

DOGGY ISSUES

JAN 2022



SMELLS LIKE ADVENTURE!

- WILL TELLS ALL ABOUT THE PISS MAZE!

- A MOVING TRIBUTE TO BANKS

PLUS! DONUT'S TOP 5 DOUGHNUTS

SNIFF IT OUT

THE DO'S AND DON'TS OF REAL LIFE SKILL CHALLENGES

by WILL CAMPOS, DOGGY MASTER



I knew from the jump that I wanted the Dogs (and Cat) of Fetch Quest to at some point follow their noses in true pet fashion to find their way through a magical forest.

I was banging my head trying to cook up an in-system game with perception checks and dice rolls when my brilliant sister Martzi suggested busting out some scratch-and-sniffs and making the players play through the maze themselves. The idea made me giddy! But figuring out how to pull it off was easier said than done.

Along the way, I learned a thing or two about making a “real life” D&D skill challenge - namely, that Anthony makes it look way easier than it is! With that in mind, here’s some do’s and don’ts to consider if you’d like to incorporate a little IRL into your TTRPG.

“

It all started with two simple words:

PISS MAZE.

”

DO: Sweat the Small Stuff

Martzi and I knew if we could pull it off, the Piss Maze would be a hit. But there was a lot to figure out- how many rounds? How many smells? What types of smells? Would we tell the players the names of the scents, or make them guess? And what would happen if they failed?

By the time we had hashed out the full plan, we had whiffed our way through dozens of stickers, markers, and candles. We tested each “round” with different conditions- such as the number of scents to sort through- to get the difficulty just right. And we even slipped in a bag of coffee beans so people could cleanse their nose pallets between rounds.

It was a lot of work, but it paid huge dividends when it came time to actually run the challenge. The game in its final version was fun, easy to explain, and simple to play- even though the process to get it there was anything but!

DON'T: Get Too Attached

Look, when you come up with a super fun gimmick and you’ve spent all afternoon making little baggies with scratch and sniff cards on them or ordering elaborate dog toys online, it’s only natural to really want your players to actually get to see it!

But In episode two of Fetch Quest, I was so determined to get the crew to play my carnival games that I wound up railroading them into it. It worked out alright in the end, but it makes me sad to think of what could have been. One of

the things that makes Anthony a great DM is that he knows when to let go of an idea- even one he’s worked his butt off on.

After all, half the fun of playing D&D is spoiling your DM’s best-laid plans! As a DM, you’ve got to have the humility and humor to be open to that.

DO: Be Spontaneous

Here’s the good news: a great IRL moment doesn’t have to involve days of elaborate planning. In fact, some of the most memorable scenes in Daddies involved real-life challenges that we came up with in the spur of the moment.

The “bag of beans” from the Lord of Chaos arc is probably the most iconic example, but one of my favorites might be when Anthony made me take an actual cell phone picture of his laptop screen to learn where the Lance had taken our sons. The resulting blurry-as-hell photo- for which I’m still ridiculed to this day- was way more memorable than any dice roll could have been.

Likewise I think the most effective real-life “game” we played in Fetch Quest might actually be when we had Matt play “spin the bottle” with a pencil to figure out where Donut’s Wand of Fireball would be pointed when he picked it up in his mouth. Again, this is something we could’ve hashed out with a six sided dice, but the suspense in the room when Matt flipped that pencil- and the sheer chaos that erupted when it landed pointed right at him- couldn’t be beat.

DON'T: Get Greedy

Reader, I won’t bullshit ya. I was so high off the thrill of Piss Maze that I decided every episode of Fetch Quest needed its *Piss Maze Moment*. This, in retrospect, was a mistake. If you pull a rabbit out of your hat every time your players sit down for a game, they’re going to start expecting it, and if they start expecting it, they’re gonna get bored. Or worse! They’ll love it so much they’ll get bored when you DON’T do one.

All kidding aside, a little of this stuff goes a long way. I think there’s a reason the Piss Maze got a bigger reaction from the group than the games I planned in Fetch Quest episodes two and three. The gag started to get a little old. The whole point of these challenges is to mix things up, so don’t let them become routine!

DO: Fuck Around! And Find Out!

Look, the best way to get a feel for this stuff is to throw caution into the wind and try it out! With that in mind, I hope these tips inspire you to run a real life skill challenge or two in your next D&D session. And if you do, don’t forget to give us all the juicy deets on how it went over in the discord. Thanks y’all!

- Will

CURIOUS DISDAIN

FURTHER TAXONOMIC OBSERVATIONS OF HUMANS AND DOGS

by MOCHI

From my perch overlooking the pet doctor office, I am privy to numerous conversations as it pertains to baubles and other frivolous trinkets meant to occupy the meandering minutes we have upon the winding road towards certain oblivion. I myself, of course, have no need for such contrivances, these so called “pet toys” (or “doggie toys,” should one wish to be discriminate) as I am certain to ascend to feline godhood upon the sloughing of this mortal coil, and as such, take a decidedly ambulatory pace down the path of my many lives, immersing myself fully in the chaos these humans deign to call “orderly society.”

Indeed, when one speaks from a place of excess and leisure, it is perhaps inevitable to be burdened by the knowledge of one’s own superiority, and as such, the arabesque tapestry of distractions that both humans and canines must engage in can seem slight and bereft of any meaning or enjoyment. As I scribe these words I observe, for example, the human seated at the lit square pushing, tugging, and jabbing incoherently at her “mouse” (let us not linger upon this grievous misnomer, as I daresay I could fill an entire volume with an erudite treatise decrying this absolute buffoonery). Upon her lit square dances other meaningless white squares, arranged in columns of varying heights, like the cat towers I clambored upon in my youth.

Within these columns, indistinct symbols are arranged in alternating black and reds. Sometimes, this human slams the mouse down in frustration, simply to restart this activity afresh. But curiously, occasionally

the columns are chipped away to a joyous clatter of clicks, their ends floating towards four spots at the top of their lit square, until the human is treated to a geometric display of bouncing squares which fill the square, and often is accompanied by said human leaning back contentedly. I must admit, these moments (however rare) engenders a deep impulse in me to claw at their lit square, but I am wise enough to know that my station here overseeing and keeping the peace in this doctor’s office can be wrested away from me should I engage in such foolishness as attacking the lit square.

(Let us also not speak of the unjust prohibition of my body upon the warm, inviting, clicking collection of squares the human spends most of the rest of their day poking at.)



Yet in these moments of apparent self-satisfied victory (the human having accomplished some task handed down to them from unknown sources) I am most perturbed to observe that the human simply leans forward and starts the process anew. Indeed, though their demeanor cannot be more diametrically opposed— in one case, vexed, in the other, jocund, their resulting behavior remains the same— to simply start the process again. Such is the nature of human folly, and I shall never brook such foolishness.

But however puerile the leisure pursuits of homo sapiens, I must admit it simply does not hold a candle to the inane distractions that so overjoy canis familiaris. Frequent readers of my missives must certainly be rolling their eyes at the prospect of, yet once again, revisiting this tried and trodden ground. But I make no apologies, as such a fertile ground continually bears fruit for our examination and subsequent mockery.

Let us ignore, for now, the multitude of canine dalliances that are near identical variances of rubber spheres or ragged figures meant to be gnawed upon, tugged at, and eventually roughly drawn and quartered with the willing help of a human (for those who wish to enlighten

themselves of my particular views of such devices, can refer to my previously published works.)

Rather, let us turn our attention to the plastic baubles apparently meant to vex and confound the average canine by hiding some manner of treat or reward within a complex series of sliders, swivels, and actuators. I can only surmise that the purpose of such a device is to attempt to build upon whatever rudimentary problem solving capabilities lie nascent in any given slobbering hound, perhaps as a way to separate the wheat from the chaff, as it were. The office has such a device designated for community use, and it oft invites undue attention from both the addled dogs in the waiting room, as well as from the humans to whom they belong.

From my frequent and numerous observations, I must conclude that all dogs are “chaff.” Though usually successful in unlocking the various hidden chambers and compartments to unveil the food-based treat(s) contained within, not a single beast is able to do so with any degree of expediency. Indeed, I would classify their approach in two words that will surprise none of my dear readers: brute force.

Should I ever be presented with such a device, I would slap its arcane mechanisms aside with deft swipes of my paw with nary a glance. Such plastic curios are no match for my keen feline intellect, as the simple machines that govern their locking mechanisms require no more than a modicum of proper force applied in the proper direction. I daresay I apply such force with casual precision every time I lay down a fat dookie in my litter box.

And just like the dancing squares upon the lit screen, I note with disdain the enthusiasm the common dog wishes to engage upon this activity again upon completion, approached with a gusto as if they had never seen such a device before.

(cont'd on next page)

FURTHER TAXONOMIC OBSERVATIONS..., CONT'D

Thus I can only conclude, from these observations, that homo sapiens and canis familiaris are truly meant and made for each other. Both delight in engaging in obscure puzzles in their relative domains of familiarity- the human upon their lit screen (or their pocket screens), the canine in (what else?) the domain of food acquisition. Moreover, both species delight in engaging in the same activity, over and over again, to a stultifying degree and with no apparent modification of enthusiasm for the arbitrary task at hand, nor with any discernible increase of aptitude (as one would expect, at the very least, improvement).

It is perhaps these sorts of similarities, to be of like ineptitude, which binds these species so strongly. I thank the cat gods daily that our kind has been blessed with observational facilities to avoid such a fate. Now, if you'll excuse me, I must attend to a particularly bothersome bedevilment- the formless, flitting bright red insect which is most alluring has appeared once again in my vicinity and I must alight anon in order to entrap it and better understand its nature. I have, as yet, been unable to procure a sample (though I am sure I am quick enough to entrap its form), but fear not, dear reader, for this time I feel things may be going my way...



Artist: [@wideyoungman](#)



IN LOVING MEMORY

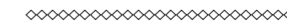


THE SPY WHO INFILTRATED OUR HEARTS

Agent Cody Banks, former undercover super spy for the CIA and charming 15 year old boy genius, died last month at a greyhound bus station near San Dimas. He was 63 (not 15 anymore). Banks' high-tech spy career began in 2003 with his entrance into the Central Intelligence Agency's Special Activities Division, and concluded with the release of *Agent Cody Banks 2: Destination London* in 2004. Banks was found dead with three bullet wounds to the head, point blank, execution style, although the cause of death is still undetermined.

Banks was known for his warm smile and self-effacing humor (he was a victim of bullying prior to his career with the CIA). His effortless charm made him a natural choice when his mission required going undercover at a private school. Not only did he nab the bad guy, he also got the girl. That's right, Cody Banks and actress Hillary Duff were engaged for five years, though later split once Banks went into hiding. The following year Banks served overseas, where he posed as a summer orchestra student at the Kenworth estate to spy on owner Lord Duncan Kenworth. Again he found love, this time with Emily [*last name redacted*], a fellow student and Scotland Yard undercover operative. His time in London and his time with Emily was cut short by a series of other things Banks had to do. After his career in the CIA came to an end, things seemed to take a turn for Banks. Friends recall him acting "antsy, full of regret" in the last years of his life, and indeed he is believed to have been searching for the wife and kids he left behind in pursuit of his cool career.

Banks briefly regained his footing in society and sanity once he adopted "Cookie", a whippet dog who is, by many accounts, "very fast." Banks was seen timing Cookie as she ran very quickly around an Olive Garden in 2019. Those who knew Banks said he often described Cookie as "a good girl." Banks infrequently spoke about love, claiming "a man's heart is a deep ocean of secrets," but those who knew him best said that he loved football and the movie *Chasing Amy*. He is survived by Elizabeth Banks and his very fast, very good girl, Cookie.





GOOD DOG DONUT'S TOP FIVE GOOD DOUGH DONUTS

DONUT'S
DONUTS

Bark Bark good human friends! This is your good boy Donut here. I love you all 'cause you always call me "good boy" and "fluffy bud" and "tummy-rubs-who-wants-tummy-rubs." That's all really nice and gives me a good tail wagging. The thing I really love most about you two-leggers though, is when you give me a jaw-smacking donut. Donuts are the greatest thing in the whole wide field. When I think about what is beyond the great big road, I think its nothing but a big pile of donuts.

When I get a donut, I always love it. But some donuts are more my favorite than others. Please give me any donut. There is no donut I don't love. That is why I am called Donut. But these five are my most loved of all donuts. (But I love all of them.)

5. Strawberry Surprise

I like strawberries. Sometimes Terry gives me some of these grey juicy berries when I'm extra good and don't throw up on the floor. And sometimes what I think is a normal donut has some of them inside. Sometimes I wonder why there is no hole in the donut. The donut is filled up. But I'm still surprised when I take a big chomp and strawberries come out. It makes me happy.



4. Sugar Bone

I always forget that donuts aren't always circle. I'll be looking at some ant friends and behind me I see a large bone drop to the floor. I've been told not to eat off the floor unless I'm told. So I keep looking at the ants and hope that Terry will call me to come chew on the bone. But sometimes Terry says I've been a good boy and I run over to the bone and it looks a little different. Its all twisty and sparkly and I realize its not a bone but a long donut. Its simple but I like the surprise of thinking bone. I also like bones.



3. Old Donut (picture of any donut, just stale and old or maybe in the trash)

I like the donuts that are too old for humans to eat and they throw them away and then I find them in the back. Don't tell Terry.



2. Bad Donut (picture of a chocolate donut)

I can't eat these donuts. Terry says they make me sick. They have chocolate on them. But the brown covering is so good. He always hides them and makes sure I don't find them when he throws them into the big boxes. But I like them so much. They do make me sick. I throw up and Terry is sad. Which makes me sad. But they are so delicious. I just wish they didn't make me throw up and make Terry sad.



1. Sprinkles (picture of a sprinkles donut)

There's lots of little things on these donuts. Terry calls them sprinkles. I like how it looks. Looks like little ants. But I don't eat ants. They are nice. But they look cute on the donut and I like the way it tastes too. I like these ones the most because Terry gives them to me the most.



Those are some of the donuts I like more than other donuts. But remember, I like all donuts and please give me one!

1. None.

2. Never do this.



REASONS TO WAX
YOUR DOG'S ASSHOLE
by ANTHONY BURCH



Artist: [@SceneHerobrine](#)



Artist: [@trufflepod](#)



- Oh, but have you considered?