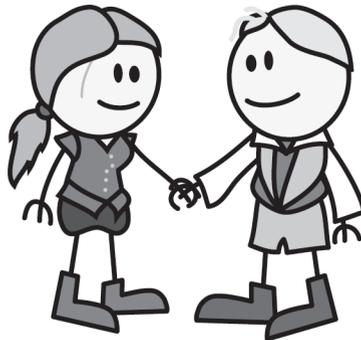


The
Order of the **Stick**[™]

presents

Haleo & Julelan

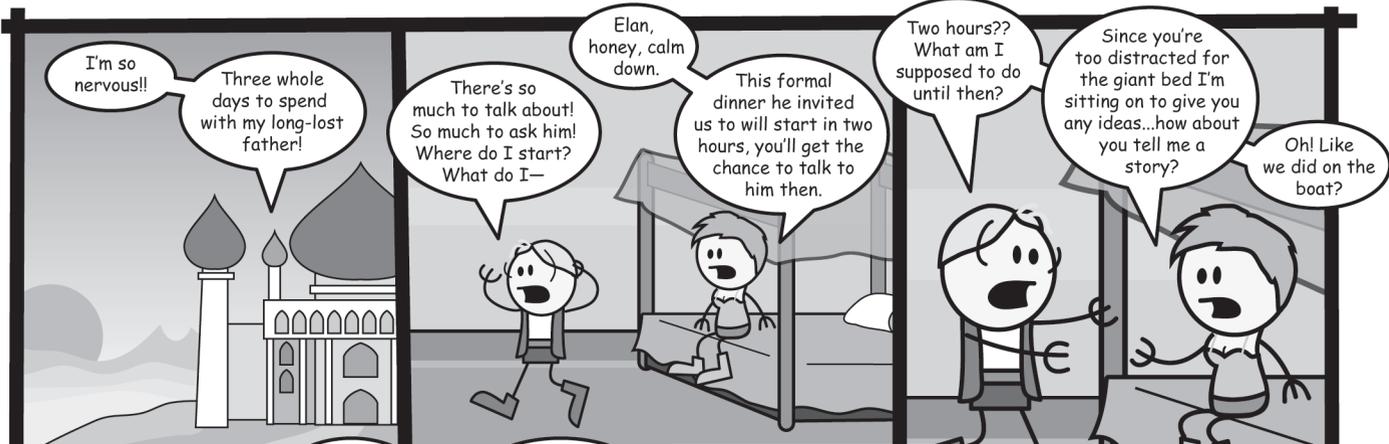
A StickTales Story



by Rich Burlew

GIANT in
the
PLAYGROUND[™]

©2013 Giant in the Playground. All rights reserved. THE ORDER OF THE STICK, OOTS, GIANT IN THE PLAYGROUND, as well as all characters featured in this work, the distinctive likenesses thereof and related elements, are trademarks of Giant in the Playground. Thanks to all the Kickstarter backers who made this possible, and special thanks to Billy Shakespeare for not haunting me. Please don't distribute this file, OK? Thanks.



I'm so nervous!

Three whole days to spend with my long-lost father!

There's so much to talk about! So much to ask him! Where do I start? What do I—

Elan, honey, calm down.

This formal dinner he invited us to will start in two hours, you'll get the chance to talk to him then.

Two hours?? What am I supposed to do until then?

Since you're too distracted for the giant bed I'm sitting on to give you any ideas...how about you tell me a story?

Oh! Like we did on the boat?



As seen in the hit book *Snips, Snails, and Dragon Tales*.

You're getting so good at shilling—I've never been prouder.

Let's see, what story could I tell?
Oh! I know!

Les Stickerables
After spending twenty years in prison for stealing a loaf of bread, Roy Valroy is pursued by the relentless Inspector Xavert!

So, you've finally caught up with me.

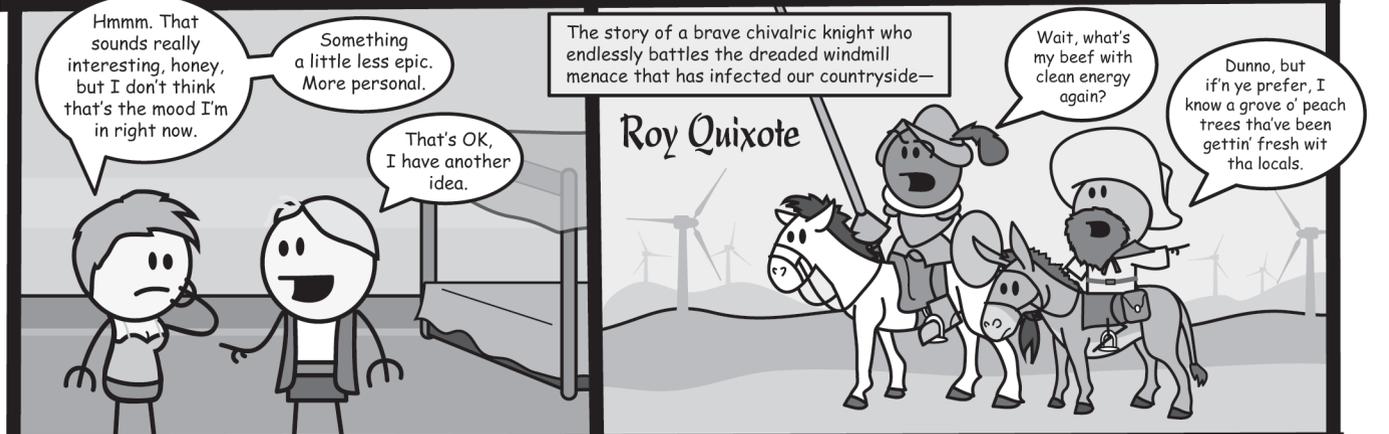
...Do I know you?

You've been hunting me for years!

Have I?

Don't you want to arrest me??

Nah, I'm good.



Hmmm. That sounds really interesting, honey, but I don't think that's the mood I'm in right now.

Something a little less epic. More personal.

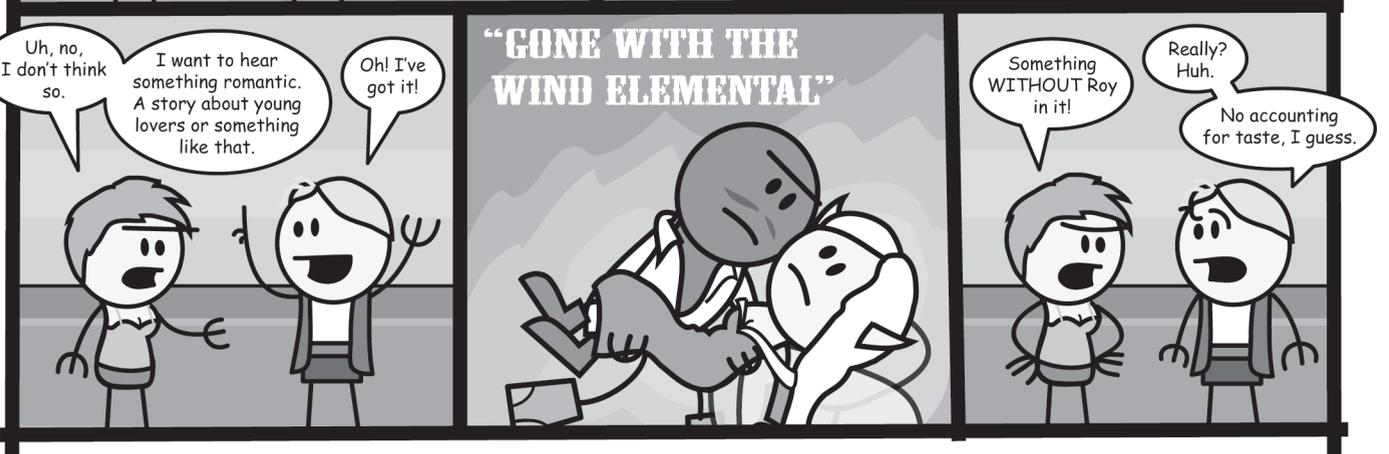
That's OK, I have another idea.

The story of a brave chivalric knight who endlessly battles the dreaded windmill menace that has infected our countryside—

Roy Quixote

Wait, what's my beef with clean energy again?

Dunno, but if'n ye prefer, I know a grove o' peach trees tha've been gettin' fresh wit' the locals.



Uh, no, I don't think so.

I want to hear something romantic. A story about young lovers or something like that.

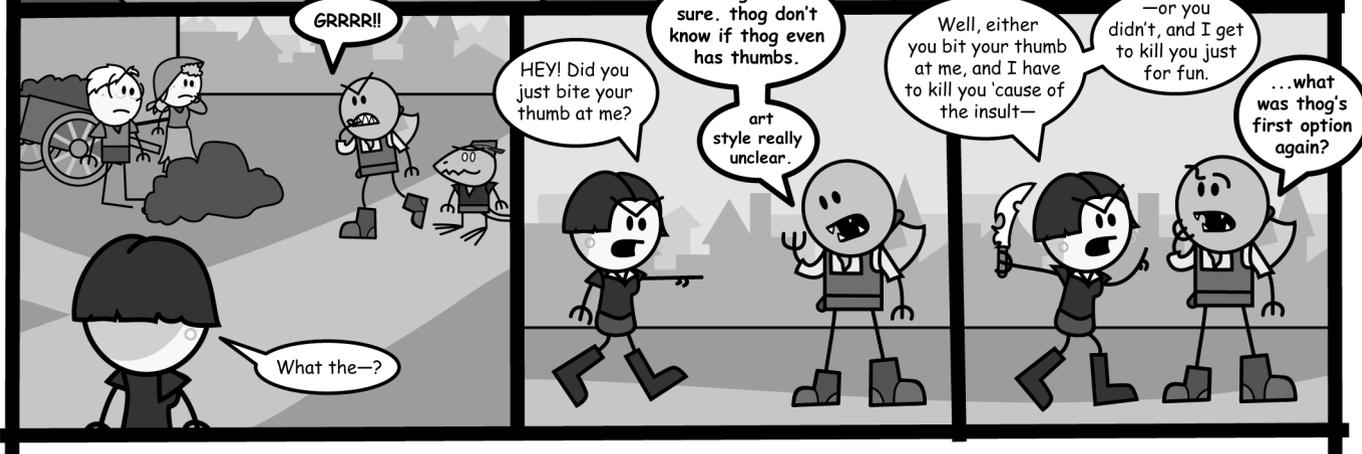
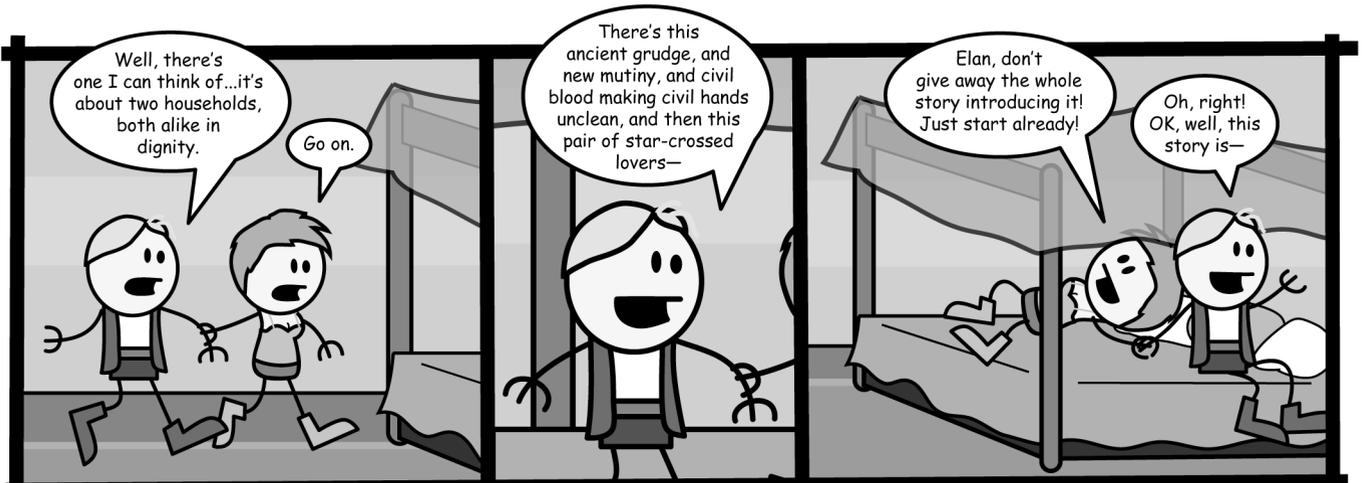
Oh! I've got it!

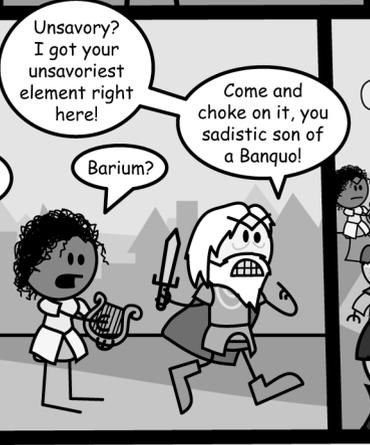
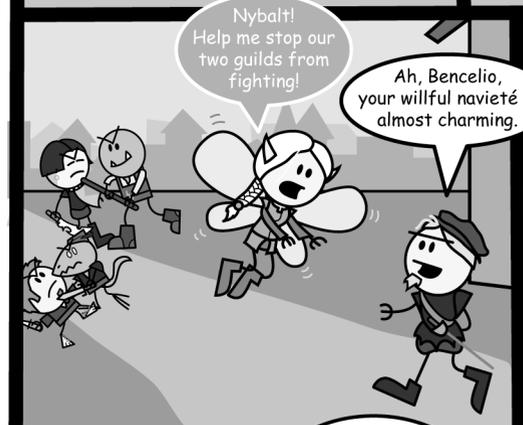
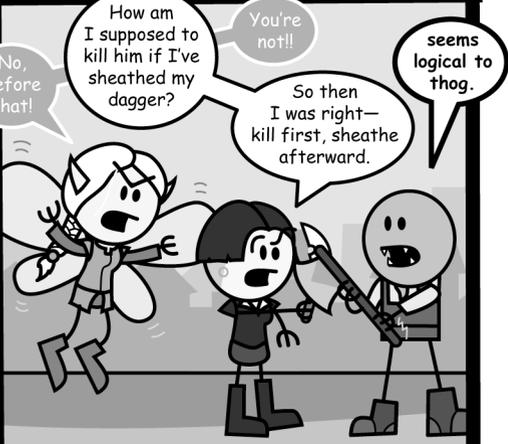
"GONE WITH THE WIND ELEMENTAL"

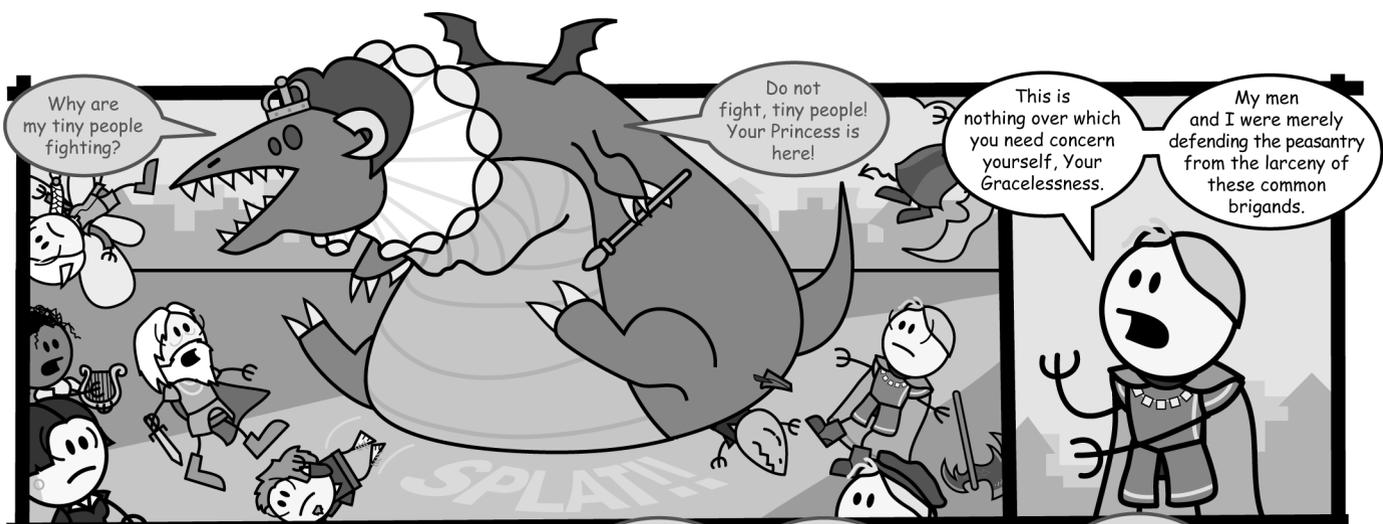
Something WITHOUT Roy in it!

Really? Huh.

No accounting for taste, I guess.







Why are my tiny people fighting?

Do not fight, tiny people! Your Princess is here!

This is nothing over which you need concern yourself, Your Gracelessness.

My men and I were merely defending the peasantry from the larceny of these common brigands.



The peasantry? HA! As if you give a Shylock about the lower class in this town.

Of course I care. It's where we get all of our best slaves.

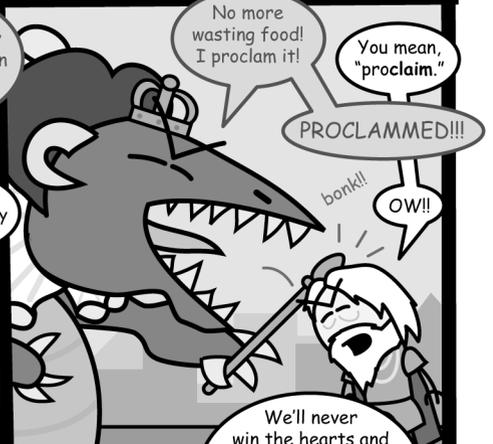


Stop with your mouths and words and stuff! I'm hungry.

If you want all the tiny people dead, then I'll eat them, OK?

Uh, no, actually—

That doesn't really solve any of our—



No more wasting food! I proclaim it!

You mean, "proclaim."

PROCLAMMED!!!

bonk!!

OW!!



Now I will return to my totally sweet throne room and contemplate exactly how bitchin' rad I am.

Answer: YES!



Seems like you won't be able to rely on crude violence to get rid of me, Tarquin.

One methodology curtailed from among an array of possibilities does little to stymie my efforts.

Good day.

Crystalthazar, you need to stop getting provoked by Tarquin's people in public.

We'll never win the hearts and minds of the common folk if they think we're bloodthirsty sociopaths!

Sorry, boss. I'll try to keep it under wraps.



Have any of you seen my daughter Haleo around? I'm just glad she wasn't mixed up in this cluster MacDuff.

I saw her this morning being kinda moody, but I don't know why.

What a shocker, emo girl was all emo. Gods, I hate her.



Wait, here she comes. Bencelio, try to find out why she's so mopey. The rest of us will scoot.

How come no one ever bothers trying to cheer me up when I'm feeling down?

The only thing that cheers you up is murdering someone.

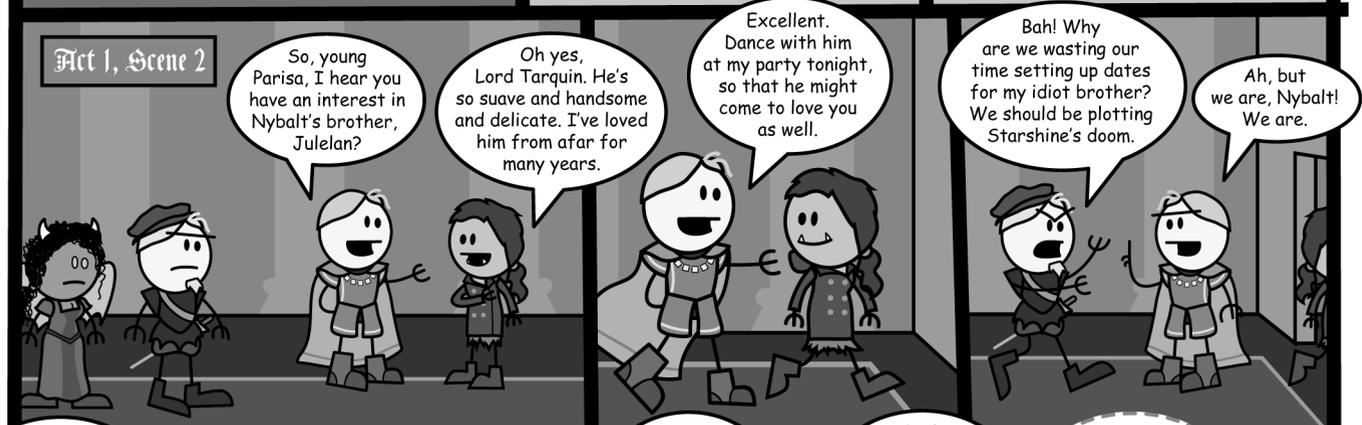
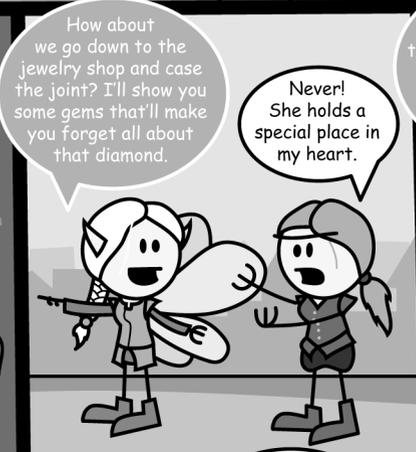
Right, so it'd only take a few moments of their time, at most!

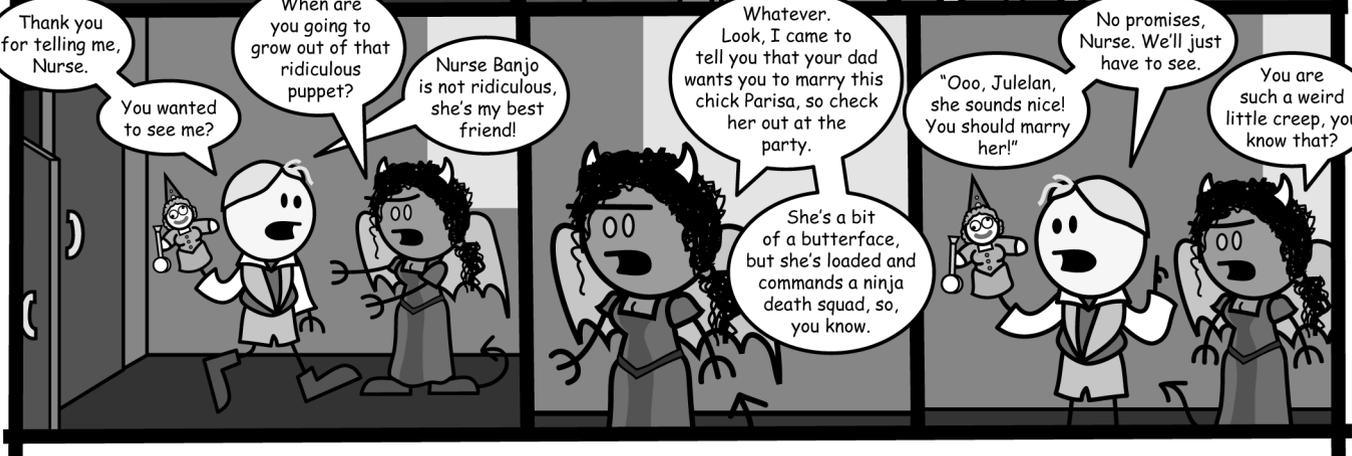
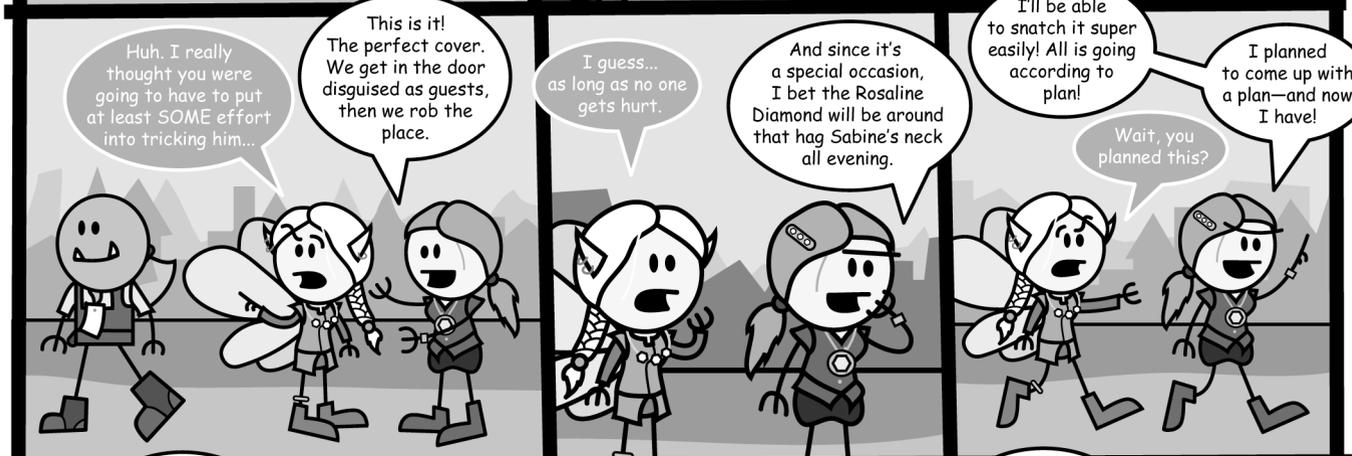
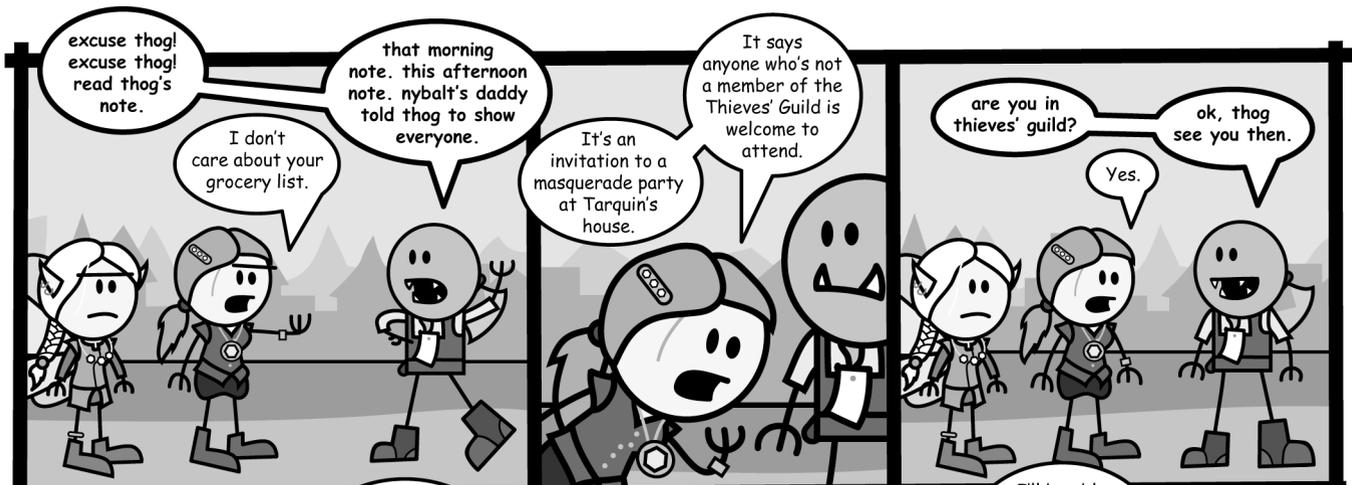


The Rosaline Diamond is the biggest, clearest, most perfectly cut diamond in all the land! No other gem can compare to its brilliant shine!



But the Tarquins keep it locked up somewhere in their mansion! I mean, what is the point of even HAVING a giant diamond if you don't spend hours watching the sun reflect off of its facets? Huh?





Act 1, Scene 4

OK, here's the plan: Once we get inside, Vaarcutio, use your magic to find the treasure vault.

When you've got it, Bencelio and Henry the One-Half—you two break in and steal everything you can carry.

I'll stay upstairs at the party and keep lookout—

—for the Rosaline Diamond—

—and if anyone starts getting suspicious, I'll have Crystalthazar make a diversion so the rest of us can split.

Wait a second, Whore-ee. If I'm the diversion, how am I gonna get away?

Easy! Once their attention is on you, you just slip out the back.

...Oh, OK.

I have a good feeling about this, guys! I had a great dream last night.

O, then, I see that Queen Mab has been with you.

She is the fairies' midwife and she comes in shape as a Tiny Fey with 10d6+10 Hit Dice, an Armor Class of 23, and damage reduction of 10 / cold iron.

She makes two weapon attacks per round with a short sword +3. When encountered, she is accompanied by 2d4 grigs and 1d4-1 pixies.

Her spell-like abilities are disguise self (3/day), invisibility (self only), true seeing—

Peace, peace, Vaarcutio! Peace! Thou talk'st of nothing.

What are you talking about? I had lunch with her last Tuesday.

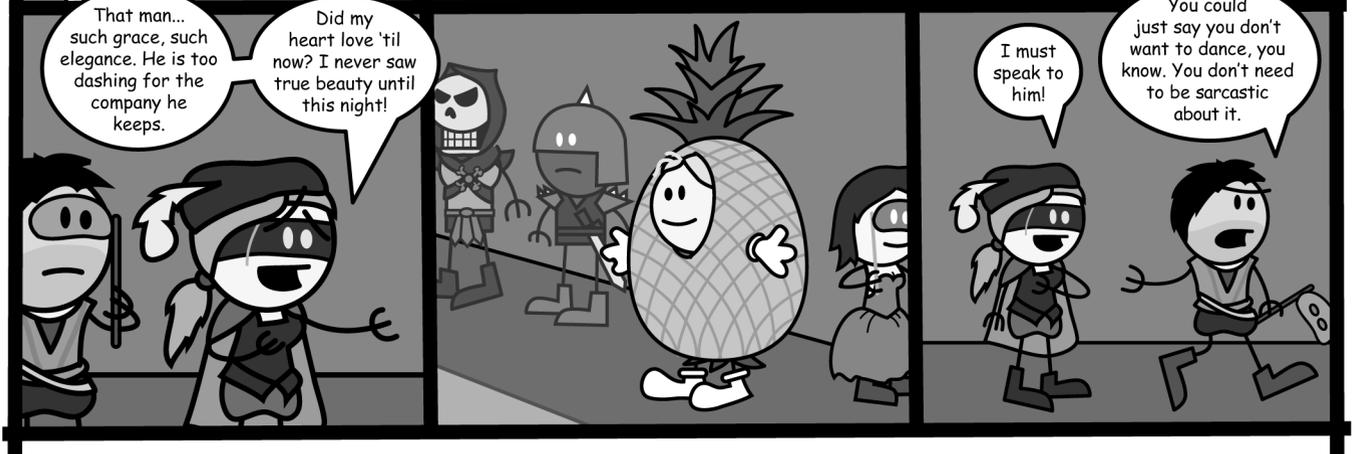
Act 1, Scene 5

See, Nybalt? I have cunningly tricked the two other social events being held tonight into joining our own.

I rule united—but I must still hide it.

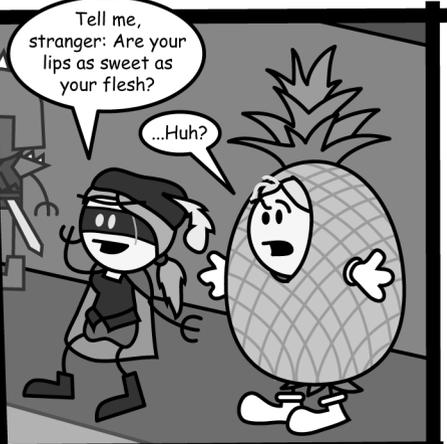
I'm about to seize control and I think I like it.





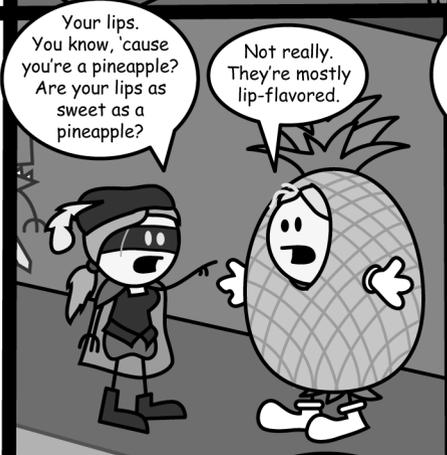


Play that funky music, wight boys...



Tell me, stranger: Are your lips as sweet as your flesh?

...Huh?



Your lips. You know, 'cause you're a pineapple? Are your lips as sweet as a pineapple?

Not really. They're mostly lip-flavored.



Uh, OK. Well, my lips stand ready to smooth that rough pineapple skin with a tender kiss.

Oh! I get it now! Come close, I'll let you in on a little secret.



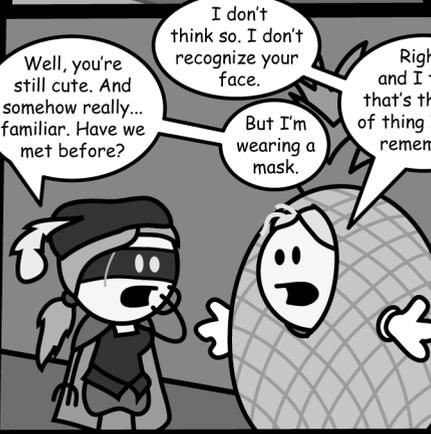
I'm not really a pineapple.

It's just a costume.



Yes, I know. I meant—Wow. You're a little on the dim side, aren't you?

My mommy used to say that I made all the torches seem brighter in comparison!

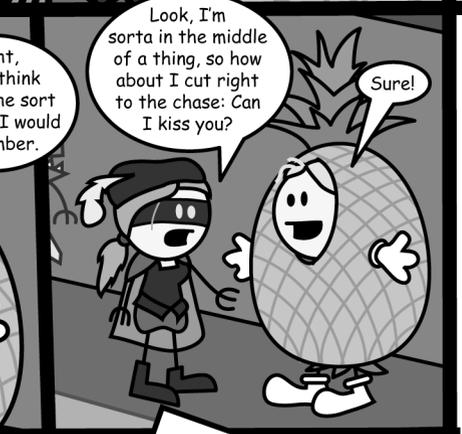


Well, you're still cute. And somehow really... familiar. Have we met before?

I don't think so. I don't recognize your face.

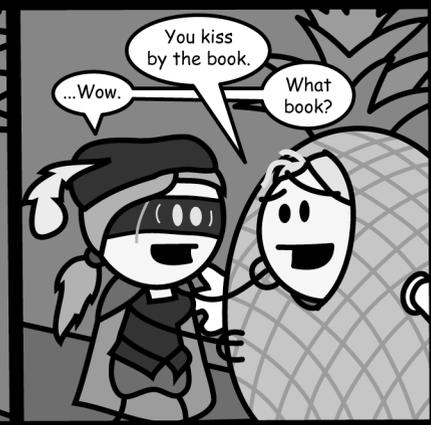
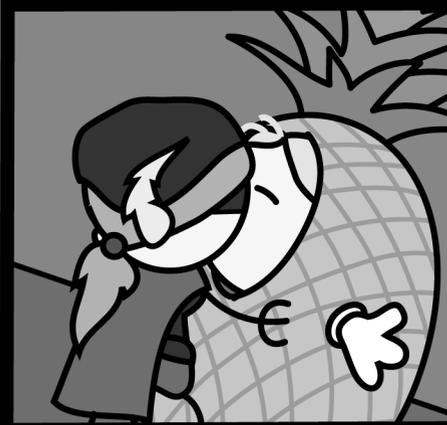
But I'm wearing a mask.

Right, and I think that's the sort of thing I would remember.



Look, I'm sorta in the middle of a thing, so how about I cut right to the chase: Can I kiss you?

Sure!



You kiss by the book.

...Wow.

What book?





So, is there any place we can be alone?

We could sneak down to the treasure vault.

Uh, no, I think that might be a bit crowded right now.

Wait— How do you know where Tarquin's vault is, anyway?

Haleo! The jig is up! The guards are after us!

I distinctly remember hearing that there would be some sort of alert in that case.

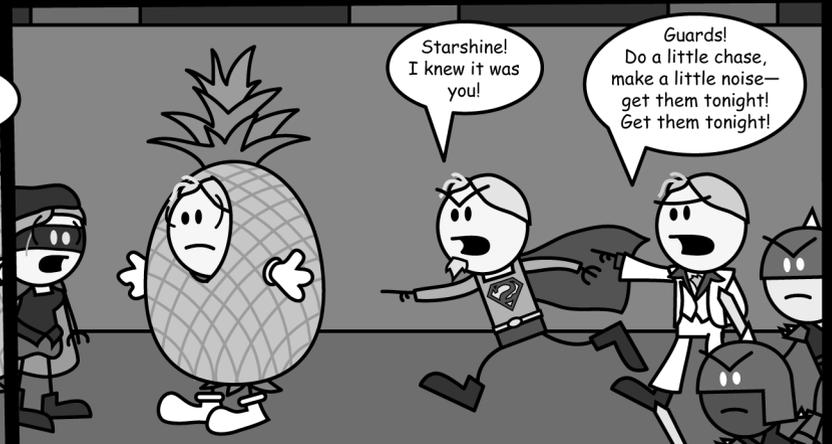


Come on, we need to get back to the Guildhouse!

Right.

gasp You're a member of the Thieves' Guild?!?

Yeah, why? Is that a—



Starshine! I knew it was you!

Guards! Do a little chase, make a little noise— get them tonight! Get them tonight!

Yeah, nice job looking out, lookout.



GAAAAH!

I—I gotta go!

Me too, I think.

Yeah.

So, um, OK, then.

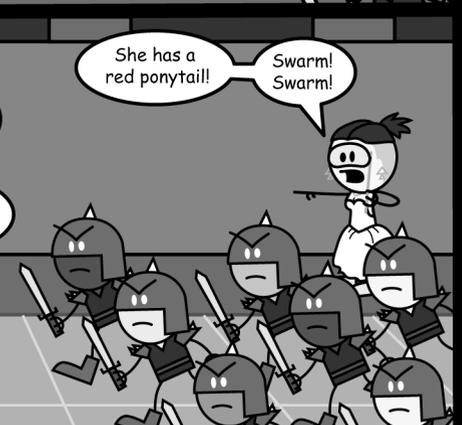


Geez, I can't believe I didn't see the resemblance...

Huh?

Never mind. Where's Crystalthazar?

Diversion, as planned.



She has a red ponytail!

Swarm! Swarm!



Act 2, Scene 1

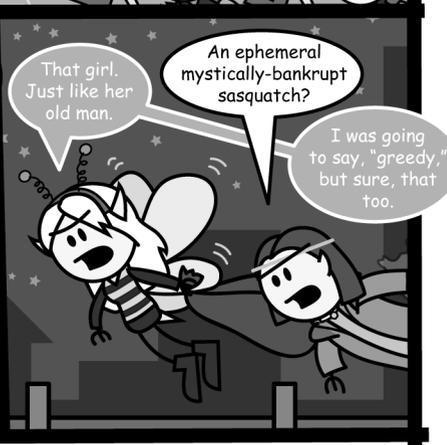
Hey, so... let's split up. I'll circle back to throw them off the trail.

No, Haleo— we should stick together. We'll have a better chance of fighting Tarquin's guards if—



—we do. Darn it, where'd she go?

No doubt she returned to pilfer that infernal diamond about which she continually blathers.



That girl. Just like her old man.

An ephemeral mystically-bankrupt sasquatch?

I was going to say, "greedy," but sure, that too.



O Haleo, Haleo! Wherefore art thou Haleo?

But soft! What light through yonder window breaks? It is the east, and Julelan is the sun.

And also the son-of my greatest enemy. This sucks!

Deny thy father and refuse thy name, and probably stop robbing people, too.

Or if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love and I'll no longer be a...whatever my last name is.

McTarquinson?

What is a Starshine? It is not a hand, nor foot, nor arm, nor face, nor any other part belonging to a woman.

I guess it's the light that comes off a star. Like, the twinkling. So that's neat. But still!



What's in a name? That which we call a rose by any other name would smell as sweet.

But it'd also be seriously confusing, especially if we just switched now. How would you even let people know?

And it would have to be short enough not to break the "Roses are red," meter, too.

Glomlocks? Blorgats? Flugnushes?

No, that has too many syllables.

I'll happily give up my name for you, Julelan!

Or maybe we could hyphenate them, so I can stay associated with my previous professional accomplishments! I hear that's pretty popular, too!



Who's there??

I dare not say, since my name causes you such pain.

Gasp! Tchklgrkickt Q. Mrcchnkonson, is that you??

No, I mean—
It's Haleo.



Haleo! You came back! But it's dangerous—my dad and brother are still out looking for you.

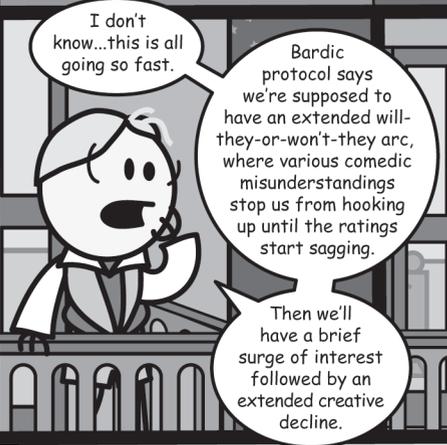
I had to risk it! I needed to see you again. Preferably without the pineapple costume.

How did you find this place?

By love, who first did prompt me to inquire.

Oh, so like a love-based positioning system! LPS!

Speaking of lips, how 'bout another kiss, cutie?



I don't know...this is all going so fast.

Bardic protocol says we're supposed to have an extended will-they-or-won't-they arc, where various comedic misunderstandings stop us from hooking up until the ratings start sagging.

Then we'll have a brief surge of interest followed by an extended creative decline.



But I can't do it! You're all pretty and glittery and stuff in the starlight.

You're double starshine!





But how do I know you really love me?

Why buy the loaf when you can get free milk?

I'll swear it! By yonder blessed moon I swear—

Don't swear by the moon—the Moon God is sort of a perv.

I see everyone naked.



Plus, the moon is always changing, going through that awful monthly cycle!

Huh. I'm not...I'm not touching that one.



So, if the moon's out, how should I swear?

I think those squiggly little cartoon symbols are traditional in comic strips.

Why don't I just swear by myself?

That works! 'Cause you're the goddess of my idolatry.

Sure. Done. I swear by myself that I love you.



I guess I should go back in.

What, really? Wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?



I was hoping you could grope me a little while we were making out.

Oh! Yeah, we can totally do that.



Awwwww yeah.



Wait! I hear someone coming!

Then I gotta get out of here!



Good night!

Good night, my new love! Will I see you tomorrow?

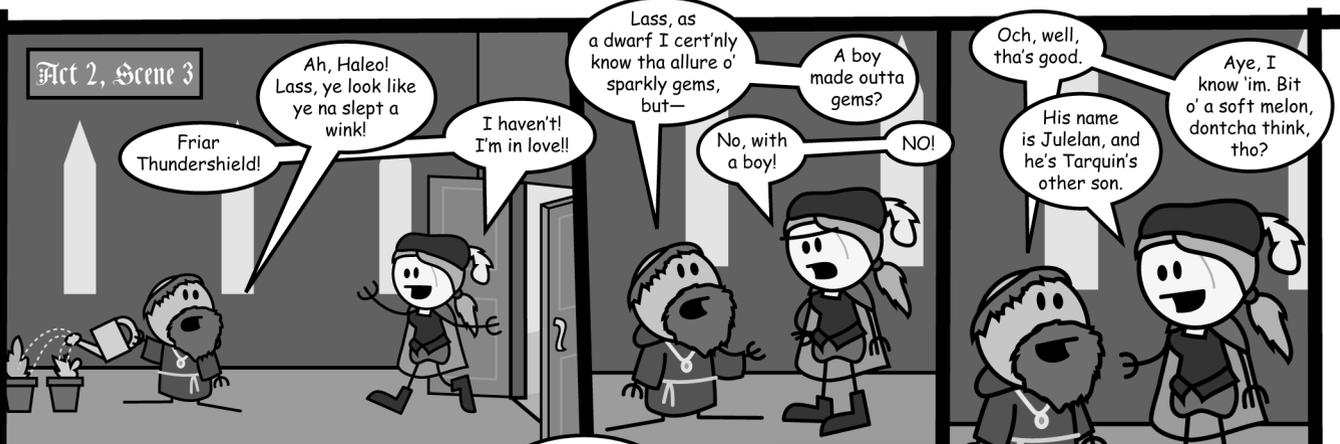
I'll send someone to the Thieves' Guild to set up a date.



I, uh—Your money purse.

Force of habit, sorry.

Act 2, Scene 3



Friar Thundershield!

Ah, Haleo! Lass, ye look like ye na slept a wink!

I haven't! I'm in love!!

Lass, as a dwarf I cert'nly know tha allure o' sparkly gems, but—

A boy made outta gems?

No, with a boy!

NO!

Och, well, tha's good.

His name is Julelan, and he's Tarquin's other son.

Aye, I know 'im. Bit o' a soft melon, dontcha think, tho?

Act 2, Scene 4



I don't care. He's sweet and honest and funny.

And oh my gods, gorgeous. It's weird how much of a difference being able to see his chin makes.

Please, Friar—marry us today!

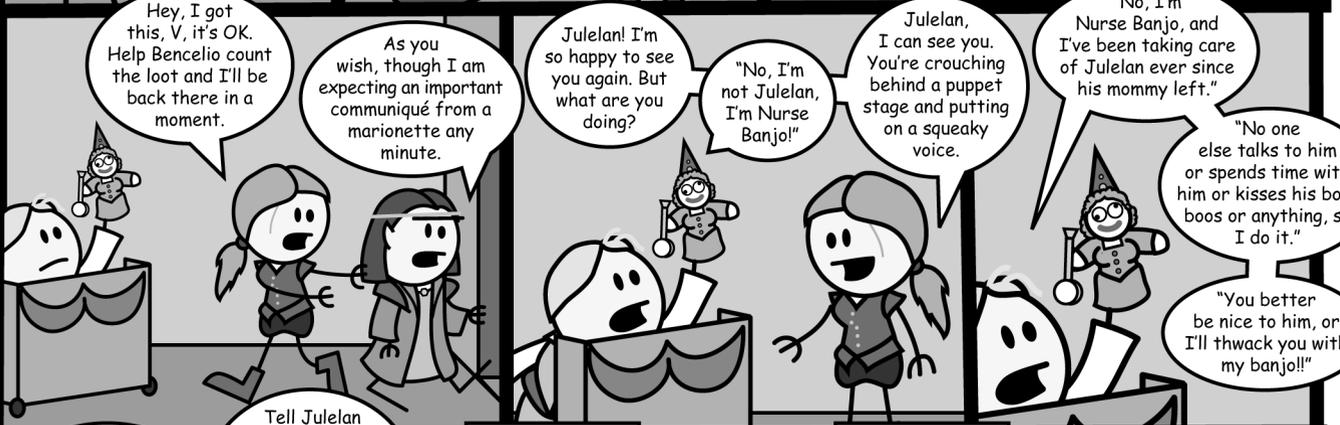
You mean the Thieves' Guild and the House of Tarquin?

Hmmm, per'aps this'll finally bring peace ta tha Montagues an' Capulets!

Right, right. I'll do it!

"Hellooo! Is this the Thieves' Guild? I have a message for Haleo!"

So do I, and that message is, "I blame you for this."



Hey, I got this, V, it's OK. Help Bencelio count the loot and I'll be back there in a moment.

As you wish, though I am expecting an important communique from a marionette any minute.

Julelan! I'm so happy to see you again. But what are you doing?

"No, I'm not Julelan, I'm Nurse Banjo!"

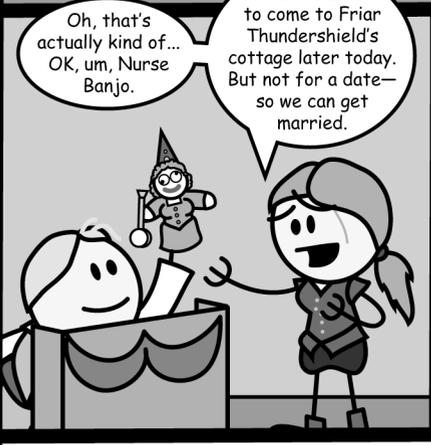
Julelan, I can see you. You're crouching behind a puppet stage and putting on a squeaky voice.

"No, I'm Nurse Banjo, and I've been taking care of Julelan ever since his mommy left."

"No one else talks to him or spends time with him or kisses his boo-boos or anything, so I do it."

"You better be nice to him, or I'll thwack you with my banjoll!"

Act 2, Scene 5



Oh, that's actually kind of... OK, um, Nurse Banjo.

Tell Julelan to come to Friar Thundershield's cottage later today. But not for a date—so we can get married.



Squeeeeeeeeeee!

Act 2, Scene 6



I now pronounce ye—

—done wit tha second act.

Act 3, Scene 1

Vaarcutio, shouldn't we be laying low after a big score like this?

I have a substantial financial windfall igniting an aperture in my vestment's compartments.

You, elf!

You, baboon!

Where is Haleo? I have words for her.

But neither too many nor too complex, correct?

I know she robbed our house last night—I saw her with my own eyes!

I won't stand by and let her make fools of us!

Good news! That process achieved completion some time ago.

Preferable to using another's, I suppose.



Whoa, whoa! Everyone calm down.

YOU!!

Are you aware that there are other words with which to commence conversing?

I will kill you for this insult to our honor!

I'm not going to fight you, Nybalt! We're in-laws now!

Actually, the word you're looking for is, "outlaws."



If my ally Haleo does not wish to engage this encounter, I will happily do so on her behalf.

Vaarcutio, no!

Can't we all just calm down and go our separate ways, guys?

We should all be one big happy family, since earlier today Nybalt's brother Julelan and I got—

Stab the elf.



schrikkt!

Vaarcutio!!!

A plague on both your houses...

...with a Fortitude DC of 18... incubation period of 1 day... and 1d4 Constitution damage per day infected.



Perfect!
The thieves' best wizard is dead, and Haleo will be put to death for being the one that did the stabbing.

The law will, of course, hold me blameless for this incident, allowing me to—



Oh.
I hadn't... considered...



Haleo, what did you do???

I shot him. In the back.

Four times.

OK, it doesn't look good, I admit that.

Get out of here, Haleo! I think I see the Princess!

Or maybe some sort of dirigible.

O, I am fortune's fool!

I am back! Did you miss me?

I missed you, tiny people!

Hey! Look at those perfectly good meals lying in the dirty road! Who did that?

Nybal!! NO!!

I saw the whole thing. Nybalt killed Vaarcutio, and then Haleo killed Nybalt.

My client thus enters a plea of, "He started it."

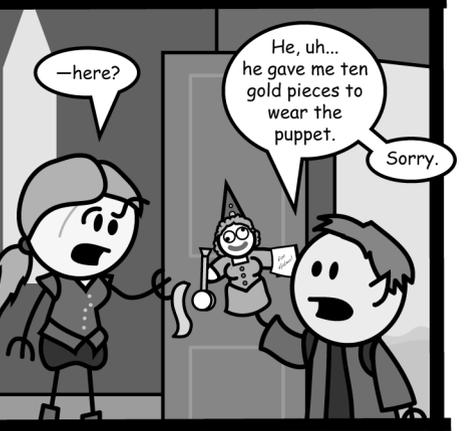
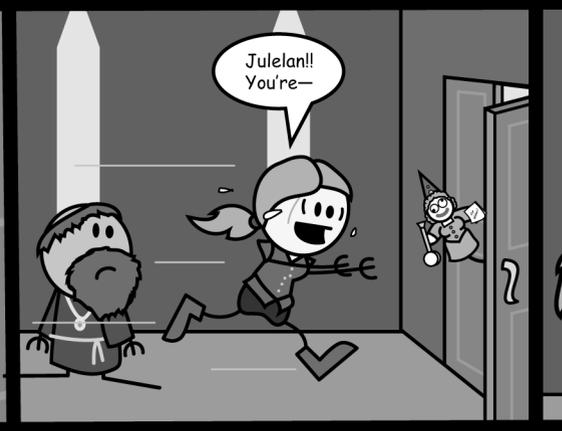
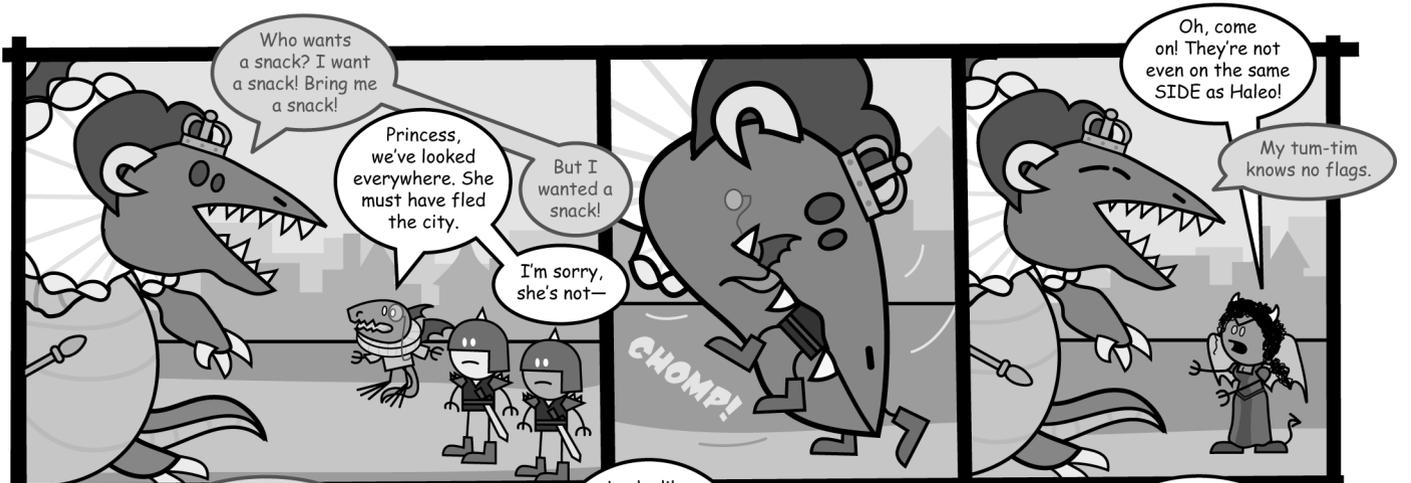
My own witnesses confirm the sylph's story. Haleo, daughter of Starshine, did this, Princess.

We thus demand that Haleo be sentenced to death, as per your previous proclamation.

Agreed! Haleo shall be put to death!

No! Wait! Haleo shall be put to sweet-and-spicy dipping sauce, THEN put to death!

IN MY MOUTH!





Act 3, Scene 4



Act 3, Scene 5





I just want it on the record that I'm leaving because it's time to leave, not 'cause the puppet said so.

OK, OK, just go before they catch you!

Don't worry, we'll figure out a way to change everyone's mind, Husband!

You mean, like mass psionics?
No, I mean—Wait, do you know someone who can—
Go!!

Why do I feel like I'll never see her again?

I was talking to myself.
"Well, it could be—"
"Oh."



Talking to your puppet again?

GAH!!

Uh, yes! Yes, I was totally alone, talking to my puppet.

Totally, completely alone.

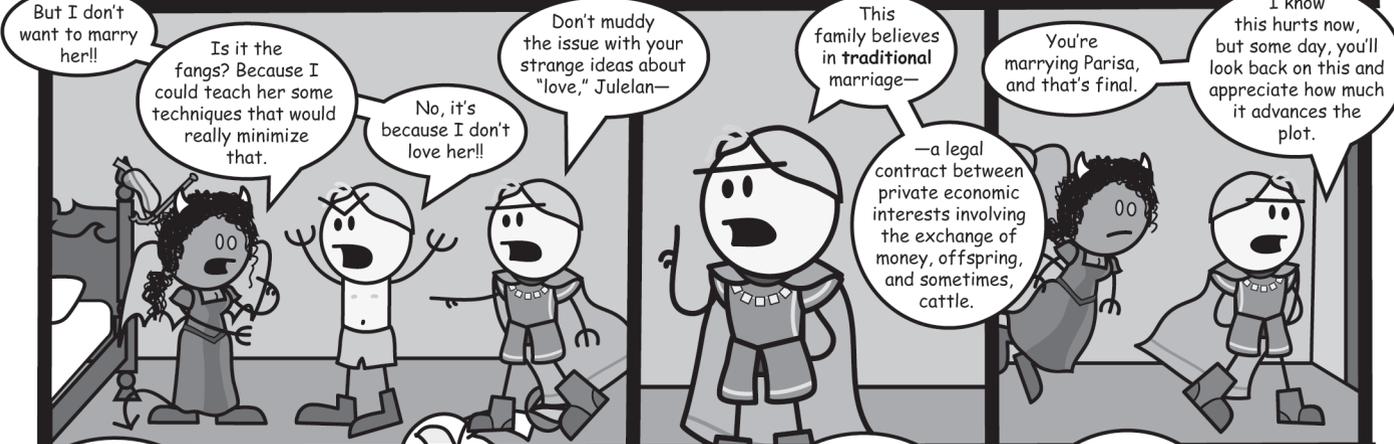
Oh, sweetie, I know how you feel. I miss your brother, too.

That's why I have a necromancer coming on Monday who's going to turn him into a badass vampire prince.

It'll be super hot.

Anyway, you won't have time to feel sad until then, since your marrying Parisa this week.

Yeah, your dad finalized it last scene.
What?!?



But I don't want to marry her!!

Is it the fangs? Because I could teach her some techniques that would really minimize that.

No, it's because I don't love her!!

Don't muddy the issue with your strange ideas about "love," Julelan—

This family believes in traditional marriage—

—a legal contract between private economic interests involving the exchange of money, offspring, and sometimes, cattle.

You're marrying Parisa, and that's final.

I know this hurts now, but some day, you'll look back on this and appreciate how much it advances the plot.



Nurse, what should I do? I'm already married to Haleo!

"Maybe you should just marry Parisa."

What??

"Haleo's as good as dead anyway, and you're too young to be a widower."

Uh, yeah, OK, I'll think about that, Nurse. But I gotta go talk to the friar for a minute.

Oh man, everyone was right when they said I was crazy to be talking to my puppet.

I should never have trusted her!

Act 4, Scene 1

Friar, I need—Oh. Hello, Parisa.

Hi, Julelan. I'm happy to see you.

I'm really sorry about what happened to your twin brother. That must be so hard on you.

Uh, yeah, I guess. He was sort of a jerk, though.

I guess my stupid dad wants us to get married or something.

Ha ha, yeah, that's so, uh. That's not, like, THAT bad, is it?

Whatever.

OK, so, I need to talk to the friar alone, so...

Oh, OK. I'll see you soon, then.

Uh huh. Bye.

Friar, I came up with an awesome idea so that I don't have to marry Parisa! All I need from you is a time machine.

The kind that can change stuff, not the lame, "It was always this way," kind.

Lad, ye dinnae need to be so rude ta Parisa. She dinnae know yer married already.

That's the best part—in the new timeline, she won't even know I was rude!

Oh, OK. I guess I'll go with my second idea, which was killing myself.

Lad, I dinnae haf a time machine.

No, lad! Tha's ne'er tha solution ta anythin'.

Dinnae worry. I been thinkin' an' I got yer answer right 'ere.

This 'erb extract'll make ye fall into a deep sleep—so deep ye'll seem like yer dead.

Treat tha effect as an persistant Feign Death spell cast by a 8th-level caster.

Saving throw?

Spell Resistance?

None.

Aye.

Ye drink this tha night 'fore yer gonna get married, an' when e'ryone wakes up, they'll find ye lookin' deader'n 4th Edition.

They'll plop ye in yer family tomb, an' I'll send word ta Haleo to meet ye thar.

Then ye two lovebirds can skeddaddle outta town in tha night.

Oh, thank you, Friar! I knew I could count on you to come up with a better plan!

Och, well, it's na like tha's a high hurdle ta clear.

The only thing I can't figure out is how does a dwarf know so much about plants?

Know yer enemy, lad. Know yer enemy.



Act 4, Scene 2

Dad, I've decided that you were right. I'll marry Parisa after all.

Excellent. All the pieces are falling into place.

We'll move the wedding up to tomorrow, and once the reception is over, the bride's family can reign death upon our enemies.

My final confrontation with Starshine should begin at dusk.

Act 4, Scene 3

Sorry, Nurse, I think I'd like to be alone tonight.

"I understand, Julelan. You have a lot to think about."

Exactly.



Act 4, Scene 4

glug! glug!

Huh.



Act 4, Scene 5

Whoa.

No! Julelan!!

Oh, come on! Two kids, and I can't get a single alliance out of the whole thing?!

Friar, can you raise him from the dead? His wedding is at noon and the catering deposit is non-refundable.

Och, um, lemme try.



Oooooo, come back from the dead, lad! Come back!

Nope, dinnae work. 'E must na want ta return ta this life.

sigh Fine. Put him in the family crypt.

Maybe after a few days he'll be over this stubborn phase and we can try again.

ok. thog put not-nybalt near nybalt 'til not-nybalt gives nod to knot.

I guess this means he's not going to need climactic dueling music after all.

Or will he?

sniff! He would've loved that.

dunh dunh DUNNNNH!

Act 5, Scene 1

EXILE

Cards in this zone do not affect the field of play.

Do you bring news from Verona? Nothing can be ill if Julelan is well.

Then all sucks for you, hag.

They found your boy toy dead in his bed this morning.

WHAT?!?

Yup. Word on the street says he OD'd. And they couldn't raise him, either.

Buried him next to his twin this afternoon.

How do I know you're telling me the truth?

Do you think I'd come all the way out here to talk to you unless it was the worst possible news?

Sh'yeah right.

Dead...I can't believe it. He must have killed himself because I was exiled!

Wait, Crystaltazar—do you have any letters from the friar?

No, but I have a greeting card from the broiler.

What am I, the mailman?

Then do you have any poison?

I'm not giving you any of my poison! I need that for top secret assassin-type stuff!

Then take me to your apothecary.

...

Your poison-maker guy.

Oh! Sure. If I refer five new customers, I get a free vial.

POYS "N" US

Hello, ladies! How can I help you?

I need a bottle of deadly poison.

I'm sorry, I can't sell that to you. It's against the law.

Bwa ha ha!

Heh heh, that'll be 40 gp, please.

Indeed.

And if I drink this, I'll die quickly?

Wait, the poison's for YOU??

Why didn't you say so? I have gallons of the stuff.

You said you needed that.

I did! For killing you!

Act 5, Scene 2

Act 5, Scene 3

Did ye deliver me letter ta Haleo? Explainin' about tha thing wit tha potion?

Sure.

Letter to Haleo explaining about the thing with the potion.

rrrip!!

Hey, so, I was wondering if it would be weird for me to stick around and watch the life drain out of your eyes.

Yes.

...Yes, it would be weird, or—

Yes! Now leave me alone!

Well, fine! You can't watch me die, either.

Because you'll be dead. But also because I won't let you.

Will you get out of here??

Who's that? I hear you in the bushes, show yourself!

Crap.

Uh, hey Parisa. How's it going?

YOU! Did you come to rob poor Julelan's grave??

What? Don't be ridiculous! The Thieves' Guild doesn't loot tombs!

On weeknights!

Whoa! Parisa! I just want to get in there and see Julelan for myself!

You don't deserve to look on his pretty face! You killed his twin brother, and that's why he committed suicide!

OK, so, no part of the fact that he killed himself right before he was scheduled to marry you has really sunk in, then?

Got it.

Ninja stars!

Whoa! You almost poisoned me there!

Oh, wait.

SLASH!

fff! fff! fff!

Why don't you run away like a good little ninja?

Why don't you just DIE!?!?

I'm trying to, but everyone keeps making it complicated!

Nothing against you, Parisa. I just can't let you get in my way.

When you thaw out, you'll understand.

freeze!

whoosh!

