

GM: “Cat, your fireball does nothing to the Hill Giant.”

Gerbil #1: “Is it my turn yet?”

Cat: “Against a *Giant*?”

Gerbil #2: “What about me?”

Cat: “But...”

Gerbil #3: “And me!”

Cat: “Hang on...”

Gerbil #4: “Don’t forget me!”

Gerbil #5: “I got 17 for initiative!”

Cat: “...weren’t there only *two* of you when we started this campaign?”

Gerbil #1: (*shrugs*) “We’ve been busy.”

Gerbil #2: “Right, family. Get him!”

Gerbil #3: “Go for the eyes!”

Gerbil #4: “No! Go for *everything*!”



GM: “The Ogre lumbers towards your party.”

Dog: “I reach for my Hammer of Clobbering.  
Wait... where is it?”

Cat: “My Dual Daggers have gone missing  
too!”

GM: “Perhaps a thief lurks in the shadows.”

Dog: *(sighs)* “Clive, *give them back.*”



GM: “Who will take on the demon?”

Rabbit: “I step forward.”

GM: “The demon looks down at you and laughs.”

Dog: “I whisper *food pellets* in my comrade’s ear.”

Rabbit: (*nose twitches in agitation*) “Eurgh.”

Dog: “Empty water bottles!”

Rabbit: (*foams at the mouth*) “Nnngh!”

GM: “The demon stops laughing and looks perplexed.”

Dog: “Tiny, cramped hutches!”

Rabbit: (*gripped by fury*) “BERSERKER RAGE!”



Cat: "I cast *Animate Dead* on the mouse."

GM: "The mouse rises, albeit now undead."

Cat: "I kill the mouse."

GM: "What? That's dark. Okay, the mouse 'dies' a second time."

Cat: "I cast *Animate Dead* on the mouse again."

GM: "What are you doing?"

Cat: "I kill the mouse."

GM: "Stop it!"

Cat: "I cast *Animate Dead* on the mouse..."

GM: ...



GM: "You spot an Owl Bear approaching your party."

Cat: "I hide in the shadows."

Dog: "I hide in the shadows too."

GM: "Both make a hide roll."

Cat: "A 16! Success!"

Dog: "Erm... I fluffed mine, I got a 3..."

GM: "Cat, even though you are hidden, Dog has unfortunately given you both away."

Cat: "Great... okay I'll cast Fire—"

Dog: "—BALL!"



GM: “As you sneak around the back of the fish people’s camp, the smell from a pile of rotting food hits you hard.”

Dog: “I search the food.”

DM: “The odor is stomach-churning, you sure you want to—”

Dog: “I SEARCH THE FOOD.”

GM: “Make a constitution roll.”

Dog: “No problem, ooh, an 18...”

GM: “Surprisingly, you seem unaffected by the stench as you begin to rummage through it.”

Bunny: “What in blazes are you doing?”

Dog: “I roll in the most rotten part of the food.”

Bunny: “That’s just gross—”

Dog: *(grinning)* “I rub up against Bunny.”

