

KOBOLDS ON A PLANE!



A Live Action Role Playing Game for

Kobolds Ate My Baby!

A 9th Level Game by STEVEN HESS

KOBOLDS ON A PLANE!

Kobolds Ate My Baby

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THE STORY SO FAR

Rival Kobolds disguised as the famous Kobold chef Emerald and his kitchen staff visit your cave. The sneaky bastards arrange a cooking demonstration where they take your entire clan by surprise capturing you in a huge wooden cage. While dining on your clan leader in an epic-level BBQ and contemplating tasty new recipes for their Torg Foreman Grilles(tm), a strange Gnome arrives. He is Phil T. Olaf, an entertainer and entrepreneur. In exchange for two pairs of shiny boots, a bag of cheesy doodles, three Atomic Squash T-Shirts and a yummy Human baby, he acquires all of you! His plan is to transport you to a human zoo where you will be caged and put on exhibit as a rare type of prairie dog.

You are prisoners aboard Olaf's Gnomish airship, the Pike Maiden. Most of you have managed to claw through your crates and chew your way through the dunnage. You are ravenous and angry (well, that's normal). Find a way to escape your captivity while managing to live.

WHAT IS A KOBOLD?

KOBOLDS: Kobolds have silly, short-lived lives and mostly exist in role playing games as cannon fodder for heroic adventurers. Because Kobolds are physically very weak they are a common sight in low level campaigns. Even a first level Human wizard has a reasonable chance of defeating one without resorting to her magic abilities.

Kobolds are a race of little dog-like humanoids. They stand only two feet tall, are covered in bristly orange hair and have large mouths filled with sharp, pointy teeth. Kobolds are stupid creatures who spend their days causing mischief and when attempting anything remotely complicated usually fail miserably.

A little known fact is that Kobolds are gourmets. The food that they eat must be the best available. A typical Kobold Feast includes interesting dishes such as Emerald's Cheesy Chicken Casserole, Blackened Elf Shank with Garlic Mashed Potatoes and Rosemary, Rat Filets Roasted with Coffee Beans, Red Peppers and Creamy Grits with Greens and Mushrooms, Braised Dog in a Bordelaise Sauce Garnished with Truffle Pate and with a Fried Egg on top and, of course, a yummy HUMAN BABY, LETTUCE AND TOMATO SANDWICH! If these fines foods are not available, cannibalism is encouraged. Kobolds are terribly tasty when seasoned with chile pepper and garnished with cave crickets.

There are no words for "personal hygiene" and "aerosol deodorant" in the Kobold vocabulary. Kobolds carry a stench that smells like a cross between a wet dog and a school cafeteria. Although the odor is quite repugnant, Kobolds seem unaware of its existence. Creatures with weak dispositions have been known to become nauseated and vomit in the presence of the scent. Gusts of wind in the wrong direction have spoiled many Kobold surprise raids and fancy Fey creature celebrations.

HOUSE RULES

ALL HAIL KING TORG! Any time someone utters the name of the beloved King Torg (ALL HAIL KING TORG!) EVERYONE must shout, "All Hail King Torg!" Failure to express the proper respect for his name results in the loss of a card!

BARK LIKE A KOBOLD: For Vor's sake, how is it that the race who fail so miserably are not extinct? A secret to Kobold survival is their ability to bark. Before drawing a card the player can bark, growl and generally act like her Kobold in order to avoid the conflict all together. Be warned! Each time a Kobold attempts this, they must be louder and more Kobold-like than the last players that Barked Like A Kobold. The mayor is the judge of whether the barking qualifies.

DEAD KOBOLD SOLILOQUY: So you died. Hey, in this game it is inevitable. Immediately gather a group of nearby players, put your right hand over your heart and recount the great deeds of your dearly departed Kobold. Once finished, all of the participating players will vote thumbs up/down on allowing you back. If the vote ends in your favor, you can continue to play your character but without any cards. Otherwise, you are out of the game. The mayor votes to break ties.

BEER DRINKING SONG: If you can convince EVERY living Kobold to stand up and sing a beer drinking song (EVERYONE MUST SING!), then they can force the mayor to redo a card draw. Just about any song with the words "beer" and "Kobold" works. This can be done once per character per game.

BROWN NOSING: Any time someone does a really good job role-playing, the Mayor has the option of giving that Kobold an extra card. Some examples of great role-playing are: delivering a great one-liner, creating a particularly tasty dish or getting a group of players to dance the Chicken Dance.

DICTIONARY OF TERMS

MAYOR: The Game Master who is responsible for explaining what happens during a game and for representing non-player characters.

VOR: Kobolds worship Vor, the Big Red Angry God. In the beginning Vor was simply the God of Kobolds. The Kobolds quickly upset him so much that his infernal rage dwarfed that of Phtxxyx, the last Great Wrath God. The Wrath God humphed and disappeared in a puff of surly brimstone leaving Vor to angrily assume his place.

Vor deals spite on any Kobolds he feels are cowards. As a result Kobolds have a total lack of a sense of self-preservation. This make them fearless fighters and, consequently, subject to horrible deaths.

TABRIZ: Tabriz is the evil arch warlock for hire. He is a vile warlock who knows, while Kobolds can be unreliable, they can be useful as lackeys and midnight snacks for unknown horrors from the nether planes. Kobold legend says that Tabriz has some Kobold ancestry. Asking him about his origins is the third fastest way to get yourself killed known to Koboldkind. The second fastest way known to die involves eleven chickens and the gravity well of a black hole. The fastest way to die is asking Vor the Big Red Angry God to "pull my finger".

EMERALD: Kobold chefs are fanatical about Emerald, a celebrated gourmet chef. The learned sage Dorf noted in his autobiography that Emerald once cooked a feast for King Torg (ALL HAIL KING TORG!) that lasted three weeks. Recipes from this epic event have become staples in Kobold kitchens everywhere. Due to his influence many Kobolds have chosen to dedicate their lives to cooking creative gourmet meals. Dorf wrote that if Kobolds had bigger brains, they might realize that most dishes smell like unwashed gym socks. Contemporary sages say that Dorf was a mad crackpot and an outrageous liar.

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fun without
the Kobold
smell!*

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