

NO DROW
IN
TAVERN



Moderation

Long ago, me and my BFF's [Will](#) and [Brandon](#) were part of the ISRP, a [Wizards of the Coast](#)-hosted online roleplaying chatroom. You could make characters and play out little slice-of-life scenarios (you could also do what I did, and play out things that were well-outside of the rules of the Setting, and common decency). This piece is a homage/lament to that period in my life, about 2003 or 2004, when things were not great, but probably better than they are now. Honestly, I'm tearing up a little bit writing this. Am I "tearing up", like, getting weepy? Or am I "tearing up the poetry game" (like OJ tore up the League—a brag about my inaccessible poetry that 3 people read)? Or maybe I'm literally tearing up the poem, like a cutout. Who cares?

Some of the characters mentioned in this piece have players, somewhere.

All are of them are fictional. All of them are real.

Connect to Hostname...
h t t p
colon, dual slash
dubya 3
circle, circle, here's the dot
[class name from the book I bought]
dot com, come on
hurry now
Entered chat as: WizO_Trow.

B_McHawke bathes in the [REDACTED].
WizO, keeping law like Jude!

((Told you once, friend
This is twice))
Jim_The_Talking_Fox_With_Lice:
"Wash, wash, wash, wash!"

((OOC))
B_McHawke: *did that
((That's three.))
B_McHawke has left the chat.
Foodgolem gives milk to Kat.

**Crossroads Tavern,
ale and lancing
There will be beaucoup
romancing—
lovers
haters
kingdoms
thrones—**

Erecemroth reads the bones.
Nugan clicks his tongue, "DROW Jones?"
Crown_Of_Rot drops from a portal
Crown_Of_Rot | Mushroom Immortal:
"Prep advance squads. Load the mortars!"
((Foodgolem !dispense me water))

...
morg_du_urden: "(iggy Mack)"
shadow_master: "Watch ur back"
shadow_master: "[REDACTED]'s too"
((Oops, wrong setting?))
Groid hates [REDACTED]
((Rule 13: racism's whack))
Groid is now banned from the chat.
quinny_ says
"I'll unpack that."
vile_lurker nods his head.
quinny_ leans in close,
"Creed's dead."
sheeple_of_the_temple bray and in response to quinny_ say,
"Not as far as bad bands go!"
((Warning one: Disruption.))
((Hoe))
((Fuck your site, you cunt, you shrew))
((Fuck your shit))
((And warning two.))
((And fuck your little RP cliques))
((This isn't high school, suck my dick))
((Yeah, I think that's warning three.))
((idc bitch, fuck with me))

...
**Server Logs, 2 / 10 / 03
Main Tavern, bout 8:15**

some_snerty_boi walks in, drops trow
((Are we auto-hitting now?))
((fucc you slut))
((And cursing, too.))
some_snerty_boi jerks off!!!
((FUCK YOU))

**You have entered
"Pleasant Clearing"**

several_rabid_vermin: *leering
Nocturan_Deadfall takes the blow
letting Creed's left shoulder go
as he readies lethal spikes.
Nugan winces, then shrugs, "Yikes."
Biantium, as swirling ash,
tries to drag Creed's body fast
across the ground
Her quirk acquired!
"My fiery feet, my feet of fire!"
Creed begins to conjure something
underneath the earth and thumping.
Elemental, nature's power,
crevices well up and flower.
Eroding ground beneath your feet.
Y'all fall in a hole, retreat.
((No god-modding, if you please,
there's Freedom of Destiny!))

**You have entered
"Quaint Bazaar"**

sun_wu_kong doesn't get far.
Lass0_Lassy fist pumps
HARD.
noah: how
noah: me
noah: i
noah: be
noah: [REDACTED] [REDACTED] [REDACTED]
((Please stop flooding))
((Oh))
((how goal))
((See our chat rules, up above.))
((pauladen with mithrill glove??))
((I can't help you with descriptions.))
((sword with jew hilt, witch inscripshuns))

**You have entered
"Crossroads Tavern"**

exalted_cyclops leads his klavern.
((Cyclops aren't allowed in here.))
grand_dragon produces fear,
an aura of potent unnerving,
"Animals and Men
start serving
quickly now this dracolich.
I will take my tea cold, witch."
backslash look at: klavern_kled
klavern_james lifts up his head,
salutes with right hand
Roman style.

klavern_kled is very vile. His white cloak is stained, maroon. Battle of 1 million
coons. Coonskin cap rests like a crown, put the darkies underground.

klavern_boozier comes around.
**IP lookup: klavern_boozier
4 results across all users.**

grand_dragon peers left, peers right,
"Many empty seats this night."

...
skrr't_cobane appears alone
jaundiced face and showing bones,
"I miss gloom's soothing malaise..."
vamp_de-mona kisses Raze_
vamp_de-mona gets her "fix"
(PHB, two-twenty six*)
skrr't_cobane removes a musket.
[REDACTED] [REDACTED] [REDACTED]
his face is dusk-lit.
Easy does it,
slides a toe
into trigger guard (Oh no).
Business end in open maw
lchabod,
no "TO BODDAH."
((No gun-powder on this Plane))
((*pained ellipsis*))
skrr't_cobane: "..."

> [REDACTED] [REDACTED] // Sorry for the messy text. I'm green!
>nude // What a really sorry git. Offense for the sake of it. De-ment-ed, and
immature. Abnormal obsessions more?
>Shinji // Family troubles, flashing lights. Dancing, growing / flick'ring might.
>jerks off // Sexless fool, and wants to boot. Pria-prism of the moot.
>jews" // Hates retreat, wants them dead. Custodus of toilet head.
>fall in a hole, retreat // Lost too much, tryhard, not "1337." "Aqualung" on grim
repeat.
>taking on a role // Out of place—yes, sad—but Hobbes 'em. Out of place and
not my problem.
>gun to head // "If you choose to pull the trigger/Should your drama prove
sincere/Do it somewhere far away from here"6

1. http://www.oakstone-keep.com/tavern_rules.html
2. https://www.reddit.com/r/worldbuilding/comments/sifo19/is_using_the_term_wendigo_or_using_any_culture_as/
3. http://www.oakstone-keep.com/code_of_conduct.html
4. <https://www.d20srd.org/srd/spells/energyDrain.htm>
5. [I like EverQuest.](#)
6. <https://genius.com/A-perfect-circle-the-outsider-lyrics>

Fuck the ISRP / Long live the
ISRP: <https://www.enworld.org/categories/interactive-story-roleplaying-isrp.227/>

Some character descriptions from: <https://www.enworld.org/threads/isrp-member-character-description-directory.147611/>

[Freedom of Destiny](#), my computer-assisted tabletop RPG about a weird version of the ISRP and parallel universes.

Selected MidJourney Images Used:



The Tavern is protected by some various wards and dweomers, Vampires can be in the tavern However they can't be openly flaunting their nature, Drow of Oerth cannot be played as characters in this setting, Drow of Faerun or elsewhere may be played inside the Tavern as they are or in disguise, No Gods or God Avatars allowed in the Tavern



a crone seated at a computer CRT monitor typing on a keyboard



A tall lizardfolk man nearly eight feet tall covered in charcoal gray scales that are replaced by steel plates in several areas. His jaws are augmented by two large metal mandibles, his claws enhanced by two sets of long razor edged blades that extend beyond his hand by over a foot. He weighs well over six-hundred pounds. He also has large mechanical wings much like a dragon's, full body



a female human standing about 5'11", Her skin has an unusual gray color to it, Half of her hair is dark blue in color, and the other half is black, Both of her eyes are missing (they look to have been pried from their sockets), but through the use of some unknown magic she still retains her vision, Apparently, whatever magic gave her her sight back also improved it, as she now sees as well as a drow in darkness, has various body piercings, including one on her tongue, several in both ears, and a few on the tops of each of her feet, wears a long white tunic that drops down to her knees and a pair of similar colored trousers, She wears no shoes, She sometimes wears a white colored wide-brimmed hat with the words "Thief" printed on the front of it



a human male, apparently in his mid-twenties, He is rather thin and of average height, His form is shrouded in simple looking grey robes, He bears a platinum staff which is engraved with the image of a weasel at the top, a short sword at his waist, and several unimpressive looking rings and amulets, Those who look carefully will note a gold coin imbedded in his right palm,



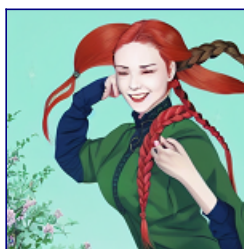
a large Native American gentleman with a wide-brimmed hat, white robes, staff, full body



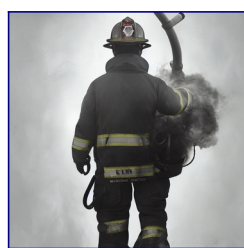
a large dragon in the style of Larry Elmore, white background



Before you stands a man of 6'6 and very muscular, You will always see him wearing a fire colored robe and carrying his trusty typhon with the enchantments of fire, divine power, and lightning, The other weapons he carries are a belt of daggers and a willow bow with the quiver built in, He is a psionic proclomancer with the knowlage of many spells and other magics, He is 27 and is employed as a paliden, On the days hes not working he owns a shop in the emporium, His eyes are blue and his hair is jet black except when he goes into a trance called the " Proc Attack Mode" And his eyes turn red with flames as pupils, his hair turns a fire color and his body is engulfed in flames that act as a shield, For his abilites he has a wide range that are consisted of: summoning, teleportation, invisiblily, true sight, dead aim, advanced psionics, manipulation and emune to poisons and fire, Although he has a, some would say, demonic nature, he is actually a kind and nice person



The half-Qualinesti wears her red hair long, plaited back into a thick braid, leaving her slightly pointed ears exposed, Sparkle and joy have returned to her green eyes, the ready smile returned, She dresses in clothes suited to work or travel, including boots and a gray-green cloak with Krynish embroidery, A star-shaped pendant is among the jewelry she wears, with a glowing stone at its heart, More freckles are visible on her fair skin, evidence that she's gotten a touch more sun than she had during the colder months of the year, full body



A firefighter in full gear white background,