Transcript of Dust and Blood Episode 36 - Out of the Frying Pan

Transcribed by Gale Parker.

[*Dust and Blood* by Arne Parrott plays: *Dust is in my eyes, my blood is on the ground. A quiet little chuckle, and the shuffling of the boots of the coward that shot me down. He turns toward the sunrise, and I hear him softly say I guess you've met your match, old man, as the colors fade to gray…*]

Keith: Howdy Pardners! Dust and Blood is a rabble-rousin', rootin-tootin', bronco-bustin' podcast, not suitable for the ears of youngins! Take a gander at the content warnings and listen with care.

Blake: Welcome to Dust and Blood, a narrative-play podcast set in the wild, weird fantasy west. I'm Blake, your GM, and our players are Keith Curtis as Jasper Graves, Corinne Hill as Myra Sting, Zach Parker as Moz Copernicus Prior, and Gale Parker as Bonesaw.

Last time on Dust and Blood, our heroes reunited with Moz while fleeing from cultists, but burning the bridge wasn't enough to keep them safe from Father Ezekiel's all-seeing eye!

[Battle music kicks in.]

Blake: We're going to dive directly in. Uh, several of the windows have been—[*kssh!*]—bashed in. Jordan Yates is cowering back behind his desk, clutching the note that you told him to write.

Gale: Aaw!

[Keith laughs.]

Blake: Friar Ezekiel is standing there, the firelight of his censor glinting off of him as he swings it around. But first up is one of the rogues, specifically rogue one. The good news is, some people are coming into this with already spent resources, because you fucked with them.

[Laughter.]

Blake: Specifically, this gunslinger down here is the bloodied one.

Gale: The one Jasper shot the shit out of!

[Laughter.]

Blake: Yeah.

Gale: And was like, 'Don't get back up!'

Zach: You'd think they'd give him a day off or something! Like, oh, yeah, it's uh…

Blake: [quoting *Emperor's New Groove*] I turned into a cow. Can I go home?

[Laughter.]

Corinne: [quoting] You're excused.

Blake: [quoting] You're excused.

[Laughter.]

Blake: He has line of sight on everyone. The priority target is going to be the undead that can be seen.

Zach: Nice! Moz is not undead!

[Laughter.]

Blake: Bonesaw!

Zach: Fate has chosen Bonesaw!

Corinne: No!

[Gale laughs.]

Blake: A nice full round attack with a rifle, just sticks it in through the window—[gun cocking and firing sounds]—as he fires.

[Dice rolling.]

Blake: That'll be fourteen damage. I rolled minimum damage for each of his attacks.

[Laughter.]

Gale (as Bonesaw): Ouch! That stung! A little bit!

[Laughter.]

Blake (as Bonesaw): [joking] I feel a little bit worse than I did before!

[Laughter.]

Gale: Do I have soft cover from any of the people surrounding me?

Blake: Yeah, you would! You would have soft cover.

[Laughter.]

Gale: Cool.

Zach: That's, uh… I don't like being referred to as that!

[Laughter.]

Zach: I have a name!

Keith: We've done been demoted to ‘ablative armor.’

[Laughter.]

Zach: ‘Mushy thing!’

Gale: I'm not saying I *want* you to get shot, but as long as you're there…

[Laughter.]

Keith: Think I need that on a t-shirt.

Gale: Listen, Myra stepped in front of me on purpose.

Corinne: I did.

Blake: This gunslinger can't see shit, so he's actually going to have to move. He wouldn't be able to hit either… Uh, so he's going to shoot at Moz.

Zach: [laughing] He can try.

[Laughter.]

Corinne: Bring it.

Blake: Oh, he will. He goes onto the shoulder of the cleric who's in front of him, says—

Blake (as gunslinger): —Cover your ear!

Blake: —[*Boom!*]—covers his ear and takes a shot.

[Laughter.]

[Dice rolling.]

Blake: That's a hit. That's a hit. That's a hit. Three hits as this gunslinger just—[shooting noises]—with a revolver. That'll be a total of twenty-seven damage.

Gale: Oohoohoo!

Corinne: Damn!

Zach: Hold on, hold on, hold on, hold on. Moz has uh, the Gloves of Missile-snaring, bastard!

Blake: Oh shit!

Zach: Fuck one of those bullets!

[Laughter.]

Gale: 'Pling!'

Zach: I'm going to grab one. [reading] 'Twice per day, the wearer can act as if they had the Snatch Arrows feat, even if he does not meet the prerequisites for the feat. Both gloves must be worn…

[Gale gasps.]

Zach: [reading] …At least one hand must be free to take advantage of the magic.' Okay. Does that mean it just automatically gets snagged? Or is that other shit I have to do? I'm not familiar with the Snatch Arrows feat.

Blake: Nope! You just straight up catch it!

[Gale laughs.]

Zach: Nice!

Corinne: That's really cool.

Blake: It is three shots. Which of the three shots do you want to catch?

Zach: Time will kind of slow for a bit as Moz anticipates a bullet coming his direction, and he'll duck really low and catch the first bullet and say—

Zach (as Moz): You need to work on your aim!

Zach: —and then get shot by two others.

[Laughter.]

Blake: Yeah, you catch this bullet and you're holding it, and it is just like this perfect, like, beautiful bullet, not deformed at all. And you're like, 'Haha!' —[*boom boom!*]—Two of shots right in the abdomen for twenty damage.

Zach: Okay, it's less than twenty-seven. Does anyone else kind of feel like a fish in a barrel?

[Laughter.]

Corinne: Yep!

Keith: Little bit.

Corinne: We are surrounded.

Blake: Myra, you're up.

Corinne: Okay, Myra is going to bring out her rarely-used arrow magnet—

Gale: Oo, yeah!

Blake: Fuck!

Corinne: —and throw it on the ground at the feet of Jasper and Bonesaw specifically.

Gale: Aw!

Zach: Hey!

[Laughter.]

Corinne: And–and you! And you! We're sticking together! We're sticking together. We're good! I got you, Moz. Don't–don't–don't you worry!

Zach: Not… not feeling the–the embracing affection over here!

[Laughter.]

Zach: Just a little left out!

Corinne: Myra will push Moz closer to the bullet thing, so… so he is also protected!

[Laughter.]

Corinne: She's–she's got all y'all! I promise.

Blake: Okay! Okay, I think it goes on an intersection of squares?

Corinne: Oh! Perfect. So yeah, right there.

Blake: For five rounds, any bullet that enters that square…

Zach: [laughing] Yeah. Yeah, okay!

[Laughter.]

Zach: Moz–Moz feels very exposed at the moment!

Gale: [laughing] Covering everybody except Moz!

[Laughter.]

Zach: There's a little tiny corner at the opposite side—

Corinne (as Myra): Move over here!

Zach: —that he can maybe squeeze his way through. Uh, but yeah…

Gale: You know, looking at the turn order, you're not going to have a chance to move before a bullet takes it out.

Zach: No, not anytime soon.

[Laughter.]

Corinne (as Myra): [done] Can I use my move action to move Moz over into the other square?

Blake: Mmm…

Zach: You can do a five-foot step.

Blake: Yeah, you could do a five-foot step.

Corinne: I will do that. I will do a five foot step, so Moz can…

Gale: Clear a little space.

Corinne: Yeah, can get over.

Blake: Yeah.

Zach: Eventually!

[Laughter.]

Keith (as Jasper): Well, thank you kindly—gives me a clear shot at Zeke!

[Laughter.]

Gale: As Myra moves out from in between Bonesaw and Scary Jesus, Bonesaw just whimpers a little bit.

Gale (as Bonesaw): [whimpers]

Corinne (as Myra): Oh, I'm sorry! Moz!

Blake: That's the puck. It has five hit points, hardness of eight. That brings us to Jasper.

Keith: Jasper's going to be looking there, over there at Friar Ezekiel Livingston.

Keith (as Jasper): Friar, this one's for Reginald.

Keith: And I'm designating him my enemy.

[Everyone Oo's]

Keith: And he is within thirty feet, so that gets point blank. I'm just going to unload both pistols, or fire both pistols at him. Here comes the first one.

[Dice rolling.]

Blake: Oh, jesus!

Keith: Uh, that is a twenty-four, a fourteen and a nine.

[Gale crows.]

Blake: Definite hit on the first one.

Keith: Yeah! [laughing] Then it drops rather precipitously.

Blake: Hit on the second one, miss on the third one. But damn, that's good!

[Laughter.]

Blake: That's thirty damage right off the bat!

Corinne: Damn!

Keith: All right. And here's the answer back. I'm going to unload the second one.

[Dice rolling.]

Keith: Twenty, twenty-nine, twenty!

Blake: Oh, Jesus Christ!

[Laughter.]

Blake: Holy shit!

Zach: Wait, you get six attacks?

Keith: Yeah, it's–it's a full attack with each gun.

Zach: Daaang!

Keith: I've got Two-Weapon Fighting and a couple of other things.

Blake: Yeah...

Gale: Feats, feats, feats, feats!

Zach: All I'm seeing are massive numbers scrolling down the screen.

[Laughter.]

Zach: And it’s just damage!

Blake: Hold on, let me grab my calculator.

[Laughter.]

Blake: Just… Just… I need to—! I need to make sure.

Keith: I did not used to be this effective!

[Laughter.]

Zach: The entire chat is nothing but these two attacks!

Blake: Jesus Christ! Scary Jesus Christ!

[Laughter.]

Corinne: Scary Jesus Christ!

Blake: I want to tell you, he looks, as he walks in, just like absolutely confident, calm, collected, and then you just—[fusilade of shots]—two shots, you know, bullets blazing, and it's just—[*Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!*]—and just, you're blowing chunks out of the door behind him as he's…

[Laughter.]

Blake: …these bullets are passing through and just, blooming inside of him.

Corinne: Damn!

Blake: He goes from looking hearty and healthy and feeling fine to almost dead.

[Laughter.]

Blake: Like… I–I want to make this clear to you. If you had hit on one more on, that—on the one attack that you had missed, he would have died.

[Laughter.]

Corinne: [gasping] Holy shit!

Zach: Jesus Christ!

Keith (as Jasper): Looks like you walked in here forgetting you ain't bulletproof!

[Laughter.]

Keith: And uh, towards the end of his turn there, Jasper whispers—

Keith (as Jasper): Reload!

Keith: And you hear one–one of his guns go—[*click, click, click!*]—

[Laughter.]

Corinne: Aw, cool shit!

Blake: Yeah, there is one teensy tiny little issue… with the fact that you're facing off against a bunch of people that are clerics of some kind.

Corinne: Mhmm!

Keith: Oh yeah…

Gale: Mhmm!

Blake: He is just going to—[*whoom!*]—and there is a blast of Positive energy—

Gale: Ooh!

Blake: —that is going to land right… Oh, he can't… motherfucker!

Gale: Is he going to heal Moz?

[Laughter.]

Blake: They did not take Selective Healing, so…

[Laughter.]

Blake: Uh, he drops his Channel Positive Energy, and…

[Dice rolling.]

Blake: Oh my god! [laughing] I need you to understand that these guys are supposed to be good!

[Laughter.]

Blake: Like, in terms of… I, I optimized them to be decent characters, and put up a good fight against you guys.

Corinne: We–we believe you.

Gale: It's okay, Blake! We don't mind spanking them!

[Laughter.]

Blake: He rolls 4d6… and you only get to know this because Moz and Myra get healed by this—

Corinne: Awesome!

Zach: Nice!

Blake: —at the same time. Heal for seven points…

Corinne: Sweet!

Zach (as Moz): I'm getting mixed messages!

[Laughter.]

Blake: Jesus christ, I can't believe that…

[Laughter.]

Corinne: I'm back up to full!

[Laughter.]

Blake: He healed Ezekiel, but for seven fucking points of damage.

[Laughter.]

Zach: Nice.

Blake: [sighing] You see, everybody around looks at this one cleric and he just says—

Blake (as cleric): What? I was doing what I was supposed to do!

[Laughter.]

Corinne: He's new!

Keith (as cleric): [joking] ‘It's not my fault! It’s not my fault!’

Zach: Heretic!

[Laughter.]

Blake: He's the… He's the new guy. He's…

Zach (as cleric): ‘What?’

Blake: He's still learning the ropes.

Keith: Can see the gunfighter out to the east, say—

Keith (as gunfighter): Damn it, Kevin!

[Laughter.]

Blake: This guy is coming in. He pulls out his revolvers. He is going to full-round attack against Jasper.

Keith: All right, then!

Blake: This is going to get interesting…

Zach: Just to be clear, what benefit does the bullet magnet provide for people standing inside it?

Blake: So, now each shot that is made that is going towards anybody in the square, instead gets pulled to the magnet? And until it's destroyed, no attacks can hit anybody in there.

Corinne: Yeah.

Zach: Oh! Shit…

Blake: So, first attack—Yeah! First attack does ten damage, which reduces down to two points of damage because it has hardness of eight.

Zach: What the fuck! And how much…? How much…?

Gale: It has five hit points.

Blake: Yup!

Zach: Oh, okay.

Gale: So, three left.

Blake: Second attack does five damage, so it doesn't beat the hardness, and doesn't damage it at all.

Corinne: I see…

Keith: Thank you, Myra!

Blake: And the final attack does six damage, and doesn't do any damage.

Gale: [cheering] Yeeeah!

Zach: Reeeally? Huh…

Blake: So, it took a total of two points of damage. So, it's sitting at three, and you did not suffer any damage.

Corinne (as Myra): Huh!

Zach (as Moz): That's quite a trick!

Gale (as Bonesaw): Wow!

Corinne (as Myra): I'm so glad I got that thing!

Keith (as Jasper): Myra, that is the gol-dangest thing I've ever seen!

Gale (as Bonesaw): What a cool magic doohickey!

Blake: And what's worse, is… I had forgotten before that these would target the arrow magnet, which cannot be affected by Precision damage, which is the thing that this guy used stuff on—

[Laughter.]

Blake: —and spent three of his four Grit points on—

[Laughter.]

Blake: —to try and do extra damage to you, Jasper!

[Laughter.]

Corinne: I'm sorry, but I'm not really sorry!

Keith (as Jasper): Son, you might want to go rethink some life choices.

Blake (as gunslinger): [stammering] You should go… rethink some… dead choices!

[Laughter.]

Corinne: Aww!

Blake: All of his buddies—

Blake (as buddies): Ooo!

Keith (as Jasper): Wow, that hurt worse than the bullets! That didn't hurt none at all!

Gale (as Bonesaw): [scandalized] That's so racist!

[Laughter.]

Gale (as Bonesaw): Sticks and stones might break my bones, but words still hurt a little bit!

[Laughter.]

Gale (as Bonesaw): So, you know, watch yourself!

Blake: Livingston… Yeah, he's going to heal himself. He just places a hand on his chest—

[Dice rolling.]

Blake: —and all of these bullet holes start closing up. He is also going to move—[*doo, doo-doo, doo-doo!*]—right the fuck out of the way!

[Laughter.]

Keith: I thought that was probably coming!

Zach (as Moz): Coward!

Corinne (as Myra): That's right!

Gale (as Bonesaw): Yeah, run away!

Zach (as Moz): Not finished you yet!

Gale (as Bonesaw): Coward!

[Laughter.]

Gale (as Bonesaw): Is it just me or is Scary Jesus kind of a wimp?

[Laughter.]

Blake: Oh, just you wait…

Corinne (as Myra): Yeah, you hear that?

Gale (as Bonesaw): You know, I thought he was pretty scary, but look, he's just running away! I–I don't know about this… Maybe he's more bark, less bite!

[Corinne laughs.]

Blake: This rogue… uh, one shot at Bonesaw from behind the stairs…

[Dice rolling.]

Blake: Eighteen versus your Touch AC? And you still haven't acted yet, right?

Gale: Nope! So, I'm still Flat-footed!

Blake: Oof! That's going to be twenty-nine points of damage!

Corinne: Oo…

Zach: What about the uh…? What about the bullet?

Gale: Ah!

Blake: Oh, shit! Oh shit!

Corinne: Oh, the bullet!

Gale: Oh yeah!

Blake: The bullet!

Zach: The bullet magnet.

Gale: Save me!

Blake: Fuck!

Corinne: You got three more hit points!

Blake: So, it loses one, 'cause he rolled a nine for damage. And because sneak attack damage is Precision damage, none of that beautiful twenty…

[Laughter.]

Blake: …that I rolled for sneak attack, affects it!

Zach: Nice!

Gale: Oh my god, this is my favorite item!

[Laughter.]

Blake: And with that, he is going to rush in through the window.

Gale: As the bullet veers off and clangs into the bullet-catcher, Bonesaw's like—

Gale (as Bonesaw): Ooo! That looks like it really would have hurt!

[Laughter.]

Corinne: He's just taunting!

Blake: Yeah, it sends the magnet, which is kind of hovering in the air about five feet up… Uh, it sends it like—[*pew!*]—and it is full-on spinning. It looks like a comet as it's spinning around.

[Gale laughs.]

Blake: Bonesaw, you're up!

Gale: Which one of these fuckers shot at Moz?

[Laughter.]

Corinne: Get him!

Blake: Gunslinger two, this guy way over here.

Gale: Bonesaw, from behind Moz, peers over him and says—

Gale (as Bonesaw): If any of you d–dare to lay a finger or a bullet on this rat, when I just got him back, I will boil your blood inside you!

Gale: And then he's going to throw a bomb at this guy.

[Laughter.]

Zach: Yes!

[Dice rolling.]

Zach: Damn!

Gale: This is versus Touch AC.

Blake: Jesus christ…

[Laughter.]

Blake: The first one misses him.

Gale: Oops. Bones's a little angry! It's been a while since he threw one of these. I hope I don't burn down the hotel…

[Laughter.]

Gale: Uh—!

Blake: You have acid!

Gale: Oh, yeah! Acid bomb. I hope I don't melt down the hotel!

[Dice rolling.]

Blake: The second one definitely hits him, though.

[Gale laughs.]

Blake: So, he takes twenty-four points of damage from that second one.

Gale: And the guy next to him gets ten acid damage. Reflex save for half damage.

[Dice rolling.]

Blake: Okay, he fails, so—

Gale: Aha!

Blake: —he takes ten damage. And gunslinger two…

[Dice rolling.]

Blake: …failed for his Reflex save on the first one that missed.

Gale: Yeah, we should figure out where that one went.

[Dice rolling.]

Gale: One, two, three, four, five... So, it went south? And then a 1d4?

[Dice rolling.]

Blake: So, it hits in his square.

Gale: Cool!

[Laughter.]

Blake: Yeah, so he did have to make a Reflex save, and the cleric had to make a Reflex save—

Keith: Oof, that damage!

Blake: —for that one too. So… [laughing] Just by standing there, the guy next to him took twenty points of damage.

[Gale laughs.]

Gale (as Bonesaw): Don't support your buddies when he's doing stupid things, or you're going to get acid too!

[Corinne laughs.]

Gale: As a Free Action, I'm Swift Healing—

[Blake laughs.]

Gale: —just for five points, but…

Blake: All right… Moz you're up!

Zach: For his action, he's going to cast Flaming Sphere on the coward that's running away!

Zach (as Moz): No, no, no! You get back here!

[Laughter.]

Blake: Oh, you can see his square, can't you?

Zach: Ah, yeah!

Blake: Motherfucker!

[Laughter.]

Zach: Just barely, just barely! I can–I can see just–just a quarter of his cowardly ass hiding behind the–the window! So, and I'm–I'm just going to plop that right on top of him. And the–the beauty is, if he runs away, it's going to follow him!

[Laughter.]

Corinne: Oh my god, that's awful! That's terrifying!

Blake: Jesus christ…

Zach: Uh, and then Moz is also going to do a… a five-foot step.

Blake: Uh, reflex for half?

[Dice rolling.]

Zach: Uh…

Blake: Doesn't matter, he failed. Ten points of damage!

Zach: Nice!

[Gale giggles.]

Zach: He's not getting off that easy!

Gale: And then Moz is going to join us in the bullet-free zone?

Zach: For–for now! For now.

[Laughter.]

Zach: I like–I like this bullet-free zone!

[Laughter.]

Blake: Okay, cleric two, who got his ass handed to him, is going to move in through the window. And as he does, he's going to point at the arrow catcher—

[Gale gasps.]

Corinne: Uh oh!

Blake: —and say—

Blake (as cleric two): That is a good place for it to start—[*Foom!*]—

Blake: —as Positive energy—

Gale: Ahh!

Blake: —erupts from the center square. This time, it ain't happy.

Corinne: Hmm.

Blake: I need Jasper and Bonesaw to give me a DC fifteen Will save.

Corinne: Ahh!

Gale: Oo…

Keith: Oo…

Corinne: Oo… we got to get the clerics down…

Gale: Will is not my good save…

[Dice rolling.]

Keith: Seventeen! Hoohoo!

Gale: [unsure] Twelve…!

Corinne: Oh, Bonesaw!

Blake: Success for Jasper… Jasper, take eight points of damage. Bonesaw, take sixteen.

Gale (as Bonesaw): Ahhh!

Blake: All right. And then it is back to cleric one, who is going to move… right up here next to Friar Ezekiel, who's currently being fried.

[Laughter.]

[Dice rolling.]

Blake: Twenty-eight points of damage.

Zach: Damn!

Gale: Oo! To who?

Blake: Livingston.

Gale: Oh, you mean healing?

Blake: Healing, yes.

[Gale laughs.]

Blake: And that brings us to the top of the round.

Gale: Hmmhmm!

Blake: I'm going to say Jordan, at the end of that round? Full-on, he just yeets himself through the window—

[Laughter.]

Blake: —and is gone like…

Corinne: Yep!

Gale: Good for him!

Blake: …fucking running.

Blake: You do hear him calling—

Blake (as Jordan): Help! Help!

Gale: Aw!

Blake: —as he runs down the street.

Gale: Pity we sent all the Sheriffs and everyone to the south…

Keith: Yeah…

Blake: Yeah!

Corinne: Mmm!

Gale: And the burning bridge is probably drawing a lot of law enforcement.

[Laughter.]

Blake: Yeah, the rogue after seeing that display is going to move in and attempt to stab Myra. What's your AC?

Corinne: Nineteen.

Blake: Nineteen? Fuck. He just, he has a big bowie knife that he has pulled out and he is just charging.

Corinne: Mhmm.

Blake: As he comes down to stab into you?

Corinne: Mhmm?

Blake: You just snakily, just—[*foom!*]—get up out of the way—

Corinne: [laughing] ‘Snakily…’

Blake: —getting like, really fucking tall to get out of the way of him, uncoiling. And he's just like—

Blake (as rogue): Whoa!

[Laughter.]

Corinne: She looks down with a… with–with a murderous glare and says—

Corinne (as Myra): You want to try that again?

[Laughter.]

Blake: He does not move! Gunslinger is going to step forward. Heh, he heard the challenge from you, Bonesaw?

[Gale laughs.[

Blake: —and he's going to accept as he fires—

[Gale gasps.]

Blake: —a fusillade at Moz.

Gale: Nooo!

[Corinne gasps.]

Zach: [quiet] Shit…

Keith (as Jasper): [joking] Look out! He's–He's packing a fusillade!

[Laughter.]

Keith (as Jasper): I've heard about them things!

[Dice rolling.]

Blake: First shot does eight points of damage, which does nothing.

[Corinne laughs.]

Blake: Second shot does…

[Dice rolling.]

Blake: …nine points of damage—

Gale: Ooo!

Blake: —which does one point of damage.

[Dice rolling.]

Blake: Oh!

Gale: So it's got one hit point left!

[Laughter.]

Zach: God!

Blake: It has one hit point.

Corinne: [laughing] Come on, little buddy! Hang in there!

Blake: And I just rolled a nat twenty…

[Gasping.]

Keith: Uh-oh!

Blake: That means that it does thirty-three points of damage—

Zach: Fuck!

Gale: Hoo!

Blake: —against the arrow magnet.

Gale: Dang…

Corinne: Okay. It's buh-bye.

Zach: For its last point??

Gale: You know, it soaked a lot. It soaked a lot.

Keith: It soaked a ton of hits.

Corinne: Yeah, it–it was good!

Zach: That was the most—

Corinne: It did a good job!

Zach: — valuable it could have ever been!

Blake: It soaked a nat twenty!

Corinne: Rest in peace, arrow magnet.

Blake: Myra, you're up!

Corinne: Okay, our lovely arrow magnet is down. So, she's going to five-foot step here. And then she's going to unload her rifle. Not–not Morning Glory, but um, her regular repeating rifle.

Blake: Uh who's she aiming at?

Corinne: Uh, this cleric right here, because he's fucking around, and he's going to find out.

[Blake laughs.]

[Dice rolling.]

Corinne: With a thirty-five, twenty-four, and…

Blake: Oof, oh!

Corinne: …eight misses. So that's twenty-four.

Blake: Yeah, you just—[shot]—full-on flip it around—[shot]—Flip it around—[shot] and, it just tears into this heavily-armored fella. Like, you can see he's wearing several pieces of like, heavy armor. Not like, full-on Spanish conquistador style?

Corinne: Yeah.

Blake: But definitely like, old plate mail kind of armor.

Corinne: Oh wow.

Blake: Probably looks like it was ceremonial, mostly? And now it is junk!

[Laughter.]

Corinne: It's swiss cheese!

Blake: As you do twenty-four points of damage to this fucker.

Corinne: Okay.

Blake: Uh next up, Jasper!

Keith: All right. Well, I'm not going to swap out my uh, designated enemy, yet. I get four switches per day, but I'm going to keep it on him for the time being. I'm going to five-foot step back here. And this feller here with the ruin…'ruint' armor—

[Gale laughs.]

Keith: The first gun's going at this guy.

[Dice rolling.]

Keith: That's a twenty-five, a twenty-one, and a two.

[Laughter.]

Blake: Hey, it's not a nat one, that's the important part!

Keith: Yeah!

Blake: Eighteen damage as you just—[cocking and shooting]—He falls backwards onto the stool, which is what causes the third shot to miss, is…

[Laughter.]

Blake: Like, if he had been standing for it? One hundred percent, would have hit him. He is not looking good.

Keith: Oh, he's still up?

Blake: He looks sickly, and—yeah, he is—

Keith: Alright.

Blake: —he is up, he's just not—

Keith: Well… we got to start punching some of these folks' dance cards.

[Laughter.]

Keith: So, I'm–I'm going to make this guy into a wallflower.

[Laughter.]

Blake: Okay!

[Die rolling.]

Keith: That's a twenty, a nineteen and… a ten.

[Laughter.]

Blake: Yeah, that's just—!

[Laughter.]

Blake: He's sitting down, and you just—'Ah, let's put him in the grave! He's already sitting!'

[Laughter.]

Blake: [Rapid volley of shots]]—and he is just sitting in the chair. Almost looks a little peaceful, like he nodded off during a sermon? Just—

[Laughter.]

Blake: —as he dies.

Corinne: He died as he lived….

Blake: A shithead.

Corinne: [laughing] A shithead…

Keith: And then you hear Jasper say—

Keith (as Jasper): Reload!

Keith: And the gun that is now empty goes—[click, click, click, click, click, click, click!]—

[Laughter.]

Keith: Minus one click! There's only six bullets!

[Laughter.]

Blake: You know, fuck this!

[Laughter.]

Blake: Cleric number three…. He got in trouble. He knows his boss is going to have his ass if he doesn't do something.

[Laughter.]

Blake: All of the clerics, when you saw them previously, they were carrying axes that looked like they were gilded and ceremonial. All of them now have switched to these like, wicked-looking axes—

Corinne: Oo…

Blake: —that are just big two-handed things. And as this guy goes, he is going to touch his own weapon. You see that it suddenly grows like, even more pointed and... unnecessary spikes all over it?

[Gale laughs.]

Blake: —as he charges in and just—

Blake (as Kevin): [grunting battle cry]

Blake: —[*boom!*]—and slams into Jasper.

Keith: Oh no!

Blake: Now Jasper, correct me if I'm wrong. You are a good person, I would guess?

Keith: I like to think so. I like to think I'm a righteous person, at any rate.

Blake: I need to draw a card.

Keith: Uh-oh. Oh dear.

Blake: First, can somebody roll me 1d3?

Keith: I ain't going to do it! Somebody roll for me!

Gale: Okay!

[Blake laughs.]

Keith: I have a feeling this is a get-me.

[Dice rolling.]

Gale: Uh, one!

Blake: This cleric comes in, he's wielding this giant axe that is getting bigger and darker and more spiked and looks evil and has smoke coming off of it. It is the most edge-lord ass-axe ever—

[Laughter.]

Blake: —he lifts it up over his head, and he's like trying to wield it and get it in position to bring it down on you, Jasper, and you just look at him, cold-cock him across the face—

[Gale chuckles]

Blake: —and the axe comes down, the haft comes down, hits him in the head—

Corinne: Oh! He rolled a one…

Blake: —and he is dazed for one round!

[Laughter.]

Keith: I… Yeah, that sounds good to me!

[Laughter.]

Blake: 'cause he rolled a nat one!

[Laughter.]

Corinne: He tried his best!

[Keith makes a sound like a man hitting himself with his axe.]

Blake: He tried his best, and he just… fuckin'...

[Laughter.]

Gale: This is the same guy that accidentally healed some of us before, right?

Blake: Yep! Yep!

[Laughter.]

Keith: Ohohoh!

Corinne: Very in-character!

Keith (as other cultists): Kevin!

[Laughter.]

Corinne (as other cultists): Dammit, Kevin!

[Laughter.]

Zach: Seems the ‘B crew’ is in today!

Blake: Yeah… His name's now Kevin.

[Laughter.]

Keith: I can see the next morning, at the holy light, and—

Keith (as cultist): All right, I have some notes…

[Laughter.]

Blake: [laughing] The gunslinger that's in here just looks and says—

Blake (s gunslinger): God dammit, Kevin!

[Laughter.]

Blake: He can see Moz and Bonesaw… I think he's going to take on Bonesaw.

Gale: [resigned, laughing] Yeah!

Corinne: Yeah!

Gale (as Bonesaw): I just have the sort of face that attracts people to me! With bullets and knives and that sort of thing!

Blake: All right, first shot—

[Dice rolling.]

Blake: Hold on. Can somebody roll 1d4 for me?

[Dice rolling.]

Gale: Two.

Blake: God damn it. Okay, as this guy goes, he blocks some of the glass out and he just slams his wrist into the door frame—

[Gale laughs.]

Blake: —and just ah! Fuck!

Corinne: Maaan! The dice are mean to you tonight!

Gale: [hysterical] Did he also fumble?

[Laughter.]

Blake: He also nat one-ed!

Zach: This is the most incompetent enemies we've ever encountered!

Keith: I just realized you changed the nameplate on Kevin!

Zach: Which is saying something…

Corinne: Oh yeah, he's now Kevin. That's his name now.

[Laughter.]

Gale: [breathless] I'm going to… I'm going to set this whole fight to Yackety Sax!

[Everybody laughs.]

Blake: So, gunslinger one now has a sprain that does two points of Dex damage.

Gale: Ouch!

Corinne: Wow!

Blake: Which means all of his attacks are going to be at a minus one!

Gale: [laughing] Oh my god!

Blake: Okay, Livingston is going to step there, look at the battlefield, and as he does, he looks specifically at Jasper, and he starts saying—

Blake (as Livingston): You, undead abomination, dare to attack me? You think that you have the ability to do any sort of damage? Even if I fall, the Crusade of the Timely Flame will find you and destroy you and all of your ilk! You will die!

Blake: And he casts a spell at you—

Keith: Oh no!

Blake: As he castigates you—

[Keith gasps, high-pitched.]

Corinne: …that sounds like something else.

[Laughter.]

Gale: Yeah, I was gonna say—!

[Laughter.]

Corinne: I was like, 'Oh shit, there's a spell for that?'

Zach: Keith sounded really concerned there!

Keith: 'I was just sitting there, minding my own business… masticating!'

[Laughter.]

Blake: Jesus christ…

Keith: 'And he came over and castigated me!'

[Laughter.]

Zach: It's the wrong type of friar!

Gale: Pretty sure canonically, Jasper doesn't use anything down there anyway!

[Laughter.]

Keith: Probably not!

[Laughter.]

Blake: Make a Will save.

Keith: Okay.

[Dice rolling.]

Keith: Nineteen!

Gale: Oo!

Blake: Nineteen! On a successful save, it is Shaken for one round.

Keith: Okay!

Blake: You feel like you want to beg for forgiveness for a second—

Gale: Awww!

Blake: And then you're just like, ‘No, who is this fucker? He attacked me!’

[Laughter.]

Blake: And he has activated something…

[Gale laughs nervously.]
Blake: That brings us around to another rogue. Kevin doesn't provide flanking because he's fucking
dazed!

[Laughter.]

Blake: I swear to christ…

Corinne: ‘Dammit, Kevin!’

Blake: I–I will tell you, Kevin is one bad thing happening to him away from just fucking running!

[Laughter.]

Blake: Changing his life, going out to Alaska… He’s heard some people found some gold up there, He's going to go! This guy's going to just set up on the table and, I think he's going to take a shot at Boomsaw. And honestly, he's not feeling like helping out Kevin.

[Laughter.]

[Dice rolling.]

Blake: First shot is twenty-nine, second one misses, so only take seven points of damage!

Gale (as Bonesaw): Ouch!

Blake: And it is Bonesaw's turn!

Gale: Bonesaw's eyes, which were glowing green through the lenses, suddenly shift to red as his muscles swell, and he lifts Crux off of his back, the three-foot blade gleaming, and he fixes his eyes on the rogue that just shot at him, and asks, head tilted—

Gale (as Bonesaw): Do I look like the sort of thing that dies?

Gale: And he's gonna run at him and swing.

Corinne: That's such a badass quote.

[Dice rolling.]

Blake (as rogue): [panicked] Yes! I mean, no! I mean, yes! I mean, no! I mean yes—!

[Laughter.]

Blake: Bonesaw, you rush forward. You only do nine points of damage to him.

Gale: Yeah, you just wait till I can full attack!

[Laughter.]

Gale: When I change form, I have something called Restoring Change, that gives me hit points back. So—

[Dice rolling.]

Gale: I have also healed some.

Blake: God damn it!

[Laughter.]

Blake: Moz, you're up!

Zach: Okay. So, I'm–I'm casting Blistering Invective, which is going to be an Intimidate check, but I'm going to give myself a bonus to the Intimidate check because of my signature skill. Uh, so we're–we're going to do a Performance check?

Blake: Yeah. So, DC twenty-five—

[Dice rolling.]

Zach: Oh!

Blake: —Performance check—

Corinne: Hoo!

Blake: —that you easily pass!

Corinne: Thirty-eight!

Blake: With a thirty-eight…

Gale: Ohohoh!

Zach: Thirty-eight, okay, so, that should give me a plus two to my Intimidate check. Uh, which is part of this spell, uh…

[Dice rolling.]

[Gale cheers.]

Zach: —which is a nat twenty and a thirty-eight!

[Laughter and cheering.]

Blake: Jesus!

Zach: Plus two, so it's a four…. Um…

Corinne: Get it!

[Laughter.]

Zach: Uh, so, uh…

Gale: Fuck him uuup!

Zach: Moz is–is going to shout out uh, as–as he's playing his–his stradivarius, uh—

Zach (as Moz): Your outfits are stupid and you're going to hell!

[Laughter.]

Corinne (as cultist): ‘Oh shit!’

Keith (as cultist): ‘My mom said this was cool!’

[Laughter.]

Zach: This is going to be a thirty-foot radius, which is—it affects everyone who's within range and can hear me, it's not dependent on line of sight.

Blake: Okay.

Zach: So, anyone, which I believe is everyone on this side of the field except for the gunslinger, is going to be Demoralized.

[Dice rolling.]

Blake: Jesus! So, um, everyone's fucking Shaken now 'cause you nat twenty-ed that.

[Laughter.]

Blake: Like, I don't even need to look—

Zach: They all need to do uh, Reflex saves though or catch fire.

[Laughter.]

Blake: …okay. Okay!

Zach: That–that DC is a little low….

Corinne: [laughing] … you also catch fire!

Blake: Eighteen plus one from your signature skill. So, nineteen.

Zach: I believe that damage is repeated or I roll another d10 every round.

Blake: Yeah, it's persistent. Remember when I said that if one more bad thing happened—

[Laughter.]

Blake: —Kevin was going to run?

Corinne: It's been a bad day for poor Kevin!

Zach: And–and that was just my—that was just my swift action!

[Laughter.]

Blake: Jesus Christ! Wait, casting that spell was a swift action?

Zach: Because of the Stradivarius!

Blake: Fuck! Holy shit!

[Laughter.]

Blake: God dammit! Oh my god! I'm still… I'm still trying to get the Shaken condition on them!

[Laughter.]

Zach: I'm just going to use the Inspire Courage Bardic Performance, which I believe is the same radius. So, we can–we can keep that. But that–that just gives everyone plus three for all your rolls and and saves and all that shit. So, good stuff! Good stuff!

[Dice rolling.]

Blake: Okay, that's a save. He's not uh… That one's not on fire. Livingston…

[Dice rolling.]

Blake: Hoohoo, barely a success! The rogue is going to…

[Dice rolling.]

Blake: Good, he made it! Kevin…

[Gale snorts.]

Blake: I need to describe Kevin. Kevin is like a 6 foot tall very burly orc.

[Laughter.]

Corinne: Awww!

Blake: But like, right now, even though he is like, really burly, he's carrying this absolute wicked-ass scythe… just got his bell rung and is Dazed, Shaken, and we're about to find out if he is also on fire….

[Laughter.]

Keith: Got punched in the snoot!

[Dice rolling.]

Blake: Um, he is on fire now!

[Laughter.]

Gale: He's definitely not looking good in his next performance review!

[Laughter.]

Keith (as Kevin): 'Dear diary, today was not a good day…'

[Laughter.]

Corinne: Awww!

Blake (as Kevin): 'So, I joined up with this group… I thought it was a little bit of a cult, but I was like, 'Eh, it's probably okay! Well…"

Corinne: They had cool outfits!

Blake (as Kevin): 'They had cool outfits, but then this uh, ratfolk—'

Keith (as Kevin): 'I *thought* we did!'

Blake (as Kevin): —said that they weren't cool, actual cool outfits?

[Laughter.]

Blake (as Kevin): '—and then I caught on fire 'cause it made me feel so bad about myself!'

[Laughter.]

Gale: Ohohoh!

Corinne: Precious Kevin!

Keith: Oh, that's bad!

Blake: Okay! So, everybody in that circle, they're all Shaken for four rounds. So that was Moz's turn!

Zach: No, not quite! Uh—

Blake: What?

Gale: That was his Swift action!

Corinne: That was his Swift action!

Zach: No, that was my Swift action—

Blake: Goddamn it!

Corinne: But wait! There's more!

[Laughter.]

Zach: My–my action was to do the Inspire Courage, but my movement action, I want to move my fireball over here.

Blake: Okay.

[Laughter.]

Blake: Jesus Christ, okay… This guy is going to move into the window, look around at the absolute freak show that is going on, and just say…

Blake (as cultist): …no.

[Laughter.]

Blake: —and is going to drop in the middle of all of you…

Corinne: That's a very scary arrow…

Keith: Oh my!

[Gale screams.]

Corinne: Oh! Big boom!

Blake: As it drops down on all of you, I need everybody to please make a Will save as this miasma just starts rising up out of the ground—

[Dice rolling.]

Corinne: Ohh…

Gale: Ohh…

Corinne: I got an eleven!

Blake: —It feels like it's wrapping around you, and—Bonesaw and Jasper in particular—

Keith: Oh?

Blake: —it feels like it is trying to pull you into the grave. The rest of you, you get the sense like this is some sort of unholy blight that's pulling you down.

Gale: Mmm. I rolled uncharacteristically high with a seventeen despite being ‘ragey.’

Blake: DC is sixteen.

Zach: Y'all should be getting a plus three for these, if that's working properly on–on your sheet.

Gale: Oh!

Blake: Okay, so, Bonesaw and Moz both pass.

Gale: Thank you!

Blake: Myra and Jasper, are you guys Good creatures?

Keith: I… I'd like to think so.

Corinne: Honestly speaking, Myra might be more neutral? I don't know. To be honest, I–I'll–I'll leave that up to you.

Blake: I think with Myra's past, she's probably neutral.

Corinne: Yeah.

Keith: Well, Jasper's good! Just look at his hat!

[Laughter.]

Corinne: He's got the cool hat!

Blake: Okay…

Corinne: He's got a white hat!

Keith: [quoting *Emperor's New Groove*] 'No, no, no. He's got a point there!'

[Laughter.]

Corinne: [laughing] He's–He's got a point!

[Dice rolling.]

Blake: Okay, Jasper, you're going to take fourteen damage.

Keith: Ouch…

Blake: And you are sickened for four rounds.

Keith: All right…

Gale: Mmm…

Blake: Myra, you're going to take seven points of damage…

Corinne: Okay.

Blake: And Bonesaw and Moz, you're going to take three damage.

Zach: Yep.

Gale (as Bonesaw): Eew, I've got something on my shoe!

[Corinne laughs.]

Blake: Top of the round, Moz, do you have a melee weapon out?

Zach: I have a tailbade.

Blake: Go ahead and make a melee attack against rogue one as he rushes past you.

Zach: Okay. All one or two damage that I can do with it!

[Laughter.]

[Dice rolling.]

Zach: [sarcastic] Ahaha, one damage! Ohohoh!

[Laughter.]

Blake: I don't think that even hits him.

Gale: Sorry!

Keith: Aww!

Zach: Okay, that's fine, that's fine.

Blake: And then Jasper, he–he also leaves one of your threatened squares, if you want to take an attack opportunity against him.

Keith: Yeah, I've got a pistol in each hand, so I guess this would be like a pistol whip or something?

Blake: Yeah…

[Dice rolling.]

Blake: That hits!

Keith: Okay. [laughing] I have no idea how much damage!

Blake: Uh, do the same as your claw attack.

Keith: All righty.

[Dice rolling.]

Keith: Four slashing!

Blake: All right! Uh, as he gets into flanking position with Bonesa—

Gale: [laughing] Oh no!

Blake: —and with Kevin, he's just going to jump, same big bowie knife that he tried to use on Myra, and stab you, Bonesaw—

Gale: Mm!

[Dice rolling.]

Blake: Does a twenty-three hit?

Gale: [confident] Does a twenty-three—Yes.

[Laughter.]

Blake: All right, take fourteen points of damage as he just comes up, lunges, stabs you—

Gale (as Bonesaw): Haah!

Blake: —and like, rips down your back.

Gale (as Bonesaw): Hoo!

Blake: Gunslinger two, between Moz and Bonesaw, he's going to go after the undead.

Keith: Okie dokie!

[Dice rolling.]

Blake: …and that is a twenty-seven, a twelve, and a twenty-one.

Gale: First and the third one hit.

Blake: So that's going to be a… twenty-one points of damage…

Gale (as Bonesaw): Ahhh!

Blake: He had also spent his Grit point on that, so that's an extra 2d6 on each of those attacks.

Corinne: Oh no!

Gale: Ahhh!

Blake: He can only do that once per attack, so only 2d6…

Corinne: Yeah…

[Dice rolling.]

Blake: So, eleven more points of damage.

Gale: Hoo!

Corinne: Ow!

Keith: Oo, not looking good!

Gale: Mm!

Blake: Who's laughing now, motherfuckers?

[Laughter.]

Corinne: I was going to say, yeah, this is the–the tables turning! We're going to get it now! We dared laugh at the cultists!

Blake: Myra, you're up.

Corinne: Okay, she is going to do a full round action on Mr. Cleric.

Blake: All right.

Corinne: And she's going to use her repeating rifle… Pew, pew, pew, pew!

[Dice rolling.]

Blake: Oho!

Corinne: Twenty, seventeen, seventeen.

Blake: Yeah, that's—! Yeah, all three of those hit, just—[shot!]—swing it around, not even looking down the sight as you're shooting this motherfucker.

[Laughter.]

Corinne: He's close enough!

Blake: Twenty-eight points of damage, it looks like? Oof!

Corinne: Okay, cool.

Blake: Jasper, you're up!

Keith: All right, Jasper was going to run over here for cover, but we, some—we got to take some of these guys out. I'm no longer going to be saving that designated enemy for 'Friar Runaway.'

[Laughter.]

Keith: This guy is my new worst friend.

Corinne: [laughing] 'My new worst friend…'

Keith: Gunslinger number two!

Blake: Alrighty!

Keith: There's going to be uh, two on uh, done on him. Let me put designated enemy back on…

Blake: Okay, you are going to take an attack of opportunity from rogue one.

Keith: Okay.

[Dice rolling.]

Blake: And—doesn't hit your AC, so…

Keith: Okie dokie!

Blake: He spins around to try and hit, and all he catches is dust!

[Gale laughs.]

Keith: All right, these are all at minus two, because I'm Sickened.

[Dice rolling.]

[Laughter.]

Keith: That is a thirty-two to hit—

Gale: Hoo hoo hoo hooo!

Corinne: Damn!

Keith: —a twelve, and a twenty-one.

Gale: ‘Only’ a thirty!

Blake: I mean, first one obviously hits. Uh, second one misses. Third one, even at a minus two, hits. So, that's going to be…

Keith: Thirty-five! I did put the Inspired Courage—

Blake: Oh, that is so fucking close! He looks horrific!

Keith: Well, unfortunately for him—

Blake: …minus…

Keith: —I have a second gun!

[Laughter.]

Corinne: Get him! Get him!

Blake: He's leaning up against the window frame, guns hanging out, gut hung through the window. He looks up as you start firing—

[Dice rolling.]

Keith: Ooh!

Blake: Oh shit! That first one…

Keith: If it hits!

Blake: That's minus two to that, you said?

Keith: Yeah…

Corinne: Mmm…

Blake: All three of those are misses.

[Groaning.]

Keith: Aw, crap!

Corinne: That would have been so cool…

Gale: Aww!

Keith: Ahh, I was afraid of that.

Corinne: Yeah. Still good… Good round. Good round, though!

Keith: Yeah, yeah. Still—

Corinne: A lot of–a lot of damage!

Keith: Still–still did a ton of damage to him.

Keith (as Jasper): I'd run away if I was you!

[Laughter.]

Blake: He looks like he's about to fucking bolt!

Keith (as Jasper): I can do this all day!

Blake: Brings us to Kevin. He gets out of the Dazzled condition. He is on fire.

[Laughter.]

Corinne: I don't know why that makes me laugh every time!

[Laughter.]

Zach: Should I roll that, or should you?

Blake: Do ahead and roll that damage.

[Dice rolling.]

Keith: Oo, ow!

Zach: Oh! Nine fire damage! It is not Kevin's day!

[Laughter.]

Blake: Yeah, that's—Oh, he can make the save again… Yeah, he gets a minus two to this. He has to roll a eighteen.

[Dice rolling.]

Blake: Yeah, he fucks that up. Kevin is just… He's fucking done. He is fucking done.

[Laughter.]

Corinne: Poor baby!

Blake: He is running. Full-on—

Zach: Does Jasper get a melee on him?

Keith: I'm not going to take it.

Blake: If he wants!

Keith: Kevin's had a rough enough day!

[Laughter.]

Blake: Yeah, actually, I think the way he's going to go, he is going to go out the front door and just, he's running down the street on fire.

[Laughter.]

Blake: Just—

Blake (as Kevin): [distant screaming]

Corinne: As he runs past me, can I pat him on the shoulder, being like—

Corinne (as Myra): Good, good effort, buddy!

[Laughter.]

Corinne: As he like, runs out?

Blake: He's even more demoralized now.

[Laughter.]

Keith (as Jasper): There goes the only one with a lick o' sense!

[Laughter.]

Blake: Okay, Livingston just… you see him come out and stand in front of the door as Kevin runs past him. Livingston just yells—

Blake (as Livingston): You coward! Come back and defend your home!

Blake (as Kevin): [distant] This ain't my home! I'm from Kansas, you dumbass!

[Laughter.]

Keith (as Jasper): Yeah! Stand your ground like Friar Runaway!

Corinne (as Myra): Yeah! Also, big talk coming from someone who is hiding behind the building!

Keith (as Jasper): [threatening] Why don't you come in here and finish your sermon, Padre?

[Laughter.]

Blake: He looks and just says—

Blake (as Livingston): Very well.

Blake: —and he's going to extend a hand as he Channels Energy and drops it right in the middle of—

Corinne: Oh…

Keith: Yeah…

Blake: —all of you all.

Zach: Knew that was coming.

Blake: I need a DC eleven Will save from Bonesaw and Jasper.

Keith: Okay, minus two for Sickened…

[Dice rolling.]

Zach: Oh! Yeah, baby!

Keith: Ho! Nat twenty! Nat twenty!

[Cheering and laughter.]

Corinne: Hahaa, natural twenty!

Blake: God dammit!

Gale: Niiice!

Corinne: Damn!

Blake: You drop all of this, and he just looks like, ‘Are you fucking kidding me?’

[Laughter.]

Blake: Both of you only take…

[Dice rolling.]

Blake: …eight points of damage.

Gale: Hoo, hoo hoo hoo! I'm skating real close to that line!

Keith (as Jasper): You twisted, evil little man!

Blake: He goes there, and he is going to go hide again.

[Laughter.]

Corinne (as Myra): Yeah, you better run!

Keith (as Jasper): Thought you was going to finish that sermon!

Gale: Bonesaw, who is panting and shaking and cut in many, many different places, is like—

Gale (as Bonesaw): Jasper, maybe we don't uh, en–encourage him? When he's uh, dropping the scary light around us, yeah?

[Laughter.]

[Dice rolling.]

Blake: Bonesaw, what's your AC right now?

Gale: Nineteen!

Blake: This rogue who's behind you?

Gale: Uh-huh?

Blake: As you're talking to Jasper, he swings past, you avoid the first one—

[Gale hisses.]

Blake: —just in time for him to bring it around and just—[stab]—right into your neck!

Gale: [nervous] Haha! Blake, what's the damage? Blake?

[Keith laughs.]

Blake: Um… It's not that bad! Don't worry!

Gale: I have four hit points, Blake!

[Keith laughs.]

Corinne: Oh no!

Blake: Okay, yeah, you might want to worry, 'cause… Um. He does a grand total of sixteen points of damage to you.

[Gasping and groaning.]

Keith: No…

Corinne: Damn it!

Zach: Shit!

Gale: So… question.

Blake: Yes.

Gale: I'm at negative twelve, and my base Constitution is twelve.

Blake: Does your rage drop when you…?

Gale: Normal rage would drop, but this is like a physical change to my body?

Blake: This is your rage mutagen?

Gale: [reading] …the chemist remains in their mutagenic form until its duration expires, the magic is interrupted as with a anti-magic field, or I expend another use of my mutate ability.' So it doesn't say…

Blake: Yeah, you didn't drop it!

Gale: …'when I go unconscious.' So because I was raging—

Keith: [blowing air] Wow…

Gale: —I have sixteen Constitution instead of twelve—

[Relieved sighs.]

Gale: —and Bonesaw is still technically alive!

Corinne: Oh my god!

Zach: Fuuuck!

Corinne: Holy shit!

[Blake laughs.]

Gale: Bonesaw drops with a gurgle to the ground as the knife sticks in his neck.

Zach (as Moz): [scared] Bones?!

Gale: His lensed eyes are half-lidded, there's just like, a little bit of red light peeking out.

Zach (as Moz): [furious] You monsters…

Blake (as Livingston): We're going to do this to all of you!

Keith (as Jasper): Take 'em out, Moz!

Blake: Bonesaw, I need you to make a save for me.

Gale: Mhmm. So, just to remind everyone, I'm going to be making checks to see if I stabilize. Uh, and every round that I don't stabilize, I will lose another hit point until I hit my negative Constitution, which is sixteen. So, I have four chances—

Keith: Okay.

Gale: —to stabilize before I die for real.

Corinne: [hissing air.] Okay…

Gale: But there's a pretty easy DC Medicine check, or Heal check?

Blake: Yeah, DC fifteen heal check to stabilize, I think.

Gale: Or any magical healing will stabilize me.

Zach: When you say magical healing, does that mean…?

Gale: A potion—

Zach: Inflict Wounds? Or would a Cure Light Wounds?

Gale: Inflict Wounds!

Blake: Yeah!

Corinne: Oh, shit!

Gale: Yeah…

Corinne: Damn it! No!

Keith: I–I got one!

Corinne: Shit…

Zach: Right… Would you happen to have that on your body?

Gale: Oh, yeah! Yeah, I planned for this.

Corinne: Thank—!

Gale: [laughing] You don't–you don't run around as an undead healer, not expecting to drop and then leave people with no options for reviving you.

Zach: Excellent.

Gale: I have a potion of Inflict Moderate Wounds on me. Not to mention the wand, which I'm not sure… You guys might have to roll checks to use the wand, but I do have a potion, which takes—

Gale (as Bonesaw): —'No Horvard degree to use, you just, you know, shove it down someone's mouth, and…'

[Laughter.]

Gale (as Bonesaw): —'it's real simple like that!'

Blake: I see everybody lost their jolliarity very quickly!

[Laughter.]

Gale: What am I rolling, Blake?

Blake: Give me a DC ten Constitution check.

Gale: [breathing sharply]

[Dice rolling.]

Gale: Twenty!

K Whoo!

Corinne: Nice!

Blake: Bonesaw, you are stable.

Gale: Okay, I'm no longer dying. But if one of them stabs me again, I'm a goner. So please…

Corinne: Aw, shit!

Blake: Yeah, Bonesaw is not in good shape. Moz, you're up.

Zach: Moz saw Bonesaw go down and his heart stopped.

Gale: Aww!

Zach: He is going to sprint to Bonesaw and he's going to slide down, pull out his Stradivarius and fiddle as fast as he can. Just before he casts a spell, uh, with the swift thing, he's going to reach into Bonesaw's pocket, pick up a flask of Inflict Wounds, and just slam it onto his chest—

[Gale laughs.]

Zach: —and cast Jester's Jaunt and get him the hell out of here.

Gale: Awww!

Keith: Oooh!

Blake: Oh shit!

Corinne: Niiice!

Gale: Yaaay!

Corinne: [snapping] Snaps!

Blake: And here's the thing… Rogue one used his attack of opportunity against Jasper already—

Keith: That's true!

Corinne: Ahh!

Blake: —so he can't attack.

Corinne: Thank god!

Blake: Where are you moving him?

Zach: As far as Moz can out the window, where he can see. Just–just out–out of harm's way. Outside the building.

Blake: He'll tumble to the ground, and he'll be below eye level?

Zach: Okay, that works.

Blake: So, he won't be able to be seen.

Zach: Okay.

[Corinne sighs in relief.]

Blake: You pulled out the bottle and you smash it on him to heal him.

Gale: [laughing] Do they work that way? Can you do that?

Blake: Fuck it! It's getting inside your body!

[Laughter.]

Keith: It's leaking in through all the holes!

Corinne: There's–there's probably some holes!

Zach: It will seep into all your bullet holes and other shit!

Gale: I want to know—

Zach: I'm not going to take your mask off to put it down your throat, all right?

[Laughter.]

Blake: It's all the same difference.

Gale: When exactly does Bonesaw come to? When the potion smashes on him? Or right when he pops outside the window? I want to know how he—how confused he is.

[Laughter.]

Blake: I think right when he pops outside the window. Go ahead and roll the healing for your potion.

Zach: I want to say uh, because this is Jester's Jaunt, while, I guess, assuming coming to half-conscious, you're doing a ballerina spin like a torpedo out the window!

[Laughter.]

Zach: You might be a little dizzy when you come back!

[Dice rolling.]

Blake: Fourteen!

Gale: Thank you so much!

Blake: So you're sitting there. Uh, you are prone, and you're no longer unconscious. Sitting at two hit points.

Gale: [laughing] Bonesaw twirls around—

Gale (as Bonesaw): Waaah! I had the weirdest nightmare!

Corinne: Ohohoh!

Blake: All right! Moz! Excellent use of a turn!

Corinne: I was going to say, MVP move!

Blake: Crusade of the Timely Flame cleric. Uh, he's going to say—

Blake (as cleric): I think I heard one of you earlier say something about a fireball…

Keith (as Jasper): But you're going to catch your own guys!

Blake: [Booom!]

Corinne: Ooooh!

Blake: As this fireball explodes inside—

Corinne: Damn…

Blake: —catching everybody. I need everybody except Bonesaw to go ahead and make a—

Keith: Counterspell!

[Confused pause.]

Keith: —would be really nice right now.

[Laughter.]

Corinne: Nope!

Zach: Unfortunately, I don't think bards have access to it!

Corinne: Aww…

Zach: As great as that would be!

Blake: So, that is DC fourteen Reflex save.

Keith: Okay.

[Dice rolling.]

Blake: God damn it!

[Laughter.]

Zach: Yeah!

Gale: Y'all are killing it!

Corinne: Get out of here!

Zach: Take your Fireball!

Keith: Yeah, that was–that was actually minus two—

Zach: [joking] 'Mine's better!'

Keith: —so it was a twenty-seven!

[Dice rolling.]

Blake: Okay, both of the rogues make it and they hear–say 'something about fireball?' and just like, throw up cloaks around them? Looks like they have asbestos cloaks?

[Gale cracks up.]

Blake: Very useful material, asbestos! And they take no damage. Looks like everybody else succeeded, so take fourteen points of damage.

Keith: Okay.

Blake: All right. Uh, that brings us to the top of round three. Rogue one is now being flanked himself and is not happy about that. He's going to five-foot step here and stab Moz—

Zach: Hm…

[Dice rolling.]

Blake: —for a grand total of five damage.

Zach: Oh!

Blake: Oh, wait. No, he misses. Fuck! 'Cause he's still Shaken for two more rounds!

Zach: Haha!

[Laughter.]

Zach: Your outfit sucks!

[Laughter.]

Blake: He's still clearly worried about you! Gunslinger two, who's sitting here with one fucking hit point…

[Gale laughs.]

Blake: He saw Jasper shot the hell out of him. He's considering his options… Let me make a Will save for him.

[Dice rolling.]

Blake: He's going to save, he got a nineteen.

Keith: Okay!

Corinne: That's okay. We'll get him, too.

Blake: He's going to full-round attack on Moz.

Zach: Ah!

[Dice rolling.]

Blake: That's going to be a hit, a hit, and a hit!

[Keith whistles.]

Corinne: Damn!

Zach: Uh, Moz is going to try and catch at least one of those.

Blake: Fuck!

[Laughter.]

Zach: Stinky!

Blake: All right, I'm going to tell you this first. The total damage across all three attacks is twenty-seven. You want to catch one, two, or three?

Zach: Oh… I'll… I'll roll–I'll roll a–a d3. Uh, Scary Jesus, take the wheel!

[Everybody laughs.]

Zach: One!

Corinne: I need a t-shirt with that!

Zach: First bullet!

Blake: First bullet? You block the first bullet?

Zach: Yeah.

Blake: And that's the bullet that did max damage of twelve.

[Cheering.]

Gale: Hoo!

Zach: Ah!

Blake: You only take fifteen points of damage.

Gale: Yeah!

Corinne: Hah!

Zach: Aha**!** Not today.

Blake: One of these bullets was headed, like, right for your rib cage, and you catch it and you can feel like, it dug into your chest just the slightest amount, as the two other bullets hit you and it's just like ‘Fuuuck!’

Zach (as Moz): I need that for eating!

Keith (as Moz) ‘I need two more hands!’

[Laughter.]

Blake: Myra, you're up!

Corinne: Okay. Full round attack. S–Same verse—Same—

[Dice rolling.]

[Laughter and exclamations.]

Blake: Jesus Christ!

Keith: Holy crap! Holy crap! That's two crits!

Corinne: At the stupid cleric!

Gale: Two! Two! Two crits! Two crits!

Blake: I—Jesus Christ!

Corinne: That cleric needs to go down.

Blake: Mary, mother of God!

Gale: Fuuuck!

Blake: Jesus—!

Gale: [howling] That's over a hundred damage! I can't even count it all!

Zach: God damn!

Keith: Gol dang, that first bullet did sixty-seven points of damage!

Gale: A hundred and…

Corinne: Holy shit!

Gale: A hundred-thirty-four?

Zach: What the fuck!

Corinne: Wow!

Gale: You can choose to spread those amongst people, right?

Corinne: Can I? I–I don't want to retroactively do that—

Zach: Is that–is that one target

Corinne: —after, now–now that I know that the damage is so high!

Gale: Full round attacks, you can find out what happens—

Corinne: After?

Gale: —and then decide where the following ones land. I looked this up—

Keith: Oh!

Blake: I don't think so…

Gale: —this evening because I was—

Blake: Oh, you did?

Gale: Yeah, I did. I still have it up. [reading] 'Full attacks and multiple opponents. If you get more than one attack per round because your Base Attack Bonus is high enough, because you fight with two weapons, or a double weapon, or some special reason—'

Zach: Oh shit!

Gale: —'You must use a full round action to get your additional attacks. You do not need to specify the targets of your attacks ahead of time. You can see how the earlier attacks turn out before assigning the later ones.'

Keith: Holy crap!

Blake: You nail in on him, who just cast this spell, and you just, fuckin' right between the eyes!

[Gale laughs.]

Blake: Just, he's—[shot, groaning]—just as you obliterate him with that first attack.

Corinne: Holy shit… She… She's pissed!

Blake: Who do you want the last two attacks to go to?

Corinne: When she sees the cleric finally go down, she's going to just turn right around and aim right at the guy that's attacking Moz.

Blake: The rogue?

Corinne: Yeah.

Blake: Okay. Sixteen, and… oh!

Keith: [hushed awe] Fifty!

[Conspiratorial chuckles.]

Blake: You have three options.

Corinne: Okay.

Blake: You can either take the full forty damage.

Corinne: Okay.

Blake: Do normal damage, which would be the ten.

Corinne: Mhmm.

Blake: And 1d2 INT damage and Sickened for 1d4 rounds. Or, double damage—so that forty—and the target is poisoned!

Gale: That one!

Corinne: That one! What Gale said!

[Laughter.]

Blake: —as you do… an appendicitis.

Corinne: I'll do the poisoned one.

Blake: You shoot him right through the fucking gut and he's poisoned as if with, uh, green blood oil.

Gale: Oo!

Corinne: Oo, sounds nasty. Did I gain a Grit point because I knocked someone out?

Blake: Don't you gain Grit points when you make a crit, too?

Corinne: Oh! Yes...

Gale: So, do you get three then? 'Cause you killed a person and made two crits?

Blake: Yeah, you would get three!

[Laughter.]

Gale: Aha!

B Oh my god! Okay!

Corinne: Yay!

Blake: I have to make a DC thirteen Fortitude save for him. He has plus four. If he fails, he gets a minus one to his Con, which will kill him because of his current hit points.

[Laughter.]

Zach: Nice.

Corinne: My god.

[Dice rolling.]

Blake: Nineteen. Okay, he is bleeding from a gutshot wound and he does not look good, but he is still alive.

Corinne: I'll take it.

[Laughter.]

Blake: Jasper, you're up!

Keith: All righty! Iffin I make a five-foot move, I believe I have line of sight on Friar Ezekiel.

Blake: Oh, you do!

Gale: [laughing] He was hiding from you specifically!

[Laughter.]

Keith: Yeees!

Blake (as Livingston): [joking] ‘I'm hiding against no one…! …except you!’

Keith: I think I'm going to switch my third uh, Designated Enemy back onto the Friar, there. Jasper levels both guns at him, looks briefly heavenward, and says—

Keith (as Jasper): Forgive me, Petunia!

Gale: Aww!

Corinne: Aww!

Keith (as Jasper): Out of my firin’ pin… and into the friar!

[Howling laughter and clapping.]

[Gunshot noises.]

Corinne: So many good quotes this session!

Blake: The rogue just dies! He dies from that!

[Laughter.]

Corinne: He takes psychic damage!

[Laughter.]

Keith: Okay, I have to make sure all my… All my buffs are on my all my things, are in order, there. All right, here we go. First gun!

Corinne: That was beautiful!

[Dice rolling.]

Keith: That has a twenty-three, a twenty-three, and a twelve for hits!

Blake: Oh jeez! Uh, first two definitely hit. Last one, I'm pretty sure misses, but I'm going to double check…. Yep, it misses. Forty damage?

Keith: Yeah, and I–I I'm pretty sure he took some healing there at some point!

Blake: Yeah, he's still up! He does not look good…

Keith (as Jasper): All right. I done asked for forgiveness on my end. Get ready to ask for it on yours!

Gale: Ohohoh!

[Corinne sucks in a long breath.]

Corinne: It's cold in here!

[Dice rolling.]

Keith: Ahhh, Oh, there is a fumble in there, so…

Blake: There is a nat one—

Corinne: Oh no!

Gale: Oo!

Blake: —which clicks the gun. So, he's only going to take sixteen points of damage as the second shot goes.

Keith: Ahh! Is it enough?

Blake: You hear somebody who was apparently out in the street just say—

Blake (as passerby): Hey, don't hit me!

Blake: So, three rounds, you take an additional minus two penalty on ranged attacks for each ally in melee combat with your target. So…

Keith: Okay.

Corinne: Okay, but there's–there's no one in…?

Gale: There's no one.

Keith: Right.

Gale: So zero.

Blake: At the moment, yeah.

Keith: And the sixteen did not drop him, I take it?

Blake: No, sixteen did not drop him.

Keith: Dang it! Dang it!

Blake: He doesn't look good, though.

Keith: Going to yell at him—

Keith (as Jasper): No, you got to die! The line was too good!

[Laughter.]

Keith: According to the Theory of Narrative Causality, you must die now!

[Laughter.]

Blake: Gunslinger one… Oh, he's on fire!

[Laughter.]

Zach: Ahh!

Blake: Uh, give me a fire roll for him, please!

[Dice rolling.]

Zach: Four!

Blake: Minus four. He is going to spend his entire turn to stop, drop, and roll and auto-succeed at putting himself out.

Zach: I'll take it.

[Gale laughs.]

Blake: Livingston… he's pissed. He's mad. He is going to limp in, up to Myra—

Corinne: Oo!

Blake: —who's in the way, and he is going to look at you, Myra and say—

Blake (as Livingston): You poor sinner! I…look around you and see you consorting with these undead! And I cast you out!

Blake: —and he slams a hand into your chest, Myra, as he casts a spell called Cast Out. Make a Will save—

Corinne: Oh boy.

Blake: DC sixteen.

Corinne: Oh no…

[Dice rolling.]

Corinne: Twenty. Oh, thank God!

[Keith sighs in relief.]

Keith: Whoo!

Blake: Oh man. You take—

[Dice rolling.]

Blake: —twelve points of damage.

Corinne: Okay.

Blake: Since you halved it.

Corinne: Gotcha.

Blake: As he pushes this and you all take a moment and see like, this figure of Myra kind of astral-projecting back behind her for a second as he punches her in the chest.

[Gale hisses out air.]

Keith: Ahh!

Corinne: Damn!

Blake: And then he is going to, after doing that… No, he's going to stay there, 'cause that gives him cover against Jasper.

[Laughter.]

Blake: He's scared of Jasper!

Corinne: Good!

Keith: Yeah, rightly so!

Gale: As well he should be!

Zach: He knows it's good for him!

[Laughter.]

Blake: Rogue two, who's sitting here, hasn't taken much damage, unlike his buddy. His buddy's still up, which means he's going to five-foot step and full-round attack on Moz.

Gale: Nooo!

[Dice rolling.]

Blake: As he stabs into you, comes in, slices one of your ears almost off—

Gale: [gasping] Ah!

Keith: Ah!

Blake: —you are going to take twenty-two points of damage.

Gale: Oh my god!

Zach: Ohohoh! …and Moz is sitting at twenty-four, bitches!

[Laughter.]

Zach: Uh, so that–that's going to be down to two…

Corinne: Oh no…

Gale: Okay…

Blake: Bonesaw, you're up.

Gale: Thank God!

[Laughter.]

Gale: These are really long rounds, guys!

[Laughter.]

Gale: Uh, Bonesaw laying on his back in the dust outside the window, staring up at the blue sky, has just a second to feel like he can't catch his breath before Asharel floods his mind and shoves him to the back, and sits up very stiffly, saying—

Gale (as Asharel): *You* are not taking this seriously!

[Laughter.]

Blake: Fuck off, Ash!

Gale: Ash is going to stand up and drink a combined elixir, which was my Discovery this last level—

Blake: Oo!

Corinne: Oo!

Gale: —that is going to give me both Haste and also Inflict Critical Wounds.

Corinne: Oo!

Zach: Thank god!

Blake: Shit!

Corinne: That's an awesome potion!

Zach: That's badass!

[Dice rolling.]

Gale: Pulling out some stops!

Corinne: Yeah…

Gale: Yeah. So, Haste gives me thirty extra feet of movement. It gives me plus one to attack, to AC, and to Reflex saves. I also get an extra attack on full round actions—

Blake: Jesus…

Gale: —and for my inflict critical wounds, I will recover thirty-one hit points!

Blake: Jesus!

Zach: [laughing] God fucking damn!

Gale: As a… [laughs] …swift action or a free action? One of them? I'm going to spontaneous heal for an additional five hit points.

[Blake laughs. Zach blows out air.]

Gale: Uh, and then I'm going to hastily move back inside.

[Laughter.]

Gale: [groaning] Uhhh…

Zach: That's a lot of shit!

Gale: Can I pick up Moz?

Zach: What?

Gale: And move him?

[Corinne giggles.]

Gale: Will that provoke attacks?

Corinne: Yoink!

Blake: No.

Zach: Don't… Don't worry about a thing! Moz is under… has everything under control.

Gale: Okay. Okay.

Keith: [laughing] He says, as he's bleeding to death!

[Laughter.]

Keith (as Moz): 'Don't worry!'

Zach: Yeah, Moz is going to give Bones a wink.

Keith (as Moz): 'I'm alright!'

Gale: Asherel vaults over the window. It's… I think very clear from his movement this is not Bonesaw. There's a lot more confidence? I wouldn't say swagger, but focused, rageful, *wrathful* intent—

Corinne: More precision.

Gale: —as he walks up behind this rogue and taps him on the shoulder, looking down with glowing red eyes. And that's my turn.

[Laughter.]

Blake: All right! Uh, Moz, you're up!

Zach: Oh, boy. First things first. My fireball is still outside, right? It–it hasn't really gone anywhere?

Blake: Correct.

Zach: Okay. If I could just kindly get a movement action to put it right on Friar Ezekiel—

[Laughter.]

Zach: That–that uh… That feels poetic.

Blake: Roll your damage.

Zach: Uh, he has to do a Reflex save.

Keith: [singing from *Hunchback of Notre Dam*] 'Like fire… Hellfire….!'

[Laughter.]

Corinne: It sings that as it moves.

[Everybody laughs.]

Zach (as Moz): I told you, you'd burn!

Keith: That would fit with Moz, yeah!

[Laughter.]

[Dice rolling.]

Blake: Uh, he succeeds at his Reflex save and takes no damage.

Zach: Okay, that was uh… plan A. So with Moz's last Stradivarius use for the day, he's going to do another swift action. But first off, you guys see what doesn't really quite make sense, uh…

[Corinne giggles.]

Zach: Moz has the Stradivarius in one hand, but if you look with your right eye, you can see the Stradivarius. But if you're looking with your left eye, you can see Moz pull out his golden fiddle as he plays two Bardic Performances simultaneously.

Gale: What? Ahhh!

[Blake laughs.]

Corinne: Thaaat's cool!

[Gale laughs.]

Zach: Using Virtuoso Performance, Moz is going to bring up Firebreak—

Blake: Ohohoh!

Gale: Yesss!

Zach: —which has been upgraded. Everyone within range now has thirty Fire Resistance, and they're going to need it, because—

[Gasps and laughter.]

Corinne: Oh no!

Zach: —my Lipinski Stradivarius—

Corinne: Here it comes!

Zach: We're putting a fireball right on this sucker!

[Laughter.]

Blake: Oh my god!

Keith: Oh! Ohhhh, the poor Flowing Waters!

[Laughter.]

Corinne: It's–it's–it's just—

Blake: Who are you dropping it on?

Zach: Uh, right on rogue one. That should get, I think, just–just about everyone.

Blake: Yeah, that's everybody except the two gunslingers that are outside.

[Laughter.]

Zach: Yeah, maybe we can move it to–to keep Jasper out a little bit. Do a–do a small kindness, but uh…

[Laughter.]

Blake: Okay! Yeah, if you want to move it—

Zach: Oh, I–I haven't even rolled damage! Silly me!

[Laughter.]

Gale: 'Silly me!'

[Dice rolling.]

Zach: Twenty-seven f— Oh, so zero damage to me!

Blake: Yeah, zero damage to you. Reflex save of nineteen? Uh, make a Performance check for me?

[Laughter.]

Zach: Gladly.

Blake: DC twenty-five.

Zach: DC twenty-fi—? Oh. Oh, that's, that's pish posh!

[Laughter.]

Gale: Pish posh!

[Laughter.]

[Dice rolling.]

[Laughter and exclamations.]

Corinne: Forty-six!

Keith: Holy crap!

Zach: Forty-six!

Blake: Yeah, that's a forty-six!

Zach: Child's play!

[Laughter.]

Corinne: [laughing] ‘Child’s play…’

Blake: Um…so, the DC is now twenty, that all three of them—Livingston, the rogue—

Keith: Holy crap!

Blake: —and the other rogue, have to make to succeed. I'm going to start with rogue one?

Zach: They messed up when they fucked with Bonesaw!

[Laughter.]

Corinne: Mhmm!

Gale: Aww!

Blake: The thing is, both of these guy's Improved Uncanny Dodge—

Zach: Oh.

Blake: —and Evasion…

Zach: Ah.

Corinne: Aw.

Blake: So, if they succeed, they take zero damage.

Gale: Ach.

Zach: Damn.

Blake: But if they fail, they're going to be fucked up.

[Laughter.]

Blake: They have to roll a ten or higher.

[Dice rolling.]

Zach: Three!

Gale: Three!

Corinne: Yaaay!

Blake: Fails! Just absolutely like, turned—[*foom!*]—Fukushima…

[Laughter.]

Blake: Er, not Fukushima, like…

Gale: Oho…

Blake: …Nagasaki dust shadow on the–on the wall. Dead. Absolutely obliterated. Second one…

[Dice rolling.]

Gale: Aww.

Blake: Seventeen succeeds—

Zach: Aw.

Corinne: Aw.

Blake: —takes no damage.

Corinne: You got one!

Blake: Uh, Livingston… He has to roll a sixteen or higher. He is not a rogue, so he will take half—

[Dice rolling.]

Keith: Oh!

Gale: Hahaaa!

Corinne: Nope!

Zach: Haha!

Blake: He rolled a three!

Corinne: Nope!

Gale: Suck it, Scary Jesus!

[Laughter.]

Keith: Up in flames!

Blake: He turns and he just says—

Blake (as Livingston): No, no, noooo!

Blake: —[*fwoosh!*]—His metal-looking hair… Turns out it's not metal—

[Gale gasps.]

Blake: —as it burns like everything else about him, as he catches on fire, is singed down beyond the skin to the bone.

[Gale hisses.]

Blake: His front half, just completely melted. His back, surprisingly pristine as his censor falls out of his hands, landing heavily on the ground. And he is dead.

Corinne: Holy shit!

Zach: About fucking time!

[Laughter.]

Corinne: What a way to get him!

Gale: Quick mechanical question, you may or may not want to say… Uh, is he dead–dead? Or is he potentially bring-backable?

Blake: How do you mean?

Gale: I mean, Ash had some questions.

[Laughter.]

Blake: He is pretty fucking dead, like…

Zach: Anything that's left of him is still, uh… has a personal fireball.

[Laughter.]

Zach: Crisping him up good!

Gale: Like, is he making saves? Or is he like…?

Blake: No! No, he's dead. Like, he is—

[Laughter.]

Keith: He is really most sincerely dead.

Blake: —he is…face… yeah, the entire front half of him is just charred bone and flesh.

[Laughter.]

Corinne: You could certainly try!

Blake: Yep! Oof…

Gale: Okay, okay.

Keith: You can ask him all the questions you want!

[Laughter.]

Gale: Not the end of the world at all! I want you to know Ash is going to be a little pissed, but I am not at all.

Zach: Okay.

Gale: I think that was delightful.

[Laughter.]

Corinne: That was…Yeah…

Blake: All right. Uh, this gunslinger, who is at one hit point, is fucking booking it.

Corinne: Good!

Blake: He's—

Corinne: Get the fuck out of here!

Blake: That–that was… That was a bridge too far. He saw his… He's at one hit point, he saw his boss get toasted, he's running.

[Laughter.]

Blake: Myra, you're up! You have, uh, the gunslinger outside of the window—

Corinne: Okay.

Blake: —And rogue two, who is the one who ripped apart Bonesaw and almost killed Moz.

Corinne: Okay. Myra will leave the vengeance to those two—

[Laughter.]

Corinne: —and she'll turn around and aim at the gunslinger outside. Another full round attack.

[Dice rolling.]

Blake: First hits for sure. Second one misses. Third one still misses.

Corinne: Mhmm.

Blake: Yeah, so just that first one hits.

Corinne: Yeah. She's a little shaken from the fucking explosion that just happened—

[Gale laughs.]

Corinne: So she–So she shoots one, but the other two are a little shaky, so, she doesn't quite… quite get ‘em out the window.

Blake: All right, Jasper, you're up!

Keith: All right. Is my second gun jammed from the previous…?

Blake: Yes, it is.

Keith: Okay, then Jasper, with one smooth motion, his hand drops down. The gun drops to the ground, and without even breaking motion, comes back up with a quick draw on the lamotte revolver.

[Cheering and laughter.]

Gale: Ohhh!

Blake: Yes!

Keith: And, what the hell, I'm going to fire that one first!

[Laughter.]

Keith: It's going to be on gunslinger one—

Gale: Is this the frost one?

Keith: Yes.

[Gale laughs.]

Blake: Uh, gunslinger one!

[Dice rolling.]

Gale: Yeeah!

Keith: Twenty-one, and a twenty—

Blake: Oh man!

Keith: —or a nineteen and a twenty-six, 'cause I'm still Sickened.

[Laughter.]

Blake: Yeah, your first attack, just… You fire it? —[shot]—right through his chest. You see this spray of frozen blood—

Keith: Yeah?

Blake: Uh, come out, and you're pretty sure you see, like, his heart frozen two feet behind him—

Gale: [gasping] Oh my god!

Corinne: Ohhh!

Blake: —as he just dies.

Corinne: Wow!

[Gale laughs.]

Keith: I'm not going to bother splitting up attacks, but I've got a second gun.

[Laughter.]

Keith: The only other one up here is rogue two?

Blake: Yep. Rogue two.

Keith: And that's the one that dropped Bonesaw and Moz?

Blake: Yep!

Keith: I really—

Zach: Nearly!

Keith: —really—

Zach: Nearly!

Keith: —don't like him!

Zach: He couldn't if he tried!

[Laughter.]

Keith: I–I really don't like him. I… And he is getting my last Designated Enemy.

[Laughter.]

Corinne: All of that fury!

[Dice rolling.]

Keith: Oh my god, No!

Gale: Oohoohoo!

Zach: No!

Keith: Nat one!

Corinne: No!

Gale: Blinded by rage! You let the dark side take you!

[Laughter.]

Keith: [joking] Two bullets take out Moz and Bones—

Keith (as Jasper): [joking] Nooooo!

[Laughter.]

Blake: As you fire this, you take this shot. And you're not sure how this bullet was packed, but it was poorly packed. And it just—[Chk-*boom!*]—and blasts back right in your ear—

Keith: Oh no!

Corinne: Ow!

Gale: Ohhh…

Blake: You do not hear anything for a second as your ears ring.

Keith (as Jasper): Ahh!

Blake: Uh, and if anybody was around you, they would have gotten an attack of opportunity, but since there's nobody around you, you're okay.

Keith: I blame the Beneficial Bandolier, but still—

[Laughter.]

Keith: Through my gritted teeth on the Iamotte, I say—

Keith (as Jasper): Reload.

[Laughter.]

Blake: All right, it is the rogue's turn. He has options.

Gale: If it helps, Ash had just tapped him on the shoulder for attention—

Corinne: Mhmm!

Gale: —and he's sort of looming with scary eyes… if he's tempted by wounded-looking Moz, just saying. Aggro. Aggro. Give me aggro!

[Laughter.]

Blake: Simple way to figure it out!

[Dice rolling.]

Gale: Oh, thank God!

[Laughter.]

Blake: Random roll!

Corinne: Mhmm!

[Gale sighs in relief.]

Blake: Full round attack against Bonesaw, and he's still Shaken.

[Dice rolling.]

Blake: He only does eight points of damage.

Gale: Ash just grunts a little bit and barely moves with the impact of the bullet.

Keith: Ooo!

[Corinne giggles.]

Blake: Okay, Bonesaw! It you!

Corinne: Oh no!

Gale: Asherel—

Corinne: Buh-bye!

Gale: —looms over the rogue, and says—

Gale (as Asharel): Tell me you know everything he did!

Gale: —and he points to the charred corpse of Ezekiel.

Blake (as rogue): Well, I know quite a bit about it. I mean, I know a little bit about our organization and how it goes. And uhhhh—

[Laughter.]

Blake (as rogue): —but I ain't going to tell you nothing, Copper!

Gale (as Asharel): Then choose a god… and pray!

Corinne: Holy shit!

Gale: Asharel raises Crux, and—

Blake (as rogue): [frantic] Okay, I'll tell you everything that I know, please don't hurt me—!

Gale: —brings it down.

[Dice rolling.]

[Keith laughs.]

Corinne: ‘Choose a god and pray.’

[Laughter.]

Corinne: Terrifying.

Blake: So forty-three damage. Moz, you asked, uh, how he's looking? He was looking almost full health?

[Zach laughs.]

Blake: Not anymore, he looks like shit now.

Zach: Excellent!

Blake: Moz, you're up!

Zach: Moz is going to stomp his foot and a rope is going to fly out of his bag—

Corinne: Mmm!

[Gale laughs.]

Zach: —and he's going to try and wrap this guy up with Animate Rope.

Blake: Animate Rope!

[Laughter.]

Gale: It’s back!

Corinne: Bringing it back!

Blake: Oh my god!

Gale: Blake's least favorite spell!

[Laughter.]

Zach: It's going to snake around him like a… like a serpent.

Blake: Make a ranged attack.

[Dice rolling.]

Zach: Nineteen.

Corinne: Mm!

Gale: Oo!

Blake: His Touch AC is fourteen.

[Gale laughs.]

Blake: You wrap him up in this, he is fully Entangled.

Zach: Okay. Uh, if–if I can take some uh, creative liberties… he's going to hold his hand up, and the same symbol that Myra saw uh—

Gale: Ooo!

Zach: —when Moz was escaping the other day, is going to glow on his wrist. And you watch as a tornado rips the ceiling off of—

Keith: Ah!

Zach: —uh, Jordan Yates's hotel—

[Laughter.]

Zach: —and a horse appears out of nowhere, where Moz was standing. And Moz is going to start tying the rope onto the horse.

Gale: Hooo!

Corinne: Ohh!

Blake: Oh my god!

Keith: Ohh!

Blake: You're going to fucking road-haul him!

Zach: Moz slaps the horse on the butt and sends it out the front door.

Corinne: Holy shit.

Blake: Holy shit

Gale: Oh my god!

Blake: As this starts re-animating, there is a good hole punched through all three floors of this, where this horse appeared—

Corinne: [gasping] We're in trouble!

Blake: —and the rogue is just—

Blake (as rogue): No, no, no! Please don't—!

Blake: —[galloping hooves]—Just starts pouring out. And, at first you see a trail of blood and dust coming up from behind him… And then you just see blood—

Keith: Oh…

Blake: —as he is road-hauled out of the room.

Zach (as Moz): I made you a promise, you bastard.

[intense music fades into bucolic aftermath.]

Keith: Jasper is going to grab the asbestos cloak off this guy. He looks up at the hole in the ceiling and kind of sighs—

[Laughter.]

Keith: —but then goes back to his original plan of kind of putting out fires.

[Laughter.]

Blake: It is a mess in here. You all are bloodied. Some of you went down and almost died. It was a hard-fought battle, but—

[Keith sighs, relieved.]

Blake: —you have ended the scourge of undead attacks—

Gale: Haaa!

Blake: —in Albuquerque.

Corinne: Holy shit, dude!

Gale: Yaay!

Zach: God fucking damn!

[Gale laughs and claps.]

Corinne: What a battle!

Blake: Nice job, y'all! Absolutely fucking fantastic.

Corinne: That was amazing!

Keith: Oh my gosh!

Gale: Ahh!

[Corinne laughs.]

[Main theme kicks into gear.]

Dust and Blood is a Rolling Path production, featuring Corinne Hill as Myra Sting, Blake Alfson as our GM, Zach Parker as Moz Copernicus Prior, Keith Curtis as Jasper Graves, and myself, Gale Parker as Bonesaw.

Our theme song is *Dust and Blood* by Arne Parrott, and other music throughout this recording is provided by Kevin Macleod, Tabletop Audio, Dark Fantasy Studios, and the Desperados 3 Original Game Soundtrack by Filippo Beck Peccoz.

Transcripts, detailed sound credits, and more can be found on our website at DustAndBloodPod.com. You can follow us on X and Facebook at DustAndBloodPod, or support

us through our Patreon at Dust and Blood, where you can join our community discord and get perks like our behind-the-scenes discussion show, The Roundup.

We are so grateful for the support of our fans, people like Wubatub, Ceru, Barbara, and 50SlothsOfGrey!

Dust and Blood releases monthly on the first, and the next episode is coming at you on October first!

Content warnings can be found in every episode description, and we hope you enjoy exploring this fantasy western with us. Thanks for listening!

[*Dust and Blood* main theme vocals cut in: *My eyes shoot open to the early morning sun. I feel that aching, pounding, poking of a bullet in my lung. Skin is sealed and bones a-crunch, and I feel that wretched itch and something drag me up to face that coward son-of-a-gun! His face grows white as he fumbles for his holster. I feel the lead pierce my shoulder, neck, and chest. I scream that I have died a hundred times and lived a thousand years, and I'll be damned if a boy like you is gonna beat the best. Yes, I'll be damned if a boy like you is gonna beat the best!*]

Gale: Yeah, I'm pretty sure I get soft cover from Jasper, but I get low cover from you.

[Laughter.]

Zach: You know, I…

Keith: Low cover!

Zach: I thought 'soft cover' was insulting, but now I…Oh!

[Laughter.]

Zach: Can't have it both ways!

Corinne: At least you're less likely to be hit!

Zach: It don't feel like that way.

Corinne: That's the silver lining. Yeah.

[Laughter.]

[Main theme continues.]

Blake: And this hell horse just—[bludgeoning sounds]—

Keith: [announcer voice] Hell pony!

Blake: I guess it's a pony, so—[lighter bludgeoning sounds]—

[Laughter.]

Blake: Um—

Gale: Death by hell pony!

[Laughter.]

[Main theme continues.]

Gale: Oh!

Zach: Great combat, y'all.

Corinne: Great session, Blake.

Keith: Ahh!

Gale: Wow…. Yeah, thank you so much!

Blake: Thank you all so much!

Gale: That was amazing!

Keith: What a fight!

Zach: Poor–poor Jordan Yates!

[Laughter.]

Keith: I know, I know!

[Laughter.]

Zach: The Galloways better be real sweet on him—

Gale: I bet we can convince the Galloways—

Keith: Yes!

Gale: —uh, to–to repair things.

Corinne: Yeah.

Zach: It's like two fireballs, a tornado—

Corinne: [laughing] A tornado!

Zach: —a miasma, fireball, shit! Just… barely anything left of this thing.

Keith (as Jasper): [joking] Yep, them cults sure were destructive!

[Laughter.]

Corinne: Yep! To–totally them!

Blake: Yep, blame it all on the—

Corinne: Just—

Blake: It's all on Kevin.

Keith: Yeah…

Blake: Kevin is the one to blame.

Gale: We took out the bridge too! Man…

Corinne: Wow…

[Laughter.]

[Cassette End sound.]