

Episode 2 Transcription: Heist Hard, Nut Harder.

Grizzly Von Smooth Coat:

And I was like, biiiiitch to that spider.

Dungeon Master:

Welcome back to Tale Craft, the D&D podcast where anything can happen. I'm Aaron, your host, and we're diving back into our wild adventure. Last time we witnessed the incredible powers of Baby Nova and saw the bond between our unique crew; a man raised by dogs, a giant wombat, and a single mother on a quest. With each roll of the dice, the narrative unfolds and things are about to get even crazier. Join us as we continue to explore this ever changing realm, where every choice shapes the epic journey ahead. Let's see what chaos awaits our characters this time. Let's meet our characters.

Wombella:

All right, I'll go first. So I'm not Kia, I'm Wombella, Right? And I'm one of a kind. Like I'm the only two-meter wombat that I have known. And all the other wombats that I have known are very tiny, and they don't have tits, so I'm the only one.

Viola Screamblade:

And how big are your nipples?

Wombella:

Oh ok. All right. We're not going to do some bestiality here okay. So shut up.

Viola Screamblade:

All right. Hi guys. I'm Maddi, I play Viola with my baby, Nova. Viola is a super sexy warrior Mum. The opposite of real life.

Wombella:

No, that's not true.

Viola Screamblade:

Um. And my baby has the most magical, amazing powers. And she's just the best baby ever, cause it's my baby.

Wombella:

She's sexy. She's actually sexy. In real life.

Viola Screamblade:

Okay.

Grizzly Von Smooth Coat:

I'm Ben, and I play Grizzly Von Smooth Coat, uh, a barbarian-like character who acts like a dog. And he carries his Jack Russells, uh, inside pockets as if there were, um, weapons.

Dungeon Master:

Okay. Let's begin. The sunlight gently brushes the canopy of the Eldritch Forest, painting the ancient trunks and hues of golden amber. The air is fresh with the scent of pine and earth, alive with the soft whispers of the forest. Our scene opens with an animated montage of our trio. Their movements, rhythmic and purposeful against the verdum backdrop. Wombella, with her steady and assured steps, carries Viola and Nova on her back. Nova's laughter echoes like a bright chime as she playfully tugs at Wombella's ears. Viola, her gaze alternating between the path ahead and the playful interactions.

Grizzly walks alongside his presence, solid and reassuring. His four Jack Russells, showing signs of fatigue from the long journey, are securely strapped to him in their own harnesses, their little legs grateful for the respite. The forest around them teems with life. The montage shows brief flashes of their journey crossing a babbling brook on steppingstones, Grizzly helping Viola navigate a fallen log bridge, Wombella pausing to collect mushrooms from the undergrowth. Laughter lighthearted banter fills the air, contrasting with the occasional ominous rustle from the deeper woods.

The montage captures these moments of joy and tension, the camaraderie bonding the group as they approach the mystical and somewhat foreboding threshold of the area known as the Whispering Glades. As they reach the edge of the Whispering Glades, the camera pans up to reveal the vast expanse of the forest. The montage slows and the screen fades to black. The whispers of the forest, growing louder, hinting at the mysteries and adventures that lie ahead in the glades.

Wombella:

But I have bad hips. You cannot force me to carry you.

Viola Screamblade:

We get off and we walk.

Wombella:

All right, guys, we're entering into a very particular area of these forests. We need to be very careful. I have been here before and it hasn't been funny at all. There's quicksand ahead of us, so we need to prepare. We need to find a way to cross this and, um, get safe on the others, to the other side. Especially for the baby that is with us.

Grizzly Von Smooth Coat:

We're in a Hairy situation, but I'll get us through this. I can whip out my bow. I'm gonna tie a rope to this arrow and shoot it across this quicksand. So, Viola and Wombella can get across.

Grizzly Von Smooth Coat:

Rolls dice 19.

Dungeon Master:

Grizzly skillfully ties a rope to an arrow and shoots it across the quicksand, embedding it firmly into a distant tree.

Grizzly Von Smooth Coat:

First time. Every time.

Wombella:

Yeah.

Wombella:

Just wait, your pants are going down, so you better put them up.

Grizzly Von Smooth Coat:

Too many dogs in my, uh, in my pockets. Um. And I, uh tie this tree.. Now, we can safely crawl over, um, so that we can evade this.

Wombella:

Did you use the arrow that actually was, had the pointy stuff, or did you use the other one?

Grizzly Von Smooth Coat:

Well, I did, unless you smeared your wombat poo all over it, then maybe it's a little bit... shit. Why don't you try first Wombella?

Wombella:

Do you reckon that the rope is going to be okay with my weight?

Grizzly Von Smooth Coat:

Well, there's one way to find out, isn't there? Surely we should do the heaviest first, and then that way we'll know.

Viola Screamblade:

All right. While Wombella and Grizzly are fighting, Viola just starts going across the rope.

Dungeon Master:

Okay, great. Uh, Viola, you're crawling across the rope. You're going to have to roll. Uh, I'll give you acrobatics.

Grizzly Von Smooth Coat:

And another thing Wombella.. You ate majority of my chicken treats. All right.

Viola Screamblade:

I roll a 15.

Dungeon Master:

Okay, so Viola and Nova make it safely across.

Viola Screamblade:

Biiitch. Can you two shut the fuck up and get over here.

Wombella:

Yeah, I reckon it will be better if you go first, because I'm heavy. So if the rope goes down, I will find a way, maybe to go across or, um, you just shoot another, another arrow. I don't know.

Grizzly Von Smooth Coat:

Alright. I'm barking coming, I'm barking coming.

Wombella:

You are a tiny little thing compared to me, so just go across, make it and be safe with the baby and the, Viola.

Grizzly Von Smooth Coat:

All right. Grizzly climbs across.

Dungeon Master:

Uh, well. Yeah, yeah. Roll Acrobatics.

Grizzly Von Smooth Coat:

Thirteen plus three. That's 15. Uh 16.

Dungeon Master:

All right. Uh so Grizzly, you've made it across.

Grizzly Von Smooth Coat:

I high five Viola.

Viola Screamblade:

I pull my hand back.

Wombella:

You need to High five and also bump five. You know.

Grizzly Von Smooth Coat:

Yeah, we do one of those. We do one of those cheeky hip to hip bumps.

Viola Screamblade:

Viola moves out of the way and Grizzly falls over.

Grizzly Von Smooth Coat:

He gets up as if like, you know, he was supposed to do that.

Dungeon Master:

Wombella, they've crossed now.

Wombella:

Yeah. I will ask...

Grizzly Von Smooth Coat:

Grizzly cuts the rope.

Viola Screamblade:

Let's get out of here.

Wombella:

If you like, I can go back. I can go back to my burrow. I will...

Grizzly Von Smooth Coat:

Just kidding. Just kidding.

Wombella:

Uh. That's it. And you're by yourself. Next time there's a quicksand, you're going to die there.

Okay. Without me. So be careful of what you're doing.

Grizzly Von Smooth Coat:

We need her for the other quicksand part.

Wombella:

Actually, I was going to ask Grizzly to maybe do two more. Like with your arrow.

Grizzly Von Smooth Coat:

Oh, true. So Grizzly shoots and accidentally shoots Wombella. Now, can I shoot another arrow just to make.

Dungeon Master:

Yeah. Yeah. So you're shooting. You're shooting the opposite way now, so roll another D20.

Wombella:

Careful.

Grizzly Von Smooth Coat:

Oh 20, natural 20 baby.

Viola Screamblade:

Natty 20.

Grizzly Von Smooth Coat:

Oh sharp shooter.

Dungeon Master:

That's gonna give Wombella advantage getting across.

Wombella:

Yeah. So what I'm going to do now, it's I'm going, so I'm placing a slide between those two, uh, ropes, and then I'm sliding through the two ropes with the slider, and then I'll make it across. Cowabunga Dude.

Dungeon Master:

You roll acrobatics, but you've got advantage, which means you roll twice and take the highest.

Wombella:

So. It's 13.

Dungeon Master:

That was the highest one.

Wombella:

Mmmm.

Dungeon Master:

Wombella makes it to the end, very, very slowly though.

Grizzly Von Smooth Coat:

Ah, this mission is a walk in the park. Am I right Viola?

Viola Screamblade:

Viola walks off.

Dungeon Master:

As the trio progresses deeper into the Whispering Glades, a thick fog begins to roll in, swirling around their feet and rising high with each step. The visibility dwindles and the path becomes less distinct, merging with the mist shrouded underbrush. Wombella, taking the lead as their guide, squints through the dense fog. Her senses trying to pierce the veil of the white that obscures their way.

Dungeon Master:

Kia, roll wisdom.

Wombella:

1.

Dungeon Master:

She rolled 1?

Wombella:

Yeah.

Dungeon Master:

As Wombella reaches down to sense the path through the touch of the earth, her fingers tremble slightly, betraying her uncertainty. The vibration she feels through the soil, usually a reliable guide, now send back confusing signals. With confidence shaken by the dense fog in the pressure of leading, she misinterprets these cues, believing she has found the right way. The trio follows Wombella's lead moving deeper into the forest.

However, instead of guiding them through safe paths, her error leads them directly towards the darker, denser part of the glades that they were meant to avoid. The trees here grew closer together, their branches twisted menacingly, and the air grows colder. A stark contrast to the path they intended to follow. As they proceed, the fog seems to thicken, and an eerie silence descends upon them.

The usual sounds of wildlife are absent here, replaced by a heavy, oppressive quiet. The ground beneath their feet becomes marshier, and soon they find themselves at the edge of a stagnant, murky pond. A known haven for creatures less friendly than the typical forest denizens.

Viola Screamblade:

Wombella, is this where you said we were going? It doesn't feel like you know where we are. Grizzly, does this seem right to you?

Grizzly Von Smooth Coat:

I mean, I'm all about teamwork, but I don't know where the fuck we are!

Wombella:

I never have been here before, but I don't know where we are... Yep.

Dungeon Master:

Suddenly, a forest spirit in the form of a massive, ethereal stag steps forward.

Grizzly Von Smooth Coat:

Oh, like Harry Potter.

Dungeon Master:

Yeah. This is Harry Potter.

Grizzly Von Smooth Coat:

We're in Harry Potter Now, guys.

Wombella:

So now I have a deer the size of my size?

Viola Screamblade:

Wombella is now Hagrid.

Grizzly Von Smooth Coat:

Literally, we are in Harry Potter land? Because the spider. And now this reindeer-like ghost thing.

Dungeon Master:

Wait, there was a spider in Harry Potter?

Grizzly Von Smooth Coat:

Yeah.

Viola Screamblade:

Uh, Grizzly, a dementor! Hide!

Grizzly Von Smooth Coat:

Unintelligible dialogue**

Viola Screamblade:

Leviosa.

Dungeon Master:

All right, well, let's, let's, let's not. All right. Let's not make it a stag then. Let's make it a, uh..

Viola Screamblade:

It's an even bigger wombat.

Grizzly Von Smooth Coat:

Hermione, noooo!!

Viola Screamblade:

A 3-meter-tall wombat appears.

Wombella:

It's my lost partner.

Grizzly Von Smooth Coat:

Oh, nah, you're the only one of your kind, mate

Wombella:

No I'm not! I'll find someone, similar to me.

Grizzly Von Smooth Coat:

You listenin to this wombat, Viola.

Viola Screamblade:

This wombats lost her fucking mind.

Grizzly Von Smooth Coat:

It's all the, all the mushroom tea. I mean, I'm all for good, a good time, but.. This girls like every day.

Viola Screamblade:

She's taking it too far.

Wombella:

At least I'm not drinking the whole day. Yeah.

Dungeon Master:

It's gonna be a, oh, it's a talkative squirrel. Okay, nice.

Squirrel:

What brings such odd travelers to this treacherous part of the forest?

Grizzly Von Smooth Coat:

Yeah. Okay. My Jacks start going nuts, and I'm like mhm Dinner, mmm. And starts licking his lips.

Wombella:

We are going to do a pottery and wine session.

Grizzly Von Smooth Coat:

Wombella, We have to get to the echoing highlights.

Wombella:

No, we need to chill for a little bit. And we're going to do a pottery and wine session.

Viola Screamblade:

Viola walks up to him and just kicks him and he goes flying.

Dungeon Master:

Yes, you could do that. All right. Um.

Viola Screamblade:

It's freestyle baby.

Dungeon Master:

Yeah, yeah yeah. All right. Uh, roll an attack.

Wombella:

No, we need to chill with the animal. You cannot kill the animal. Don't kill it.

Viola Screamblade:

I got an 18.

Squirrel:

Noooooooooooooo!!

Grizzly Von Smooth Coat:

Grizzly's very puzzled.

Wombella:

I'm very disappointed.

Viola Screamblade:

Violas like oh shit.... as she sees him just flying off into the distance.

Wombella:

Now, we cannot do this session. Now we're done. The pottery & wine session is gone. I was so done with all the crap that we have been having. The spider, then the quicksand, and now the, our only opportunity to chill, you just flew it away. You just throw it away. I'm going to find it. I'm going to get the squirrel back. Um you two because it was your idea Grizzly to muck around with the freaking animal. You're going to apologize, and you need to do dinner now for the squirrel. What are you... What are you going to cook for the squirrel? Tell me.

Viola Screamblade:

Wombat.

Grizzly Von Smooth Coat:

Deep fried wombat.

Viola Screamblade:

Viola grabs Grizzly by the arm and drags him off without Wombella.

Grizzly Von Smooth Coat:

Ah, she's getting my paws dirty.

Viola Screamblade:

Let's just go. I don't want to waste my time.

Wombella:

You're always rushing, Viola, you're not enjoying life. You're always rushing. You always. Let's go on. Let's go. Let's go. You're pumped, all the time you're pumped. So now you need to be responsible of your actions. And now you need to make feel the squirrel Happy.

Grizzly Von Smooth Coat:

Grizzly goes: well, I suppose. Yeah, Wombella's a part of the forest, and you just kind of shat all over her, like lifestyle. So, we should probably say sorry.

Viola Screamblade:

Viola rolls her eyes but goes with it.

Wombella:

So Violas behind me, following me, because she needs to also say sorry. Squirrel. Squirrel. Where are you? Squirrel?

Grizzly Von Smooth Coat:

Nutcracker.

Viola Screamblade:

It cannot be hard, this hard to find a squirrel.

Dungeon Master:

Just then, from a nearby bush, the squirrel emerges slightly disheveled but relatively unharmed. He strengthens himself, dusting off a leaf or two.

Squirrel:

You try to help someone, and that's the thank you get. I must say that was quite a flight.

Wombella:

Well, I do apologize because these two, they don't have any manners and they don't know how to treat people well.

Viola Screamblade:

Yes, sorry, bro.

Wombella:

On the other hand, if you were close to my burrow, I will take you to my burrow and feed you.

Grizzly Von Smooth Coat:

Trust me.

Dungeon Master:

I guess, Everyone roll Persuasion.

Wombella:

7.

Grizzly Von Smooth Coat:

19.

Viola Screamblade:

9.

Dungeon Master:

The squirrel, his small form poised with an air of judgment, continues to scrutinize the group, his eyes finally resting on Grizzly, noticing the Jack Russell's comfortably nestled in their harnesses and observing their calm demeanor around their master. The squirrel's expression shifts from skepticism to a faint hint of approval.

Squirrel:

Well, at least one of you seems nice with small animals. I like the dog man. What are you doing in this part of the forest, with such hostile company?

Grizzly Von Smooth Coat:

This squirrel talks in tongues.

Squirrel:

What?!

Grizzly Von Smooth Coat:

Wombella, translation.

Wombella:

The squirrel wants to have a really nice date with you.

Squirrel:

That's not what I said...

Grizzly Von Smooth Coat:

Oh. Uh. No, thanks. I'm seeing someone.

Squirrel:

Jesus Christ.

Grizzly Von Smooth Coat:

In fact, that's my daughter.

Squirrel:

Hi baby.

Grizzly Von Smooth Coat:

Viola bring my daughter over here.

Viola Screamblade:

This is not the dad. Let's get this clear, Mr. Squirrel.

Squirrel:

Okay...

Grizzly Von Smooth Coat:

All right, that's it. I'm out of here. Grizzly starts walking off.

Squirrel:

Wait for me..

Viola Screamblade:

This squirrel is on you, though.

Grizzly Von Smooth Coat:

Grizzly also punts the squirrel.

Squirrel:

Nooooooooooooo!!

Dungeon Master:

Okay, so you see the squirrel land up ahead, brush itself off and climb up a tree. He looks back at you with wide, fearful eyes.

Viola Screamblade:

Yeah, well, thank God we got rid of that damn squirrel. Now let's go.

Wombella:

Yeah, no... We need to get it back. Because with that squirrel, will be able to continue our track. So we need to get the squirrel back to get out of this section of the forest. That I don't freaking know what this is. I never have been here before, so we need to get the squirrel down. We need to have a nice meal with the squirrel. We need to have some sort of chill session with the squirrel, and then we proceed going on.

Viola Screamblade:

How far away are we from where you know in the forest? And why is there a talking squirrel? Okay, I know about the talking wombats. I don't know about talking squirrels. That's too far.

Wombella:

I never, I never been here before, but I know that I am friends with all the animals. And they will show me where to go next. All right.

Viola Screamblade:

All right. Viola's going to hang back because she's really not keen on the squirrel at all.

Wombella:

Grizzly, you need to go up the tree and get the squirrel.

Grizzly Von Smooth Coat:

Aren't you the climber? All right, all right, here we go Wombella, you climb the tree, and I'll keep an eye out for danger while you do your squirrely magic.

Wombella:

Sure.

Viola Screamblade:

Now do it.

Wombella:

I'm climbing a tree. And then I put my hands up.

Viola Screamblade:

Okay and then the squirrel kicks Wombella.

Dungeon Master:

As she reaches a sturdy branch near the top one, Wombella spots the squirrel nestled among the leaves. The once bold and chattering squirrel now appears bruised and weary, his small body showing signs of the rough treatment he has received. His fur is ruffled and one of his ears is bent at an odd angle, his eyes wide with fear, follow Wombella's every move as she carefully makes her way closer.

Squirrel:

Oh, is it your turn, Is it? You've come to kick me?

Grizzly Von Smooth Coat:

Kick it again!

Wombella:

No.

Viola Screamblade:

Punt it like a football.

Wombella:

No, I'm part of the forest. I'm not going to kick you. I just want to help you out to get better. And then you can show us to get out of here.

Squirrel:

I'm not gonna help you. Haven't you people done enough. Just leave me alone.

Wombella:

Well, well, what do you want in return? What do you want in return?

Viola Screamblade:

Kick him.

Wombella:

Well, I can give you some powder. I can give you some powder to cure you. So, you are safe now and then you just knows to sniff it and that's it.

Grizzly Von Smooth Coat:

Could I also have some powder?

Dungeon Master:

Wombella offers the small, bruised squirrel a tiny bag of mushroom powder, the squirrel accepts. Almost immediately, its bruises fade, and its pupils dilate with the healing effects.

Grizzly Von Smooth Coat:

Hey, can I sniff it with you?!

Squirrel:

Damn Wombat you're alright. Okay, fine. I'll guide you out of this area. But first I need something from you. I'm putting together a crew. You in?

Wombella:

A crew to do what?

Viola Screamblade:

You son of a bitch! I'm in!

Squirrel:

I'm doing a nut heist.

Grizzly Von Smooth Coat:

Heist. There's one thing you need, and that's family.

Squirrel:

There's an old crow in the forest. She has these golden acorns. They're the most delicious acorns ever. You bring these acorns back to me. I'll show you through the glades.

Wombella:

I just, I just want. I'm just curious to know what are you going to do with gold acorns?

Viola Screamblade:

I think we all know he crushes them up with a credit card and lines them up.

Dungeon Master:

If you want, you can roll insight if you want to find out his intentions.

Grizzly Von Smooth Coat:

In the meantime, Grizzly is just standing there, cross-armed and he goes to Viola, he's got the nuts and I've got the guts, am I right?

Viola Screamblade:

Shut the fuck up, Grizzly.

Wombella:

7.

Dungeon Master:

You just know what he's telling you. Which is that he thinks they're delicious.

Squirrel:

Hey, can I have some more of that powder.

Viola Screamblade:

Grizzly, this squirrel is a fucking scab. Let's get out of here.

Grizzly Von Smooth Coat:

Wait, wait. We're talking about a heist Viola.

Viola Screamblade:

He just wants the mushrooms.

Grizzly Von Smooth Coat:

There's more gold involved.

Squirrel:

So, are you in or are you gonna die here?

Grizzly Von Smooth Coat:

Hey Viola, I don't know about you, but this, this squirrel sounds like a real crack up in, I reckon he could be a good fourth member to our, to our team.

Viola Screamblade:

I don't like this squirrel.

Wombella:

Wombella, go, go and tell the squirrel, we'll join his heist.

Squirrel:

Ahhhh, and more of these mushrooms. You have any more mushrooms?

Grizzly Von Smooth Coat:

Oh, yeah. She does.

Viola Screamblade:

Oi! Fuck off squirrel!

Squirrel:

Hey, fuck you lady!

Viola Screamblade:

I'll fucking kick you again.

Wombella:

Come to my safe place. We need to go back like 20km to get to my safe place.

Squirrel:

That doesn't sound safe. It sounds like it's the opposite of safe. The way you say it.

Viola Screamblade:

No come on, Mr. Squirrel. Come to her safe place.

Grizzly Von Smooth Coat:

Let's do this nut heist because Wombella obviously is lost and doesn't know where the fuck we are. The only person that knows where the fuck we are, is this squirrel...

Wombella:

All right, so we'll help you with the heist, right? Are you able to get us out of here once we are done with the heist?

Squirrel:

Squirrels promise. And a squirrel promise can never be broken.

Viola Screamblade:

Viola leans over to, to Grizzly and whispers; I can't wait to eat this squirrel.

Grizzly Von Smooth Coat:

Oh, man. As soon as we get the, as soon as we finish this heist. Which? Which part do you want first?

Viola Screamblade:

Drumsticks, bro.

Grizzly Von Smooth Coat:

All right, let's hustle and get those nuts before anyone else catches wind. What's the plan? Squirrel.

Dungeon Master:

The squirrel begins drawing in the dirt with its tiny paws.

Squirrel:

We need to get to the old crow's house. It's not far but the journey is tricky. Follow this route and you'll find the cottage.

Dungeon Master:

It explains, tracing a winding path through the forest. The squirrel looks up, its eyes, serious. We have to stay low and stay quiet. The crow has eyes all over the forest.

Grizzly Von Smooth Coat:

I'm not nuts about crime, but this sounds too fun to pass up.

Dungeon Master:

Following the squirrel's dirt map, they weave through the dense trees and underbrush. Eventually emerge into a clearing where a small cottage stands alone. Smoke curls lazily from the chimney, hinting a fire inside. The air is filled with the faint scent of burning wood, and the cottage, though old, looks sturdy and well maintained.

Grizzly Von Smooth Coat:

All right, Viola, Wombella, let's get in, get the gold and get out. That's the deal. Viola, how do you think we should proceed?

Viola Screamblade:

You guys go ahead. I'll stay back with Nova, just in case.

Wombella:

Don't you think this is a trap? Is it? It's really good to be true. . I'm not feeling good about this.

Viola Screamblade:

That's exactly why I want you guys to go first. Yeah.

Squirrel:

I wouldn't do that, you guys. But the old bag does have a lot of booby traps around the place, so we have to figure that out.

Viola Screamblade:

Boobiesss.

Grizzly Von Smooth Coat:

Uh, Grizzly is gonna send in his dogs to scope the area and to get a nice little, um, indication of, uh, accessibility.

Dungeon Master:

Okay. Let's roll, Investigation.

Grizzly Von Smooth Coat:

Uh, 14.

Dungeon Master:

So, with a 14 Grizzlies dogs fan out to perform a perimeter check. Their keen noses and sharp eyes at work, they successfully identify several hidden pit holes and cunningly disguised traps set by the Old Crow. Their search also reveals that the property has both a front and back door.

Grizzly Von Smooth Coat:

So, they bark at me and I go, yes. Very interesting.

Viola Screamblade:

This dude really thinks he can talk to dogs. It's weird.

Grizzly Von Smooth Coat:

Uh. Hey, guys! Guys guys, guys, guys, I've got the plan, all right? First of all, Viola, if you want to hang back, that's cool. You're gonna go up there and you're going to knock on the door, and you're going to be a salesperson or a Jehovah's Witness. All right? Either or. Doesn't matter. All right.

Viola Screamblade:

That's the opposite of hanging back. Just so you know, that's literally going first.

Grizzly Von Smooth Coat:

And then Wombella is going to come down, fall through the chimney, squish the flame. And then I'll send the Jacks in.

Wombella:

No. I'm massive, I'm not getting there. I'm so big I won't be able to do it.

Viola Screamblade:

Wombella is gonna take a shit in the chimney. Put the fire out. As the crow is distracted, we are going to enter through the back door.

Wombella:

And what we can do, we can leave Nova in a tree. Just wrap around a tree. She will be fine there for 20 minutes or so, until we go in and out.

Squirrel:

She can stay with me. I'm not going in there.

Viola Screamblade:

Oh, helllll no biiiiiitch. I will take my baby. I'm not leaving my baby.

Grizzly Von Smooth Coat:

Grizz is going to be a Jehovah's Witness.

Viola Screamblade:

Viola takes Nova with her.

Grizzly Von Smooth Coat:

So, we are all in this together.

Grizzly Von Smooth Coat:

So, all right. Grizz volunteers to be a Jehovah's Witness at the door.

Wombella:

I can poo through the chimney. That's fine. I'm going to get on top of the house.

Grizzly Von Smooth Coat:

Viola your captain, so lead this ship. But basically, you tell me when.

Viola Screamblade:

Viola is gonna kind of sneak around to the back door and then gives Grizzly the sign to knock on the door and talk about Jesus.

Dungeon Master:

The door creaks open. Revealing an old lady. She is a wizened, hunched figure with sharp beady eyes and hair is white as snow, tied back in a loose bun. Her eyes peer out with curiosity as she surveys the unexpected visitor.

Old Crow:

Hello?

Grizzly Von Smooth Coat:

Uh, good evening, ma'am, but I didn't know if you noticed, but, uh, I'm also. I'm a Jehovah's Witness, slash I work for the council in this forest area, and, uh, I noticed you didn't have a permit for having that fire in your house. And, uh, would you like to hear about the news of latter-day Saints?

Dungeon Master:

All right. Roll, roll Deception.

Grizzly Von Smooth Coat:

1.

Dungeon Master:

The old lady's eyes narrowed with suspicion.

Old Crow:

You're not the forest ranger. You're after my acorns.

Dungeon Master:

Without warning, she raises her walking stick and starts swinging it at Grizzly.

Grizzly Von Smooth Coat:

Listen, lady, I may not be a ranger, but that doesn't prove that I'm not a Jehovah's Witness. Now, would you like to hear about how to engage with local communities?

Old Crow:

You're after my acorns. You're not having my acorns.

Wombella:

I'm going to start pooing.

Dungeon Master:

Uh, okay. Meanwhile, unaware of the chaos unfolding at the front door, Wombella positions herself above the chimney, ready to use her unique abilities to aid in the group's plan. As she begins to defecate down the chimney, she doesn't realize that her fecal matter is highly flammable.

The moment the excrement hits the flames below, there's a sudden, intense ignition. A fiery explosion erupts from the chimney, the force of it blasting the old lady's cottage. Flames quickly spread through the house, engulfing it in a roaring inferno. The walls shake and the windows shatter from the pressure, filling the air with the deafening sound of the explosion.

Squirrel:

Holy shiit!!

Viola Screamblade:

Sorry Kia.

Wombella:

Yeah, I was still pooing.

Viola Screamblade:

Your asshole is about to get blown up.

Dungeon Master:

Fire shoots up through the chimney. Wombella, caught off guard, feels the intense heat and pain as the flames scorch her rear. With a startled cry, she loses her balance and tumbles off the roof. Leaving the ground with a heavy thud, dazed and singed but still conscious.

Wombella:

And now all my hair is gone. Now I'm on fire. My butt hole is red now. It's so red. I won't be able to poo square anymore. Everything that comes out of that butt hole will be like a normal shit. It's just diarrhea.

Grizzly Von Smooth Coat:

Her rectums burnt to singe.

Viola Screamblade:

Sorry Kia.

Grizzly Von Smooth Coat:

Some heist guys.

Wombella:

I need to go to the... Oh, God. I need to go to the hospital. We need to go to the hospital now. Forget about this for one day.

Old Crow:

What have you done to my house?

Viola Screamblade:

Grizzly hit her! Get her now!

Grizzly Von Smooth Coat:

Grizzly goes "give me those acorns, bitch!" and grabs his sword of the Guardian and fucking tries to cut her head off.

Dungeon Master:

Okay, so before I let you do that. Um. Let's roll. Initiative. Between you and the crow.

Grizzly Von Smooth Coat:

Uh I'm not even joking. 20.

Viola Screamblade:

Suck it. Fucking witch bitch.

Dungeon Master:

Oh! She got a 20 as well!

Everyone:

WOAHHH!!

Grizzly Von Smooth Coat:

Does that mean like a face off?

Dungeon Master:

What does that mean?!

Grizzly Von Smooth Coat:

Like a sword to a, like a broom thing. Like a lightsaber mode?

Dungeon Master:

Yeah. That's hectic.

Dungeon Master:

Grizzly turns his grip on his sword. He lunges forward, aiming to strike. The old lady, quicker than she appears, raises her walking stick just in time. The sword clashes against the stick with a resounding clang and they lock into place. Face to face, their eyes meet in an intense stare down. Grizzly's eyes blazed with resolve while the old ladies gleam with a mix of anger and cunning. For a moment, it's as if they're staring into each other's souls, each trying to read the other's next move, their breath mingling in the tension filled air.

Grizzly Von Smooth Coat:

The magic from this one. Viola, get her from behind.

Viola Screamblade:

Viola's kind of just come up behind and just kick her, because she's got nothing on her. I was not expecting this. I'm just gonna kick the witch from behind.

Dungeon Master:

So just roll a D4 damage.

Viola Screamblade:

All right, I got four minus one, so three.

Grizzly Von Smooth Coat:

Viola, you'll be the death of me.

Viola Screamblade:

I don't have the weapons. All I can do is kick. I don't have anything else.

Grizzly Von Smooth Coat:

Wait, wait, Grizz also goes Squirrel time to attack!

Dungeon Master:

The squirrel off in the distance as he prepares a fat slug line of mushroom powder.

Squirrel:

Huh? What?

Viola Screamblade:

The squirrel is gone.

Squirrel:

No, I'm good.

Grizzly Von Smooth Coat:

Wombella, Wombella, it's up to you.

Wombella:

I think my leg's broken.

Grizzly Von Smooth Coat:

Fuck sake!

Dungeon Master:

The old witch lets out a shrill cackle, raising her gnarled hands towards the darkened sky. With a guttural chant, she summons the murder of crows, their eyes glowing with an unnatural light. The air fills with the deafening sound of flapping wings and harsh chords as the crows descend upon Grizzly, grisly swings his sword wildly, trying to fend them off. But the crows are relentless. They're pecking claw at him, their beaks and talons tearing through his clothing and skin.

He staggers under the onslaught, barely able to keep his footing as the crows swarm him. Grizzly grits his teeth, fighting through the pain and chaos. He takes two d6 damage. Each strike from the crows, weakening him further. Bloodied and bruised, he struggles to maintain his stance against the witches' dark magic, the swarm of crows continuing their vicious assault.

Grizzly Von Smooth Coat:

3 and 5.

Dungeon Master:

Oof!

Dungeon Master:

So, you just took 8 damage.

Grizzly Von Smooth Coat:

So, I've got, I've got like, four hit points left.

Dungeon Master:

As Grizzly falls to his knees, overwhelmed by the relentless assault of the crows, the witch turns her attention to Viola. In the flickering light of the fire, Viola notices a glowing amulet around the witch's neck, pulsing with a sinister energy. The witches' eyes lock onto Viola and the baby. The amulet begins to glow even brighter, the witch becoming aware of the baby's powerful magic. Viola can feel the weight of the witch's stare, a chilling sense of dread creeping over her.

Old Crow:

How peculiar! Take my hand, dear.

Grizzly Von Smooth Coat:

While Grizzlys fighting off these, um, crows, he's like, Wombella attack them, attack the witch!

Wombella:

I can't even move. I can't move. I need to go to the hospital. And you don't want to get me to the hospital, right?

Viola Screamblade:

Mate, your bum got singed, okay. It's not the end of the world.

Wombella:

Yeah, like it's blood everywhere.

Dungeon Master:

As the flames grew higher around them, casting eerie shadows, the witch's curiosity intensifies. Viola stands frozen, caught in a mix of fear and wonder. Her mind racing with uncertainty. The witch's outstretched hand seems to beckon her into an unknown fate, and Viola's heart pounds as she considers what to do next.

Old Crow:

The baby. I've never felt such raw energy. You seek answers, don't you?

Viola Screamblade:

How do you know anything about these powers? How can you tell that this baby's got any powers? And she kicks her.

Old Crow:

I've seen these powers before. It is the power of primordial. The essence of creation itself. Your daughter is a conduit. Come with me. I can help you understand.

Grizzly Von Smooth Coat:

It's a total scam Viola, Don't fall for it. Ah!

Viola Screamblade:

All right. Viola is going to pretend to listen to the witch and give Grizzly a wink.

Dungeon Master:

Okay, I'll just get you to roll; Perception.

Viola Screamblade:

I've got a 16.

Dungeon Master:

As Viola pretends to listen, she notices a small Hessian bag hanging from the witch's belt. The bag looks like it could be carrying coins, or perhaps the golden acorns. The side of the bag ignites a spark of hope and determination in Viola, while outwardly appearing to consider the witch's words, inwardly, she plans her next move.

Grizzly Von Smooth Coat:

Does, does the witch look away for a glance at the crow's Aaron?

Dungeon Master:

I'm gonna need you to roll a D20 to see if you can break the crow's first.

Grizzly Von Smooth Coat:

20. I'm not even joking.

Viola Screamblade:

Natty 20 baby!

Dungeon Master:

As the crows relentlessly attack Grizzly, pecking and clawing at his skin, he takes a deep breath, trying to focus amidst the chaos.

Grizzly Von Smooth Coat:

Grizzly whips off his long jacket and he whips off his Jack Russell's, like the matrix, like under his jacket, as if there were, like extra guns. And he goes: Jack Russell's, have at it.

Dungeon Master:

Four Jack Russell's burst forth; Their small but fierce forms leaping into action with sharp barks and snapping jaws. They launched themselves at the crows, disrupting the murder of birds and causing utter havoc. The crows caught off guard by the sudden canine assault, scattering confusion, their organized attack devolving into chaos. The Jack Russell's dart and weave, biting and snapping at the crows, their determined yips echoing through the air. Grizzly, now free from the immediate onslaught, stands tall amidst the pandemonium.

Viola Screamblade:

All right! Uh, Viola watches the crows just, like, disperse in a really fast way. She kind of bolts and grabs the golden nuts and runs out the back door that she came through. But it's not really a back door anymore because the house is gone, but she knows where she's going.

Dungeon Master:

Roll Stealth for grabbing the nuts. But you get advantage. So, roll stealth with advantage.

Viola Screamblade:

I mean, for stealth I've got a 2.

Viola Screamblade:

Well, I got a 1. So do I roll twice.

Dungeon Master:

Yeah. Roll again. You got advantage because she's distracted.

Viola Screamblade:

17 plus two. So, 19.

Grizzly Von Smooth Coat:

Oh, there we go!

Viola Screamblade:

Oh, I fucking run out of there.

Dungeon Master:

Amidst the chaos of the Jack Russell's disrupting the murder of crows. Viola sees her chance. The witch, distracted by the sudden turn of events, loosens her grip on the situation. With swift, determined movements, Viola reaches out and grabs the small Hessian bag hanging from the witch's belt. Clutching the bag tightly, Viola turns and dashes towards the forest. Her heart pounding with adrenaline. The witch, realizing too late what's happened, lets out a furious scream. But Viola is already moving too quickly for her to catch.

Near the edge of the forest. The squirrel waits patiently, his eyes gleaming with anticipation. Wombella, pulling herself off the ground, limps after Viola, determined to stay with her friends despite her injuries.

Wombella:

I'm doing like a hole in order to put the nuts inside. I wait.

Viola Screamblade:

She wastes her time because I've just run straight past her.

Dungeon Master:

The witch's eyes widen in realization as she feels the absence of the Hessian bag from her belt. Her precious golden acorns are gone. The rage within her boils over, her fury further fueled by the sight of her house, now engulfed in flames, smoke billowing into the sky. She turns to Grizzly, who stands amidst the chaos, his torn clothes and exposed muscles, a testament to the ferocity of the battle. The witch raises her stick. Eyes blazing with anger, and takes a furious swing at Grizzly. Intent on making him pay for her losses.

But Grizzly, with reflexes honed by countless fights, catches the stick in mid swing. His strong hands gripped the gnarled wood firmly, stopping the witch's attack cold. For a moment, time seems to stand still as Grizzly locks eyes with the witch, his gaze unwavering despite the cuts and bruises covering his body. His determination and strength remain unbroken. The witch struggles to pull her stick free. But Grizzly holds fast, his powerful grip, a match for her magical fury. The firelight flickers across his rugged face, illuminating the raw intensity of the standoff.

Viola Screamblade:

All right, so a Grizzly grabs the stick, and then they lock eyes and then they fuck.

Grizzly Von Smooth Coat:

Yeah. Grizzly charms this witch into going doggy style all night. Grizz goes well Come over here and I'll give you something that's completely raw energy, if you know what I mean.

Viola Screamblade:

And then he puts one through.

Dungeon Master:

Disgusting.

Dungeon Master:

I'm gonna say that Grizzly. You have to roll persuasion to see if she, like, is enamored by this and she's going to just roll Opposed.

Grizzly Von Smooth Coat:

I got a 10.

Dungeon Master:

This is the first opposed check we're doing, and she rolled a 7.

Grizzly Von Smooth Coat:

Our eyes lock. We do a slow make out session. I turn her, we go doggy style all night. Grizzly takes one for the team.

Wombella:

We're just watching him. What?

Viola Screamblade:

Yeah, we're just waiting. And. Yes, kind of watching, but not letting him know that.

Dungeon Master:

As the silhouettes move against the fiery light, the scene shifts. The camera pans up, leaving the burning cottage and the entwined figures behind rising higher and higher. The crackling of the flames fade, replaced by the serene silence of the night sky. Stars twinkle brightly in the dark expanse. And the moon casts its gentle glow over the scene. Bringing a sense of calm and closure. The night sky holding the promise of new beginnings and the continuation of their extraordinary journey.

Old Crow:

Let me get your acorns.

Grizzly Von Smooth Coat:

You should probably get yourself checked out for fleas, by the way.