

Just Roll With It: Riptide

Dungeon Master & NPCS: Grizzly

Chip: Bizly

Jay Ferin: Condifiction

Gillion Tidestrider: Slimecicle (Charlie)

Episode 7 - A Mist Opportunity

Jay: What do you mean, “how did we get here”? Haven’t you been paying attention? Jeez, this is not the time, these bugs look pissed. Okay, so we blew up our boat in the middle of the royal sea, and Gill had to swim us to shore, where we landed on the island of Loffinlot. There we found a village stricken by a strange disease that makes everybody happy all the time. After meeting with the mayor, some of the local gnomes decided to rise up and try to take action against him. Luckily, thanks to my quick actions though, we managed to pacify them. Now we’re off to find the one who we think is behind this disease. But, in the meantime, we kind of have a little bit of a big bug problem *[bug buzzing]*. Whatever might happen though, I guess we’re just gonna have to roll with it!

[Schmove by Shady Cicada plays]

Charlie: Uhh, lead us in, big big DM.

Condi: I’m ready.

Bizly: Wait, are we gonna intro ourselves?

Charlie: Oh right, we do that. I’m sorry.

Condi: You’re the one who wanted to do it.

Grizzly: Yoooo, what’s up everybody, welcome back to Just Roll With It! Another episode here. My name is Grizzly, and I am the DM. Obviously.

Bizly: My name is Bizly, and I play Chip on the show.

Condi: My name is Condi, and I play Jay Ferin.

Charlie: My name is Charlie, you may know me as Slimecicle, and I play Gillion Tidestrider.

Grizzly: I only know SImccl.

Bizly: I only know SImccl. Get those vowels out of here.

Condi: I've never heard of either of those people.

Grizzly: You may know me as starting this session. Where we last left off on the island of Loffinlot in the town of Mournestead, the three of you—Chip, Jay, and Gillion—found yourselves in the midst of an ongoing crisis. A town plagued by interminable happiness, inevitably taking some form of cursed madness. You learned a bit of this, uh, cause of this town's condition from meeting with the mayor, then quickly learned of a pre-existing tension between a group of strangely immune gnomes, led by one Julian Booker. This group gathered at the front with destructive devices, clearly planning to take matters into their own hands and bring the mayor to justice. Chip and Gillion attempted to join this revolt, but were interrupted by Jay who bravely and swiftly stomped out the flames of this angry mob by pulling a Navy medallion, claiming to be connected to the forces. This persuaded and, honestly, intimidated Julian, the leader, who came down from his high horse made of crates enough to give the mayor a chance to explain his solution. After a bit of conversation, Julian decided that he wanted to join you on your adventure through the woods to meet this so-called mysterious forest man, and despite not trusting him put a pause on revenge against the mayor. After the crowd dispersed, and after discussing a bit amongst yourselves, Jay opening up slightly to Chip about her past, you were led into the north woods by the mayor, accompanied by Julian. Making your way through, Chip buttered up Julian (*laughs*)—

Bizly: [*interrupting, crosstalk*] I roll with him.

Grizzly: Learning more about his distrust and also his fashion sense, and Jay talked a bit about why the mayor hadn't explained what he did to his people. Of course, Gillion kept an eye out for any danger. Except... (*slight laugh*) he successfully defeated not one, but three more of those fire beetles that Chip convinced him at the start of this island's adventure were evil. Saving of course—

Charlie: [*interrupting*] What do you mean "convinced"?

Grizzly: I mean, sorry. Saving— *[more 'heroic' voice]* Saving this group from immediate danger.

Charlie: Yes!

Bizly: Thank you for your service.

Grizzly: Except actually alerting the hidden pack of these beetles that were in the bushes, which all buzzed loudly and then swarmed towards your party. And that is where we pick back up. Everybody roll initiative.

(cheering)

Bizly: Oh shit.

Grizzly: Right into it, everybody roll!

Bizly: Ooh. Coming in hot! Chip came flying in.

Charlie: *[crosstalk]* Goddamn, Chip has a 25? I got a 14 as well, Grizz.

Grizzly: Jay, 9?

Condi: 9.

Grizzly: Alright! First up, Chip. You guys are in this, uh, you guys are in the forest now surrounded by multiple trees all around you. Uh, you gather that you could use them for cover, there are tons of them, but um. From these bushes now, cut in half from the slice of Gillion's sword rose—

Gillion: *[interrupting]* Yes.

Grizzly: —what seemed to be four clusters of these not incredibly tiny but small, larger than average, fire beetles that you saw at the beginning of, uh, your—your—your trek here. There seem to be four groups swarming together, each group has about five and they just come out of these bushes and are now, uh, darting towards you guys.

Bizly: So Gill is standing like right in front of—of all of this, right? He's the closest to these beetles?

Grizzly: Yep, they're right on his face. Some of them have, er, dropped onto the ground and onto his boots.

Bizly: *[crosstalk]* Right on. So. So here's what I'm going to do. I am going to pull out my short sword, go for a run towards Gill and kind of put my hand over his shoulder, leap up, and come down with the blade into one of the beetles.

Grizzly: Alright, roll to hit!

Bizly: That's gon' be, that's gon' be... 12.

Grizzly: 12 just misses.

Bizly: *(groans and laughs)*

Gillion: How? How did you miss, Chip? How did you miss every single beetle?

(Grizzly and Condi laugh)

Bizly: So when I come over his shoulder,

Condi: *[crosstalk] (quietly)* That's impressive.

Bizly: I come, I come down but—but Gill, I guess maybe, would you, like, turn around or make some kind of movement?

Charlie: *(laughs)* Yes!

Gillion: Ah Chip, we shall do a team attack!

(laughter)

Charlie: *(laughs)* I go around the wrong side.

Bizly: He turns around and kind of, and kind of trips me up and I land in front of the beetle, and I look up at it as it swarms and it's like looking at me buzzing, I just go—

Chip: ...Hi.

Bizly: And that's where I'm gonna end my turn.

Grizzly: Yeah, you— okay. You drop your blade into this cluster of flying beetles, and somehow they all just kind of part, making—creating a gap between themselves, and it goes straight through and you look up at them and they're kind of buzzing angrily and their stomachs, or under—underneath their—the soft part of their bellies, the part that glows, starts to glow a little bit brighter. Next up is gonna be Gillion.

Gillion: You know what eats— you know what eats bugs? Birds.

(laughter)

Gillion: Go Apple!

Condi: *(laughing)* Is that what you named the bird, wait?

Bizly: *[crosstalk]* Is the bird's name Apple?

Charlie: Bird's name is Apple. It's the first thing I fed it.

Grizzly: I'll say that this bird now can go after you.

Charlie: Wait, this is real.

Bizly: *[crosstalk]* Oh, it's a companion.

Charlie: Okay! I was just—I didn't know what it would do! I just wanted to do it. Alright, cool, I'm gonna take my turn then. Um, okay wait. I was kind of hoping, can I make Apple like take the help action and kind of circle around the beetles and try and scare 'em a little bit so I can get advantage on the attack?

Grizzly: Roll a intimidation, using plus 3 for the blue bird

Charlie: Okay, I'll just roll a flat 20 and we'll add it.

Grizzly: Yep, plus 3. That's the—that's this blue bird's—

Charlie: *[interrupting] (excited hiss)* That's a 15 plus a 3, baby! *[in a deep voice]* Scraw.

Grizzly: Okay! Uh, they have... yeah, yeah. They have negative 1, they definitely fail. Um. So you're trying to intimidate or scare off one of the groups?

Charlie: *[crosstalk]* I'm trying to—I want Apple—I want Apple to, like, swoop overhead like that scene in Rango where it looks like a really big bird. So they all see this silhouette and assume it's a fucking bird of prey and they're kind of like out of sorts, you know what I mean? Kind of scattering around a little, their formation is broken.

Grizzly: Okay. Yeah, sure. Absolutely. I'll just say that happens, exactly as you describe it.

Gillion: *[crosstalk]* Yes, Apple.

Charlie: Alright. I'm gonna go for a strike now with advantage on just one of the clusters. First roll is a 5, second roll is a... fucking five! Um. I'm gonna assume a 10 does not hit.

Grizzly: Unfortunately not. *(laughing)* How does this happen?! How do you guys keep missing!?

Charlie: Hey, hey, hey, Chip, can you do something that fucks me up?

Condi: You happen to like both fuck each other up.

Charlie: Yeah.

Bizly: Uh. Okay, I'm—

Grizzly: *[crosstalk]* How do you keep missing?!

Bizly: I'm—I'm on the ground, right?

Charlie: *[interrupting]* Yes.

Bizly: My sword is just, like, slid away from me. What if I'm like standing up and I just stand up right in your way.

Charlie: You just stand up? Okay, yes.

Gillion: Excellent, Apple, we shall now perform a te—! *[Charlie throws himself out of his chair]*

(laughter)

Bizly: I just—he just like trips over me.

Charlie: Yeah, I just fucking trip on you and kinda just fall face first in the mud. Um. That is—that is gonna end—

Bizly: *[crosstalk]* Can we just both be covered in mud next to each other rolling around?

Charlie: *(laughs)* That is going to fucking end my turn.

Grizzly: Next up, Jay. You see two of these swarms in front of Gillion, one swarm now directly above Chip who is just a little bit off to his left there, and, uh—

Charlie: *(laughing)* We're both just fucking lying in the mud.

Jay: What are you guys doing?! They're bugs!

Chip: *[crosstalk]* Winning.

Gillion: *[crosstalk] (muffled)* Team attack.

Grizzly: There is another swarm that seems to be running towa—not running, but, uh. Bzzzz—

Condi: *[interrupting]* Flying.

Grizzly: Buzzing on over towards the mayor, actually. Towards you guys. Since you guys are next to each other.

Condi: Okay. Uh, I'm gonna pull out my, uh, my longbow I guess and I'm gonna use my bonus action to cast Zephyr Strike, which uh—

Grizzly: *[crosstalk] (makes a swoosh sound effect)*

Condi: Gives me advantage on one attack and also an extra D8 damage. And I'm gonna go shoot the one going towards the mayor!

Grizzly: Go for it.

Charlie: Does shooting a cluster of beetles even work?

Condi: I'm gonna hit them all at the same time.

Charlie: Get them all to line up.

Condi: Yeah.

Charlie: Just get a big fucking kebab going.

Grizzly: Wait, what did you roll to hit? Sorry I missed that.

Condi: *[crosstalk]* Plus a d8... 23, 23.

Grizzly: Gotcha, gotcha, kay, yep.

Condi: Okay, so that's 17–17 damage total.

Charlie: *[crosstalk]* He's better than us. He doesn't even bother.

Grizzly: 17 damage! You pull out an arrow swiftly, cock it, and pull—and, and draw it back, and this group that's heading towards you and the mayor—you see two of the beetles drop as they see you aim towards their cluster, drop towards the ground and start scurrying over still, but three of them actually get shishkebab'd by the arrow and flung back into a nearby tree.

Charlie: Nice.

Grizzly: Those chips are now—no, no, not those Chips, sorry, those beetles are just, uh—

(Bizly and Condi laugh)

Grizzly: —gushing out this disgusting orange liquid out from the—their underside. I don't even know what to call that, for a—for a bug, but it's gross.

Charlie: Their carapace!

Grizzly: Their carapace? Awesome. That's what it is.

Condi: *[crosstalk]* Aw, that's a good one, yeah.

Grizzly: Alright. Does that end your turn?

Condi: That ends my turn.

Charlie: *[crosstalk]* The underbelly.

Jay: Guys, it's just bugs! It's just—don't—get out of the mud!

Gillion: We're going to do another team attack this time.

Jay: Okay....

Grizzly: Alright, so after that, Jay as soon as you take that shot and the bugs get pinned to the tree, you guys see Julian go,

Julian: Whuh. Whoah. Ahhhh!

Grizzly: And he runs, he runs behind a nearby tree away from the combat encounter

Bizly: *(laughs)* What a bitch! He was so—! He was so confident, he talked so much shit!

Charlie: Bro, where is his switchblade comb now? What the fuck?

Bizly: Where, wh—he was so, like—he was such a big man! What happened?!

Grizzly: Listen bro, listen man, I wish, y'know what? If you're a patron for our Just Roll With It patreon, you'll actually get to see why he's such a bitch in my session notes that I put up on this monday.

Charlie: Tough talk for a fellow with a small cock, that's what they say.

Bizly: *(laughs)*

Julian: Hey, hey... you don't know! You don't know that! She said it, it ain't the size that—

Charlie: *[interrupting, as Gillion]* Oh, I said that in character as well.

Grizzly: *(laughs)*

Bizly: *(laughing)* Wait, can you say that in the Gillion voice?

(everyone laughs)

Gillion: Julian. Tough talk for a fellow with a small cock.

Bizly: *(laughs)*

Julian: Bitch! Say something else!

Grizzly: From behind the tree, that's what you hear.

Julian: Say something else!

Grizzly: The mayor just kind of ducks behind you, Jay, and cowers behind your shoulder, actually. Next up is going to be... the beetles.

Gillion: Chip it has been an honor fighting alongside you.

(Grizzly and Condi laugh)

Grizzly: So, heh, heheh—

Chip: *[interrupting]* Wouldn't have wanted to fight alongside anyone else, man

Grizzly: One click—

Gillion: *[interrupting]* The beasts of the forest have bested us.

Charlie: I fucking take his hand, dude. We're dying together.

Bizly: I'm holding his hand, we're like in the mud, I wanted to—I imagine it's like a close-up shot that really intense with intense music and we're just like crying, and then it pans out with no music to us just like laying in mud with a couple of bugs flying around—

Charlie: *(laughing)* They're just fucking like— *(nasal buzzing noise)*

Grizzly *(laughs)* Gillion, does a—7 doesn't hit, right?

Charlie: ?? No! Who the fuck would that hit? No.

Grizzly: 19, does a 19 hit your armor class here.

Charlie: Gahh, yeah, it does.

Grizzly: Alright, so one of the swarms in front of you kinda flies a little bit closer but they can't seem to get close, cause y'know you're very protective of your, y'know, your hair here. So you're swaying and dodging, bobbing and weaving like a professional boxer as you miss all these bugs flying around your head.

Gillion: *[crosstalk]* My hair. Don't make me go bald. Anything but that.

Grizzly: But the group, the second group that was in front of you, drops and starts to crawl up your legs and you feel little pricks piercing, and piercing damage to your legs.

Gillion: Ouch.

Grizzly: You take 5 points of damage.

Charlie: Oof.

Condi: Ouch.

Gillion: Chip, it is going to be a slow death but we are going to die together.

Grizzly: *(laughs)* And....

Chip: Only way I woulda had it, man.

Gillion: *[crosstalk]* It's going to take about ten minutes.

Chip: I'm sorry for all those things I said about you being so stupid and naive, I didn't mean it.

Jay: *[crosstalk]* They're just bugs!

Gillion: And I'm sorry for being so stupid and naive and blowing up your ship and—

Chip: It's okay.

Gillion: I've also caused this bug problem, oh no.

Grizzly: Chip, does a 10 hit your AC?

Bizly: Nope.

Grizzly: Of course not, okay. And... 16.

Charlie: I roll over him and protect him.

Grizzly: 16 against you, Jay, does that hit your AC?

Condi: Uh, that does. ... I think? Yeah it does.

Grizzly: *[crosstalk]* Okay, okay, okay. Alright. The swarm that's flying above your head doesn't take a sudden action, you just see that their carapace starts to glow even brighter and the ones, the two that are on the ground now, coming towards you. That does 5 points again as they get onto your shoes and boots and bite through them, bite through the leather.

Jay: *(small pained noises)*

Grizzly: So, you've got little bug bites on your feet now.

Charlie: Getting your toes.

Condi: Ah, my toes! My toesies!

Grizzly: And back to the top of the round, Chip! Whatcha doing?

Chip: No. Gill, we can't go out like this.

Gillion: Why?

Chip: We gotta push on....

Gillion: You're right.

Chip: For each other.

(laughter)

Charlie: I, uh yeah, I—I take one of his chips and crunch it in my mouth.

Gillion: For the chips.

Grizzly: For the chips.

Chip: For the chips. *(shouting)* For the chips!

Bizly: And I wanna stand up and I wanna, um, I wanna—

Condi: So dramatic.

Grizzly: You do the—the mayor fistbumps a little bit.

Mayor: For the chips! For the chips!

Bizly: I wanna, like, run over to where my shortsword is, and as I'm running I wanna say—

Chip: Hey sureshot, throw me that sword!

Condi: Okay, yeah. Can I do that now? Can I do that now? Can I?

Grizzly: Uhh, roll a... woah, woah, woah, wait a second! I have sticky notes pulled up that tell me what to roll! Roll a Dexterity check!

Bizly: Ohoh, baby.

Condi: Just Dexterity flat?

Charlie: *[crosstalk]* Woah!

Bizly: *[crosstalk]* Both?

Grizzly: Yes.

Bizly: Both? Yeah—can you do the—

Condi: *[crosstalk]* Okay.

Grizzly: I'll say yes. *[to Bizly]* Not you, just her.

Bizly: Okay, can you do the—

Charlie: *(laughs)* Not great, buddy! He rolled a fucking three.

Jay: Yeah, sure, I gotchu Chip!

Condi: and I pull it out of the holster and it just, like, flies out of my hand.

Bizly: Wait, can—that's really bad. Can I run over and grab my sword and then turn around and be like "alright", go to catch it, and it stabs me in the arm?

(laughter)

Charlie: *(laughing)* No! Why would you—?! That's fucking nuts!

Grizzly: I'll say, I'll say—

Bizly: *[interrupting]* He rolled a 3!

Grizzly: I'll say absolutely. You can succeed at getting it to Chip at the cost of it will do some damage as he misses.

Condi: *(laughs)* Sure!

Grizzly: As you miss the aim here.

Condi: The curse of never missing.

Grizzly: Jay, go ahead and roll one D6. One D6 plus 3. The... the thing.

Condi: *(laughing)* Okay.

Charlie: Bruh.

Grizzly: That's so funny. You guys are so funny, man.

Condi: That's 5. That's 5.

Grizzly: Alright, you take 5 points of piercing damage, Chip, and you get your sword.

Bizly: I turn around to go grab this other sword—

Jay: Here, catch!

Chip: Alright, tha—OW! *(groans)*.

Grizzly: *(laughs)*

Gillion: Excellent throw.

Jay: Nice catch, idiot.

Bizly: And I'm just gonna—

Julian: It's not a spear, it's a sword.

Grizzly: You hear from behind a tree.

Gillion: Guys, we suck.

(laughter)

Bizly: Um, can I, having picked up that and caught the sword, do I still have any—do I still have my action? Or would you consider that my action.

Grizzly: I'll let you take an action, yeah, of course. Take your turn.

Bizly: Okay, cool. I wanna take both of these swords and just kinda go up through the swarm and kinda wave 'em around a little bit, like a mad man.

Grizzly: Like a fool?

Bizly: And I just wanna— I wanna run into battle, I wanna, like, be standing back, put my two fingers in the mud [*mimics putting on cheek facepaint*], and I wanna yell, for the chips. Put 'em across my cheeks and just go—

Chip: (yells)

Grizzly: You hear—

Bizly: [*crosstalk*] And like wave my arms.

Grizzly: Oh my god, okay, so you're using both your action and your bonus action here to do dual wielding, is that what you're doing? Action and bonus action?

Bizly: Yeah.

Grizzly: Okay, roll to hit twice.

Bizly: First one is a 16. Second one is a 19.

Grizzly: Both hit. Yep, both hit.

Bizly: Both hit, sweet.

Grizzly: Yep, both hit. I'll also say you probably missed that catch because of the tremor in your hands—

Bizly: [*crosstalk*] Okay, yeah, yeah.

Grizzly: —which at the moment isn't affecting swinging the swords like a madman. Similar to when Jay shot the arrow into her cluster, three of these beetles get sliced in half. There's still two that are remaining in the air and their undersides—underbellies—there's gotta be a better word—it just starts to glow a little bit brighter.

Bizly: So that's where I'm gonna end my turn, with me just like in the middle of bees flailing.

Condi: Also Bizly, you have plus 1 AC right now, since you're dual wielding.

Bizly: Cool, sounds good.

Grizzly: Okay! Next up, Gillion.

Charlie: Gillion indeed. There's one more group, right? That's intact?

Grizzly: So you have, uh, you still have the two in front of you that are intact. I mean they are scattered in a way. Like you have the ones that are going up your legs and then some that have, like, widened the gap between each other just because of the unsureness of the threat of the large bird, shadow of a bird.

Charlie: I want to have, um. I absolutely want to have Apple try and help me again and give me advantage on this roll if I can.

Grizzly: Yep, I would say—

Charlie: [*crosstalk*] Do I need to roll for this?

Grizzly: Yeah, roll the intimidation, which is charisma. Plus 3.

Charlie: Okay, okay. Alright, alright. Plus 3, it's gonna be—oh my god, it's a nat twenty!

Grizzly: Oh dude! Okay, yeah!

Charlie: Can I have her, wait. Can I have her herd them all into one place?

Grizzly: Like a bird shepherd? Okay.

Charlie: Like a fucking bird shepherd, I want her, Apple, I want her to swoop around and like as the silhouette is circling around these beetles, for them to start nervously getting closer and closer together.

Grizzly: Yeah, yeah, yeah. Okay.

Bizly: I want—

Grizzly: You see the bird dart off, like a zip away from that position and then just circle around, bypassing Jay and then Chip, and you just (*imitates flitting sound*) and then, still casting this illusion of a much larger bird, the beetles leave both the attack range of Chip and Jay, if you want to make an opportunity attack, and they start to retreat back to the bushes in front of you, Gillion.

Bizly: So, what I really want to happen is I'm still just flailing, even when the bugs leave the area, and my eyes are just closed and I'm just still going.

Grizzly: Okay, yeah, that's funny. Both of you take an opportunity attack if you want. Roll to hit.

Bizly: [*crosstalk*] Yeah, I'll go ahead, I'll do it.

Condi: [*crosstalk*] Yeah, yeah, I'll roll.

Bizly: 18 hit? Hit?

Grizzly: Yep! That hits. Jay, you do miss.

Bizly: [*crosstalk*] Sweet. Alright. Damage... 4.

Condi: [*crosstalk*] Yeah.

Grizzly: Alright! Okay! Chip, you actually slice them all! They're all gone!

Bizly: Wait, what?

Grizzly: Gone! Before they even leave! So right now there's the two that were stuck on Jay and the ones that were already in front of you, Gillion, are now kind of retreating into each other and forming this large cluster. What'cha gonna do?

Gillion: I want to kill them all.

Grizzly: Yes you can. Maybe! I don't know!

Charlie: Bonus action, I cast Thunderous Smite and my whalebone greatsword is wreathed in this rippling, thunderous, white energy.

Gillion: I destroyed the first of you demons in this forest, and now I will slay the last.

Charlie: And I want to take another chip from Chip, I want him to toss me one and I want to catch it and I want to crunch that shit.

Grizzly: Mhm.

Charlie: And I want to, when I crunch it, I would like to explode out into this light blue kind of marine aura and I want to use my channel divinity Prophetic Screw Up.

Grizzly: Yeah, dude, yeah!

Charlie: So Gill's hair is gonna float upwards as well, and now you see this kind of like watery energy coat this blade as well. And he just looks at the beetles and he says,

Gillion: Because it is my destiny to destroy you.

Charlie: And then I want to slash through them and also use Divine Smite.

Grizzly: Divine Smite, is that... that's not a save, then? It's not the same as—

Charlie: It's not, it just does it. And because I'm using the divinity, it's a natural 20.

Condi: What?

Grizzly: Okay. Okay. Yeah. Yeah, yeah, yeah, roll your damage.

Charlie: *[crosstalk]* Okay, okay.

Grizzly: That's going to be like, what, two D8 radiant damage? Plus.. four D8?

Charlie: *(laughing)* It's going to—it's gonna be, with the long sword, it's gonna be 5—uh, 10 damage. Plus another 6 damage, 16 damage. Plus the Thunderous Smite, which doubled is four D6. *(small fade-in cut in audio)* So that's gonna be 16 plus 20 damage is 36 damage—

Condi: *[crosstalk]* My god.

Grizzly: What the fuck, dude?!

Charlie: Plus the Divine Smite, which is doubled! Which means it will be another 4 D8 damage. *(small fade-in cut in audio)* Which is going to do another 20 damage!

Grizzly: *(shouting)* Annihilate these bugs!

Bizly: You're going to leave a crater.

Charlie: I want to fucking obliterate them. I want to literally, like, bite this chip and when I do it just, like, explodes into this gold light that envelops me as I just slash through these motherfuckers and they just, like, evaporate and explode.

Grizzly: Okay.

Charlie: I want to destroy their entire bloodlines, I want to make this forest safe for everyone, and I just did....

Condi: 56 damage?

Charlie: Yeah, I did 56 damage. *(laughs)* And I did use everything I had, but don't worry about that. Anyway—

Grizzly: What kind of pose do you have to strike in order to do this.

Charlie: What kind of pose?

Grizzly: Yeah, what is the action? What is the movement that Gillion takes whenever he does his Divine Smite?

Charlie: What I want to do is—

Grizzly: *[interrupting]* Prophetic Divine Smite.

Charlie: I wanna hold out the blade to the side and almost like a wave I want to kind of go, like, up and through them and kind of like almost like dance through them and swirl through them and leave this trail of, like, crashing water that breaks.

Grizzly: Yeah, you do absolutely all of that, and right before you strike the pose, you hold the blade up right in front of your face and you can see that the reflection—your eyes glowing, your hair as if you are underneath the seas still, rising upwards—

Gillion: I am what I was meant to be.

Grizzly: —strikes of this energy—there's a fucking bug on my monitor!

(laughter)

Bizly: No!

Charlie: They're leaking out into the real world!

Grizzly: *[crosstalk]* Dude, I don't know if I got it!

Bizly: We have to stop them now.

Charlie: I roll to attack again!

Bizly: Roll, Grizzly, roll.

Grizzly: You catch—okay, I rolled. Natural 18, okay anyway, it's uh... You look into the reflection, you see—there he is!

(laughter)

Grizzly: I got him!

(clapping)

Condi: *[crosstalk]* Yeah!

Bizly: *[crosstalk]* 18 hits and you do 5 damage.

Charlie: I can't believe, dude. I just killed the bugs so hard it fucking died in real life too, let's absolutely go.

(laughter)

Bizly: That was insane!

Grizzly: Bro what the fuck?! Oh my god! Oh my god! I love D&D!

Charlie: *[crosstalk]* Anyway I did just use all of my things at once, so I will now be completely useless.

Grizzly: These bugs are so scared of you they escaped.

Condi: *[crosstalk]* They escaped the realm of his imagination.

Charlie: *[crosstalk]* They tried to run. They tried to run to the real world.

Grizzly: As I was saying, you catch a glimpse of yourself and how majestic and powerful. And as you do, as you're looking, the lights coming out of your eyes flash a little brighter and send you back to when you were a boy and the elders of your town who took you and showed you underneath in the ruins of the city these large, stone tablets sitting in the sands with words written that were meant for you. Written because of you, basically a prophecy of a hero meant to be you. And then you open your eyes again, remembering parts of your training that maybe didn't go quite as well as you had hoped, and using that as motivation to be better and to not fail again you take that movement like a wave and you crash like a tsunami into these cluster of fire beetles.

Charlie: Do they die?

Grizzly: And they all collectively, in that group, get eviscerated—

Charlie: Incredible.

Grizzly: —into piles of ash, all except the ones who were pinned to the tree by Jay, who now at this point as you hear a (*imitates a fire lighting*) as they ignite and set a small flame that is now starting to hug the bark and trunk of that tree. But for now, besides that, combat is over.

Charlie: I spin around my sword, sheath it, and say,

Gillion: Great work, team.

Bizly: As you do that, I am just in awe like it is completely silent. I am staring at you with my jaw dropped.

(pause)

Gillion: Chip. It was a close call.

Grizzly: (*laughs*)

Chip: You could do that the whole time?

Jay: [*crosstalk*] They were... They were—they were bugs. They were bugs, right? Like they were just bugs.

Chip: [*crosstalk*] Whole time. It was bugs.

Jay: [*crosstalk*] And you... and you....

Gillion: Not just bugs. They were my nemesi.

Jay: [*crosstalk*] Can you do it again? Can you do it again?

Gillion: And now they are no more.

Jay: I mean like, I don't know if you can do that again, but—

Chip: [*crosstalk*] Okay but—

Gillion: *(scoffs)* Can I do it again? *(trailing off mid sentence)* My whole life has been trying to do it again.

(Grizzly and Condi laugh)

Gillion: Chip. Can I have another one of those potato crisps?

Bizly: I just quickly, like, reach out and hand them to him.

Gillion: *(biting noise)*

Chip: *(shocked)* Uh huh. Yeah.

Gillion: All fueled up. Here. Here is a little something back.

Charlie: And I wanna take his fucking, like—as he is trying to put this potato crisp in my mouth and his hands are all jittery I wanna guide his hand into my mouth with the potato chip and while I am touching him I do wanna use 5 points of Lay On Hands to cure his disease.

Bizly: Oh, sweet.

Grizzly: As you do that, the uh—

Gillion: Just like that.

Grizzly: The energy flows in from your hands, almost like you are getting a warm wet rag put into your skin. That's how it feels, Chip. It feels nice, it really does.

Bizly: That's uh... that sounds....

Grizzly: And uh, you notice that the tremor shake in your hands and arms that was seemingly to be getting worse slow and come and calm. And you no longer feel that churning in your stomach.

Bizly: Pull my hand back and...

Chip: *(incredulously)* Who the hell are you?

Gillion: I am Gillion Tidestrider, and I will save this village!

Charlie: (*laughing*) And I sprint off into the woods.

Jay: You know that's the wrong way, wait! Come on.

Grizzly: As you say that— (*laughs*) As you say that and feel a new sense of heroism, and Chip, you hold the two short swords and re-sheath them at your hips, and Jay, you re—by the way guys, the tree is still on fire, guys.

Charlie: (*laughs*)

Jay: Oh fuck!

Grizzly: Sorry! Jay! Jay! You walk over and you grab the arrow, realizing how much more precise you've been with your shots, and the fucking tree is on fire! Whoops! Forgot about it!

Bizly: What're you about to say, player? What're you about to say right now?

Grizzly: [*crosstalk*] Wh—the tree's on fire.

Charlie: [*crosstalk*] How on fire is this tree?

Condi: [*crosstalk*] Like how on fire is it?

Grizzly: [*crosstalk*] Like on fire.

Charlie: [*crosstalk*] Oh shit.

Grizzly: Like the trunk is on fire, it's starting to rise. Whoops!

Charlie: Oh shit.

Grizzly: Yeah, I thought I made that clear but no one, like—fuck, you guys are too cool I just forgot.

Jay: Gill, Gill! Oh god.

Charlie: I'm flicking drips of sweat at it! I don't want to burn my last spell slot!

(laughter)

[crackling fire sound effect plays in the background]

Charlie: Okay, fuck it. I don't—this could either go really well or really bad. I don't want to use my last spell slot, so I'm gonna use my racial spell. I cast Gust of Wind on it to try and blow out the flames.

Grizzly: You know exactly how oxygen and flame works yet you still made this decision to do this.

Charlie: Could I get it with fog instead?

Grizzly: *(laughs)* I'll tell you what—

Charlie: *[interrupting]* No, you know what? I said it, I said Gust of Wind. Just give me the repercussions.

Grizzly: *(laughs)*

Bizly: Here's what I—I—

Grizzly: *(still laughing)*

Charlie: Fuck. I'm trying to blow out the fire!

Bizly: I wanna be looking at Gill, like run over to this fire, and I'm gonna be like

Chip: Wow... He's really good.

Gillion: Aha yes! Now you see me as I am! Kapoosh.

Chip: He's—you know, maybe he is a hero.

Grizzly: *[crosstalk] (makes loud "fwsh"ing sound)* The fire flares—

Chip: *[crosstalk]* Maybe he is destined to be the chosen one—oh ho ho my god! That's a big fire!

Grizzly: —and starts to, like a bonfire, rises just a bit more up this tree. It has not yet spread to the leaves or the branches or other trees, but now that you have, uh, sped up the process it possibly will.

Bizly: *[crosstalk]* Hey we shouldn't be around while this thing burns, right?

Charlie: *[crosstalk]* Okay, fuck.

Grizzly: *[crosstalk]* You do still notice that there is moisture on the ground and mist that covers like a blanket on the floor.

Charlie: *(shouting)* I want to make it water! *(laughs)*

Grizzly: *(laughing)* Okay!

Condi: *(laughs)*

Charlie: I want to cast— I want to cast Shape Water! And I'm going to, uh. Can I just turn the mist into water?

Grizzly: Is there a roll for that? I mean, there's not, right? It's just Shape Water?

Charlie: *[crosstalk]* I mean, it's pretty abstract, so you could make there be one.

Grizzly: *[crosstalk]* Okay.

Charlie: Shape Water causes water to form into simple shapes, so it's up to you if you want to say, yknow, is this mist water, I don't know.

Grizzly: *[crosstalk]* No, no, no, I say you can do this for sure. It's basically just the same as pulling off the moisture from the rooftops in the town of Zero when you were running away. You guys can do that.

Charlie: *[crosstalk]* Okay, cool. Okay, I can—not a lot of it, but I can make like five foot cubes of it and move them very slowly towards....

Grizzly: Yep, okay, yeah you do that. It takes a bit of time and with the help, actually, of Julian who runs out from behind the tree. He goes—

Julian: Oh shit. Oh shit!

Grizzly: And he takes off his leather jacket and starts—

Gillion: [crosstalk] Here Julian, give me something to put this in.

Grizzly: [crosstalk] —he starts beating—or, yeah, okay.

Charlie: Yeah. Okay good, yeah. I wanna put the water in his jacket so he can throw it on it, that would be easier.

Grizzly: Bet. That's exactly what happens. You guys tackle this, and after about ten minutes—

Charlie: [crosstalk] (laughing) Ten minutes.

[fire crackling sound effect in background fades]

Grizzly: You extinguish this now very charred tree that was so close to engulfing part of the forest in flames. Alright, and as I was saying. You get your arrow back, Jay.

Condi: Awesome. (laughing) So great.

Grizzly: You guys, during this battle between these beetles, reflect on... Yeah, okay, fuck it. You guys level up.

(cheering)

[Midroll]

Condi: Hey guys, welcome to the midroll. My name's Condifiction, and today I am here to tell you all about some awesome exclusive content that you can get over at patreon.com/JustRollWithIt. That's right, exclusive content. Nobody else can see it, except for you, patron of Just Roll With It. I'm talking things like an exclusive patreon campaign where we play as superheroes. Or, what about character sheets? Those are cool. Or, how about high-definition downloads of all the art we have for the show,

including our thumbnails and character concepts. Yeah, sounds pretty spicy, right? But what if I told you that there's also music that you can download there, music we use exclusively in our show that I make myself because I'm fucking awesome. Don't talk to me. What's that, is that not enough for you? Huh, you want (*with echo effect*) more? Well have I got news for you. I got news for you, let me tell you what, there's also a little something called Just Rolled With It where we talk about the show after the show, about the show. We talk about the sh—we talk about the show during the—after the show—oh my god, it's a show about talking about the show after the show. It's a little crazy and we talk about our theories! We talk about what we're thinking! We talk about the parts we liked! We talk about the parts we didn't like! (*gasps*) Spicy. Oh, what, that's not enough, you want more? Hey, what about this cool new series called Just Rolled What If? Where we play out scenarios where maybe our character made a different decision. What if we just left the fucking island? What if we didn't help these people, what would happen then? Probably nothing crazy, but y'know, you never know. That's the kind of shit we're going into. There's more, there's better examples, but we haven't hit that episode yet so I guess you're just gonna have to roll—you're gonna have to (*with echo effect*) roll with it! Roll with it or—just roll with it! Do it, roll with it! Okay, goodbye.

[*Midroll end*]

Charlie: Let's fucking go.

Grizzly: The tree, I had such a cool moment planned and then I forgot I made the tree on fire, whoops!

Condi: (*laughs*)

Bizly: I'd like to make an observation. I'd like to perceive right now. Specifically—

Grizzly: [*interrupting*] For what?

Bizly: Specifically Julian. Now, Julian strikes me as a bit of a, bit of like a funny guy. He's got the leather.

Condi: (*in a nasally mobster impression*) He's a funny guy, eh.

Grizzly: Yeah.

Bizly: He's got the get-up, the pompadour, all that. I assume he carries a coin purse.

Charlie: (*scoffs*) (*very quietly*) Oh jeez, you're just gonna fucking rob him.

Bizly: Well, no, I'm not going to that. I am wondering if this coin purse has a chain on it.

Grizzly: Perception check.

Bizly: [*crosstalk*] You know how greasers have, like—

Grizzly: [*crosstalk*] (*shouting*) Perception check!

Bizly: —the wallet with the chain, the chain wallet?

Charlie: I love—you just look at this guy in a leather jacket and you're like, "Yeah, you definitely have a wallet. It's definitely got a chain on it."

Bizly: 6.

Charlie: "Give. Give it over here."

Bizly: No, I'm just—no, I mean I'm basically looking to see if I would notice that he has a chain and I have a 6.

Charlie: [*crosstalk*] (*gasps dramatically*) Oh my god. I just realized something I can fucking do, okay, do this, do this, do this.

Bizly: I just look to see if he had a chain. I got a 6.

Grizzly: You're eyeballing—you notice that despite his short stature, his—I mean, his rear end is nice and plump which you weren't expecting.

Bizly: Okay.

(*Charlie and Condi laugh*)

Grizzly: But you look up a little bit after that brief distraction—

Condi: [*crosstalk*] (*laughing*) Why?

Grizzly: —and as he is taking off this jacket and he's wearing this white undershirt, he's got a chain around the neck.

Bizly: Is it a long chain? Is it a really big chain?

Grizzly: It's a pretty long chain. Hangs pretty low, I'd say.

Bizly: To the flo'?

Grizzly: No.

Bizly: Aww, okay.

Grizzly: Not to the flo'. Not wobbling, but it's pretty low. Pretty nice chain.

Bizly: Alright, I'm just chain checking, I'm just chain checking, don't worry about me.

Grizzly: Alright, yeah. He's dripped up, dude. He's very cool. Yeah.

Charlie: [crosstalk] Wait, I actually—

Grizzly: You can see sticking out of the back pocket of that nice, bubbly—I'm just kidding. Is the coat. I mean, not the coat, the comb, sorry. The comb switch knife you saw.

Charlie: (*mockingly*) Yeah, with a perception check of 6 you notice his fat ass.

(*laughter*)

Bizly: That is what just happened.

Grizzly: Man, I love DMing.

Gillion: Chip, are you... that's a fat ass, is it not?

Jay: So you noticed too?

Chip: Wh—I don't know, I wasn't looking. W-were you? I wasn't—

Gillion: I wasn't looking. I just noticed.

Jay: Yeah, me too.

Chip: ...Yeah, that is pretty fat. That's a fat ass.

Jay: It's fat.

Gillion: It is. I'm glad we can all appreciate that—a plump rump—on this team.

Julian: It's all that walking here

Chip: Oh, uh, hey, hey Julian! That's a nice chain you got there Julian. I like the chain.

Julian: [crosstalk] Yeah, it was a gift.

Chip: Oh, so it has sentimental value?

Grizzly: He leans in a bit. The mayor has still not—is just kind of waiting off a little bit away and he goes.

Julian: Yeah, alright. Abby made it for me.

Chip: How much?

(Condi, Grizzly, and Bizly laugh)

Condi: Yeah?

Charlie: Bruh.

Julian: You wanna buy my chain?

Chip: D'ahh, I'm just messin' with ya, I'm just messin' with ya. *(quietly)* How much?

Julian: [*crosstalk*] Fifty gold. Hehehe, just messin' with ya. Hehehehe, You don't look like you have fifty gold anyway.

Chip: (*indignant*) What? I got—I have fifty gold!

Gillion: We had much—

Chip: (*interrupting*) No! It's—the fifty gold is on my ship! I've got thousands!

Grizzly: (*laughing*) Deception check.

Bizly: That's true! But that's true, I didn't lie! But I didn't lie though! Fifty—

Grizzly: [*interrupting*] Persuasion check. Your ship is in the bottom of the ocean, man!

Bizly: Okay, but the gold is with it! The gold is there!

Charlie: [*crosstalk*] (*laughing*) It's—how's it not—?! You just said we've got a lot of money on the ship—I guess it's not a lie?

Condi: [*crosstalk*] It's on the ship, the ship is just underwater.

Bizly: [*crosstalk*] That's what I'm saying!

Grizzly: [*crosstalk*] If you're presenting it like that, go ahead—

Charlie: Gillion's eyes fucking widen.

Gillion: Yes, we do.

(*Bizly and Condi laugh*)

Grizzly: His eyes widen and look at you as well.

Julian: Hehehehe, alright. Persuasion check, motherfucker.

Bizly: [*crosstalk*] Persuasion? Uh, that's an 8.

Condi: He says that in character?

Julian: Yeah. Check me out, player, look. I haven't seen this "ship" of yours and, y'know, pretty lady with the nice eyes talked about it as well. But, this is a pretty special chain so how 'bout you just help me get, y'know, what I need. Let's get some answers, and then if everything goes hunky-dory, I'll think about it.

Chip: Okay.

Julian: Especially if you get, y'know, the one who made it back.

Chip: Sure, yeah.

Gillion: What—Chip, what do you need a chain for?

Chip: I need drip, Gill.

Condi: *(laughs)*

Gillion: Then I could hook you up with... "the ice".

Charlie: And I wanna use shape water and I wanna create like rings of ice that all link together and is essentially an ice chain. As I hook him up with *(in Gillion's voice)* the ice.

Bizly: Wait, for real?

Charlie: Yep.

Bizly: Does this melt?

Charlie: It's ice, so yeah! But—

Grizzly: *(interrupting)* It's magic ice.

Bizly: Like but could I keep it? Could I keep this?

Charlie: I mean... DM?

Bizly: *[crosstalk]* DM? DM, could I—could I keep the magic ice?

Charlie: [*crosstalk*] Probably not, it's ice.

Bizly: It's magic ice, say it doesn't melt, I want to attach my swords to it and attach it to my belt.

Charlie: If you say it doesn't melt, you're giving me a lot of fuckin power, dude.

Condi: That's a lot of power.

Bizly: Just this once, say it doesn't melt.

Condi: You usually roll a D4 for how long, in hours, it takes.

Bizly: Damn it. Okay, fine.

Charlie: I mean, I can just keep doing it for now.

Grizzly: The water unfreezes in one hour. That's what the spell says, the water unfreezes in one hour.

Bizly: [*crosstalk*] One hour?

Grizzly: Yep.

Bizly: Okay, fine. Alright, so I just wanna—

Charlie [*crosstalk*] (*magical sound effect*)

Bizly: —I just wanna put it around my neck—

Grizzly: [*crosstalk*] Maybe when he's a bit more powerful.

Bizly: I wanna put it around my neck, I wanna say—

Chip: Gill could you maybe like a... like a watch too? Maybe some rings?

Grizzly: (*laughs*)

Gillion: Here, yeah, I got you.

Jay: What are you d—we have stuff we need to do.

Charlie: I don't know what a watch is. I can hook him up with little rings. I make little fucking.... What are those mints called? The, like, mint?

Bizly: (*laughing*) Wait.

Charlie: Dude, what are those white mints they give you in school? Lifesavers! Yes!

Gillion: I give you the cool mint.

Charlie: Wachow! Yeah, I give you little fucking ice rings. I mean it seems like they'd suck to wear, but go for it. Yeah, you get little ice rings and I, uh.

Gillion: I don't... What's a watch?

Chip: It's like a—it's like a little clock. It ticks, it's got the time.

Mayor: Ah, it's like this!

Grizzly: And the mayor pulls out a pocket watch. Silver with little, like, red trimming

Chip: Yeah, kind of like that!

Grizzly: He clicks it open and then—

Mayor: Like this, but on your wrist! Hrm hrm hrm.

Charlie: Okay. I make a slightly more complicated ring with a little lump on it. 'Cause it's ice.

Chip: Eh, it's....

Mayor: [*crosstalk*] The time is, uh. The time is ticking.

Chip: It's close enough.

Grizzly: He closes it.

Gillion: How's that?

Chip: *[crosstalk]* What were we doing again?

Mayor: Shall we get a move on again? I do appreciate the protection from... nature.

Chip: Oh! Creepy guy, forest, money. Yeah! Let's go, sure.

Gillion: *[crosstalk]* Creepy guy.

Grizzly: Alright.

Jay: Mhm. Yeah, you finally remember.

Charlie: *[crosstalk]* Uh, I wanna try and make some conversation with Jay and Chip while we're walking there.

Bizly: *[crosstalk]* Sure sure sure sure.

Condi: *[crosstalk]* Okay, hit me with it.

Grizzly: Sure, yeah. Uh, actually, one more.

Bizly: *[crosstalk]* I'm walking.

Grizzly: Jay—

Condi: *[interrupting]* Fuck me.

Grizzly: —roll a perception check while you guys walk away, just roll a perception check for me.

Condi: Okay. Don't know if it matters, 18 passive perception. I don't know if, like—

Grizzly: Oh my, yeah yeah yeah. Right, yes, of course. You took the observant feat, right?

Condi: Okay. Yeah I did, yeah.

Grizzly: Then you automatically notice as you're walking away one of the beetles that lay slain on the ground from Chip's wild swinging—the little beady black eyes flash green as you guys walk away. But just—that's it.

Bizly: I don't notice it, I'm pimp-walking.

Condi: Okay...

Grizzly: Yeah, you pimp-walkin', bro.

Charlie: You got the frost.

Grizzly: Might as well call you Jack, you know what I'm saying

Charlie: In an hour it will be the drip.

(laughter)

Grizzly: True!

Gillion: Chip, Jay, I wish to enquire your feelings about Mayor Rollin Loffin.

Chip: Oh, that guy?

Jay: *[crosstalk]* Lot of creatures with green eyes—wait, what was that about Rollin Loffin?

Gillion: What was that about a creature with green?

Jay: Oh yeah. I just... One of those bugs had green eyes.

Chip: Green eye—

Gillion: You mentioned a similar phenomenon before.

Jay: *[crosstalk]* Uh huh, yeah.

Chip: [crosstalk] Yeah yeah yeah! The wolf! The wolf with, um—it was in the—

Jay: No, I didn't... There was a wolf with green eyes?

Chip: Yeah, remember? When we were coming in. It was the wolf and then the—

Jay: You surely did not tell me about a fucking wolf. I saw something in a bush with green eyes.

Chip: No, no no. When we were coming in, remember? It was the—when we were walking into the forest, remember? We saw that guy, we thought he was gonna kill us, ah!

Jay: Well yeah, but—

Charlie: Grizz, I wanna—Gill closes his eyes for a second. I wanna use Divine Sense, kind of send out this invisible pulse and see if there is anything within 60 feet that is celestial, fiend, or undead. I assume not, I didn't really read—oh wait, yeah, Detect Good and Evil. Okay, yeah, sure. Anything affected by the Hallow spell or know the location of any celestial, fiend, or undead. In case this thing happens to be a fiend. Or an angel.

Gillion: Sonar, go (*makes repeated bop-bop-bop sounds*).

Grizzly: (*laughs*) Sonar.

Condi: Are you just making bop-bop-bop-bop sounds?

Grizzly: You first—

Charlie: [*interrupting*] I need to actually use echolocation in canon, bop-bop-bop-bop-bop.

Grizzly: First thing. As a part of detecting good and evil, there is a slight, very faint sense of... "malevolence." Is that—is that right?

Condi and Charlie: Malevolence?

Grizzly: Malevolence! Coming from in front of you.

Charlie: *(quietly)* Oh shit.

Grizzly: On the mayor's person. There is also deeper, about 60 feet, which is the cap, the range, of your spell.

Charlie: *[crosstalk]* Yep, that is the range.

Grizzly: You get the sense there is coming a location, possibly the mist on the floor, that carries remnants—or could be touched, you're not quite sure yet because of the distance, by the Hallow spell.

Charlie: Oh shit.

Gillion: Jay, Chip, I... After you said that thing about the green eyes, I tried to detect any good or evil to find the presence and... I'm detecting something malicious from the mayor.

Jay: What?

Chip: Wait, that's what you were doing? I just thought you had to use the bathroom.

Jay: *[crosstalk]* He did say bop-bop-bop-bop-bop a lot.

Gillion: *[crosstalk]* No, when I have to use the bathroom it's a completely different sound.

Jay: What does that sound like, can you give us an example?

Gillion: *(clears his throat)*

Chip: No no no no, wait, wait, wait. I don't want an example—not yet, save that, save that.

Gillion: *(makes a sound similar to a turkey)*

Chip: Save that, save that, save that!

Gillion: *(makes another turkey sound)*

Condi: *(laughs)*

Bizly: I put my hand over his mouth.

Gillion: That is when I shit. Want to hear when I piss?

Chip: ...Cool, very good.

Charlie: *(laughs)*

Chip: Off the mayor, you said?

Gillion: Off the mayor, indeed.

Jay: *(laughing)* That's fucked up, okay.

Gillion: There is something wrong, we must stop this at once.

Chip: No, no, no, no, no, no.

Jay: The mayor....

Chip: Hang on.

Gillion: We can not allow evil to maintain in our midst.

Chip: We're not—listen, listen. Gill, we're not gonna allow evil to maintain in our midst, but—we know. That he knows. That we don't know. But we actually know. And he thinks we don't know but we do know. That he's bad. And we can use that.

Jay: Wait, wait, wait, wait.

Gillion: That doesn't make any sense.

Jay: Is it coming off of a certain part of his body? What—? Or is it just like him in general?

Gillion: *(makes bopping sounds)*

Chip: What? I don't know—why would it be coming off....

Charlie: Is it coming off a certain part of his body?!

Condi: *[crosstalk]* Like, is there something—

Charlie: *[crosstalk]* I use it again to try and hone in, where's it coming off?

Condi: Hone in, hmm.

Charlie: Where's it coming off? Is it coming off his fat ass? Where is it coming from?

Condi: *[crosstalk]* Oh my god, it's that fat ass, it's so... malevolent.

Charlie: Is it on his person or is it him? I'm using it again, I wanna know.

Grizzly: Again, at the moment it's such a faint sparkle of this sense. You recognize from detecting good and evil before that it is more leaning more towards that evil energy, but it's such—so small, and it's coming from the center. Just the center.

Gillion: It's coming... It's coming from him. I worry—

Chip: *[crosstalk]* So, how does this work?

Gillion: —that he could be leading us into a trap.

Chip: Well, what if we lead him into a trap and we make his trap our trap and he doesn't know that it's a trap and he thinks it's his—

Jay: *[crosstalk]* How are we gonna turn his trap into our trap, though?

Chip: *(hums)*

Jay: Like, I mean if he's leading us to another person, that's like an ambush.

Chip: [crosstalk] (snaps) I've got a plan. I've got a plan.

Gillion: Okay, what's your plan? I'll let you take the lead.

Chip: Yeah! May—okay so here's my plan. Maybe we can use Julian to lure him away.

Gillion: This is a great idea.

Jay: [crosstalk] (laughs) Yeah, great idea, yeah.

Chip: Yeah, just had it. And if we can put them against each other, we can take some time away, go all sneaky-like, BAM!

Gillion: I detect that something is up ahead as well. Maybe if we could get him away, we could go investigate before he is there.

Chip: That's perfect.

Jay: [crosstalk] Well how would we...

Chip: [crosstalk] If you guys can keep him busy—hold on. I'm in with Julian. If I just get Julian to say something mean to the mayor, maybe they'll fight. You guys keep 'em busy, I'll sneak up ahead, we'll figure it out.

Jay: Okay but you have to be careful, okay, we don't know what's up there.

Chip: Aw, c'mon Jay! Get off my ass! We're fine.

Jay: [crosstalk] Okay!

Grizzly: [crosstalk] I would like... if everybody now can make a Wisdom saving throw as you're walking through the forest with this conversation.

Charlie: [crosstalk] D'Aw shit! We just made a fucking plan! Fuck!

Bizly: Aww, aww goddamn it. I got a -1 in Wisdom.

Condi: 14.

Charlie: I got an 8!

Bizly: Oh my god, 3.

Grizzly: Jesus guys. Why do you always fail the important ones?

Bizly: *[crosstalk]* Dude I have a -1!

Grizzly: *[crosstalk]* Why do you guys always—

Charlie: *[crosstalk]* I have a +3! I have no excuse, I have no excuse!

Condi: *[crosstalk]* Please tell me 14 isn't the fail. We're all low Wisdom. Oh wait, you have high Wisdom? Okay, well, that sucks.

Charlie: I've got +1 man, I don't have any excuse!

Condi: Please tell me a 14 passes, man. I just want to live.

Grizzly: I'm not telling you anything other than what happens as you guys are walking and having this conversation. You notice as you guys get deeper following the mayor who hasn't taken any kind of attention towards this conversation, I assume it's been hushed for the most part?

Bizly: Yeah, we probably stayed back a little ways.

Condi: *[crosstalk]* Mhm. Yeah, with Gillion.

Grizzly: Julian as well has been, in that case, walking in front of you as well, if you're staying much further back. Still a ways from the mayor because he doesn't want to be next to him and as you guys are walking and discussing this potential plan, you notice that the mist on the floor begins to rise. Begins to get thicker, as if now there's fog encompassing the surrounding area and bleeding from the trees, it seems. And it gets to a point where it's almost like steam. And you guys notice this as you're walking, it starts to get cloudy, and if you're not directly in front of each other, it's getting thick

enough to the point where you are going to lose sight of one another. And you have already lost sight of the mayor. And now—

Charlie: *[interrupting]* Have we lost sight of Julian yet?

Grizzly: You see just the bare little bits of his white, which is now blending in with this fog, this very thick, dense fog, of that shirt and the black boots as he's walking in front.

Charlie: Okay, Okay. I think I call out for him then, I think I say,

Gillion: Wait, Julian, stop!

Julian: Heh? What?

Chip: *[crosstalk]* Hang on.

Gillion: *[crosstalk]* The fog's getting thicker, we should stay close.

Chip: Guys, I can't see! Buddy system, someone hold me!

Jay: *[crosstalk]* No, it's okay—yeah, grab my—hold, hold my hand.

Grizzly: Yeah, yeah, yeah

Chip: Is this your hand? Whose hand is this?

Jay: *[crosstalk]* Yeah, that's mine.

Gillion: *[crosstalk]* That's my hand.

Jay: Oh, it's Gill's.

Grizzly: Chip, with a negative one, you cannot see shit right now. Your eyesight's awful, you need glasses.

Chip: Guys. Guys—

Bizly: I'm like grabbing whoever's holding my hand, I'm grabbing them and pulling their face to my face.

(Grizzly and Condi laugh)

Chip: [*crosstalk*] I see you. You see me?

Gillion: [*crosstalk*] Here, have this, it will calm you down.

Charlie: I'm gonna put chips in his mouth.

Gillion: Just like this. You like this.

Chip: (*chewing*) You see—mm—gh. Where are you?

Jay: [*crosstalk*] Guys....

Gillion: [*crosstalk*] We can see you.

Bizly: I wanna pull their heads right up next to my head, like.

Condi: I get in close.

Chip: Hey, hey, you see me?

Jay: Hey, hey.

Chip: Hey.

Jay: Yeah, hi. It's okay.

Grizzly: Julian is right up on your chest now.

Julian: Wh-what... (*nervous laughter*) what's going on? Heh heh heh.

Jay: Something is definitely amiss here, I don't—we need to stay really close.

Chip: [*crosstalk*] Oh god, oh god. The trap that we turned into the trap for him actually turned into the trap for us, and now it's a trap, we're trapped!

Julian: What the fuck are you talking about, man? Slow down!

Chip: [crosstalk] We're trapped, we're trapped, we're trapped, we're trapped.
Ahh, the mayor trapped us! The mayor trapped us!

Gillion: We got our reverse card reverse carded. I—wait, who's being trapped, did we trap him?

Julian: [crosstalk] There's a trap?! Son of a bitch, I knew it.

Chip: [crosstalk] No, we trapped him trapping us!

Jay: Uh, we uh—

Chip: [interrupting] Julian, it's time. Julian, it's time!

Julian: For what? What?

Grizzly: He pulls out his comb, starts frantically brushing the pompadour.

Condi: (laughs)

Chip: Uh. I don't know! Uh. I don't have a plan! I don't have a plan.

Charlie: [crosstalk] Do I have anything that could help with this?

Chip: I have a plan!

Gillion: [crosstalk] Alright.

Jay: [crosstalk] Okay, let's hear it.

Chip: Run!

(Charlie and Grizzly laugh)

Jay: No, no, don't do that! No, no, no, we need to stay close!

Gillion: [crosstalk] That is an absolutely terrible idea!

Chip: Okay, what do you have in mind?!

Jay: We stay close and we keep going.... I don't know, where do you—

Gillion: *[interrupting]* Well, I could use my Gust of Wind—

Charlie: —and a little fart comes out because I used it to spread a forest fire.

[fart sound effect]

Condi: *(laughs)*

Chip: Gill, did you just fart?

Gillion: No.

Jay: Okay, listen, listen, listen.

Grizzly: *[interrupting]* Is it an actual Gust of Wind that you use?

Chip: Sounds like you farted.

Charlie: No, I had one earlier but I used it up on spreading a forest fire on accident, so it's just a fart sound.

Chip: Smells like you farted too.

Jay: Listen.

Gillion: Why does my magic smell like farts? Listen, let's all just stick together, move up—Mayor Loffinlot, are you out there? We're... scared!

Jay: So scared, terrified even.

Grizzly: No response.

Jay: Listen, I think, I think—

Gillion: *[interrupting]* I was being pretty genuine, I'm actually pretty spooked right now, Jay.

Chip: *[crosstalk]* Oh, I saw this coming!

Jay: No listen, okay? It's okay, right? Everybody just stay close together, we can't lose each other in this fog.

Chip: Okay!

Bizly: I pull them even closer, I'm like smooshing our faces.

Jay: Okay, awesome.

Gillion: I don't even know what we are supposed to be fighting.

Jay: Nothing, I don't think. I don't know. I hope we're not fighting anything.

Gillion: Jay, how do I kill fog?

Chip: How do you kill a—?

Jay: You don't kill fog, I don't know how to kill fog! It's not a living thing, it's water in the air.

Chip: *[crosstalk]* Gill, can you smite it?

Gillion: ...It's water in the air!

Charlie: I'm gonna try something fucking crazy! Can I use Shape Water to move the air out of the way in front of us, like the fog out of the way in little chunks so that we can see better?

Grizzly: They're five foot cubes, right?

Charlie: *[crosstalk]* They're five foot cubes.

Grizzly: So about as big as a chest, in a sense?

Charlie: Yeah? Yeah, yeah.

Grizzly: Yeah, you can do that.

Charlie: Okay, cool. I'm gonna start moving my arms kind of back and forth and kind of sweeping this fog out of the way in front of us.

Gillion: That's good thinking, Jay.

Grizzly: Yeah.

Jay: I didn't... I... Okay, yeah. Oh, this is good! I feel like we should keep following the... whatever you sensed earlier, right? I mean—

Chip *[interrupting]* No! That's what he wants us to do, he wants us to fall into his trap after we've fallen into that trap and know that it's a trap, but no, he thinks it's a different trap, and he knows that we set a trap for his trap, and we're gonna trap him.

Jay *[crosstalk]*: No, no, that doesn't mean—

Gillion: *[crosstalk, interrupting]* Chip, I'm taking the potatoes away from you now.

Chip: *[crosstalk]* Don't take them!

Jay: *[crosstalk]* I'm taking the talking stick.

Gillion: *[crosstalk]* You've had too many.

Chip: *[Bizly motions eating chips]* They're keeping me sane.

Gillion: *[crosstalk]* Where do they even come from?

Jay: *[crosstalk]* I—I gave you a forty-five gram bag, that wasn't a very big bag, how are you still eating those?

Gillion: Chip, listen, we have to press forward.

Chip: *[interrupting] (whispering)* Baby bites.

Gillion: Didn't you want the cash, the gold?

Chip: Gold?

Jay: Listen.

Chip: Oh yeah, oh yeah! But no, the gold was a trap, it was a lie!

Gillion: Oh. Oh no.

Jay: *[crosstalk]* Mhm. That could be a lie.

Julian: Hey. Hey, hey, hey, listen. Now I don't trust him as much as anyone else here, obviously, but. Let's say we have to kick the mayor's ass anyways, then all the gold that he has is ours anyway, y'know? We could just take it.

Chip: You're not gonna kick his ass! You couldn't even kick the bugs!

Jay: That's true, um.

Julian: *[crosstalk]* What?

Chip: You hid behind a tree.

Julian: *[crosstalk]* No I was just. I had a, uh, I had a thing. And another thing. You see, the way that my—

Chip: *[crosstalk]* Yes! Scaredy-pants, you're wearing 'em right now!

Julian: Nah. The way that my bones work, man, I got a medical condition.

Charlie: I'm insight checking him. I wanna insight check him. Gillion is insight checking this guy.

Grizzly: For—to see if he's what? Go ahead, roll, it's fine.

Bizly: [*crosstalk*] Scaredy of bugs.

Charlie: I got an 8, I got an 8.

Grizzly: Okay.

Gillion: I'm so sorry about your bones.

Julian: Yeah, my bones are like a certain way. Shaped a certain way, y'know—

Chip: [*crosstalk*] (*shushing*)

Julian: —not supposed to be this tall as a gnome.

Gillion: [*crosstalk*] You've got hollow bones, like Apple, like a bird.

Jay: [*crosstalk*] I just don't believe you, I mean like, this is stupid. That's nonsense.

Bizly: I put my fingers against his lips while he's explaining it.

Chip: (*shushing*)

Julian: Well, I don't— (*stammering*)

Chip: [*interrupting*] (*shushing*)

Gillion: [*crosstalk*] I have a cousin who had special bones.

Julian: (*muffled noises*)

Chip: The forest. It's speaking.

Jay: What?

Chip: Oh god, it's—

Charlie: DM, is the forest speaking?

Grizzly: *[crosstalk]* It is not speaking.

Charlie: *(laughs)*

Chip: It's taking me. Oh god. It's taking me. I'm going. This is how I go.

Grizzly: *[crosstalk]* No, you guys are just watching as—

Jay: *[crosstalk]* Well Gill, Chip is going insane.

Chip: This is how I go!

Jay: Chip! Oh my god, Chip.

Gillion: Okay.

Bizly: I just, I lay, I lay down on the ground

Jay: Listen, we can use this! We can use this.

Chip: Oh god!

Charlie: I want to try and make some kind of check to figure out what's the right direction to go.

Condi: I want to make a check to check if this fog is magical.

Charlie: Okay.

Grizzly: Go ahead and—okay, Jay, make an Arcana check and Survival check for you, Gillion.

Bizly: *[crosstalk]* I wanna make a check to see if I'm dying.

Condi: 19 on Arcana.

Charlie: I got a 16 on Survival unless something happened.

Grizzly: Cool. And Chip, you're not dying, bro, I don't— Medicine check on yourself.

Bizly: 1.

(laughter)

Condi: *(laughing)* Are you kidding me?

(laughter)

Charlie: Holy shit! Holy shit.

Condi: Is this fucking real life, man?

Charlie: Dude, this is the most cracked session, what the fuck?

Grizzly: *(laughing)* Bro....

Condi: What the fuck, dude.

Grizzly: Okay, go ahead and uh, Chip. *(occasionally laughing)* As you are checking yourself, medicine checking your—

Bizly: *(laughing)* Just, feeling my chest.

Condi: You check for a pulse but you don't feel anything.

Chip: Guys. I think I'm dead.

Grizzly: *[crosstalk]* Roll a Constitution saving throw.

Condi: *(laughing)* Oh my god.

Bizly: What?

Grizzly: Yes.

Charlie: Bro, imagine making a medicine check so fucking bad you die, you piece of—

Bizly: *[crosstalk]* 5.

Condi: *[crosstalk]* You have a heart attack and die.

(laughter)

Grizzly: *(laughing)* Holy shit, holy shit. Dude. Let me pull out the DM's guide real quick.

Bizly: *[crosstalk]* *(laughs)*

Grizzly: Editor, please. Editor? *(claps)*

Bizly: *(high pitched, laughing)* I don't think there's anything in the guide for this.

Grizzly: I have found what I was looking for on the DM's guide.

Condi: Mhm, yes.

Grizzly: This will be so funny.

Charlie: Oh god.

Grizzly: As you are inspecting yourself, you notice as you are rubbing or moving your hands along your skin, you feel an indentation on your face under your eye, around your cheek.

Chip: Oh no.

Grizzly: A deep scar that was not there. Possibly given to you during the old bald men fight. This realization that your mug has been flawed—

Bizly: Flawed. Oh... no.

Condi: *[crosstalk]* Defiled.

Grizzly: This sends you into shock

Bizly: I'm just on the ground with my hand up.

Chip: Oh god, no. No, oh my face, it's gone. I'm dying. I'm dying. I'm dead! I'm already—I can't even feel my pulse. Gill, come here.

Grizzly: For—

Gillion: Jay, is this a people moment?

Jay: No, no, this is not normal. He is having...

Chip: (*breathy and quiet*) Gill. Gill, come to me.

Gillion: [*crosstalk*] Chip, it's okay. It's just like the mud.

Chip: [*crosstalk*] Come to me. Come to me. Hold me. Hold me.

Gillion: Okay, okay.

Chip: [*crosstalk*] I'm gonna die.

Charlie: (*high pitched*) I'm holding him, I'm holding him, I'm holding him!

Bizly: I just want to, like, hold us there.

Jay: Oh my god.

Gillion: You can't give in here, Chip. Your adventure is not yet over, your destiny has not yet been met.

Chip: [*crosstalk*] You'll remember me, right? When I go?

Gillion: Always.

Condi: If Gill isn't actively moving the fog, does it re-encroach upon us? I need to know.

Grizzly: Basically you guys have just been watching him kneed, that's what it looks like, it looks like he's kneading, like dough, this thick fog. But with your survival check, Gillion, you get the sense you're still going in the same direction that you were following the mayor.

Charlie: Okay.

Grizzly: And the Arcana check, Jay, this fog does seem magically at least... it seems to be— it has magical qualities to it, definitely. The source is most likely not natural.

Charlie: I'm gonna pick up this fucking bitch and keep pressing forward.

Grizzly: *[crosstalk]* Yeah. That works.

Bizly: *[crosstalk]* I wanna—I wanna—

Jay: *[crosstalk]* Listen—

Charlie: He's in my— I wanna princess carry him.

Gillion: We're going to make it, Chip.

Bizly: First— I just want to say—

Chip: Remember me. Remember me... *(makes dying noise)*.

Gillion: No!

Jay: *[crosstalk]* Can we burn him at sea like the Big Chipper? Can we just—
can we just...

Bizly: I lay there, limp.

Gillion: We will have to give him a beautiful funeral.

Bizly: I lay there *(unintelligible)*.

Gillion: We'll have to give him a flushie.

Jay: It's a shame, yknow, he had a lot of potential, I think. I mean....
Anyway, this—

Gillion: Let's just keep moving.

Jay: Let's keep moving, but I think that this fog is magical, I think....

Bizly: I scratch my head a little bit. Put my arm back down.

Gillion: Chip, you're dead. Chill.

Jay: Chip, just be dead for a bit, please.

Charlie: I'm gonna, while princess-carrying him with my hands under him (*vocalizes*) keep kind of kneading the dough while I'm carrying this guy.

Jay: I feel like we could, maybe... I don't think they know we know. Y'know?

Gillion: [*crosstalk*] I think—

Jay: I still think that maybe we can turn it around on them whenever we come into an encounter.

Gillion: You are going to need to sell that, because I can not, and if there is evil, I must be the one to slay it, Jay.

Jay: (*hums*) I don't have a plan. I lied to you. Let's just keep moving.

Gillion: [*crosstalk*] Well then, we'll keep moving until we find the darkness and strike it in its heart. For Chip! Isn't that right, Chip?

[*chewing sound effect*]

Bizly: I'm just eating a chip.

Jay: Where does he get those?

Gillion: (*inhales deeply*)

Jay: ...My god.

Grizzly: You guys press on—

Charlie: [*interrupting*] Yes.

Grizzly: —through this thick mist turned fog, and it comes to a clearing. Eventually, you knead one final time, Gillion, as you go to grab and shape the water of the mist, and when you do it creates a gap. And what you come to is unrecognizable. Much different from the forest from which you came.

Jay: Gillion, before we move on, if it comes down to it, I think we can try to use that fog as cover if you, like, move it around in this opening.

Gillion: It is a smart idea, I will let you and Ch... *[Charlie looks down to his lap]*. I will let you take the first advance and—

Jay: Oh my god, Chip.

Condi: I slap Chip.

Charlie: *(laughs)*

Condi: I slap Chip really hard.

Jay: Snap out of it! Idiot.

Chip: *[Bizly slaps his own face]* Ow.

Jay: Get up!

Grizzly: You press through the—?

Charlie: Yeah, I do wanna say though,

Gillion: You will have your first opportunity, but after that if— if— if he is truly what I sense then we must strike him down.

Jay: Of course. I'm not gonna argue here.

Charlie: *[crosstalk]* I drop Chip.

Jay: *[crosstalk]* I mean, if we have to?

Chip: *[makes sound of hitting the ground]*

Condi: *(laughs)*

Chip: *(groans)* Ow, man, c'mon.

Bizly: *[crosstalk]* I get up. Dust myself.

Gillion: *[crosstalk]* If evil truly corrupts his heart, then maybe killing him is the best way we could spare him.

Chip: Gill, have... have you killed someone before? You gotta think about this, man. That's not... just something you can do.

Gillion: Sure it is.

Chip: Taking a life means a lot more than just stopping an evil.

Gillion: *[crosstalk]* Circle of life.

Chip: You're snuffing out not just the evil but the good parts of a person too. That's—

Gillion: Some people can not be redeemed, Chip.

Jay: I mean, I—

Chip: Maybe not redeemed, but there's always a good part.

Julian: Is this really the time? We gotta go into the—

Jay: *[crosstalk]* Well I mean, I— this kind of feels like the—

Julian: *[crosstalk]* We just gonna stand here and talk life lessons and morals and shit? I mean, like, c'mon, like....

Chip: *[crosstalk]* Oh, right, yeah. Okay, I'm....

Julian: *[crosstalk]* It's cold! It's getting cold in the fog, man. We're like, we're right there!

Jay: *[crosstalk]* C'mon.

Chip: It's cold for you? I'm wearing ice!

Julian: My jacket was full of water, damnit.

Jay: Oh my god, oh god, that doesn't look good. Oh, your skin is like dying under the ice.

Julian: *[crosstalk]* Yeah, I'm gonna get... fucking hypothermia.

Chip: *[crosstalk]* Yeah, but I look hot!

Gillion: *[crosstalk]* Okay, I'm in motion. I'm going, I'm going! I'm gonna defeat the evil, I'm Gillion Tidestrider, wah!

(laughter)

Charlie: *[crosstalk]* I run! I go forward. I'm going forward.

Bizly: Yeah, I pull out my two swords and I follow behind him.

Jay: He's going, okay!

Condi: Um.

Grizzly: You guys—go ahead.

Condi: I just wanna have my bow cocked and ready to shoot somebody.

Gillion: *[crosstalk]* I won't let evil sit in my midst!

Grizzly: Alright. With a battle cry, you guys—I almost wanna say fump for some reason, but no, you barrel through this final bit of the fog here in this opening that Gillion created with shape water. And as you do, you guys are running and you keep running, and you're yelling with your weapons out and you're going, you're going, and then you realize that the area around you is not... forest.

Condi: Uh oh.

Grizzly: Where you are now... it's not even hostile. It's calm, serene. Like being in a garden. What was before a vast conglomeration of thick trees, shrubbery, and that muddy ground with mist, it is now a completely open field of rolling hills enveloped in bright, green grass that's swaying fluidly together with beautiful flowers due to a soft breeze. This view spans for miles, and as you guys run and slowly come to a stop together, realizing your current environment, it doesn't fit the previous scenery at all, but everything you touch is very real. In the distance, you see a small, square structure perked up on top of one of these hills. A home made of white brick, covered in luscious vines that lead to its red shingled roof. The walls of this building are only wide enough to fit a singular wooden door.

Gillion: Is that what a hut is?

Jay: I think so.

Julian: How the fuck did we get here?

Jay: This isn't the forest anymore, surely.

Chip: Hey, the gold's fake, so we can just turn around and go home, right?

Jay: No.

Julian: Why would you do that? We're right here.

Chip: *[crosstalk]* Ah, worth a shot. Worth a shot.

Gillion: We've got a curse to fix, Chip.

Condi: I turn around and see the fog.

Jay: I don't think we have much of a choice right now.

Chip: Alright.

Grizzly: *[crosstalk]* Turning around, the fog is not visible as it was before.

Charlie: *[crosstalk]* Oh.

Grizzly: All you see, really, is this spanning—what goes on almost, it seems, stretches and touches the tips of the horizon, these hills. There's only one structure in the immediate vicinity, yknow, a hundred and twenty feet, maybe. A mile or so, actually. Sorry.

Condi: Okay, so a ways.

Gillion: Chip, those.... The people of Loffinlot took us in and gave us a place to stay. We can not turn our backs on them.

Chip: Alright, I'm in it. But hey, if we get a chance to steal a lot of gold? We're stealing a lot of gold.

Jay: I'll try to remember to steal the gold this time.

Bizly: Alright, I wanna call out to Julian

Chip: Hey Jules, come over here for a sec?

Julian: Yeah, yeah, alright.

Chip: Yeah, so, you know this mayor—

Grizzly: *[crosstalk] [mocking combing a pompadour]* He's combing just viciously, this fucking— *(rapid breathing)*

Julian: Alright, yeah?

Chip: You know this mayor better than any of us, we're thinking maybe you should lead the way.

Julian: *[Grizzly stops mock-combing his hair]* ...What?

Charlie: *(laughs)* No, I'm not—Gillion's not fucking sitting for this shit, dude.

Gillion: Julian, maybe it is safer if you don't.

Chip: *[crosstalk]* Why not?

Grizzly: His knees are just violently wobbling.

Gillion: Chip, he has worse shakes than you do.

Chip: *[crosstalk]* He's obviously—

Julian: *[crosstalk] [repeatedly mock-combing a pompadour]* Yeah, yeah.

Chip: No, he's obviously a very confident man who can take this challenge.

Jay: Oh my god, let's just go!

Gillion: He's co—if we keep letting him comb his hair, he'll bald, we cannot let that happen, Chip.

Condi: Jay is walking.

Gillion: Oh shit!

Charlie: Gill is walking in front of her.

(Condi and Grizzly laugh)

Bizly: Okay.

Grizzly: Alright.

Bizly: *[interrupting]* I take the comb away from Julian and I go running with it.

Julian: *[crosstalk]* Hey, hey.... Hey. Hey!

Chip: *[shouting]* Gotta get it!

Julian: Motherfucker!

Grizzly: And as he starts to chase you and Gillion's speed-walking to try and stay in front of Jay, you guys all are making your way towards this lone structure in this area of hills. And that's where we are going to end the episode.

Bizly: What?!

Charlie: *[crosstalk, drawn-out]* No!

Condi: *[crosstalk]* (groans)

Bizly: *[crosstalk]* Wait, what does that mean? What does that mean, though? What does that mean? Dude, no, but you gotta answer the questions, 'cause the whole scenery changed! I guess we'll have to find out in the next episode, and maybe he'll tell us a little bit about it in Just Rolled With It! At the Patreon show! That we're recording right now!

Condi: *[crosstalk]* And maybe you'll find out what we think about what the fuck is happening, yeah!

Bizly: Come over to our Patreon. Aye, aye, listen. Hear me out.

Charlie: *[interrupting]* Yeah, I have so many questions, and I am going to ask them now on Just Rolled With It.

Grizzly: I have some—

Bizly: *[crosstalk]* Come to the Patreon.

Grizzly: I have some fun things to share on Just Rolled With It, like, like... I don't know, I guess you'll just find out, heh heh heh!

Condi: On Just Rolled With It, yeah!

Charlie: *[crosstalk]* I wanna know how big I killed the beetles by.

Julian: Heh heh, heh heh, my name's Julian Booker and this is Just Roll With It, rolling out of here, aye.

Condi: Ayyye.

Bizly: *(laughs)* Alright, take care. Thank you.

[fade to outro]

Condi: Ayo, I just wanted to thank all the patrons today who so kindly support this podcast. Without them, we would not be able to run it as efficiently as we do, and it's really just all thanks to these people. Specifically, I'd like to thank our fifty dollar patrons, like:

OldManSkeletal,

WalmartMan,

KingOfRanch,

Seal *[sp?]*,

SerenelsActuallyASkeleton,

IndieMindy9,

Youno—Unilul—Younoily—Fuck. YouKnowIElune. Sure, I think I got that. I hope that was right.

AnotherShay,

TheGodlyKing,

Reshisnivy,

CornierComment,

JumpiestVenus34,

YourGalPalValerieV,

RikerKirotu *[sp?]*,

CuriousCosplayer *[sp?]*,

Salutation,

JRWIEnjoyer,

Divinator,

And Jay Newell. Thank you guys so much for listening to the show, I really hope you're enjoying it, and I will see you next time.