Many were made for me by my uncle, Reneville.

Griffin: [titters]

Lorovith: He's a good man, a good craftsman. Please put my things to use, should I die! And—

Rictus: Yeah—

Lorovith: I like to think many before me would have shared this same sentiment.

Travis: Yeah, Rictus raises his hand.

Trace: Yes, Rictus?

Rictus: My dear friend, Presto Jones, said I could have his stuff.

Trace: Presto Jones—

Griffin: [titters]

Trace: I doubt very much that she gave you permission to take her stuff.

Lorovith: Yes, I—

Rictus: Fair enough!

Trace: I can tell you were very close friends,

Rictus: Yes. Sorry!

Lorovith: Betty said that I could have her super Confederate flag.

Justin: [chuckles]

Lorovith: It's like a regular Confederate flag, but it's got four lines instead of two.

Trace: We burned that pretty fast, actually.

Rictus: That makes sense. Yeah, that tracks.

Lorovith: That's what I was gonna do with it, so that's fine—

Trace: All right! All right.

Hellgrammite: Burgerman wanted me to have his coasters. He had a set of—

Trace: Who?

Hellgrammite: Coasters, with the faces of characters from tales long ago.

Trace: Who die—who's—who's coasters?

Hellgrammite: Burgerman?

Griffin: Burgerman clears his throat.

Burgerman: I'm—

Justin: [laughs]

Burgerman: I'm still here! I didn't die!

Hellgrammite: Well—oh!

Justin: [laughs]

Burgerman: And I didn't say anything like that!

Justin: Can you imagine the internal indignity of being dead while Burgerman lives? [chuckles]

Griffin: Yeah, there's a lot of names on here that have beaten the odds. [chuckles]

Justin: [laughs]

Griffin: Gunk is—

Justin: None more than Burgerman. [chuckles]

Griffin: Gunk is still repping this set, and that's incredible. Gunk is the survivor GOAT of this season.

Justin: [chuckles]

Clint: Doober Sweetleaf? Is Doober still around?

Griffin: I can't wait for you guys to meet Doober Sweetleaf. It breaks my heart you haven't met Doober Sweetleaf yet, or Formaggio Bucatini. You guys need to—need to fuckin' get out there and—

Travis: We gotta branch out.

Justin: I just wanna establish the memorial segment in case something does happen to one of them.

Griffin: Yeah, sure.

Justin: You know, before you get your chance.

Griffin: Absolutely. Trace looks around, more hands start to go up. She says:

Trace: We simply can't keep doing this. If you have questions, please direct them to the crystal in your Grimoire, your personal assistant. We're very busy. We're the eight sort of scions of all magic in the Fold, so, you know, we gotta get back to doing that. But rest up, and we will proceed with the next trial in... the two sunrises hence.

Rictus: Okay.

Trace: That sounded weird. Bye.

Travis: Rictus turns to Lorovith and to Hellgrammite and says:

Rictus: Hey, I need you guys to come over to my place after sundown tonight. I have something really important I need to ask you.

Hellgrammite: [grunts] Hm...

Rictus: Okay, I'll see you then. Thanks, boys!

Hellgrammite: [grunts] Hm... I swear, if he says, "Have you heard the word of God today?" And tries to give us a pamphlet...

Griffin: Okay, you head out, Rictus. Do you similarly head back, Lorovith and Hellgrammite?

Hellgrammite: Yeah!

Justin: I'm exhausted, I just want to go to sleep.

Hellgrammite: This will give us a chance to kind of talk together and get to know each other a bit.

Griffin: Is that something you're even remotely interested in doing, Lorovith?

Justin: No, but there is a walk back.

Griffin: Yeah.

Justin: I mean... [titters] I can't avoid that!

Griffin: Sure.

Justin: And I'm too tired to run, so here we are.

Griffin: Okay, you all—the two of you walk back to your—to your respective houses.

Hellgrammite: Really, that... that Burgerman burns me up. I...

Lorovith: What is your obsession with the Burgerman?

Hellgrammite: Well—

Lorovith: Ah, I regret it even as I ask it!

Hellgrammite: Have you seen him when he does his grease thing?

Lorovith: Oh, god...

Justin: [titters]

Hellgrammite: Oh, it's—

Lorovith: I was—I—to be honest, Bugman, I thought I'd dreamed it.

Hellgrammite: No, no, he shoots grease out. Can you imagine how helpful that would be to us in our endeavors? To crush these other peons and take over the entire competition and win it for myself—ourselves?!

Lorovith: Burgerman... you feel you can trust this Burgerman?

Hellgrammite: No, no, that's why I want him gone. Don't we inherit the powers of those who die? Isn't that—I thought that was the gig?

Lorovith: I'm not sure I want that kind of pressure. I'm not sure how these things work. I don't want to get to a point where I flick my wrist the wrong way and grease starts shooting out.

Hellgrammite: Well, that's an excellent point. I guess you would have to be very, very... very careful.

Lorovith: Deliberate is the word you're looking for, Bugman! Deliberate!

Hellgrammite: Sure! Deliberate, yes! Oh, I... I just take so much from you. You—I'm learning much from you!

Griffin: Give me a perception check, both of you.

Justin: Why? [chuckles]

Travis: To see if you're learning from each other.

Justin: Why, Griffin? Tell me why.

[sound of dice thrown]

Justin: Ah, dang, it's over the—ah, is it... it's a three.

Clint: Lucky seven!

Justin: [chuckles]

Griffin: Okay, both—

Justin: Add 'em together, it's 37.

Griffin: [chuckles] Hell yeah, man, wow! Both of you are completely oblivious to the fact that Burgerman is traipsing back to his tent, basically right behind you. And he just kind of like brushes past the two of you, between you—

Lorovith: Burgerman, I'm sorry!

Burgerman: [while crying] Forget about—just forget—

Griffin: His greasy tears splash to the ground, leaving a trail of—

Travis: And now you both need to make a dexterity saving throw, to see if you fall in the tears.

Clint: [laughs]

Griffin: [chuckles] It's not—it's not a cartoonish spray, Travis. This is real shit, okay? I don't want you stepping—

Travis: Oh, I'm sorry, I didn't mean—I didn't mean—

Griffin: I don't want you stepping on this emotional moment.

Travis: I didn't mean to trivialize your crying Burgerman scene.

Hellgrammite: Okay, seeing that, maybe I'm not quite so jealous of his power.

Griffin: Yeah, right.

Justin: I feel like that's the clip we're gonna send to Jared Leto when we asked him to play Burgerman in the movie.

Clint: [laughs]

Griffin: Yeah, for sure, dude. [chuckles]

Justin: Like, there's a lot going on here, Jared!

Travis: Yeah, he was sending—he sent pickles, dead pickles to everybody. It was gross.

Clint: [chuckles]

Justin: [chuckles]

Griffin: It would be great if—

Travis: He filled the hot tub with mustard to get in character.

Justin: He kept saying I'm—he kept saying "I'm flipping out" as like a joke, but no, he really was. [chuckles]

Travis: Yeah, and he would say it, and then wait a really long time to see if we've laughed. It was so weird. And then he hopped on his light cycle and rode away.

Clint: [laughs]

Justin: [chuckles]

Griffin: It would be so kick-ass if everyone got to the end of the TAZ Royale movie and were like, "I love that Burgerman's performance." But then he takes his head off, revealing it's been Jared Leto the whole time. And he's like—he looks right in the camera and says, "Yeah, I bet this is confusing for you, huh?"

Justin: "You like one of my movies finally. We did it' Hollywood."

Travis: Leto rip!

Justin: [chuckles] "We did it, Hollywood."

Griffin: You, as you are walking back to your respective places of residence, Lorovith, you see Gracon waiting by the entrance to his, you know, his palatial estate. He survived the last trial. And he... he looks a little bit down. And as you come by, he says:

Gracon: Look, Lorovith... how did you find this last trial?

Lorovith: Gracon, I'll be honest with you, I found it rather unnerving to be sharing my consciousness with some of the other members of my—of my team. What of you?

Gracon: Yes, I... same, it was... fiercely individual being forced into that against my... without my agreement, felt... felt a bit of a trespass.

Hellgrammite: Yes, yes, that Rictus, he is just a bog full of worms up there, isn't he?

Gracon: Okay. I'm sorry, Hellgrammite, I didn't see you there. You're such—you're so slight.

Travis: [chuckles]

Hellgrammite: Oh, am I intruding? I'm... I thought we—

Gracon: No, I just wanted to check in to see how you were finding the... the contest.

Hellgrammite: Yes, I enjoyed the—I enjoyed the being inside somebody else's skin. I thought that was—

Gracon: You are hugely upsetting to speak with.

Hellgrammite: Very opening, eye opening, to me.

Gracon: That's a shame.

Griffin: Give me an insight check, Lorovith. Hellgrammite, you can do one too, if you'd like.

[sound of dice thrown]

Justin: 13.

Griffin: Okay.

[sound of dice thrown]

Clint: One.

Griffin: A nat one.

Justin: [chuckles]

Griffin: This is crazy, Hellgrammite—

Justin: Hellgrammite thinks that Gracon is loving this.

Griffin: Yeah! Lorovith, with a 13, you have competed with Gracon, I mean, dozens, if not hundreds of times. It is sort of, he is—he is your... your rival. And that is a sort of important role in this like competitive goliath society you came up in. You can tell that like the thrill, the glory of battle that you have seen kind of like emblazoned across his face is not—is just not there.

He is—he is... You're familiar enough with your culture and with Gracon that you know that he is not... he is not enjoying this.

Justin: Is it—sorry, Griff, does... is it—I don't know what team he was on or like how they did. Is it related to—

Griffin: He was on one of the later teams. You didn't compete directly against him. You can see he is holding a—the same kind of like little, small leather sack, with a gold clasp around it. So like, his team won. Like, you can tell, his team won. They did great. It is just a... I don't know, he seems—he seems to not have that kind of post glorious battle glow that you have, you know, seen him exhibit, especially when he—when he conquers a foe, as he has done here today. He says:

Gracon: Sorry to keep you. How do you plan to spend your intermediary time?

Lorovith: Gracon, if you don't mind me asking, why... you seem unsettled. Is the contest proving to be too much for you? [laughs]

Griffin: He looks down at your own prize bag, and says:

Gracon: It would appear that I performed much, much better than you did in the last trial. It is not a question of performance, it is a question of... satisfaction. I came here not to see his godhood, but because this is supposed to be the greatest competition that a magic user can aspire to. But the thrill isn't there, Lorovith. Something feels... wrong... Do you not share this feeling?

Justin: I, Griffin, I want to—can I do an insight check on myself?

Griffin: Sure! A little unorthodox—

Travis: Therapy!

Griffin: But yeah, if only it were that easy IRL.

Justin: I know.

[sound of dice thrown]

Justin: 15.

Griffin: Okay, yeah, 15, good roll. It is tough, I do not want to tell you what your character is feeling. I think I can tell you that... you are also familiar with the spirit of competition. You are familiar with the feeling of competition. And what is always so exciting when you are competing, especially in a life or death sort of endeavor as this is, is the kind of like how unexpected it is, how anything could happen, the dynamic sort of nature of a high-stakes contest. And for as much sort of peril as you have been put into, there is something about what Gracon is saying that kind of resonates with you, where this doesn't—it hasn't felt like a war. It hasn't felt like a duel to the death. Something does feel...

Justin: Here's, Griffin, if I could ask—I'm pretty used to the circle of preparation combat—

Griffin: Right.

Justin: After my feeling right now. And I know that that normal feeling of like satisfaction, and there's, I think for him, there's normally like a bit of calm after competition, where it's like he feels like he can rest for a little bit until the next one.

Griffin: Right.

Justin: And he feels that sort of like balance, I think.

Griffin: Okay. Yeah.

Justin: That's typical. That's the usual.

Griffin: That is the usual. And is that what you're feeling now?

Justin: This is what I'm asking you, right? So I'm asking you, right now, that's what I would normally be feeling—

Griffin: Right.

Justin: How does—how does my mental state that—the mental state that he's experiencing, that is being alluded to by Gracon, right? How does that differ from his usual—

Griffin: Right, okay, with a—I will say this, with a—with a 15 you understand what Gracon is saying. There is something—there is something that has felt off about these victories. There is something that has felt a little bit... a little bit off. And I don't know how Lorovith would feel about that, but with this insight check into yourself, there is something inside you that kind of understands what he is saying.

Lorovith: Well, Gracon, there's nothing inside me that understands what you're saying. Unfortunately, none of it resonates with me whatsoever. Rest well!

Griffin: He... he... that kind of like shakes him out of it. He smiles and says:

Gracon: Yes, you—and you as well. And you, Bugman... sorry for sort of ignoring you. You have made it this far, you deserve my respect.

Hellgrammite: Oh? Well—[chuckles] oh, yeah! Well, I agree. [chuckles]

Gracon: I take it back immediately. There was nothing respectable about what just happened. Good evening.

Griffin: And he goes inside of his house to rest.

Hellgrammite: Do you think he likes me?

Griffin: He opens the door.

Gracon: No, not really.

Hellgrammite: No, I was talking to Lorovith.

Gracon: You said it at normal volume?

Justin: [chuckles]

Griffin: He shuts the door.

Lorovith: You've got to remember, human hearing—

Justin: [chuckles]

Hellgrammite: I know!

Lorovith: So much better than bug hearing. You're like 30% vibrations, man.

Hellgrammite: I know. And when people speak in that low register, I can't pick up a damn thing.

Lorovith: I think it's mostly smell for you, right?

Hellgrammite: A lot of smell, yeah. Which is tough. It's tough.

Griffin: Let's jump forward into the evening. I'll give you guys time to, you know, pursue your own extracurricular activities here. But I do want to resolve what Rictus has set up. Hellgrammite and Lorovith, you make your way to—Lorovith, where are you—Lorovith, you're in one of the nice houses, yeah. Or Rictus is in one of the nice houses.

Justin: I was in one of the nice houses—

Griffin: Yes, I misspoke. Rictus is in a nice house. Lorovith and Hellgrammite, do you make your way to Rictus', you know, somewhat palatial estate?

Clint: Yeah.

Griffin: Okay.

Clint: Well, after, you said we have some free time?

Justin: I'm going to the cliff, to go to sleep.

Clint: I'm going to level up.

Griffin: Oh, that wasn't an option. But—

Clint: Okay, I thought—

Griffin: It will be. [chuckles] It will—it—

Clint: Took a shot! Took a shot!

Griffin: Yes, we will be leveling up today, but—

Clint: [chuckles]

Griffin: In this moment. So, Lorovith, you are—you are not going? You are going to sleep?

Justin: [sighs] Hah... No, we should have a conversation. Yes, okay, fine.

Griffin: Okay.

Justin: You know what? Here's what happened. I was—I got distracted by the conversation that I was having with them, and I walked over there before I realized what I was doing.

Griffin: Okay. Cool, you all make your way to Rictus' place. Rictus, you open the door, and there are your—

Rictus: Yeah. Oh, come in, come in, please. Do you guys want something to drink? I've got Sauvignon Gronk and some Throg's Hard Lemonade.

Lorovith: No, thank you, I just got a coffee.

Rictus: Okay.

Hellgrammite: I would like... I'll try the thing, the Gronk thing.

Rictus: The Sauvignon Gronk? Okay.

Justin: [titters]

Rictus: All I'm able to get up here is like orc alcohol stuff. Sorry, guys.
Come in, I—

Justin: Orcahol?

Griffin: [titters] Sure. We'll accept orcahol.

Travis: Yeah, orcahol—

Justin: He said—no, Trav, that was—sorry, that was not in-world, because him saying that would... make it in-world. [chuckles]

Griffin: Yeah.

Justin: So I, Justin McElroy, was asking you if orcahol is permissible.

Travis: Yeah, it's good.

Griffin: Yeah, absolutely.

Travis: It's good and great.

Rictus: I have two things I want to talk to you guys about. First of all, what do you think about Thunderdogs?

Lorovith: Oh my god, it's a Scud Light?!

Rictus: Sorry, yeah, I had one of those left.

Lorovith: I haven't had a Scud Light in years!

Rictus: You want a Scud Light? Yeah!

Lorovith: I'd love a Scud Light!

Justin: [titters]

Rictus: Here you go. What do you think about Thunderdogs?

Hellgrammite: Okay, that would—that'd be fine.

Rictus: Like for a team name.

Hellgrammite: I don't want the bread, though, I don't want the bread.

Rictus: No, like a team—no, like a team name. Because like, you might think we're underdogs, but we're actually Thunderdogs.

Hellgrammite: Oh, a team name? Oh... Thunder Dog—I like it!
Thunderdogs!

Rictus: And then we can like call my house like The Den, or The Kennel, or something. What do you think?

Lorovith: Dog Den?

Hellgrammite: Woof-woof.

Rictus: Like a wolf den—yeah, I guess.

Lorovith: A wolf pack. Pack.

Hellgrammite: Pack is good.

Lorovith: This is my house.

Griffin: [chuckles]

Lorovith: Why don't we call it—call it Lorovith's Place?

Justin: [chuckles]

Griffin: [chuckles]

Lorovith: So we don't lose track.

Rictus: Okay. It's just like, my stuff is here. I unpacked—

Lorovith: Naming rights—naming rights I feel remaining with me.

Rictus: Okay.

Lorovith: I think Lorovith's Place is a fine name.

Rictus: Okay.

Lorovith: For the generations.

Hellgrammite: Thunder—

Rictus: But that's—

Hellgrammite: Dogs.

Rictus: That's not—I mean, that's just something that's been stuck in my head for a while. But the reason I asked you guys here, you know, I came here because like I want to prove that like necromancy isn't just like evil, and there's other uses for it. But since I've been here, man, it's just been like one thing after another, and it's just starting to feel really dark and kind of heavy. And I need your guys' help performing—it's an old Ravenwood kind of rite. A ritual, if you will. And I need your guys' help to put a bag of dog poop on The Gentleman's front doorstep, and light it on fire, and watch from the bushes as he stamps it out and gets poop all over his shoe.

Hellgrammite: Oh... boy, this necromancy stuff is dark though. That's dark.

Rictus: I think it'll really help kind of clear the darkness around us, and kind of transfer it to him.

Hellgrammite: Mm-hm.

Justin: I would like to do a... religion check.

Griffin: Awesome.

Justin: To see if this is a—if he's kidding, or if it's a prank.

Griffin: Right.

Justin: Or if it's real. There's three things it could be.

Griffin: Yeah.

[sound of dice thrown]

Griffin: We'll—I guess we'll decide—

Justin: Oh my god...

Griffin: Yeah. Yeah, that is a natural 20. [titters]

Justin: That's a natural 20.

Griffin: Natural 20. I mean, Travis, you're the one who can answer this question.

Justin: With my natural 20—

Griffin: No lies, no bullshit, he got a nat 20, dude.

Travis: He has been—okay, Rictus has been told by his—the ghost of his great-great-grandfather—

Griffin: Yeah.

Travis: That this is totally a real rite and ritual of the Ravenwood family. But it exists in no religion ever.

Griffin: Okay, cool. Yeah, no, you're—we haven't seen him in a while. Your tiny, tiny, tiny, great-great-great-grandfather ghost appears from—

Justin: With a 20, I think I can speak to him?

Griffin: Yeah, with a 20, you can see him. You can see the ghost of his great-great-great-grandfather. He's so little. And he says:

Rictus I: That's right, it's—

Lorovith: Phantasm, explain your—explain your mendacity!

Travis: Sorry, this is Rictus Ravenwood I.

Rictus I: Yes, I'm his great-great-great-grandpa. There's a number of greats in there, I can't keep 'em straight, but this is—we love doing this kind of stuff down at the crossroads, making a skeleton step in shit.

Lorovith: Ghostman? Ghostman, is it magic?

Rictus I: Yes—

Lorovith: Ghostman?

Rictus I: We—

Lorovith: You speak plain to me now! Is this magics?

Rictus I: You're in the middle of the world's most sort of premiere magic using contest, so yes, this is—

Lorovith: Ghostman, I rolled a 20.

Justin: [titters]

Lorovith: Do you just like slinging poo on people's watches, or is it an arcane art?

Rictus I: You don't understand, necromancy can really, really wear you down—

Lorovith: I understand everything about necromancy! I rolled a 20!

Rictus I: Yes, so then you know! You know the darkness that infests your heart, it's—you have to let it loose a little bit and cut up and get silly.

Lorovith: No, I know that—I know that whatever dark magics I do on others did on me three times over. That's what I know to be true!

Griffin: There is a heavy knock at the front door.

Hellgrammite: I'll get it.

Justin: [laughs]

Griffin: [chuckles] Hellgrammite, you open—

Justin: [chuckles]

Griffin: Hellgrammite, you open the front—

Justin: Hellgrammite has been having a very confusing few minutes I'm assuming. [chuckles]

Clint: Yeah, I—he hasn't understood who you were talking to!

Griffin: You open the—you open the front door to the house, and you see standing there at the front doormat—sorry, give me one second.

Clint: Don't be Burgerman, don't be Burgerman, don't be Burgerman.

Griffin: You open the front door, standing there on the doormat leading inside is an orangutan. And the orangutan, he is holding a small brown paper bag. He looks at you, Hellgrammite, kind of curiously. Then he looks over your shoulder, over at you, Rictus.

Travis: Mm-hm.

Griffin: And he holds up the brown paper bag and kind of like nods.

Travis: I hand him, yeah. I hand him two Throgs Hard Lemonades as payment.

Griffin: Yeah, he hands you the brown paper bag. He—

Hellgrammite: It's grab hub!

Griffin: [titters] He says: [spoofs orangutan sounds] "Ho-ha-ha-ho-ho. Ha-ha-ha-ha." He smiles and claps—

Travis: We're speaking abyssal.

Griffin: Claps—[chuckles]

Clint: [chuckles]

Griffin: Claps his hands, and then cracks one of the brewskis, just drains it right there, and then sort of scampers back—

Travis: [chants] Chug! Chug! Chug! Chug! Chug!

Griffin: He scampers back to his house. Which is, he's your neighbor, actually, he's in a gold house as well. Scampers over to his—

Clint: Is his name Clyde by any chance?

Griffin: His name is—no, that's Pranklin.

Clint: Oh.

Griffin: And this brown paper sack, Hellgrammite. And Lorovith, you can—it smells so bad, and it is a bag of shit. And he's just delivered it to you, Rictus.

Rictus: So the hard part's done, really.

Griffin: [titters]

Hellgrammite: Well, it depends on how much fiber he had in his diet.

Rictus: He only eats bananas, and I don't know... how that translates.

Griffin: I can't believe you just said that.

Travis: Is it wrong?

Griffin: I can't believe you just said that Pranklin only eats bananas.

Travis: That's all I've ever seen him eat?

[theme music plays]

[ad reads]

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[theme music plays]

Griffin: Fast forward, dusk has settled. It is fully dark of nighttime now. And the three of you are about to... about to do a pretty good prank, I bet. Let's talk me—talk me through it, Rictus.

Rictus: So, here's what I'm thinking, right? Hellgrammite, you've got that camouflage carapace, right?

Hellgrammite: Yeah. Oh, we are thinking alike, my brother.

Rictus: Yeah! And so, you go over, you sneak over, you pop that bag on there, right?

Hellgrammite: Yeah, yeah.

Rictus: And then Lorovith, what kind of fire stuff do you have?

Lorovith: Hm... I have a little bit of lightning?

Rictus: Okay, here's—okay, I can—I'll use Chromatic Orb, right? And send a fire thing over—

Lorovith: Fire is unpredictable—[chuckles]

Rictus: Yeah, and I'll set—I'll set the back on fire. And then you like throw some rocks to knock on the door.

Hellgrammite: Mm-hm.

Rictus: Right? And we hide. And then we'll watch, as he like goes to stamp it out. But it's poop, right? And he'll get poop all over his shoe.

Lorovith: So, wait, I—did I cast Lightning Lash on the bag of turds?

Rictus: No! No, no, no. You're hurling rocks and stuff to knock on the door.

Lorovith: Ah. How did it catch aflame?

Rictus: I'm gonna use Chromatic Orb, and shoot like a fire—a little fireball at it.

Lorovith: I thought Chromatic Orb was just color the whole time?

Rictus: No.

Lorovith: My understanding—now, my... my cousin cast Chromatic Orb, that was his whole thing! And my understanding was it was just colored balls. Are you telling me it was more useful than that?

Rictus: Yeah, it's different elements and stuff.

Lorovith: No, are you serious?

Rictus: Yeah!

Lorovith: I would have been nicer to him.

Rictus: Okay.

Griffin: All right—

Lorovith: I thought he was just a decorative kind of guy.

Justin: [chuckles]

Griffin: [chuckles] All right, let's get the stealth check—

Lorovith: Now it makes sense, when I used to ask him for help decorating for parties, he always acted so offended. It makes much more sense.

Griffin: [titters] Hellgrammite, let's get a stealth check with advantage, using your Chameleon Carapace, as you creep up to the door to deliver the bag.

Hellgrammite: So good! [titters]

[sound of dice thrown]

Hellgrammite: That's a 13. And...

[sound of dice thrown]

Hellgrammite: That's another whopping seven!

Griffin: Yeah, with a 13, I mean, this is a—this is a closed door, dead of night. You have no reason to expect that The Gentleman is, you know, awake or looking out of his windows. As you sneak up with your Chameleon Carapace activated, you are able to deposit the brown bag that Franklin gave you all, and retreat back to the bushes where the other two are hiding.

Hellgrammite: [chuckles] This is rich.

Rictus: Okay, shh-shh-shh-shh! Quiet, quiet, quiet—

Hellgrammite: We're prarkin' today! [chuckles]

Rictus: Yeah, okay, be chill, man, come on!

Griffin: [chuckles]

Hellgrammite: I can't wait. He's gonna come—

Rictus: *Shh! Shh!*

Hellgrammite: Come out of nowhere and stomp on the—

Lorovith: You can't say prankin'?

Rictus: Yeah, Buman, act like you've been there before. Come on, man.

Hellgrammite: Okay, okay, okay. [panting]

Justin: [chuckles]

Griffin: All right, Chromatic Orb is just a ranged attack spell.

Justin: [chuckles]

Griffin: [titters]

Travis: Okay—

Griffin: I assume you're using fire.

[sound of dice thrown]

Travis: Nat 20!

Griffin: Holy fucking shit. I don't know, Travis, I'm so tempted in this moment to just—you obliterate—[chuckles]

Travis: No! With a nat 20, it should happen exactly as I want it to, Griffin.

Griffin: I mean, with a nat 20, you're gonna roll double damage, double fire damage.

Travis: But I don't want to do double fire damage, Griffin?

Griffin: Then you shouldn't have rolled a nat 20, my man.

Travis: But I get to decide what happens, don't I?

Griffin: You don't. Nat 20—trust me, this will be great. Double fire damage.

[sound of dice thrown]

Travis: 31.

Griffin: Jesus Christ alive, 31 points of fire damage, Travis. [chuckles]
Trav—

Clint: That poop doesn't stand a chance!

Travis: But it should still totally work!

Griffin: A 31, you send this Chromatic Orb flying at the front stoop of the house. It touches the bag, and there is a humongous explosion of fire that implodes in on itself. It's a very controlled sort of spell, I will give you that, with this nat 20. There is an ashy black spot on his stoop where the bag was. And as you look at the sort of like destruction you have wrought, you hear:

Pranklin: *Uh-ah.*

Griffin: And behind you, Pranklin hands you another bag of shit.

Rictus: Thank you, Pranklin.

Griffin: And he kind of like shakes his head at you like, "That was too much fire, man."

Travis: Okay.

Griffin: "That was way too strong, dude."

Rictus: Okay.

Pranklin: *Uah.*

Rictus: Round two. Okay, so, yeah, thank you, Pranklin. And I hand him two more Throgs Hard Lemonades.

Pranklin: *Ah-ah...*

Rictus: Hu-hu-hu!

Pranklin: *Hm?*

Rictus: Hu-hu-hu—

Griffin: And he kind of gives you an eye, and then wanders back off to his house.

Rictus: Okay, this time, let's try a lighter.

Hellgrammite: A lighter...

Rictus: Yeah.

Travis: I hand—I hand Hellgrammite the new bag and a lighter.

Hellgrammite: Okay. Oh, it's all on me?

Rictus: So, you put it there, and then light the bag, and then run back here.

Hellgrammite: Right, okay.

Rictus: Okay.

Hellgrammite: Gotcha, okay.

Griffin: All right, give me another stealth check with advantage, please.

Hellgrammite: [titters]

[sound of dice thrown]

Hellgrammite: Oh, that's a one.

Griffin: It's a nat one?

Hellgrammite: That's a big ol' one. Okay, but here we go! Here's the other one...

[sound of dice thrown]

Hellgrammite: It's another one!

Travis: Jesus Christ.

Griffin: [guffaws]

Clint: [laughs]

Griffin: That is two nat ones in a row!

Clint: [laughs]

Travis: Two nat ones on advantage! They said it couldn't be done!

Clint: I dropped the bag and step in it.

Justin: I'm gonna need...

Griffin: [chuckles]

Justin: I need like our math-forward listeners—

Griffin: Yeah.

Justin: You know who you are, I need to know, what are the odds that Mac just pulled that one? [chuckles]

Griffin: I think it's one in 400, Juice. Genuinely, I think it's—you would do 20 times 20. I think it's one in 400

Justin: For this to be the moment—

Griffin: For this to be the moment.

Justin: On such a meaningful roll, like...

Griffin: I have to find a way to punish this in an enormous, important way.

Justin: Griffin, you—I agree, you need to take like 30 seconds, because it's gotta have like a narrative—

Travis: Yeah.

Justin: It's gotta be powerful, man! This is like—

Travis: Like a long-lasting—

Griffin: Like a huge—

Justin: It's so bad.

Griffin: Long-lasting effect.

Clint: It's Dad's biggest fuck up, and my man is fucked up in some ways. [chuckles]

Travis: Yeah.

Griffin: Yeah, no, it's truly catastrophic. [chuckles]

Justin: Sorry, to be clear, Dad's biggest DnD related—

Griffin: Right.

Justin: Fuck up.

Clint: Right.

Justin: Of this season.

Clint: This doesn't come close—

Justin: Yeah-yeah-yeah-yeah!

Clint: To the real-life ones. I have a suggestion? How about if his giggling gets out of control and he gives him away?

Justin: Dad, we're looking for like—

Griffin: Dad.

Justin: You giggle so hard that your ass falls off. [chuckles]

Griffin: Your ass falls off, and the Ziggurat Island falls to the ground and destroys the world. Like, if—a one in 400 fuck up is like so big, my man. And it's like a huge opportunity for narrative growth. Okay.

Clint: I have spare arms, if you want to do that bit again?

Griffin: Yeah, that's awesome. That's awesome. Okay... nat one, nat one... You creep up towards the door, and Hellgrammite, you scuttle up to the front door, and you deposit this bag right on top of the sort of like black and ashy spot where the other bag was destroyed. And you get the lighter out and begin to flick it, trying to—trying to light this bag.

You struggle to do so, and it seems like it's not lighting. And you're like trying to check out exactly what's going on with this lighter, trying to

troubleshoot it. And it burns your chitinous thumb, and you drop it into the ground, and it sort of like slides off of the porch into the bushes in front of The Gentleman's home.

Travis: And Rictus is like standing off in the bushes with his arms raised, like big eyes like:

Rictus: Come on! *What?!*

Griffin: Yes, not the same bushes that he just dropped the lighter into.

Travis: No.

Griffin: Different hiding bushes. A few seconds go by, and before you can locate this lighter into the—in the bushes where you dropped it, smoke begins to pour upwards from these bushes, as very quickly, a conflagration appears in front of The Gentleman's house. What do you do—I guess, Hellgrammite, what do you do first? Since you're right up on it.

Clint: Hellgrammite is going to use Frost Fingers, to try to put the fire out.

Griffin: Okay. Frost Fingers is an attack roll, I believe?

Clint: Yeah?

Griffin: Okay, actually, a constitution saving throw, taking 2d8 cold damage on a failed save, or half as much damage on a successful one. Why don't you—we'll say this, you're going to roll damage, and if you can hit a certain damage threshold—obviously, the fire can't dodge. This is a question of like, is this enough kind of like ice? So, roll 2d8, and if you can beat an 11 with your damage, this will—this will put the fire out.

Clint: You realize I have a chance of rolling four ones in a row here?

Griffin: 2d8?

Travis: Why invoke that?

Clint: [chuckles] I just—I mean, I just, I don't know. Okay, here we go!

[sound of dice thrown]

Clint: A one!

[sound of dice thrown]

Clint: And a six. So, that's seven!

Griffin: With a—a seven is insufficient. You blast one of the bushes, freezing it solid. But the fire at this point has spread and has begun to sort of—the flames are beginning to lick at the windows of The Gentleman's house.

Hellgrammite: Fellas, fire? Fire?

Rictus: Mm-hm!

Hellgrammite: Fire? A little help here? Fire?

Travis: I'm gonna cast Chromatic Orb again, but this time, sorry, this time, it's water.

Griffin: Okay?

Travis: So, a ranged attack...

[sound of dice thrown]

Travis: Fuck.

Griffin: That's a nat one?

Travis: Uh-huh.

Griffin: Okay, yeah, the orb goes wide and tall. It actually goes up way above where the bushes are, into one of the windows of the house, smashing out the window. And inside of the house, you hear a *ga-bloosh!*

and you hear, "Whoa, what the... what's going on here?!" And you hear footsteps beginning to run towards the front of the home.

Travis: Thunderdogs, run!

Griffin: [chuckles] At this point, the fire has spread. It is now—it is now like, the house is on fire. The home is—the home is ablaze. You can see like the front paneling of this very nice residence has begun to blacken and smoke. And are you going to run?

Travis: I believe that's what I said, Griffin.

Griffin: Okay. I mean, that's easy enough for you and Lorovith. If you want to just get away, you are, you know, not close to the house. Hellgrammite, if that is your plan, you're—I'm gonna need a roll for it.

Justin: Just to be clear, I was kind of at a—Lorovith was kind of at a distance where, if he had took like five steps away, he could act like he was not even part of that. [chuckles]

Griffin: He was—he was involved in a different scene, yeah, for sure.

Justin: Like, he was like, he was so on the—I haven't spoken for 10 minutes, he is so on the periphery of this. I can't be cleared up. [chuckles]

Clint: I don't think I can get... Hellgrammite is gonna cast Frost Fingers again.

Griffin: Okay?

Clint: But this time, he's gonna do it properly, because what he should have done before was roll 3d8s.

Griffin: Oh? Are you gonna cast it is a—

Clint: Because he's got a second level.

Griffin: Okay, now, I will say, the fire has spread.

Clint: I know.

Griffin: We're gonna need a—we're gonna need a higher roll here. With 3d8, I think a 14, 14 or higher.

Clint: Okay. Come on, baby, come on baby...

[sound of dice thrown]

Clint: A four, a two and a six, that's 12.

Griffin: That is a 12. With a 12, you are actively blasting the front of his house with icy magic, sort of ineffectually, as the front door of the house opens. And there in his robe and sleeping cap, you see The Gentleman from Wizberry, standing there, looking at you, aghast. He says:

The Gentleman from Wizberry: What on earth are you doing?!

Hellgrammite: I saw your house was on fire, I'm trying to help! My magic is not very powerful, I'm sorry, but—

Travis: Rictus comes running up.

Hellgrammite: My heart is pure!

Travis: Rictus comes running up from a distance, out of breath.

Rictus: Yeah, I tried to chase him, but Dr. Legume got away. Sorry, Wizberry, yeah, we saw him, he was—he put a bag of poop on your step and was trying to light it on fire, and we came across him, and I tried to get him—ah-hah-hah...

Griffin: Okay—

Hellgrammite: Time's a-wastin', let's get this fire out, boys!

Griffin: I'm gonna need a deception roll from both of you. Insight, he got a 16 on his insight roll.

Travis: Oh, boy.

Griffin: That is the number to beat.

[sound of dice thrown]

Travis: Well, Griffin, I got an eight, total.

Griffin: He looks at both of you, looks at his house as it begins to go up in flames, and... both of you make a wisdom saving throw, please.

[sound of dice thrown]

Travis: Oh, okay, 18 plus four, 22.

[sound of dice thrown]

Clint: 10 plus two, 12.

Griffin: All right, this is the first time, Rictus, that you have resisted the effect of his time-stopping power. You see the world slow down. You see the flames, as they begin to lick up to the roof of the house, grow to a near standstill. And you can see... ooh! Give me a stealth check.

Travis: Okay.

[sound of dice thrown]

Travis: 17 plus two, 19.

Griffin: Fuck yes! He doesn't realize that you are not stopped. You can see him look at you and at Hellgrammite, and for—it's not a flash, he thinks the world is frozen. A look of deranged malice appears on his face, and this sort of like nice, fancy gentleman demeanor that he has stops.

He first walks over to Hellgrammite, and you can see him put his hands sort of like under Hellgrammite's armpits and lift him in a sort of like unnatural way. Here in this like frozen time moment, like physics seems to be behaving a little bit differently, as he now begins to pull him backward into his house.

He does so, he pulls him into—deep into the kitchen. You can see him walk to the back door and turn the lock, with some effort. And then he walks back outside of the house up to you, and he begins to grab you, sort of similarly, under the armpits, to drag you into his flaming home.

Travis: As he walks up to me, Griffin, I'm gonna sweep the leg, so he falls into the fire.

Griffin: Oh, shit, okay? Give me an attack roll, please.

[sound of dice thrown]

Travis: A 13. Would I have advantage? This is a surprise attack, for sure.

Griffin: This a surprise attack, I will for sure grant that. Please give me a—

[sound of dice thrown]

Travis: Okay, so 13 is what I got. That's the highest one.

Griffin: A 13 does not hit. However, you do sort of, I mean, you shock him, right? You go to sweep the leg out. He is a little bit more used—things are—it's like moving through molasses, you are still not quite used to like moving in this space. But seeing you moving and resisting this effect, he makes a face that suggests that perhaps this has never happened before.

As that happens, he breaks concentration, the spell ends. Hellgrammite, you are now in the middle of this flaming building. Because of Rictus, you know, The Gentleman didn't finish doing whatever it was he was going to do. And so, things are not so desperate for you, but if you remain in this house, they will become desperate very quickly. The gentleman Gooks at you, Rictus, and says:

The Gentleman from Wizberry: How on earth did you do that?

Rictus: Oh, it's because I'm smarter and better than you, Pissberry.

Griffin: What do you do, Hellgrammite? And Lorovith, I guess, you're still kind of seeing this unfold. [titters]

Clint: Can I unlock the kitchen door?

Griffin: Yeah.

Clint: I think Hellgrammite is gonna unlock the kitchen door and try to get out of there!

Griffin: Yeah, it is—I mean, it's not hard for you to do so, right? You're on the inside of the door. You can unlatch the dead bolt and make it out. And as you do so, like a beam from the ceiling falls and crashes down into the kitchen, where you were standing. If this had gone differently, you all definitely would have been trapped inside of a burning building, but you are able to make your way outside relatively quickly.

As you do that, an alarm sounds. Just a loud ringing clacks on from the center of the island. And you see a dozen sort of buckets of water floating in a line, sort of Fantasia style, as a bunch of Unseen Servants come and begin to douse the flames. A lot of the other Aspirants have come out to see what's going on, obviously. This is a pretty tight—

Travis: The whole time—the whole time this is happening, Griffin, I—Rictus is like holding The Gentleman's eye, like staring at each other, because Rictus wants The Gentleman to know that he saw him doing what he did.

Griffin: Okay, cool. I love that. You are locked in with the—with The Gentleman, just sort of staring each other down, as the fires subside and smoke begins to pour out of The Gentleman's ruined house. And as that happens, you see Osham. And he actually materializes in like a little floating like crystal ball, a sphere of glass that just kind of floats over. You see an image of Osham saying:

Osham: What has happened here? Please. Who is the cause of this blaze?

Griffin: The Gentleman looks at you and then looks over at the ball and says:

Osham: I was smoking a pipe, and I was being careless. My apologies. I've seen you repair greater damage to this island, hopefully you can get my domicile back to a respectable state without much effort?

Griffin: He is continuing to lock in on you, Rictus.

Rictus: Yeah, you'll have to be more careful in the future, huh?

Griffin: Osham says:

Osham: Yes, we will repair your place. Please, Gentlemen, you can rest in one of the houses of one of the fallen Aspirants for the evening, as we repair your home. Everyone, back to bed! You have a—

Lorovith: Ah...

Osham: What?

Lorovith: Thank goodness, that noise—the noise of this whole calamity had awoken me.

Griffin: [chuckles]

Lorovith: And I briefly hopped over to see what the danger was, but it looked too perilous, so I kept a good distance.

Justin: [chuckles]

Griffin: Give me a deception check, please, Lorovith.

Justin: It's... I think it's only have deception, but I will—I will grant you that, Griffin—

Travis: Did Lorovith fall asleep?

Justin: No, I've been pretty vocal about—

Griffin: He's been sort of like laid back a little bit, unsure of this whole plan.

Justin: I'm really letting you guys have your moment. [chuckles]

Clint: [laughs]

Justin: If you'll remember, I was trying to walk to bed and have been for 30 minutes, right? So—[chuckles]

Clint: [laughs]

[sound of dice thrown]

Justin: Okay, so I rolled a 13.

Griffin: Okay, yeah, with a 13, no one here has any reason to think you're lying. I think The Gentleman looks up at you for like a second, then quickly comes back to you, Rictus, and he says:

The Gentleman from Wizberry: I pride myself on my ability to get along with just about everyone, Rictus, but... it would appear that... you and I are oil and water. And we are going to have to solve this sooner rather than later, I think.

Rictus: Yeah.

Griffin: And he... walks off. He gives you a dirty look, Hellgrammite, as you kind of like—Hellgrammite, actually, what are you doing? You made it safely out of the back of the house. Are you—do you—

Clint: Is the fire—is the fire out?

Griffin: The fire is out. The Unseen Servants have put it out. The house is ruined, and you can tell like looking in through the back windows, like some of his stuff got pretty burned up in there.

Travis: Sick.

Griffin: And you're not sure if that's going to be repaired as easily.

Clint: I think Hellgrammite turns to the... to the Mysterious Gentleman?

Griffin: The Gentleman from Wizberry.

Clint: The Gentleman from Wizberry and says:

Hellgrammite: So, no harm done. Could we have our lighter back?

Griffin: [chuckles] You can see actually, one of the Unseen Servants finds the lighter in the bushes and kind of like—I mean, he's an Unseen, so you can't tell exactly—hell no, that doesn't make any fuckin' sense.

Clint: [titters]

Griffin: He says:

The Gentleman from Wizberry: No!

Travis: [chuckles]

The Gentleman from Wizberry: No, you may not.

Hellgrammite: Okay, yeah, I'll come back later. That's fine. That's cool.

Travis: Rictus goes over to join Lorovith and calls Hellgrammite over, and says like:

Rictus: Okay, so, now that our first Thunderdogs mission is complete, I have a few notes.

Lorovith: And what a success it was.

Rictus: Well, I'm gonna say C minus.

Lorovith: Hm...

Hellgrammite: Hm, yeah... Well, blame the dice.

Griffin: Pranklin walks back up to you on his fists, and looks up at you, Rictus, and there's like a tear in his eye. And you... I think, at first, you think he's sad, because you fucked up so bad, but it's a tear of pride. And then you think like, maybe Pranklin's into some pretty fucked up stuff actually.

Travis: Yeah, man.

Griffin: [chuckles] Maybe Pranklin's idea of a prank is arson.

Clint: [laughs]

Griffin: And he actually smiles and nods up and down, and—

Rictus: No, no, Pranklin, that wasn't... that wasn't—no, it wasn't the intention.

Pranklin: Hm-hm-hm-hm-hm!

Rictus: [spoofs orangutan sounds] Ah-ah-hu-ha-ha.

Griffin: You translate what he just said in abyssal loosely to, "You get it now, huh?" And he—

Rictus: Frank—Pranklin, no!

Travis: [chuckles]

Griffin: He holds up another bag, another brown bag, and nods. He points at another house.

Travis: [chuckles]

Rictus: No, Pranklin! No!

Justin: [laughs]

Clint: [laughs]

Griffin: He points at his—he points at his own house, and shrugs.

Rictus: No! Wait, like insurance fraud?

Pranklin: Hu-ha-hu.

Clint: [laughs]

Justin: [chuckles]

Lorovith: Now that you've said, you ruined it.

Griffin: [chuckles]

[The Adventure Zone Royale theme music plays]

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