

Working Ogre — Time

*Defend your dungeon home
from seasoned adventurers.*

Book cover by Yevhen Tynianskyi (@evgenytiniansky)

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Special thanks to Stuart Lloyd for organizing this annual competition and fostering gamebook fiction.



Image by Pat O'Neil

The Lindenbaum prize is an annual competition where gamebook authors can compete by entering a short gamebook in order to be part of the gamebook community and to develop their skills. It is based on the Windhammer competition which ran from 2008-2015.

These people were invaluable in playtesting this work:

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RULES

You will need **two six-sided dice** (2d6) to play, and a way to keep track of keywords.

You begin play with **12 HEALTH**, **2 PLUCK**, and **0 HUNGER**.

KEYWORDS

Throughout the adventure you may be asked to ‘mark **KEYWORD** on your sheet’. These words are always bolded in the text, and help the story keep track of things you’ve done. When the text asks ‘Are you **KEYWORD**?’, you qualify as that if you have the keyword written on your sheet. If more than one keyword applies, pick the one that shows up first in the text.

Some choices will be marked with a keyword in square brackets. If you have the keyword, you *may* pick that choice, though you are not forced to.

COMBAT

Enemies have a **THREAT** value. Roll **2d6** and add them together. If you **meet or exceed** their threat, you hit. If your result is **lower** than their threat, you miss, and you **lose 2 HEALTH**.

If you roll the same number on both dice, it’s a **crit**. If you hit, you deal damage. If you miss, you suffer the crit effect listed in the enemy’s entry.

As a powerful ogre, add +1 to your total when determining if you meet or exceed their threat.

DAMAGE

If you hit, you deal damage equal to the **difference** between the two dice. If you roll a 6 and a 1, you deal **5 damage**. If you roll a 6 and a 5, you deal **1 damage**. Ideally, you want to roll the greatest spread of numbers while still landing a hit.

When you hit and score a **crit**, your damage is the **sum of both dice**. If you rolled two fives, you deal ten damage. If you crit, but **miss**, you suffer the enemy’s crit effect.

PLUCK

After you roll your dice, you may spend **1 PLUCK** to re-roll a single die. **You may only re-roll each die once.**

Use **PLUCK** to avoid suffering crits from your enemies!

SKILL CHECKS

Roll **2d6**, and compare with the skill check's **DIFFICULTY**. If you **meet or exceed** the difficulty, you succeed. If your roll is **less** than the difficulty, you suffer the negative effect listed by the check. If you roll a crit and succeed on a skill check, you gain **1 PLUCK**.

RATIONS AND HUNGER

During your adventure you'll be given opportunities to eat rations. You regain **1 HEALTH** for each ration you consume, though you may not raise your HEALTH above its initial value of 12.

Ogres are notorious for their appetite. If you cannot (or choose not to) eat at least one ration when prompted, you go hungry. When this happens, you increase your HUNGER by one, then lose as much HEALTH as you have HUNGER.

Different kinds of rations have no effect, and are purely for flavor.

Hog Character Sheet

PLUCK:

Attack Bonus:

(Your attack bonus begins at +1 as an ogre. This may change.)

HEALTH:

KEYWORDS:

- ☐ Blighted
- ☐ Bloody
- ☐ Bold
- ☐ Brash
- ☐ Carefree
- ☐ Clumsy
- ☐ Cunning
- ☐ Damp
- ☐ Grumpy
- ☐ Helpful
- ☐ Mighty
- ☐ Moldy
- ☐ Powerful
- ☐ Resigned
- ☐ Tangled
- ☐ Tingly
- ☐ Toothless
- ☐ Trapped

RATIONS:

1

The ruins of Hal Varrow are carved deep into the mountainside, its broken spires like teeth jutting towards the darkening sky. Whispers tell of fabulous treasures hidden in the labyrinthine passages below the old fortress, guarded by terrible beasts and deadly traps. Only the quickest, most-skilled, and daring adventurers have what it takes to survive a delve beneath.

You are not one of those adventurers. You're Hog, an ogre, and you're bored out of your skull with cleaning traps. You're supposed to break things! It's a waste of your talents to be scraping viscera off the rolling boulder or prying half an elf out of the scything crawlspace. You'd much rather be pummeling knights than pulling them off spikes.

"Hey Hog, lookit this," comes a wheedling little voice. You look. Timic the goblin is pointing at a crumpled adventurer with an improbably large sword next to him. The sight of the goblin makes your stomach growl, but Timic's wearing a necklace of onions which are very poisonous. You wouldn't dare eat somebody wearing all those onions. You'd die. You know because Timic told you.

"That's an oversized sword if I ever saw one. I'm marking it off," he says, pulling out a folded piece of parchment and a quill. He makes a careful X over one of the squares.

"Sword look like made for Hog," you chuckle as you stuff the corpse into your satchel. Add **two portions of HUMAN** to your rations.

"Hey, yeah!" Timic says, grinning. "You should use it!"

You consider your fists for a moment. You've never had trouble pummeling anything before, but a lot of adventurers seem to like swords. Maybe there's something to it?

Then again, you've eaten a lot of those adventurers.

~~Ask Timic about what he's marking off? Turn to ?~~

Take the sword? Turn to [21](#).

Leave it alone? Turn to [55](#).

2

You move through the bushes, looking for adventurers. Timic follows warily. The goblin's eyes dart about at any rustling in the bushes while you just brute your way through the garden without any trouble.

You see a pair of legs sticking out from a carnivorous plant and begin to tug on them. The plant's jaws are clamped down firmly on the corpse, but your ogrish strength and stubbornness are not to be denied. You rip the ex-adventurer in half.

Add **one portion of MYSTERY ADVENTURER** to your rations.

Timic is distracted by a different corpse wrapped in strangling vines. The goblin crouches down to pick up a bag in the grass, which he holds thoughtfully. "Huh. Really light. Hey Hog, can you stick your arm in here?"

You do. The arm goes deep into the bag, far deeper than it should.

"Hah! A bag of holding!" Timic crows, pulling the bag away. He sets it down in the grass, producing his parchment once more. "That's a square."

"Hog going now," you say, turning to leave the Black Garden. Timic scurries to catch up.

~~Take the bag of holding with you? Turn to ?~~

Go somewhere else? Turn to [38](#).



3

You step carefully around a table laden with various bits of weird-looking glassware, then bump a different table with your hip. There's a clink of glass as a beaker wobbles precariously, then settles without falling over. You grin, then walk up beside the old alchemist.

"What do you want?" he asks in a long-suffering tone. The metal stick swirls in the noxious-looking potion he's concocting.

"What Estil doing?" you ask, crouching down to squint at the mixture. "Hog drink?"

"No." The reply is sharp and immediate, followed up by a grunt of displeasure. "No. Absolutely not. You and your friend should leave."

You grin. "Timic getting squares for game," you tell him. "Maybe square in lab?"

"No. No squares in the lab," he says. "Leave."

"Hog look. Maybe Estil not find squares. Hog good at find."

The alchemist makes a strangled noise, halfway between a sob and a whimper.

Use the Magic Beaker? Turn to [93](#).

Look for Goopy? Turn to [7](#).

Leave the Hall of Mad Alchemy? Turn to [11](#).

4

You wander back over to Rocky. "What Rocky say?"

There's a pause from the golem, whose stone eyes crinkle. "My name is Rhaedegrys," he rumbles. There's a dubious note in his voice, as if he doesn't think it will help.

You bob your head. "What Ra... Rocky say?"

The golem slumps a little. "There is a dark presence, ogre, leeching up from the deep places. Something ancient, something foul, that threatens to corrupt our home."

You nod.

"I am bound to this place, sworn to guard this terrace against all intrusion. Somebody needs to warn the Overlord about this fell force that threatens us all."

You nod.

The golem stares at you for a moment. "Will you go and warn the Overlord, ogre?"

You nod.

Bored, you wander back through the archway to where Timic still sorts through the various adventurer bits. He grins when you return, holding up an arm with a bracer on it. "Lookit this, Hog!" he crows, pressing something, and a blade juts out below the wrist.

You chuckle at the silly weapon as you scoop up another chunk of meat. Timic goes back to picking over the corpses.

"Did the golem want anything?" he asks.

You shrug. "Rocky talk lot," you say.

~~Warn somebody about the dark presence? Turn to ?~~

Say hello to Bitey? Turn to [76](#).

Finish helping Timic? Turn to [57](#).



5

You amble back into the dungeon corridor, one sausage-like finger exploring a nostril with sincere dedication. Timic has his folded parchment in hand, scrutinizing the spaces. "You think Gramandris would count it if I set some of these up? I don't even think we have a light beam and mirror puzzle in this dungeon."

"Hog break mirror?" you say. "Solve puzzle?"

The goblin chortles, glancing up. "Tell you what, big guy. If we find one, you can smash it after I cross it off. Deal?"

You bob your head in a nod. "Hog good at break."

*You feel your stomach rumble. You may eat any number of rations you've collected, restoring **1 HEALTH** for each portion you eat. If you go hungry instead, increase your HUNGER by one, then lose as many **HEALTH** as you have **HUNGER**.*

You may choose any destination you haven't already visited.

To the Eternal Crypt? Turn to [51](#).

To the Black Garden? Turn to [60](#).

To the Old Gatehouse? Turn to [63](#).

To the Iron Gauntlet? Turn to [29](#).

Or are you bored of cleaning traps? Turn to [50](#).

6

Taking the eagle by its huge stone wings, you try to shuffle the piece forward on the board. It groans precipitously as the mechanism tries to resist, but your ogrish strength wins out. The eagle clicks into place with its sharp talons outstretched towards the wistful chupacabra.

~~Analyze the board position? Turn to ?~~

Corral the feisty ferret? Turn to [22](#).

Shift the lobstrocity? Turn to [42](#).

7

You squint as you look around the Hall of Mad Alchemy, trying to see any sign of Goopy. The clear ooze can be incredibly difficult to spot if it's not moving, but you like a challenge. You begin to walk through the hall, waving a hand in front of you to test for oozes.

"Where Goopy?" you wonder aloud.

Timic looks up from his burlap bag. "What? The cubic ooze? I thought we were using the Magic Beaker?"

“Hog find Goopy.” You reach out your hand and find it suddenly inside a burning, acidic ooze. You yank your hand back and suck on your fingers. Your tongue tingles with the acid as the faint ripples of Goopy appear in front of you. Lose **1 HEALTH** and gain **1 PLUCK**.

“Found Goopy,” you say.

The old man’s voice comes from afar. “Will you stop messing with my creation?” he growls. “The cubic ooze has a delicate temperament. Also, his name is Queue, not Goopy.”

“What Goopy name?” you call. You squint at the cubic ooze, noticing that a good two-dozen daggers have accumulated at the bottom of the creature’s slimy body.

“Queue! It’s wordplay,” Estil snaps. “When you get enveloped in a cubic ooze you have to stop and get dissolved. You join the Queue. Get it?”

You chuckle, not sure what any of that meant. You glance at Timic, who holds up the burlap bag.

Use the Magic Beaker? Turn to [93](#).

Leave the Hall of Mad Alchemy? Turn to [11](#).

8

You reach out for the pretty, sparkly ruby pendant. There’s a squeak of surprise from Timic, and he jumps for your arm, grabbing it in both hands and pulling it down with his spindly goblin weight.

“No! That’s trapped, remember? The trap in this room is really deadly, Hog,” the goblin says, letting go of your arm.

“Oh,” you say, scratching your leg. “Hog forgot.”

“Leave that for the adventurers who are dumb enough to come into the Iron Gauntlet,” Timic says. “Let’s go back out, yeah?”

Turn to [30](#).

9

You reach out to take the dwarf and Bitey moves to attack! You know Bitey likes to play hard, so you prepare to wrestle.

Make a **SKILL CHECK** at **DIFFICULTY 7**. If you fail, lose **2 HEALTH** as Bitey lives up to his name. You're a stubborn ogre, and must keep making attempts until you get the dwarf or die trying.

Eventually, you have a mostly-eaten dwarf adventurer to bring back to Timic. As you return, you find Timic poking through the adventurer bits in the middle of the pillar room.

"Need dwarf?" you ask, holding up the gruesome trophy.

Timic looks. "Not really, but thanks anyway," the goblin says. He points to a different corpse. "This one had ten healing potions in his pack," Timic says with a laugh. "He must have been saving them."

You tuck the dwarf away for later. Add **one portion of DWARF** to your rations.

~~Collect the healing potions and take them with you? Turn to ?~~
Go somewhere else? Turn to [16](#).



10

You grip the stone hyena by its laughing mouth and try to wrench it around to face towards the reclining rhinoceros. There's a sound of increasing tension as if something is winding up towards a breaking point, but the hyena ends up where you want it to be.

You look at the other pieces.

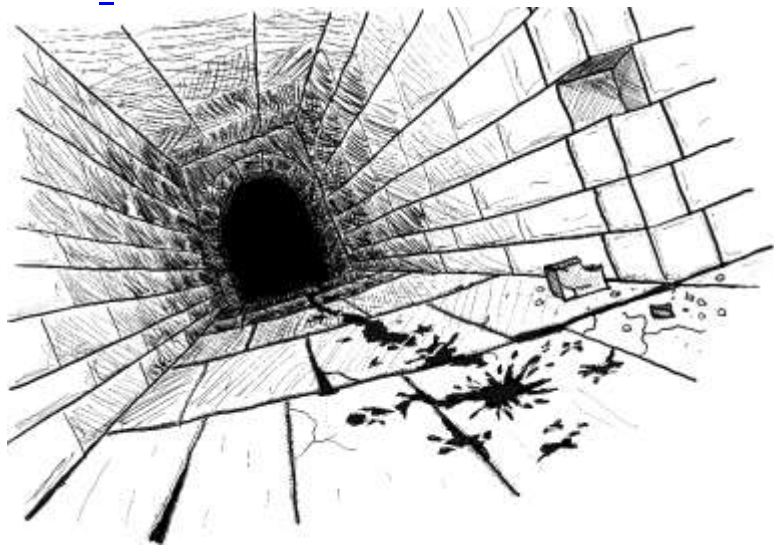
~~Consider your strategy? Turn to ?~~
Castle? Turn to [46](#).

Move the screaming eagle? Turn to [6](#).

11

“Hog go now,” you announce, marching towards the door. The relief on Estil’s face is briefly interrupted as you bump a rack of glassware, which drops and shatters with a fun noise. You grin as you duck out the door.

Turn to [5](#).



12

The broad stairway to the dungeon’s upper levels has a frayed and stained red carpet. The valkyrie statue looms on her pedestal where the stairs switch back. You rub your knuckles, remembering the time you tried to punch her.

You push open the doors to the Crucible of Grand Strategy. The huge hall is still and quiet, with a ring of stone bleachers surrounding a board of squares set in the floor. Enormous stone pieces stand at attention on either side, ready to come to life when the game is started.

Every footstep leaves a mark in the dust as you step towards the board. Just being in here makes you feel smart, as if you could somehow learn to be one of those good game people. You might

push a piece to the place and then grin at your opponent, who would lose and then you could eat them.

You feel your stomach rumble at the thought. You glance at Timic, who's already scurrying off towards the game controls. "Are you gonna play, big guy?"

Play the game? Turn to [49](#).

Get bored and leave? Turn to [28](#).



13

"Maybe Hog eat when Flora done with thrall?" You look at the dryad hopefully.

She lowers her hands and the thrall comes to a stop. Turning slowly, Flora fixes you with a luminous gaze. She approaches with an eerie grace that you find oddly unsettling.

"You seek something to eat?" she says, her voice sickly sweet. She holds up her hand and a little seed pod is sitting there. "Eat this."

With a grin, you grab the seed pod and eat it. As it settles in your stomach, you feel a strange writhing down there. You didn't realize plants were sometimes hard to eat. You pat your stomach, then realize suddenly you're outside the garden with no recollection of leaving.

"Let's go, big guy," Timic says, tugging at your satchel. For some reason, the goblin looks spooked.

Gain **2 PLUCK** for your igrish actions.

Mark **TANGLED** on your sheet.

Are you **CAREFREE**, **CLUMSY**, **HELPFUL**, or **TOOTHLESS**? Turn to [32](#).

If not, turn to [20](#).

14

You squat, fit your fingers under the hammer, and heave. The stone hammer resists for a moment, then there's a loud stone crack as the handle breaks. You hear something inside the mechanism behind the wall go off, then a series of noises echo through the room. The darts fly, peppering you with tiny projectiles. You lose **2 HEALTH**.

Gain **1 PLUCK** for your ogrish tendencies.

You look at the broken stone hammer, then leave it alone as you hurry to catch up with Timic.

Mark **TOOTHLESS** on your sheet.

You leave the Iron Gauntlet. Turn to [71](#).

15

You look up at the huge, bulbous spider perched near the roof and wag a finger at her. Webby blinks her way-too-many eyes at you.

"That spider sure looks scared of you, Hog," Timic says nervously. "Let's go. You showed her."

"Hog show her," you agree. You turn to walk away.

Turn to [67](#).

16

"Hog!" The shrill voice cuts through the dungeon at an unseemly register, followed by the patter of shoes on cracked flagstones.

Crispin takes a moment to catch his breath, straightening his pressed black doublet. He's tall for a goblin with his black hair slicked back and his lips pressed in a thin frown. Floating just above his shoulder is a fairy in a sleek black dress holding a black

ledger, her hair pulled back in a sensible bun. She must be his new assistant.

“What are you doing? We have a schedule to keep!” Crispin snaps. “The Black Garden needs attention, Hog. Where’s Timic?”

“Here,” the goblin says, squirming out from under a statue.

“You’re supposed to be handling Hog! You know we have an inspection, right? Heads will roll if the Overlord is displeased.”

You grin. You like it when heads roll. Timic looks less enthusiastic. “Aw, come on, Crispin,” he wheedles. “We’ll have the Black Garden finished real quick, right Hog?”

You aren’t paying attention. You’re wondering what the fairy would taste like. She flutters behind Crispin, her ledger held like a shield.

Crispin’s lips press even harder into an even deeper frown. “See that you do,” he says evenly. He turns and marches off. The fairy gives you a wary look, then zips along after him.

You scratch your head, then look down at Timic. He straightens his necklace of onions, looks up at you, and grins.

“So, garden? Or do you wanna go somewhere else instead?”

Actually go to the Black Garden? Turn to [60](#).

Look at the Hall of Mad Alchemy? Turn to [44](#).

Check out the Crucible of Grand Strategy? Turn to [12](#).

Head to the Iron Gauntlet? Turn to [29](#).

17

You head over to look at the damage, and to make sure Sticky knows better than to try and eat you or Rocky. The obsidian seal is covered in strange runes that hurt your head to look at. As you look away, Sticky’s tongue lashes out for you!

The mimic soon regrets its choices, as you grab it by that tongue and swing it around, smashing it repeatedly into the seal until it stops moving. The mimic is soon leaking goo into a spiderweb of cracks that run all the way across the seal.

You wander back into the Scything Hall to see how Timic is doing with all those adventurer chunks.

Mark **DAMP** on your sheet.

~~Tell somebody about the cracked seal? Turn to ?~~

Turn to [27](#).

18

The game isn't going to do what you want unless you make it. You walk up to the board, squat beside the hippopotamus, and put your shoulder into the pudgy piece to force it forward. There's a groan of protest from the pieces and the board as you make it move, but the piece can't resist your strength. Soon the hippopotamus is where you want it to be. You straighten and plan your next move.

Castle? Turn to [46](#).

Corral the feisty ferret? Turn to [22](#).

19

Timic has been teaching you some goblin tactics. You realize you won't be able to fight this thing in these tight confines if it's not Bitey, and maybe it's a better idea to go back the way you came? You scrape along the tunnel until you return to the toppled statue.

There's a clank as you step on the discarded sword. Timic hops down and begins to wave you onwards. "Come on, big guy. We should keep moving."

Rubbing at your scraped shoulder, you move along the dungeon corridor. You round a corner and catch sight of a tall goblin in a black doublet, his black hair slicked back with some kind of grease. Crispin, the goblin manager.

“Hog! What are you doing?” He snaps, his lips pressed in a thin frown. “The Eternal Crypt needs cleaning. You know we have a schedule to keep.”

You look down at Crispin and lick your lips. He steps back, glaring at you. “Ah! Don’t even think about it. The Overlord will have you skinned if you eat me.” He glances down. “I see Timic’s still with you.”

“Hey Crispin.”

“You’re supposed to keep Hog on track,” he says accusingly. “See to it that the Eternal Crypt is cleaned. You know we have an inspection.”

There’s a flap of wings as a fairy in a sleek black dress settles on Crispin’s shoulder, holding a ledger, her hair tied back in a sensible bun. Crispin’s latest assistant. “There’s something happening in the Flooded Sanctum,” she says.

“What? Show me,” he says. He points at you, then points towards the Eternal Crypt before he walks off at a brisk pace.

You look at Timic, who shrugs back. “I don’t care about an inspection,” the goblin says with a chuckle. “Where do you wanna go?”

To the Eternal Crypt? Turn to [51](#).

To the Black Garden? Turn to [60](#).

To the Crucible of Grand Strategy? Turn to [12](#).

20

Timic looks up from his folded parchment as you walk down the corridor. “Hey Hog, do you think you could snap a sword in half?”

You nod. “Hog good at break.”

“Maybe we should go back and get that sword from earlier,” he muses. “We can circle back when we get near the Flooded Sanctum.”

You step around the corner to find Crispin standing in the dungeon corridor, watching as his fairy assistant runs a finger

along the top of a doorframe. She holds out a finger black with dust.

“Well. It looks like the dusting was not completed,” he says, his lips pressed in a thin frown. “Make a note. Oh, Hog. Have you finished already?”

You’re busy scratching and have stopped paying attention, but Timic’s still involved in the conversation. “Sure did,” he says. “And now the Overlord gave us something to do over there.” He points.

Crispin’s eyes bulge. “The Overlord has left his chambers? Already?!” He looks around, then looks at his assistant. “We aren’t ready! There’s so much to do.” He takes a step, pauses to look at you, then scurries off without assigning another task.

Timic grins and straightens his onions.

*You feel your stomach rumble. You may eat any number of rations you’ve collected, restoring **1 HEALTH** for each portion you eat. If you go hungry instead, increase your HUNGER by one, then lose as many **HEALTH** as you have **HUNGER**.*

You may choose any destination you haven’t already visited.

To the Crucible of Grand Strategy? Turn to [12](#).

To the Hall of Mad Alchemy? Turn to [44](#).

To the Old Gatehouse? Turn to [63](#).

To the Iron Gauntlet? Turn to [29](#).

Or are you bored of cleaning traps? Turn to [50](#).

21

The sword looks awfully neat sitting on the dungeon floor. You lean down and close your fingers around the shiny steel, then yelp in pain as the sharp edge draws blood! The sword falls to the ground with a noisy clatter, where it receives a stern glare.

Lose **2 HEALTH** and gain **1 PLUCK**.

“Lookit, Hog. There’s a handle to grab!” Timic points.

You pout. The stupid sword made your fingers hurt. “Hog don’t want it anymore.”

Timic lets it go with a shrug. He looks at his parchment. "Okay, let's keep going. Need a few more squares before I hand this in to Gramandris. Find any adventurers with more than twenty knives? Or wearing inappropriate armor?"

You suck on your fingers and shake your head.

"You wanna pick where we go next, big guy?"

You nod sullenly.

To the Black Garden? Turn to [47](#).

To the Eternal Crypt? Turn to [81](#).



22

You crouch down to wrap your arms around the feisty ferret, putting your shoulder into it to shove the piece forward. The bits beneath the floor give a squeal of annoyance at your movements, but they yield to your strength. The ferret slides neatly into place.

~~Play the Wayward Queen Attack? Turn to ?~~

Turn the cackling hyena? Turn to [10](#).

Shift the lobstrocidity? Turn to [42](#).

23

You're immediately drawn to a pair of legs sticking out of one of the carnivorous plants. You play a bit of tug of war with the plant and end up with just the legs, which you stuff into your

satchel. Add **one portion of MYSTERY ADVENTURER** to your rations.

“Oh hey, lookit!” Timic crows, poking a shield with his boot. “Is this an oddly-shaped shield? Is oval an odd shape?”

You squint. The shield is oval-shaped with two circular cut-outs halfway up, one on each side. You don’t know anything about shields except how to grip them and throw shield-holders around by the shield. “Hog think so,” you say with a nod.

“I’m going to mark it,” Timic says, producing his folded parchment.

~~Take the shield with you? Turn to ?~~

Go bother Flora? Turn to [83](#).

Go somewhere else? Turn to [56](#).

24

The only way you’re going to play this game properly is if you move these pieces yourself. You march up to the board and begin to push the horse piece forward. The enormous stone piece resists, then finally begins to budge forward with a groaning noise. You push it until it’s right up against the giant pouncing tiger piece, then look around for the next piece to move.

Move the two-headed snake? Turn to [39](#).

Turn the cackling hyena? Turn to [10](#).



25

You poke your head into the cave and sneeze at the dust in the air. The wall’s shattered bricks form a rough pile with the toppled

statue lying on top. There's a tunnel here which winds away at a steady incline up. Its tight, but you think you can fit.

"We should go, big guy," Timic says. "What are you doing?"

"Hog go up," you say. You point.

The goblin looks nervous. "We don't know what's in that cave."

"It okay, Hog big and scary," you say. You grin at Timic, then slip through the gap in the wall.

The cavern is just barely large enough for your bulk. You scrape your shoulders as you squeeze along the tunnel, but you're climbing at a good angle.

You hear something chitter from further down the tunnel, accompanied by the skitter of dozens of tiny legs. Your eyes light up. "That sound like Bitey," you say.

Timic is out of sight, clinging to your satchel, but his voice echoes up. "Bitey's hole is in the Eternal Crypt," he says. "What's he doing up here? Maybe it's a new Bitey?"

Check if it's Bitey? Turn to [34](#).

Go back down? Turn to [19](#).



26

Your hands grip the enormous giant ferret piece and you begin to slide it forward. There's a noise from the mechanism beneath like a piece getting ready to snap. The piece clicks into place where you wanted it to be, then you look at the other pieces.

~~Play the Kraken Gambit? Turn to ?~~

Castle? Turn to [46](#).

Turn the cackling hyena? Turn to [31](#).

27

Timic looks up as you walk back in. “Oh! Lookit this, Hog,” he says, brandishing a bloody note. “An unfinished love letter. That’s a square.”

You chuckle, squinting at the paper. “Words,” you say, pointing.

“Yeah, big guy. Real mushy words,” the goblin chuckles. He drops the note on the floor and makes a careful mark on his folded parchment.

It takes some time to sort through the adventurer chunks. You steal a few snacks during the process. Restore **1 HEALTH**. You shove the last un-appetizing bits towards Bitey’s hole, where the giant centipede will surely clean up the rest.

Timic wipes his hands off on his leather vest. “Ready, big guy? Let’s keep moving.”

Are you **CAREFREE**, **CLUMSY**, **HELPFUL**, or **TOOTHLESS**? Turn to [32](#).

If not, turn to [20](#).



28

You look up at the valkyrie as you trudge down the stairs. The towering statue looms over the stairway with a warrior’s countenance.

“What I’d really like to find is someone in golden armor,” Timic says. “That would really help.”

“Hog dip ‘venturer in gold?”

The goblin looks up at you with a chuckle. “We don’t have the vat of molten gold anymore, remember? The incident?”

“Oh yeah.” You grin.

*You feel your stomach rumble. You may eat any number of rations you’ve collected, restoring **1 HEALTH** for each portion you eat. If you go hungry instead, increase your **HUNGER** by one, then lose as many **HEALTH** as you have **HUNGER**.*

You may choose any destination you haven’t already visited.

To the Eternal Crypt? Turn to [51](#).

Back upstairs to the Black Garden? Turn to [60](#).

To the Hall of Mad Alchemy? Turn to [44](#).

To the Iron Gauntlet? Turn to [29](#).

Or are you bored of cleaning traps? Turn to [50](#).

29

Nestled in the heart of the dungeon, the Iron Gauntlet is where most adventurers meet their demise. The antechamber is a long, tall room where pendulum blades are rigged to swing, spears jut out of the floor, darts fire from the walls, and huge stone hammers crush those who aren’t fast or nimble enough. The chamber is usually good for a few corpses, but as you poke your head inside you don’t see any.

“Huh,” Timic says, folding his parchment back up. “I thought there would be someone in gold armor.”

You step into the antechamber. A stone clicks down beneath your feet, but as you turn to look for the blade it doesn’t swing.

“Safety’s on, big guy,” Timic says, walking in beside you. You both look around the large room, then towards the huge door at the far end. “Want to check the next room?”

Check the next room? Turn to [37](#).
Leave the Iron Gauntlet. Turn to [71](#).

30

Ducking under the doorframe, you follow Timic back into the Iron Gauntlet's first chamber. The goblin is busy looking at his parchment, but you notice one of the huge stone hammers is stuck down. You aren't sure, but you think it's supposed to be in the up position.

~~Tell somebody who knows how to repair the traps about the hammer? Turn to ?~~

Fix the hammer? Turn to [14](#).
Leave the Iron Gauntlet? Turn to [71](#).

31

You grip the hyena and begin to turn it. There's a noise like a spring over-tightening, then a loud snap as the whole board shudders. None of the pieces are moving anymore. They're all arranged on the board with claws and fangs out, but no longer playing the game.

"Uh oh," Timic says, tapping a few buttons on the pedestal.
"Um. I think the game's over, Hog."

"Hog win," you say.

"Yeah, you won," the goblin agrees. "Let's go somewhere else before someone sees."

*Mark **RESIGNED** on your sheet.*

Turn to [5](#).

32

The sound of quick footsteps down the dungeon corridor catches your attention. "Hog! What the devil did you do?!" comes Crispin's shrill voice, moments before he steps around the bend.

The black-clad goblin has a vein throbbing on his temple as he fixes you with a stare. "You're supposed to be cleaning the dungeon, not breaking it! Do you have any idea how long this will take to fix?"

The fairy, flying at his shoulder, scribbles a few things down on her little black ledger. You lick your lips and reach out for the fairy, but she flutters back with a gasp. Crispin swats your hand.

"Hog! Pay attention!" he snarls. "You really make this difficult."

"Hog make dif'cult for 'venturers," you say, bobbing your head. "Crispin see."

The goblin makes a strangled noise, then shifts his attention to Timic. "You. Keep him under control! I would hate to have to mark an official censure on both of your employment records." Crispin waggles a finger at Timic, then stalks off down the hall. You watch them go.

"Crispin funny," you say.

"Ugh. Yeah," Timic says. "Come on, big guy. Let's go."

*You feel your stomach rumble. You may eat any number of rations you've collected, restoring **1 HEALTH** for each portion you eat. If you go hungry instead, increase your HUNGER by one, then lose as many **HEALTH** as you have **HUNGER**.*

You may choose any destination you haven't already visited.

To the Crucible of Grand Strategy? Turn to [12](#).

To the Hall of Mad Alchemy? Turn to [44](#).

To the Old Gatehouse? Turn to [63](#).

To the Iron Gauntlet? Turn to [29](#).

Or are you bored of cleaning traps? Turn to [50](#).



33

The Deep Well's obsidian cover is cracked right down the middle. Very faintly you can hear the sound of an eldritch voice wailing, as if from miles away. You crouch down and put your ear directly on the crack to listen better, but it doesn't make a difference.

Sticky makes another attempt to eat you. Grabbing the Mimic by its tongue, you swing the chest around and smash it repeatedly into the seal until Sticky stops moving. Rising, you realize the crack has grown wider, and there's a faint smell of brine rising from below. Some sort of viscous goo is leaking from Sticky and dripping down into the Deep Well.

Mark **DAMP** on your sheet.

You shrug. You wander back to help Timic sort through the chunks.

~~Tell somebody about the cracks in the seal? Turn to ?~~
Wander off? Turn to [57](#).

34

You climb a little further along the rough stone tunnel, earning a few new scrapes as you wedge your body along. Whoever built this cave didn't think to accommodate ogres.

The chittering grows louder as you squeeze into a larger chamber where a familiar giant centipede lurks, clacking his bitey things at you. You grin and wave. "Hi Bitey," you say, stepping forward. The giant centipede skitters back and hisses.

“Wow Hog, lookit. There’s another wall here,” Timic says, letting go of your satchel. He walks over to a stonework wall that shows significant wear. The bricks look ready to crumble.

You look away. Bitey begins to skitter off down a tunnel, but you’re not finished playing! You chuckle and grab for the giant centipede to give him some pets. There’s a chitter and a thrash from the enormous creature as his long body folds back on itself, bringing those bitey things close to your face. You jerk backwards, trying to hold the thing away from your face, off-balance and stumbling towards the brick wall.

There’s a tremendous noise as you smash through the stone wall and land on your back on a wide, broad staircase. Bitey chitters angrily and as you lose your grip the giant centipede scrambles back into the cave and disappears. Lose **2 HEALTH** and gain **1 PLUCK**.

A low, sepulchral wail rises from the base of the stairway. You groan, getting to your feet while Timic looks around.

“Oh lookit, Hog. We’re at the Wailing Steps. You set off the Wailer,” he says with a grin. The steps are the main approach into Hal Varrow, with towering columns and gargoyles lining the spots where the roof hasn’t collapsed. You see the Cursed Portcullis at the top of the stairs only halfway shut.

The rattle of spectral chains marks the approach of the ghostly man, who looks forlorn as he sees the hole in the wall.. “A grim fate for these bricks,” he says mournfully. “A legacy of stone brought low through the actions of one.”

“Hah, yeah,” Timic says. “It would’ve happened eventually though. They were chewed right up on the other side. Bitey’s in the walls.”

The Wailer sighs. “Oh, to have the freedom to come and go as one wishes. So many legs, such freedom.” He lowers his manacled arms and glances at you. “Crispin was seeking you, ogre. He deemed the Eternal Crypt a place in dire need of cleaning.”

You chuckle. “Crissin funny,” you say.

Timic points. “What’s up with the portcullis?”

“It will shut nevermore,” the ghost moans. “Its journey, like mine, has been stopped.”

~~Tell someone the Cursed Portcullis needs repair? Turn to ?~~

Fix the Cursed Portcullis? Turn to [40](#).

Head elsewhere in the dungeon? Turn to [5](#).



35

The Hallowed Brambles yield to your ogriish trespass as you ignore the great black oak at the garden's center. Talking to Flora is all well and good, but you're hungry for corpses. You eye one of the huge pitcher plants with its vase-like head, but there's no bulge in its stalk to suggest a swallowed catch. Likewise, none of the mantraps have a corpse caught inside, though one of them looks to have been forced open.

Timic gives your ear a tug. "Hog! Lookit!" he says, pointing.

"What Hog look?"

"Webby's in the tree!"

Sure enough, the displaced spider is wrapping an adventurer in webbing against one of the higher branches. The giant spider chitters angrily at you, but is wise enough to stay in the upper branches. You scowl, noticing a few webbed bundles in the boughs; the giant spider has claimed all of the garden's corpses. There's nothing for you to eat.

"Maybe Hog break 'nother web," you grumble. You look around for something to throw, but nothing is readily at hand. Except for Timic.

Timic meets your gaze. "Don't let that spider get to you, big guy. Let's just go."

~~Stop antagonizing giant spiders? Turn to ?~~

Go see Flora? Turn to [83](#).

Go elsewhere? Turn to [20](#).



36

You blunder through the garden towards the gnarled black oak at its center. The twisted tree's canopy is full of black leaves with an oily texture, and the dryad crouched at its base is similarly black of skin with luminous eyes that glow with menace.

"Your trespass will be your end, ogre," she seethes.

"Hi Flora." You wave as you approach. She's crouched over an adventurer's body, weaving vines into the corpse.

"You are as persistent as you are stupid," she says in a voice that's deceptively mild. "Flee this place and never return." You feel a faint tug at your mind but you're totally smart and can't be tricked.

"What Flora doing?"

The evil dryad rubs her temple in irritation. "You insipid miscreant, can't you tell when the Garden's Mistress seeks solitude? You are a fly, buzzing perilously close to a flytrap, oblivious to the danger."

Flora often talks in weird rhymes, but she's not very smart. You aren't a fly. You consider telling her this, but she seems to be really focusing on her dead adventurer. You don't know why she's filling him with vines.

The dryad seems to consider the conversation at an end. You might continue it, or you could venture back to find where Timic has gotten to.

~~Respect Flora's request for solitude? Turn to ?~~

Continue bothering Flora? Turn to [54](#).

Go find Timic? Turn to [43](#).

37

With the safety engaged, it's easy to open the stone door to the next chamber. You turn the bronze handle and it slides up into the ceiling, revealing a round chamber carved with leering devils. A gleaming ruby pendant sits on a pedestal in the center of the room.

A stone door on the far side leads to the gauntlet's third and final room. You've never seen it; adventurers rarely make it past this chamber, and the Overlord has special cleaners for the final challenge.

You don't see any bodies in here either. It seems like the gauntlet has been underused the last few times adventurers have come to call.

~~Don't touch things in the extremely trapped gauntlet? Turn to ?~~
Look at the ruby pendant? Turn to [8](#).
Return to the first chamber? Turn to [30](#).



38

"There you are!" comes a shrill voice as Crispin steps around the corner. Taller than most goblins, Crispin wears a black doublet and has slicked his black hair back with some sort of grease. His lips are always pressed in a frown. Perched on his shoulder is a fairy in a sleek black dress with her hair in a sensible bun, a black ledger in her hands.

"What are you doing?" Crispin says, his eyes taking in both of you. "Don't you know we have an inspection today? We have a schedule to keep! You need to finish the Eternal Crypt before the Overlord sees what a mess it is."

Timic grimaces. "We were gonna," he mutters.

"Now! There's no time for whatever nonsense you're getting up to. The schedule waits for no goblin!" Crispin points at Timic, then at you, then turns to march off. You see the fairy on his shoulder glance back at you, making a face.

You blink. "What Crissin want?" you ask.

Timic squints up, wondering if you're joking. He can see you weren't paying any attention. "Sometimes I envy you, big guy," he chuckles. "Crispin says we need to go to the Eternal Crypt."

"He no boss of Hog," you say.

"Actually, he... never mind. I guess you'd just eat him if he tried to boss you around, right?" Timic says. "Let's keep moving."

Actually go to the Eternal Crypt? Turn to [51](#).

Investigate the Old Gatehouse? Turn to [63](#).

Walk the Wailing Steps? Turn to [106](#).

Head to the Iron Gauntlet? Turn to [29](#).

39

You grip the two-headed snake by its fangs and begin to wrestle it into position. The stone serpent is stubborn, but it can't resist forever as you slide it into position. You slice your finger on one of the fangs, however. Lose **1 HEALTH**.

Try to move the two-headed snake again? Turn to [39](#).

Move the screaming eagle? Turn to [6](#).

Corral the feisty ferret? Turn to [26](#).

40

You rub your shoulder a little where it was scraped by the rock, squinting at the distant portcullis. "Hog fix," you rumble. You walk up the Wailing Steps and put your hands on the gate, ignoring the soul-corrupting tingle of the black iron. You jerk up and down, but the gate refuses to move.

“Hey Hog, lookit,” Timic chuckles. You look. The lower half of a corpse protrudes from the gears that allow the Cursed Portcullis to open and close. “He must’ve got pulled in.”

You grin, and reach for the legs. “Hog know how fix,” you say, beginning to tug.

“Oy! Hold up!” comes a voice. A short, grizzled goblin steps inside, pulling back the hood of his grass-lined cloak. He squints at the hole in the wall, then looks up at you. “What in the hells did you do?”

“Hog fix?” you say uncertainly.

Timic shakes his head. You go back to working the legs out of the gears.

“What’s out there, Rolt?” the goblin asks.

“Danger,” he says, sucking his teeth. “Bunch of adventurers are getting close. No push-overs. There’s a real big one. Hog big.”

“Hog big,” you agree. There’s a horrible noise as the adventurer legs come free and the gears begin to spin. The portcullis slams down with a clang, then a crack begins to run through the stonework. A gargoyle drops from its pillared perch, smashing on the steps nearby. The pillar begins to lean. A stonework boulder crashes down and rolls past you, narrowly missing your leg.

Timic is already scampering down the stairs, right behind Rolt. You’re a little confused why the gate coming down seems to be breaking so much stone, but you follow as things begin to really crash down.

You reach the bottom of the Wailing Steps just ahead of the cloud of stone dust. The Wailer stares at the ruined steps with a grim expression. There isn’t a portcullis left standing when everything settles, and the new entrance to the dungeon is a pile of rubble that dips down into Hal Varrow proper.

“An end for all things,” he says. “And yet I remain.”

“Keep watch, hey?” Timic says with a look around. Rolt has already scurried into one of the gobliducts that weave through the complex. Timic tugs at your satchel. “Come on, big guy. Let’s find somewhere else to be.”

*Remove **BRASH** and mark **CLUMSY** on your sheet.*

~~Tell someone about the damage? Turn to 2~~

Wander off? Turn to [5](#).



41

The Flattening Terrace is a round chamber with an alcove set in one wall and an entrance at either end. In the very center of the floor's flagstones stands Rocky the golem, a creature of stone that's actually taller and bigger than you are. Rocky doesn't eat, and gives you anything he kills.

"Hi Rocky," you say, waving.

"Ogre," he says in his rumbling voice. "Do you feel it?"

You scratch your head. "What?"

"A dark presence," Rocky says. "A pall that creeps up from the low places, that suffuses this dungeon with its imminent dread. That threatens, even now, to corrupt us and bend us to its vile will. Do you feel it?"

You don't answer. You stopped paying attention a while ago. It's odd there aren't any flattened corpses lying about, but as you look you notice a suspicious-looking chest nestled in the alcove. Sticky the Mimic, looking quite content. You think you know what happened to the corpses.

You walk over to ask Sticky about it. The treasure chest creaks open, displaying its wide array of sharp teeth and it tries to grab you with its huge, sticky tongue! You give Sticky a swat with your fist, which quickly becomes stuck. The mimic tries to drag you into

his mouth, but you lift Sticky into the air and slam him against the floor until he lets go.

The mimic makes a noise like a bubbling groan and goes back to pretending to be a slightly shabby treasure chest. You fix him with a stern look until you're sure he's properly intimidated.

"Ogre, you are a gifted negotiator," Rocky rumbles. "Beware, however. You just smashed the chest into the Deep Well's seal."

You squint. Sure enough, the recessed alcove is faintly lowered, with a circle of older stone set into the floor. A solid obsidian cap seals the Deep Well with sigils that hurt you when you look at them. And thanks to your tussle with Sticky there are cracks running through the obsidian cap.

Take a closer look at the Deep Well? Turn to [33](#).

Talk more with Rocky? Turn to [4](#).

Go back and help Timic sift through the chunks? Turn to [57](#).

42

You take the lobstercity piece by its enormous pincers and shift it into place, ignoring the protests of the gameboard's mechanism. At last, with this in position, you feel like you're done. You don't know the rules of the game, but you know in your heart that you've won. Gain **1 PLUCK**.

"Hog done," you announce.

Timic looks over from the pedestal. "Oh! Okay. Let's keep moving," he says, pressing a button. The pieces begin to slide back to their starting positions as you leave the crucible.

Turn to [28](#).

43

You find Timic near the entrance to the garden, poking an errant boot with a stick. He seems relieved to see you. "How's Flora?"

“Flora busy putting vines in body, won’t let Hog eat,” you say with a shrug. Who can fathom strange evil dryads and their ways?

“Huh.” The goblin shrugs back, then shoves the boot off into the underbrush. “Weird. Anyway, we should-“

“There you are!” comes a shrill voice as Crispin steps around the corner. Taller than most goblins, Crispin wears a black doublet and has slicked his black hair back with some sort of grease. His lips are always pressed in a frown. Perched on his shoulder is a fairy in a sleek black dress with her hair in a sensible bun, a black ledger in her hands.

“What are you doing?” Crispin says, his eyes taking in both of you. “Don’t you know we have an inspection today? We have a schedule to keep! You need to finish the Eternal Crypt before the Overlord sees what a mess it is.”

Timic grimaces. “We were gonna,” he mutters.

“Now! There’s no time for whatever nonsense you’re getting up to. The schedule waits for no goblin!” Crispin points at Timic, then at you, then turns to march off. You see the fairy on his shoulder glance back at you, making a face.

You blink. “What Crissin want?” you ask.

Timic squints up, wondering if you’re joking. He can see you weren’t paying any attention. “Sometimes I envy you, big guy,” he chuckles. “Crispin says we need to go to the Eternal Crypt.”

“He no boss of Hog,” you say.

“Actually, he... never mind. I guess you’d just eat him if he tried to boss you around, right?” Timic says. “Let’s keep moving.”

Actually go to the Eternal Crypt? Turn to [51](#).

Investigate the Old Gatehouse? Turn to [124](#).

Walk the Wailing Steps? Turn to [106](#).

Head to the Iron Gauntlet? Turn to [29](#).



44

You know the secret way to the Hall of Mad Alchemy, though you don't know who Alchemy is or why he's mad. The room just has a lot of funny glass and weird things that taste bad. The secret door opens on well-oiled hinges, and you step into the lab.

Sharp and acrid smells proliferate through the room, conjured by bubbling beakers and churning cauldrons. Oddities and profanities alike share jars on a shelf, while nefarious mechanisms litter the tabletops.

"Don't touch anything," comes a sharp voice. You see Estil standing at a table, stirring a beaker with a metal stick.

"Hog no touch," you lie. You look around the lab, trying to spot Goopy. The cube-shaped ooze is usually around here somewhere, but being clear, it can be hard to spot.

~~Maybe don't touch the strange alchemy? Turn to ?~~

Say hello to Estil? Turn to [3](#).

Use the Magic Beaker? Turn to [93](#).

Look for Goopy? Turn to [7](#).

45

You find yourself outside the Black Garden with no memory of leaving. You scratch your head, glancing at the nice plants inside the garden, and feel a warm sense of camaraderie. They aren't annoying plants, they're your leafy friends. You smile.

"Hog, there you are," comes a terse voice. A tall goblin appears around the corner in a nice black doublet with his hair slicked back with some kind of grease. A fairy is sitting on his shoulder

with a ledger in her hands, her hair gathered in a sensible bun. It's Crispin, the goblin manager, and his new assistant.

"What Crissin want?"

"It's Crispin," he snaps, his lips pressing in a tight frown. "The Eternal Crypt is in dire need of cleaning. I already sent Timic down, but he'll need your help. We have an inspection, remember?"

You blink stupidly. That was a lot of words. The fairy giggles, puts a hand on Crispin's cheek, and pipes up. "Let me," she says. "Hog, go downstairs."

"Okay," you say. You're tempted to eat the goblin, the fairy, or both, but somehow you're not as hungry. That seed Flora gave you must have been very filling! You lope off towards the lower levels of the dungeon.

~~Wonder about the seed pod? Turn to ?~~

Take the stairs to the Eternal Crypt? Turn to [58](#).

Take the stairs to the Flattening Terrace? Turn to [90](#).

46

"Hog castle," you announce.

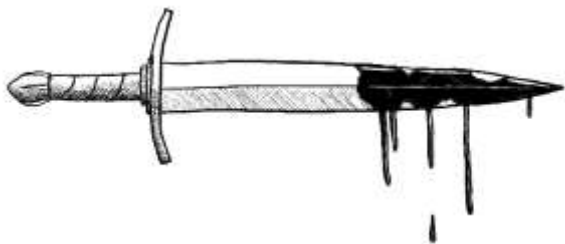
Timic looks up from the game controls, puzzled. "What does that mean?"

"Hog smart," you tell him. "Smart game move."

You reach for two of the nearby pieces, gripping the rearing unicorn by its horn and the howling monkey by its tail and set about arranging them to your satisfaction. The mechanism makes all kinds of awful noise, but eventually the pieces are in different places. You reach for the next piece.

Move the two-headed snake? Turn to [39](#).

Move the screaming eagle? Turn to [6](#).



47

There's always wind rustling through the dungeon's upper levels. The stonework is weathered and mossy, and shattered ceilings expose great stretches of the ruined fortress to the elements. It's here that you find the Black Garden, a tangled knot of voracious plants in what must once have been the main courtyard.

"Flora? It's just us coming to clean up," Timic calls from the entrance. You aren't sure why he's stopping, there's just plants in there. You walk right in.

"The garden is forbidden to you," comes an eerie female voice from deeper in the glade, but you're already tromping through the Hallowed Brambles. Flora sometimes pretends to get mad at you. It's a fun game.

You can usually find Flora at the enormous tree in the courtyard's center, but her carnivorous plants and strangling vines always have a bounty of adventurers to collect. You're not supposed to take adventurers from the carnivorous plants, but you're hungry.

~~Respect the sanctity of the garden? Turn to 2.~~

Go say hello to Flora? Turn to [36](#).

Take some adventurer corpses? Turn to [2](#).

48

There's something different about the Flattening Terrace as you draw near. The faint sound of eldritch whispers tug at the edges of your consciousness, and the whole chamber feels darker, as if the light itself is being oppressed. Rocky stands very still in the center of the terrace.

As you lead the way in, there's a slow grinding as Rocky turns to look at you. "Step closer, dim creature," he says. His voice lacks any of its usual rumble, but instead has an oily quality that feels repellant to the ears.

Arug pauses at the entrance behind you, his club held low. "This Overlord?" he asks.

You don't answer. You can't. You feel compelled to draw closer to the looming golem, to the thing that controls it. Arug's eyes shift between you and the golem, and he seems to make up his mind. He thumps the club on the floor, then begins to advance, ready to fight.

The battle is over before it begins. Rocky moves with a speed that belies his bulk, jutting out with a stony hand to grab Arug about the throat and lift him into the air. The ogre-adventurer gasps, dropping his club while he tries to pry the stony hand away, but Rocky effortlessly carries him over to the Deep Well. He holds him out, and you watch an oily tentacle rise, wrap around Arug, then disappear below with the whimpering adventurer.

You watch it all transpire without any emotion. Without anger. Without hunger. The eldritch whispers aren't tugging at your consciousness anymore, they are singing in your blood. Every movement of your being is orchestrated by that ethereal choir. You are Hog, but you are not. You are so much more than a mere ogre.

Rocky looks to you. "You will be a suitable servant," the oily voice says. "For what comes next."

You've reached
The Deep Ending

49

“Hog play game,” you announce. You look at Timic, who grins as he pushes the button. There’s a rumbling noise from the pieces as they activate, shifting their claws, fangs, and trunks into ready positions.

You begin to wave your fingers at the pieces. They move. It doesn’t seem to matter what gestures you make or what sounds you say, the pieces just move. You get a little annoyed when you wave at some of the pieces and different ones move. Why isn’t the game listening to you?

Move the horsey? Turn to [24](#).

Advance the hippopotamus? Turn to [18](#).

50

“Hog done,” you announce suddenly, sitting down on the dungeon floor.

Timic lowers his folded parchment. “I’ve got more squares though,” he says. “How am I going to find a sword that’s also a key if we stop now?”

You scratch your foot. “Timic smart, find things without Hog.” You think for a moment. “Maybe Hog eat things Timic find?”

“You want to eat a sword that’s also a key?”

The doubt in the goblin’s voice makes it feel like a challenge. “Hog eat anything,” you tell him sagely.

The shrill sound of Crispin’s voice echoes from the distance. Timic looks, winces, then looks back at you. “Come on, big guy. We should keep moving. You don’t want Crispin to see you sitting around.”

“Hog eat Crispin.”

“Sure, big guy. Sure. Let’s go.”

Are you **MOLDY**? Turn to [156](#).

If not, turn to [100](#).

51

The Eternal Crypt has a dearth of corpses for a place so named. It might have been a true crypt in years past, but now it's just a labyrinth of tunnels and hallways with deadly traps. It usually collects a fair few corpses anytime adventurers come to call.

You can immediately see what Crispin was so bothered about. The stairway meets the Scything Hall, a vaulted chamber with two lines of pillars carved to resemble blade-wielding warriors. They clearly got into a fight with three, maybe four adventurers, and won decisively. There are adventurer chunks strewn about the chamber, and blood has spattered all over the walls and the scything statues. One of them has a blood moustache.

Timic lets out a low whistle at the carnage, then produces his folded parchment. "A whole party, looks like. Gonna fill the card for sure," he says, nudging a chunk with his boot.

You can see an archway at the far end of the hall that leads into the Flattening Terrace, where Rocky the golem lives. Before you can think to go visit, however, there's an angry chitter as Bitey the giant centipede skitters out from behind one of the scything pillars and clacks his bitey things at Timic, who scampers back to hide behind you.

"Hey big guy, looks like Bitey wants to play," Timic says nervously.

The centipede snags one of the bigger chunks of meat and begins to slide it back towards the edge of the chamber. He begins to slice up the meat into finer chunks and devour it. For the moment, he seems content at the edge of the chamber.

Play with Bitey? Turn to [72](#).

Look at the Flattening Terrace? Turn to [66](#).

Help Timic sort through the corpses? Turn to [27](#).

52

The crack runs right down the center of the Deep Well's obsidian cover. Very faintly, at the edge of your consciousness, you hear an eldritch voice wailing from a great distance. You crouch down and put your ear right on the crack to listen better, but the voice isn't any clearer.

Sticky makes another attempt, this time using his tongue to grapple you and drag you towards his wide, toothy maw. You reach up to grapple the mimic in turn and roll over, then smash the chest repeatedly into the seal. There's another cracking sound as a line splits the obsidian plug in twain.

A sound at the edge of your hearing rises in a tight crescendo, unraveling into eldritch noise as the seal shatters. You and Sticky both plummet through the hole into the Deep Well. At first there's no water, only air. You fall through a wide, underground chamber towards a round pool directly below. You wrestle Sticky to hit first, and give him a shove deeper into the water as you plunge into the well.

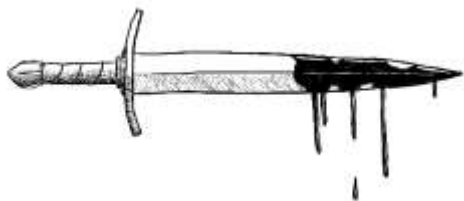
The eldritch voice seems to grow louder, gnawing at the edges of your hearing with more intensity. The water is ice cold and clings to you with unsettling tenacity. You thrash about, trying to swim towards the surface while Sticky the mimic vanishes into the gloom below. You feel something brush your leg, trying to pull you down, but you're tough enough to escape it and climb out of the water.

As you crouch on the edge of the pool you take a moment to look around the chamber. The walls are rough stone, hewn out of the mountain, clearly older than the rest of Hal Varrow. The smell of damp stone is thick in the air, and algae clings in patches on every surface. This place was, until recently, underwater.

You see some tunnels leading off into the dark, and a stairway heading back up into the dungeon. A little unsettled with what just happened, you take the stairs and find Timic in the Scything Hall, cleaning up a score of corpses.

*Mark **MOLDY** on your sheet.*

~~Reflect on the eerie chamber below? Turn to ?~~
Wander off? Turn to [65](#).



53

You aren't about to let the spider have her stupid webs. You're an ogre, and you aren't going to stand for stupid arachnids telling you what you can and can't eat. You use your meaty fists and tear the webs apart, bit by gooey bit.

The spider chitters angrily and comes down to try and stop you, but you're ready with a big meaty fist. The creature hisses and retreats back up to the ceiling while you utterly destroy the webs.

Gain **2 PLUCK** for your ogrish actions.

Mark **CAREFREE** on your sheet.

"You sure showed that spider," Timic says. "Let's keep moving, yeah?"

Turn to [67](#).

54

"Hog eat 'venturer when Flora done?" you offer, pointing at the corpse she's working with.

She stops, then rises with a sigh. Even at her full height Flora isn't an intimidating figure, but there's an eerie grace to her movements as she approaches you. "You want something to eat?" she says, her voice sickly sweet. She holds up her hand, and a little seed pod is sitting there. "Eat this."

You don't hesitate. You take the seed pod and eat it. As it settles into your stomach you feel a strange sensation of something wriggling down there. Flora turns away and returns to tending her corpse.

Gain **2 PLUCK** for your ogreish actions.

Mark **TANGLED** on your sheet.

Turn to [45](#).

55

You like using your hands. There's something very satisfying about how a skull crunches against your palm. Also, how are you supposed to grab somebody with a sword? You leave it lying on the ground.

"Maybe I'll try it," Timic says, tucking his folded parchment away. He squares up to the sword, wraps his spindly fingers around the hilt, then grunts with effort as the blade rises a few feet into the air. The tip of the sword begins to sway precariously as the overbalanced goblin careens about.

"Lookit me! I'm an adventurer!" the goblin crows. He staggers to the side and the sword's blade slams into the ankles of a large statue. With a yelp, Timic drops the sword. There's a pause as a crack spreads through the statue, then a ponderous groan as it begins to lean.

"Oh no," Timic says. "Hog, catch it!"

You don't want to catch the statue. You want to hear the noise it makes. As it topples, you grin and clap your hands. It strikes the opposite wall with a tremendous crash that reverberates most pleasingly throughout the chamber.

Timic hides behind you as the dust settles to reveal a hole in the dungeon wall, and the darkness of some caves beyond. A stupid grin is plastered on your face. "Timic no 'venturer, Timic ogre," you tell him with a chortle.

"Hah, yeah," the goblin says, glancing around. "Crispin will have heard that. We should go."

Mark **BRASH** on your sheet.

~~See if you can block the hole? Turn to ?~~
Into the unknown cave? Turn to [25](#).

To the Black Garden? Turn to [47](#).

To the Eternal Crypt? Turn to [81](#).



56

“Hog bored of plants,” you announce.

Timic nods. “That’s great, big guy. I think I found everything in here for Gramandris’ game.”

Your eyes linger for a moment on the towering gnarled oak with its black leaves, rustling faintly in the ever-present wind. Then you leave the Black Garden.

Are you **CAREFREE**, **CLUMSY**, **HELPFUL**, or **TOOTHLESS**? Turn to [32](#).

If not, turn to [20](#).

57

You help Timic sort through the adventurer bits. You think one of them smells like an elf but you can’t find the head to be sure. Timic shows you a folded, bloodstained piece of paper he recovered from one of the corpses.

“Lookit, Hog. It’s an unfinished love letter,” the goblin says with a chuckle. “That’s a square for sure. I’ll be done in no time.”

You finish cleaning up the trap – the chunk tastes like elf too – then move on. Restore **1 HEALTH**.

~~Wonder what causes someone to take up adventuring? Turn to ?~~
Go somewhere else? Turn to [16](#).

58

You make your way down to the Eternal Crypt, which really is poorly named. There are no corpses interred here, it's just a labyrinth of tunnels and halls with deadly traps. It usually collects some corpses when adventurers come to call, though. The finer points of dungeon nomenclature are lost on you.

Timic is already here, sorting through the carnage. The Scything Hall is the entrance to the crypt with a vaulted ceiling and its double line of pillars carved to resemble blade-wielding warriors. They clearly carved up three, maybe four adventurers, and the goblin is holding up a chunk of meat towards you.

"Eat up, big guy. We've got work to do," he says.

You take the chunk and pop it in your mouth. It tastes like dwarf, you think. Your eyes wander to the archway at the far end that leads to the Flattening Terrace, where Rocky the golem lives. As you consider going to visit you hear an angry chitter as Bitey the giant centipede skitters out from behind one of the pillars and clacks his bitey things at Timic, who scampers to hide behind you.

"Looks like Bitey wants to play," he says nervously.

Play with Bitey? Turn to [72](#).

Look at the Flattening Terrace? Turn to [66](#).

Help Timic sort through the corpses? Turn to [27](#).

59

You lead the way down to the Flattening Terrace, a round, vaulted chamber where Rocky the stone golem lives. The golem is one of the few creatures in Hal Varrow who is bigger than you, and even though he likes to talk a lot, you like that he doesn't eat his kills and lets you take them.

Except when Sticky the mimic steals them, but the chest is lurking off to the side and doesn't seem like he's about to try to interfere.

"Ogre," Rocky rumbles as you step in. He shifts, tensing, at the sight of Arug. "Two ogres," he amends. "Are you a friend or foe, new ogre?"

You speak up before Arug can. "This Overlord," you lie, pointing at the big golem. "Arug try kill?"

The ogre-adventurer grins and strides forward. "Arug kill," he says.

You aren't about to sit this one out. You step up and join Rocky to fight the ogre!

Special: At the start of each round of combat, Rocky pummels the adventurer. Arug loses **2 HEALTH** (Reduced to 1 if he's still wearing his helmet).

Helmet: While wearing a helmet, Arug reduces all damage taken by **1**. If you roll a combat total of **11** or better, you snap the cords holding his helmet together, destroying it.

ARUG

THREAT 8

HEALTH 12

Crit: Arug smashes you in the head with his club. You lose 4 HEALTH instead of the usual 3, and must set one of your dice to 1 next round before rolling the other.

Special: Arug's massive club is especially dangerous; if you miss Arug, you lose **3 HEALTH** instead of the usual 2.

If you defeat the ogre, turn to [119](#).

There's always wind rustling through the dungeon's upper levels. The stonework is weathered and mossy, and shattered ceilings expose great stretches of the ruined fortress to the elements. It's here that you find the Black Garden, a tangled knot of voracious plants that choke what once was the main courtyard.

"Hey Flora," Timic calls, stopping at the entrance. "We're coming to clean up, okay?"

You don't know why he's stopping, there's just plants in there. You walk right in. A few plants try to snake vines around you, but you swiftly swat them aside, moving towards the enormous oak in the middle.

You hear a yelp from behind you as one of the strangling vines snags Timic. You chuckle, then lean down to snap the vine, freeing him from being dragged into the underbrush. The goblin settles his necklace of onions, then clambers up onto your shoulder.

"There's probably corpses in the bushes," Timic says, pointing around. "We don't need to get that close to the tree."

Are you **CAREFREE**? Turn to [35](#).

If not, will you seek out Flora? Turn to [83](#).

Or look for adventurer corpses? Turn to [23](#).



61

Timic has been doing a lot of work teaching you goblin tactics. All the parts about ambushes and taking advantage of weakness has been easy and natural. The parts about tricking people have been much harder to learn, but you're trying. It's that part of the lesson you're calling on now.

"Oh! Hog know thing Arug like," you say.

The ogre-adventurer looks at you for a moment, then slowly nods. "Arug like things that Arug like."

"Hog show," you say.

Are you **BLIGHTED**? Turn to [247](#).

If not, turn to [238](#).

62

You square off against the dwarf, using your reach to keep him from getting that axe anywhere dangerous. In the background, you can see Bitey facing off with Wist, but the halfling is getting the better of the enormous vermin.

RURIK

THREAT 7

HEALTH 14

Crit: Rurik's axe lands a savage strike. You lose 6 HEALTH instead of the usual 2.

If you defeat Rurik, you see Wist standing there in shock. Rurik's body lies broken at your feet, and Kelliri is somewhere inside Sticky the Mimic.

How much **HEALTH** do you have left?

Five or more? Turn to [78](#).

Four or less? Turn to [115](#).



63

You head for the Old Gatehouse, one of the crumbling entrances to the courtyard. The doors have long since rotted away, which would make this a liability except for the Webby, the enormous spider who lives here, perched up near the ceiling with webbing stretched across the whole gatehouse.

You don't like Webby much. She keeps victims wrapped up near the ceiling, and when you tried to take one last week she bit you and made you really dizzy for a while.

"You sure we want to be here, Hog?" Timic asks nervously. "If you're hungry we could find you a snack."

You're always hungry, but that's not why you're here. Maybe you should teach the spider a lesson.

~~Maybe don't antagonize huge spiders? Turn to ?~~

Break Webby's web? Turn to [53](#).

Leave the web alone? Turn to [15](#).

64

The corridor is quiet outside the Hall of Mad Alchemy, but as you prowl further into the Eternal Crypt you notice a group of adventurers making their way into the Scything Hall. Damiel has found a new group of friends, it seems. He's accompanied by a stout dwarf in chainmail with an axe, a halfling in black leather armor with a small sword, and a golden-haired elf woman with a bow.

"An ogre should be no trouble at all," the dwarf says, brandishing his axe. "This blade has cleaved the head of many an ogre."

"Where'd you find the ladder, Rurik? To reach their heads?" The halfling smirks.

"Bah, you're one to talk, Wist," he grumbles.

"Quiet," the elf says, an arrow nocked to the string of her bow as she surveys the hall with its warrior pillars. "I don't like this place. It seems like a trap."

"Kelliri, you think everything looks like a trap," the dwarf chuckles.

"And I'm usually right." The elf glances through the archway into the Flattening Terrace. "Let's go this way."

You grin, and begin to move around to the far side of the Flattening Terrace. As the adventuring party starts into the room

you step through the archway on the far side, making a good distraction.

“Hog see ‘venturers!” you bellow.

The dwarf raises his axe. “Taste dwarven steel, ogre!” he shouts, rushing forward. Wist and Damiel are right behind him. You’re the only one who sees Kelliri be grabbed by Sticky the mimic’s tongue and pulled into the treasure chest.

Special: At the start of each combat round, Rocky pummels the adventurer with the most HEALTH remaining. That adventurer loses **2 HEALTH**.

RURIK

THREAT 7

HEALTH 8

Crit: Rurik’s axe lands a savage strike. You lose 6 HEALTH instead of the usual 2.

DAMIEL

THREAT 7

HEALTH 8

Crit: Damiel lashes out with holy energy. You lose 2 HEALTH as normal, but Damiel heals all missing health.

WIST

THREAT 7

HEALTH 10

Crit: Wist hamstringing you. You lose 4 HEALTH instead of the usual 2, and must reduce your highest die by 1 for this fight.

If you win, you collect **two portions of HUMAN, two portions of DWARF, and one portion of HALFING**. Gain **1 PLUCK** for your impressive victory.

Mark **MIGHTY** on your sheet.

Turn to [124](#).

65

The Scything Hallway is a vaulted chamber with two lines of pillars down the middle, each one carved as a sword-wielding warrior. The bloody and chopped remains of three or four

adventurers are in several loose piles as Timic sifts through the carnage with his folded paper in hand.

“Hog! What happened to you?” the goblin asks, squinting at your soaked appearance.

“Hog fell down Deep Well,” you say.

For a moment, there’s no reply. The goblin just stares, as if you’d said something so outlandish that it couldn’t possibly be right. You are not a creature of guile, however. Timic nods slowly, then picks up a chunk of meat. “Right. You must be hungry,” he says, holding it up.

You take the piece and sniff it. It smells like elf. You pop it in your mouth, then set about helping Timic with the clean up efforts. Restore **1 HEALTH**.

Turn to [71](#).



66

The Flattening Terrace is a round chamber with a vaulted roof, its circle broken by an alcove in one wall and two archways. The far archway leads deeper into the Eternal Crypt, while you’re standing in the other one, staring at the odd sight in the middle of the room. Rocky the golem is made of stone, a little taller than you, and has his head entirely inside the toothy maw of Sticky the mimic. The treasure chest seems to be making a valiant attempt to eat the golem, who is just standing there without making any effort to fight back.

You take a few steps into the room. “Hi Rocky.”

“Ogre,” comes the golem’s rumbling voice, muffled by the mimic. “Have you felt it?”

You frown. “Hog feel hungry,” you say.

“There is a dark presence,” the golem says. “I have felt it below, creeping up from the dark places beneath Hal Varrow.”

The way Rocky's voice is muffled is annoying. You reach out to grab hold of Sticky the mimic and wrench it off the golem's head. There's a hiss and a clack of teeth from the mimic as it lunges for you, trying to grab your head with its tongue, but you throw it across the chamber. Sticky smashes into the alcove with a loud crash and a cracking noise.

Rocky looks entirely unbothered with his stony head covered in mimic drool, but he is looking at Sticky with concern. "Ogre, you just struck the seal on the Deep Well," he says. "It sounds like it cracked."

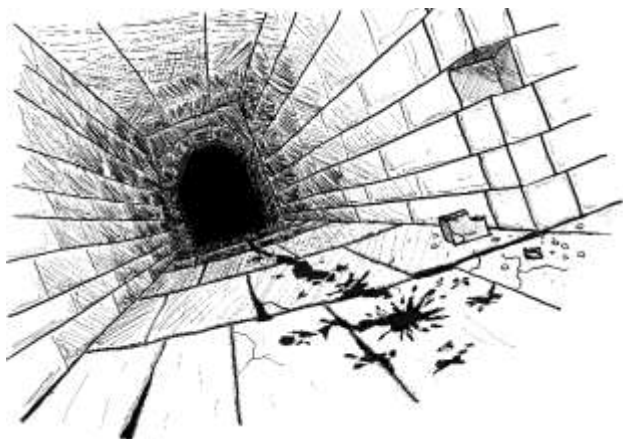
You glance over. Sure enough, there's a depressed part of the floor in the alcove blocked with an obsidian plug, which looks like it has a crack running down the middle now.

"Hog strong," you say. "Hog break things sometimes."

Take a closer look at the Deep Well? Turn to [17](#).

Talk more with Rocky? Turn to [77](#).

Go back and help Timic sift through the chunks? Turn to [27](#).



67

You step through an archway and scrape your head on the stone. With a grunt, you rub the top of your scalp while giving the archway an accusatory glare.

"You okay, big guy?" Timic asks.

“Hog tough,” you say, patting your head. You point at the archway. “No hit Hog again.”

Timic chuckles. “Yeah, tell that archway,” he says. “Let’s keep moving.”

*You feel your stomach rumble. You may eat any number of rations you’ve collected, restoring **1 HEALTH** for each portion you eat. If you go hungry instead, increase your HUNGER by one, then lose as many **HEALTH** as you have **HUNGER**.*

You may choose any destination you haven’t already visited.

To the Hall of Mad Alchemy? Turn to [44](#).

To the Wailing Steps? Turn to [106](#).

To the Eternal Crypt? Turn to [51](#).

To the Old Gatehouse? Turn to [63](#).

Or are you bored of cleaning traps? Turn to [50](#).

68

You stretch your arm into the hole to pet the monstrous centipede. With a clack and a screech, Bitey lets the dwarf go and skitters forward to play. You grin and begin to wrestle his whole twenty-foot length.

Eventually, with a loud chitter, Bitey retreats back into his hole. You chuckle, rubbing your wounds, and head back to help Timic with the adventurer bits. Lose **2 HEALTH** and gain **1 PLUCK**.

“Lookit, Hog. This one had ten healing potions in his pack,” Timic says with a laugh. “He must have been saving them.”

“No help him now,” you laugh.

Timic grins. “Nope.” You finish cleaning things up before you move on.

~~Collect the healing potions and take them with you? Turn to ?~~

Go somewhere else? Turn to [16](#).



69

Timic makes a face as he realizes you're about to talk to the ghost and puts his focus squarely on his parchment. You grin at the Wailer and hold up a hand. "Hi. What Wailer doing?"

The ghost fixes you with a thousand-yard stare. It's as if he can see through you and into your soul. "Even now, this place finds new means of torment. New ways to extend my suffering," he sighs.

You bob your head in agreement. "Hog know. Hog talk to Crissin."

There's the faintest tilt of a head from the ghost, and the slightest suggestion of a smile at the corner of his lip. "Ah. So, we both know suffering," he says.

You bob your head once more. "Hog know."

The Wailer doesn't say anything else, and you can't think of any more things to talk about. The conversation seems to be at an end.

Fix the Cursed Portcullis? Turn to [92](#).

Go somewhere else? Turn to [28](#).

70

"What that?"

You glance up and find the ogre-adventurer looking right at you. Or, rather, past you. At Timic. The brute takes a couple steps forward, moving past you to reach for your goblin sidekick, but Timic's already disappearing into the gobliducts.

Arug grunts in annoyance, crouching down to swing his big arm around in the duct, but he comes up empty-handed. He grumbles as he gets back to his feet, giving you a suspicious look.

"Where goblins go in dungeon?" he asks. "Arug hungry."

You open your mouth to tell him about the gobliducts and the goblin dens, and the secret casino just off the Eternal Crypt that

Timic says you're not allowed to visit. But Timic's been teaching you goblin tactics, and part of that is deception. You decide to give it a try.

"Hog show," you say. Waving for Arug to follow, you move through the upper corridors, looking for a particular alcove and the hidden stairs down to the Flattening Terrace. The ogre-adventurer falls into step after a moment.

A sharp sense of acute disapproval washes over you. Curious, you glance to the side and catch sight of Crispin at the far end of a side hall. There's a soft buzzing noise as Crispin's fairy assistant crosses the distance, flying right up to hover in front of you, hidden from Arug's view by your bulk. "Ogre!" she hisses. "What are you doing? That's an adventurer. Crispin needs you to kill him."

You nod. "Hog show Arug... uh..." you say, trailing off as you try to think through your lie.

"You're not betraying the Overlord, are you?" The fairy points an accusatory finger at you.

"Hog no 'tray," you say, frowning.

Arug grunts from behind you. "Who Hog talk to?"

The last thing you want is for Arug to figure out the trap before you spring it. You snap your hands out for the fairy, and quickly hide her in your mouth. Then, since you need to talk, you hide her in your stomach. Regain **1 HEALTH** and gain **1 PLUCK**.

"Hog no talk, just Hog," you say. You press a specific brick in a specific alcove and the stone wall swings open. "This way."

Are you **MOLDY** or **DAMP**? Turn to [48](#).

If not, turn to [59](#).

71

You duck through an archway as you navigate Hal Varrow's labyrinthine tunnels with Timic beside you. The goblin has his folded parchment in hand as he scrutinizes the spaces. "Do you

think we'll find a magic ring with glowing writing on it? I haven't seen one of those in years."

"Maybe Timic write on ring?" you venture.

The goblin makes a face. "It has to be glowing writing though. Oh! Hey! Maybe I could ask Estil if he has any liquid fire?"

*You feel your stomach rumble. You may eat any number of rations you've collected, restoring **1 HEALTH** for each portion you eat. If you go hungry instead, increase your **HUNGER** by one, then lose as many **HEALTH** as you have **HUNGER**.*

You may choose any destination you haven't already visited.

To the Crucible of Grand Strategy? Turn to [12](#).

To the Hall of Mad Alchemy? Turn to [44](#).

To the Wailing Steps? Turn to [106](#).

To the Iron Gauntlet? Turn to [29](#).

Or are you bored of cleaning traps? Turn to [50](#).

72

You walk over towards the giant centipede, who skitters back and clacks his bitey things at you. You grin and reach out to give him some pets. Bitey likes to play rough.

You earn a few bites from the giant centipede as you wrestle a little bit. Lose **2 HEALTH** and gain **1 PLUCK**. As you do, you notice half of a dwarf corpse that Bitey had hidden behind a pillar. You claim it, and tuck it away in your satchel. Add **one portion of DWARF** to your rations.

Examine the Flattening Terrace? Turn to [66](#).

Help Timic with the corpses? Turn to [27](#).

73

You aren't one for subtlety. You step out into the corridor and begin to charge towards the two adventurers. Kelliri is quick on

the draw and looses an arrow, which strikes your shoulder. Lose **2 HEALTH**.

"That's the ogre!" Daniel cries. He steps forward, his hand wreathed in holy fire while Kelliri draws back her bow once more.

DANIEL

THREAT 7

HEALTH 8

Crit: Daniel lashes out with holy energy. You lose 2 HEALTH as normal, but Daniel heals all missing health.

KELLIRI

THREAT 8

HEALTH 7

Crit: Kelliri is deadly with her bow. The first crit puts out one of your eyes; permanently, you must re-roll your highest dice. The second crit kills you.

If you defeat them both, add **two portions of HUMAN** and **two portions of ELF** to your rations. Mark **BOLD** on your sheet.

You know there are two more adventurers, making their way up from the Flooded Sanctum. You find a spot they'll have to pass coming up and prepare yourself.

Turn to [141](#).



74

You look at Linny. The goblin looks up at you with big, nervous eyes. You lick your lips.

Moments later, you've taken the edge off your hunger, and Linny's learned a grim lesson in how cruel and deadly the dungeon is. Restore **1 HEALTH**, and gain **1 PLUCK** for your ogish actions.

*You may still eat rations from your sheet to recover additional **HEALTH**, regaining **1 HEALTH** for each ration you eat.*

Timic is crouched just out of reach, watching you warily. "Full?"

You consider it for a moment, then nod. "Full."

"Good. We should see if we can keep up with the adventurers."

~~Feel bad about Linny? Turn to ?~~

Are you **TANGLED**? Turn to [149](#).

If not, you enter the garden. Turn to [200](#).

75

A sharp pain writhes through your body as something winds around your bones. You aren't held in place, not nearly so much as the blue lady was hoping. The red-haired warrior pauses, halfway to you, and raises her sword.

"Why isn't it working, Vess?" she growls.

"I... I don't know, Malta," the blue lady replies, flipping through a book. "It should have worked!"

You take a shuddering step forward as vines begin to poke through your skin. The warrior holds her ground. "Go. I'll handle it," she says, and springs forward. Her allies look uncertain as they move towards the garden.

*In **COMBAT**, you no longer have a +1 bonus to your total, but instead may reduce a die by one (to a minimum of 1).*

MALTA

THREAT 8

HEALTH 10

Crit: You suffer a savage slash to your shoulder. You lose 2 HEALTH as normal, and you must reduce your highest die by 1 for the rest of this combat.

If you defeat her, turn to [97](#).

76

You follow the smear of blood to the hole in the wall where you hear the faint sound of crunching. You get down on hands and knees to look into the hole, where you see Bitey devouring the body of an unlucky dwarf. You grin, and reach in to give Bitey a pet.

With an angry chitter the giant centipede lashes out at your sausage-like fingers, which you jerk back just in time with a chuckle. Bitey loves to play games.

Leave Bitey alone? Turn to ?

Scratch Bitey behind the bitey things? Turn to [68](#).

Take the dwarf from Bitey? Turn to [9](#).



77

You wander back over to Rocky. “What Rocky say?”

There’s a pause from the golem, whose stone eyes crinkle. “My name is Rhaedegrys,” he rumbles. There’s a dubious note in his voice, as if he doesn’t think it will help.

You bob your head. “What Ra... Rocky say?”

The golem slumps a little. “There is a dark presence, ogre, leeching up from the deep places. Something ancient, something foul, that threatens to corrupt our home.”

You nod.

"I am bound to this place, sworn to guard this terrace against all intrusion. Somebody needs to warn the Overlord about this fell force that threatens us all."

You nod.

The golem stares at you for a moment. "Will you go and warn the Overlord, ogre?"

You nod.

Bored, you wander through the archway to where Timic is sorting through the various adventurer bits. He grins at you, holding up an arm with a bracer on it. "Lookit this, Hog!" he crows, pressing something, and a blade juts out below the wrist.

You chuckle at the silly weapon as you scoop up another chunk of meat. Timic goes back to picking over the corpses.

"Did the golem want anything?" he asks.

You shrug. "Rocky talk lot," you say.

~~Warn somebody about the dark presence? Turn to ?~~
Go somewhere else? Turn to [5](#).

78

Wist stares at Rurik's broken body, and at you standing over it. The shock on the halfling's face warms your monstrous heart.

"It wasn't supposed to go like this," he says, shaking his head. "I can't go out like this."

The halfling decides discretion is the better part of valor and takes off at a desperate run. There's a whisper of steel as the scything pillars flash into motion, then Wist drops to the ground in two halves.

With Wist dead, you collect **two portions** of **DWARF** and **one portion** of **HALFLING**.

Mark **MIGHTY** on your sheet.

~~Wonder what makes one take up adventuring? Turn to ?~~
Are you **BOLD**? Turn to [135](#).
If not, Turn to [104](#).

79

"No hurt Bitey!" you bellow, circling around to put yourself in reach of both combatants. They both turn to face you, though Bitey continues to snap and gnash nearby.

You must fight them both at the same time! Roll once, losing 2 HEALTH for any enemy whose THREAT you don't meet or exceed. You suffer any critical hits that apply. Choose which enemy to deal damage to after you roll.

If your attack is 10 or higher after modifiers, Bitey will take advantage of the distraction. He bites whoever is more wounded; they lose 2 HEALTH. Bitey waits until after you deal damage before he chooses a target.

RURIK

THREAT 7

HEALTH 14

Crit: Rurik's axe lands a savage strike. You lose 6

HEALTH instead of the usual 2.

WIST

THREAT 7

HEALTH 10

Crit: Wist hamstringing you. You lose 4 HEALTH instead of the usual 2, and must reduce your highest die by 1 for this fight.

If you win, Bitey immediately snatches Wist's body and drags the halfling off towards its hole. You consider wrestling it for the portion, but you decide Bitey earned it, and leave it alone. You collect **two portions of DWARF**.

Gain **1 PLUCK** for defeating them.

Mark **MIGHTY** on your sheet.

Are you **BOLD**? Turn to [135](#).

If not, Turn to [104](#).

80

You emerge from hiding and charge the group of adventurers! Bellowing furiously, you are gratified to see the startled expressions on their faces.

"I told you!" The lady in blue holds up her hand towards you and wiggle her fingers. She's thin and meek and clearly the least dangerous of the group. The man in white backs away, while the red-haired woman places herself in front of Vess, her sword drawn and ready.

Are you **TANGLED**? Turn to [75](#).

If not, turn to [112](#).

81

The Eternal Crypt, now, is less of a proper crypt, but rather a labyrinth full of monsters and traps. As an ogre, the finer points of dungeon nomenclature are lost on you. All you know is there are usually lots of corpses in the crypt, and plenty of cleaning to do.

The stairway descends to the Scything Hall, a vaulted chamber with two lines of pillars down the middle. Each one is carved as a sword-wielding warrior, and the bloody remains of three or four adventurers are a testament to the trap's scythe-work.

"Lookit, Hog! A whole party!" Timic scurries forward to begin picking through the gore. "Gonna fill the card for sure."

You feel your stomach rumble. You briefly eye Timic, but the clever goblin is already shoving a chunk of meat in your direction. "Eat up, big guy. We need to clean this up."

You shove the chunk in your mouth. It tastes like halfling, you think. As you chew, you look around the chamber. At the far end an archway opens into the Flattening Terrace, where Rocky the golem lives. You also notice a streak of blood leading off towards a hole in the wall. It looks like Bitey the giant centipede dragged off the best corpse for a meal.

Say hello to Bitey? Turn to [76](#).

Look at the Flattening Terrace? Turn to [41](#).

Help Timic? Turn to [57](#).



82

You lope into the garden after the other adventurers. The sound of vines and plants rustling is ominous in the old courtyard, all of it dominated by that massive black oak in the middle. You see Vess and Damiel hesitating at the edge, waiting for Malta to catch up.

You toss Malta's sword in their direction. The steel clatters loudly on the ground, drawing their eyes. You grin, your bloody teeth telling the story, before you move quickly for the old gatehouse.

Are you **CAREFREE**? Turn to [129](#).

It not, you reach the old gatehouse. Turn to [118](#).



83

Flora's gnarled oak towers at the garden's center, its leaves black with an oily texture. The dryad stands beside the tree with similarly dark skin and luminous eyes. Right next to her is an adventurer, a human with a lean build and leather armor and an empty loop at his belt that may have once held an axe.

"You trespass in my garden, ogre," she says, raising a hand. "Flee this place and never return." You feel a faint tug at your mind, but an intellect like yours can't be tricked. You grin.

“Hog kill ‘venturer for Flora?” you offer, pointing.

The dryad steps forward, pointing a finger at your chest. “No. You insipid creature,” she seethes. “The Garden’s Mistress seeks solitude. You will not receive another warning.”

You lean to the side, looking past the dryad. “Hog supposed to kill ‘venturers,” you pout.

“This is my thrall,” the dryad says. “Watch.” She waves a hand and the adventurer begins to move, shambling with an unnatural gait. It’s as if he doesn’t know how his muscles or bones work but is doing his best approximation.

~~Maybe give Flora some space? Turn to ?~~

Keep bothering Flora? Turn to [13](#).

Go somewhere else? Turn to [56](#).

84

Without the Wailer’s shrieking the upper levels of Hal Varrow sound oddly quiet. The whistle of wind through the halls with shattered roofs, the rustle of leaves in the Black Garden, it’s all oddly peaceful. Only the tromp of heavy boots on the corridor’s flagstones remind you of the adventurer’s presence.

You get your first sight of the brute at the bottom of the rubble-strewn Wailing Steps. He’s huge, just as big as you with pieces of armor strapped to his body and a huge club in his hands. A pair of helms have been lashed together with a length of leather cord, but they can’t disguise that he’s an ogre.

This can’t be right. An ogre adventurer? Who ever heard of something so outlandish? You step forward to find out what’s going on.

“What you want? This Hog dungeon,” you grunt.

The adventurer turns, his nostrils flaring as he sees you, slowly raising his club. “Stand back, Hog. Let Arug pass,” he rumbles.

“Hog no share dungeon,” you say, balling your hands into fists. That club looks pretty nasty, but you’ve fought plenty of adventurers wielding nasty weapons before.

“Arug not here to fight Hog,” he says. “Arug here to kill Overlord and get reward. Get princess.”

You furrow your brow. All this talk is pretty confusing. You’d really like to fight Arug, but he seems more interested in talking. What kind of ogre wants to talk?

~~Perhaps there’s something to all this talking? Turn to ?~~

Just fight him? Turn to [128](#).

Lead him into the Black Garden? Turn to [61](#).

85

The vines beneath your skin coil around your bones and keep you moving. You aren’t held in place nearly so much as the blue lady was hoping. The red-haired warrior pauses, halfway to you, and raises her sword.

“Why isn’t it working, Vess?” she growls.

“I... I don’t know, Malta,” the blue lady replies, flipping through a book. “It should have worked!”

You step forward with purpose, ready for battle. Malta holds her ground. “Go. I’ll handle it,” she says, and springs forward. Her allies look uncertain as they move towards the garden.

MALTA

THREAT 8

HEALTH 10

Crit: You suffer a savage slash to your shoulder. You lose 2 HEALTH as normal, and you must reduce your highest die by 1 for the rest of this combat.

If you win, you add **two portions of HUMAN** to your rations. You continue into the garden.

Turn to [202](#).



86

The Iron Gauntlet has reset to its rest position since you were here last, but nobody's been through to clear the blood or bits from the trapped chamber. The coppery smell of blood is thick in the air. Arug pulls off his helm and drops the steel device on the ground, then begins to walk forward, licking his lips.

There's an ominous click as Arug's boot comes down on the pressure plate. The ogre-adventurer looks down, then looks back with a puzzled look. "Hog floor broken?" he asks. Then, with a sonorous clank, the Iron Gauntlet comes to life.

The scything blades whistle through the air, nearly slicing the ogre in two. Arug grunts as he sidesteps, right into the path of a descending stone hammer. The brute catches it on the shoulder, smashing some of his armored plates away and sending him to his knees. There's a squelch as a spear juts up from the ground into his legs, then the peppering spray of darts plinking off his armor.

"Hog help Arug!" he bellows, stretching out a hand. A scything blade slices the hand clean off, then another one neatly slices the ogre in two.

You chuckle at the gory display, grinning ear to ear. Timic appears beside you, watching the Iron Gauntlet's traps continue through their deadly motion, even with nothing left to kill. "Wow," the goblin remarks. "You know we're going to have to clean that up later, right?"

You shrug. "Hog know."

For another moment you watch the trap work, as the spears continue to punch holes in Arug's body. Cleaning up traps is a problem for later you. For now, you can revel in your clear, decisive, and very bloody victory.

You've reached
The Trapper's Ending

87

The adventurers in Hal Varrow's upper halls have been soundly defeated. It seems they weren't as skilled as they thought they were.

Mark **CUNNING** on your sheet. You may cross this word off at any point to turn a die to a **SIX**.

*You feel your stomach rumble. You may eat any number of rations you've collected, restoring **1 HEALTH** for each portion you eat. If you go hungry instead, increase your HUNGER by one, then lose as many **HEALTH** as you have **HUNGER**.*

A group of goblins runs past, chattering excitedly. They're all carrying spears and bows, and they seem to be moving with purpose. Another group is moving past you, heading towards the stairs down.

"What happen?" you call. "Hog kill 'venturers."

"The Wailer got set off again," one of the goblins cries. "Big adventurer coming!"

You draw yourself up to your full height and roll your shoulders. There's one more fight to win.

Are you **CLUMSY**? Turn to [84](#).

If not, turn to [96](#).

88

You emerge from hiding and charge the group of adventurers! Bellowing furiously, you are gratified to see the startled expressions on their faces.

"I told you!" The lady in blue holds up her hand towards you and wiggle her fingers. She's thin and meek and clearly the least

dangerous of the group. The man in white backs away, while the red-haired woman places herself in front of Vess, her sword drawn and ready.

Are you **TANGLED**? Turn to [85](#).

If not, turn to [112](#).



89

You hurl the rock at the lady in blue. You aren't sure what she's doing to try and help Malta, but it's funny to see the warrior stuck and you don't want it to end.

There's a surprised squeak from Vess, then a horrific crunch as the rock shatters both her glasses and her skull. The pointy blue hat, now stained with red, gets stuck in the webs.

Daniel, his white robe splattered with red, holds up his holy symbol numbly as if he can somehow heal the damage. His eyes shift towards you and he begins to conjure some sort of holy light.

Kelliri's arrow whistles true and finds Webby somewhere soft. There's a desperate chitter as the giant spider tries to attack the elf, but a second arrow forces Webby to retreat. "Get Malta free," she hisses, shifting her bow to point at you.

~~Throw rocks to distract the elf for Webby? Turn to ?~~

Charge into the Old Gatehouse? Turn to [109](#).

Circle around to the Wailing Steps? Turn to [130](#).

90

The Flattening Terrace is round with a vaulted ceiling and an enormous stone golem in the middle. You like Rocky the golem, since he doesn't eat. There are usually plenty of crushed corpses

around for you to snack on. A door on the far side leads to the Scything Hall, and an alcove indents off the left wall.

“Hi Rocky,” you say, waving.

“Ogre,” he booms in his rumbling voice. “A dark presence creeps up from below. Have you felt it?”

You look at the floor. “Hog no see presence,” you say dubiously.

“It is not a thing to be seen, ogre, but rather felt. A pall that seeps up from below, suffusing this place with impending dread. It threatens to corrupt us and bend us to its vile will.” The golem raises his stony hands dramatically.

You weren’t paying much attention, instead heading over to look at the alcove. There’s a big obsidian circle lowered in the floor here like some stone plug, and sitting in the middle is a suspicious-looking treasure chest. Sticky the Mimic. Who probably ate all the corpses.

“Sticky give Hog corpses,” you say, walking up. The mimic hisses and shoots out a tongue, wrapping the sticky appendage around your arm, trying to drag you into its mouth!

You grip the mimic by the tongue and swing it about in the air, then slam it down several times on the obsidian seal. It’s strange, but Sticky doesn’t seem to stick to you so well right now. Is your skin a slightly different shade?

“Ogre,” the golem booms. “You should be wary. You just smashed the chest into the Deep Well’s seal.”

You squint at the obsidian plug. The cap has a series of symbols that hurt when you look at them, but sure enough there are cracks running through it.

Take a closer look at the Deep Well? Turn to [52](#).

Talk more with Rocky? Turn to [77](#).

Go to the Scything Hall? Turn to [27](#).

Gramandris lairs at the top of the Riven Tower, a tall bit of stonework where the pinnacle was lost in some calamity decades ago. The wind that haunts the dungeon's upper reaches is more persistent here. Timic climbs the steps in your shadow for safety.

No door bars the way to the tower's height; an open stairway ascends to a platform, ringed with the remnants of what once were walls. You see Gramandris lying beside a leaning wall, wings curled around her head, leonine hindquarters tucked beneath a tattered tapestry. At your approach, her eagle's head pokes up, bright eyes fixing on both of you, and she lets out a piercing screech.

Timic ventures out from behind you, holding the folded parchment like a shield. "I finished your challenge," he says. "See?"

The gryphon rises suddenly, shaking off the tapestry, and pounces forward with a shrill chirp. Her head leans in close, scrutinizing the parchment, jerking about from square to square. She squawks, taps the ground with her beak, then rakes her talons against the stone. She fixes Timic with a querying stare.

"Oh! That was in the Black Garden," Timic says nervously.

Gramandris issues a low coo, then continues her scrutiny of the parchment.

You aren't really paying attention. You're busy exploring a nostril while you look around Gramandris' lair. There's some bones, including a ribcage in a shredded gold breastplate. You notice a pile of shiny trinkets next to the gryphon's tapestry blanket, which doesn't really interest you much. You do, however, catch sight of some eggs. You pat your stomach as you wander closer.

~~Maybe don't antagonize a dangerous gryphon? Turn to ?~~

Take an egg? Turn to [131](#).

Break an egg? Turn to [148](#).

“Hog fix,” you announce. You walk up the Wailing Steps to the portcullis, where you put your hands on the gate. There’s a faint soul-rending tingle, but you ignore it, giving the gate a firm shove. It wiggles, but it doesn’t move. You frown.

“Hey Hog, lookit,” Timic says. You look. The lower half of a corpse is sticking out from between the gears that allow the Cursed Portcullis to open and close. “How did that happen?”

You shrug. “Hog fix,” you say, reaching to grab the legs of the corpse.

“Oy! Hold the gate!” comes a voice. A short, grizzled goblin steps inside, pulling back the hood of his grass-lined cloak.

“Oh, hey Rolt,” Timic says. “What’s out there?”

The goblin sucks on his teeth, staring out towards the forest. “Danger,” he says. “Bunch of adventurers have a mind to sack this place today, and they’re no push-overs.”

“Sure, but we’ve got Hog.” Timic pats you on the leg. You grin, one hand on each of the dead adventurer’s legs, and with a horrible squelch you tear them free of the gears. The Cursed Portcullis slams shut with a sonorous clang as you tuck the legs into your pouch. Add **one portion of MYSTERY ADVENTURER** to your rations.

Mark **HELPFUL** on your sheet.

You eye Rolt hungrily, who eyes you back. “Yeah,” Rolt says, edging away. “We’ve got Hog. But they’ve got someone just as big.”

You snort. “No ‘venturer big as Hog,” you say.

Rolt shrugs. “Hope I’m wrong then.”

You consider whether or not to eat Rolt, but you have half an adventurer to eat already. You begin to lope back down the Wailing Steps, heading further into the dungeon.

Turn to [28](#).

93

You don’t pay much attention to the tall, old human. You’re already moving for the Magic Beaker in the corner, the one filled

with a strange slightly green liquid. Timic follows, holding up a small burlap bag.

“Hey! I see you over there. Don’t touch!”

You tip the contents of the bag into the beaker, and watch as half a dozen speckled eggs drift down into the liquid, fizzing and bubbling. You grin, dropping the bag so you can clap excitedly. The smell is incredibly pungent.

“I think there’s tongs around here somewhere,” Timic says, looking around. You don’t bother with tongs, you just reach in and pull out the eggs. Your skin burns a little, but now you have a nice pickled snack. Lose **2 HEALTH** and gain **1 PLUCK**. Add **two portions of PICKLED EGGS** to your rations.

“Hog! What are you doing over there?” Estil shouts. “Get out of here before you break something!”

Chuckling, you slip back into the secret passage with Timic scampering along behind you.

Turn to [5](#).

94

Before you can intervene, Malta runs Flora through. The dryad slides back off her sword, black blood leaking out into the garden's soil as the three adventurers turn to confront you.

Each of them has taken some damage (reflected in their **HEALTH**). You must fight all three at the same time. Roll once - you lose **2 HEALTH** for any enemy whose **THREAT** you don't meet or exceed. You suffer any critical hits that apply. You choose which enemy to deal damage to after you roll.

MALTA

THREAT 8

HEALTH 7

Crit: You suffer a savage slash to your shoulder. You

DAMIEL

THREAT 7

HEALTH 6

Crit: Damiel lashes out with holy energy. You lose 2

VESS

THREAT 9

HEALTH 3

Crit: Vess scorches you with a blast of fire. You lose 6

lose 2 HEALTH as normal, and you must reduce your highest die by 1 for the rest of this combat.

HEALTH as normal, and Daniel heals all missing health (His normal total is 8).

HEALTH instead of the usual 2.

If you defeat all three adventurers, turn to [168](#).

95

You can just hear the distant screams of the Wailer when you notice a pale blue light drawing near. You crouch below a crumbling pillar, next to the goblins, as a human woman in blue robes and a wide-brimmed pointy hat walks into the chamber. A glowing mote of blue light hovers in her hand, gleaming on her glasses.

“Malta, I don’t see a way to lift the portcullis,” she calls back up the corridor, raising her voice to be heard about the wailing. “I’ll circle around.”

“Stay safe, Vess,” comes a woman’s voice. “Daniel and I will look for another way in.”

You see the blue-clad woman make a face as she casts her gaze around the entire room. “Great,” she mutters to herself. “Why did you magic through the gate, Vess? Absolute idiocy.”

You grin, watching her disappear down a corridor, leading towards the Black Garden and the Old Gatehouse. The human is all alone and doesn’t look very dangerous. She isn’t carrying anything pointy except for her hat, and you’ve never been hurt by a hat before.

*You feel your stomach rumble. You may eat any number of rations you’ve collected, restoring **1 HEALTH** for each portion you eat.*

Or you can eat Linny? Turn to [162](#).

*If you go hungry instead, increase your HUNGER by one, then lose as many **HEALTH** as you have **HUNGER**.*

Follow Vess? Turn to [113](#).

96

The Wailer's cries echo through the upper levels, rustling the moss-crusted corridors that ring the Black Garden. The Wailing Steps are ahead, and surely there you'll find this big adventurer. This final test.

"Hog! There you are!" Crispin's shrill voice cuts through the wailing as the black-clad goblin marches up. There's a vein throbbing on his forehead, and his fairy assistant is fluttering slightly behind him, scribbling furiously in the ledger she's carrying. "What took so long, you lugubrious dolt? There's an incursion!"

You blink, furrowing your brow. The fairy looks up from her ledger, glances at Crispin, then sighs. "Crispin, he's dumb. Let me try." She zips a little closer, though wisely stays out of grabbing range. "Ogre, there's another adventurer." She points towards the Wailing Steps.

"Hog know. Hog kill 'venturer," you say. "What Crissin want?"

The goblin takes a deep breath and lets it out. "Hog, you'll be the death of me yet," he hisses. "Just... just go."

You nod, and head towards the Wailing Steps and the dungeon entrance. As you step around a corner the wailing gets dramatically louder. Timic appears from one of the gobliducts with a wince, his hands on his ears.

"Hey big guy," he calls. "You good?"

You nod. "Hog kill big 'venturer."

"Oh! I'll stay here and guard the entrance," he says.

You nod again. Timic is so smart.

Are you **HELPFUL**? Turn to [175](#).

If not, turn to [116](#).

97

She fights well for a human, but you're a ferocious ogre. You swat her sword aside and knock her down before you put an end to things with a heavy stomp.

As the battle rage fades, you feel the vines shifting once more. You notice your skin has gone a shade of green, and there are leaves and vines poking out from everywhere. You feel quite different.

In COMBAT, you no longer have a +1 bonus to your total, but instead may reduce a die by one (to a minimum of 1).

You scoop up Malta; add **two portions of HUMAN** to your rations. You continue into the gardens

~~Consider what these vines and the green skin mean? Turn to ?~~
Keep moving? Turn to [202](#).

98

You hear voices as you approach the Hall of Mad Alchemy, and it doesn't sound like the old alchemist. You peek around the corner and see Damiel with a golden-haired female elf with a green cloak and a bow in her hands. You grin with anticipation.

"I am Kelliri," the elf says. "My companions are Rurik and Wist. The way I came up they could not follow, and I couldn't linger. The stone golem was firm on that point."

"My friends were both killed," Damiel says, touching his holy symbol. "May the Fair Sister give them rest. They were slaughtered by a terrible ogre."

Kelliri glances down the hall. You duck further behind the archway. "I hate ogres," she says. "Perhaps we can avenge your friends. We should catch up with my group. Four will be stronger than two."

~~Seek allies to overwhelm the pair? Turn to ?~~

Rush them in the hall? Turn to [73](#).

Lure them into an ambush? Turn to [64](#).



99

In the time it took you to eat Linny, you've lost track of Vess. She wandered down one of the corridors towards the Black Garden and the Old Gatehouse, but you didn't see which way she went.

The corridor is dark, but you glimpse a blue light in the distance. Vess seems to be moving slowly, looking for a way to link up with her allies. It's a long, straight shot to catch up with her down the corridor, but you could charge right at the defenseless, unarmed woman who isn't even carrying a weapon. You're sure nothing would go wrong.

But maybe it would be more fun to be sneaky?

~~Don't underestimate the wizard? Turn to ?~~

Charge straight at Vess? Turn to [103](#).

Be sneaky? Turn to [142](#).

100

You get back to your feet and move in the opposite direction as Crispin's voice. Whatever's going on, it has the goblin really amped up. You begin to climb the crumbling steps towards the upper levels when you hear approaching footfalls. As you step around the huge valkyrie statue you glimpse a goblin scurrying towards you. "Timic! Flooded Sanctum's not flooded anymore!" she calls.

Timic looks startled. "What? Since when?"

"I 'unno," she says, glancing nervously at you. "Maybe you an' Hog should go look."

You wave at the goblin. She's right to be nervous; you've eaten more than your fair share of goblins. An ogre's diet tends to be whatever they can stuff into their mouth. Unless they're wearing a necklace of poisonous onions.

"Maybe we should," Timic says, nodding. "Wanna come with, Linny?"

"No. I'm going up," she says hurriedly. "Wailer got set off."

Timic makes a face. "That means adventurers," he says. "And more work cleaning traps."

Linny nods. "I'm going to go look."

Timic looks up at you. "Wanna go look too?"

Go look at adventurers? Turn to [123](#).

Check out the Un-Flooded Sanctum? Turn to [176](#).



101

You can just hear the distant screams of the Wailer when you notice a glowing light drawing near. You crouch below a crumbling pillar, next to the goblins, watching as three humans walk into the dungeon. Their leader is a red-haired woman in a breastplate that only comes halfway up. Behind her is a man in a flowing white robe with an ostentatious holy symbol and well-groomed facial hair. Bringing up the rear is a woman in blue robes with a wide-brimmed pointy hat and a pair of glasses.

"Lookit the first one! That's a square," Timic whispers, pulling out his parchment. "Inappropriate armor for sure."

Linny makes a face. "You're doing that stupid game an' stuff for Gramandris? Nobody wins that," she whispers.

"Just cause you couldn't win doesn't mean it's stupid, Linny. Maybe you're stupid."

"Am not!" she hisses.

You watch the adventurers make their way slowly through the chamber, heading towards the door straight ahead. You know it will lead in the direction of the garden. You could jump out and try to fight them all but even you know it would likely be a fatal challenge. Far better to ambush them when they're distracted or busy.

*You feel your stomach rumble. You may eat any number of rations you've collected, restoring **1 HEALTH** for each portion you eat.*

Or you can eat Linny? Turn to [74](#).

*If you go hungry instead, increase your **HUNGER** by one, then lose as many **HEALTH** as you have **HUNGER**.*

You follow the adventurers. Turn to [157](#).

102

You stop in place. You aren't sure why you've stopped, but your arms and legs suddenly don't want to move at all. You grunt in frustration, but even that's difficult.

The blue lady stares at you for a moment, catching her breath. "That was a close one," she says, straightening her glasses. "Where's Malta when you need her? There's got to be another entrance around here." She scurries off deeper into the dungeon.

It's hard to say how long you're stuck. You can't understand how some wiggly fingers and words made you stop, but she's definitely cheating. She should just let you kill and eat her like a normal adventurer. Doesn't she know how this works?

At last, your arms and legs begin to move again, and you resume your hunt for the adventurers. You hear some commotion from the Black Garden.

~~Learn a lesson about spellcasters from this encounter? Turn to ?~~
Keep moving? Turn to [200](#).

103

Sneaking up on the blue lady would be a waste of time. You can just charge at her and get to her faster! You begin to run down the corridor towards Vess, who hears you coming and fixes you with a startled, frightened look. She reaches for a book at her hip, then reconsiders at how quickly you're closing the distance.

"No! Stay back!" she gasps, holding her glowing orb towards you like a weapon. You don't listen, but she carves her fingers through the orb and an arc of lightning crackles through the air, striking your flesh with a jolt and a sizzle. Lose **4 HEALTH**.

There's panic in Vess' face as you keep coming. She prepares to defend herself!

VESS

THREAT 9

HEALTH 4

Crit: Vess blasts you with fire.

You lose **6 HEALTH** instead of the usual 2.

If you defeat her, you collect **two portions of HUMAN** for your rations. You know her friends are still looking for a way into the dungeon. You head towards the side entrance.

Turn to [181](#).

104

The adventurers coming up from the Un-Flooded Sanctum have been defeated. They were no match for your ogriish brutality and base cunning.

Mark **POWERFUL** on your sheet. You may cross this word off at any point to deal **THREE** extra damage when you hit.

If you are **GRUMPY**, remove it from your sheet.

For just a moment as you climb the stairs towards Hal Varrow's upper reaches, you wonder about the adventurers. It seems strange to you that they keep coming to this place, especially when so few of them return. You're not one prone to introspection, but the little seed of curiosity lingers.

You glance up, maybe seeking answers, and your eyes alight on the valkyrie statue that towers above the winding stairway. Her stony countenance is set with a warrior's determination, a fierce look that reminds you of those poor, stupid, brave souls that came calling. The same ones that will now be your lunch.

*The thought makes your stomach rumble. You may eat any number of rations you've collected, restoring **1 HEALTH** for each portion you eat. If you go hungry instead, increase your **HUNGER** by one, then lose as many **HEALTH** as you have **HUNGER**.*

As you finish your gruesome feast, Timic appears from one of the gobliducts. He spots you with a wide grin and scampers over. "Hey big guy," he says. "All finished downstairs?"

You crunch a bit of bone between your teeth, nodding. "Hog kill 'venturers."

"They didn't give you any trouble, right?"

"Hog no know meaning of word," you say with a confused look. "Timic think 'venturers why come here?"

The goblin squints up at you. It's his turn to look confused. "Sorry big guy, I didn't follow. What do you mean?"

You shrug. "No worry. Hog good."

There's a rustle of paper as Timic pulls out his folded parchment. "Lookit this, big guy. I got the last square," he says. "I'm going to go hand this in to Gramandris! Want to come with?"

You rise to your feet. "Hog go with," you say.

Go see Gramandris? Turn to [91](#).

105

Scampering through the tunnels, you barely keep ahead of the pursuing adventurers. You hear the whistle of arrows, hear them

nick off the walls instead of landing in your flesh. The twists of the upper walkways serve you well.

You duck through the crumbling entrance to the Old Gatehouse, glancing up to see Webby lurking above. The spider chitters angrily, but you don't stop to talk. You slink around the side of the gatehouse, then smash through the chained doors at the far end, creating a new exit from the dungeon.

"We have him," Malta shouts, charging forward with her sword in hand.

"Wait!" Kelliri shouts, but she's too late. Malta's charge comes to a sudden halt as she hits the webbing, then makes things immediately worse when she thrashes about. She screams in frustration.

"Stop! Malta, stop struggling!" Vess says. "You're making it worse! Let me help!"

You peek back into the gatehouse. Malta is thoroughly wrapped in webbing, while the lady with the blue hat is coming closer. There's a thick book in her hand now, and she seems to be reading? You notice Kelliri glancing up into the shadows, shifting her bow up towards Webby.

You pick up a heavy rock.

~~Pick up more rocks so you have more throws? Turn to ?~~

Throw it at Vess? Turn to [89](#).

Throw it at Kelliri? Turn to [154](#).

106

The main approach to Hal Varrow is down the Wailing Steps, a broad stairway with all the hallmarks of a good dungeon entrance. Towering columns flank the stairs with gargoyles lining the spots where the crumbling roof hasn't fallen away. You glimpse the Cursed Portcullis at the far end, only halfway shut.

There's the rattle of spectral chains, then a loud wailing noise fills the hall. You look around with surprise. "No! Stop!" Timic calls, waving. "Wailer, it's us! We're cleaning up."

The haunting cry falls away suddenly, and a ghostly man appears, looking forlorn. “Has it not been long enough? Have I not suffered so, small Timic? Large Hog? End this torment.”

“Hah, yeah. Mondays, right?” Timic chuckles. “What’s up with the portcullis?”

The Wailer looks up the stairs with a grim expression. “It will shut nevermore,” the ghost moans. “Its journey, like mine, has been interrupted.”

~~Help the Wailer with his existential dread? Turn to ?~~

Talk to the Wailer? Turn to [69](#).

Fix the Cursed Portcullis? Turn to [92](#).

Go somewhere else? Turn to [28](#).



107

There’s a look of confusion and terror on Vess’ face as you are completely unaffected by her spell. Frantically, she raises a hand to defend herself.

VESS

THREAT 7

HEALTH 4

Crit: Vess manages to push you back with a blast of force. You lose 2 HEALTH as normal, but Vess’ THREAT is 9 for the rest of the combat as she’s made some space for herself.

If you defeat her, you add **two portions of HUMAN** to your rations. You know her friends will still be looking for a way into the dungeon.

Turn to [181](#).



108

As you collect the adventurer bits, you feel a strange sensation in your stomach. Ever since you drank that wizard you've felt a faint tingle, but now it's getting worse. You furrow your brow and put a hand to your gut as hairs all over your body begin to stand on end. Your stomach churns, bubbles, then suddenly you let out a thunderous belch.

Afterwards, your gut settles down, but your arms wiggle and bend more freely, almost as if you don't have any bones. You aren't as strong as you were before, but these new arms might be useful for trapping people.

*In **COMBAT**, you no longer have +1 to your attack total in combat. Instead, you roll three dice and choose two to use.*

*Mark **BOLD** on your sheet.*

Are you **MIGHTY**? Turn to [179](#).

If not, turn to [126](#).



109

The sight of Vess' exploding head has stoked your bloodlust. With a bellow, you charge towards the gatehouse, ready to destroy these adventurers!

You hardly feel Kelliri's arrow find your shoulder. Lose **2 HEALTH**. As you charge, Daniel stops trying to free Malta and turns to face you.

DANIEL

THREAT 7

HEALTH 8

Crit: Daniel lashes out with holy energy. You lose 2 HEALTH as normal, but Daniel heals all missing health.

KELLIRI

THREAT 8

HEALTH 7

Crit: Kelliri is deadly with her bow. The first crit puts out one of your eyes; permanently, you must re-roll your highest dice. The second crit kills you.

After defeating the adventurers, how much **HEALTH** do you have left?

Five or more? Turn to [151](#).

Four or less? Turn to [196](#).

110

As you emerge from the darkness, Vess turns with a gasp, holding up her light. She raises a hand to do something, then quickly decides to put some space between you first. She'd have to run past you to get to the Old Gatehouse, so instead she dashes down the short corridor towards the somewhat less cursed portcullis.

You move after her, grinning. As you round the bend you see her at the bars, frantically trying to make some strange gestures and say odd words. She doesn't seem dangerous but you're hungry, and you've already done enough waiting with all this sneaking. You reach for her.

There's a flash of light and a strange noise, then Vess becomes translucent, blue, and wobbly. She begins to squeeze through the bars with the ease of somebody more fluid than solid!

You act before you think. You lunge for her and find your fingers squelching through her form. With a scowl, you crouch down, put your lips around her gooey boots, and begin to slurp.

There's a gloopy noise of panic from the blue lady as you noisily, greedily, drink her all the way down. As you swallow the last of her, you feel your stomach percolating with a weird motion, but you just give it a couple of punches until it's still.

Gain **1 PLUCK** for your ogrish actions. Mark **TINGLY** on your sheet.

Turn to [181](#).

111

There's a last horrible squelch as you crush the final adventurer's skull in your palm, then there's silence in the Black Garden. You take a moment to catch your breath in the blood-soaked grass. Gain **2 PLUCK** for this monstrous victory.

You begin to collect the corpses. Add **four portions of HUMAN** and **two portions of ELF** to your rations.

*Mark **BOLD** on your sheet.*

If you are **GRUMPY**, mark **MIGHTY** on your sheet and turn to [87](#). If not, turn to [137](#).

112

Your limbs stiffen and hold, locking you in place! What did the lady in blue do to you? Try though you might, you can't free yourself as Malta approaches. "Go," she says to the others. "I'll finish him."

"You sure?" Vess asks, straightening her glasses. The warrior just waves a hand, and the wizard moves to join Damiel through the archway.

The feeling of Malta's sword stabbing through your gut jolts you from your paralysis. Lose **4 HEALTH**. You howl in pain, then prepare to tear this warrior apart.

MALTA

THREAT 8

HEALTH 10

Crit: You suffer a savage slash to your shoulder. You lose 2 HEALTH as normal, and you must reduce your highest die by 1 for the rest of this combat.

If you defeat her, turn to [204](#).

113

You don't need to worry about stealth with this lady in blue. She doesn't have any weapons and really doesn't look dangerous at all. You trundle down the middle of the dungeon corridor with a stupid, mean grin on your face. Your long strides will help you outpace this human, and there's not a thing she can do about it now.

Hearing you, she turns. "Oh gods! An ogre!" she exclaims. "Stay back!"

"Hog no good listen," you say with a chuckle, still coming.

She backs away, quickly pulling a thick book from a holster at her hip, and begins to speak strange words while wiggling her fingers. You chuckle at the funny gesture.

~~Show a little urgency dealing with a wizard? Turn to ?~~

Are you **TANGLED**? Turn to [166](#).

If not, turn to [102](#).

114

"The ogre can't have gone far." Malta's jaw is set in a frown, her sword in hand as she leads the way into the Iron Gauntlet. "It must have gone through that door at the far end."

"Be cautious," Kelliri says, moving right behind her. "This feels like a trap."

"Ogres aren't smart enough to—" Malta begins, then cuts off as a flagstone dips down beneath her boot. "Oh no."

You sneak out from the secret nook and peek your head around the corner. The four adventurers are very busy trying to dodge the scything blades, jutting spears, spraying darts, and the crushing hammers.

"There must be a shut-off!" Kelliri hisses as she spins to avoid a pendulum blade.

"We should get back to the entrance!" Damiel calls.

"It's further! We're closer to the door," Malta growls, dashing forward. There's a sudden yelp as one of the huge hammers comes down and pulps Malta into paste.

"Malta! No!" Vess squeals, then gasps as a scything blade slices her in two.

Kelliri and Damiel move back towards the entrance. You step into view, letting them see you. A distraction at a critical moment. Kelliri catches a line of darts in the side of her face, and suddenly numb, drops to the ground. Damiel turns to help and ends up spitted on one of the jutting spears.

You grin at the carnage, though your smile fades a little as you realize you won't be able to get those bodies from the gauntlet until it resets. Still, you've defeated a whole bunch of adventurers. Gain **1 PLUCK** for your ogrish actions.

Mark **BOLD** and **TRAPPED** on your sheet.

If you are **GRUMPY**, mark **MIGHTY** on your sheet and turn to [236](#). If not, turn to [134](#).

115

Wist sees your weakness, and hopes he can finish you off. He lunges for you with his short sword. His health has been reduced to reflect his battle with Bitey.

WIST

THREAT 7

HEALTH 6

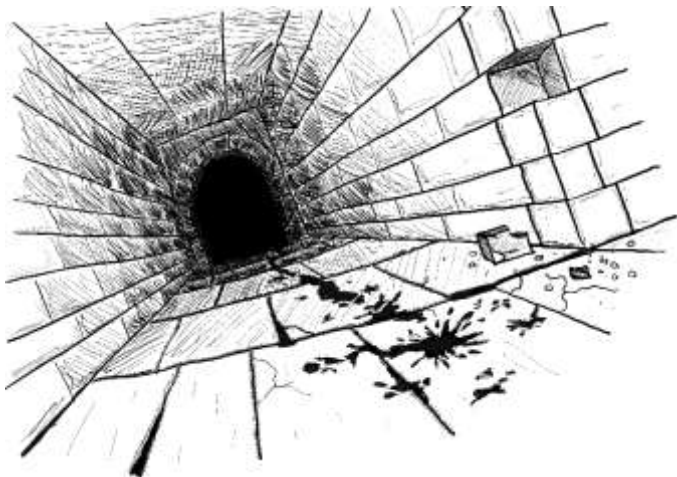
Crit: Wist hamstringing you. You lose 4 HEALTH instead of the usual 2, and must reduce your highest die by 1 for this fight.

If you defeat him, you collect **one portion of HALFLING** and **two portions of DWARF** to add to your rations. Gain **1 PLUCK** for defeating him in such a wounded state.

*Mark **MIGHTY** on your sheet.*

Are you **BOLD**? Turn to [135](#).

If not, Turn to [104](#).



116

The sound of the Wailer's shrieking gets louder as you search for the big adventurer. It doesn't take long to find him. Standing outside the Black Garden, the hulking shape is just as big as you are, with patchwork armor strapped all over his body and a huge club in his hand. Two helmets have been lashed together with leather cord to form one mighty helm that can't disguise the monstrous nature of its wearer. He's an ogre adventurer.

You furrow your brow in confusion. Ogres aren't adventurers! This shouldn't be possible, yet here he stands. As he takes a step towards the Black Garden you emerge from the corridor and call out.

"Hey! This Hog dungeon! Why ogre here?"

The adventurer stops, then turns to face you, his nostrils flaring as he raises his club. "Arug here kill Overlord," the ogre grunts. "Is Hog Overlord?"

You scowl. "Arug go. This Hog dungeon."

"Arug go after kill Overlord. Where Overlord?"

~~He seems dumb, trick him into leaving? Turn to ?~~

Just fight him? Turn to [128](#).

Lead him into the Black Garden? Turn to [61](#).

Lure him to the dungeon's depths? Turn to [298](#).

117

You keep to the shadows as you move through the dungeon after the adventurers. The lady in blue pauses, glancing back over her shoulder, squinting beneath the wide brim of her hat.

"I heard something," she says.

"What did you hear, Vess?" The white-clad man steps up beside her, stroking his goatee.

"Something's following us, I just know it."

"Let it come," he says, touching a finger to his holy symbol. "The Fair Sister will watch over us and see us through."

You hear a snicker from the red-haired warrior. “Hey Damiel, are you finished touching your lady?” she says with a grin.

The cleric goes red. “I’ll have you know the Fair Sister is a chaste goddess, Malta. You’d do well not to blaspheme. And unlike *others* of my faith, I do not treat with her evening sister.”

“Shame,” Malta says. “The Pale Sister has all the fun in that pair.”

You wonder why adventurers always seem to have such banter while facing certain death? Crouched behind some rubble, you notice the passage they’re exploring leads towards the Black Garden. It would be easy to stay back and follow, waiting until they meet the carnivorous plants before you strike. If you charged them, however, you might catch them off guard.

~~Try out some banter on the adventurers? Turn to ?~~

Sneak after the adventuring party? Turn to [8](#).

Rush straight at them? Turn to [88](#).

118

You step through the rotten gate into the cavernous gatehouse, blundering right through some of the webs as you clear to the other side. Webby chitters at you, but you left most of the webs intact to catch the other two.

Daniel leads the way, and as he sees you on the far side he brandishes his holy symbol and starts forward. “The Fair Sister will rain down retribution upon you, foul ogre! You will- ah!” The cleric cuts off, startled, as he finds himself caught in the web.

Realizing the danger, Vess looks up, just in time to see Webby descending. A quick pounce and the mage goes down in a flurry of legs and fangs. In short order the spider is wrapping both adventurers in web cocoons.

You frown. You won’t get to eat any of them. But at least you’ve defeated the adventurers in the garden.

Mark **BOLD** on your sheet.

Are you **MIGHTY**? Turn to [179](#).

If not, turn to [252](#).



119

The ogre-adventurer didn't stand a chance. With the stone golem as your partner in combat, it was only a matter of time before you brought Arug low. With one final blow you spin his head around, sending him sprawling to the ground. Rocky brings his full weight down with a meaty crunch as he steps on Arug's ribcage.

The threat to Hal Varrow is ended. You take a moment to breathe as you stare at the gruesome remainder of Arug the ogre-adventurer. Rocky wipes the gore from his foot on the stone floor.

"Ogre," the golem rumbles. "You made a shrewd choice to bring him to me."

"Hog learn goblin trick," you say, scratching your head. "Timic teach Hog."

"You may be dumb, but only a fool would underestimate you, ogre."

There's a wet squelch as Sticky's tongue wraps around Arug's leg, and the mimic begins to reel in the ruined ogre-adventurer. You didn't even hear the chest hop over. Your instinct is to pummel the mimic for stealing your meal, but then you remember that ogre tastes really bad so you'll let Sticky have this one.

"Hog go now, find Timic," you say.

"Be wary, ogre," the golem says. "Now that the incursion is ended, I'm sure Crispin will have more work for you to do."

You grin. "Crissin find new assistant first."

You've reached
The Rockstar's Ending



120

Arug seems like a reasonable creature. You nod, crouching down, getting a good grip on the Cursed Portcullis. You feel the horrible tingle in your soul as you strain to lift it. The adventurer grunts opposite, and with your combined might you manage to overcome the challenge. With a horrible squeal the gate slides up and locks into place in the open position.

Cross **HELPFUL** off your sheet.

The Wailer floats closer, staring aghast as you permit entry to the other ogre. “You have wrought our doom, ogre,” he sighs. “Hear now the tolling of the bell for Hal Varrow’s dread halls.”

You ignore the ghost as Arug steps through the archway. It’s hard to tell who’s taller, but with his makeshift helmet and his huge club, Arug is definitely an intimidating sight. He makes no move to strike at you, however, instead descending the Wailing Steps. You follow.

“Where Arug find Overlord?” he asks.

You shrug. “Hog no know. Hog spend most time cleaning traps and killing ‘venturers.”

Arug stops and gives you a curious look. “Hog enjoy this work?”

You shrug again. “Hog get eat ‘venturers,” you say.

For a long moment Arug stares at you. “Hog no reach potential,” he says softly, almost as if he’s sad for some reason. He turns to head towards the Black Garden.

As you follow, you spot Timic emerging from the shadows. The goblin has a look of concern on his features, and he’s nervously adjusting his necklace of poisonous onions. He waits for you to fall back a little from the adventurer before he speaks quietly. “What’s going on here, big guy? Who’s your friend?”

"That Arug," you say. "He going kill Overlord and get princess." You blink, then lean down towards Timic. "What is princess?"

"Oh, it's a lady that dresses fancy and smells nice," he says. "Also, aren't you supposed to stop adventurers from killing the Overlord?"

You blink. "Oh. Yeah. Hog forgot."

"Maybe we should lead him down to the Iron Gauntlet? Let that sort him out? Or maybe see if he can fight Rocky?"

Work with Arug to kill the Overlord? Turn to [226](#).

Lead Arug to the Iron Gauntlet? Turn to [203](#).

Bring Arug to the Flattening Terrace? Turn to [70](#).



121

You watch as Arug strides through the Iron Gauntlet, drawing near to the pressure plate that will set the whole thing off. As his boot clicks the plate down, you're expecting the whole series of deadly traps to whirr to life, but nothing happens. No scything blades, no smashing hammers, no darts, no spears. Nothing.

"What happen?" you wonder aloud, stepping into the gauntlet.

Arug turns. "Why Hog say that?"

"Arug step on plate, set off trap," you say, pointing. "Hog no know why trap no go."

The ogre-adventurer looks at the pressure plate, then up at you. "Hog no helping Arug," he realizes.

It's time to fight.

Helmet: While wearing a helmet, Arug reduces all damage taken by **1**. If you roll a combat total of **11** or better, you snap the cords holding his helmet together, destroying it.

If you are **MOLDY** or **TANGLED**, you may spend **1 PLUCK** to use your vines to destroy the helmet without a roll.

ARUG

THREAT 8

HEALTH 12

Crit: Arug smashes you in the head with his club. You lose 4 **HEALTH** instead of the usual 3, and must set one of your dice to 1 next round before rolling the other.

Special: Arug's massive club is especially dangerous; if you miss Arug, you lose **3**

HEALTH instead of the usual 2.

If you defeat the ogre? Turn to [250](#).



122

You set the egg back in the nest, then tuck the tapestry blanket over them. Gramandris lets out a wary coo, then watches you until you move back to Timic.

"Hog sorry," you murmur.

The gryphon bobs her head, taps the ground twice with her talons, then returns her attention to Timic and his parchment.

"Oh, right," the goblin says, pointing to another square. "This one was down by the Scything Hall. And this one..."

Gramandris prances around in a circle, her eagle talons clicking noisily as she makes low chirps of excitement. Timic grins, nervously, as he waits for the verdict. At last, the gryphon flaps over to her tapestry, collects a prize from her hoard, and flaps

back to the goblin. She opens her beak and drops a little pewter figurine into Timic's hand.

"It's the limited edition minotaur bard!" The goblin turns the tiny figure over in his hands, his eyes wide. "Wow! Thanks!"

Gramandris shifts her eagle eyes to you. She reaches out with a talon and taps the satchel where you keep your rations, then looks at you with a snap of her beak.

You may give Gramandris two of your rations in exchange for a trinket from her hoard. If you do, gain **2 PLUCK**.

Are you **BOLD**? Turn to [158](#).

Are you **MIGHTY**? Turn to [140](#).

123

You follow Timic and Linny up the stairs towards the upper levels of the dungeon. You can distantly hear the Wailer's cry growing louder as you draw closer.

Are you **CLUMSY**? Turn to [222](#).

If not, turn to [172](#).

124

*Mark **POWERFUL** on your sheet. You may cross this word off at any point to deal **THREE** extra damage when you hit.*

Rocky shuffles back to his spot in the center of the Flattening Terrace, his fists slick with blood as you gather the remains of the adventurers. You're not even mad that Sticky stole the elf, you have a feast before you.

"It seems the dungeon is safe once more," Rocky says in his rumbling voice.

"Hog kill 'venturers, Rocky help," you say.

"Indeed. It makes you wonder sometimes what makes these poor fools risk life and limb coming down here."

You scratch your head. "Hog think limb taste good," you say.

The stone golem doesn't reply. You finish stuffing your gruesome bounty in your satchel and walk back into the Scything Hall.

You hear the patter of small feet as a goblin scampers down the stairs. She pauses, eyes wide as she sees you. "Oh! Hog! There's another adventurer! A big one!"

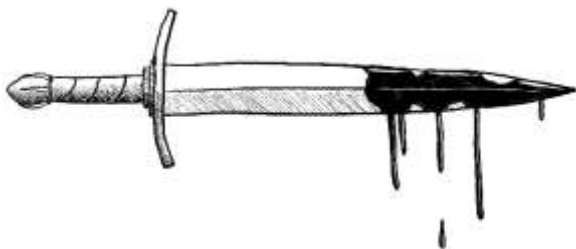
You pick up the goblin, who squeaks nervously. "What 'venturer big?" you ask.

"Big like you! Real big!"

You mull this over as you eat the goblin. Restore **1 HEALTH**. You've never met an adventurer as big as you, but didn't Rolt say something about a big adventurer? You walk up the stairs towards the dungeon's upper levels.

*You feel your stomach rumble. You may eat any number of rations you've collected, restoring **1 HEALTH** for each portion you eat. If you go hungry instead, increase your **HUNGER** by one, then lose as many **HEALTH** as you have **HUNGER**.*

Turn to [84](#).



125

A sharp pain writhes through your body as something winds around your bones. You aren't held in place, not nearly so much as the blue lady was hoping. "Why isn't it working?" she says, flipping through a thick book. "It should work!"

You take a shuddering step forward as vines begin to poke through your skin. Vess looks up, just in time to notice you reaching for her with your massive hand.

*In **COMBAT**, you no longer have a +1 bonus to your total, but instead may reduce a die by one (to a minimum of 1).*

VESS

THREAT 7

HEALTH 4

Crit: Vess manages to push you back with a blast of force. You lose 2 HEALTH as normal, but Vess' THREAT is 9 for the rest of the combat as she's made some space for herself.

If you defeat her, you may add **two portions of HUMAN** to your rations before you continue into the gardens.

Turn to [202](#).



126

The adventurers in Hal Varrow's upper halls have been soundly defeated. It seems they weren't as skilled as they thought they were.

Mark **CUNNING** on your sheet. You may cross this word off at any point to turn a die to a **SIX**.

You make your way through the upper chambers of the dungeon but you don't find any other adventurers. You must have defeated them all. You think about going back into the Black Garden to see what Flora's doing, but before you do you catch a glimpse of Timic coming out of a side passage.

“Oh! Hog, Lookit, I got my last square,” he says. He thrusts his folded parchment at you. “I’m going to hand it in to Gramandris! Want to come with?”

You nod, and follow the goblin.

*You feel your stomach rumble. You may eat any number of rations you’ve collected, restoring **1 HEALTH** for each portion you eat. If you go hungry instead, increase your **HUNGER** by one, then lose as many **HEALTH** as you have **HUNGER**.*

Go see Gramandris? Turn to [91](#).

127

“Well met, Kelliri,” says the red-haired woman. “I’m Malta, the lady in blue is Vess, and the ugly one is Damiel.”

“Rude.” The white-robed man strokes his well-kept goatee, studying the golden-haired elf. “I’m sure Kelliri can see me quite well, she has enchanting eyes.” He puts a hand to his chest. “Kelliri, I am at your service.”

The remark earns a snort from Malta and a stifled giggle from Vess, who claps a hand over her mouth to stop herself. The elf shifts her weight from one leg to the other, tilting her head to regard him. “These enchanting eyes can see a dewdrop at a thousand feet,” she says softly. “And these eyes have also noticed that we’re being watched.”

She turns suddenly and lets an arrow fly. It ricochets off the archway you’re hiding behind. You jerk back, watching as the elf nocks another arrow, while Malta advances with her sword drawn. “It’s an ogre! Kill it!”

There’s a brief temptation to charge them, to surprise them with an aggressive assault and tear them apart, but Timic’s been teaching you goblin tactics and some of it has sunk in. You’ll have your chance to rip limbs from torsos. For now, you flee.

Escape to the Old Gatehouse where Webby lairs? Turn to [105](#).
Lure them to the Iron Gauntlet? Turn to [160](#).



128

“Hog no fraid of Arug,” you grunt, stepping forward. “Hog fight now.”

If there was any doubt of Arug’s ogreish heritage it disappears as he grins with anticipation. He slams the club twice against the ground then lifts it easily, ready to swing at you.

Helmet: While wearing a helmet, Arug reduces all damage taken by **1**. If you roll a combat total of **11** or better, you snap the cords holding his helmet together, destroying it.

If you are **MOLDY** or **TANGLED**, you may spend **1 PLUCK** to use your vines to destroy the helmet without a roll.

ARUG

THREAT 8

HEALTH 12

Crit: Arug smashes you in the head with his club. You lose 4 **HEALTH** instead of the usual 3, and must set one of your dice to 1 next round before rolling the other.

Special: Arug’s massive club is especially dangerous; if you miss Arug, you lose **3**

HEALTH instead of the usual 2.

If you defeat the ogre? Turn to [250](#).



129

You step through the rotten gate into the cavernous gatehouse, but there are no webs present. Nor is there a giant spider to greet them. You turn, realizing it's up to you to fight them both at the same time!

DAMIEN

THREAT 7

HEALTH 6

Crit: Damien lashes out with holy energy. You lose 2 HEALTH as normal, but Damien heals all missing health (His normal total is 8).

VESS

THREAT 9

HEALTH 4

Crit: Vess scorches you with a blast of fire. You lose 6 HEALTH instead of the usual 2.

If you defeat them both, you add **four portions of HUMAN** to your rations. Add **1 PLUCK** for your impressive victory.

You emerge from the Old Gatehouse. Mark **BOLD** on your sheet.

Are you **MIGHTY**? Turn to [179](#).

If not, turn to [252](#).

130

The arrow whistles past as you duck out of the archway, hustling through the crumbling ruins that dot the mountain outside Hal Varrow proper. You've taken care of one of the adventurers, but there are still three of them in the Old Gatehouse, and it won't be long before Malta is freed.

You reach the Wailing Steps.

Are you **HELPFUL**? Turn to [174](#).

If not, turn to [180](#).

131

Crouching down, you scoop up one of Gramandris' eggs. As you stand back up you notice the gryphon staring at you with a piercing gaze, her body tensed for action.

You look down at the egg in your hands.

Put the egg down? Turn to [122](#).

Throw the egg at Gramandris? Turn to [148](#).



132

Your fist smashes under Arug's chin and sends him sprawling to the ground, senseless. Before the ogre adventurer can recover, Flora is at his side and begins to send a spread of vines into his nostrils and mouth. Arug's body begins to convulse while the dryad stares at him with her glowing eyes.

You take a deep breath, then let it out. The adventurers came for Hal Varrow and found you waiting and ready. Your natural penchant for violence won the day and saw all of them defeated, including their biggest and best.

"Ogre?" You look down, meeting the luminous gaze of the dark dryad. "You did well to bring this to me," she says. "Good work."

You bob your head in a nod. "Hog good," you agree.

"Hog! What are you doing in here?" There's a strangled noise as Crispin marches into the Black Garden, trying to contain his disbelief. "Those adventurers got everywhere in the dungeon! Do you know how many goblins were killed?"

Flora narrows her glowing eyes slightly, shifting her eyes to the approaching goblin. She speaks in a quiet voice for you alone to hear. "This one's for you, ogre."

There's a sudden rustle of bushes and a vine snaps up to wrap around Crispin, spinning the goblin manager about as his arms are pinned to his sides. You stand, grinning, and begin to approach. Your stomach rumbles ominously.

The fairy assistant squeaks in dismay and takes off flying for help, only to be snapped up by one of the carnivorous plants. As for Crispin, well, he's never seen again.

You've reached
The Gardener's Ending

133

You move forward alone, trying to close the gap between you and the adventurers. You see the blue lady bringing up the rear, and figure if you time it right you can pick her off while the others are distracted by the carnivorous plants in the garden.

Sure enough there's a battle cry from Malta as vines begin to wrap around her, and she hacks them apart with her sword. Damiel joins the fight, brandishing a knife that glows with holy fire, while Vess begins to cast her magic from the back. You approach quickly, but your foot kicks some of the rubble as you pass through the crumbling tower.

Vess notices your approach. There's a look of fear on her face, but she doesn't run away. She turns to face you, waves a hand, and suddenly your limbs stiffen. You can't move!

Are you **TANGLED**? Turn to [125](#).

If not, you stand completely still, unable to do anything but watch as Vess turns and runs into the garden to catch up to her group. It feels like an eternity before you can move again, but you're lucky the others were busy and couldn't finish you off. You wouldn't have been able to defend yourself at all!

You enter the Black Garden. Turn to [200](#).

134

Rolling your shoulders, you emerge from the Iron Gauntlet. The deep corridors of Hal Varrow have fewer adventurers in them now, thanks to your handiwork. You scratch your ear as you make your way towards the dungeon's upper levels.

*You feel your stomach rumble. You may eat any number of rations you've collected, restoring **1 HEALTH** for each portion you eat. If you go hungry instead, increase your HUNGER by one, then lose as many **HEALTH** as you have **HUNGER**.*

"Hog! There you are!" comes a shrill voice. You see Crispin walking up, his black doublet neat and tidy, his hair slicked back with some sort of grease. His fairy assistant flutters about above his shoulder, looking at the notes in her tiny ledger.

"What Crissin want?" you ask.

"It's Crispin," he snaps, then presses his lips in a thin frown. "There's a dwarf and a halfling in the Eternal Crypt, Hog. Aren't you supposed to deter them? They came up from the Flooded Sanctum!"

You blink. "Hog deter?" you try. You don't know what that means.

The fairy giggles and puts a hand on Crispin's ear. "Crispin, he's too dumb. Let me try," she says, then flutters closer. "Hog, kill dwarf and halfling in crypt."

You grin, bobbing your head in a nod. "Hog kill 'venturers," you say. "Snack first."

You reach for the fairy. Make a **SKILL CHECK** at **DIFFICULTY 8**.

Success? Turn to [246](#).

Failure? Turn to [268](#).

135

The adventurers coming up from the Un-Flooded Sanctum have been defeated. In the end, they were no match for your ogrish brutality.

Mark **POWERFUL** on your sheet. You may cross this word off at any point to deal **THREE** extra damage when you hit.

You feel your stomach rumble. You may eat any number of rations you've collected, restoring **1 HEALTH** for each portion you eat. If you go hungry instead, increase your **HUNGER** by one, then lose as many **HEALTH** as you have **HUNGER**.

As you finish up in the Eternal Crypt you hear the sound of many goblins chattering excitedly, running about in groups. You watch some of them scurry by, holding weapons.

"What going on?" you ask.

"The Wailer got set off again," one of the goblins cries. "Big adventurer. Upstairs!"

You draw yourself up to your full height and roll your shoulders. There's one more fight to win. You climb the stairs.

Are you **CLUMSY**? Turn to [84](#).

If not, turn to [96](#).

136

You can just hear the distant screams of the Wailer when you notice a pale blue light off down one of the corridors. You squint, making out the shape of a human woman in blue robes with a pointy hat and glasses. She has a glowing blue orb in her hand that lights her way, and makes her easy to find.

"Come on, Vess, it's not that scary in here," she murmurs to herself. "You'll have no trouble at all finding a way to let the others in. Of course not."

It's a long, straight shot to catch up with her down the corridor, but you could charge right at the defenseless, unarmed woman who isn't even carrying a weapon. You're sure nothing would go wrong.

But maybe it would be more fun to be sneaky?

Charge straight at Vess? Turn to [103](#).

Be sneaky? Turn to [142](#).

137

These adventurers from the upper halls led you on a merry chase, but you tracked them down and beat them.

Mark **CUNNING** on your sheet. You may cross this word off at any point to turn a die to a **SIX**.

You take the stairway down towards the Eternal Crypt. You know there's a dwarf and a halfling lurking down there somewhere, getting up to no good.

Sure enough, you hear them moving about. You could lure them to the Scything Hall where the bladed pillars and Bitey the giant centipede might be helpful. Or you could try to meet them at the Iron Gauntlet?

Lure them to the Scything Hall? Turn to [141](#).

Face them in the Iron Gauntlet? Turn to [209](#).



138

You aren't about to go upstairs when there's a juicy dwarf and halfling right in front of you. Waving Timic to silence, you step out of hiding and begin to charge towards the pair.

Make a **SKILL CHECK** at **DIFFICULTY 10**.

Success? Turn to [153](#).

Failure, but made **8**? Turn to [167](#).

Failure? Turn to [145](#).

139

The giant spider, displaced from her webs in the Old Gatehouse, is lurking in the branches of Flora's tree. As Malta prepares to strike Flora down, the enormous spider tackles her to the ground and plunges her fangs into her shoulder.

The battlefield erupts into chaos as the adventurers turn to face this new threat. You take full advantage as you emerge from the bushes, lunging for the white-robed priest. He turns, brandishing his holy symbol.

DAMIEL

THREAT 7

HEALTH 8

Crit: Damiel lashes out with holy energy. You lose 2 HEALTH as normal, but Damiel heals all missing health.

Gain **1 PLUCK** for defeating the adventurers.

Victory? Turn to [152](#).

140

You descend from the Riven Tower with Timic following. "I think that went well," he says brightly as he hops down the stairs. "Really well."

"Hog think so too," you say. "Big bird thing nice."

Timic barks a short laugh and grins up at you. "Big bird thing is a gryphon."

"Giffon," you say. "Hog like giffon." You shift around some of the contents in your satchel as you reach the bottom of the stairs and return to Hal Varrow's upper corridors.

The patter of quickly-approaching feet precedes Crispin around the corner. “Hog! What are you doing?” the goblin snaps, his lips pressed in a thin frown. “There’s adventurers in the upper halls! Don’t you hear the Wailer? You need to take care of them! Immediately!”

There’s a buzz of wings as Crispin’s new assistant appears behind him, looking a little bit harried. “That’s the last time I try to talk to Flora,” she complains. “That plant nearly ate me.”

“Not now.” Crispin fixes her with a glare, then turns his attention back to you. “Are you ready to repel them?”

You scratch yourself under the arm. You didn’t quite follow everything Crispin wanted, but you can take a guess. “Hog kill ‘venturers?”

“Exactly,” the goblin snaps. “Good. Do it. Timic, keep him on task.”

Timic gives Crispin a weary thumbs-up, and the black-clad goblin and his fairy hurry off for elsewhere in the dungeon.

“Well, big guy,” Timic says, giving your leg a pat. “Sounds like you’ve got work to do.”

You nod. You grin. Hunting adventurers is your favorite dungeon activity. You watch Timic scurry into one of the gobliducts for safety as you follow the Wailer’s haunting cry towards where the adventurers surely have breached the dungeon.

Are you **HELPFUL**? Turn to [136](#).

If not, turn to [117](#).



141

Taking up a hiding spot, you stamp your feet a few times, then grunt. After a moment, you hear the adventurers drawing close.

“It came from over here,” comes the halfling’s voice.

“Aye,” the dwarf says. “What do you think, Wist? An orc? A troll?”

“I think it’s making a mistake trying to fight us,” the halfling says. You can hear the grin on his face.

As they come around the bend, you wait just a moment longer until they set off the scything trap. There’s a hiss from Rurik as he stops short, then a skittering noise as Bitey emerges from his hole and comes to claim a meal. The halfling spins to face the giant centipede, leaving the dwarf to you!

Let Bitey face Wist? Turn to [62](#).

Protect Bitey! Fight Rurik and Wist? Turn to [79](#).

142

Something in your ogrish instincts tell you to wait, that this blue lady is more dangerous than she looks. Moving quietly, you sneak down the corridor, well back of her circle of light.

She lingers in a crumbling room at the end, examining her options. One path leads to the Old Gatehouse where Webby has all of her webs, while the other leads to a different, less-cursed portcullis.

Vess is taking too long to make up her mind. You need to make it up for her.

Scare her towards Webby? Turn to [159](#).

Chase her towards the portcullis? Turn to [110](#).



143

There's a rustle from the high branches of the Black Garden before Webby shoots a line of webbing, catching Daniel square in the back. The man cries out in surprise and alarm, then vanishes up into the foliage above!

"Malta! That spider got Daniel!" the blue-clad lady cries, pulling a thick book out of her satchel. She begins to flip pages.

"I saw," the red-haired woman growls, sliding a sword out of its sheath.

The elf draws back her bow. With Webby's distraction, it's time to strike. You close the distance and smash your first into the elf's back, sending her sprawling to the ground. She rolls with the punch and springs back up, but she's taken a solid hit and is clearly winded (reflected in her HEALTH). Malta turns, her sword ready, and the adventurers prepare to fight you!

MALTA

THREAT 8

HEALTH 7

Crit: You suffer a savage slash to your shoulder. You lose 2 HEALTH as normal, and you must reduce your highest die by 1 for the rest of this combat.

KELLIRI

THREAT 8

HEALTH 3

Crit: Kelliri is deadly with her bow. The first crit puts out one of your eyes; permanently, you must re-roll your highest die. The second crit kills you.

VESS

THREAT 9

HEALTH 3

Crit: Vess scorches you with a blast of fire. You lose 6 HEALTH instead of the usual 2.

If you defeat all three, turn to [111](#).



144

You reach through the bars and grab Damiel's head in your meaty fist, then pull him firmly against the gate. There's a strangled yelp before his head pops like a grape.

Malta yells a battle cry and draws her sword, lashing out at you before you can pull back. Lose **2 HEALTH**. You growl, then pull the gate open and step outside to battle the red-haired woman.

MALTA

THREAT 8

HEALTH 10

Crit: You suffer a savage slash to your shoulder. You lose 2 HEALTH as normal, and you must reduce your highest die by 1 for the rest of this combat.

If you defeat her, you collect both corpses. Add **four portions of HUMAN** to your rations.

*Mark **BOLD** on your sheet.*

Are you **TINGLY**? Turn to [108](#).

If not, are you **MIGHTY**? Turn to [179](#).

If not, turn to [126](#).



145

You try to shoulder them into the well but you miss. You must fight them both!

RURIK

THREAT 7

HEALTH 14

Crit: Rurik's axe lands a savage strike. You lose 6

HEALTH instead of the usual 2.

WIST

THREAT 7

HEALTH 10

Crit: Wist hamstringing you. You lose 4 HEALTH instead of the usual 2, and must reduce your highest die by 1 for this fight.

If you defeat them, turn to [190](#).

146

Malta and Vess are both dead. That leaves Damiel to deal with. You return to the base of the Wailing Steps but you don't see him anywhere, only the shackles that once held the Wailer trapped in eternal servitude remain, mundane without their spectral prisoner. You furrow your brow, then begin to look around for the human.

As you draw near the Old Gatehouse you catch sight of Rolt emerging from the gobliduct. The goblin scout eyes you with a squint. "You lookin' for the man in the white robes?" he asks.

You nod. "Hog finish kill other 'venturers," you say.

"Saw him go downstairs," he says, pointing. "You'll probably find him in the Eternal Crypt."

Rolt is cagey enough to stay in the gobliduct entrance. You know if you try to grab and eat him he'll just scurry away. Instead you grin, wave, and keep moving.

Turn to [177](#).

147

You find, to your chagrin, that your arms and legs are entirely frozen in place. You try to move, try to break free, but some unseen force is holding you in place. You can't even grunt in frustration.

Vess, takes a breath, watching you with trepidation, then slowly closes her book. “Well, I guess that’s that,” she says. “Be a good ogre and stay put while I find Malta. She loves killing ogres.” She scurries off into the dungeon.

You lose track of how long you’re stuck, but it’s too long for your liking. You’re confused as to how it happened, the weak human shouldn’t have been dangerous at all. She should have let you eat her like a normal adventurer. Doesn’t she know how this is supposed to go?

At long last your limbs begin to move again. As you begin your search for the adventurers, you hear commotion from the Black Garden.

Turn to [200](#).

148

The squelchy crunch echoes through the top of the Riven Tower as you break one of Gramandris’ eggs. The gryphon stares at you with shock, her eyes wide with rage. She lets out a piercing cry, spreads her wings, and lunges forward!

GRAMANDRIS

THREAT 9

HEALTH 12

Crit: Gramandris’ sharp beak lands a savage stab. Lose 4 HEALTH instead of the usual 2.

If you defeat the gryphon, turn to [169](#).

149

You feel a sudden pain wrack your body as something winds around your bones. You collapse to the ground and bellow in

pain, feeling your skin writhe and shift as plant matter begins to take over.

In a few minutes, the pain subsides and you can feel again. You look down at your hands and find vines and leaves protruding from your skin, which is an unfamiliar shade of green. You rustle faintly as you move.

*In **COMBAT**, you no longer have a +1 bonus to your total, but instead may reduce a die by one (to a minimum of 1).*

You look towards the garden and feel a strange pull towards it.

~~Ponder the nature of your new being? Turn to ?~~

You enter the garden. Turn to [200](#).

150

Crispin follows your pointing finger and presses his lips in a thin frown. "There's no adventurers in the Old Gatehouse, Hog? What are you doing?"

You've already stepped through the rotted gate and into the cavernous interior, brushing the webs aside. You spot Webby with little trouble and reach up to grapple her!

"The giant spider? What are you doing?!"

The fairy titters. "Don't stop him, Crispin. I want to see what happens."

Make a **SKILL CHECK** with **DIFFICULTY 8**. If you fail to grab Webby, lose **2 HEALTH** as she bites you. You're a stubborn ogre, and must keep making attempts until you collect the spider or die trying.

Grasping the enormous arachnid by her bulbous backside, you move into the garden towards the sound of thrashing vines and snapping plants. The huge spider's legs whip about in the air as you keep her firmly in your grip long enough to throw her towards the sound of the fighting.

"Where did *that* come from?!" Vess shrieks. You hear Webby hiss and chitter and lash out at the adventurers. As you part the

bushes you see Vess in the spider's grasp, while Daniel backs away, desperately holding up his holy symbol. He looks to the side.

"Oh hells..."

DANIEL

THREAT 8

HEALTH 8

Crit: Daniel lashes out with holy energy. You lose **2**

HEALTH as normal, but Daniel heals all missing health.

If you defeat Daniel, turn to [228](#).

151

You pull the arrow from your shoulder, then shift your attention to Malta. The red-haired warrior glares back at you, still tangled in webbing. She seems mad.

"You stupid brute," she hisses. "Arug's going to kill you for this."

"Who Arug?" You scratch your wounded shoulder.

"He's bigger than you," she says. "More powerful. And much smarter."

You frown. You don't like it when things are bigger than you. Stepping closer, you reach for Malta and wrench her out of the webbing.

"Wait," she says, suddenly nervous. "What are you doing?"

"Hog eat 'venturer," you explain. "Get more big."

The red-haired warrior makes a valiant attempt to escape your grip, but you have her pretty well held. You eat her. Restore **2 HEALTH**.

You see Webby coming down to try to claim the elf, but you warn her off with a glare. The wounded giant spider retreats back to the Old Gatehouse's rafters while you collect the bodies. Add

two portions of ELF and **four portions of HUMAN** to your rations. Gain **1 PLUCK** for this impressive haul.

*Mark **BOLD** on your sheet.*

If you are **GRUMPY**, mark **MIGHTY** on your sheet and turn to [179](#). If not, turn to [137](#).

152

The fight comes to a sudden and violent end as you rip Damiel's head clean off. His body falls, his fine white robes stained red, while you survey the rest of the battle.

No longer pinned by Malta, Flora was able to wrap Vess in vines so she couldn't cast any more spells. The giant spider is busily spinning Malta up in a cocoon. It seems the fight is pretty much over. You collect Damiel; add **two portions of HUMAN** to your rations.

Flora regards you coolly. "You may go, ogre. Your work is done."

You look at Vess questioningly, but the dryad shakes her head. She points towards the exit, and you content yourself with the rations you've already collected.

You don't see any hint of goblin presence, but you're not surprised. Timic always knew how to hide when danger reared its ugly head.

*Mark **MIGHTY** on your sheet.*

Are you **BOLD**? Turn to [87](#).

If not, turn to [252](#).

153

You rush forward with a bellow, your arms stretched wide to catch both the dwarf and the halfling in one movement. They are both caught off-guard, and before they can bring their weapons to bear you send them both into the Deep Well with a splash. Gain **2 PLUCK** for this display of strength.

Standing at the edge you prepare to fight them as they climb out, but neither one surfaces. You can hear a distant eldritch wailing noise which makes your hackles stand up. You don't stick around.

Mark **GRUMPY** on your sheet.

Turn to [173](#).

154

You take aim and throw the rock at Kelliri. The elf is focused on the giant spider, and doesn't spot the rock until it's too late. It smashes into her, sending her sprawling back with a cry of pain, bleeding and battered.

Vess conjures fire in her hand and begins to melt the webs away from Malta. You watch as Webby descends, no longer threatened by the elf, and sinks her fangs into Vess' neck. There's a gasp from the blue-clad lady and the fire vanishes from her hand.

Daniel turns to fight the giant spider, but Webby is already scurrying along her web to drop on Kelliri. The elf can't get to her feet quickly enough to avoid being pinned and bitten by the arachnid. You stride into the Old Gatehouse to give Daniel something else to consider.

DANIEL

THREAT 7

HEALTH 8

Crit: Daniel lashes out with holy energy. You lose 2

HEALTH as normal, but Daniel heals all missing health.

If you defeat him, turn to [171](#).

155

As you prowl forward through the sanctum, the stench of damp stone makes you hungry.

*You may eat any number of rations you've collected, restoring **1 HEALTH** for each portion you eat. If you go hungry instead, increase your HUNGER by one, then lose as many **HEALTH** as you have **HUNGER**.*

"What do you think un-flooded the sanctum?" Timic wonders aloud. "A dark wizard maybe? Oh! Maybe one of those huge tunneling worms?"

You lick your fingers a little. "Hog want eat huge worm," you say, imagining it.

Timic chuckles. "You will, big guy. Promise." He waits for you to lead the way forward once more.

Are you **DAMP**? Turn to [205](#).

If not, turn to [219](#).



156

Getting back to your feet, you begin to trudge in the opposite direction as Crispin's voice. Whatever's going on, it has the goblin really annoyed. His voice is reaching new heights of irritation. You start up the broad curving staircase towards the upper levels when you hear approaching footfalls. A female goblin comes bounding down towards you. "Timic! Flooded Sanctum's not flooded anymore!" she calls.

"We know, Linny. Hog fell in the Deep Well."

The goblin comes to a stop, her eyes wide as saucers. "What? How?"

You grin at her. "Hog break Sticky on stone that make Hog head hurt. Stone break. Hog fall."

Linny looks at Timic for confirmation, but only gets a shrug from the goblin. "But that wouldn't have drained the water from the Flooded Sanctum, right?"

"No, probably not," Timic says. "Weird."

You lick your lips and begin to move closer to Linny, who edges back up the stairs. "Um. I'm going up. The Wailer got set off," she says.

Timic makes a face. "That means adventurers," he says. "And more work cleaning traps."

Linny nods. "I'm going to go look."

Timic looks at you. "Wanna go look too?"

Go look at adventurers? Turn to [123](#).

Head down to the Un-Flooded Sanctum? Turn to [176](#).

157

You keep to the shadows as you move through the dungeon after the adventurers. The lady in blue pauses, glancing back over her shoulder, squinting beneath the wide brim of her hat.

"I heard something," she says.

"What did you hear, Vess?" The white-clad man steps up beside her, stroking his goatee.

"Something's following us, I just know it."

"Let it come," he says, touching a finger to his holy symbol. "The Fair Sister will watch over us and see us through."

You hear a snicker from the red-haired warrior. "Hey Damiel, are you finished touching your lady?" she says with a grin.

The cleric goes red. "I'll have you know the Fair Sister is a chaste goddess, Malta. You'd do well not to blaspheme. And unlike *others* of my faith, I do not treat with her evening sister."

"Shame," Malta says. "The Pale Sister has all the fun in that pair."

You wonder why adventurers always seem to have such banter while facing certain death? Crouched behind some rubble, you notice the passage they're exploring leads towards the Black

Garden. It would be easy to stay back and follow, waiting until they meet the carnivorous plants before you strike. If you charged them, however, you might catch them off guard.

~~Try out some banter on the adventurers? Turn to ?~~

Sneak after the adventuring party? Turn to [133](#).

Rush straight at them? Turn to [80](#).

158

As you descend from the Riven Tower you follow the commotion towards the Flooded Sanctum. It sits at the lowest point of the dungeon, and has been flooded for as long as you've been here. You're curious what's down there. Maybe some food?

The stairs that previously descended into water are now damp but visible, covered in gray-green algae. Your eyes are good in the dark; you see the tunnel at the bottom and the chamber it opens into. The pungent stench of mildew emanates from the wet dungeon walls.

In the distance you glimpse the flicker of torchlight. There shouldn't be any torches down in the flooded sanctum! You begin to creep forward.

~~Stop to consider the potential dangers down here? Turn to ?~~

Are you **MOLDY**? Turn to [230](#).

If not, are you **DAMP**? Turn to [205](#).

If not, turn to [219](#).

159

It's surprising how quiet you can be when you put your mind to it. You sneak through the shadows, closing the distance towards the lady in blue, who holds up her orb to study the chamber she's in.

"Just go inside, Vess," she says aloud, mimicking a different voice. "Find a way to let us in. Nothing's going to happen to you."

She sighs, looking down at her glowing orb. “Easy for them to say.”

You grin, emerging from the darkness. “Who say nothing happen?” you ask, closing the distance.

“Oh! Oh no! An ogre!” she squeaks, stepping back quickly. She reaches a hand up to her orb, glances over her shoulder, then decides she’d much rather put some space between you and her. She flees through the rotted doors into the Old Gatehouse.

Are you **CAREFREE**? Turn to [215](#).

If not, turn to [277](#).



160

Another arrow whistles through the archway as you duck out of sight. You slam a shoulder against the weathered stone, making the structure groan ominously as crumbling mortar rains down in the gap. The pursuit slows, wary.

“Circle around,” comes Malta’s voice. “Don’t let it get away!”

You’re already pounding down the stairs towards the lower levels of Hal Varrow. The Iron Gauntlet is the great equalizer; after the traps dice up some of the adventurers, you can tear apart the others.

You reach the secret nook outside the gauntlet and pull the door shut. You have to contort yourself to see through the eyehole, but you watch with glee as the adventurers approach.

Malta leads the way, sword in hand, her eyes darting about for danger. She’s slowed now, wary of an ambush. Kelliri is right behind her, an arrow nocked and ready, though her bowstring is not drawn back. Damiel is next, with eyes only for Kelliri. Bringing

up the rear is Vess, the lady in blue, wiping her glasses with a small cloth.

Are you **TOOTHLESS**? Turn to [193](#).

If not, turn to [114](#).

161

The fight comes to an end as you lift Vess up and slam her down onto the horn of a rhino game piece. You look over to where Malta has just gotten to her feet and collected her sword. Her **HEALTH** has been reduced to reflect her injuries.

MALTA

THREAT 8

HEALTH 6

Crit: You suffer a savage slash to your shoulder. You lose 2 **HEALTH** as normal, and you must reduce your highest die by 1 for the rest of this combat.

If you defeat her, you collect **four portions of HUMAN**. Gain 1 **PLUCK** for your ogrimish actions.

You take a brief glance out into the corridor and see Damiel approaching the crucible. The white-clad man seems shocked to see your blood-spattered appearance, and the gruesome sight of his companions behind you. He spits a curse and takes off at a run.

You chuckle, loping along after him. The path he's on will lead down to the Eternal Crypt. You know a secret way that will get you there first.

Turn to [177](#).

162

You look at Linny. The goblin looks up at you with big, nervous eyes. You lick your lips.

Moments later, you've taken the edge off your hunger, and Linny's learned a grim lesson in how cruel and deadly the dungeon is. Restore **1 HEALTH**, and gain **1 PLUCK** for your ogriish actions.

*You may still eat rations from your sheet to recover additional **HEALTH**, regaining **1 HEALTH** for each ration you eat.*

Timic is crouched just out of reach, watching you warily. "Full?"

You consider it for a moment, then nod. "Full."

"Good. That blue lady's already gone, we should catch up to her."

~~Feel bad about Linny? Turn to ?~~

Are you **TANGLED**? Turn to [183](#).

Look for Vess? Turn to [99](#).

163

For one who dwells in the dungeon, the Eternal Crypt is easy to navigate. You know the secret ways, and reach the Iron Gauntlet ahead of your quarry.

You crouch near the entrance, lurking in the shadows, and watch the golden-haired elf draw near. She wears a green cloak and holds a longbow in her hands, an arrow nocked to the string. You watch her approach, her eyes flicking about. They settle on the shadows, and she spots you.

An arrow hits your shoulder before you can even react! Lose **2 HEALTH**. You surge forward to attack, but the elf ducks into the Iron Gauntlet before you can catch her.

Are you **TOOTHLESS**? Turn to [207](#).

If not, turn to [235](#).



164

Another vine snakes around Vess, binding her arms to her sides and covering her mouth. Malta sees you coming and grits her teeth, turning to face you with her sword drawn. You grin, watching as the vines tug at her, trying to pull her off-balance.

Special: For this fight, you gain a +1 to your attack total.

MALTA

THREAT 8

HEALTH 10

Crit: You suffer a savage slash to your shoulder. You lose 2 **HEALTH** as normal, and you must reduce your highest die by 1 for the rest of this combat.

If you win, you don't see Vess anywhere, but you do see one of the carnivorous plants looking fatter than usual. You collect Malta's body; add **two portions of HUMAN** to your rations.

Are you **GRUMPY**? Turn to [195](#).

If not, turn to [146](#).

165

You watch from hiding as Daniel eventually picks the lock. There's a rumble as the stone door slides up to reveal the Iron Gauntlet's second chamber, where a glittering amulet rests on a pedestal. The adventurers filter in. Vess gives one last look over her shoulder before she joins the others.

The instant Malta picks up the amulet, the stone door drops, sealing them in. The deadly trap in the second room gets to work, out of sight and beyond your hearing. You wait for a bit to see if any of them escape, but the door remains firmly shut. Sometimes people just don't come back from the gauntlet.

Lose **1 PLUCK** for your timid nature.

*You feel your stomach rumble. You may eat any number of rations you've collected, restoring **1 HEALTH** for each portion you eat. If you go hungry instead, increase your **HUNGER** by one, then lose as many **HEALTH** as you have **HUNGER**.*

Mark **BOLD** on your sheet.

Are you **GRUMPY**? Turn to [197](#).

If not, turn to [134](#).

166

A sharp pain writhes through your body as something winds around your bones. Whatever the blue lady was trying to do completely fails to affect you. She looks down at her spellbook and begins to frantically flip through pages, backing away.

You take a shuddering step forward as vines begin to poke through your skin. Vess looks up, just in time to notice you reaching for her with your massive hand.

VESS

THREAT 7

HEALTH 4

Crit: Vess manages to push you back with a blast of force. You lose 2 **HEALTH** as normal, but Vess' **THREAT** is 9 for the rest of the combat as she's made some space for herself.

If you defeat her, you may add **two portions of HUMAN** to your rations. You grin, and go looking for her friends, who are likely looking for another way into the dungeon.

Turn to [181](#).

167

There's a cry from Wist as you swat him into the water, then turn to focus on Rurik alone. The dwarf brandishes his axe, swinging in wide arcs.

RURIK

THREAT 7

HEALTH 14

Crit: Rurik's axe lands a savage strike. You lose 6 HEALTH instead of the usual 2.

If you defeat Rurik, turn to [182](#).

168

You take a moment to catch your breath, having slaughtered the entire group of adventurers. You are the only thing still moving in the blood-soaked glade.

Gain **2 PLUCK** for this monstrous display.

You collect **six portions of HUMAN** and **two portions of DRYAD**. You may eat any number of these portions, restoring **1 HEALTH** per portion you eat.

Mark **BOLD** and **BLIGHTED** on your sheet.

~~Feel a pang of regret at the slaughter you've wrought? Turn to ?~~

Are you **MIGHTY**? Turn to [87](#).

If not, turn to [252](#).

169

You slam Gramandris against the wall of the Riven Tower with a final crunch. Stones tip and fall from the tower itself, but the gryphon herself moves no more. *Mark **BLOODY** on your sheet.*

Timic emerges from hiding, his eyes wide. “Oh wow, Hog. That was amazing,” he says.

“Hog ‘mazing,” you agree. You collect **four portions of GRYPHON** to add to your rations, then dine on the remaining eggs. Recover up to **4 HEALTH**, and gain **2 PLUCK** for your ogrish actions.

Are you **BOLD**? Turn to [158](#).

Are you **MIGHTY**? Turn to [140](#).



170

You reach through the bars and grab Damiel’s head in your meaty fist, then pull him firmly against the gate. There’s a strangled yelp before his head pops like a grape.

Malta yells a battle cry and draws her sword, but you’re quick enough to dodge as she stabs through the bars. You slam a hand against her blade, using the gate as leverage to wrench it from her grip. Moving close, you catch her by the breastplate and pull her up to the bars, where you tear her into pieces.

Gain **2 PLUCK** for this monstrous display. *Mark **BOLD** on your sheet.*

Afterwards, you force the gate open and collect their bodies. Add **four portions of HUMAN** to your rations.

Are you **TINGLY**? Turn to [108](#).

If not, are you **MIGHTY**? Turn to [179](#).

If not, turn to [126](#).

171

The fight ends with a resounding crack as you bend Damiel in half, then rip him into two gory pieces. You let out a bellow, then fix your eyes on Malta, who's spattered with bits of Damiel in the aftermath of your fight.

It seems Vess' fire helped, since the red-haired warrior has gotten her sword free and is brandishing it in an attempt to keep you at bay. "Just try it, ogre," she growls. "As soon as I get free I'll make you pay for what you've done."

You look at her confused, holding two halves of Damiel. "Hog no have money, no pay," you tell her. You step in and slam one chunk of the cleric onto her sword to neutralize it, then put an end to Malta's plans for vengeance in a very final way. Add **four portions of HUMAN** to your rations.

Glancing up, you can see Webby has already claimed Kelliri and Vess, and is busy wrapping them both in webbing near the top of the Old Gatehouse. You grumble, but you'll have to be content with your catch.

*Mark **BOLD** on your sheet.*

If you are **GRUMPY**, mark **MIGHTY** on your sheet and turn to [87](#).
If not, turn to [137](#).



172

You lope along behind Linny and Timic as the goblins ascend, chattering amongst themselves about what they might find. You pay them little mind, instead focused on exploring your nostril with a finger.

Are you **HELPFUL**? Turn to [95](#).
If not, turn to [101](#).

173

You climb the damp steps and make for the Flattening Terrace. Timic follows you up.

Rocky the golem stands sentinel in the middle of the round chamber. Your eyes dart to the alcove as you approach, and immediately you feel a faint tug at your mind and an eldritch whisper at the back of your head, calling you towards the hole. The strange symbols on the obsidian seal used to hurt to look at, but now the Deep Well is truly unsettling.

“Ogre,” the golem rumbles, turning to face you. His voice jolts you back to the present. “She was swift and nimble. The fair-haired elf maiden swept through my chamber with incredible speed, gone through that door before I could flatten her.” He points.

Timic snickers. “I guess she didn’t stick around to drop a rope for her friends,” he says. “And she’s heading for the Scything Hall. I guess we’ll see how swift and nimble she is.”

You finish picking your nose and return your attention to the conversation. You see Rocky pointing, and realize that’s the way the elf probably went. With a grin, you begin to lope after her.

“Good luck, big guy,” Timic says. “I’m going to stay up here and throw rocks down the Deep Well.”

The golem begins to rumble something at your goblin friend, but you leave Timic to his fun. You have an elf to hunt.

Will you pursue her through the Scything Hall? Or will you try to circle around and cut her off near the Iron Gauntlet?

Pursue the elf? Turn to [194](#).

Set an ambush? Turn to [163](#).

174

You reach the Wailing Steps to find the Cursed Portcullis slammed shut. Crouching, you slide your fingers into the gaps in the iron, ignoring the horrible tingle in your soul, and strain to lift it. The portcullis doesn’t budge.

You step back with a scowl, staring at the offending gate. The Wailer appears on the far side.

"It will open nevermore," the ghost sighs. "Doom has come to this poor, accursed portcullis."

"Hog not know why it broken," you say evasively. "Hog go now."

You scurry off back towards the Old Gatehouse, where the adventurers are waiting for you. Kelliri, still on guard, shouts a warning as you appear. You must fight all three!

MALTA

THREAT 8

HEALTH 10

Crit: You suffer a savage slash to your shoulder. You lose 2 HEALTH as normal, and you must reduce your highest die by 1 for the rest of this combat.

DAMIEL

THREAT 7

HEALTH 8

Crit: Daniel lashes out with holy energy. You lose 2 HEALTH as normal, and Daniel heals all missing health.

KELLIRI

THREAT 8

HEALTH 7

Crit: Kelliri is deadly with her bow. The first crit puts out one of your eyes; permanently, you must re-roll your highest die. The second crit kills you.

If you defeat all three, you gain **2 PLUCK** for your impressive victory. You collect **two portions of ELF** and **four portions of HUMAN** to add to your rations. You would have claimed Vess as well, but Webby has captured her body and wrapped her up near the ceiling.

Mark **BOLD** on your sheet.

If you are **GRUMPY**, mark **MIGHTY** on your sheet and turn to [179](#). If not, turn to [137](#).



The Wailer's cry grows louder as you climb the Wailing Steps. The stairs ascend, flanked by columns, towards the Cursed Portcullis at the far end. You glimpse a hulking figure at the gate, fingers laced through the bars as he tries in vain to lift it.

Waving for the Wailer to stop, you approach with a mix of curiosity and wariness. You've never encountered an adventurer as big as you are. The ghost watches you from the bottom of the stairs as you draw close to the enormous creature at the gate.

It's clear this adventurer is an ogre. He has the build, the musculature, the tusks, the sunken eyes. A patchwork assortment of armor bits are strapped to his body, while two helmets lashed together with leather cord forms a helm that hardly hides his brutish nature.

Who ever heard of an ogre adventurer? That can't be right. He might be looking for a job, though, and you don't want to share your goblins.

"What want?" you grunt. "This Hog dungeon."

He strains once more to lift the Cursed Portcullis, then glowers at you. "Hog should open gate for Arug," he says. "Let Arug pass."

"The gate is doomed," the Wailer cries, appearing at your shoulder. "It will be shut for the rest of eternity, never again to permit passage."

Arug narrows his eyes at the ghost, but you bang the portcullis to get his attention again. "Hog can help lift gate," you say. "But what Arug want?"

The adventurer rises to his full height and thumps his chest. "Arug kill Overlord, get reward. Get princess."

You furrow your brow. "What do with princess?"

The look on Arug's face suggests he's just as confused as you are, and hadn't really thought past acquiring his reward. He grunts, then points to the gate. "Help Arug open gate. Share princess with Hog maybe."

Help Arug open the gate? Turn to [120](#).

Tell Arug to leave? Turn to [241](#).

176

The Flooded Sanctum sits at the lowest point of the dungeon, and has been flooded for as long as you've been here. You're curious what's down there. Maybe some food?

The stairs that previously descended into water are now damp but visible, covered in gray-green algae. Your eyes are good in the dark; you see the tunnel at the bottom, then the chamber it opens into. The pungent stench of mildew emanates from the wet dungeon walls.

In the distance you glimpse the flicker of torchlight. There shouldn't be any torches down in the Flooded Sanctum! You begin to creep forward, with Timic behind you.

Are you **TANGLED**? Turn to [232](#).

If not, turn to [155](#).

177

The secret ways down to the Eternal Crypt keep you out of sight. All this excitement in the dungeon's upper reaches has definitely stoked your appetite.

*You feel your stomach rumble. You may eat any number of rations you've collected, restoring **1 HEALTH** for each portion you eat. If you go hungry instead, increase your **HUNGER** by one, then lose as many **HEALTH** as you have **HUNGER**.*

Emerging from the secret door you're startled to see Crispin and his fairy assistant crouched down, looking at a tiny gold ring in the goblin's palm. There's some sort of fiery writing along the inside of the band. Spotting you, the black-clad goblin straightens, closing his hand on the trinket.

"Ah! Hog, there you are," he says. "We have an incursion happening. Some dumb adventurers have drained the Flooded Sanctum. They're loitering near the Hall of Mad Alchemy, just waiting for an ogre to teach them a lesson."

You blink.

"I'd go myself, but I have something important to attend to," he continues, holding up his closed fist. "Hog, are you listening?"

Crispin stares up at you, waiting for a response, his lips pressed in a thin frown. The fairy flutters closer to him and clears her throat. "I think he's too dumb to understand you," she says.

"Hog no dumb," you grumble, narrowing your eyes at the fairy.

Crispin's lips press together in a tight frown, but the fairy smiles. "Let me talk to him." She fixes you with a bright smile. "Hog, want smash adventurers?"

You brighten. A toothy grin crosses your face and you nod vigorously.

"Good! Hog, go that way," she says, pointing.

You lumber off down the corridor.

Turn to [98](#).

178

The elf is so busy dodging traps and trying to figure out the cadence of the Iron Gauntlet that she doesn't notice you until you're right on top of her. A swinging blade slices a line across your side as you reach for the elf to push her into the traps. Lose **4 HEALTH**.

Make a **SKILL CHECK** at **DIFFICULTY 8**. If you fail, you lose **2 HEALTH** as the elf slices you with a small dagger. You're committed to this course of action, you must continue until you succeed or die.

If you succeed, you force her back into the path of one of those swinging pendulum blades. Afterwards, you collect **two portions of ELF** and leave the Iron Gauntlet. Gain **1 PLUCK** for your ogrish actions.

Are you **GRUMPY**? Turn to [236](#).

If not, turn to [134](#).

179

You roll your shoulders and crack your neck. You've defeated the adventurers and won a great victory.

Mark **CUNNING** on your sheet. You may cross this word off at any point to turn a die to a **SIX**.

You feel your stomach rumble. You may eat any number of rations you've collected, restoring **1 HEALTH** for each portion you eat. If you go hungry instead, increase your **HUNGER** by one, then lose as many **HEALTH** as you have **HUNGER**.

The breeze picks up, carrying with it the smell of blood from your handiwork. You catch another scent on the wind, a familiar stink that sets your jaw in a frown. There's another ogre outside. You squeeze through the gate to go look.

A tall brute approaches from the treeline, every bit as large and wide as you. The creature wears patchwork armor made from assorted breastplates and pauldrons, and a helm made from two helmets bent open and lashed together with leather cord. There's no mistaking the ogreish nature of its wearer, and only an ogre could carry such an enormous club with ease.

"What want?" you bellow. "This Hog dungeon."

The creature turns to face you, his lips curling back to show his crooked teeth. "Arug here kill Overlord," he grunts, pointing his club in your direction. "Is Hog Overlord?"

"Hog no Overlord," you call back. "Hog ogre!"

"Arug ogre," he shouts. He moves closer, lowering his club. "Arug adventurer." He thumps his chest proudly, clattering his armored plates. "Arug kill Overlord, get reward. Get princess." The brute steps past you and through the gate into Hal Varrow.

You scratch your head, feeling a little overwhelmed by all of this. "Hog sposed to kill 'venturers," you mutter to yourself. "Ogre no sposed to be 'venturer."

You fall into step behind Arug as he enters the dungeon and starts to explore. Part of you wants to attack him and tear him limb from limb. But another part of you is curious about how he became an adventurer, and whether that's more fun than being a regular ogre. Do you get to smash more things? Maybe you

don't have to clean traps as an adventurer? You might even get a princess, whatever that is?

Timic emerges from one of the gobliducts and falls warily into step with you. "Hey big guy," he says quietly, watching the other ogre. "What's going on? Who's your friend?"

"That Arug," you say. "He going kill Overlord."

Timic scurries along beside you. "But aren't you supposed to stop adventurers from killing the Overlord?"

You nod. "Hog know. Maybe Hog kill Arug. Maybe Hog kill Overlord. Be 'venturer," you say. "Hog confused."

"Okay, but think how fun it would be to bring him to the Iron Gauntlet? Huh? Or see if he can fight Rocky?"

You grin.

Work with Arug to kill the Overlord? Turn to [226](#).

Lead Arug to the Iron Gauntlet? Turn to [203](#).

Bring Arug to the Flattening Terrace? Turn to [70](#).

180

You reach the Wailing Steps where the Cursed Portcullis is still jammed halfway up. It's easy to duck underneath and scurry down the steps. The Wailer lets out a horrible shriek before he recognizes you, then lets it trail off, still rattling his spectral chains for show.

"That was a good wail I wasted," he says dourly.

"Hog no talk, busy," you say as you round the bend.

You sneak closer to the Old Gatehouse through the dungeon, listening for sounds of activity. Malta will be free of the webs by now, almost certainly, but you aren't sure whether the adventurers will go outside or back in.

You don't have to wait long for your answer; Malta is cursing up a storm as she steps around the corner. You duck out of sight and watch the group head towards the Black Garden.

Creeping closer you watch as the strangling vines begin to lash out at the group. Malta hacks at the vines as they come, but

Damiel's leg is grabbed and he begins to be pulled into the underbrush. Kelliri slings her bow and whips out a small knife, lunging to Damiel's aid.

You stride into battle.

Special: For this fight, you gain +1 to your attack total due to the distracting vines.

MALTA

THREAT 8

HEALTH 10

Crit: You suffer a savage slash to your shoulder. You lose 2 HEALTH as normal, and you must reduce your highest die by 1 for the rest of this combat.

DAMIEL

THREAT 7

HEALTH 8

Crit: Damiel lashes out with holy energy. You lose 2 HEALTH as normal, and Damiel heals all missing health.

KELLIRI

THREAT 7

HEALTH 7

Crit: Kelliri stabs you with her dagger. You lose 4 HEALTH instead of the normal 2.

If you defeat them, you gain **four portions of HUMAN** and **two portions of ELF**. Mark **BOLD** on your sheet.

If you are **GRUMPY**, mark **MIGHTY** on your sheet and turn to [87](#). If not, turn to [137](#).



The gate at the side door isn't a true portcullis; it opens on a hinges and has a key lock, but the distinction is lost on you. Pressing your face against the bars, you peek out at the forest outside. You heard two more adventurers earlier, but you don't see them.

You're about to push the gate off its hinges when you hear voices coming your way. You duck into an alcove and wait.

"That gate! See it?" comes a woman's voice. "Tell me you have your lockpicks, Damiel."

"Malta, I don't do that anymore." The man's voice, Damiel presumably, sounds strained.

"If you don't, we're leaving Vess to fend for herself."

There's a sigh, then the sound of something clicking around in the lock.

Attack them through the gate? Turn to [256](#).

Wait and ambush? Turn to [267](#).

182

Rurik, bloodied and battered, makes a desperate swing with his axe, trying to catch you across the throat. You catch the axe by the haft, yank it from his hands, and slice him in twain. The final strike echoes in the Un-Flooded Sanctum, underscored by a faint eldritch whisper that you hadn't noticed before.

You collect **two portions of DWARF** and add them to your rations, watching the water of the Deep Well. The halfling hasn't surfaced. Rurik's blood has trickled into the water, but there's no red cloudiness at all, as if the well has drank the blood down. A little uneasy, you leave this place.

Mark **GRUMPY** on your sheet.

Turn to [173](#).

183

You feel a sudden pain wrack your body as something winds around your bones. You collapse to the ground and bellow in pain, feeling your skin writhe and shift as plant matter begins to take over.

In a few minutes, the pain subsides and you can feel again. You look down at your hands and find vines and leaves protruding from your skin, which is an unfamiliar shade of green. You rustle faintly as you move.

In COMBAT, you no longer have a +1 bonus to your total, but instead may reduce a die by one (to a minimum of 1).

You flex your shoulders, then glance down at Timic, who's staring at you with wide eyes. He pulls out his folded parchment and looks at the squares, then shakes his head, putting it away.

"Hog look for blue lady now," you say.

Timic nods. "Okay, big guy. Have fun, I'll catch up later."

~~Ponder the nature of your new being? Turn to ?~~

Look for Vess? Turn to [99](#).



184

You grin as Malta draws near, ready to fight the sword-wielding woman. Suddenly you feel a tingle in your limbs as your muscles stiffen and lock in place. Try though you might, they refuse to budge. Your eyes widen in surprise as the blue-clad lady lowers her fingers.

"Be careful, Malta. If you stab him the paralysis will wear off."

“I’ll make it a good one,” she says. She drives her blade through your gut, then wrenches the steel free, slick with your blood. The pain runs through you, breaking the hold, and you howl in rage. Lose **4 HEALTH**.

MALTA

THREAT 8

HEALTH 10

Crit: You suffer a savage slash to your shoulder. You lose 2 HEALTH as normal, and you must reduce your highest die by 1 for the rest of this combat.

VESS

THREAT 9

HEALTH 4

Crit: Vess scorches you with a blast of fire. You lose 6 HEALTH instead of the usual 2.

If you win, you collect **four portions of HUMAN** for your rations. Gain **1 PLUCK** for surviving Vess’ magic.

Are you **GRUMPY**? Turn to [98](#).

If not, turn to [146](#).

185

You wait in the shadows for the ladies to leave the crucible, then move through the room after them. You watch as they draw near to the archway that leads into the vine-choked old courtyard, where Flora and her carnivorous plants await.

“Where in the hells is Damiel?” Malta mutters, glancing back. You duck quickly out of sight, hoping she didn’t see you.

“Maybe he got lost?” Vess offers, though she doesn’t sound convinced.

“We went through one room, Vess. Literally one room.”

The blue-clad lady shrugs. “I don’t know. Do you want to go back and look for him?”

There’s a moment of thought on the red-haired warrior’s face, then a slow shake of her head. “No,” she says. “If he’s gotten

himself killed, though, I'm not tithing at his temple in his memory. It's his own damn fault."

They begin to walk through the courtyard towards the black oak in the center of the Black Garden. You emerge from the crucible and begin to close the distance. You're less worried now about stealth than before, since the sudden onslaught of vines has the adventurers quite distracted.

"Malta! Help!" cries Vess as one of the vines wraps around her leg, dragging her off her feet and pulling her into the underbrush. The warrior brandishes her sword and chops the vine, then spins to slice at a vine that's coming for her, but there's more vines coming.

"Vess! Fire!" calls the warrior.

"Trying!"

You enter the fray.

Are you **CAREFREE**? Turn to [245](#).

If not, turn to [164](#).

186

You skirt the Black Garden along the moss-lined corridors and catch sight of Crispin and his fairy assistant. The black-clad goblin watches with arms crossed while his assistant uses a little ruler to measure the moss. "Seventeen," she says, then scribbles something in her ledger.

"Within acceptable tolerance," Crispin says. He turns in your direction. "Hog! There you are. Has the incursion been dealt with?"

You blink stupidly and scratch under one arm.

The fairy giggles, fluttering down. "Crispin, he's too dumb. Let me try." She clears her throat and speaks slowly and loudly. "Ogre kill adventurers?"

You bob your head. "Hog kill 'venturers," you say. "Kill more 'venturers." You point towards the Old Gatehouse with its huge rotting doors and its cavernous interior.

Are you **CAREFREE**? Turn to [210](#).

If not, turn to [150](#).



187

The crucible door swings open and Daniel strides into the room, a curious look on his face. He surely heard the gong, and seems perplexed by what his companions are doing on the board.

“Having fun?” he calls.

“Daniel! Shut off the board!” Malta cries, narrowly sidestepping as one of the game pieces swings a stone claw at her.

“Relax, Malta. I’ll shut it off,” he says. His eyes swivel to the pedestal and the smile is wiped from his face. “Hang on. There might be a problem.”

You grin. You love causing problems.

DANIEL

THREAT 7

HEALTH 8

Crit: Daniel lashes out with holy energy. You lose 2 HEALTH as normal, but Daniel heals all missing health.

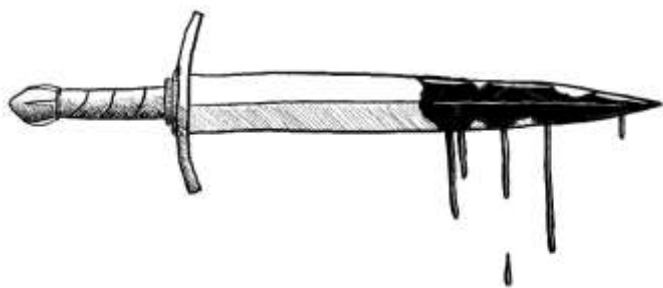
If you defeat him, you watch gleefully as the other two adventurers are carved up or flattened on the gameboard. Gain

six portions of HUMAN for your rations, and gain **1 PLUCK** for your ogriish actions.

Mark **BOLD** on your sheet.

Are you **MIGHTY**? Turn to [87](#).

If not, turn to [252](#).



188

Up you go, hunting the elf maiden. Wind whistles through the halls, rippling the moss that clings to the stone walls. You can smell the Black Garden ahead, its verdant courtyard rustling peacefully. From far off you hear the howl of the Wailer, bemoaning the presence of more adventurers.

The sound of voices lures you towards the garden. You peek through the archway and spot the elf. Her golden hair and green cloak rustle in the breeze, and she has an arrow nocked to the string of her longbow. Facing her is a trio of human adventurers. Their leader, a red-haired woman with a breastplate that only goes halfway up, seems to be the one doing the talking, while the white-robed man with a golden symbol and the blue-robed woman with a pointy hat both listen.

Even at your best you'd be hard pressed to defeat four adventurers at once. You'll have to wait for them to become distracted. Or create a distraction.

Are you **CAREFREE**? Turn to [143](#).

If not, turn to [127](#).

189

You notice that the man has stopped to do something to the Wailer with his holy symbol, while the two women have continued into the chamber below. The red-haired one has her sword out, while the lady in blue holds a tiny orb of light in her palm.

“Don’t be too long, Damiel,” says the red-haired woman.

“You can’t rush putting a spirit to rest, Malta,” he snaps. “I’ll be right behind you.”

Malta looks annoyed, but she leads the way into the chamber, heading towards the hall that leads to the Crucible of Grand Strategy.

Are you **TANGLED**? Turn to [217](#).

If not, will you go after Damiel? Turn to [199](#).

Or follow the ladies into the crucible? Turn to [233](#).



190

The battle ends with a horrible crunch as you crush the last combatant’s skull in your palm. The sounds of battle echo through the cavern for a few moments longer, underscored by a faint eldritch whisper that tugs at the edge of your mind. Your eyes shift the pool, the dark water deceptively still, somehow pleased by the bloodshed. Some of that blood is trickling into the Deep Well, but none of the red clouds the water. As if the Deep Well drinks the blood down.

You quickly collect **two portions of DWARF** and **one portion of HALFLING** for your rations, stuffing them into your satchel. You leave this place.

Mark **GRUMPY** on your sheet.

Turn to [173](#).

191

You don't think the elf can escape. You know that deeper into the Iron Gauntlet only leads to more and deadlier traps. She can't dodge forever, can she?

"Come, foul creature," she calls, a note of desperation in her voice. "Face me!"

"If elf want get eat, come out and meet Hog."

"This elf is not on the menu, Hog," she says. "In fact- urk!"

Her voice cuts off with a choked gasp as a blade meets flesh in a very permanent way. There's a pause, then two half elves hit the floor in the Iron Gauntlet.

You peek around the corner to see the bloody sight. You grin. Despite all your talk of eating the elf, however, she's too deep into the Iron Gauntlet to retrieve. You'll have to collect her later when you're cleaning up.

Mark **TRAPPED** on your sheet.

Are you **GRUMPY**? Turn to [236](#).

If not, turn to [134](#).



192

As Wist tries to get inside your reach you plant a foot against the halfling's chest, knock him back, then crush him underfoot.

Your eyes flick up to where Kelliri has just put an arrow into Bitey's mouth, sending the giant centipede into a series of death throes. You don't give her a chance to get set, and rush to close the distance.

Kelliri's HEALTH reflects the damage she's taken in her fight with Bitey.

KELLIRI

THREAT 8

HEALTH 3

Crit: Kelliri is deadly with her bow. The first crit puts out one of your eyes; permanently, you must re-roll your highest dice. The second crit kills you.

If you defeat her, turn to [218](#).

193

Lurking in the secret nook, you watch the adventurers step past and through the archway into the Iron Gauntlet. You strain to hear the click of the pressure plate as one of them sets things into motion, but you can't make it out. You furrow your brow in confusion. Why isn't the gauntlet working?

"Damiel, watch where you're going," comes Malta's voice from inside.

"I am watching," comes his reply, indignant. "You just spun into me. I was nearly impaled on your sword!"

Vess' voice pipes up. "Damiel, maybe you should pay attention instead of staring at Kelliri."

"I am not staring."

"Quiet," comes Kelliri's voice. "We should check the further chamber."

Slowly, you open the secret nook. It's a good thing the goblins oil the hinges so well, there's not a sound to be heard as you

sneak forward and peek into the Iron Gauntlet. Sure enough, the traps haven't gone off at all, and that stone hammer is still stuck down. Weird.

"Damiel, can you pick the lock?" Malta gestures towards the door leading to the gauntlet's second chamber.

"Malta, I don't do that anymore," he sighs. "But I can give it a try." He grins at Kelliri, produces a lockpick, and begins to work at the door.

You notice that Vess has paused to clean her glasses more thoroughly near the Iron Gauntlet's entrance. If you time things right, you might be able to grapple her while the others are distracted.

Try for Vess? Turn to [221](#).

Wait a little longer? Turn to [165](#).

194

You prowl through the archway into the Scything Hall where the bladed pillars are spinning and slicing, their blades whooshing through the air, but there's no sign of the elf maiden. It's clear she came this way, but just as clear that she avoided the trap and vanished up the stairs.

Not worried about the trap, you break a few of the blades so you can get past and follow her up.

Are you **BOLD**? Turn to [262](#).

If not, turn to [188](#).

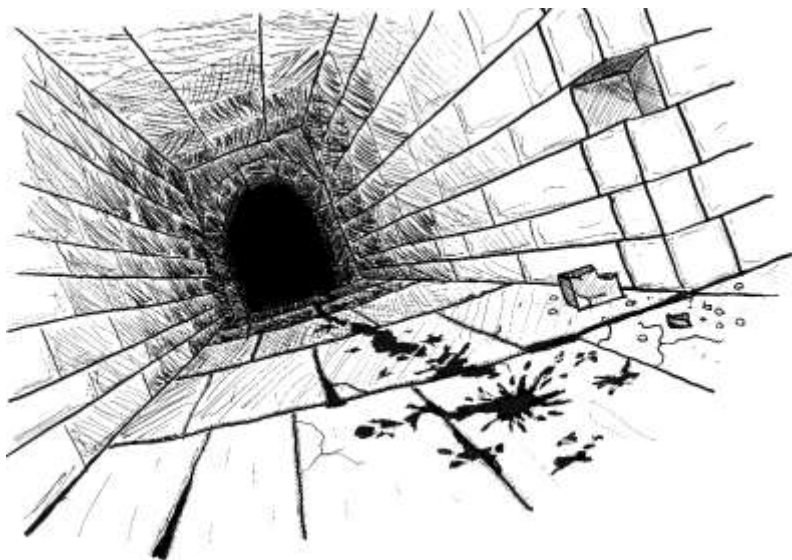
195

You step through the archway and glance towards the crumbled remains of the Wailing Steps. The upper levels of Hal Varrow are much quieter without the Wailer. You'll have to make more noise to compensate.

*Mark **BOLD** on your sheet.*

Are you **MIGHTY**? Turn to [87](#).

If not, turn to [252](#).



196

Bleeding from a score of wounds, you shift your attention to Malta. The red-haired warrior is glaring at you, still wrapped in webbing, struggling in vain to escape. “You stupid brute,” she hisses. “Arug’s going to kill you.”

“Who Arug?” you ask. There’s a sudden chitter as Webby drops from above, leaking ichor from Kelliri’s well-placed arrow. She’s decided that, in your wounded state, she might be able to drive you off or kill you. Her **HEALTH** is reduced to reflect her injuries.

WEBBY

THREAT 7

HEALTH 5

Crit: Webby binds you in webs.

Lose 2 **HEALTH** as normal, and for

the rest of the fight you must re-roll your highest die.

If you defeat Webby, you turn your attention to Malta, who's stopped trying to escape the web. There's a look of desperation on her face. "Ogre, there's another way," she says. "Free me, and I can show you how to become more than what you are now."

You scratch an armpit, furrowing your brow. "What lady mean?"

"Free me, ogre. You don't have to be a brute, you can be a hero. Have people look up to you! Respect you! I can show you."

You free her from the webbing, but only to eat her. Restore **2 HEALTH**. You discard her inappropriate breastplate, then set about gathering the rest of the bodies in the Old Gatehouse. Add **two portions of GIANT SPIDER**, **two portions of ELF**, and **four portions of HUMAN** to your rations. Gain **2 PLUCK** for this monstrous massacre.

*Mark **BOLD** on your sheet.*

If you are **GRUMPY**, mark **MIGHTY** on your sheet and turn to [179](#). If not, turn to [137](#).

197

Eventually, you leave the Iron Gauntlet. It will take the door to the second chamber a while to open, and you've already taken care of the dwarf and the halfling in the Un-Flooded Sanctum. You amble up towards the dungeon's upper levels, wondering if you might find something to eat.

*Mark **POWERFUL** on your sheet. You may cross this word off at any point to deal **THREE** extra damage when you hit.*

You hear the patter of small feet as one of the goblins scampers down the stairs. He freezes as he sees you, halfway turned to run back up the stairs, but instead he pauses to speak.

"There's another adventurer!" he says. "A real big one!"

You pick up the goblin, who squirms in your grip. “What ‘venturer big?” you ask.

“He’s like you, Hog! Real big!”

You furrow your brow, considering this as you eat the goblin. Restore **1 HEALTH**. You don’t think there are adventurers as big as you, but you’re still hungry and you might be able to work out some of your frustration on this new adventurer.

*You feel your stomach rumble. You may eat any number of rations you’ve collected, restoring **1 HEALTH** for each portion you eat. If you go hungry instead, increase your **HUNGER** by one, then lose as many **HEALTH** as you have **HUNGER**.*

Are you **CLUMSY**? Turn to [84](#).

If not, turn to [96](#).

198

You stay as still as possible, straining to listen as the halfling steps into the deadly gauntlet. Kelliri takes a few steps forward into the area, ready to shoot an arrow at any sign of danger. Then you hear it, the clunk of the Iron Gauntlet’s mechanism being tripped.

“Oh,” Wist says, then there’s a string of curses as the halfling begins to dodge the scything blades, jutting spears, and the spray of darts.

“Wist! Get out of there!” Kelliri shouts.

“I need to find – ow – the shut off!” he calls.

You see the elf step back from the traps, her eyes watching with concern.

Rush Kelliri? Turn to [259](#).

Push her into the traps? Turn to [286](#).

199

You emerge from hiding and head towards the crumbled remains of the Wailing Steps. There, at the bottom, you see Damiel crouched down, holding his holy symbol over a set of manacles that once adorned the wrists of the Wailer. You aren't sure where the Wailer is, but you grin at the sight of this lone adventurer.

He glances in your direction with a gasp, then quickly stands to defend himself!

DAMIEL

THREAT 7

HEALTH 8

Crit: Damiel lashes out with holy energy. You lose 2 HEALTH as normal, but Damiel heals all missing health.

If you defeat him, turn to [214](#).

200

You lead the way into the old courtyard, swatting any plants that try to grab you.

You hear the sounds of some sort of combat happening near the black oak in the middle – it sounds like Flora is entertaining her guests. You tramp through the garden, swatting aside any vines or plants that try to grab you. It's a fun workout.

The sounds of battle grow louder as you draw near to the twisted black oak in the center. You see all three adventurers, still up and fighting, with a half-dozen shattered treants lying about. You see Flora struggling to escape Malta's grip, but the red-haired warrior is stronger than she looks.

~~Retreat from this dangerous situation? Turn to ?~~

Are you **CAREFREE**? Turn to [139](#).

If not, you must fight for your life! Turn to [94](#).

201

You step into Arug's path and block him from getting to Timic. "No," you say. "Timic have poison onions. Arug eat, Arug die."

The brute's face screws up in thought. "Onions not poison," he says dubiously. "Arug eat and find out."

You turn to let Timic know that Arug's going to eat him anyway, but there's no sign of the goblin. You glance around, but the skittish goblin has found somewhere to hide. You'll have to scold him about it later.

If you like, you could share one of your rations with Arug. If you do, he must remove his helmet to eat, and he forgets to collect it afterwards. If you fight Arug in the future he will not have his helmet.

Arug thumps his club a few times against the ground, pleased at the noise it makes. "Where Overlord? Arug want kill now," he says.

You scratch your head. You really don't know where the Overlord lairs in Hal Varrow. You've seen him, roaming the corridors, commanding respect and obedience with every movement, but you don't know where his lair is. You don't want to look stupid in front of your new friend, though, so you'd better pick a direction.

"That way," you say.

Are you pointing towards the Old Gatehouse? Turn to [297](#).
Are you pointing towards the Riven Tower? Turn to [255](#).

202

You feel strangely at home in the gardens in a way you never did before. None of the plants reach for you, no vines try to loop around you and drag you away. If anything, the plants treat you like one of their own.

"The Fair Sister preserve us! Help!" comes a man's voice. You step from the bushes to see Damiel, desperately tugging at a pair of female legs that protrude from the mouth of a carnivorous plant. The cleric looks over, shocked at the sight of a green behemoth, and he clasps his holy symbol and prepares to fight for his life.

DAMIEL

THREAT 7

HEALTH 8

Crit: Damiel lashes out with holy energy. You lose 2 HEALTH as normal, but Damiel heals all missing health.

If you defeat Damiel, turn to [237](#).

203

Arug is already walking into the Black Garden. You wave your arms and scramble to stop him.

"Arug no go there, Hog show where Overlord is," you say.

The ogre-adventurer squints at you, then thumps his club against the ground. "Good," he says, and falls in behind you.

The stairway down to the dungeon's lower levels is broad, and the valkyrie statue looks down as you pass. Timic is keeping ahead of you, careful to keep you between him and Arug, who has definitely been licking his lips at every glimpse of the ogre.

You reach the Iron Gauntlet and gesture to the huge chamber of the first room. "Overlord in there," you say, pointing to the door at the far end.

Are you **TRAPPED**? Turn to [86](#).

If not, are you **TOOTHLESS**? Turn to [121](#).

If not, turn to [239](#).



204

The fight was only ever going to end one way. Freed from the blue lady's magic, you unleash your full ogreish might. You swat the sword out of Malta's hands, grapple her, and bite off her head.

As the battle rage leaves you, Malta's body drops to the ground. You realize how wounded you are; her blade cut deep. You collect Malta, adding **two portions of HUMAN** to your rations.

You know her companions are waiting for Malta near the Black Garden. You aren't sure if they've gone inside yet, but you know they'll be close to the Old Gatehouse and Webby, the giant spider who lurks there. You grin.

Bring them to the giant spider? Turn to [82](#).

Bring the giant spider to them? Turn to [186](#).



205

There is a sudden loud crack that reverberates through the sanctum, echoed by a distant splash. You lope forward into the dark.

The sanctum, now un-flooded, smells thickly of damp stone and old places. You draw closer to the flickering torch, which hovers near the edge of a round hole in the ground. It's being held by a halfling in black and gray clothes with a slender sword at his hip. A dwarf in clinking chainmail stands beside him, squinting up towards the ceiling.

Up above, a round hole in the ceiling leads up into a chamber that seems faintly familiar. There are distant noises of some sort of rumbling conflict from above.

“Hey Rurik,” the halfling wags, holding out the torch over the water. “Think we could swim down and get that chest?”

The dwarf snorts. “What are you on about, Wist? What chest?”

“When you broke that obsidian seal, the cracked one, there was a chest that fell with the pieces,” he says, waving to the water below. “It’s down there now.”

There’s a chuckle from the dwarf. “That’s a sure way to drown yourself. Who knows how far down that goes? And if it’s full, it would be heavy.”

You lurk in the shadows, waiting. You might be able to take on two adventurers are once. Timic touches your arm and whispers up. “Hey big guy, look! We’re down the Deep Well,” he says, pointing to the opening. “And somebody climbed up.”

Go upstairs to find whoever climbed up? Turn to [173](#).

Deal with the adventurers down here? Turn to [138](#).

206

You eye Linny. The goblin is distracted by her feud with Timic, and is caught by surprise as you pick her up.

Moments later, you’ve taken the edge off your hunger, and Linny’s learned a grim lesson about the dungeon’s food chain. Restore **1 HEALTH** and gain **1 PLUCK** for your ogrimish actions.

Timic lingers out of reach, fidgeting nervously with his necklace of onions. “Full?”

You think about it, then nod. “Full.”

Are you **TANGLED**? Turn to [217](#).

If not, will you go after Damiel? Turn to [199](#).

Or follow the ladies into the crucible? Turn to [233](#).



207

For a moment, you lurk outside, waiting for the telltale sound of blades swinging and hammers slamming to the ground, but the Iron Gauntlet is stubbornly silent. You frown.

“Elf lady get killed by trap?” you ask.

Her voice comes from deep into the gauntlet; she’s clearly put some space between you. “You insipid creature,” she says. “Come and see.”

You poke your head around the doorway, then jerk back as an arrow whistles through where you were a moment ago. The elf is a good shot.

“Oh no!” the elf calls. “That was my last arrow!”

With a chuckle, you step out of cover and begin to advance on the poor elf. She waits until you’re a third of the way to her before she draws back an arrow and shoots you in the shoulder. You bellow in pain and betrayal, then begin to charge. She hits you once more before you close the gap. Lose **4 HEALTH** for all the arrows you’ve been hit by.

KELLIRI

THREAT 8

HEALTH 7

Crit: Kelliri is deadly with her bow. The first crit puts out one of your eyes; permanently, you must re-roll your highest dice. The second crit kills you.

If you defeat her, collect **two portions of ELF** to add to your rations. You give one last suspicious look at the uncooperative gauntlet, then wander off.

Are you **GRUMPY**? Turn to [236](#).

If not, turn to [134](#).



208

Kelliri is quick, but she's slowed by needing to navigate the dungeon. She's not so foolish as to run through the corridors without checking for traps or listening for danger, which lets you close the distance.

You come to a spot where an oversized sword lies on the ground, next to a toppled statue that's knocked a hole in the dungeon wall. There's no sign of Kelliri anywhere down here, she must have gone up the tunnel towards the dungeon's upper reaches.

You follow.

Are you **BOLD**? Turn to [262](#).

If not, turn to [188](#).

209

You prowl over to the Iron Gauntlet and find the dwarf and the halfling emerging from the distant room. You lunge at them!

Rurik has taken some damage (reflected in his HEALTH). You must fight both at the same time. Roll once – you lose **2 HEALTH** for any enemy whose **THREAT** you don't meet or exceed. You suffer any critical hits that apply. You choose which enemy to deal damage to after you roll.

RURIK

THREAT 7

HEALTH 8

Crit: Rurik's axe lands a savage strike. You lose 6 **HEALTH** instead of the usual 2.

WIST

THREAT 7

HEALTH 10

Crit: Wist hamstringing you. You lose 4 **HEALTH** instead of the usual 2, and must reduce your highest die by 1 for this fight.

Gain **1 PLUCK** for defeating them. If you win, you add **two portions of DWARF** and **one portion of HALFLING** to your rations. You savor your victory. *Mark **MIGHTY** on your sheet.*

Are you **BOLD**? Turn to [236](#).

If not, turn to [104](#).

210

"The Old Gatehouse?" the fairy titters. "Why are you going there? You chased the spider away, dummy. Remember?"

You furrow your brow, but you press on all the same. Poking your head inside you see tattered remains of webbing, care of your earlier churlishness. And no giant spider.

Crispin clears his throat. "I was meaning to talk to you about that, Hog. You need to be more respectful of your dungeon colleagues and their lairs. Do you have any idea how expensive it is to hire a druid to mediate a dispute with a giant spider?"

You aren't listening. You're already moving towards the Black Garden, leaving Crispin and his assistant to keep doing whatever thing they were doing.

The sounds of battle echo out from near the black oak in the garden's center. You push past the carnivorous plants and enter the broken courtyard, where you see Webby in the branches of Flora's tree. The giant spider leaps from above to tackle Vess to the ground, while Flora's vines have Damiel entirely wrapped up.

The battle is over. You take a few slow steps forward, wondering if you could steal either corpse, but Flora shoots you a glare. "You've done enough, ogre. Begone from here."

Mark **BOLD** on your sheet.

Are you **MIGHTY**? Turn to [87](#).

If not, turn to [252](#).

211

The Flooded Sanctum sits at the lowest point of the dungeon, and has been flooded for as long as you've been here. You didn't really notice where you were when you fell down the Deep Well, but it was definitely the sanctum. You're curious why it was drained.

You move quietly down the damp steps towards the cavern when you feel a strange itching under your skin. You pause, scratching, when a sudden wave of agony wracks your body. Something winds around your bones, tightening and sliding through your entire form. Timic stands a few steps back, staring in horror as you change.

At last the pain subsides, you look down at your hands. They are an unfamiliar shade of green, with vines and leaves protruding from your skin. You rustle faintly as you move.

*In **COMBAT**, you no longer have a +1 bonus to your total, but instead may reduce a die by one (to a minimum of 1).*

"Are you okay, big guy?"

Timic stands nervously a few steps up from you, clutching his necklace of onions warily. You straighten up and stretch a little, feeling the unfamiliar way your body moves. Everything is different.

“Hog no know,” you say, dubiously. You don’t feel quite as strong, but when you focus, you can make those vines move a little. Suddenly, you feel a sharp pang of hunger from your stomach. Some things don’t change, apparently.

*You may eat any number of rations you’ve collected, restoring **1 HEALTH** for each portion you eat. If you go hungry instead, increase your HUNGER by one, then lose as many **HEALTH** as you have **HUNGER**.*

Afterwards, you continue down the stairs, searching for whatever’s down here. You glimpse the light of a flickering torch. You grin with anticipation; a torch means adventurers.

Turn to [230](#).

212

You reach into your satchel and pull out a chunk of meat, still dripping with blood. “Hog share,” you say, holding it out towards the ogre-adventurer.

Arug takes the bloody prize and removes his makeshift helm, dropping it to the ground. “Arug hungry,” he says, then begins to chow down. The sight of the other ogre eating makes you feel hungry too.

*You feel your stomach rumble. You may eat any number of rations you’ve collected, restoring **1 HEALTH** for each portion you eat. If you go hungry instead, increase your HUNGER by one, then lose as many **HEALTH** as you have **HUNGER**.*

As you finish your gruesome feast, you hear a strangled voice from the edge of the garden. “Hog! What happened? Where’s Flora?” Crispin comes marching through the Hallowed Brambles, his black doublet pristine and his hair slicked back as always. His

eyes flick to Arug and narrow slightly. The fairy flutters along behind him.

“Who is this? I don’t have documents for another ogre in this dungeon,” the goblin says, delicately stepping around a pool of blood.

“This Arug,” you say. “He ‘venturer.”

Crispin stands rigidly, his lips pressed impossibly firmly. “What?”

Arug moves quickly and catches the fairy in his big hand. You step closer to the goblin, looming over him. There’s a quick, desperate calculation in the goblin’s eyes, then he turns to leave.

“I can see you’re busy, I’ll come back later, it’s no- urk!”

You set a hand on Crispin’s shoulder and pull him back. The goblin manager isn’t going anywhere.

Afterwards, you and Arug have a brief and monosyllabic discussion. The ogre-adventurer doesn’t really want to fight you anymore, and neither one of you really wants to bother trying to kill the Overlord. He leaves, promising to come back and visit later.

You’ve reached
The Diplomatic Ending

213

The door is stout with grain that feels good beneath your calloused fingers. You push it open, the hinges squealing with protest. The smell of rose petals and sandalwood waft out to greet you as you peer into the bathhouse.

Timic stands in the shallow pool wearing only his necklace of onions. The goblin’s green skin shines with soap and his beady eyes meet yours and freeze. He drops the loofah; it hits the water with a gentle splash, and for a moment that’s the only noise aside from the thump of your heart.

“Hog see Timic,” you say. Your mouth is suddenly dry and your pulse is like thunder in your ears. You don’t know what’s come over you, but there’s a sudden urge to sweep up this goblin in your arms, to cradle and cherish him and protect him against any who would storm the dungeon to do him harm.

“I see you, Hog,” Timic says in a soft voice. He scoops up some water in a little bucket and pours it over himself, washing the soap away.

You swallow, suddenly nervous. What are these feelings? How can this be? You look over your shoulder, but nobody is watching. You slip inside and close the door with a squeal of hinges.

“Hog not know how describe feelings,” you say quietly. There’s shame there, but excitement too.

“It’s alright, Hog. I’ll help you.”

Are you **TANGLED**? Turn to [125](#).

If not, turn to [102](#).

214

There’s an awful crunch as your fist punches Damiel’s face in. The cleric drops to the ruined steps, and you collect **two portions of HUMAN** for your rations.

You begin to look for the other two. The Crucible of Grand Strategy lies near, and you can see the glimmer of light from inside. You grin, and begin to lope after them. You don’t see Timic, but he’s probably slipped away into the gobliducts that run through the complex.

Mark **GRUMPY** on your sheet.

Are you **RESIGNED**? Turn to [249](#).

If not, turn to [202](#).



215

You were expecting a cry of surprise and fear as the lady in blue got tangled up in Webby's webs. As you poke your head around the corner you remember how you destroyed those webs earlier, and find Vess backing away in the gatehouse, a thick tome in her hands. She finds a page she likes and holds up a hand, speaking some strange words. As you lunge for her, you feel your limbs begin to stiffen.

Are you **TANGLED**? Turn to [107](#).

If not, turn to [147](#).

216

"Kelliri, what happened to covering me?" Wist asks, staring up at you with his small knife.

"I'm a little busy." She fires a shot into the giant centipede, who chitters angrily and clacks his bitey things at her.

You close the distance and begin to pummel Wist.

WIST

THREAT 7

HEALTH 6

Crit: Wist hamstringing you. You lose 4 HEALTH instead of the usual 2, and must reduce your highest die by 1 for this fight.

If you defeat Wist, turn to [192](#).



217

You feel a sudden pain wrack your body as something winds around your bones. You collapse to the ground and bellow in pain, feeling your skin writhe and shift as plant matter begins to take over.

In a few minutes, the pain subsides and you can feel again. You look down at your hands and find vines and leaves protruding from your skin, which is an unfamiliar shade of green. You rustle faintly as you move.

*In **COMBAT**, you no longer have a +1 bonus to your total, but instead may reduce a die by one (to a minimum of 1).*

You flex your shoulders, then glance down at Timic, who's staring at you with wide eyes. He pulls out his folded parchment and looks at the squares, then shakes his head, putting it away.

"You okay, big guy?"

You blink a few times, shrug, then look around for something to eat.

Hunt Damiel on the ruined steps? Turn to [199](#).

Follow the ladies into the Crucible of Grand Strategy? Turn to [233](#).

218

The battle's outcome was never really in doubt. Alone against you, Kelliri could only last so long. You tear her bow away, pick the elf up, and swing her into the wall until she stops moving.

Looking around at the gory scene, you feel a sense of ogreish pride. Gain **1 PLUCK**. You collect **two portions of ELF**, **two portions of DWARF**, and **one portion of HALFLING** for your rations. You also collect **two portions of GIANT CENTIPEDE**.

Having defeated all the adventurers in the lower halls, you feel a sense of accomplishment.

Mark **MIGHTY** on your sheet.

Are you **BOLD**? Turn to [135](#).

If not, Turn to [104](#).



219

You prowl through the Un-Flooded Sanctum like a hunter until you catch a glimpse of your prey. A female elf stands in the middle of the group with golden hair and a green cloak, a longbow in hand with an arrow nocked to the string. To her right is a sturdy dwarf with a braided beard, clinking chainmail, and an axe. To her left is a halfling man in black and gray with a slender sword that looks more like a toothpick than a proper blade.

“Do you think Sigri would like this?” the halfling asks, holding up a glittering sapphire pendant on a silver chain.

“She’s more a red kind of girl,” the dwarf says in a gravelly voice. “Got any ruby ones, Wist?”

“I’m browsing,” the halfling offers, tucking the pendant away. “Maybe I can trade it when we get back to town.”

“As long as you don’t browse in our pockets or packs,” the dwarf says. He shifts a hand to protect the pewter stein hanging from his belt.

“Rurik! You wound me!” the halfling says, mock offense playing across his face. “As if I would ever do something like that. In fact, I am so offended that-”

“Silence is a virtue,” the elf says, cutting the halfling off. She fixes them both with an even look.

“Sorry, Kelliri,” he mumbles.

You’re busy watching the adventurers, but you catch sight of Timic lurking in the shadows, trying to wave for your attention. You see the goblin pointing up a large circular disc set in the ceiling. You squint; there’s funny writing on the stone circle, the sort that hurts your eyes to look at. Are you down the Deep Well?

You’re tempted to charge into the open and fight these adventurers, but even you can tell they’d beat you in an open

fight. You'll have to tilt the situation in your favor. Timic has been teaching you some goblin tactics, it might be time to use them.

There are two directions you could bait these adventurers in. The Eternal Crypt, with its Scything Hall and the Flattening Terrace would surely be a battle. The Iron Gauntlet would also be a good choice, with its deadly traps.

Lure them to the Eternal Crypt? Turn to [294](#).

Bring them to the Iron Gauntlet? Turn to [271](#).

220

With loud, tromping footsteps you tromp down the dungeon corridor, staying ahead of the pursuing adventurers. You can hear their voices echoing after you, angry and seeking revenge for their dwarf. The Iron Gauntlet will give them something else to worry about.

You come around a corner and run into Crispin, knocking the tall goblin flat on his back. You look down with a startled gasp and accidentally inhale the fairy assistant. Her book gets wedged in your throat and you begin to choke.

"Hog! You dumb lout!" Crispin seethes, getting to his feet, looking around. "Where's my assistant? My ledger?"

You cough up the soggy ledger. The fairy doesn't come back up. Restore **1 HEALTH** and gain **1 PLUCK**.

The goblin looks at the book on the floor, then up at you with a look of disgust. "You stupid ogre. Now I have to get a new assistant," he grumbles, picking the ledger up with two fingers. "This better still be legible, for your sake."

You hear the sound of footsteps drawing near. Crispin winces. "Finish up here," he says, scurrying for one of the gobliducts.

Moving quickly through the tunnels, you hear the boots of your pursuers. You reach the entrance to the Iron Gauntlet and squeeze into the secret alcove, closing the door. You have to contort your body to get one eye to the eyehole, but you're able to glimpse Kelliri and Wist as they reach the entrance.

“Be careful,” Kelliri says, her bow drawn and ready. “This looks like a dangerous chamber.”

“I know,” Wist says. He flips a dagger in his hand, peering into the room. “See that door at the end? I bet he’s hiding there.”

Are you **TOOTHLESS**? Turn to [272](#).

If not, turn to [198](#).

221

You sneak forward as Vess finishes polishing her glasses and puts them back on. The blue-clad lady takes two steps towards the rest of the group before your huge hand covers her face, muffling any cries as you pull her back around the corner and out of sight.

There’s a rumble from the gauntlet as Damiel finishes picking the lock and the door slides open. “I never doubted you for a moment,” Malta says dryly. “Oh, is that a ruby pendant? Don’t mind if I do...”

You hear the door slam shut to the second room, sealing the rest of the adventurers inside. The trap in the gauntlet’s second room is particularly nasty, so you don’t expect to see them again. As for Vess, well, you add **two portions of HUMAN** to your rations.

*Mark **BOLD** on your sheet.*

Are you **GRUMPY**? Turn to [197](#).

If not, turn to [134](#).

222

The Wailing Steps are more of a rubble staircase now. You crouch behind a pillar, Timic and Linny beside you, watching as three adventurers reach the bottom of the stairs. A red-haired woman seems to be their leader, clad in a breastplate that only comes halfway up. Behind her is a woman in blue robes with a

wide-brimmed pointy hat and a pair of glasses. The third of their group is a man in flowing white robes with an ostentatious holy symbol and well-groomed facial hair.

“Oh! Lookit her! That’s a square,” Timic whispers, pulling out his parchment. “That’s inappropriate armor if I ever saw it.”

Linny rolls her eyes. “You’re doing that dumb game an’ stuff for Gramandris? Big waste of time,” she whispers.

“Just cause you couldn’t win doesn’t make it dumb, Linny. Maybe you’re dumb.”

“Am not!” she hisses.

*You feel your stomach rumble. You may eat any number of rations you’ve collected, restoring **1 HEALTH** for each portion you eat. If you go hungry instead, increase your **HUNGER** by one, then lose as many **HEALTH** as you have **HUNGER**.*

Or you could eat Linny? Turn to [206](#).

If not, turn to [189](#).

223

The fairy is too quick for you. Even with the wind disrupting her flight, she’s nimble enough to dodge your clumsy swings, and eventually throws the ledger at you to seal her escape. You let out an irate grunt.

You look over to where Arug is dispatching Crispin. You don’t think the other ogre is going to be satisfied with just one goblin, and you’re not inclined to share your goblins. It might be time to end this partnership.

Squaring up, you prepare to battle Arug at the top of the Riven Tower.

Helmet: While wearing a helmet, Arug reduces all damage taken by **1**. If you roll a combat total of **11** or better, you snap the cords holding his helmet together, destroying it.

If you are **MOLDY** or **TANGLED**, you may spend **1 PLUCK** to use your vines to destroy the helmet without a roll.

ARUG

THREAT 8

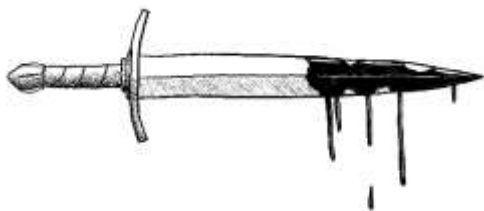
HEALTH 12

Crit: Arug smashes you in the head with his club. You lose 4 HEALTH instead of the usual 3, and must set one of your dice to 1 next round before rolling the other.

Special: Arug's massive club is especially dangerous; if you miss Arug, you lose **3**

HEALTH instead of the usual 2.

If you defeat the ogre, turn to [293](#).



224

A faint tingle runs through your body and your muscles tense, but the vines tighten around your bones and keep you moving. You aren't sure what's going on. Maybe you're hungry? You find that eating something usually solves all of your problems.

"Vess, anytime now," the red-haired warrior growls. She holds her blade in front of her, ready to meet you as you step out from the statues, but she's glancing sidelong at the lady in blue.

"I don't understand, it should be working," she says. She flips through her book.

You grin. There's always something to eat in the dungeon. You lift one of the stone game pieces, a huge round bear with raised paws and a roaring maw, and send it sailing towards the lady in blue. Vess squeaks in surprise, then is knocked to the ground with a horrific and final crunch.

“No!” Malta cries, then lunges for you between the game pieces. You must fight!

MALTA

THREAT 8

HEALTH 10

Crit: You suffer a savage slash to your shoulder. You lose 2 HEALTH as normal, and you must reduce your highest die by 1 for the rest of this combat.

If you defeat her, you collect **four portions of HUMAN**. Gain **1 PLUCK** for your ogriish victory.

*Mark **BOLD** on your sheet.*

Are you **MIGHTY**? Turn to [87](#).

If not, turn to [252](#).

225

The soft sound of cautious footsteps echoes from around the corner as the adventurers tread slowly through the gauntlet’s first chamber. You emerge from the secret nook and slide forward to peek around the corner. Rurik is leading the way when he steps on a raised stone. He stops at the sudden, terrifying click.

“Rurik!” Wist cries, rolling forward as the pendulum blades sweep out into the chamber. A cascade of darts peppers the adventurers, narrowly missing Kelliri as she spins away and nearly ends up impaled as a spear stabs up from the ground. The dwarf grunts as one of the stone hammers clips him, sending him reeling to the ground.

“Find the shut-off!” shouts Wist, springing to his feet.

“Where is it?” Rurik growls, getting to his feet.

“That’s why I said – ow – find it!” the halfling shoots back.

You watch Rurik steady himself, glance around, then step forward right into the path of a pendulum blade, which slices through him with a wet squelch and a spray of blood.

“Rurik! No!” Wist shrieks. The halfling dives out of the way of a descending stone hammer, then looks towards the far door. He moves for it.

Kelliri has been steadily moving towards the gauntlet’s entrance, but she’s so busy dodging traps that she hasn’t noticed you yet. You could ambush her when she escapes the chamber, or try to push her into the traps.

Ambush Kelliri? Turn to [259](#).

Push her into the traps? Turn to [286](#).

226

Your natural ogreish inclination is to violence. You would love nothing more than to fight Arug. But something about the ogre’s purpose here, his drive to defeat the Overlord and get his princess has you spellbound.

“Hog help Arug,” you tell Timic. “Kill Overlord. Get princess. Maybe Arug and Hog share princess.”

The goblin shrinks back, suddenly wary. His eyes dart from side to side. “But the Overlord’s the boss, big guy,” he says. “We can’t kill the Overlord. What’ll happen to all of us?”

“Timic come with Hog, be ‘venturer. Share princess with Timic too. Maybe Timic get hand?”

You hear commotion from up ahead. Glancing up, you realize Arug has already stepped into the Black Garden and is doing battle with the vegetation there. You rush to catch up.

As you step through the archway into the Black Garden you watch Arug smash his club down with finality, making gooey pulp from the carnivorous plant that tried to claim him. The ogre glances sharply in your direction, then his eyes flick to Timic. He licks his lips.

Warn Arug about poisonous onions? Turn to [201](#).

Let Arug eat Timic? Turn to [244](#).

227

The large, vaulted crucible is round with stone bleachers ringing the room and a checkered board with dozens of huge stone pieces lining it. You lurk in the entryway, watching as Malta and her friend in blue study the board.

“What do you make of it, Vess?” the red-haired warrior asks.

Vess holds her light up to one of the pieces, a huge stone dragon with sharp claws and teeth. “Ghoulish,” she remarks. “There’s some latent magic here, I think these pieces come to life.”

Malta turns, her eyes narrowing. “Let’s keep moving.”

You’re close enough to the pedestal to try to activate the trap, but you don’t know which button to press. Timic is the one who does that for you when you want to play with the statues. You could try for it, or you could wait and see where they go next.

Try for the button? Turn to [242](#).

Follow them? Turn to [185](#).



228

Your meaty fist smashes Damiel’s face in, bringing the fight to a decisive and bloody end. The cleric drops to the ground like a sack of rocks. Webby is already retreating to the rafters with a cocooned Vess; it looks like you’ll have to let one of your snacks go.

Collecting Damiel’s body, you add **two portions of HUMAN** to your rations, then leave the Old Gatehouse.

*Mark **BOLD** on your sheet.*

Are you **MIGHTY**? Turn to [179](#).

If not, turn to [252](#).

229

You surge forward with a bellow of fury and grapple the red-haired warrior, picking her up and throwing her at one of the distant statues. Malta cries out as she sails through the air and smashes into a rearing elephant game piece, landing hard.

Vess has pulled out a book and is quickly trying to wiggle her fingers at you for some reason, but you lunge for her and swat the book away, then try to grapple her!

VESS

THREAT 7

HEALTH 4

Crit: Vess manages to push you back with a blast of force. You lose 2 HEALTH as normal, but Vess' THREAT is 9 for the rest of the combat as she's made some space for herself.

If you defeat her, turn to [161](#).

230

Voices echo through the spacious chamber as you prowl closer. You glimpse three adventurers making their way towards you.

"That was quite some trick, Rurik." A halfling walks at the front dressed in black, a small sword at his belt. He grins at the chainmail-clad dwarf beside him.

"An old miner's trick, Wist," the dwarf replies. "Drain the water so the chamber's accessible. They won't expect us to come in this way."

The third of their group is a golden-haired elf woman, an arrow nocked to the string of her bow. She's keeping a watchful eye out for any danger.

You feel a strange sensation deep inside of you, a sort of call towards the Deep Well. Like you should walk over and slip into the water and never resurface. You find yourself staring at the water, at the calm surface, rather than the adventurers.

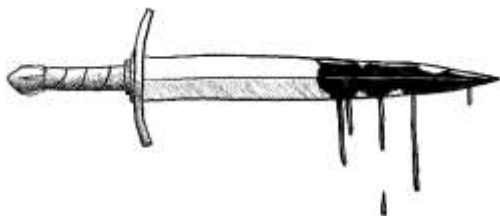
Timic pokes you. "Hey. Focus up, big guy. They're getting close."

You blink, then look at the adventurers, who are looking at the hole in the chamber's ceiling from where you fell through the seal. "Kelliri, can you climb up there and let a rope down?" the dwarf asks.

"Easily," she says. She slings the bow over her shoulder and begins to climb up.

Deal with the dwarf and halfling? Turn to [138](#).

Go upstairs to cut off the elf? Turn to [173](#).



231

"Dwarf is short!" you bellow.

There's a pause. "Is it trying to taunt us?" Rurik says, a note of bewilderment in his voice.

"I think so," Wist says. "Hey, wait. Let me try something."

The halfling clears his throat, then calls out. "Oh no! The dwarf just fell over from that insult! I think it killed him! The elf too! It's just me now, all alone in the dungeon!"

You grin. The insult worked better than you thought! You step out around the corridor and are hit by Kelliri's arrow. Lose **4 HEALTH**.

With a grunt of pain you duck back into cover, and take off running through the Scything Hall. You know which spot not to step on, but the dwarf doesn't. As he barrels after you, brandishing his axe, he runs right down the middle of the pillars. There's a click and the scything pillars whip into action, slicing Rurik into pieces.

You grin back at him, then watch his companions pale at the gory display. Kelliri draws back her bow, but you're already tucked into the next room.

"Wist, I'll cover you from here," she says. "Lure it out."

"That's the pressure plate," he says, pointing. "Don't step there and we'll... we'll be fine." You can hear the emotion in his voice as he tries not to focus on what happened to Rurik.

Charge out to fight them? Turn to [269](#).

Lead them to the Iron Gauntlet? Turn to [220](#).

232

You feel a sudden pain wrack your body as something winds around your bones. You collapse to the ground and bellow in pain, feeling your skin writhe and shift as plant matter begins to take over.

In a few minutes, the pain subsides and you can feel again. You look down at your hands and find vines and leaves protruding from your skin, which is an unfamiliar shade of green. You rustle faintly as you move.

***In COMBAT**, you no longer have a +1 bonus to your total, but instead may reduce a die by one (to a minimum of 1).*

Question your nature? Turn to ?

Shrug and keep going? Turn to [155](#).

233

You spare a glance for Damiel, who still seems busy with whatever he's doing to the Wailer's shackles. There seems to be a lot of muttering and caressing of his holy symbol. It's all terribly dull.

It's trivial to sneak into the Crucible of Grand Strategy after the two ladies.

Are you **RESIGNED**? Turn to [279](#).

If not, turn to [227](#).

234

"Sometimes a frightened ogre is just a frightened ogre, Kelliri," the dwarf grumbles. "And he's getting away."

You hear a sigh from the elf, and the sound of boots approaching. You poke your head out into the alcove to watch what happens. Just as they reach the middle of the chamber, Rocky the golem lashes out with a stony fist, sending Rurik sprawling along the ground with a cry, his axe clattering in a different direction. Kelliri spins and fires an arrow at the golem, but it fails to find a chink in his stone exterior.

"Hang on," Wist calls, springing away from the treasure chest he'd paused to examine. Except the mimic's tongue loops around his face and reels him back in, dragging the halfling towards the creature's maw.

~~Wait for Rocky to soften them up? Turn to ?~~

Pin Rurik to the floor? Turn to [282](#).

Help Rocky pulp Kelliri? Turn to [263](#).

235

You hear the telltale click of the pressure plate, and a gasp from the elf maiden as the pendulum blades begin to swing. You

don't hear any cries of pain, but you can hear her soft footfalls as she nimbly dodges the traps of the gauntlet.

"Why don't you come and get me, foul creature?" she calls. "Are you afraid?"

"Hog no 'fraid," you say. "Elf 'fraid."

"Am not," she says with a gasp of exertion.

"Elf 'fraid cause Hog eat," you tell her.

There's a pause as one of the stone hammers comes crashing down, then the elf's voice comes again. "You're a disgusting creature," she says. "And if you don't come get me, I'll escape."

Follow her into the Iron Gauntlet? Turn to [178](#).

Wait for her to come out? Turn to [191](#).

236

Mark **POWERFUL** on your sheet. You may cross this word off at any point to deal **THREE** extra damage when you hit.

You amble up towards the dungeon's upper levels, wondering if you might find something to eat.

You hear the patter of small feet as one of the goblins scampers down the stairs. He freezes as he sees you, halfway turned to run back up the stairs, but instead he pauses to speak.

"There's another adventurer!" he says. "A real big one!"

You pick up the goblin, who squirms in your grip. "What 'venturer big?" you ask.

"He's like you, Hog! Real big!"

You furrow your brow, considering this as you eat the goblin. Restore **1 HEALTH**. You don't think there are adventurers as big as you, but you're still hungry and you might be able to work out some of your frustration on this new adventurer.

*You feel your stomach rumble. You may eat any number of rations you've collected, restoring **1 HEALTH** for each portion you eat. If you go hungry instead, increase your HUNGER by one, then lose as many **HEALTH** as you have **HUNGER**.*

Are you **CLUMSY**? Turn to [84](#).

If not, turn to [96](#).



237

The fight comes to a violent end as you pick Damiel up and slam him into the ground head-first with a nasty snap. As you collect his body (add **two portions of HUMAN** to your rations), you catch Flora watching you from the distance. You don't think you've ever seen her smile before. You wave.

Gain **1 PLUCK** for defeating the adventurers. *Mark **BOLD** on your sheet.*

Are you **MIGHTY**? Turn to [87](#).

If not, turn to [252](#).

238

The Black Garden rustles ominously as you lead the way in. The movement of the leaves is far more than merely the wind could claim credit for. Arug looks around at all the greenery with suspicion, but you move for the towering oak in the center of the ruined courtyard.

The black dryad stands demurely beside her tree, her luminous eyes glowing with quiet menace. "What have you brought me, ogre?" she sighs.

You're paying more attention to Arug. "Here. This Overlord," you lie, pointing.

Arug tilts his head. "Overlord small," he mutters. He lifts his club with a shrug and takes a step forward.

There's a flicker of movement from Flora and a score of vines lash out at the huge ogre, plucking the helmet off his head and binding his arms and legs. He lets out a bellow of surprise and fury, and with a great display of strength, snaps free of the

bindings. Flora hisses and ducks behind her tree, while you join the fight with relish.

Special: Flora's vines will hinder Arug. You gain a +1 to your attack total each round.

ARUG

THREAT 8

HEALTH 12

Crit: Arug smashes you in the head with his club. You lose 4 HEALTH instead of the usual 3, and must set one of your dice to 1 next round before rolling the other.

Special: Arug's massive club is especially dangerous; if you miss Arug, you lose **3**

HEALTH instead of the usual 2.

If you defeat Arug, turn to [132](#).



239

You wait as Arug begins to cross the Iron Gauntlet. The ogre-adventurer moves slowly and carefully, and nearly misses the pressure plate. Nearly.

There's a click as the flagstone depresses, then the scything blades begin to swing through the air with deadly whistles. You watch as Arug begins to retreat back towards the entrance, his armor taking most of the hits, but he suffers several slashes as he goes. You meet him at the edge, ready to destroy the ogre. His **HEALTH** has been reduced to reflect his wounds from the Iron Gauntlet.

Helmet: While wearing a helmet, Arug reduces all damage taken by **1**. If you roll a combat total of **11** or better, you snap the cords holding his helmet together, destroying it.

If you are **MOLDY** or **TANGLED**, you may spend **1 PLUCK** to use your vines to destroy the helmet without a roll.

ARUG

THREAT 8

HEALTH 8

Crit: Arug smashes you in the head with his club. You lose 4 **HEALTH** instead of the usual 3, and must set one of your dice to 1 next round before rolling the other.

Special: Arug's massive club is especially dangerous; if you miss Arug, you lose **3**

HEALTH instead of the usual 2.

If you defeat the ogre? Turn to [250](#).

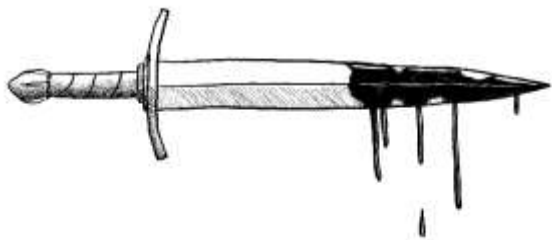
240

You make no attempt to be stealthy as you move into the chamber, slipping between those stone statues. Malta spots you first; the red-haired warrior turns and draws her sword. "We have company, Vess."

The blue-clad lady pulls out a tome from her satchel and begins to speak some strange words while wiggling her fingers.

Are you **TANGLED**? Turn to [293](#).

If not, turn to [284](#).



241

While this whole princess business intrigues you, Arug is an ogre. He may also be an adventurer. Something in the back of your thick skull suggests that maybe, just maybe, it's not in your best interest to let him into the dungeon.

You draw up to your full height and fold your arms, fixing Arug with your best glower. "Hog no help Arug," you grunt. "Arug go home."

The brute shows his teeth and rattles the Cursed Portcullis. "If Hog doesn't help, Arug will find another way in," he growls.

You frown. "Hog dungeon dangerous, though," you insist. "Arug die if come in. Dungeon scary."

The ogre looks concerned. "Scary?"

You nod emphatically. "Very scary."

Make a **SKILL CHECK** at **DIFFICULTY 12**.

Success? Turn to [300](#).

Failure? Turn to [291](#).

242

You inch over to the pedestal and look at the arrangement of buttons. There are four stone buttons and a bronze lever. Some kind of squiggles have been carved into the stone. They look like what's on Timic's paper.

You try one of the buttons at random.

Make a **SKILL CHECK** at **DIFFICULTY 9**.

Success? Turn to [258](#).

Failure? Turn to [281](#).



243

The elf dodges back repeatedly, suffering glancing blows until you finally get a firm hold on her cloak. You reel her in, grab her firmly, and tear her into two elven halves.

There's a clatter as Rurik's axe lands on the floor of the Flattening Terrace; it seems Rocky won his fight too. You grin, collecting **two portions of ELF** and **two portions of DWARF**.

*Mark **MIGHTY** on your sheet.*

Turn to [135](#).

244

As Arug lunges for Timic you make no move to stop him. Your goblin sidekick squirms as he's hauled off his feet and lifted up to stare the ogre-adventurer in the ugly, helmeted face.

"Whoa! You really shouldn't eat me, these are really poisonous onions I've got," he says, trying to wriggle free of the brute's grasp.

Arug pulls off his helmet and drops it, where it rolls into the tall grass with a rustle. Undeterred by Timic's words, the brute sets about eating the poor goblin.

You're briefly distracted by the helmet. You pick it up from the brush and examine the monstrosity, made from two helmets bent to fit an enormous head, tied together with cord. You slowly put the helmet on your own head, then turn to grin at the ogre adventurer.

Arug lies motionless in the grass of the Black Garden. You scratch your head, only to discover a metal barrier between your fingers and your scalp. You frown, then lean down to give Arug a shake. Sure enough, the ogre is dead.

Probably the poisonous onions got him.

You stand back up, looking at Arug's body with a curious expression. You had never thought much about your lot in life, but seeing an ogre adventurer has stirred something in you. Not anything noble, surely not, but maybe there could be a life where you smash things and don't ever have to clean up. Where you wear a metal hat and carry a club and get princesses. You aren't sure where Arug came from, but you collect his weapon and make your way to the Wailing Steps and the Cursed Portcullis.

As you cross the threshold you feel a sense of excitement for what comes next. And, always, a sense of hunger.

You've reached
The Adventurous Ending

245

A new vine wraps around Vess, pinning her arms at her sides and covering her mouth, dragging her into the bushes. Malta sees your approach and shifts to face you, but she misses the presence of Webby in one of the trees behind her. The giant spider launches herself through the air, tackling Malta into the underbrush, sinking her venomous fangs into the stricken warrior.

You take a step forward, but Webby chitters angrily and begins to drag Malta away. Vess is already being swallowed by a carnivorous plant, leaving you without a fight to win.

Still, the adventurers are all dead, so that's something.

Are you **GRUMPY**? Turn to [195](#).

If not, turn to [146](#).



246

The fairy squeaks in surprise as you grab her and shove her in your mouth. Restore **1 HEALTH** and gain **1 PLUCK**.

Crispin glowers at you. "Do you know how much it costs to hire replacement fairies?" he grumbles. "That's the third one this month."

You burp, and the tiny ledger flies out of your mouth, landing in a puddle of drool at Crispin's feet. His lips press even tighter in an even deeper frown as he picks it up, wiping the drool off with a cloth.

You head upstairs to deal with the dwarf and halfling.

Turn to [141](#).

247

You lead the way into the Black Garden, with its towering black oak and its carnivorous plants. You don't think the Hallowed Brambles will do much to Arug, but Flora might be a nice distraction while you destroy this ogre-adventurer.

The smell of blood is the first sign that you've made a terrible mistake. As you draw near to the oak you see all the blood from your earlier battle, lying in pools, spattered on the trees and plants, and generally everywhere. You and Arug both stop at the edge and stare at the carnage.

There aren't any bodies either. You collected them in your satchel.

"Arug like blood," the ogre-adventurer rumbles, nodding with approval. "Hog show good."

"This Hog do," you say proudly.

Do you want to share two rations with Arug? Turn to [212](#).

If not, will you lead Arug to the Iron Gauntlet? Turn to [203](#).

Would you rather bring Arug to the Flattening Terrace? Turn to [70](#).



248

Tattered shreds of web hang from the rafters and cling to the corners, but that's all that remains of what once posed a dangerous hazard in the Old Gatehouse. There's no sign of Webby.

Arug strides into the center of the chamber, his mighty club slung across his shoulders, his brutish face twisting in a sneer. "Hog no friend of Arug," he grunts, fixing you with a stare.

"Hog show Arug why dungeon scary," you say, balling your hands into fists. "Hog scary."

Helmet: While wearing a helmet, Arug reduces all damage taken by **1**. If you roll a combat total of **11** or better, you snap the cords holding his helmet together, destroying it.

If you are **MOLDY** or **TANGLED**, you may spend **1 PLUCK** to use your vines to destroy the helmet without a roll.

ARUG

THREAT 8

HEALTH 12

Special: Arug's massive club is especially dangerous; if you miss Arug, you lose **3**

HEALTH instead of the usual 2.

Crit: Arug smashes you in the head with his club. You lose 4 HEALTH instead of the usual 3, and must set one of your dice to 1 next round before rolling the other.

If you defeat the ogre, turn to [250](#).

249

You slip through the door into the Crucible of Grand Strategy. The room is tall and round with a vaulted ceiling and stone bleachers lining the walls. The stone pieces are all out, with sharp claws and teeth and weapons jutting out at dangerous angles. The adventurers have already scrutinized the board and are walking towards the exit on the chamber's far side, heading towards the Black Garden.

Challenge them here? Turn to [240](#).

Follow them towards the Black Garden? Turn to [185](#).

250

With a final, violent jerk you snap Arug's neck. The ogre falls to the ground with a thunderous crash, his club rolling away across the cracked flagstones. The only sound is your breathing as you stand over the body of your opposite.

"Wow, you really showed him," comes Timic's wheedling voice as he walks up, straightening his onion necklace. He stares up at you. "You okay, big guy?"

You don't answer. You've seen plenty of dead creatures before, especially in Hal Varrow. You've made plenty of creatures dead. But none of them have been so confusing.

"Why ogre 'venturer?" you ask. You crouch down, as if something about the body will yield its secrets. You lift Arug's arm, then let it drop.

“Who knows?” Timic says with a shrug. “Maybe he just fell in with the wrong crowd.”

You look at Timic with concern. “Timic think Hog could... fall in...?” You shudder at the thought.

“Oh? No, big guy. No. You’re no adventurer, Hog. Don’t worry,” the goblin says with a grin. “You kill adventurers, remember?”

You brighten at the notion. “Timic smart,” you rumble. You reach out to ruffle his hair, but the goblin is too quick and dances away with a nervous laugh. You stand up, laughing too, and roll your shoulders in a stretch. “Hog have good crowd.”

“Yeah, big guy. You do.”

You’ve reached
The Dominance Ending



251

You duck through the archway into the Flattening Terrace. The circular chamber is still and quiet with Rocky the golem does his best statue impression in the center. Sticky the mimic lurks in the alcove, an unobtrusive treasure chest that’s sure to draw attention. You cross the chamber and duck through the far archway just as an arrow whistles through the air behind you.

“Stand and fight, foul creature!” the dwarf bellows.

“Rurik, wait,” Kelliri says. “It might be a trap.”

“Ogres don’t do traps!”

How convincing was your escape through the chamber? Make a **SKILL CHECK** at **DIFFICULTY 8**.

Success? Turn to [234](#).

Failure? Turn to [295](#).

252

The adventurers in Hal Varrow's upper halls have been soundly defeated. Their skills were no match for your impressive power and cruel craftiness.

Mark **CUNNING** on your sheet. You may cross this word off at any point to turn a die to a **SIX**.

If you are **GRUMPY**, remove it from your sheet.

Emerging from the garden you nearly trip over Timic, appearing from a secret passage. The onion-clad goblin holds up his folded parchment. "I found a guy with an overwrought tragic backstory," Timic says. "That was the last square. I'm going to go see Gramandris. You coming?"

You nod, loping along after Timic.

You feel your stomach rumble. You may eat any number of rations you've collected, restoring **1 HEALTH** for each portion you eat. If you go hungry instead, increase your **HUNGER** by one, then lose as many **HEALTH** as you have **HUNGER**.

Go see Gramandris? Turn to [91](#).

253

"Vess? Anytime now," Malta growls.

"It's not working, I don't know why," she mutters, flipping pages in her book.

You grin, closing the gap, your vines rustling a little as you prepare to fight.

MALTA

THREAT 8

HEALTH 10

Crit: You suffer a savage slash to your shoulder. You lose 2 HEALTH as normal, and you must reduce your highest die

VESS

THREAT 9

HEALTH 4

Crit: Vess scorches you with a blast of fire. You lose 6 HEALTH instead of the usual 2.

by 1 for the rest of this combat.

If you win, you collect **four portions of HUMAN** for your rations.

Are you **GRUMPY**? Turn to [98](#).

If not, turn to [146](#).



254

The adventurers both seem fascinated by the gameboard. You slip closer through the dark periphery of the chamber, settling your hands around the base of the rearing rhinoceros. You heft the stone piece, lifting it overhead, stepping into the light with a bellow, your makeshift weapon held high and ready to throw!

The red-haired warrior turns, shocked, and reaches for her sword. She slides it free of its sheath, though her eyes widen in fear as she realizes the scale of your weapon. Vess shrinks back and pulls a book from her satchel and begins to wiggle her fingers at you.

Are you **TANGLED**? Turn to [265](#).

If not, turn to [273](#).

255

“It good that Hog help Arug,” the ogre-adventurer says as you lead the way towards the Riven Tower. “Ogres help ogres be strong. Be mighty.”

You nod. “Hog strong and mighty.”

You lead the way into the winding stone stairway that rings the Riven Tower, climbing steadily towards its top. The crack that splits the side of the tower gives a commanding view of the Black Garden below. The wind picks up, whistling through the stairway in a torrent that mutes further conversation. You're a little glad, having run out of things to say.

Are you **BLOODY**? Turn to [296](#).

If not, turn to [278](#).

256

You step out from hiding and close the distance to the gate in half a second. A human man is leaned up against the gate, his ear pressed to the lock while he works a delicate lockpick. He wears a flowing white robe with an ostentatious holy symbol and well-kept facial hair. Behind him is a red-haired woman in a breastplate that reveals just as much as it protects, with an impressive sword sheathed over one shoulder.

Make a **SKILL CHECK** at **DIFFICULTY 10**.

Success? Turn to [170](#).

Failure, but made **8**? Turn to [144](#).

Failure? Turn to [288](#).



257

You wait to hear the sound of the traps going off but... nothing happens. In fact, it's eerily quiet as the group makes their way through the chamber. You emerge from hiding, peek around the corner, and see that none of the traps have gone off.

That's weird.

“Stay alert,” Kelliri says. “That creature must have gone somewhere.”

“It’s probably scared to face us,” Rurik grumbles. “How’s it coming with that door?”

“I’m working on it,” Wist says. You hear the sound of metal on metal as the halfling tries to work the iron handle loose. After a moment, there’s a stone grinding noise as the door slides up and out of the way.

“Oh! Look at that,” Wist says, stepping inside. “Do my eyes deceive me, or is that a *ruby* pendant?”

“Don’t touch it,” Rurik says sharply, moving to join him. “Could be trapped.”

You notice Kelliri hesitating. You know that door’s primed to drop when someone touches the pendant, and if you distract the elf she might be caught outside with you.

Rush Kelliri? Turn to [289](#).

Wait outside to ambush them? Turn to [270](#).



258

The button clicks down, echoed by a noisy crunch and the ringing of a gong. You grin. That’s the noise you were hoping to hear.

“Vess, what’s happening?” Malta asks as the game pieces begin to move.

“The game’s starting,” she says, looking pale. “And we’re on the board.”

You crouch down behind the pedestal as the pieces begin to close on the two adventurers.

Are you **GRUMPY**? Turn to [275](#).

If not, turn to [187](#).

259

You wait for the elf to step out of the gauntlet, looking back with concern. “Wist! Get clear!” she calls, watching the halfling as he picks his way through the traps. You make sure Kelliri has something else to think about when you lunge for her.

KELLIRI

THREAT 8

HEALTH 7

Crit: Kelliri is deadly with her bow. The first crit puts out one of your eyes; permanently, you must re-roll your highest dice. The second crit kills you.

You hear Wist moving with renewed hustle to evade the traps. If you defeat Kelliri, Wist appears moments later, wounded from a slicing pendulum (reflected in his HEALTH).

WIST

THREAT 7

HEALTH 6

Crit: Wist hamstringing you. You lose 4 HEALTH instead of the usual 2, and must reduce your highest die by 1 for this fight.

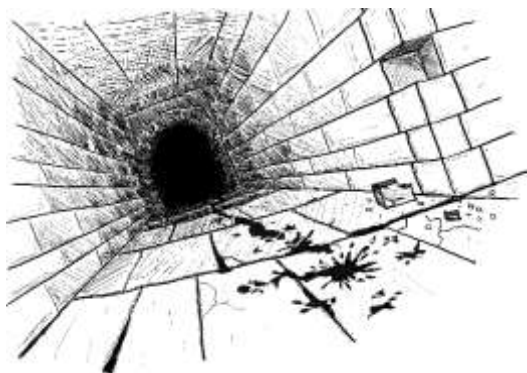
If you defeat him, you collect the bodies – **two portions of ELF** and **one portion of HALFLING**. Gain **1 PLUCK** for your ogreish victory.

Mark **MIGHTY** and **TRAPPED** on your sheet.

~~Consider why adventurers risk their lives in dungeons? Turn to ?~~

Are you **BOLD**? Turn to [236](#).

If not, Turn to [104](#).



260

You barrel through the corridors towards the Scything Hall, ducking around corners to stay out of sight. The sounds of pursuit are present behind you, led by the dwarf who bellows after you.

“Foul beast!” he calls. “You’ll rue the day you met Rurik Stonebridge! Come back here and face me!”

“Rurik,” Wist calls. “You should wait till you’ve caught up to taunt him.”

“Shut it!”

You peek around the corner as you reach the Scything Hall. Rurik, seeing you, gives a bellow of rage and begins to charge, brandishing his axe. You see the elf and halfling running to keep up. You grin, and muster up an insult for the dwarf to spur him on.

You'll need to think of a good insult. Make a **SKILL CHECK** at **DIFFICULTY 10**.

Success? Turn to [292](#).

Failure? Turn to [231](#).

261

You sit down in the gauntlet and wait for the door to open. Waiting makes you hungry.

You may eat any rations on your sheet, restoring **1 HEALTH** for each portion you eat. If you go hungry instead, lose **2 HEALTH**.

At long last the stone door begins to rumble, ascending into the ceiling. Positioned to the side, out of sight, you hear Wist's voice. "Kelliri? You alright?"

"Stay behind me," Rurik growls. "That ogre could be anywhere."

"Maybe Kelliri killed it though, right? And she just didn't want to wait?"

There's a moment as the dwarf steps out of the room, his eyes sweeping back and forth. "Could be, Wist," he says, unconvinced. You lunge at him from the side and smash him with a solid blow to open the combat!

Rurik has taken some damage (reflected in his **HEALTH**). You must fight both at the same time. Roll once - you lose **2 HEALTH** for any enemy whose **THREAT** you don't meet or exceed. You suffer any critical hits that apply. You choose which enemy to deal damage to after you roll.

RURIK

THREAT 7

HEALTH 8

Crit: Rurik's axe lands a savage strike. You lose 6 **HEALTH** instead of the usual 2.

WIST

THREAT 7

HEALTH 10

Crit: Wist hamstringing you. You lose 4 **HEALTH** instead of the usual 2, and must reduce your highest die by 1 for this fight.

Gain **1 PLUCK** for defeating them. If you win, you add **two portions of DWARF** and **one portion of HALFLING** to your rations. You savor your victory. Mark **MIGHTY** on your sheet.

Are you **BOLD**? Turn to [236](#).

If not, turn to [104](#).



262

The wind rustles through the upper levels of the dungeon, rustling the moss that covers the walls. The tang of blood mingles with the earthy smell of the Black Garden. You pause at the archway, peeking inside. The elf is there, with golden hair and a green cloak, holding a longbow with an arrow nocked to the string.

You emerge from hiding. The elf turns and shoots her arrow faster than you expect! Lose **2 HEALTH** as you close the distance and prepare to fight!

KELLIRI

THREAT 8

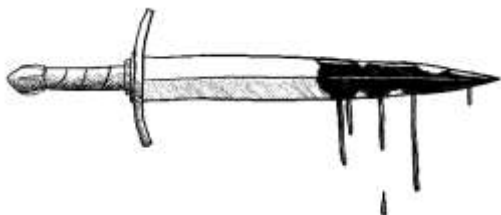
HEALTH 7

Crit: Kelliri is deadly with her bow. The first crit puts out one of your eyes; permanently, you must re-roll your highest dice. The second crit kills you.

If you defeat her, you collect **2 portions of ELF** to add to your rations.

Are you **GRUMPY**? Mark **MIGHTY** on your sheet and turn to [135](#).

If not, turn to [141](#).



263

Kelliri backs quickly away from the enormous golem, trying to get some distance so she can use her bow. She's so focused on Rocky that she doesn't even notice you until your hands pin her arms to her sides. She cries out in surprise, trying to squirm free, but you hold her in place until the golem's fist puts an end to that.

There's no sign of Wist, but the mimic is shaking with his struggles. Rurik got to his feet and grabbed his axe. Wounded, he looks at you, the golem, and Kelliri's crumpled form.

"You'll pay for that," the dwarf growls, striding forth into battle. Rurik's **HEALTH** has been reduced to reflect the wound from Rocky's swat.

Special: If you lose an attack round, Rurik loses **4 HEALTH** as Rocky takes advantage of the dwarf focusing on you.

RURIK

THREAT 7

HEALTH 10

Crit: Rurik's axe lands a savage strike. You lose 6 **HEALTH** instead of the usual 2.

If you defeat him, turn to [299](#).

264

As you strike the final blow, Bitey chitters happily and snatches Kelliri's body, dragging her off towards his hole. You briefly play tug of elf with the giant centipede, but you let the creature claim his prize. Gain **1 PLUCK** for your ogrish actions.

You collect **two portions of DWARF** and **one portion of HALFLING**, adding them to your rations. As you leave the blood-soaked Scything Hall you can't help but feel a sense of accomplishment. *Mark **MIGHTY** on your sheet.*

Are you **BOLD**? Turn to [135](#).

If not, Turn to [104](#).

265

The blue-clad lady produces a tome from her satchel and begins to recite some funny words and wiggle her fingers. A look of confusion crosses her face, as she looks between you and her book with increasing consternation.

You aren't focused on her. You throw the huge statue at Malta, just as she brings her sword up to try and defend herself. She makes a valiant attempt to parry, but the statue slams into her with a horrible noise. She flies back and ends up spitted on the spear of a birdman behind her.

"Malta!" The blue lady looks at you in horror, then begins to conjure some magical fire. You close the distance and attack!

VESS

THREAT 7

HEALTH 4

Crit: Vess manages to push you back with a blast of force.

You lose 2 HEALTH as normal, but Vess' THREAT is 9 for the rest of the combat as she's made some space for herself.

If you defeat her, turn to [285](#).

266

The elf moves quickly through the dungeon, but she's slowed by her lack of familiarity. You know the secret ways of this place, and don't need to search for traps or backtrack. She's moving towards the Hall of Mad Alchemy.

You poke around a bend and nearly take an arrow in the eye. Ducking back, you hear the elf draw back her bowstring once more. "Step out, ogre, and taste elven steel."

"Hog like taste of elf," you call back.

"You're disgusting." There's a sound of a door opening, then closing, followed by the sound of a surprised old man as Estil questions her.

You move quickly to follow. You don't want to miss your opportunity to kill the elf! As you burst through the door, however, you see that she's already been claimed; Goopy the cube was poised just past the door, and the elf ran right into him. You can see her squirming in a futile attempt to escape. On the far side, Estil just shakes his head.

"I thought elves had good eyes," he remarks.

"Hog distract," you say. You squint, considering whether you might pull her out of Goopy so you can eat her, but the last time you did that it burned your arm pretty badly. You leave her to her fate.

"Hog go now," you say, stepping back out into the corridor. The whole party in the Eternal Crypt is dead. *Mark **MIGHTY** on your sheet.*

Are you **BOLD**? Turn to [135](#).

If not, Turn to [104](#).



267

You lurk out of sight as the adventurers work to gain access to the dungeon. You hate waiting.

"Any day now, Damiel," the woman says.

"I can focus better without you nagging me."

There's a frosty silence. "I do *not* nag."

The lock clicks, and the gate swings open. "And I don't do this anymore. Let's go."

You tense, waiting for them to approach. The woman leads they way; a red-haired warrior in a revealing breastplate with a sword in her hand. The man follows behind, in flowing white robes with an ostentatious holy symbol and a neatly-trimmed goatee. You wait for them to pass, then attack Damiel from behind, smashing him into the far wall to begin combat!

Fight them both at the same time! Damiel's HEALTH reflects his wounds.

DAMIEL

THREAT 7

MALTA

THREAT 8

HEALTH 4

Crit: Damiel lashes out with holy energy. You lose 2 HEALTH as normal, but Damiel heals all missing health (His normal total is 8).

HEALTH 10

Crit: You suffer a savage slash to your shoulder. You lose 2 HEALTH as normal, and you must reduce your highest die by 1 for the rest of this combat.

If you defeat them both, you collect **four portions of HUMAN** and add them to your rations. *Mark **BOLD** on your sheet.*

Are you **TINGLY**? Turn to [108](#).

If not, are you **MIGHTY**? Turn to [179](#).

If not, turn to [126](#).

268

You make a clumsy swipe for the fairy, but she flutters back with a yelp of surprise, just out of reach. Crispin glares at you, pressing his lips in a thin frown.

“I’d appreciate if you would not eat my assistant, Hog. Fairies are expensive,” he grumbles. “Go upstairs.”

You head up to find the dwarf and halfling in the Eternal Crypt.

Turn to [141](#).

269

It’s fun to be sneaky, but you’re ready for some violence. You charge back through the archway and are immediately hit by one of Kelliri’s arrows. Lose **2 HEALTH**. Wist brandishes a dagger and prepares to fight.

You hear a chitter as Bitey the giant centipede emerges from his hole, moving towards the elf with the skitter of dozens of legs. Kelliri turns with a look of disgust and sends a quick arrow wide, then tries to back up while nocking another.

Leave Bitey to Kelliri? Turn to [216](#).
Protect Bitey! Fight them both! Turn to [280](#).

270

You lurk just outside the gauntlet, waiting for the adventurers to come out. Oblivious to the danger, Rurik leads the way.

You lunge for the dwarf and land a solid blow, but not enough to down the dwarf. You'll have to fight all three adventurers!

Rurik's HEALTH reflects the damage he has already taken. You must fight all three at the same time. Roll once, losing **2 HEALTH** for any enemy whose THREAT you don't meet or exceed. You suffer any critical hits that apply. Choose which enemy to deal damage to after you roll.

RURIK

THREAT 7

HEALTH 8

Crit: Rurik's axe lands a savage strike. You lose 6 HEALTH instead of the usual 2.

KELLIRI

THREAT 8

HEALTH 7

Crit: Kelliri is deadly with her bow. The first crit puts out one of your eyes; permanently, you must re-roll your highest dice. The second crit kills you.

WIST

THREAT 7

HEALTH 10

Crit: Wist hamstrings you. You lose 4 HEALTH instead of the usual 2, and must reduce your highest die by 1 for this fight.

If you win, gain **2 PLUCK** for your impressive and bloody victory. You spend some time collecting the bodies; add **two portions of DWARF**, **two portions of ELF**, and **one portion of HALFLING** to your rations.

You emerge from the Iron Gauntlet with a feeling of triumph. You defeated all the adventurers who came up from the Un-Flooded Sanctum. Mark **MIGHTY** on your sheet.

Are you **BOLD**? Turn to [236](#).

If not, turn to [104](#).



271

If adventurers love anything it's following weird noises. You gather some rocks and throw them against the wall, then begin to lope towards the stairs up out of the flooded sanctum.

"Hey! Did you hear that?" comes Wist's voice.

You hear the sound of boots shifting and a bowstring drawing taut. "Something is moving off," Kelliri says. "Something large."

"I won't let it raise the alarm," Rurik growls, and the sound of charging dwarf follows you down the corridor. Hearing the other adventurers right behind him, you scurry up the stairs.

You squeeze into the secret nook outside the gauntlet and close the door. You have to tilt your head sideways to see out through the eyehole, but you're able to see the adventuring party approach the gauntlet.

The elf holds up a hand to slow her allies. "Careful," Kelliri says. "This looks dangerous."

"Where did the big creature go?" Rurik growls, holding his axe. He looks around. "We should have caught up to it by now."

"Not with your short legs, Rurik," Wist says.

"You're one to talk," the dwarf shoots back.

Ignoring her allies, Kelliri briefly glances towards your hiding spot, but her elven eyes go past it. She shifts her focus to the gauntlet, and she begins to lead the way inside. After a moment, Rurik and Wist follow.

Are you **TOOTHLESS**? Turn to [257](#).

If not, turn to [225](#).

272

The halfling steps into the room, while Kelliri lingers back with the bow to cover him, near the entrance. You can't see the halfling, but you don't hear the sound of traps going off. You furrow your brow, but helpfully, the elf is lingering back.

You wait a moment longer, then swivel the secret passage open. Kelliri spins with a cry, but her first shot goes wide as you close the gap.

Fight Kelliri for two rounds, then Wist will join the fight.

WIST

THREAT 7

HEALTH 6

Crit: Wist hamstringing you. You lose 4 HEALTH instead of the usual 2, and must reduce your highest die by 1 for this fight.

KELLIRI

THREAT 8

HEALTH 7

Crit: Kelliri is deadly with her bow. The first crit puts out one of your eyes; permanently, you must re-roll your highest die. The second crit kills you.

If you win, you collect **two portions of ELF** and **one portion of HALFLING** to add to your rations. You've defeated the adventurers coming up from the Un-Flooded Sanctum. *Mark MIGHTY on your sheet.*

Are you **BOLD**? Turn to [135](#).

If not, Turn to [104](#).

273

The lady in blue produces a book from her satchel and begins to recite some funny words and wiggle her fingers. As you go to throw the enormous statue, you feel your limbs stiffen and lock in place. The statue drops from your grip with an enormous crash.

"Nice, Vess," the red-haired warrior says, stepping up with her blade.

“Wait! Malta, if you strike him he’ll snap out of the paralysis,” she says. “We should get Damiel and go.”

Malta looks torn, but with a grudging sigh, she moves off. You’re left frozen in place, unable to move, for a long time.

After what feels like an eternity, your body begins to move again. Your muscles tingle all over, and you’re left more bewildered than anything about what happened.

You leave the Crucible of Grand Strategy and head towards the Black Garden, where you hear sounds of conflict.

Turn to [200](#).

274

The arrow lodges in your shoulder, but you don’t let the pain distract you. Rurik’s struggles amount to naught as his ribs finally crack under your weight. There’s a terrible crunch and the dwarf stops moving entirely.

You collect **two portions of DWARF** for your rations, then look at Rocky, who has stopped at the edge of the archway. “You will have to pursue the elf, ogre,” he says. “I am bound to this chamber.”

You grin. “Hog ‘sue elf,” you say. “Good eat.”

Mark **GRUMPY** on your sheet.

Are you **BRASH**? Turn to [208](#).

If not, turn to [266](#).

275

The stone pieces grind across the board, moving to block any attempt to escape. They lay into Malta and Vess with stone claws, horns, and teeth. It’s only a matter of time before the two adventurers are torn limb from limb on the gameboard.

You watch, clapping at the sight. Eventually the pieces reset and you collect **four portions of HUMAN** for your rations. Gain **1 PLUCK** for your ogrish actions.

*Mark **MIGHTY** on your sheet.*

Are you **BOLD**? Turn to [87](#).

If not, turn to [252](#).

276

You stare at the stone door with its iron handle. You press your ear against it as if you might hear what's happening through the solid stone. After a moment your ear is a bit sore and you still don't know anything.

You shrug, considering how things have gone. Sometimes people don't come back from the gauntlet, and the second room is known to be deadly. You're pretty happy having some elf to eat. You leave the gauntlet and wander into the rest of the dungeon.

*Mark **MIGHTY** on your sheet.*

Are you **BOLD**? Turn to [236](#).

If not, Turn to [104](#).



277

There's a sudden shrill cry from the Old Gatehouse. You peek through the doorway to where the lady in blue has run right into the webbing stretched across the gap, and is making things worse by struggling. Her glowing orb still lingers in her palm as she tugs on the webs, ringing the dinner bell.

Webby descends from the rafters, entering that circle of blue light to begin to gather her prize. Vess' cries take on new urgency until the giant spider wraps her webbing over the lady's mouth.

Gain **1 PLUCK** for your ogrish actions.

You aren't sure where Vess' friends are, but they must be trying to find another way in. You lope off down the other tunnel to look for them.

Turn to [181](#).

278

There's a curious coo from Gramandris as you appear at the top of the tower, then a low growl as Arug appears. The gryphon rises from her nest and spreads her wings in an intimidating display.

"This Overlord," you lie.

The ogre-adventurer doesn't get a chance to doubt you, as Gramandris lunges for him, beak and talons ready to tear him apart. You join the fight, and when you're done there is almost nothing left of Arug.

In the aftermath, Gramandris begins to slice up the body with her beak. You know that ogre doesn't taste especially good, so you leave him to the gryphon. Instead you take Arug's club as a trophy of your victory.

You've reached
The Wings Of Fury Ending



279

The vaulted crucible is round with stone bleachers ringing the edge and a checkered board in the middle. The stone pieces are all out, their various sharp and nasty bits in mid-motion, frozen

and unable to move thanks to your earlier ministrations. But still sharp enough that you could use them.

“What do you make of it, Vess?” the red-haired warrior asks, oblivious to your presence.

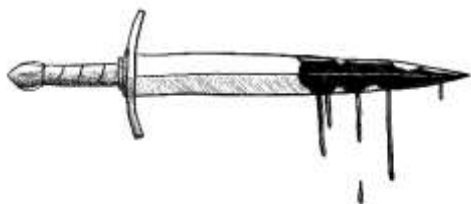
Vess holds her light up, drawing near to the board. “There’s some latent magic,” she says, looking around. “There’s a mechanical component too. Something under the board. I think somebody was interrupted mid-game.”

You grin. It’s your game that was interrupted, and now you have a chance to play with the pieces. You surge forward from the shadows, angling for the more dangerous of the two women.

~~Prioritize the spellcaster? Turn to 2~~

Throw a statue at the red-haired warrior? Turn to [254](#).

Throw the red-haired warrior at a statue? Turn to [229](#).



280

“No hurt Bitey!” you bellow. You lunge towards Wist, taking advantage of his nimble reflexes to give yourself the space to get by and engage Kelliri. The halfling scrambles to join the fight. You’ll have to fight both of them at once!

Special: If your roll is 10 or higher (after modifiers), Bitey will take advantage of the distraction and bite whoever has lower health for 2 damage. Bitey waits until you deal damage before he chooses a target.

WIST

THREAT 7

HEALTH 6

KELLIRI

THREAT 8

HEALTH 7

Crit: Wist hamstrings you. You lose 4 HEALTH instead of the usual 2, and must reduce your highest die by 1 for this fight.

Crit: Kelliri is deadly with her bow. The first crit puts out one of your eyes; permanently, you must re-roll your highest die. The second crit kills you.

If you defeat them both, turn to [264](#).



281

A sharp click reverberates through the crucible, followed by the grinding of gears. The board pieces don't move, but a series of mirrors slide up from hidden slots in the floor, and a hole in the ceiling opens to admit a beam of light that lances down onto one of the mirrors. If it were angled correctly it could reflect the beam.

Vess looks at the mirrors in amazement. Malta looks towards the pedestal and spots you. "Ogre," she growls. "Vess, focus."

"Sorry," the blue-clad lady says, pulling out a thick tome. She begins to wiggle her fingers and mouth some words.

You grin, moving to meet Malta in battle.

Are you **TANGLED**? Turn to [253](#).

If not, turn to [184](#).

282

Before Rurik can get back to his feet you're there, leaning down with a huge hand to pin the dwarf in place. The dwarf gives

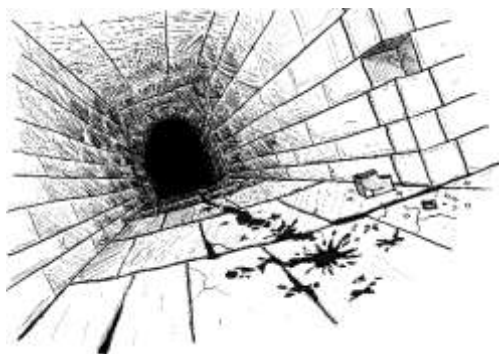
a bellow of rage and pain, trying to throw you off while you use your tremendous weight to begin to crush him.

The halfling isn't visible anymore, but Sticky the mimic is rattling a bit with his struggles. Kelliri desperately backpedals, trying to put distance between herself and the golem, who inexorably closes the gap with long strides. She takes one look at you, then sends an arrow at you to try and free Rurik. Lose **2 HEALTH**.

Make a **SKILL CHECK** at **DIFFICULTY 8** to hold the dwarf in place.

Success? Turn to [274](#).

Failure? Turn to [290](#).



283

Thick webs stretch across the Old Gatehouse, where Webby still lurks in the rafters above. The giant spider lurks above, out of reach of both you and the ogre-adventurer.

"What this?" Arug grunts, jerking his club free of some webbing.

"Arug get stuck in web," you chortle. "Arug in sticky situation."

The ogre-adventurer looks at you with a scowl. "Is that... banter?" He lifts his club in a way that suggests impending violence. "Hog move," he rumbles. "Or Arug kill Hog."

A slow grin spreads across your face. "Hog kill Arug right back," you say. You hope that Webby will take advantage of the distraction to join the fight!

Helmet: While wearing a helmet, Arug reduces all damage taken by **1**. If you roll a combat total of **11** or better, you snap the cords holding his helmet together, destroying it.

If you are **MOLDY** or **TANGLED**, you may spend **1 PLUCK** to use your vines to destroy the helmet without a roll.

Special: If your attack total is 10 or higher, Webby slips in to bite Arug. He loses **2 HEALTH**.

ARUG

THREAT 8

HEALTH 12

Crit: Arug smashes you in the head with his club. You lose 4 **HEALTH** instead of the usual 3, and must set one of your dice to 1 next round before rolling the other.

Special: Arug's massive club is especially dangerous; if you miss Arug, you lose **3 HEALTH** instead of the usual 2.

If you defeat him, turn to [250](#).

284

You're just about to attack when you feel your muscles suddenly stiffen and tighten, fighting every attempt to move. You aren't sure what's happening, maybe the blue lady has something to do with this? How could someone who looks so weak be so dangerous?

"Well done, Vess," Malta says, walking forward with her sword. "Now, let's get down to business."

"Careful. He'll snap out of it the moment you strike."

"I'll make it a good one, then."

Malta drives her sword into you up to the hilt. Lose **4 HEALTH**. You feel your limbs immediately free, and you join the fight with a bellow of rage.

MALTA

THREAT 8

HEALTH 10

Crit: You suffer a savage slash to your shoulder. You lose 2 HEALTH as normal, and you must reduce your highest die by 1 for the rest of this combat.

VESS

THREAT 9

HEALTH 4

Crit: Vess scorches you with a blast of fire. You lose 6 HEALTH instead of the usual 2.

If you win, you collect **four portions of HUMAN**. Gain **1 PLUCK** for surviving Vess' magic. Mark **BOLD** on your sheet.

Are you **MIGHTY**? Turn to [87](#).
If not, turn to [252](#).

285

The battle is fiercer than you expected from the blue-clad lady, but the outcome is never in doubt. You grapple Vess and fit her head into the mouth of a roaring lion piece, then snap it off like popping the top off a bottle.

You take a few deep breaths as you appreciate the violent scene. You think you finally understand the appeal of these strategy board games. Gain **2 PLUCK** for this monstrous display.

As you clean up, you collect **four portions of HUMAN** for your rations. You take a peek out into the corridor outside, looking at the crumbled ruin of the Wailing Steps. Damiel is stepping towards you, but as he sees your bloody visage, he pales. A brief glance past you reveals the blood-spattered game pieces and various pieces of Malta and Vess' equipment.

"Oh gods," he says, then takes off at a run.

You chuckle, loping along after him. The path he's taking will lead him down to the Eternal Crypt, and you know a secret way that will get you there first.

Turn to [177](#).

286

You step into view with a horrible grin on your face. Kelliri notices you at the last minute and tries to fire an arrow but you snatch the bow from her hands. “Foul creature,” she hisses, desperation on her face. She tries to step around you but you shift your bulk to block her. She draws a dagger as you try to force her back into the traps.

Make a **SKILL CHECK** with **DIFFICULTY 8**. If you fail, lose **2 HEALTH** as Kelliri stabs you. You’re a stubborn ogre, and must keep making attempts until you trap her or die trying.

If you succeed, you manage to force the elf back into the traps. There’s a sharp gasp as a spear juts up from the ground, and this time she can’t dodge away. You look past her to where Wist is rushing back through the traps trying to reach you.

“Kelliri! No!” he cries, brandishing his dagger. His **HEALTH** has been reduced to reflect his wounds from the gauntlet.

WIST

THREAT 7

HEALTH 6

Crit: Wist hamstringing you. You lose 4 **HEALTH** instead of the usual 2, and must reduce your highest die by 1 for this fight.

If you win, you add **two portions of ELF** and **one portion of HALFLING** to your rations.

*Mark **MIGHTY** and **TRAPPED** on your sheet.*

Are you **BOLD**? Turn to [236](#).

If not, Turn to [104](#).



287

The fairy tries to fly away but the buffeting wind is just disorienting enough that you catch her in your hand. You enjoy a magical mouthful. Restore **1 HEALTH** and gain **1 PLUCK**.

You look over to where Arug is dispatching Crispin. You don't think the other ogre is going to be satisfied with just one goblin, and you're not inclined to share your goblins. It might be time to end this partnership.

Squaring up, you prepare to battle Arug at the top of the Riven Tower.

Helmet: While wearing a helmet, Arug reduces all damage taken by **1**. If you roll a combat total of **11** or better, you snap the cords holding his helmet together, destroying it.

If you are **MOLDY** or **TANGLED**, you may spend **1 PLUCK** to use your vines to destroy the helmet without a roll.

ARUG

THREAT 8

HEALTH 12

Crit: Arug smashes you in the head with his club. You lose 4 **HEALTH** instead of the usual 3, and must set one of your dice to 1 next round before rolling the other.

Special: Arug's massive club is especially dangerous; if you miss Arug, you lose **3 HEALTH** instead of the usual 2.

If you defeat the ogre, turn to [293](#).

288

You shove your hand through the gate to grab Damiel's head, but you catch your thumb on one of the bars and bend it backwards instead. With a yelp of pain you jerk your hand back, then hiss in pain as Malta's sword thrusts through the bars. Lose **4 HEALTH**.

There's a click as the lock opens. The gate swings open and the pair of adventurers rush to face you. Fight both at the same time!

DAMIEL

THREAT 7

HEALTH 8

Crit: Damiel lashes out with holy energy. You lose 2 HEALTH as normal, but Damiel heals all missing health (His normal total is 8).

MALTA

THREAT 8

HEALTH 10

Crit: You suffer a savage slash to your shoulder. You lose 2 HEALTH as normal, and you must reduce your highest die by 1 for the rest of this combat.

If you defeat them both, you collect **four portions of HUMAN** and add them to your rations.

Mark **BOLD** on your sheet.

Are you **TINGLY**? Turn to [108](#).

If not, are you **MIGHTY**? Turn to [179](#).

If not, turn to [126](#).



289

You begin to move. Kelliri looks in your direction, narrowing her eyes. "It's an ogre," she hisses, drawing back her bow for a shot. You won't be able to avoid it – you lose **2 HEALTH** as the

arrow slams into your shoulder. Sure enough, however, the door descends with a crash. You're alone with the elf.

"Taste elven steel, ogre," she says, dancing back out of reach. You pursue, intending to taste elven flesh instead.

KELLIRI

THREAT 8

HEALTH 7

Crit: Kelliri is deadly with her bow. The first crit puts out one of your eyes; permanently, you must re-roll your highest dice. The second crit kills you.

If you defeat her, you add **two portions of ELF** to your rations.

As the sounds of combat fade you look towards the stone door. You aren't sure whether the dwarf and halfling will be able to survive the gauntlet; the second room is a nasty trap. You could wait and see if they escape, or you could trust the gauntlet to do its work and head off in search of other food.

Wait and ambush them? Turn to [261](#).

Leave them to die in the gauntlet? Turn to [276](#).



290

The arrow lands true; your grip slips for a moment, long enough for the dwarf to scramble to his feet. You grunt, glaring towards the elf, who has retreated through the archway to give herself enough room to use her bow effectively. Rurik snatches up his axe.

“Ogre,” the golem rumbles. “I have the dwarf. Get the elf.”

You barrel through the archway, taking another arrow for your trouble as you close the distance with Kelliri. Lose **2 HEALTH**.

KELLIRI

THREAT 8

HEALTH 7

Crit: Kelliri is deadly with her bow. The first crit puts out one of your eyes; permanently, you must re-roll your highest dice. The second crit kills you.

If you defeat her, turn to [243](#).

291

Arug leans closer to the bars, his lips peeling back in a toothy grin. “Arug no ‘fraid of anything. Arug find way in.” He taps his club against the Cursed Portcullis, then moves off.

You grumble, then head back down the Wailing Steps. Timic meets you at the bottom.

“What was all that, big guy?”

You sulk. “Ogre come, try get in. Hog told him go away, but he finding ‘nother way in.”

Timic rubs at one of the onions on his necklace. “He might get in at the side entrance near the Old Gatehouse. We should meet him there.”

You nod, glad that Timic’s around to think through these things for you. You lope along the corridor towards the Old Gatehouse.

You crouch down and peer through the gatehouse towards the doors at the far side. You’ve arrived just in time as the sound of Arug’s club against the wood can be heard. Splinters fly as the gate itself swings open and Arug steps into the Old Gatehouse.

Are you **CAREFREE**? Turn to [248](#).

If not, turn to [283](#).

292

“Hog think dwarf stupid, should listen to halfling,” you say.

“Don’t you take his side, beast!” the dwarf bellows, charging with renewed fury. He comes around the corner and runs down the middle of the pillars. His boot hits the pressure plate, and the scything pillars immediately whip into action, slicing Rurik to bloody bits in a gory display. Gain **1 PLUCK** for your ogrish actions.

You clap at the sight, then grin as his companions step around the bend and pale at the sight. Kelliri recovers her composure faster, taking aim with her bow, but you’re already moving through the archway on the far side.

“You’ll pay for this, ogre!” she calls.

“Hog no have money,” you reply.

“Insolent brute,” she hisses, though you aren’t sure why she’s angry. You don’t have any money.

The scything blades come to a stop as the pillars click back into place. “The trigger’s here, Kelliri,” Wist says, pointing. “Avoid that flagstone and we can kill the thing.”

“Get to it, Wist,” she says. “I’ll cover you.”

Charge out to fight them? Turn to [269](#).

Lead them to the Iron Gauntlet? Turn to [220](#).

293

With one final blow you send Arug staggering back towards the edge of the tower, then another slug sends the ogre adventurer over the lip. His howl cuts off with a crunch as he lands in the Black Garden, broken by the fall.

You take a few deep breaths, the metallic taste of blood thick in the air. You’ve proven yourself a true brute of an ogre, first

against Gramandris, then later against Arug. For one dangerous moment, you wonder if anything could truly best you.

The wind howls in triumph as you descend from the River Tower, a victor twice over.

You've reached
The Bigger They Are Ending

294

If there's one thing adventurers love, it's checking out strange noises. You cup your hands and do your best imitation of a gryphon's roar. For a moment, only silence greets the sound, followed by a hesitant footstep.

"What was that?" comes the dwarf's voice. "You all heard that, right?"

"It sounded like a choking harpy," the halfling says.

"Yeah, maybe. Or a dying warg."

You frown, then try another call. Aren't these adventurers supposed to come investigate noises like this?

"That just sounded like you, Rurik," comes the halfling's voice. "After a night out."

There's a sigh from the elf. "Let's find out what's trying to get our attention."

You grin, and begin to lope off down the tunnel towards the Eternal Crypt. It's tempting to just turn and meet them in battle, but Timic's lessons have been sinking in. You can fight sneaky.

~~Look for allies to help you fight the adventurers? Turn to ?~~

Lead them to the Flattening Terrace? Turn to [251](#).

Head for the Scything Hall? Turn to [260](#).

295

Waiting just around the bend, you strain to hear any sounds from the adventurers. There's an irritated grunt from the dwarf. "Maybe you're right," he says.

"Trust me," Kelliri says. "There's no way that statue doesn't come to life. And that chest? Probably a mimic."

"Yeah, yeah," Rurik grumbles. "What now?"

"We could go around?" Wist says. "Try to ambush the ogre from the other side?"

You hear the sound of boots fading into the distance. You poke your head back into the Flattening Terrace with a furrowed brow, scratching an armpit as you wonder where the adventurers are going. Slowly, you step into the chamber and walk towards Rocky.

"Ogre," the golem rumbles. "It seems they saw through your ruse. I regret I cannot leave this chamber to help you pursue them."

"Hog 'sue 'venturers by self," you say with a nod. "Hog strong. Hungry."

*You feel your stomach rumble. You may eat any number of rations you've collected, restoring **1 HEALTH** for each portion you eat. If you go hungry instead, increase your HUNGER by one, then lose as many **HEALTH** as you have **HUNGER**.*

You begin to move through the dungeon, listening for the adventurers as they try to circle around to find you. The path around the Eternal Crypt leads past the Iron Gauntlet, which seems a good place to meet them.

As their footfalls draw near, you throw a rock down the tunnel to draw their interest, then squeeze into the secret nook outside the Iron Gauntlet. You have to bend your head sideways to see out through the eyehole, but you glimpse enough to see the party approach.

The elf holds up a hand to slow her allies. "Careful," she says. "This looks dangerous."

"Sometimes I wish you were a little less cautious," Rurik grumbles. "All this sneaking about is really annoying."

"You're really annoying," Kelliri says mildly. She flashes a brief grin at her companions, both startled at her joining the verbal

sparring, then leads the way into the gauntlet. After a moment, Rurik and Wist follow.

Are you **TOOTHLESS**? Turn to [257](#).

If not, turn to [225](#).



296

You reach the tower's summit and remember, too late, that you killed Gramandris. The top of the tower is soaked with blood and bits of gryphon, and only the constant wind has prevented the stink from becoming overwhelming.

Crispin looks strained as he stands in the middle of the platform, rubbing his chin thoughtfully. His fairy assistant hovers beside him, writing down notes in her ledger. "Whatever killed Gramandris must have been truly mighty," he says. "Adventurers have no respect for how hard it is to recruit a gryphon."

As you step into view, Crispin turns, his lips pressed in that usual thin frown. Then, as Arug appears, his frown grows even thinner.

"What is the meaning of this, Hog? Are you helping the enemy?" he asks, his voice climbing and quivering with rage. "Your contract has a non-compete clause, you stupid ogre!"

You narrow your eyes at the goblin, then glance at Arug who's licking his lips. "This one not wearing onions," Arug says. The ogre adventurer steps past you, his club held to the side while his free hand reaches out for Crispin.

"What? Stop this at once," he sputters, dancing back. He slips in the gryphon's blood and falls to the ground, then cries out in alarm as Arug picks him up by his foot. "Stop! Hog, stop him!" the goblin wails.

You're not listening. You're trying to catch the fairy.

Make a **SKILL CHECK** at **DIFFICULTY 10**.

Success? Turn to [287](#).

Failure? Turn to [223](#).

297

The low howl of wind droning through the upper corridors is your constant companion as you make for the Old Gatehouse with Arug in tow. The ogre-adventurer seems eager for the chance to kill the Overlord, you aren't sure just what you're going to lead him to. Maybe he'll think Webby is the Overlord?

You round a corner and catch sight of Crispin, looking serious in his black doublet and slicked back hair. He's leaning towards the wall with his tongue out, tasting the moss. His fairy secretary flutters behind him, holding her ledger and quill.

"Far too acidic," Crispin mutters. "I'll have a word with Flora. Oh! Hog, there you are." His eyes widen as he spots Arug. "What are you doing? That's one of the adventurers!"

"Hog show Arug Overlord," you say.

Crispin's eyes look like they're about to pop out of his skull. And then they do, right as Arug smashes his head with his mighty club. Crispin crumples in a bloody paste.

As an ogre, you have an innate sense for what to do when things turn to violent. Before you even realize it you're lunging for the fairy. You wrap your meaty fist around the assistant and shove her into your mouth. Restore **1 HEALTH** and gain **1 PLUCK**.

With a magic tingle in your mouth, you keep moving towards the Old Gatehouse. Arug shoves Crispin's body into his own satchel as he follows close behind.

Are you **CAREFREE**? Turn to [248](#).

If not, turn to [283](#).

298

You feel the beginnings of a devious plan. “Hog show where Overlord,” you say, waving for Arug to follow.

The ogre-adventurer shoulders his club and nods. “Arug follow.”

You wind through the dungeon’s depths, moving towards the Flattening Terrace. Rocky seems intimidating enough to serve as an Overlord, and you want to see what the stone golem does with Arug.

Are you **MOLDY** or **DAMP**? Turn to [48](#).

If not, turn to [59](#).

299

There’s a horrific crunch as Rurik falls beneath your assault, then is stomped flat by Rocky the golem. You collect **two portions of DWARF** and **two portions of ELF**, adding them to your rations.

You spare a brief glance for Sticky. The mimic isn’t shaking anymore; it seems Wist has succumbed to his fate. You chuckle, then look at Rocky.

“Well struck, ogre,” the golem rumbles. “I fear our tribulation is just beginning, however. There is a dark presence, something foul and evil that seeps up from... oh, I see you’ve left.”

*Mark **MIGHTY** on your sheet.*

Turn to [135](#).

300

Your words have struck a chord with the behemoth at the gate. Despite his bulk, he looks suddenly small as he shrinks back, his eyes wide, darting about at the shadows behind you. The sight of the Wailer, looming dramatically behind you seems to help sell the ruse.

“Arug, uh, remember have something do in town,” he rumbles. He taps his helm with his club. “Very urgent thing. Arug go.” He doesn’t run, but he’s walking very quickly.

A small part of you is disappointed you won’t get to test your might against such an impressive foe, but you’ve already done a lot of fighting. The sight of the frightened ogre-adventurer making a hasty retreat is gratifying in a different way.

“Nice job, big guy,” Timic says, appearing at your side, patting you on the leg. “That was a goblin trick if I ever saw one.”

You grin, looking down at the goblin. “Hog smart, learn smart goblin trick from Timic,” you say.

“You’ll be a proper goblin in no time, Hog,” he chortles. “Next thing we’ll teach you how to cheat at dice.”

“Hog always eat dice,” you lament.

“I know, big guy. I know.”

You’ve reached
The Scary Ending

Achievements

Congratulations on completing **Working Ogre-Time**! See how many of these achievements you can complete.

Critical Success

Score five or more critical hits.

Like A Proper Ogre

Score ten or more critical hits.

So Hungry

Complete the adventure with five or more HUNGER.

Elf Kebab

Dispatch Kelliri in a violent way

Spider Carrier

Bring Webby to the fight

That's A Wrap

Trap two adventurers in Webby's web.

The Un-Resurrection

Kill Damiel after he has healed to full health.

Am I Not Merciful?

Complete the adventure without *directly* killing any adventurers. Pushing them into things or leading them to other dungeon monsters is allowed.

Ogrish Tendencies

Complete the adventure while killing nine or more people.

Ladykiller

Defeat Malta, Vess, and Kelliri in the same combat.

Out With The Boys

Defeat Rurik, Wist, and Damiel in the same combat.

Shirking Responsibility

Complete the adventure without encountering Crispin.

Completionist

Reach all ten endings:

- ☐ The Adventurous Ending
- ☐ The Bigger They Are Ending
- ☐ The Deep Ending
- ☐ The Diplomatic Ending
- ☐ The Dominance Ending
- ☐ The Gardener's Ending
- ☐ The Rockstar's Ending
- ☐ The Scary Ending
- ☐ The Trapper's Ending
- ☐ The Wings of Fury Ending

Dungeon Bingo

Gramandris' challenge isn't just for Timic to complete! See if you can find these things in the book!

The Rules: Mark spaces as you find these things in the gamebook's text. It's recommended to note the passage you found them so you can refer back to it later if you're unsure.

Try to complete vertical or horizontal lines. For an added challenge, try to complete an X through the middle of the board.

Printable sheets and answer keys will be available on the author's website.

A rolling boulder	A mimic gets an adventurer	Gold armor	A magic ring with fiery writing on it	A broken weapon
A hero pledges service	Inappropriate armor	An elf notices something	An animal with a horn	Unfinished love letter
An ogre attempts banter	Oddly-shaped shield	An oversized sword	Someone is claimed by the depths	Blood spatter in a fun shape
Throwing rocks down a well	Dwarf with a drinking stein	Inane adventurer banter	More than twenty knives	Someone complains about costs
A bag of holding	Not another light beam puzzle	A halfling with some jewelry	Unused healing potions	A cubic ooze gets an adventurer

About the Author

Jason loves to create settings that celebrate genre tropes with a new perspective or twist. He strives to give the player choices that let them interact with the setting and impact how the story plays out.

Jason is an avid tabletop and board gamer who always has a soft spot for the big dumb brute in the dungeon. He plays and runs plenty of Dungeons & Dragons, and is often DM'ing at conventions like Gencon or PAX.

Jason is a proud Canadian and lives in Vancouver.