

**Wimbly Middletoe**  
An Interview  
for Heroes of Feonora RPG Board Game  
*with Josh Graye*

Josh: Hello Everyone. Today we have a special guest. We've been trying to get an interview with him for some time now, and believe me he isn't easy to track down. Lisa and I have known him for years and now it is our great privilege to...

Spooner: Ribbit.

Wimbly: Be quiet Spooner!

Josh: Heh heh; he's a cute little fella.

Wimbly: He's got the indigestion. Accidentally swallowed a Willow Wisp this morning.

Josh: Awe, poor little guy. Is there something we can do for him?

Wimbly: Have you got any Ogre mead?

Josh: Um, not at the moment. Uh, we...used it all up yesterday.

Wimbly: Oh that's too bad. He's going to be a bit burpy then. Tried everything the first time this happened...Elvish peptate, Khajathi Sithle root, spam cheese hogey dogs...

Josh: Yikes.

Wimbly: Buuuut, for some reason the only thing that seemed to calm his belly down was a nice swig of Ogre mead (you know the homemade kind with the little sprinkles o' maggot fly garnish).

Spooner: Ribbit.

Wimbly: Also, he may act a little, uh, he he, peculiar here and there. Just so you know. But pay him no mind (he's also a little nervous, you know, being on teleo-vision and all).

Josh: We're not on television.

Wimbly: Oh. Did you hear that Spooner? No Feonora's Funniest Home Gladiators tonight after all. Tsk tsk.

Josh: Well, ah hem. Sorry we're all out of Ogre mead old boy.

Spooner: Buuurp!

Wimbly: Point the other way Spooner! Your breath is killing me!

Spooner: Ribbit.

Josh: As I was saying, we've got a real treat for you today folks. I'm joined by my good friend Wimbly Middletoe...and his faithful companion [checks notepad] Spooner Bartholomew Francisco Achoo the Third...Esquire.

Wimbly: You can call him Spooner for short.

Spooner: Ribbit.

Josh: Thank you. And his faithful companion - Spooner. As many of you already know, Wimbly is one of the most famousest Haufkins in all of Feonora, who has made quite a name for himself - especially around about the town of Villagetton and, we hear, even in the halls of the Royal Court.

Wimbly: Did I ever tell you about the time I had to rescue the Queen's favorite royal gown from the clutches of an eeeevil tailor, bent on the destruction of the entire world!? You see, his devious plot involved a conspiracy to tie everyone's shoelaces together...

Josh: Yes.

Wimbly: Oh.

Spooner: Ribbit.

Wimbly: I love that story. Especially the part where the tailor had captured and cruelly stitched me into the gown and I couldn't call for help or anything and Spooner was nowhere to be found because he had run off with that Froglet from the traveling show and then the Queen went to put on the gown and...

Josh: (Sigh)

Spooner: Buuurp!

Josh: Uh, Ok. I'm sure we'd all love to hear that story again Wimbly, but our time is limited and we have some questions for you sent in by our listeners. They want to know more about you (and Spooner). You know, get to know you better and find out what sorts of things the two of you enjoy doing in your spare time...that sort of thing.

Wimbly: Ah well then my boy. Let's not keep the the good people waiting. Now, where shall I begin...Ah yes, I was a tadpole once.

Josh: Beg your pardon?

Wimbly: Sure and righty too. It was after Spooner and I had infiltrated the lair of an eeee-vil Human Wizard (who used to feed his prisoners big gooey flattened pies called "pizza" with little fishes and sour fruit on them and the smell was worse than old Spooner here when he's got the indigestion...) Where was I?

Josh: Tadpole.

Wimbly: Right! Well, we had been sent there on a super seeeecret mission that only the King...and his Fifth General Sir Wellington...and a few of the lower Lieutenants...one or two scribes, three of the Queen's Ladies in Waiting...six (no seven) members of our Pinochle club...and my little niece Lucy (because she had a cold that day and we couldn't leave her home, what with the explosion in the bathtub)...

Josh: Wimbly!

Wimbly: As I was saying we had just finished (he he) procuring a sample of his secret experimental tooth-whitening potion, only it turns out we had swiped from the wrong container and then it got mixed up with Spooner's allergy curative and...

Josh: Ok. Thanks Wimbly; that's a great story. But, I think the audience wanted me to ask some of *their* questions...so if you don't mind we'll start with some of those ok?

Wimbly: Why of course my good man. What are you waiting for? We haven't got all day you know. Deadlines to meet, vegetables in the kettle don't boil without water that's what I always say. Come on then. Out with it already. Say, where did I put that tobaccin pipe. Spooner! What did you do with Mr. Beldofire!?

Spooner: Ribbit.

Josh: Uh. Why don't we take a little break. When we come back, an interview with Wimbly the Hauflin, one of Feonora's most heroi...um, well known figures.

Spooner: Burp! [Sproink!]

Josh: Ow! Why did he do that? [rubs head]

Wimbly: Spooner! What's the matter with you!?

Spooner: Ribbit.

Wimbly: He thought you were that Goblin who stole his hair brush.

Josh: (Groan)

----- End of Part 1 -----

Josh: Hello and welcome back. We're here with our friend Wimbly the Hauflin...

Wimbly: Spooner! Get out of his coffee! Where's your manners!?

Josh: ...and his faithful sidekick, Spooner.

Spooner: [Sploosh!] [Kerplunk] Ribbit.

Wimbly: Sorry about that. He he. Forgot to mention Spooner usually has a bath after the noontime; I've tried to tell him to use the loo like a proper gent but he's got this thing for that exotic "coffee" brew and I don't know where he picked it up cause I don't even drink the stuff ever since that wise Elf said it "exasperated my condition" - whatever that means...

Josh: Exacerbated?

Wimbly: Yes! That was it. And Spooner says it's his favorite because it makes him feel all tingly and alert but I think he just likes the bubbles.

Josh: Coffee doesn't have...bubbles.

Wimbly: He makes them. Oh! By the way, you might not want to drink that. Shame on you Spooner!

Spooner: Ribbit.

Josh: Thanks I...don't think I will. Why don't we just set this down over here.

Wimbly: Say, did I ever tell you about the time Spooner and I got captured by a band of Orcs, and they put us to work in the kitchen, only they didn't know it at the time but Spooner had just made friends with a Dragon who had the most dreadful case of the fire-sneezes and these Orcs you see were making this contraption and they were really excited about it, something called a 'powder keg' or the like and...

Josh: Stop! I mean...um, we're sort of limited on time now and the listeners...you see they had some questions they're eager to ask you.

Spooner: Ribbit.

Josh: You and Spooner I mean.

Wimbly: Oh well yes of course! Why didn't you just say so. Why if you catch me running off at the gibber lip why you just do what old Spooner here does and give me a good poke in the ear. He he, it always tickles when he does that. Of course, now that I think of it you might not want to do that what with you not being a frog and of course Spooner here has a terrible jealous streak and did I ever tell you about the time Spooner's fifth girlfriend lost her foot only it turns out...

Josh: (Groan)

Spooner: Ribbit.

Wimbly: [Digging through his knapsack] Spooner! Where'd you put my Fizzy tablets!? I thought I told you I need these whenever I'm drinking Buttered Pickelprune juice.

Josh: You're drinking wha- Nevermind. Ok. Here we go. Our first question comes from Melissa. She wants to know, 'What's the most exciting thing you ever saw in ALL your adventures?'

Wimbly: Oh that's an easy one. Wait a minute. Oh yeah. This one time Spooner and I were invited to the Royal Court for a Suuuuper exclusive party (we had just spared the kingdom from a terrible fate worse than terrible) and they were having a Graaand Ball, you know the kind with all the dancing and prancing and bowing and all that with the dresses and gowns and funny little masks on sticks (he he, reminds me of me grammy when she used to show off her taxidermy collection) and Spooner and me well somehow we got lost and ended up deeeeeeep underneath the castle where no one had been for ages and there we met the Great Badger Underboss and he had this AMAZING contraption called a "Pinball Machine" and Spooner here why he set the high score that no one could beat, not even ol MacBadger's 3rd daughter Lilith (who was really hooked on that game and boy did she ever try to beat that score and she was pretty good too) and then when my turn came around said it was broken but I'll be a Yakabeast's dandruff if it wasn't just a clever ploy to kershuffle us back to the Royal Shindigery. Of course, her being the daughter of an esteemed figure of the underground and all well you can understand how Spooner took a liking to her and well I told him he better watch out gettin involved with Underboss' daughters but you know how Spooner is and...where was I?

Spooner: Ribbit.

Wimbly: Oh, right! Thanks Spooner. They had Cream-Cheese Truffles!

Josh: [Blinking] Er... Um. Thank you for that, articulate response Wimbly. I'm sure it was

more than Melissa could have, hoped to hear. [Reaches for his coffee and then remembers] Next question. This one is from Todd and Jeremy. They want to know, 'What is the gross-est thing Spooner ever ate that he thought was something else?'

Wimbly: Hmmm. That's a tough one. Spooner, what did you eat that one time that made you all purple and bloated and we had to give you a levitation potion and tow you behind the caravan and then the leader finally paid us to "Go our separate ways" and we ended up in the Northlands since that's where the wandering Viking fellow said his cousin was and we thought maybe they had a cure for purple bloated frogs with the icky-bloops?

Spooner: Ribbit.

Wimbly: Ah Yes! That's what it was.

Josh: [Waiting with a look of mild anticipation]

Wimbly: Parmesan. [Whispering to Josh] *Spoooner has a bit of a problem with the dairy mind. That's why he's always sneaking my Fizzy tablets.* [Aloud] He thought it was a leftover bit o crumpet, like the ones the innkeeper used to give us for cleaning out the stables.

Josh: Well. You'll both be glad to know there's no Parmesan around here. Come to think of it I'd better have a chat with Lisa; she was planning on cheese and crackers for a snack in a short while. I don't suppose you know how he reacts to Cheddar?

Wimbly: Better not. [Whispering again] *Reminds him of his stepmother.*

Spooner: Ribbit.

Josh: Right. Wait a minute.

Wimbly: Have you got any Zucchini Mousse? Spooner likes his with fermented Elderberries.

Josh: Fresh out.

Wimbly: Oh. Don't worry Spooner, we'll stop by the tavern and besides that nice Hildegard says she has a special treat for us if we do the dishes again only you can't bring that Fairy friend of yours cause Normund says it's been swiping the silverware and you know I told you...

Josh: Excuse me Wimbly but we have another question for you (and Spooner).

Wimbly: Ready!

Josh: Ok, let's see here. "Aw3sumLiteSaber" wants to know [stares intently at the notepad], 'What shood I majorin cuz i'm don't hav a grlfrnd and i'm reely shy but also smart and reely g00d at Dance Dance Revolution? Also whut kinduv deoderant do u use?'

Wimbly: *Hmmm.*

Spooner: *Ribbit.*

Wimbly: Yes, I think you're right Spooner. Reminds us of my little nephew - fourth cousin twice removed on my mother's side - Fennie Hiccup. Nice lad. Means well, tries REAL hard. Except, heh, we think he's not altogether together that one.

Josh: *Sounds like someone we know.*

Wimbly: *Who said what?*

Josh: *Oh. Nothing. Sorry.*

Wimbly: *Where was I? Oh yeah. Little Fennie got imself a full scholarship yes sirree, over at RPG 'U' - playing Wiffleball that's right. We recommend the same...and eating lots of As-paragus.*

Josh: *Alright. Thank you for that.* [scribbles a note-to-self on the notepad, something about not letting Wimbly give advice to impressionable youngsters].

Spooner: *Buuuurp!*

Wimbly: *Spooner! Excuse yourself!*

Spooner: *Ribbit.*

Josh: *Next question. Diana and her son Luke want to know, 'How old are you really?'*

Wimbly: *Oh why that's an easy one. Now let's see. Hrmmm. My half-uncle Wilbow just celebrated his 85th birthday. I know because Spooner accidentally swapped his present for that package we were supposed to deliver for those shady chaps that hang out behind the tavern and things really got ugly when the Royal Guard showed up looking for Spooner and of course you know he has sort of a reputation and they dragged us off just like they always do but of course the King, being the good-hearted king that he is, saved us from a dreadful interrogation where they dip our toes in cold cream o'the wheat until we can't stop giggling, and by the time we got back to Aunt Gelda's the youngins had ate all the cake, which is well and good given what we did to the first one (of course it was an honest mistake you understand), and anyway we weren't all that hungry cause Spooner here had swiped that bag of jerky from the guard and we got to snacking on it and you know what*

too much jerky does to poor Spooner's indigestion and pretty soon the youngins were begging us to tell the story of the time we came face to face with that eeeeevil wizard in the dungeon and how the Miniatures had to rescue us since they owed us that favor and...where was I?

Spooner: Ribbit.

Wimbly: Right! Two gumdrops and a pinch of Season salt.

Josh: But you...didn't even answer the...never mind. Alright, looks like we're running short on time. Just enough for one last question. The Anderson's up in Walamazoo want to know, 'How did you and Spooner first meet?'

Wimbly: Ahhhhhh, why now that's a grand tale my boy if ever a tale there was. We usually save this one for storytelling night at the tavern, with finger puppets and costumes and Spooner even does this little dance (it's so cute!) and they never tire of it. Normund says it brings in the Copper Pieces every time and he even tips us as long as Spooner doesn't try to hit on the nobles or take a bath in the middle of the performance, which almost never happens except when he's heartbroken. Let's see now. How does it begin. [Long pause] It was a fuuuull moon that night, though you could never tell for the clouds were as thick as a Dwarven sandwich and a lone Hauflin (that's me) had just stowed away - I mean 'booked passage' - on a graaand sailing ship...

Josh: Hold on. Wait. Sorry Wimbly. It doesn't look like we'll have enough time for that story today. Perhaps you can share it with us next time.

Wimbly: Can I at least tell the part about the drunken sailor who fell asleep in the peach barrel and then got traded to the Malornian pirates in exchange for safe passage?

Josh: No.

Wimbly: Oh. Alrighty then. Spooner and I must get along anyhow. He has an audition with the Fighter's Guild for a new character they're promoting - they call him 'The Masked Avenger!!' and he has to wear this funny mustache only Spooner thinks it makes him look primly and actually so do the ladies; that's why I've got to negotiate his contract like a shrewd Human cause that Guild Boss is a real Copper pincher if you get my meaning...

Josh: And that concludes our interview with Wimbly the Hauflin and his ever-faithful companion Spooner. It's been a...pleasure. Thank you for joining us. Until next time folks. We'll see you back at Wayfarer's Rest. [Takes a big gulp of his coffee...]

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