

# Spit and Polish

BY JOLLY BLACKBURN

**RECAP:** THE GROUP HAS SET UP CAMP NEAR THE "GATES OF HARBINGER" -- THE LEGENDARY PORTALS LEADING TO THE TEMPLE OF HORRENDOUS DOOM ITSELF.

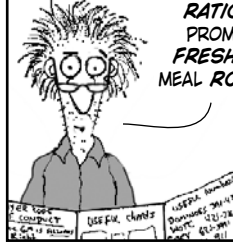
ONE SLEEP AND A WAKE UP AND THEN THEY MUST FACE THEIR GREATEST CHALLENGE.

AS DAWN BREAKS, THE PARTY AWAKENS TO WHAT COULD QUITE POSSIBLY BE THEIR LAST DAY TOGETHER AS A GROUP.

YOU AWAKE TO FIND A MIST HAS SETTLED UPON THE WOODS.

ALONG WITH THE SWEET AROMA OF ROASTING MEAT OVER AN OPEN FIRE.

AFTER DAYS OF EATING SALTED RATIONS, THE PROMISE OF A FRESH COOKED MEAL ROUSES YOU.



RUBBING THE SLEEP FROM YOUR EYES AND ROLLING OUT OF YOUR BED ROLLS, YOU DISCOVER THAT RANDY THE HALFLING AND BUCKY ARE ALREADY UP AND SITTING AROUND THE CAMP FIRE.

RANDY SEEMS TO BE ENJOYING A HEARTY LAUGH -- APPARENTLY SPARKED BY A JOKE THE BROWNIE HAS JUST CONVEYED.

JOKE? SINCE WHEN DID BUCKY START TELLING JOKES?



THE BROWNIE IS SITTING ON THE HALFLING'S KNEE TURNING A SPIT AS RANDY BASTES THE MEAT WITH A BRUSH.

THE LARGE STEAMING PIECE OF MEAT SIZZLES AS THE FAT DRIPS FROM IT.

THE SMELL IS QUITE ENTICING.

LOOKS LIKE SOMEBODY RUSTLED US UP SOME BREAKFAST.

NICE -- B.A., I'LL GO GATHER SOME MORE FIREWOOD.

HRMMMMPH -- RANDY MUST BE TRYING TO ONE-UP ME ON THAT MUSKRAT I CAUGHT FOR SUPPER THE OTHER DAY.

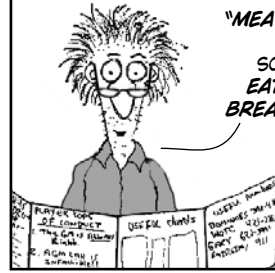


SARA -- RANDY NOTICES YOU HEADING OFF AND CALLS YOU BACK.

"YOU NEEDN'T BOTHER SWEET CHEEKS..."

HE BRUSHES MORE OF HIS HONEY AND BEER CONCOCTION OVER THE MEAT.

"MEAT'S READY -- SOON AS WE EAT WE'LL BE BREAKING CAMP."



HE TEARS OFF A LEG FROM THE CARCASS AND TOSSES IT TO YOU.

"HERE -- EAT UP!!!"

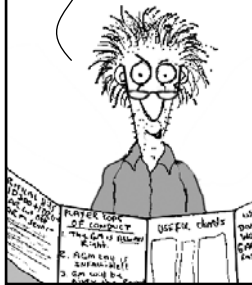
"WE'VE GOT A FULL DAY AHEAD OF US."

UM, EXACTLY WHAT ARE WE EATING?

I WAS WONDERING THAT MYSELF.



"LET'S JUST SAY THAT NUISANCE OF A FELINE WHO HAS BEEN HOUNDING OUR TRACKS WON'T BE A BOTHER ANYMORE." \*



THE LYNX...? I AIN'T EATIN' NO STINKIN' LYNX.

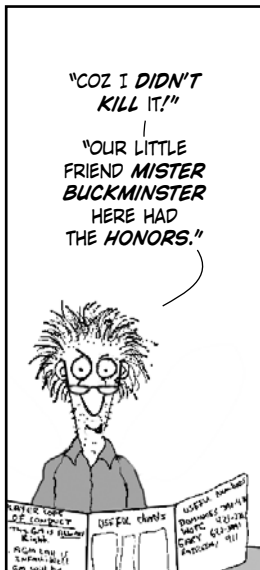
WHY COULDN'T YOU HAVE CAUGHT A RABBIT OR A BUCK OR SOMETHING?

"I'LL TELL YA WHY YA BUTT-FACED MOOK..."



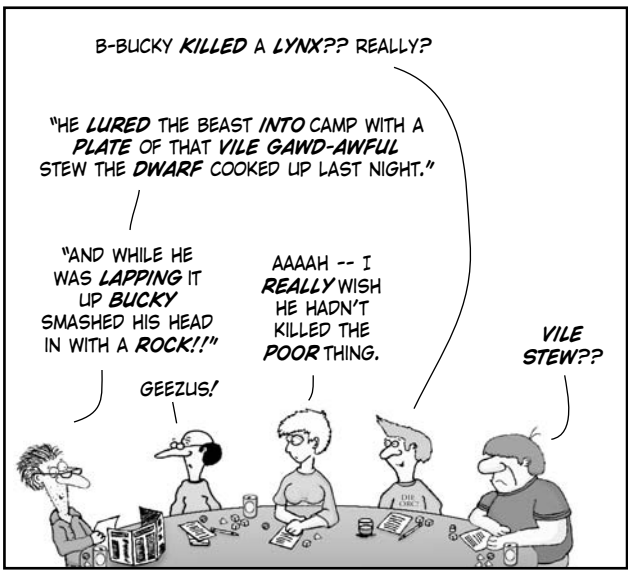
\* See **KODT#126: The Unfamiliar** — A Ring-Tailed Lynx is summoned as Dave's familiar. Unfortunately he doesn't recognize it as such -- thinking the poor, unfortunate brownie, Bucky is his familiar.

"THERE'S NO CRYING IN BATTLESHIP, SON." —Bob Herzog, **KODT Issue #77, Child's Play**



"COZ I *DIDN'T* KILL IT!"

"OUR LITTLE FRIEND *MISTER BUCKMINSTER* HERE HAD THE *HONORS*."



B-BUCKY *KILLED* A *LYNX*?? REALLY??

"HE *LURED* THE BEAST INTO CAMP WITH A *PLATE* OF THAT *VILE GAND-AWFUL STEW* THE *DWARF* COOKED UP LAST NIGHT."

"AND WHILE HE WAS *LAPPING* IT UP *BUCKY* SMASHED HIS HEAD IN WITH A *ROCK*!!!"

AAAAH -- I *REALLY* WISH HE HADN'T *KILLED* THE *POOR* THING.

*VILE STEW*??

GEEZUS!



OH MAN...  
MY *FAMILIAR* *KICKS* ASS!!

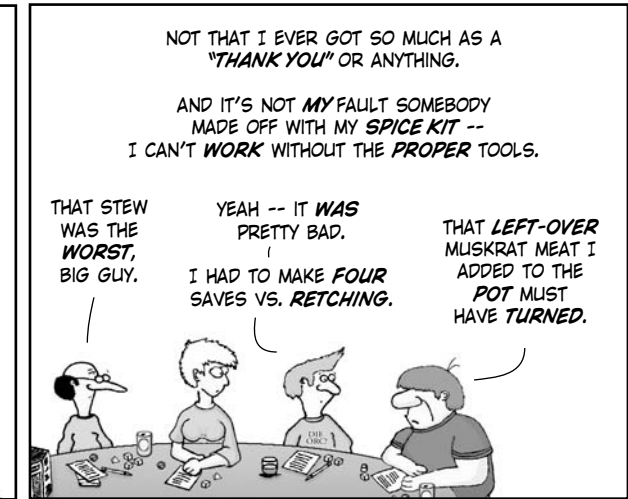
MY *BOY* IS *STARTIN'* TO GET HIS *GAME* ON!



HEY!! I WORKED MY *ASS* OFF COOKING THAT *STEW*..

I EVEN ADDED *TWO* BAGS OF *TRAIL MIX* FOR *FLAVORING*.

WHICH *I* PAID FOR -- THANK YOU VERY MUCH.



NOT THAT I EVER GOT SO MUCH AS A "*THANK YOU*" OR ANYTHING.

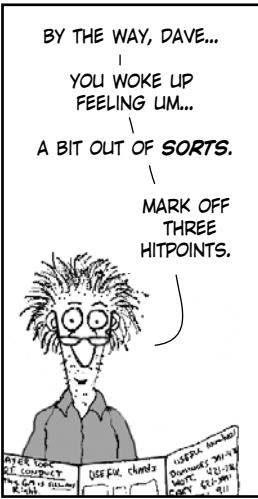
AND IT'S NOT *MY* FAULT SOMEBODY MADE OFF WITH MY *SPICE KIT* -- I CAN'T *WORK* WITHOUT THE *PROPER* TOOLS.

THAT *STEW* WAS THE *WORST*, BIG GUY.

YEAH -- IT WAS *PRETTY* BAD.

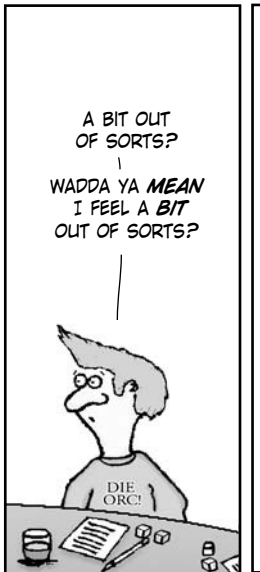
THAT *LEFT-OVER* *MUSKRAT* MEAT I ADDED TO THE *POT* MUST HAVE *TURNED*.

I HAD TO MAKE *FOUR* *SAVES* VS. *RETCHING*.

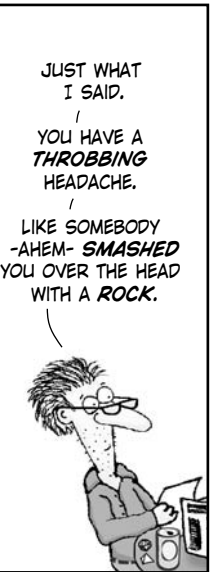


BY THE WAY, DAVE...  
YOU WOKE UP FEELING UM...  
A BIT OUT OF *SORTS*.

MARK OFF *THREE* *HITPOINTS*.



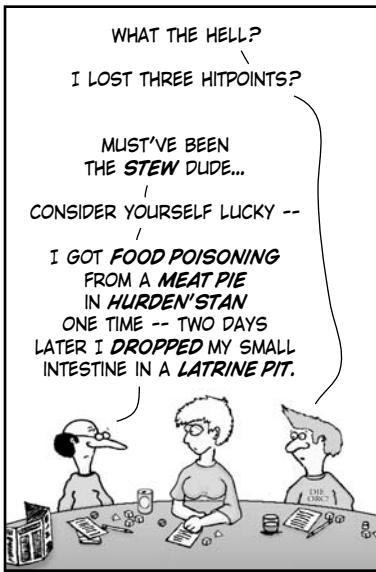
A BIT OUT OF *SORTS*?  
WADDA YA *MEAN* I FEEL A *BIT* OUT OF *SORTS*?



JUST WHAT I SAID.

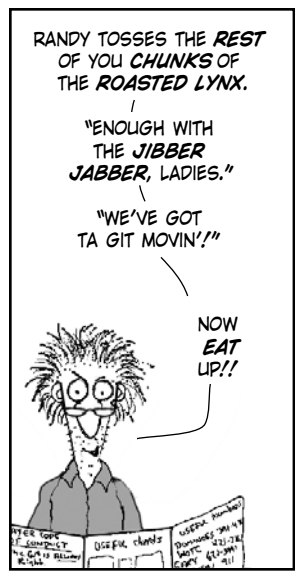
YOU HAVE A *THROBING* HEADACHE.

LIKE SOMEBODY -AHM- *SMASHED* YOU OVER THE HEAD WITH A *ROCK*.



WHAT THE HELL?  
I LOST *THREE* *HITPOINTS*?

MUST'VE BEEN THE *STEW* DUDE...  
CONSIDER YOURSELF *LUCKY* --  
I GOT *FOOD POISONING* FROM A *MEAT PIE* IN *HURDEN'S TAN* ONE TIME -- *TWO* DAYS LATER I *DROPPED* MY *SMALL* *INTESTINE* IN A *LATRINE* *PIT*.

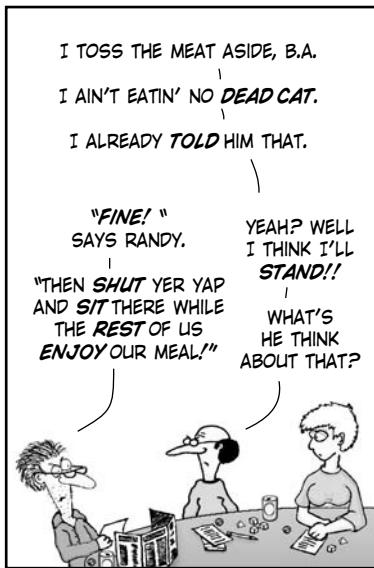


RANDY TOSSES THE *REST* OF YOU *CHUNKS* OF THE *ROASTED* *LYNX*.

"ENOUGH WITH THE *JIBBER JABBER*, LADIES."  
"WE'VE GOT TA *GIT* *MOVIN'*!"

NOW *EAT* UP!!

"BY THE TIME HE SHOWED UP TO *WORK* MONDAY MORNIN' *OLD MAN WINMYER* WAS ON TO HIM LIKE A *GNAT* ON *SWEAT*!"  
—Dave Bozwell, *Bundles of Trouble #23, And Then the Other...*



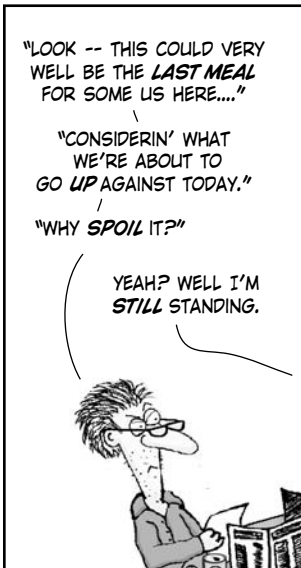
I TOSS THE MEAT ASIDE, B.A.  
I AIN'T EATIN' NO **DEAD CAT**.  
I ALREADY **TOLD** HIM THAT.

"FINE!"  
SAYS RANDY.

YEAH? WELL  
I THINK I'LL  
**STAND!!**

"THEN **SHUT** YER YAP  
AND **SIT** THERE WHILE  
THE **REST** OF US  
**ENJOY** OUR MEAL!"

WHAT'S  
HE THINK  
ABOUT THAT?



"LOOK -- THIS COULD VERY  
WELL BE THE **LAST MEAL**  
FOR SOME US HERE...."

"CONSIDERIN' WHAT  
WE'RE ABOUT TO  
**GO UP** AGAINST TODAY."

"WHY **SPOIL** IT?"

YEAH? WELL I'M  
**STILL** STANDING.



BOB -- PLEASE.

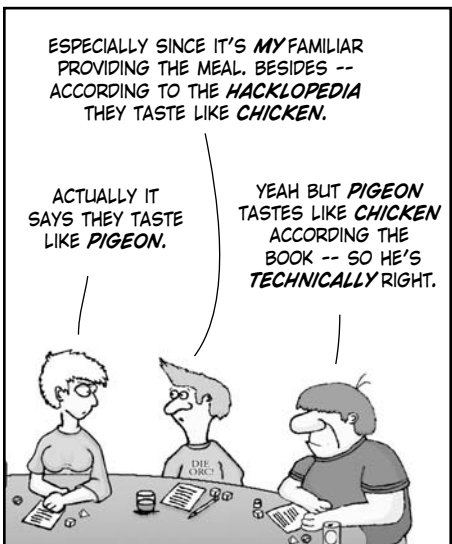
LET'S NOT **STIR** THINGS UP.

TODAY OF **ALL** DAYS WE'RE  
GOING TO NEED TO **STICK** TOGETHER.

**ME** STIR  
THINGS UP?

I GOT NO  
PROBLEM  
EATIN' LYNX...

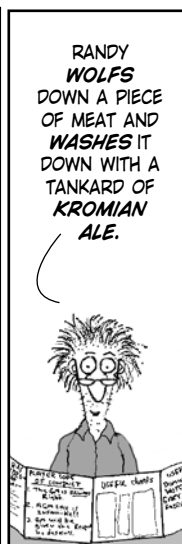
I AIN'T EATIN'  
**CAT** -- THAT'S **ALL**  
THERE IS TO IT.



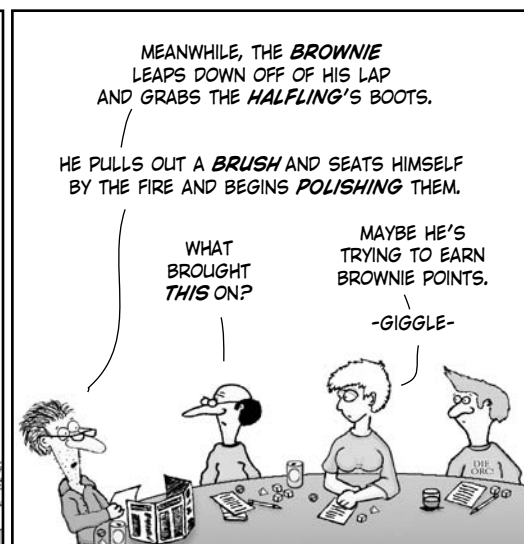
ESPECIALLY SINCE IT'S **MY** FAMILIAR  
PROVIDING THE MEAL. BESIDES --  
ACCORDING TO THE **HACKLOPEDIA**  
THEY TASTE LIKE **CHICKEN**.

ACTUALLY IT  
SAYS THEY TASTE  
LIKE **PIGEON**.

YEAH BUT **PIGEON**  
TASTES LIKE **CHICKEN**  
ACCORDING THE  
BOOK -- SO HE'S  
**TECHNICALLY** RIGHT.



RANDY  
**WOLFS**  
DOWN A PIECE  
OF MEAT AND  
**WASHES** IT  
DOWN WITH A  
TANKARD OF  
**KROMIAN**  
**ALE**.



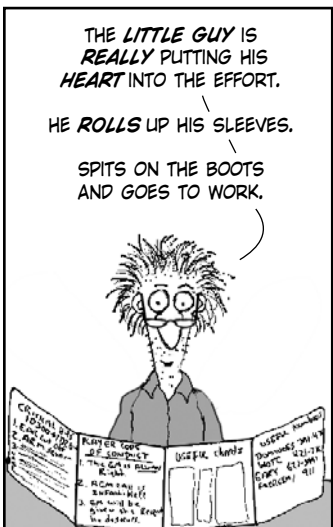
MEANWHILE, THE **BROWNIE**  
LEAPS DOWN OFF OF HIS LAP  
AND GRABS THE **HALFLING'S** BOOTS.

HE PULLS OUT A **BRUSH** AND SEATS HIMSELF  
BY THE FIRE AND BEGINS **POLISHING** THEM.

WHAT  
BROUGHT  
**THIS** ON?

MAYBE HE'S  
TRYING TO EARN  
BROWNIE POINTS.

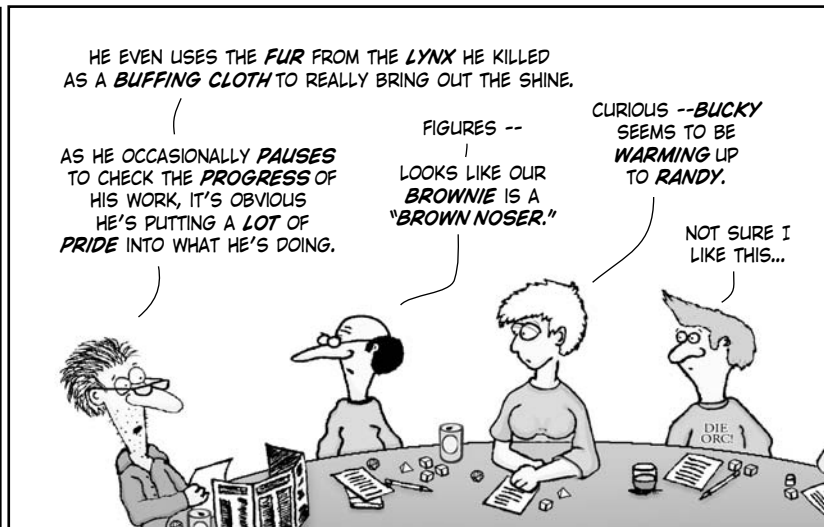
-GIGGLE-



THE **LITTLE GUY** IS  
**REALLY** PUTTING HIS  
**HEART** INTO THE EFFORT.

HE **ROLLS** UP HIS SLEEVES.

SPITS ON THE BOOTS  
AND GOES TO WORK.



HE EVEN USES THE **FUR** FROM THE **LYNX** HE KILLED  
AS A **BUFFING CLOTH** TO REALLY BRING OUT THE SHINE.

AS HE OCCASIONALLY **PAUSES**  
TO CHECK THE **PROGRESS** OF  
HIS WORK, IT'S OBVIOUS  
HE'S PUTTING A **LOT** OF  
**PRIDE** INTO WHAT HE'S DOING.

FIGURES --

LOOKS LIKE OUR  
**BROWNIE** IS A  
"**BROWN NOSER**."

CURIOUS --**BUCKY**  
SEEMS TO BE  
**WARMING** UP  
TO RANDY.

NOT SURE I  
LIKE THIS...

"SITTIN' IN FRONT OF A **COMPUTER** IN YOUR **UNDERWEAR**  
SENDIN' **TEXT MESSAGES** ISN'T **ROLE-PLAYING** YA **DORK!**"

—Pete Ashton, **KODT Issue #116, Losing Battle**