

Transcript of Dust and Blood Episode 10 - Saved By the Bell

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 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.

Gale: Howdy, friends! This episode contains some dark themes and we wanted to give you a little trail warning. Kidnapping is a circumstance throughout, and we also deal with torture, mutilation, and claustrophobic circumstances, particularly between 42 minutes and 49 minutes, though the resulting aftermath is referenced through the rest of the episode. We care about you and want you to feel safe. Please take care and engage with this content in a way that works best for you.

[Carnival atmosphere fades in.]

Blake (as narrator): Myra, you went out looking for Jesse, trying to track him down to figure out what was happening. As you were approaching the north side of town, you suddenly got clocked in the back of the head by this gun. Make a fortitude save for me.

Corinne: Okay...

[Dice rolling.]

Corinne: That is a nine.

Gale: Ah!

Blake: Heh. A nine...

Corinne: [cheerful] The hole gets deeper!

Blake (as narrator): You feel this blunt force trauma on the back of your head, and you whip around, just in time to see Jesse standing there, a grin on his face. It is not a happy grin, it's not the grin of somebody who is excited to see you. It is a wild grin, it is a maniacal grin.

Corinne (as Myra): Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa. Jesse! Jesse, just... don't hurt nobody. Okay? I followed you because you're being incredibly suspicious. If you're pissed at me, fine, I don't care, but don't you dare hurt anybody else.

Blake: Your words begin slurring towards the end.

Corinne (as Myra): [slurring] —and if you touch my friend's stuff again, I'll...

Corinne: She passes out.

Blake: Just as you're falling to the ground, getting ready to go unconscious, you hear Jesse say—

Blake (as Jesse): Well! I guess those drow are good for something. Good little poison they have worked up.

Blake (as narrator): And he reaches down and lifts you up by the front of your shirt and starts dragging you. And pulls you up onto a horse.

[Gale makes a concerned shriek.]

Corinne: Am I unconscious, or am I just uh... limp?

Blake: Make another fortitude to save for me.

[Dice rolling.]

[Groans, screams, and laughter.]

Blake: That's a nat one.

Corinne: A nat one.

Zach: A nat one?

Keith: Oh nohoho...

Blake (as narrator): Myra, you're dazed and you're feeling yourself kind of go in and out of consciousness. And just as you think you're going to be okay, as you're flung over the back of this horse, you notice that it's like, its ribs and its hindquarters are just pressing into you very

hard. It feels very bony. Blood dripping on the ground from this wound in the back of your head that doesn't seem to be stemmed. You go fully unconscious. Riding on to north, going out of town... *fast*.

[Ominous musical transition.]

Blake (as narrator): We switch back to the show, which is starting to wrap up. You've made some sales... did I tell you how much you made from the last time?

Keith: Nope.

Gale: You said we made 'good money.'

Blake: Oh, okay! By the end of it, you have earned twelve dollars.

Gale: [delighted] Oo!

Keith: [cringing] Oo!

[Gale laughs.]

Zach: All that for twelve bucks? [sarcastic] Good money!

[Laughter.]

Gale: Bonesaw is picking through the hat, and he says—

Gale (as Bonesaw): Oh, wonderful! We did very well tonight. Thank you all so much! We all did... equally well, I know! Ah, just, *outstanding* performances from all of us, all around.

Keith (as Jasper): Well. looks like we've got enough to cover that uh, case of applejack that you uh, sprung for.

[Laughter.]

Keith: Or is that profits after expenses?

Blake: That is profits after expenses.

Zach: Dang.

Keith (as Jasper): All right, we're gonna eat well for at least... another evening.

[Laughter.]

Gale (as Bonesaw): That's the goal!

Keith (as Jasper): Speaking of which, I have an engagement that I have to get to before the night gets too much older.

Gale (as Bonesaw): Oh, certainly!

Gale: Bonesaw will pass you three dollars from the hat, and say—

Gale (as Bonesaw): Thank you for passing out the alcohol. Sorry we didn't get Jesse, but... you know, we have lots of plans that might work out later down the line, so...

Keith (as Jasper): Sounds excellent. [in an undertone] Won't be quitting my day job anytime soon.

[Laughter.]

Keith (as Jasper): Smokey, let's get on out of here.

[Carnival music fades to windy ambience.]

Keith: Uh, Jasper's intent is to ride out of town to meet Natan, and the... I think it was the Society of Friends?

Blake: Yes.

Keith: Outside of town...

Blake: Fantastic. It is not too late in the evening, it's, it's still decently early as you make your way out. Uh, from your recollection, it's about a half hour ride out to the commune, you actually passed it on your way into town. You continue to ride until you arrive at this commune. It appears to be a small offshoot of the town, a small farming community. Some distance away from the main gate is a series of buildings, what appears to be its own little church, uh, several homes around a miniature town square. Whereas Perdicion itself has several hundred people in it, this is more like, maybe...30. It's a fairly small community.

You approach. As you ride down the path, you pass several of the tilled fields, uh, some winter wheat growing that's ready for harvesting, that, this time of year. You see several people in the same dress as the man that Myra spoke to this morning. Uh, men and women, men in those kind of, black suits, and women in very simple cotton dresses. They look up as you approach and they give you friendly waves.

Keith (as Jasper): Uh, evening neighbors! I was wondering if you could direct me toward a fella, name o' Natan. I'll—I'll dismount.

Blake: One of the women looks up and wipes off her brow and says,

Blake (as quaker woman): Oh, welcome brother! Uh, you would probably find him speaking with uh... Brother Masters in the center of town. Brother Masters likes to speak with all the guests when they first arrive.

Keith (as Jasper): Well, I reckon I'll go and give a warm uh, warm hello, then.

Blake (as quaker woman): God be with you.

Keith (as Jasper): And with you, Sister.

Keith: And I—I will uh, head on in toward the center of town.

Blake: You quickly approach, it's—it's not that big, and you find a man presiding over what appears to be a small friendly party. It just looks like a chance for people to get out and have fun after a long day out on the fields. You hear some bible verses being read from the judeo-christian bible, and you see this older man at the front, leading a talk, and he appears to be wrapping up, closing the book, and dispersing.

Keith: I will respectfully wait for him to finish whatever presentation he was giving.

Keith (as Jasper): Uh, pardon me, sir?

Blake (As Brother Masters): Oh, good day! It is...

Blake: As you look, he's very old, wrinkles, very jovial face, though, um... He looks almost identical to the quaker oats man on the jar—

[Laughter.]

Blake: Though much older than that fellow, even.

Blake (As Brother Masters): What can I do for you, young brother?

Keith (as Jasper): Well, good evening to you, sir. And uh, sorry to be coming in here as late as the hour might be, but I'm looking for a feller, name o' Natan. You think you can give me directions?

Blake (As Brother Masters): Uh, Natan, yes, yes, I think uh... he's the young native american man, is that correct?

Keith (as Jasper): Uh, yes sir, I believe this is true. I have not actually made his acquaintance, he is a friend of a friend. Kind of a friend of a friend of a friend, actually. [laughs]

Blake (As Brother Masters): I, yes, uh, give me one moment, uh...

Keith (as Jasper): Oh, take your time, sir.

Blake: He calls over one of the young girls that's running around playing stick hoop.

Blake (As Brother Masters): Emily, could you please go and get our guest? Uh, our friend here wishes to speak with him.

Blake: She gives a nod, rushes off, and while she's gone, um, Brother Masters says—

Blake (As Brother Masters): I am Brother Philip Masters. I am the the leader of this small community. What brings you to town, sir?

Keith (as Jasper): Well sir, you can call me Jasper, my name is Jasper Graves. Uh, no fixed address, although currently I am uh, living in Perdition, as the saying goes. Town over there at any rate. And uh, yeah, well, I got my, I got me a message that uh, Natan wanted to have a palaver with me, so I thought I'd mosey on over this way and see what it is he wanted to jaw about.

Blake (As Brother Masters): Ah, well, that sounds wonderful. Natan has been a good friend to our community. It's um...he's good people.

Keith (as Jasper): Well, I've learned a lot from their folk. In fact, you might say owe my current extension of life to the friend of a friend I spoke of.

Blake (As Brother Masters): Ah. Yes. It is quite interesting, the way that they're able to do that.

Blake: Uh, and at that, the young girl comes running back leading a probably mid to late 20's Native American man, long black hair, dressed in a vest shirt, carrying an older rifle on his back. He has his hair tied back with a red bandana, and on his left cheek, he has a red marking of three lines converging uh, together, uh kind of a triangular shape. When he uh, sees you, he approaches, extends a hand, and says—

Blake (as Natan): Oh! You must be Jasper Graves.

Keith (as Jasper): *Dagotee*, Natan! [Western Apache greeting]

Keith: I speak to him in Apache.

Blake (as Natan): Oh, *dagotee*.

Blake: And he nods, thankful, and he turns to Brother Masters and says—

Blake (as Natan): Thank you, Brother, I will take it from here.

Blake: And brother master nods and walks away to talk with some of the members of the community.

Keith (as Jasper): I got your interesting message.

Blake (as Natan): Yes, uh, my *compatriot* was willing to uh, send it. I hope he didn't give you too much trouble.

Keith (as Jasper): Uh... compatriot, you say?

Blake (as Natan): Yes, I had one of our scout runners bring you the message. Did they not deliver it?

[Gale laughs.]

Keith (as Jasper): Uh, well, it depends. Was your compatriot a gnoll?

Blake (as Natan): No... he was—

Keith (as Jasper): Oh, then I—I'm afraid I don't, I don't know of your compatriot, never met him. The message I got from you was wrapped around an arrow that was uh, sticking out of a gnoll.

Blake: Uh, Natan just pinches the bridge of his nose, and says—

[Everybody laughs.]

Keith (as Natan): [joking] 'I told him that was socially unacceptable.'

Blake: Yeah, he, he, he mutters a couple of curse words in uh, Apache of, that basically boiled down to "that showy ass motherfucker."

[Laughter.]

Blake: And he says—

Blake (as Natan): Well, the fact that you are here is... well enough. I—I appreciate you coming, and I apologize that I was not able to meet you in town.

Keith (as Jasper): No problem. As a matter of fact, it's probably a good thing that you weren't in town. It's been a uh... It's been an interesting couple of days.

Blake (as Natan): Hmm.

Keith (as Jasper): I don't know if you heard uh, anything about that there uh, ghost train earlier today?

Blake (as Natan): Ghost train?

Keith (as Jasper): Might have look like a storm coming up out of the south.

Blake (as Natan): I saw the storm, I did not know it was associated with a ghost train. Is this another... another thing that the railroad is bringing through?

Keith (as Jasper): No, no, no, no, no, I don't think, I don't think they want anything to do with it. I have no idea what the whole thing was about. Just kind of plumb pell-melled into town and uh, oh, injured a couple of folks, and then just disappeared. No, I think it's some sort of afterlife evil demonic kind of thing.

Blake (as Natan): Hm.

Keith (as Jasper): I have a feeling that if the railroad *could* do anything about it, they would not want it, because it can't be good for selling tickets.

Blake (as Natan): That is quite true. Now, as to why I asked you for your help. [sighs] In recent days, my, uh, our tribal leaders uh, came to an agreement with the U.S. army stationed out at uh, what is it? Fort Union? Someplace over there. We were going to agree to a temporary ceasefire between the Native American League and the army, in exchange for them providing us with some of those uh, smallpox inoculations. The wagon was supposed to come through canyon country up to our lands in the mountains, but it never arrived. The area's a bit known for its box canyons, and very many dangerous creatures in the area, and many bandits live in the area, and frankly the fact that they *went* in that area is...[sighs] *frustrating*, to say the least. It would have been much better to just give it to our people, and we would have taken care of it, but they were not willing to do that.

Keith (as Jasper): Was this a civilian wagon that went through that area? Or was it a uh, an army wagon?

Blake (as Natan): Army wagon.

Keith (as Jasper): You think they were taken out by bandits?

Blake: He gets a little quiet.

Keith (as Jasper): Or do you think that's what they're saying?

Blake (as Natan): I don't... I don't know. I don't know if it was the bandits, or a creature that attacked, or if it was the army pretending to help us yet again, and failing to do so. [sighs] Might even be—the Navajo said that they received their inoculations just fine, it's only the Apaches that are having the issue. Of course. It's always us. [sighs heavily] I just... you have shown yourself to be a friend of our people, and I was hoping that you could go and do some scouting. I unfortunately am being called away up north. If you and your friends could help us find these inoculations, or at least find out what happened to them, we would be most grateful. I—

Blake: —and he pulls out a small money purse.

Keith (as Jasper): Oh, no, no, no, wait a minute, this is uh, inoculations for uh, for folks to help keep them from getting sick, eh?

Blake (as Natan): Yes.

Keith (as Jasper): I don't know if I could rightly take money for something like that. Tell you what, if—if we run into any expenses on this, if you cover that, that's fine, but for my part, I don't need nothing for that. However, I might have a bit of a problem with *timing*. See, I just uh, I just negotiated a job for me and my, my crew, trying to clear out a mine of uh, some sort of fae presence. You ever seen a jackalope?

Blake (as Natan): Mm, yes. I've seen them around. Little small creatures like rabbits? Have the strange horns, yes?

Keith (as Jasper): Yeah, yeah, well, apparently there's something uh, some sort of uh, fae presence called the uh, rabbit king, the rabbit lord? Something like that. Uh, anyway he's got them all stirred, riled up, and they're, they're killing miners. And through a long, long convoluted series of uh, of obligations, uh, we're trying to steer the railroad away from an area where the First World is seeping into our own. Probably help save some lives there, and maybe prevent a uh, a bloody altercation between the fae and the mortal lands. And that's uh. that's part of that, but now, let me see if we can kill two birds with one stone, as the saying goes, but uh, let's uh, let's work out a little map area here, and see, see which directions they lie. Maybe we can do both at the same time.

Blake: Yeah, it is the mines of Pozo Oscuro, and you pull out the map and get directions, and Natan shows you that, very fortunately, the area that you were told that the Pozo Oscuro Mine is, is right here, where I just placed that green dot?

Keith: Okay.

Blake: And the hill country is right up through that way.

Gale: Ah!

Blake: So, basically, you would be able to go, deal with the stuff at the mine, and then go down the trail to be able to get to the path. And, as Natan explains it, the, supposedly, the box that the inoculations were being transported in, was designed to keep these inoculations very shelf stable for a long time. They basically could, get buried at the bottom of the ocean for a month, and they would be fine.

Keith: And the, the wagon that was carrying them came from uh...

Blake: It came originally from Fort Union, which is in the north east area of the New Mexico territory, and Natan explains that they got reports of it in Albuquerque, where the shipments were split up to go to the Hopi and the Navajo and the Apache. The Navajo and the Hopi reported that they got their inoculations. The Apache... their wagon was last seen passing through Perdition about two days before your message arrived via gnoll-gram.

Keith (as Jasper): All right, then. Well, it sounds like uh, our problems at least lie in the same direction. They might even be related.

Blake (as Natan): Hm.

Keith (as Jasper): Yeah, I'll do what I can!

Blake (as Natan): Thank you. I... this means quite a bit. I wish that I had more time to be able to go and search for myself, but as I said, I'm due in the north, and... it's not exactly the place that one person, even one scout, even one demon hunter could go and hunt for themselves. I appreciate your—

[Gale gasps excitedly in the background.]

Keith (as Jasper): Did you say demon hunter?

Blake (as Natan): Uh, yes.

Blake: And he indicates the war paint on his cheek, and says—

Corinne: [whispering] Badaaaaass.

Blake (as Natan): I am going to help out with that, with the pit that opened up for the Navajo. I've been training for quite some time to learn how to fight these things.

Keith (as Jasper): Blessings go upon you, that sounds like a dangerous occupation. Uh, but, out of curiosity, you ever hear this Rabbit Prince fella?

Blake: Let me make a check for him...

[Dice rolling.]

Blake: He shakes his head and says—

Blake (as Natan): I'm sorry, no. It sounds... some sort of fae creature, but that's about the best I know. Once you find the package, if you can take it to our borders, there will be somebody there who will meet you and take care of it.

Keith (as Jasper): Will do.

Blake (as Natan): If you do manage to find it, while I know you, I—I must insist that you take this.

Blake: And he—he hands you the money pouch and—

Blake (as Natan): Once— upon delivery, I will make sure that you and whatever compatriots go with you are granted a boon from the Apache tribe. Whatever we can offer within reason.

Keith (as Jasper): Well, that'll go down well with them, because uh—

[Gale laughs.]

Keith (as Jasper): They ain't all as *civic-minded* as I might be.

Gale: Ouch!

[Laughter.]

Corinne: I mean...

Gale: Yeah, if Bonesaw was there, he would have been like—

Gale (as Bonesaw): 'Thank *you!*'

Corinne: Myra's still in debt...

Gale (as Bonesaw): Payment for services rendered! To be rendered!

Keith (as Jasper): Well, I wouldn't be able to sleep with myself if I thought of some poor little Apache kids suffering from smallpox while I could have done something about it!

Gale (as Bonesaw): Well, that's why we're bringing the inoculations, you see!

Keith (as Jasper): Yes, yes, exactly, well...

Corinne: There you go!

Keith: Given the fact that this touches a very very strong chord in my past, I'm deeply dedicated to seeing this through

Blake: Natan gives you thanks and says—

Blake (as Natan): If you need anything, I... and if you happen to pass through Navajo territory anytime soon, please contact me.

Keith (as Jasper): I appreciate that. About the only thing I can think of, is if you see some no down—no—no— good, low-down, no-count polecats with uh, scorpion tattoos on the backs of their hands, uh, if you get word to me of where I might find those skunks. They're kind of responsible for...this.

Blake (as Natan): Scorpion tattoo? On the back of their hand?

Keith (as Jasper): Yeah, I call them the Scorpion Gang, but that's just my name for them. I don't know that, if they actually have a name, or the scorpion comes from a drinking society or something. I have no idea.

Blake: There's a look of recognition on his face when you bring this up, and he says—

Blake (as Natan): I... that seems awfully familiar. Was there a woman, a woman had a scar down the left side, her left cheek? As part of the gang?

Keith (as Jasper): I don't know!

Keith: [laughing] I—I—I don't have it in my backstory, so yeah, do I remember this?

Blake: It does not ring a bell, but presumably it could be a member that you didn't meet.

Keith (as Jasper): I don't know. I met 'em out in the wilderness, so it's entirely possible they could just be uh, a couple of uh, members of something larger than that. I sure would like to find out more, though. They took something from me of very personal value that I would nearly love to see returned.

Blake (as Natan): I think... it rings an awful bell. I believe there might have been people matching that description who passed through our territory a few months ago. If you ask at the border, they might be able to give you more information.

KJ: I'll ask when I get there.

Blake (as Natan): Thank you. I appreciate this help.

Keith (as Jasper): Well, peace be unto you. Tell you what, before I take off and go uh bed down. Uh, you want to share a smoke?

Blake (as Natan): That sounds wonderful.

Keith (as Jasper): [in an undertone] We might have to walk outside of the borders of town here, I don't know...

[Laughter.]

Blake (as Natan): That is probably a good idea, they're not exactly big on the drinking, or the... They prefer to avoid that sort of thing.

Keith (as Jasper): Well, I can understand. Uh, personally myself, I try to keep my drinking to a real low minimum these days to keep myself dry. But uh, smoking? That could last forever. Let's go have a leaf.

[Musical transition back to carnival music.]

Blake (as narrator): Moz and Bonesaw, you all are finishing up cleaning up from the show. There's a couple of stragglers. One person who's just swaying back and forth, standing near the applejack barrel, kind of tapping it.

Blake (as drunk): [slurred] Where's the rest of the drink?

Zach: Moz is gonna approach Bonesaw, and kind of uh expectantly put his hand out and tap his foot, eyeing the uh, hat of gold.

[Laughter.]

Gale: Bonesaw hands him his three dollars.

Gale (as Bonesaw): There you go, Mozzie. You did *beautifully* tonight! I've never seen that little magic lights thing, with the little dancing figures, that's very fun! You should bring it back!

Zach (as Moz): Huh? Oh, I was just trying something out. Hey, uh... Maybe next time, don't mention my full name. Don't wanna get the wrong idea to people.

Gale (as Bonesaw): Oh, right, Mozzie! You might have told me that before. It just, you know, the old zombie brain, sort of slipped my mind. I'll—I'll try to keep that one stuck, though! You know, I've—I've got sort of a serious question for you actually.

Zach (as Moz): Oh?

Gale (as Bonesaw): Yes, uh, do you *really* think that people will be into this tooth-brushing thing? Because I—I really wish you'd told me before I updated the sign! Now I don't have any room to put... what would you call it? A doctor for teeth? A dentor! I have no room to say that I'm a dentor, Mozzie! And now we have to redo the whole thing.

[Laughter.]

[27:49]

Zach (as Moz): Hear me out. What if we sell toothbrushes? That way, you sell the medicine *and* you sell the curse.

Gale (as Bonesaw): I suppose we could look into it. I don't really know how to make them. But I could give it a shot. It can't be that hard. It's just a stick, some hair, you know, a little glue?

Blake: Oh no!

Zach (as Moz): Just like alchemy! I'm sure you'll do fine.

Gale (as Bonesaw): Well, we should probably get this cleaned up. Do you want to get the barrel? I'm going to put some things in the cart.

Gale: He collects his taxidermy lizard, a couple of other things, and goes to put them away.

Zach: Moz kinda stops in his tracks, and—

Zach (as Moz): The barrel?

Zach: —and looks over at the drunk and the barrel that's almost it's, his size.

[Laughter.]

Zach (as Moz): Uuugh. *Fine.*

Zach: I guess Moz is gonna go approach the drunk.

Blake (as narrator): This man—he is the absolute pinnacle of old prospector-looking guy. Short, has a very wide-brimmed hat that kind of flops down over the sides of his head. Very patchy

clothes, jean overalls pulled up, one button on the back flap of it is just opened up and hanging down. He's holding a big mug and is like, tapping against the thing.

Blake (as drunk): Is there gonna be any moooore of this stuff?

Zach (as Moz): Nope. Afraid it's run dry.

[Laughter.]

Blake (as drunk): [weepy] Consarnit! Was really looking forward to getting more drink!

Blake (as narrator): He immediately looks like he is about to just start sobbing.

Zach (as Moz): Mmm... tell you what. There's a bar around the corner, here. Let me walk you to it.

Blake (as drunk): [sniffing] Oh! You! You...are my best friend!

Zach (as Moz): Come on.

Gale (as Bonesaw): [angrily] Buzz off, fellow, he's mine!

[Everybody laughs.]

Gale: Bonesaw comes over with a broom and starts sweeping the drunk away.

Gale (as Bonesaw): You can't just go recruiting best friends like that!

Blake (as drunk): I'm gonn—you're gonna, gosh, consarnit! [angry grumbling]

Corinne: Defend your Moz.

[Laughter.]

Zach (as Moz): I was just trying to protect the rest of the applejack!

Blake: He's shaking his head.

Blake (as drunk): [wavering] You haven't heard the last of Old Man MacTrembley! Back! Gonna pay you back! After...I have a drink...

Blake: He starts walking down the street.

Gale (as Bonesaw): Somehow, I'm not really worried.

Zach (as Moz): It's not like he was much of a paying customer anyhow. Now help me roll this back to the cart.

Blake: You climb inside and start cleaning stuff up. Both of you give me a Perception check.

Gale: Yes!

[Dice rolling.]

Gale: Twenty-one!

Zach: Thirteen.

Blake: Moz, you don't notice anything peculiar, you know this is, there's the usual, you know, as Bonesaw's doing his show, he goes and like, tosses things around, like 'oh I need this random thing,' and just grabs it and tosses it out of the way—

[Laughter.]

Blake: Bonesaw, as you bend down to put something in one of the bottom cupboards, you open it up, and inside is... a strange contraption. It has a pocket watch attached to it, and a couple of strings running from it to a jar, above which is suspended what appears to be a chunk of zinc, over a, uh pot that's uh, filled with some liquid. And surrounding the entire thing is about twelve sticks of dynamite.

Gale: Do I need to roll anything to tell that it's clearly a bomb?

Blake: Uh, no. It is pretty damn obvious. There, it, clearly is a bomb.

Gale (as Bonesaw): Mozzie! What's the occasion? Oh this is lovely! Did you make it yourself?

Zach (as Moz): [frantic] Bones, step back! Now!

[Laughter.]

Gale: Bones steps back, both hands in the air, and he says—

Gale (as Bonesaw): Oh, I didn't touch anything, really.

Blake: As you both start to look at this a little bit closer, it becomes clear that this chunk of zinc was designed at a specific time, was going to be pulled out and dropped into this, whatever this fluid is. However, you can see, this is actually a chunk of zinc from your cart, Bones. And it's just

slightly too large to fit into the jar. Had it been any smaller, it would have slipped in, and the entire cart would have gone up.

Zach: Jeez.

Zach (as Moz): Well, Bones, it seems you have an admirer.

Gale (as Bonesaw): Did they leave this gift, Mozzie?

Zach (as Moz): [sighing heavily] I didn't put it together.

Gale (as Bonesaw): Is... is it safe to touch? You seemed concerned a moment ago?

Zach (as Moz): Well, judging by the sheer quantity of dynamite, I would hesitate to go fiddling with it.

Gale (as Bonesaw): S—sorry, am I misunderstanding? Was this left here for me?

[Everybody laughs.]

Zach (as Moz): Bones, we really need to talk about your common sense.

[Laughter.]

Corinne: He enjoys the simple things in life.

Zach (as Moz): Stand back. I'm about to see what I can do about this.

Zach: Moz is going to pull out his fiddle and cast mage hand. How uh, delicate does this contraption look? Like, is it safe to pick up and move elsewhere?

Blake: Based on what you're seeing as you're looking at it, while it doesn't look *stable*, it's broken in a way that unless you actively add fire to this situation, it's not going to go boom.

Zach: If that's the case, Moz is going to use mage hand to carry the bomb outside the cart, and uh, sort of into the street where it can't really affect anyone uh, should it go off. How easy would it be to just tear the dynamite off and disable the device, essentially?

Blake: Pretty easy.

Gale: Presumably, we could just take away the chunk of zinc, right? Because that's the trigger? If we just remove that, then that won't go in, and then we have free dynamite!

Zach: Yeah, I was about to say—

Keith: [sarcastic] Free dynamite! Hey! Free bullets!

Zach: Silver lining. I'm assuming Moz can go and just tear the dynamite off?

Blake: Yeah. once the zinc is out, the entire thing appears to be, it seems fine.

Zach: Okay.

Blake: Whatever is inside the jar is smelling highly sulfuric, but... that's the only thing.

Zach: Mhmm.

Gale: [laughing] Bonesaw's following you out, and it looks like he's really puzzling over how careful you're being with it, and eventually I think that penny drops, and he says—

Gale (as Bonesaw): Was that armed?

Zach (as Moz): It appears to be a shoddy contraption that was supposed to set your cart ablaze, or—

Gale (as Bonesaw): My—cart!

Zach (as Moz): —blow it to very many bits.

Gale (as Bonesaw): Well, three guesses who put that there!

Zach (as Moz): Can Moz take a deep sniff of the device and try and detect, uh... the smell of whoever maybe placed it there? or put it together?

Blake: Make a fortitude save for me.

Zach: Fortitude save?

Gale: Oof.

Zach: Man, someone really needs to take a shower. Uh...

Blake: Rule one of sniffing unknown chemicals: You *waft*.

[Dice rolling.]

Zach: Oo!

Gale: I will also say, we're level eight? So, Bloodhound, the spell that I cast on Moz earlier this day, should last for eight hours.

Blake: Oh!

Zach: Oo! Okay.

Gale: So he probably still has the Scent ability, and I think it was a plus eight to Perception rolls.

Zach: Nice!

Blake: Well, in that case, Moz you one hundred percent smell the exact same smell that you smelled earlier today, on uh, Bonesaw's letters and stuff?

Zach: Now, what are the odds?

Blake: Make a perception check for me.

Zach: Yeah.

[Dice rolling.]

Gale: Ohooohoo!

Blake: That's a fucking nat twenty! Okay!

Zach: Whoo! Nat twenty is pretty good!

Corinne: Heeeeey!

Zach: I'll take it!

Blake (as narrator): As you're smelling this, you pick up the remainder of the trail?

Zach: Mhmm.

Blake (as narrator): Going out, you see sitting on the ground, you see that same lighter thing, that little, has the flame on it in the jar, that Jesse had been using earlier in the day.

Zach: Hmm.

Blake (as narrator): It's still burning, the little flame is at the top of it, and you smell his scent leading away towards the north side of town.

Zach (as Moz): Bones? Get your hog-splitter. We got a pig to catch.

Gale: Hahaa! Bonesaw looks around for Jasper, and he says—

Gale (as Bonesaw): Maybe we want to keep this one on the quiet side? Given some of our companions are less than uh... *happy* about the idea of a certain level of revenge, yes?

Zach (as Moz): Jasper shouldn't be here for what's gonna happen next.

Gale: Bonesaw hefts his hog splitter.

Blake: I'm gonna say, with a nat twenty perception check on that, I'm not going to have you roll an additional survival check.

Zach: Okay.

Blake (as narrator): You make your way north. You cross between the Lucky Strike and Gray's hotel, follow the path up past the theater, until you get close to the Blackburn's main area, and when you get there, you smell three things, in addition to Blackburn. First, you smell blood. Blood that you recognize as blood that you've smelled recently. This belongs to Myra.

[Zach gasps.]

Blake: I know, shocking.

[Laughter.]

Blake (as narrator): You smell a acrid stench of some sort of poison, though you're not sure what, and then you also smell a decayed smell of death, going north. The Blackburn smell kind of ends to some degree? Like it's, it's still present going north, but it is kind of being overwhelmed by this larger smell of undeath.

Zach (as Moz): I think that our dear friend Myra might have found herself in a tight spot.

Gale (as Bonesaw): Whatever do you mean, Moz?

Zach (as Moz): She was here. And she was hurt.

Gale: Bonesaw grips the handle of his hog splitter so tight that the wood creaks, and he says—

Gale (as Bonesaw): You know... it might actually be a good idea to have some backup from that wonderful horse, so I'm going to send Goiter back. I'm sure that if Myra is hurt, Jasper will forgive us for any messy *indiscretions* alongside.

[Laughter.]

Keith (as Jasper): [distant] I ain't yer ma!

[Everybody laughs.]

Gale: Bonesaw pulls out Goiter and says—

Gale (as Bonesaw): Go find Jasper.

Blake (as Goiter): Okay! Ahhh!

Blake: [bouncy hopping sounds] and just starts—

Corinne: It speaks!

Gale (as Bonesaw): —and bring him back! Sorry. I have to be real specific, sometimes.

[Laughter]

Blake (as Goiter): Okay!

Blake: —and starts [blobby rolling sounds]

Gale (as Bonesaw): You said you smelled blood. Uh, any—anything else?

Zach (as Moz): I smelled death. I'm not quite sure what that means, but it was far too old and rotten to be our compatriot, Myra.

Gale: Bonsaw takes a few steps away, and then sniffs his armpit real quick, just to check.

[Laughter.]

Zach (as Moz): [exasperated] It's not you, you're still alive, to some extent!

Gale (as Bonesaw): All right, should we follow it? Should we get horses? What—what...?

Zach (as Moz): Well, I would say we should get the cart, but it's a little inoperable at the moment. They're likely a ways off. We should get horses.

Gale (as Bonesaw): Well, this is an emergency. Let's raid the paddock!

[Laughter.]

Zach (as Moz): I like the way you think, Bones.

[Musical transition]

Gale: Okay, I'm gonna go grab the mechanical horse.

Zach: Imma just get Tumble.

Gale: I will really quick, write a note, and pin it to the paddock. The note says—

Gale (as Bonesaw): So sorry! Your horse was the coolest. It's an emergency. I'll bring it back.

[Everybody laughs.]

Gale: —and just a 'B'

Keith: And the horse gallops off! [plodding mechanical noises] *Kshhh-chunk. Ksssh-chunk.*

Blake: As you saddle up this horse—

Gale: Yeah?

Blake: —and go to climb onto it—

Gale: Yeah?

Blake: As soon as you get on to it, you discover one of the very interesting features of this horse.

Gale: [laughing] What's that?

Blake: Suddenly, a steam whistle on top of its head goes *whoooo!*

[Everybody laughs.]

Gale (as Bonesaw): Oh, hush! Hush!

Gale: Can I stick my finger in it?

Zach: Pfff!

[Laughter.]

Blake: [slightly quieter] *Whoooooo!*

Gale (as Bonesaw): That's good enough. Quick! Hi-yah!

Gale: Bonesaw cracks the reins.

Blake: You see a window from the shop next door open up—

[Gale laughs maniacally]

Gale (as Bonesaw): [fading, as with distance] SOOOOooooorryyyyy!

Blake (as narrator): —and you see a woman stick her head out. A woman in a, a small black night cap.

Gale: Oh, she doesn't look too scary!

Blake: She says—

Blake (As unintimidating woman): [German accent] Nein! Nein!

Gale (as Bonesaw): [distantly] I'll bring it baaaaack! [pause] Probablyyyyy!

[Laughter]

Blake (as narrator): As you're riding away, it moves about the same speed as a normal horse, but it lands with a much bigger just like *clomp, clomp, clomp, clomp*. As you're riding away, you see the front door to this shop open up, and a wagon pull out. The top folds open—

Gale: [laughing] Oh shit!

Blake (as narrator): —and you see the woman appear. and starts cranking a crank—

Gale: I'm stressed.

[Laughter, as machine gun fire rips out]

Blake: You begin to hear gunfire.

Corinne: Ooh... get-get out of there!

Zach (as Moz): [concerned] *Bones?!*

Corinne: [sing-song] Get out of there...

Blake: —very rapid gunfire.

Corinne: Is it a *gatling gun*?!

[Hoots of laughter.]

Zach: Jesus Christ.

Gale: [slight regret] Okay...

Corinne: Bitch has a gatling gun!

Zach (as Moz): You pissed off the German lady!

[Laughter.]

Corinne: German lady don't mess around!

Gale: Can I pull out my scroll of bullet shield? Or I could just run away and hope it doesn't hit me...

Blake: What's your AC?

Gale: My AC is sixteen.

Blake: Sixteen? Yeah, um, a couple of the bullets like *thunk thunk* the back of your jacket.

Gale (as Bonesaw): [crying out] Ah! [gritted] That's alright... I can fix that later.

Blake: But, you both manage to get beyond. Moz, were you an Tumble staying close by?

Zach: I probably witnessed this going down, down the street.

Blake: Okay, then you are not implicated in this crime.

[Gale snorts.]

Zach: Okay, cool.

[Laughter.]

[Ominous music creeps in, signaling a transition.]

Blake (as narrator): Myra. You wake up... you're not sure how long it's been. You feel yourself slowly start to come to. And... you are groggy. It's, there's... something was done to you, and you're not entirely sure what.

Corinne (as Myra): What the hell was that?

Corinne: Is there any particular spot that hurts, aside from my head?

Blake (as narrator): The back of your head, and your right hand begins to hurt.

Corinne: Uh, Myra's gonna try to look at her hand.

Blake (as narrator): As she lifts up her hand to look at it, there's something missing.

Keith: [horrified] Oh, my—!

Blake (as narrator): Her index finger—

Gale: [shrieking] Oh my god!

Blake (as narrator): —has been cut off.

Gale: He trigger finger?!

Corinne: She—she realizes that she's like—

Corinne (as Myra): Okay. I was very stupid. I was very, very, very, very stupid, and now, I'm very—for lack of better terms—fucked.

Corinne: And she looks around to see where Jesse is.

Blake (as narrator): She looks around and realizes, like, while she's kind of able to move, she doesn't have much movement. It's, it's not that she's paralyzed, it's just like her body's responding sluggishly, and... honestly, even her hand?

Corinne: Mhmm?

Blake (as narrator): Like, it's more of a dull throb, than an actual like, pain. Though, likely that's what woke her up a little bit. And as she looks around, she realizes that she appears to be in a wooden box. Some light glowing up above her some distance.

[Myra grunts.]

Blake (as narrator): And, she sees Jesse step into, just above her. It appears that the box is on a table. She appears to be in some sort of room, kind of a basement-looking place. Like, this is all stuff that she can tell.

Corinne: Mhmm.

Blake (as narrator): Jesse steps forward and says—

Blake (as Jesse): Ah, would you look at that? Finally woke up.

Corinne (as Myra): Jesse, what the fuck are you doing?

Blake (as Jesse): What am I doing? Well... nothing that can be proved. Nothing that anybody will know about anytime soon.

Corinne (as Myra): For fucks sake, Jesse! I... god damn! You did a petty thing to us, and we did a petty thing back to you, I don't—

Blake (as Jesse): No, you did not! You did not do a petty thing! You think that me getting kicked by a horse. it's a petty thing? No. No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no!

Blake (as narrator): —and he runs a hand down her face.

Corinne: *Very uncomfortable.* Yeah, I was gonna say, she's like, if she could move right now, she'd be strangling his... his little, tiny little elvish neck.

Blake (as narrator): He licks his teeth a little, and says—

Blake (as Jesse): This is about more than honor. This is more than what you possibly can know. [unhinged laugh] I *own* this town, and I will not have some impudent upstarts coming in to my town, little *snake*.

Corinne (as Myra): Your town?

Blake (as Jesse): Yeah, my town. They might go through the motions, elect a mayor, but... we all know how that mayor gets paid. Ain't by the state. Ain't by the taxpayers. It's one hundred percent grade A angus *beef* that pays his salary.

Corinne: Myra has this incredulous look on her face, like, holy shit, and then she, for some reason, which is not in her best judgment, says—

Corinne (as Myra): Well. Judging by how the town reacted, I don't think you own all of it.

Blake (as narrator): He takes the hammer that he's been holding under his hand—

Corinne: Shit!

Blake (as narrator): —and he grabs her left hand—

Corinne (as Myra): Wait, wait, wait, wait!

Blake (as narrator): —places it over the edge of the box—

Corinne (as Myra): —wait, wait, wait, wait, wait, wait!

Blake (as narrator): *Boom!*

Corinne (as Myra): Goddammit!

Blake (as narrator): Index finger.

Corinne (as Myra): Fuck!

Blake (as narrator): And Jesse says—

Blake (as Jesse): Hm. You'll have a long time to think about it. Well. Not too long. Hope your boss, that undead *freak* cares about you.

Corinne (as Myra): That undead freak happens to be one of the most reliable people I've met in a long time, and that's saying *a lot*—

Gale: Awww!

Corinne (as Myra): —given how that man passes out random drinks, that are very much not what he says that they are!

[Laughter.]

Keith (as Jesse): [joking] No, the other undead freak!

[Everybody laughs.]

Blake (as Jesse): I hope for your sake that's true.

Blake (as narrator): —and he reaches over and pulls a lid down over the box—

Corinne: Shit.

Blake (as narrator): —and starts hammering. *Tk. Tk. Tk.*

Corinne (as Myra): Shit! Shit! God damn it! God damn it! Fuck! Jesse! Jesse! Jesse, stop! Fucking—!

Corinne: She's not... having a great time.

Blake (as narrator): She feels herself starting to pass out again, the, the, whatever the poison was, starting to take hold. She wakes up a little bit later in the box, and she hears *Tk. Shh. Tk. Shh.* [digging noises].

Corinne: Do I have anything on me? Do I have any guns? Any... I mean, he probably would have taken everything. But do I have my clothes on? Do I have my hat?

Blake (as narrator): The only thing you have on you is your clothes.

Corinne: Okay.

Blake (as narrator): You find that you're able to move a little bit more.

Corinne: Okay.

Blake (as narrator): But, that's about it.

Corinne: She's gonna practice like, moving her arm, and trying to checking on her lost finger and the one on her left hand as well, so she's trying to like, exercise them without hurting them too much, and she starts to hyperventilate a little bit.

Blake (as narrator): She does find a small string tied to both of her thumbs.

Corinne: Uh, she works to try to take them off, like, what the, what the fuck are these things?

Blake (as narrator): As she's moving the one attached to her right hand, she hears a *ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, ding*, a bell—

[Corinne gasps.]

Gale: Hah!

Blake: —some distance above her.

[ominous music fades out to town ambience.]

Blake (as narrator): Jasper, you're almost back into town, having spent a good amount of time smoking with Natan, when you see this little mass of flesh just rolling, just [blobby movement noises.]

[Laughter.]

Keith (as Jasper): Oh, great jumping kadiddlefish, what is it now?

Blake (as narrator): And then *boing!* It bounces up, and just *pbtt!* right onto your chest.

[Laughter.]

Keith (as Jasper): That's never going to come out of the leather, Goiter!

[Laughter.]

Keith (as Jasper): Wait a minute—Goiter? What the hell's going on?

Keith: Last time I recall having an interaction with Goiter, life and death were involved. Specifically *mine*.

Blake (as narrator): You hear from the north side of town what sounds like very rapid gunfire. [distant machine gun fire]

Keith (as Jasper): All right, Goiter. Sit on the blanket back there, and not on the saddle leather—

[Laughter.]

Keith (as Jasper): —and hang on, cause we're gonna—Smokey? Double time it! [horse snort] I think folks are in trouble.

Blake (as narrator): Eventually you're gonna ride through town. You see this woman just holding on to this gatling gun and cranking it hard. You ride past, and eventually, about ten to fifteen minutes later, you catch up with Moz and Bonesaw, Bonesaw on a mechanical horse that is still just *whooooo!*

Gale: God dammit!

Blake (as narrator): —the entire time.

Corinne: Don't you just hate it when the car alarm just won't turn off?

Gale: I gotta—

Zach (as Moz): Can you turn that off?

Gale: Can I roll something to figure out how to turn that off? We *gotta* sneak up on him.

Corinne: Can you hotwire?

Blake: Roll Knowledge Engineering.

Corinne: How do you hotwire a horse?

Gale: Knowledge Engineering?

Zach: *Engineering?*

Blake: Yes.

[Dice rolling.]

Keith: Whoa!

Zach: That's a skill?

Gale: That's a sixteen!

Blake: You can figure out how to break it so it doesn't make the sound anymore.

Gale: That works!

Blake: But you won't, you don't necessarily know what the unintended consequences of that are.

Gale: I'll pay to repair it.

[Laughter.]

Blake: [dubious] Okay! You reach in, and you break the steam pipe that's going to this, you just snap it a little bit, and it suddenly goes from *whooooo!* to [silence].

Gale (as Bonesaw): Ah! Much better! There we are! [electrical sparking]

Blake: Jasper catches up.

Gale (as Bonesaw): Oh good! Goiter found you?

Keith (as Jasper): Yeah, here, catch!

[Laughter.]

Blake: [blobby flying through air noises, then a splat.]

Gale: Goiter impacts with Bonesaw's back in a sort of splat, and then like, flows up to reattach to his neck under the bandana.

Keith: Yeah, yeah, yeah, I'm not watching.

[Everybody laughs.]

Keith (as Jasper): All right, now I heard what sounded like a gatling gun, and I uh, see that uh...

Gale (as Bonesaw): Oh, that's aside from the main mission.

Keith (as Jasper): —we have a new steed. What's going on? What's the main mission?

Gale (as Bonesaw): [angry] Myra's *hurt*.

Zach (as Moz): And Jesse's in *trouble*.

[Badass western music kicks up in the background.]

Keith (as Jasper): What, Jesse attacked Myra? Where are they?

Gale (as Bonesaw): Well, we, so we—Moz smelled blood.

Keith (as Jasper): Alright, slow down. Where are we going?

Gale (as Bonesaw): [with violent enthusiasm] To *pound* Jesse into the *ground*!

[Laughter.]

Keith (as Jasper): All right, that is... That is a, that is a destination of *intent*. Where is our geographical winding up place? Where are we *going*?

Gale (as Bonesaw): North!

Zach: I'm assuming Moz is at the front, leading by scent.

Zach (as Moz): I'm trying to figure that one out!

Blake: Now I'm going to need you to roll a survival check to track them.

Zach: Okay.

Keith: I would also like to... similar, see if I can find some tracks.

[Dice rolling.]

Blake: Fortunately, the trail is fairly recent. The DC was fifteen to track at this time of day.

Zach: Mmm.

Blake: It's dark out, like it's pitch black. Who all has dark vision?

Gale: [uncertain] I...do.

Zach: Moz should.

Keith: I have darkvision.

Gale: Yes! Sixty feet.

Blake (as narrator): Okay. It takes you a little bit of time to follow these tracks. You keep going, it's about hourish north of Perdition. You've been riding for a while, and you've deviated a good distance away from the track. It's, it's... off the beaten path. You're kind of going through game trails, the low scrub of northern New Mexico. Low trees, tallish grasses of this area, and you're able to track this scent. This, this, trail that was left by this horse in a direction that you don't normally see. And eventually, as you're riding, you see a cabin up in the distance. A small, smallish cabin that, despite being out in the wilderness, appears to be well-maintained.

Zach: Hmm.

Blake (as narrator): It glows in the moonlight, as there appears to be a warm fire crackling inside.

Gale: I'd like to cast Detect Thoughts.

Blake: Okay.

Gale: Bonesaw pulls out one of his little flasks, sprinkles in a little piece of copper, and says—

Gale (as Bonesaw): All right, Jesse... where are you hiding?

Gale: And he chugs it.

Blake: Okay. Sixty foot cone? Looks like?

Gale: Yes... [reading] 'You detect surface thoughts. The amount of information revealed depends on how long you study a particular area or subject. First round: presence or absence of thoughts. Second round: number of thinking minds and the intelligence score of each.' If the intelligence is ten points higher than my own, then I'm stunned for one round and the spell ends. It does not let me determine the location if I cannot see the creatures whose thoughts I'm detecting. On the third round, surface thoughts of any mind in the area, and a will save at that point prevents me from reading the thoughts. It can penetrate barriers, but one foot of stone, one inch of common metal, a thin sheet of lead, or three feet of wood or dirt blocks it, so if Myra's six feet down, I probably can't detect her.

Blake: [chuckling] How long does it last? Up to one minute per level? Eight minutes.

Gale: Yes.

Blake: Okay. As the three of you approach, you scan around, and you start to scan towards the house. You do not detect any thoughts in the house.

Gale (as Bonesaw): Well, I don't sense him in the house. Him or Myra. Are you sure it led here, Mozzie?

Zach (as Moz): I'm certain.

Keith (as Jasper): Hush up a sec. Let's take a listen.

[Dice rolling.]

Keith: Twenty-six.

Gale: Nice!

Blake: Twnety-six? Coming from the south of the house, you hear a very faint bell ringing.

Corinne: Yes! Yes!

Gale: Hehehehe!

Keith: Okay, and can we take it as read that on this journey here, the others filled me in with things like having discovered the bomb and such?

Zach: Mhmm.

Blake: I believe so, if they're willing to tell you.

Zach: Yeah.

Gale: Yeah.

Keith (as Jasper): There's some kind of a bell ringing. Since that polecat has uh, a tendency, and a predilection for using explosives, I think it best if we put some distance between ourselves.

Gale (as Bonesaw): [whispering] That's probably smart.

Keith: I would like to move directly toward the direction of the bell. Yeah, not a straight line, but get up close to the house and work my way that way.

Gale: I'm able to move the area where I'm detecting every round, so every six seconds, will you let me know if I ping anything?

Blake: Okay.

Gale: Do we all want to roll stealth as we're approaching?

Zach: Yes!

Keith: I intend to, yeah.

[Dice rolling.]

Gale: Oh!

Corinne: Oooh!

Gale: Twenty-three!

Zach: Eeesh.

Corinne: Poor, poor Moz.

Keith: Actually, I would like to leave Smokey back.

Blake: Oh, okay. Smokey is going to stay back.

Keith (as Jasper): Smokey, you stay back here—

Blake: Smokey dips her head a little.

Keith (as Jasper): —and just be ready to come if I call.

Zach: Moz has a lot of jewelry. Makes a fair bit of noise as he *clonk, clonk, clonk* through.

[Laughter.]

Keith: [singing] I got spurs that kindle, jangle, jingle!

[Laughter.]

Zach: Yeah, my specialty lies in creating sound, not reducing it.

Blake: Just so I understand, you're getting close to the house on your way towards where the bell is ringing?

Keith: Yes!

Blake: Okay, perfect.

Keith: So, going to the wall of the house, and then working my way south toward the sound of the bell.

Blake (as narrator): Okay. You approach this house, and as you glance inside, it looks like a nice cozy little hunting lodge. You see what appears to be a rifle mounted up on the wall. You see a couple of guns that have been cleaned and set out on the table. A pot is bubbling on the stove. Some sort of stew is being made. You do not detect any thoughts, and Jasper, I'll say your twenty-six is still carrying?

Keith: Mhmm.

Blake (as narrator): You do hear from somewhere inside, incredibly muffled, but you do hear it, you hear two voices. One that's going—

Blake (as faint voice): Shit! Jess— No! What? Jesse, no! Shit! Shit!

Blake (as narrator): —and one that sounds like Jesse saying something—you can't quite make out the one that, the thing that Jesse is saying.

Keith: Jasper turns to his companions, and without saying a word, holds up the two first fingers on his right hand, and then points inward towards where he heard them voices coming from.

Blake (as narrator): You do still hear the bell specifically coming from the direction down below, to the south.

Gale: Bonesaw tilts his head, sort of confusedly, because he still doesn't detect thoughts inside, and tries to whisper very quietly—

Gale (as Bonesaw): Is it Myra?

Keith: Jasper shakes his head, no.

Blake: How's Myra feeling right now? She has been trapped in this box for probably about...well, time kind of doesn't have any meaning. It's been...awhile.

Corinne: She is stuck in a wooden box, missing a finger, and... she feels very, very, very, very, very, trapped. At first, it's no big deal, and she's hurling insults at Jesse, like—

Corinne (as Myra): You motherfucker! When I get out of there, I'm gonna tan your hide so raw!

Corinne: But then... it's quiet. The silence starts to get to her, and she starts talking to herself to kind of keep her spirits up? But for all that she knows, nobody knows where she is. And so, she's trying to think of ways to... either mess with Jesse? Or not mess with him, but play off his ego to try to get him to set her free. So she's coming up with bargains. And every now and then, whether or not Jesse actually responds, she says from the coffin—

Corinne (as Myra): Listen. Jesse, you uh... I think we got off on the wrong foot. And, you know, I, me and my friends, we came in to, we came in to just do our job, and... god damn it, let me out of the box. Just... is that what you want to hear? Huh? That you're better than everybody else? Fine! Fine, you're better than everybody else! I just, you made your point. Just fucking open the box.

Blake: The air has begun to feel a little bit stale.

[Tense music begins.]

Corinne (as Myra): Oh shit!

Corinne: She starts like, punching the wood. Is um, her... Are her thumb still tied?

Blake: Yes.

Corinne: Okay, so she's punching the wood around her—

Blake: Yeah, she has plenty of like, movement range. She can move around as much as she wants.

Corinne: Okay.

Blake: It's just, whenever she's moving that right hand, it's um, ringing a bell.

Corinne: Okay. She starts moving it around furiously, and she starts kicking like a bull to find any weak spot, to get out of this dark pit, and so she's, she's kicking with her tail, and punching, and moving her hand around, and she's panicking a little bit, and she's gonna fight her way out if need be.

Gale: Does the bell start ringing, like, more frantically outside? As she's moving around?

Blake: You guys do start to hear a little bit more of a frantic *ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, ding*, and to the point that both Moz and Bonesaw can now hear it.

Gale: Do you think that, because of backstory stuff, Bonesaw might have a notion of what sort of bell it might be?

Blake: You know what? Yes.

Gale: Okay, you want me to roll Profession?

Blake: Yeah, give me a profession roll.

[Dice rolling.]

Keith: [knowingly] Ahahahaha!

Gale: I got an eight—

Blake: It was a five check—

Gale: —for Profession Undertaker.

Blake: —because, you do recognize what this bell is.

Gale (as Bonesaw): Oh! Oh, I'm an idiot!

Keith (as Jasper): Be that as it may, what the hell is that bell all about?

Gale (as Bonesaw): It's a safety coffin! [realizing] I bet that's Myra! Oh! Oh! Oh! Damn it! I didn't bring my shovel! Do you think there's one inside?

Gale: Bonesaw's voice is starting to rise as he like, Uh-uh—!

Keith (as Jasper): Hush up, hush up! What the, what the hell are you talking about? Talk sense!

Gale (as Bonesaw): [gritted] *Myra* is probably *buried* over there! I'm going to go get her out!

Gale: And Bonesaw just shoots off.

Keith: Where's that dynamite?

Gale: [sheepish] Back in the cart.

Corinne: Back in the cart.

Keith: Crap!

[Laughter.]

Blake: Shoots off where?

Gale: To—the bell, to where the bell is.

Corinne: Oh no... keep your eyes open!

Blake: Towards the south?

Gale: Yes.

Blake: Okay.

Corinne: The fucker's out there.

Blake: Make a perception check for me.

[Dice rolling.]

Gale: Thirteen!

Blake: You charge forward, and you jump over a mound in the ground, and another, and another. Because that's—none of these have a tombstone, or nor a bell.

Gale: Holy fuck!

Corinne: Are these all the people that Jesse has just spirited away?

Gale: His own private little graveyard.

Corinne: Jesus Christ.

Blake: At least three. Until you see a tombstone, kind of cracked, with some freshly tilled dirt. And a bell hanging out above the tombstone, *ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, ding!*

Gale: Bonesaw grabs the string and tugs back.

Blake: Before you get a chance to—

Gale: Aw, damnit!

Blake: As you approach, you are running forward and *tink*, you feel a trip cord—

Gale: Fuck!

Blake: —and suddenly, another fun little device that was used to prevent grave robbers, *shhunk!* Swings...*boom!* and shoots at you—

Gale: Dammit! Sorry guys!

Blake: —as a shotgun blast goes off right at you.

Gale: There goes our cover.

Zach: Jesus.

Keith: Understandable, understandable.

Corinne: Does Myra hear this, though?

Blake: Myra... make a perception check.

Keith: I'm drawing my guns.

Corinne: She needs some hope.

[Dice rolling.]

Corinne: Nope! Natural one. She's freaking out, she's making—

Blake: Natural one? Yeah, no you don't hear anything.

Corinne: She's making too much noise in the box.

Blake: Bonesaw, take ten points of damage, as you take the brunt of this shotgun right in your chest.

Gale (as Bonesaw): Ah! [voice raw] Dammit, Jesse, I'm going to unzip you and wear you like a coat!

Gale: I think it's fair to say Bonesaw is swelling into his mutant form at this point.

Blake: Yeah, I think so.

Gale: The eyes behind the glass of his mask go red.

Blake: What are Moz and Jasper up to? Seeing Bonesaw take a dash down?

Zach: Moz would have followed Bonesaw.

Keith: Jasper would have been covering, because he figured this might be bait. But uh, as soon as that goes off, he is going to toss some adamantine bullets in the air, and cast the bullet ward.

Blake: Oo!

Gale: Smart.

Blake: The bullets, they fly up, and instead of falling to the ground, they just *woooooom*, and start hovering around you, giving you a shield. You now have these four hovering around you, as you both go, after hearing the shotgun blast hitting Bonesaw pretty hard. You see Bonesaw starting to swell up as he gets to the freshly tilled earth.

Zach: Yeah I think Moz is probably going to kick into a uh bardic performance as well. Just uh, he feels trouble brewing.

Blake: Fantastic. Bonesaw, what are you gonna do?

Gale: If a person is smaller, would they breathe less air?

Blake: Yes.

Gale: Okay. The range of Reduce Person says that I don't need to see a person to cast it. It says one humanoid creature, and the range has to be within twenty-five feet, plus five feet per

two levels, so if I'm right on top of the grave, and I slam my hand into the grave dirt, assuming that Myra is down there, and cast Reduce Person, could I cast it on her?

Blake: I will say, give me a distance that you think she is.

Gale: Six feet. Or can I roll Profession Undertaker? Do I think Jesse did a did a professional job with this grave?

Blake: You can roll Profession Undertaker.

Gale: Based on like, how straight the walls are? It seems like he's had some practice.

[Blake chuckles.]

[Dice rolling.]

Gale: I got an eight!

[Groaning and laughing.]

Blake: An eight again? Um...might be s—it looks, it's a grave.

Gale: Okay. He'll assume six feet.

Gale: Okay. You cast it down. Myra, you're in this tight box, and you're kind of struggling around, and then all of a sudden, you kind of start to like... get room. And you were right up against the wood, and all of a sudden, you get some distance away from it as you get smaller, and the rope that was around your fingers falls off. The bell goes silent.

Gale (as Bonesaw): Myra! Myra, hang on, we're coming for you!

Gale: Bonesaw is like, pounding in the dirt, and he starts ringing the bell with the, the rope?

Blake: Myra, you do start to hear muffled [indistinct shouting]. And the bell ringing without you pulling on it, and you are smaller now.

Corinne: She lets out the biggest sigh of relief, because at first, either she thought A, she was going crazy already, or B, she had gotten that mysterious disease where a person shrinks and they shrink, and they shrink, and they shrink, and they shrink, until they're gone from existence. But then, she hears the muffled voice overhead, and, and realizes that it's Bonesaw, and she goes—

Corinne (as Myra): Ooh my god, Bonesaw, you have no idea how happy I am to see you.

Gale (as Bonesaw): [shouting] I can't hear you, but I'm coming!

Corinne: She starts ringing back on the bell.

Blake: Do you know how much Myra weighs?

Corinne: She's not very light. Pretty heavy? I think it was like, I mean because she's kind of tall, too? She's like—

Blake: Yeah, I think it was like, between 250 and 300, correct?

Corinne: Something like that.

Blake: You're lucky.

[Gale sucks in a break.]

Blake: All right!

Corinne: It scares the shit out of me when you say things like that.

[Laughter.]

Corinne: It's like, 'Mm, you're lucky!' Really? Am I?

[Laughter.]

Blake: I'm going to go ahead and roll initiative, just so we're all on the same...

Keith: Sounds good.

[Dice rolling.]

Blake: Myra, you'll forgive me for not rolling initiative for you.

Corinne: That's okay, I'm, I'm, I'm, I'm very, very indisposed at the moment.

Blake: Moz, what are you gonna do?

Zach: I don't, I don't think I have anything magical that can... Unless I can like, blast some stuff away, at risk of uh, maybe hurting Myra a little. But uh, could I do a sound burst? And try and just *whoosh* all the dirt away?

[1:08:33]

Blake: I will say, if you're directing it directly at the ground?

Zach: Mhmm.

Blake: You could take, probably a foot and a half of the dirt up.

Zach: Foot and a half is not bad.

Gale: Pretty good!

Zach: Yeah, I'll, I'll go ahead and cast the sound burst, then, uh...

Blake: Okay. You get down and *vooom!* Massive sound as dirt just *Kkkoom!* erupts up and falls down. Myra, you feel the ground shake underneath you.

Corinne (as Myra): Oh my god! Oh my god! Don't kill me in the process! Just, just...

[Everybody laughs.]

Corinne (as Myra): Grab a shovel, just grab a shovel.

Blake: You also hear a little bit of wood like, *ckkk* splinter.

Corinne: Uuuh...did that come from the coffin?

[Laughter]

Blake: Yeah. Jasper!

Keith: All right, Jasper is going to move up to here, which is twenty-five feet, which is my movement, because I'm a shuffling kind of a guy. Do I see any folk through here?

Blake: You see a well-made bed, and a chest, and a rug on the ground, laying on the floor. Unlike the rest of this place, which appears to be pretty well made and well-maintained, the rug looks pretty ratty and torn up and bad/

Keith: Look kind of dry?

Blake: Uh, yeah.

Keith: All right, I'm putting an incendiary round right into it.

[Gale laughs.]

Keith: I'm gonna smoke him out—

Blake: Oh man...

Keith: —and that looks like something is gonna make a lot of nasty smoke.

Blake: Well that's interesting...

Gale: One of us! One of us!

[Everybody laughs.]

Blake: Do you try to open the window before you do it, or are you just shooting straight through the window?

Keith: I'm gonna have to shoot straight through the window, so...

Blake: Okay, you *ptchooo, fooom!* [sound of canister shot through window] And *fwoooo!* [sound of fire flaring up].

Gale: Ohoo!

Blake (as narrator): As you watch, this rug catches on fire, and it begins almost immediately to start burning and letting off this putrid and acrid smoke. It is not pretty. It smells really bad, and the entire place begins to smell of smoke and... it doesn't look like it's burning hot enough to catch the wood around it on fire? But it's a nasty persistent fire, and you do notice that there is a stairwell leading downwards underneath it.

Keith: Okay... Well, my intent was to shoot something that would cause as much smoke as possible, because I want to smoke them polecats out.

Blake: There is a lot of smoke now.

Keith: I will crouch down, so as not to prevent—to present a silhouette in the 'winder' [window].

Blake: That's good. Bonesaw, you're up.

Gale: Bonsaw pulls out a scroll of Enlarge Person, and casts that on himself.

Blake: Okay.

Blake: And then he is going to spend his movement using his larger hands now? To dig away at the dirt, and try to clear as much of it as he can.

Blake: Okay.

Corinne: Myra has a wonderful image waiting for her.

Gale: Yeah!

[Laughter.]

Blake: Give me a Strength check.

Gale: Excellent.

Blake: Just, straight strength roll.

[Dice rolling.]

Gale: Twenty-five!

Blake: What does it do to your weight?

Zach: Oof!

Gale: It doubles my height, and multiplies my weight by eight. But I think Bonesaw, knowing how graves work, would plant his feet on either side of it, and sort of dig in the middle, to prevent himself from weighing it down.

Blake: All right, in that case, with a twenty-five, you get about three more feet up and out. And just as your thing is starting to fade, your detect thoughts?

Gale: Mhmm?

Blake: You catch just on the edge, a thought!

Corinne (as Myra): [as the thought] Fuuuuuuck!

GM: It's Myra! I can sense her! She's down there!

Zach (as Moz): Well go on then, dig her out!

GM: Myra! Myra, we're coming!

Blake: You're continuing to dig? From your estimation, if this is a properly dug grave, you have about two more feet to go. Myra, you're hearing a scraping above the ground, and you're

starting to hear more clearly. There, there appears to be some sort of pipe towards the back of this, now that you're able to move around and look, you see a pipe leading up and away from the back of the coffin towards the surface.

Corinne: Is that where the string's going through?

Blake: One of the strings is going up there.

Corinne: Where's the other string going?

Blake: The other string, as you look at it, goes *do, do, do, do, do* and passes through several slats down *beneath* the coffin.

Corinne: Um... So...

Gale: Does that sound like a trap?

Corinne: It sounds very much like a trap, but I have no idea what the trap is. Um...

Gale: Maybe roll something?

Corinne: Yeah, I need to roll..

Blake: I will say, you have stuff in your background, you would know what this is.

Corinne: Oh, okay. I'll roll my Profession?

Blake: Yes.

[Dice rolling.]

Gale: Oo! Profession Rail Security!

Corinne: Mhmm.

Blake: Okay, that works. This relates a bit more to your other Profession.

Corinne: Okay.

Blake: What this likely is, is something that is known in the business as the 'last flower.' It is known in the undertaker business. What it is specifically for, is a last-ditch effort to prevent an undead from rising. You tie a string around the thumb of an undead, and when they rise and clamber out of the coffin, it pulls tight on an explosive—

[Corinne gasps.]

Blake: —that detonates everything in the coffin—

Corinne (as Myra): Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!

Blake: —Some of them, because you specifically rolled a twenty-nine, you also know that some of them, particularly ones that are made for potential revenant and dangerous undead, have a pressure switch—

[Corinne gasps.]

Blake: —underneath the coffin—

[Gale gasps.]

Blake: —in case they manage to pull off the string.

Keith: This feller's as crazy as popcorn on a hot stove!

[Laughter.]

Zach: This seems awful elaborate for a grave.

Corinne: Myra immediately stops thrashing, and yells as loud as she can, she yells—

Corinne (as Myra): Stooooop! Stooooop! God damn it, stooooop!

Blake: At this point, through the tube, everybody can hear that except Jasper. Jasper's far away. Moz.

Zach (as Moz): Myra, what's wrong?

Gale (as Bonesaw): [incredulous] What do you mean, stop?

Corinne: Bomb! Bomb! Bomb! Movement... movement bad! Movement bad! Bomb!

Zach (as Moz): [pondering] Movement...bad?

Keith: [sarcastic] What could she mean by that?

[Laughter.]

Blake: You don't need to make a roll for this, Bonesaw, because of your explicit knowledge.

Gale: [unsure] Yeeeah...

Blake: You could probably guess what this is.

Gale: Bonesaw's pretty deep in the paint, though, at this point.

Blake: Yeah.

Keith: [laughing] Oh dear.

Blake: I'm just I'm saying that he, he knows the information, should he choose to do something about it.

Zach: Great.

Blake: If he doesn't act on it, it is assumed that he is too deep in the sauce to...

Corinne: She's gonna end up like the snakes in the first episode.

[Laughter.]

Gale: I don't want to step on Moz's turn, so I'll wait until mine to react.

Blake: Yeah, Moz ,you're up.

Zach: Great. We need to get Myra out of there, we need to not do anything with the pressure plate. I think I have an idea. I am going to change my song up a little bit, uh, just thinking worst case scenario here. We are going to put on a little bit of fire protection, because uh...

Gale: That's smart.

Corinne: Yaaay! Thank you!

Zach: If this does inevitably go off, because I can see Bonesaw *tearing* his way through the dirt, um, it would probably be best—

Gale: I make no promises.

Zach: —if we uh, we didn't take full damage. Change our tune a little bit, we're gonna have a little bit more long draws on our fiddle, and uh, have it be, swap it to Fire Break, which will protect us from fire damage.

Blake: Awesome. Jasper.

Keith: I have not yet seen anybody, correct?

Blake: No, you have not seen anybody.

Keith: Uh, my intent was to cover the door, because I figured that's what they're gonna do. And Moz?

Zach: Mhmm?

Keith: Have I seen enough of what you're doing, or what you've done in the past to have an idea of what you're up to? I don't know if I've seen you cast fire break before, so I don't know...

Zach: You actually have, when we were fighting Jesse's cousin—

Gale: Gnolls with the dynamite, Helen Blackburn.

Keith: Okay.

Zach: Yes, yeah. Uh I was using Fire Break, and I do remember describing that a campfire nearby moved away from the sound, and I imagine that the melody is pretty similar to that.

Keith: Okay, well I'm not moving toward the door, but I want to move to where I can cover the door, so I'm going to move one, two, three, four—is that difficult terrain of some kind?

Blake: Yeah, you step into it, and it feels like it's scrub.

Keith: Well, that's, that's good enough, then. I'm going to stop there, and I'll look at Moz, and I will have to stage whisper, so it probably might be heard if anybody is listening intently from inside. I say—

Keith (as Jasper): If you want a lob fireball at that, I'll close it up with an entangle.

[Laughter.]

Zach (as Moz): When did you become tolerable?

[Everybody laughs.]

Keith (as Jasper): The minute they buried my friend.

Gale: Awww!

Corinne: Myra feels so loved right now. Corinne feels so loved right now.

[Awwws and laughter.]

Corinne: [quietly] All my friends.

Blake: Bonesaw.

Gale: Bonesaw is practically *vibrating* with rage. I didn't say before, he is fourteen feet tall.

Zach: Oof!

Gale: Um, though he did get more muscley, I imagine he still looks sort of gangly? I think his clothes do get to grow with him, so he retains some of that same structure, but he is standing crouched over the grave like some sort of nightmare creature, and he stopped for just a second, sort of panting and breathing hard when, when Myra called out like, 'it's a bomb, stop!' And he's really trying to think through the rage that's clouding his mind, but he—he says—

Gale (as Bonesaw): If it's a bomb, I'll just *bring her back!*

Gale: Uh, and he goes to like, dig some more? But then, his hand, as it's diving towards the dirt, actually comes up and smacks *himself* across the face, sort of bulling him back from the grave, and Bonesaw sits up, just like—

Gale (as Bonesaw): [spluttering] What the f—?! What was that? Did y—? Moz? What?

Zach (as Moz): Easy there, Bones! Pull yourself together?

Gale (as Bonesaw): Did you hit me? Did I hit me? Why did I hit me?

Zach (as Moz): You're acting like a lunatic! You're gonna kill Myra!

Gale (as Bonesaw): I'm not going to kill Myra, I'm trying to save Myra!

Zach (as Moz): Then use that big brain of yours, and figure a way to get her out of there without killing all of us!

[Bonesaw makes a tortured groan.]

GB I can't—my brain right now is really fuzzy, Moz! I—

Keith (as Jasper): What's the problem, why aren't you digging?

Gale (as Bonesaw): There's a damn bomb in the way!

Keith (as Jasper): Consarnit, why don't people tell me these things? Let me in there.

Keith: But I won't do anything yet, cause it's not my turn.

Gale (as Bonesaw): Fine! You—you get the bomb!

Gale: Bonesaw is going to direct his attention towards things that need smashing, and uh...

Keith: Bonesaw, smash!

[Laughter.]

Gale: Bonesaw charges full speed at the door. He's gonna try to smash it down on his next turn.

Zach: Shit.

Blake: At the door?

Gale: Yeah, at the door to the house.

Blake: Okay.

Gale: I know everything's probably booby-trapped, but Bonesaw do not care.

Keith: [joking] Why is that doorknob shaped like a trigger?

[Laughter.]

Blake: All right Moz, you're up.

Zach (as Moz): Oh boy... Myra! I'm gonna need you to not freak out.

Corinne: Do I hear this?

Blake: Yes. Everyone's close enough to the tube that you're able to hear voices coming down through it.

Zach: Moz is going to use his Diabolical Servitor ability, and summon a very ugly helper from the ground. And he is going to direct this abomination to stand on top of the grave and start digging, with the intent of leaving him there as Myra gets out.

Blake: Okay, are you calling up a lemure devil, or a hellhound?

Zach: Probably a lemur devil.

Blake: Okay, um...

Keith: Oh, not a hellhound?

[Everybody laughs.]

Zach: I—I wouldn't feel good about leaving a hellhound in a pit to be blown up.

[Laughter]

Keith: Fair enough.

Blake: Moz, as you cast this, all of a sudden, out of the ground this like, this roiling mass of flesh comes up out of the ground, clawing its way, many faces just constantly shifting and appearing. [many spooky voices layered over each other whisper in the background] It looks back at you, and it slinks down into the pit and begins digging. At this point, Myra, as you're laying there, you suddenly hear a [digging and scraping noises] on the wood above you, as something is scraping against the wood.

Corinne (as Myra): Oh, woah, woah, careful! Careful! How heavy is it? How heavy is it?

[Growling from the lemure]

Corinne (as Myra): Oh, my god!

[Laughter.]

Corinne (as Myra): I don't want to know.

Corinne: Because she can't see it, she can just hear it, right?

Blake: Yep.

Corinne: Yeah, so she just closes her eyes and crosses her fingers, and is like—

Corinne (as Myra): Okay. Okay we're going on this ride.

Zach: I think Goiter has a new crush.

[Laughter.]

Gale: I was going to say, when he used 'roiling mass of flesh,' it uh...brought back some memories.

[Laughter]

Zach: Yeah.

Blake: Okay, Myra.

Corinne: Yes?

Blake: At this point, I'm going to put you in the turn order.

Corinne: Okay.

Gale: Yeah!

Blake: Go ahead and roll Initiative.

Corinne: Okay.

[Dice rolling.]

Blake: The coffin itself is essentially exposed.

Corinne: Okay. Myra's gonna look around the coffin. She's gonna look at the lid and see if she sees anything between the creases between, either the lid, or the floor of the coffin. If there's anything rigged to blow if it opens.

Blake: Roll perception for me.

Corinne: Okay.

[Dice rolling.]

Blake: Twenty-one?

Corinne: Mhmm.

Blake: Okay. You notice a couple of things. First thing you notice is, you see what appears to be a metal plate, smack dab in the middle of the coffin. The string is off your hand at this point because you, you got smaller.

Corinne: Okay.

Blake: I will say, with what you're able to see, and what you're able to like, look at? You know that it needs a specific constant weight down.

Corinne: Okay

Blake: It doesn't matter if it's more, it's only if it drops below that weight threshold—

Corinne: Okay.

Blake: —that it goes *boom*.

Corinne: It *is* a 'reverse Indiana Jones. So we gotta, we gotta keep the weight heavy...

Keith: How much is her weight reduced already, though?

Zach: There was dirt on top, and there's a demon on top now.

Blake: Yeah. Right now, Myra, you're weighing about 60 pounds in your Reduced form.

Corinne: Okay. She's gonna yell up, and she's gonna go—

Corinne (as Myra): Weight...weight, weight is good! Uh, weight, weight is good. Reverse uh, the—ah hell, the bomb's gonna go off if I leave the, if I leave the, the coffin. It's, it's weight-triggered but opposite of putting on weight.

Zach (as Moz): Good, now open her up.

Corinne (as Myra): Well hold on, I need to, I need to find a way, uh, Bonesaw, can you make me real big?

Zach (as Moz): Bonesaw's gone.

Keith (as Jasper): I think Bonesaw ran off.

Corinne (as Myra): Uh, just kidding. Uh...

Zach (as Moz): Can you bust out of there?

Keith (as Jasper): Hang on, Myra, we'll get you out! Just don't panic! Don't do anything crazy!

Corinne: How much does the dog weigh?

Zach: It's not a dog, it's a mass of flesh.

Gale: Lemure.

Corinne: Lemure. How much does that weigh?

Blake: 200 pounds.

Corinne: Okay, Myra is gonna say—

Corinne (as Myra): Okay, Moz, uh, tell your creature to sit on top of the uh, sit on top of the lid, and while he's doing that, take out the nails, and then we'll work from there.

Zach (as Moz): You heard the girl. Do as you're told.

Blake: It's gonna start leaning over [sloshy growling] It digs into the wood and starts pulling out nails. Myra from below, you hear a *tink* [growl] *tink*. Jasper.

Keith: What I'm gonna do, is I am going to do a full run, and I'm going to collapse prone at the edge of the grave with my hands stuck out over, ready to help pull her up and out quickly.

Blake: Jasper, you're actually the first one to see, as you look over the edge, on the middle board of this coffin, hammered into the top side, a silver star with a bullet hole through it, has been affixed to the wooden plank.

Gale: Ohohoho.

Keith: Do I recognize this silver star from anything?

Blake: I don't believe you do. You could roll a Knowledge History check.

Keith: I'll go ahead and I'll do that. *Boop!*

[Dice rolling.]

Keith: Twelve.

Blake: Twelve?

Keith: [laughing] Heh, that is a silver star with a bullet hole through it.

Blake: Yeah, it's of a similar make of what you see with the Arizona Rangers, but, like I said, it has a bullet hole through it, so, unsure.

Keith: Okay.

Blake: Myra, you're up.

Corinne: Okay. How are the nails going? Are the nails up?

Blake: At this point, yeah, the nails are up.

Keith: Myra, you got a pressure plate in there?

Corinne (as Myra): Yeah, it's uh... it—it's well, at first I thought it was if I was too heavy, then it would set something off? Turns out, if I'm too light, it'll set off, which uh... which leaves us with a bit of conundrum. Uh, I don't exactly...

Keith (as Jasper): No, nom no, hang on, hang tight, here's what we're gonna do. Get one of these boards off. You give me your hand. You scooch as much as you can without taking weight off that pressure plate. We'll have this lump of flesh here shovel dirt into the coffin, you come out as it goes in.

Corinne (as Myra): Okay. All right.

Keith (as Jasper): We'll get you out of there, just don't get me blown up.

Corinne (as Myra): Okay, all right. I'm totally on the same page with you, there.

Corinne: She reaches up to grab, and she starts helping, like, spooning some sand into the coffin.

Blake: You're able to peel off one of the board pretty easily, like, it's—it's not that hard, and you're able to start filling up. You are now kind of covered in dirt, and it's surrounding you. How long does Reduce Person last?

Keith: [joking] No, it's permanent!

[Laughter.]

Corinne: I'm tiny, but I'm feisty.

Gale: Duration... one minute per level. so eight minutes.

Blake: Perfect. Bonesaw. Getting ready to bust down a door?

Gale: So Bonesaw charges, huffing and puffing at the door. He clearly can't deal with the Myra situation, but he's gonna get Jesse Blackburn *so good*. And right as he's about to smash into the door, he stops. Oddly still. Lowers the hand that was going to smash the door, and turns around once more, walking back to the grave. He is oddly and suddenly calm. And measured, but his

eyes still glow bright red. And with one hand, he reaches up and removes his mask, putting it down to dangle by his side, as he begins to approach the grave again. Um...

Corinne: What on earth? What on earth is going on?

Zach: I think my song is going to falter a little as I watch Bones charge *back*.

[Laughter]

Blake: Yeah, as you approach, you see the lemur shoveling dirt down into the grave, Myra's hand sticking up, grasping, trying to pull dirt in, one finger missing on that hand. Jasper leaning over, reaching.

Gale (as maskless Bonesaw): [different accent] Abomination, I will return you from whence you came.

Gale: He's looking at the lemure.

Zach: Jesus.

Blake: Moz, it's your turn.

Zach (as Moz): Leave my pet alone! We need him to save Myra, damn it.

Gale (as maskless Bonesaw): [different accent] It's not worth... allying with *hellspawn*.

Zach (as Moz): He's going right back to hell in just a moment! Leave him be! I got unattended business to get to.

Zach: Moz is going to start walking *slowly* to the house.

Blake: Okay.

Gale: You're taking the fire protection with you!

Corinne: Oh no!

Blake: Yep!

Zach: Ahuh.

[Laughter]

Corinne: [tiny voice] Come back! Come back!

Zach: [jovial] Have fun!

[Laughter.]

Blake: Jasper.

Keith: Jasper is laying face down with his hands stuck in the grave, waiting to help pull Myra out, and he hears all this conversation, and he says—

Keith (as Jasper): Bonesaw, can we just palaver about this later—

Keith: —looks up—

Keith (as Jasper): Great jumping bald headed jesus palomino!

[Everybody laughs.]

Gale: Fourteen-foot high Bonesaw, mask gone, eyes glowing red, glaring down.

Keith (as Jasper): Good lord, you almost started my heart!

[Laughter.]

Blake: At this point, by your estimation, there is enough going on that you can attempt to get Myra out. I'm going to have the lemure, Myra, and Jasper, make a combined Strength check. If you go now, it'll have a higher combined DC, whereas if you wait around, it will be easier, but stuff might happen.

Keith (as Jasper): Just just hold on a second here, let's do this safe and get you out in one piece.

Corinne: Because I'm Reduced, my strength, I imagine, is much lower?

Blake: Because you are small, your strength will have a minus two penalty.

Keith (as Jasper): I'm with you either way, but I suggest doing this safely.

Corinne: You know what? Tunnel of fun! Let's do it the safe way, and see what horrid, horrendous thing Blake has for us at the end of this tunnel.

[Laughter.]

Blake: Jasper, Myra and the Lemure are gonna hold their turns until the next round to get ready, and they're continuing to like, shovel stuff in. Bonesaw.

Gale: [in an undertone] God, I hope we have enough dirt in there. Uh, Bonesaw's gonna smash the lemure.

Zach: What? Why?

Gale: I'm so sorry!

Blake: Roll an attack.

Keith: Nooo!

Zach: Jesus, Bones.

[Dice rolling.]

Gale: Uh, that's a thirty.

Blake: Yeah. [laughing]

Gale: Bonesaw pulls the hog splitter, it's probably like four feet of blade now. He pulls it off his back and just *shuunk*, plummets it down towards the grave and the lemure, which is hopefully to the side of Myra—

Blake: Yeah, Myra, you see, all of a sudden straight through, barely missing the tip of your tail—

Corinne (as Myra): Waah!

Blake: —this hog splitter that just absolutely cut this lemure straight in half—

Zach: [in an undertone] Fuckin' hell.

Blake: —and then you see black bile running down, and then black ectoplasm running down into the coffin, as this thing dissolves, because you just one shotted this fucker.

Zach: The f—!

Gale (as maskless Bonesaw): [different accent] Back to the abyss, creature!

Gale: Would the weight of the hog splitter be there now, though?

Blake: Yeah! The, the weight of the hog splitter is now sitting in there.

Zach: Okay?

Corinne: Myra is like—

Corinne (as Myra): What? Bone—Bonesaw! That thing was helping! That thing was helping! It's Moz's—It's Moz's thing! What are you doing? ...Bonesaw?

Gale (as maskless Bonesaw): [different accent] Templeton can return, now that my business is complete.

Keith: Oooo!

Gale: Then Bonesaw staggers back a little bit, and goes—

Gale (as Bonesaw): Oh my head! Oooh! What just...? Where...? Wasn't I over there? By the house? Myra? Myra! You're alright!

Corinne (as Myra): Bonesaw?

Keith (as Jasper): What the heck?

Zach: As far as Moz is concerned, that was gonna die anyway, it didn't matter whether it was by Bones, which was a little unexpected, but supposedly inevitable.

Blake: Jasper. You, Myra, and Bonesaw. If you want to work together to try and get Myra out, it is an easier DC. Though you no longer have the weight of the lemur sitting on the coffin.

Keith (as Jasper): Okay. but we do have the hog splitter doing something.

Blake: Yes.

Keith: All right!

Blake: If all three of you are going to work on it at the same time, go ahead and, everybody just give me a Strength check.

Gale: Bonesaw will put one foot down at the end of the coffin, and lend his gigantic weight to the problem. He's also gonna put his mask back on.

Blake: Okay.

[Dice rolling.]

Keith: Can I use my Craft Traps in any way? Maybe instead of the Strength roll or...?

Blake: You know what? I will say... yes. This will constitute all of the work that you've been doing to kind of help Myra get out.

Keith: Okay. Just, know the best direction to pull or something.

Blake: Yeah, and like, where to angle the dirt.

Keith: Okay. Well, it's a better roll, so...

[Dice rolling.]

Keith: Fifteen!

Blake: A fifteen, a seventeen, and I need a Strength s-roll from Myra, with a minus two.

[Dice rolling]

Corinne: That's a seven?

Blake: Yeah.

Zach: Would Bones have a plus?

Gale: Do I get anything from...?

Zach: Being larger?

Blake: You get a plus two.

Gale: Okay.

Blake: That's a thirty-two, plus seven... The first DC was forty. By waiting and doing it the second round, it dropped it to thirty-five, which you guys hit.

[Relieved gasps.]

Keith: Oh, thank god!

Gale: Ohohoho!

Blake: You, in a coordinated effort, pull on Myra, *whooom!* And she flies out, and lands on the ground. And there's a beat. One. Two... and nothing happens.

[Myra exhales with feeling.]

Keith: I look over at Myra—

Keith (as Jasper): What the hell did he do to you?

Corinne: She rolls on her back—

Keith (as Jasper): He done shrunk ya!

[Hoots of laughter and clapping.]

Keith: Does that man know no shame?

Corinne: Myra actually laughs. She's like, a little... She, she's just so relieved to be alive that she starts going—

Corinne (as Myra): [laughing haltingly] Heh heh heh. Heh heh heh. Yeah...

Gale (as Bonesaw): [less rage-filled] Actually, that part was me. I was trying to give her more air.

Gale: Bonesaw will scoop a bunch more dirt in the upper part of the hole.

Blake: Okay. The wooden plank that you removed is the one that had the star on it there in the middle. And Myra, you see your star just laying on the ground, nailed into the log next to you.

Corinne (as Myra): Oh! Oh, there it is!

Corinne: And she slithers very slowly over to the board and picks it up. And she goes—

Corinne (as Myra): Hello my little star.

[Laughter.]

Corinne: She's a little loopy right now, she's... I mean, from lack of oxygen, so she's, she's... just kind of staring at the star, and she like, puts it close to her chest, and she leans back on her back and goes—

Corinne (as Myra): I need a drink.

[Musical transition.]

Zach: Moz has business to do with Jesse Blackburn. He's going to approach the door, and break it down.

Blake: Okay. Yeah. Moz, you open the door. It is unlocked.

Zach: Hmm.

Blake: And you step inside. The room is filled with a choking smoke, from this smoldering, moldering rug.

Zach: Hmm.

Blake: You see a set of stairs in the corner.

Zach: Do I hear anything uh, down the steps? Or do I smell anything? Is my Scent still active?

Blake: Uh, it's pushing it at this point, I think it's probably ended.

Zach: Okay.

Blake: You do hear a slight—

Blake (as faint voice): Shit! Jesse, no! What? No! Jesse, stop! Stop this!

Blake: —and, it appears to be Myra's voice.

Corinne: Oooh!

Keith: What?

Zach: What the fuck?

Keith: Oh no...

Gale: Oohh...

Corinne: Decoy. Clever girl.

Blake: Moz. Do you go down the stairs?

Zach: Mmm...So, I know this is one hundred percent a trap, but Moz does not. Um—

[Laughter.]

Zach: He's pissed, and he is going to the sound of Jesse Blackburn's voice.

Blake: Okay.

Zach: So, he will go down the stairs.

Blake (as narrator): All right, Moz. You walk down the stairs, and as you do, you see a place that just is an absolute mess, especially compared to the upstairs. You see broken logs and destroyed systems, you see a big pile of ash and nastiness. You see what appears to be some bones sticking out of the ash.

Gale: Oh my god!

Blake (as narrator): You hear what sounds like Myra's voice and a muffled version of Jesse, coming from down a hallway. The southern room.

Zach: Shit. Oh, I mean I guess he's already been playing his music. There's no point to stopping now. If Jesse really is down that hallway? Moz wants him to hear the sound of him coming and know that he's in trouble.

Blake (as narrator): You walk... you see a door on your right, and a door straight ahead of you, down this hall. The sound appears to be coming from the door straight down the hall.

Zach: Okay. We're gonna go towards the sound.

Blake (as narrator): Okay. You open the door in front of you, and inside you see a room with two coffins in it. One, leaning up and is closed, the other leaning against, open. The room is, appears to be stone. There's a lot of pock marks on the ground, as if it had been acid or something and splashed on the ground. There's grave dirt all around. And Moz, you hear Myra's voice coming from inside the box on the table.

Zach: Can he just kick it open?

Blake (as narrator): Yep. You kick it open, and as you do, suddenly Jesse's voice comes through very clear.

Blake (as Jesse): Well howdy, friend. I see you found my little secret area. Sorry to tell you, but... your friend ain't here. Hm. In fact...she's found herself in a little bit of a pickle, deep underground...[evil laugh] I guess you're going to find out about that pretty soon. See, you all think that you can come into my town and mess with me. [laughter] You're about to find out what happens to every single fucking person who comes into my town without my permission, and tries to spoil my fun. [laughter] Isn't that great? Oh... and I should warn you, by the time that my voice ends here—

Zach: Prepping an action!

Blake (as Jesse): —you're going to enter a whole new world... of *hellfire*.

Blake: What's your action?

Zach: Diving out of the room!

Corinne: Getting the fuck out of dodge!

[Laughter.]

Blake: The door is locked behind you.

[Gasps and wails.]

Corinne: Oh, fuck!

Zach: Moz is going to jump into the coffin, and close the door.

Gale: Hohoho!

Blake: You all hear, as you're laying there, *Boooooom!* As the entire house explodes in fire.

Gale (as Bonesaw): Moooz!

Keith (as Jasper): Moooooz!

Blake: Moz, make a reflex save for me? It's a DC fourteen.

Zach: Does the coffin offer any protection?

Blake: The coffin was the bomb.

Gale: [gasping] No! Fuuuck!

[Dice rolling.]

Blake: And Moz? Normally, you would take sixty points of fire damage from this. But you had your spell going.

Zach: I did.

Gale: Ohohoho!

Blake (as narrator): You are engulfed in this hellfire, this burning blue flame that wraps around you. As Jesse laughs on this, wherever his voice is coming from. And you have just enough consciousness to see the room, the ceiling above you, everything burning.

[Main theme cuts in, signaling the end of the episode.]

Gale: 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. 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, Hazz, Hysten, and Steve McDichael.

Dust and Blood releases monthly on the first, and our next episode is coming at you on August first

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

[Theme continues to play.]

Gale (as Bonesaw): Oh! Oh, I'm an idiot! [pause]

Blake: Go ahead!

Gale: What's it called?

Blake: [sheepish] I don't remember, I was hoping you remembered!

[Laughter]

Keith: Oh, is there a special name for a premature burial bell?

Blake: I feel like there is, um...

Gale: Uhhh...

Corinne: That's a thing?

Blake: It's a safety coffin!

Gale: This one's calling it a grave bell.

Keith: A safety coffin!

Gale: But I've—

Blake: Yeah, a grave bell, or a safety coffin.

Gale (as Bonesaw): It's a safety coffin!

[Theme continues.]

Corinne: I wanna know what Jesse's deal is, It's like, why? Why? Why?

[Laughter.]

Zach: We did throw a horse on him.

Blake: Yeah...

Gale: *Near* him. *Near* him!

Keith: Yeah, but he, he was, he was messed up long before that.

Gale: Oh, yeah, oh yeah.

Corinne: Blake, I want to know what *happened*, like, what? Dropped as a child? I don't know...

[Laughter.]

Corinne: Sorry, that's mean.

Zach: You are being dragged unconscious on his horse. I think it's a, a *little* justified.

Corinne: Mhmm.

Keith: You can be mean.

Corinne: Mhmm.

Blake: Yeah.

Gale: I'm totally stealing that horse, though.

Corinne: [laughing] I was gonna say.

Gale: One mechanical horse, one *bone horse*?

Corinne: I'm gonna have a...

Gale: Like, I'm just collecting horses at this point.

[Laughter.]

Corinne: We're gonna have an unstoppable uh, caravan.

[Cassette end sound.]