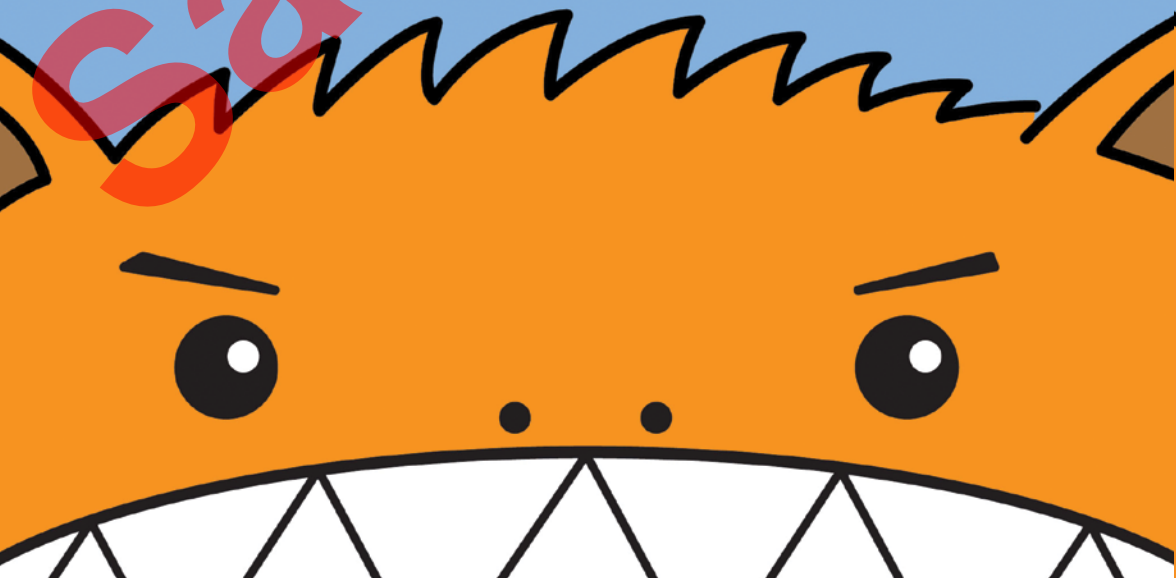


THE CLASSIC BEER AND PRETZELS ROLE PLAYING GAME

KOBOLDS

ATE MY BABY!

IN COLOUR!!!



FOR KOBOLDS IN THE SERVICE OF KING TORG (ALL HAIL KING TORG!)
THEIR LIFE WILL UNDOUBTEDLY BE SILLY, BRUTAL, AND SHORT.
THEY MAY BE CRUSHED BY COWS FALLING FROM THE SKY. THEY MAY BE
OBLITERATED BY METEORITES, BETRAYED BY FRIENDS, OR BRAINED BY FRYING
PANS. THEY MAY CHEERILY MARCH TO THEIR DEATH UPON THE BEAKS OF
CHICKENS OR FROM THE TENTACLES OF ELDRITCH MAGICKS. IF THEY ARE REALLY
LUCKY, THEY MAY SURVIVE LONG ENOUGH TO BRING BACK A TASTY TREAT TO THE
KOBOLD CAVES AND AVOID BECOMING LUNCH THEMSELVES.

IN **KOBOLDS ATE MY BABY!** YOU ARE A KOBOLD!
BEING CANNON FODDER HAS NEVER BEEN THIS MUCH FUN!

THE CLASSIC GAME OF *BEER AND PRETZELS* ROLEPLAYING RETURNS IN THIS
DEFINITIVE, FULL COLOUR EDITION. THIS BOOK INCLUDES **EVERYTHING** YOU NEED
TO PLAY EXCEPT SOME DICE, SOME FRIENDS, AND A WICKED **SENSE OF HUMOUR**.

A GAME BY **CHRIS O'NEILL & DAN LANDIS**
ILLUSTRATED BY **JOHN KOVALIC**

ALL HAIL KING TORG!



9LG 9000

KOBOLDS ATE MY BABY! IN COLOUR!!!

THE ORIGINAL BEER AND PRETZELS ROLE PLAYING GAME

KOBOLDS ATE MY BABY! IN COLOUR!!!

A GAME BY
CHRIS O'NEILL & DAN LANDIS

ART BY
JOHN KOVALIC

EDITING & ADDITIONAL DESIGN
CHRIS DAVIS AND DAN LANDIS

LAYOUT AND ART DIRECTION
CHRIS O'NEILL

9LG THANKS! IN COLOUR!!!

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And as always Heather and Viki. All the loves.

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KOBOLDS ATE MY BABY!



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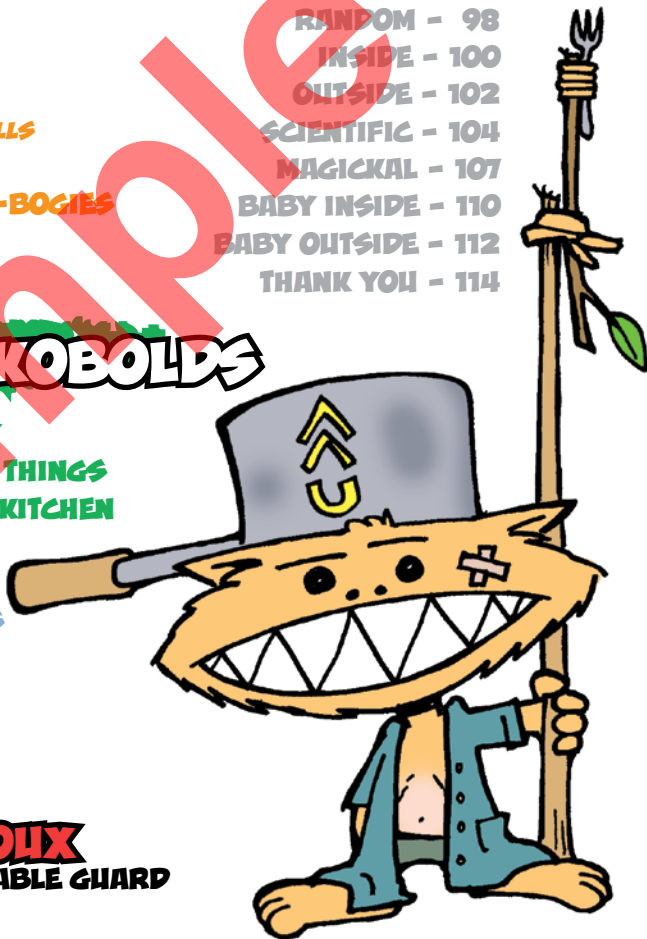
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DINNER TABLE GUARD





KOBOLDS ATE MY BABY!

WARNING!

UNLIKE MANY OTHER FANTASY ROLE-PLAYING GAMES, THIS GAME DOES NOT CONTAIN ANY **DRAGONS**. WHAT IT DOES CONTAIN ARE MANY **KOBOLDS***. **KOBOLDS LIKE TO EAT. THEY LIKE TO EAT MOST EVERYTHING, BUT MOSTLY, THEY LIKE TO EAT BABIES. YES, YOU HEARD ME CORRECTLY. THEY LOVE TO EAT DELICIOUS FAT HUMAN BABIES. FAT, TASTY, SWEET LITTLE BABIES...**

THE MAKERS OF THIS GAME WOULD LIKE TO MAKE IT CRYSTAL CLEAR THAT WE DO NOT CONDONE THE EATING OF BABIES. ACTUALLY, WE DON'T SUPPORT LIKE 85% OF THE STRANGE, CRUEL AND RIDICULOUS THINGS REALED IN THIS BOOK. BUT, VERY SPECIFICALLY, WE ARE 100% ANTI-BABY-EATING. WE REPEAT: DO NOT EAT BABIES! FOR THE LOVE OF ALL THAT'S HOLY, PLEASE - DO NOT EAT BABIES!!!

**Kobolds are not related to dragons. Don't believe the lies.*



-< DEDICATION >-

THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED TO OUR CHUM.

OVER THE MANY YEARS THAT KOBOLDS ATE MY BABY! HAS BEEN IN PRINT (AND OUT OF PRINT, AND BACK IN PRINT), WE'VE HAD OPPORTUNITIES TO THANK JUST ABOUT ANYONE THAT HAS EVER HAD A HAND IN SHAPING THIS LITTLE GAME. THIS TIME AROUND, WE'D LIKE TO DO SOMETHING DIFFERENT, AND DEDICATE THIS EDITION OF KOBOLDS TO A DEAR, DEAR FRIEND THAT HAS BEEN LOST TO US.

TO **ALISTAIR "BIG AL" RAE** - WE WILL ALWAYS MISS YOU. YOU WERE A DEAR FRIEND, A GREAT PERSON, A TIRELESS SUPPORTER, AND EASILY THE BEST OF US.

SO, A STORY. AT ORIGINS IN 1999, YOU BOUGHT US A BEER AFTER THE (IN)FAMOUS FIRST KOBOLD MIDNIGHT MASSACRE, AND TOLD US THIS STORY:

"SO, I'M STANDING IN FRONT OF THE DOOR, KEEPING THE SURPRISINGLY HUGE CROWD OUT OF THE ROOM. AND SOME GUYS ASK ME, "SO, DO YOU LIKE ACTUALLY KNOW THE 9TH LEVEL DUDES?", TO WHICH I REPLIED, "AYE, I'M SLEEPING ON THEIR FLOOR ACTUALLY." AND HIS RESPONSE WAS, "WOW, THAT IS SO COOL. THIS IS GOING TO BE AWESOME!"

FROM THAT POINT ON, THE GIBLA WAS ALWAYS UP TO HELP OUT WITH SPREADING THE BAD NEWS OF KOBOLDS (AS LONG AS HIS STARSHIP WASN'T LOCKED IN PITCHED SPACE BATTLE, OR WE WEREN'T ALL PIRATING THE CARIBBEAN, OR THE POWER STRUGGLES OF THE GREAT EMPIRES WEREN'T AT STAKE). HIS OFT-REPEATED SLOGAN, "9TH LEVEL, YEAH, I KNOW THOSE GUYS. THEY'RE MY FAVORITE CULT!" WAS ALWAYS APPRECIATED, ALWAYS LOVED, AND WILL ALWAYS BE MISSED.

SO, BIG AL - THIS GAME'S FOR YOU, AND WE KNOW THAT YOU WOULD LOVE THAT.

SO LONG, FAREWELL, AND THANKS FOR ALL THE SCOTCH.

ALL HAIL BIG AL !

WHAT THE HECK IS A KOBOLD?



SALTY
A KOBOLD

Imagine for a moment that you had to line up, in order of their relative might and power, all the dark and evil fantasy races. Thank **VOR** for those **HIT DICE THINGEES!** Could you imagine trying to sort it all out without them? On the far left, at the top end of the scale, you would probably have some demon that is the eternal manifestation of bad-assitude, and on the far right, you might have the Gerkin (the Goblin version of a Halfling). If we were to look at what that Gerkin was busy barbecuing, we would undoubtedly find a **KOBOLD** or, at least, the most delicious bits of one!

KOBOLDS are a completely insignificant race of **TINY, DOG-LIKE*** humanoids with little in the way of redeeming qualities. The lowest of the low, **KOBOLDS** are weak, stupid, slovenly, cannibalistic buggers who lead brutal, short, and silly lives. Outside of enlisting to be cannon fodder for evil armies or lackeys for power-mad (but very cheap) warlocks, Kobolds have very little to offer the world. Well, except as cooks or being cooked. They are, as we mentioned earlier, damn tasty and quite handy in the kitchen, which makes them welcome both in and around any cooking fire.

* *That's right, dog-like! Not reptilian. Come on, they bark, for the love of Gyax™.*



Physically, Kobolds are the shortest of the bad-guy races, barely breaking 2 feet tall. They are covered in bristly orange fur and have huge heads to accommodate their surprisingly large mouths, which are filled with many sharp, pointy teeth. Their mouths are so large that most of a Kobold's face is mouth, leaving scant room for beady little eyes and none for a nose.

Kobold religion is a simple affair; all Kobolds worship **VOR, THE BIG RED ANGRY GOD™**. Like most gods, **BIG RED** wears a number of hats. In his case, that number is two. He is both the **GOD OF KOBOLDS** and the **GOD OF ANGER**. While all Kobolds revere him, there are many interpretations of the **WORD OF VOR** – You have traditionalists, ultravorthodox, reformists, and of course the Larder Day Saints. All sects have a very similar story at their heart. When the universe was just about done being created a call went out to all the gods that on such-and-such a day and at such-and-such a time the gods should assemble in the library to pick the things they would be gods over. Unfortunately, **VOR** overslept, and since things were being picked on a first come basis, by the time he showed up all that was left were Kobolds, Accounting, and Interpretive Dance.

Before he could even ask the very same question you just did, “**WHAT THE HECK IS A KOBOLD?**” Interpretive Dance was gone. He panicked and made a terrible mistake. After about five minutes of being the Kobolds' god, they managed to piss him off so much that his rage level surpassed that of the then current god of wrath, who immediately disappeared in an angry puff of sulfur. In order to be the God of Anger, you must be the angriest. Vor's hatred of the Kobolds has kept him on that throne ever since.

The only thing that **VOR** hates more than Kobolds is a coward. After just a few millennia of judicial (and not so judicial) use of angry red bolts of lightning and other amusing forms of divine intervention, **VOR** has pretty much managed to completely eliminate fear from the Kobolds' genetic makeup. While he had been hoping this foolhardiness added to their innate incredible ineptitude would ultimately lead to an extremely entertaining extinction event, he neglected to take into account the effect that fearlessness, general uselessness, and a whole lot of free time would have on their breeding habits. Kobolds reproduce at an astonishing rate. Just think for a moment how many are killed by the average player character of other games just to reach second level, and then consider, there're still more Kobolds!

Being the most fearless of all the **INTELLIGENT*** races is literally what keeps the Kobold race viable. Any other race would have packed it in long ago, thrown in the towel, and faded into extinction. But not the Kobolds. Odds don't matter to them, they aren't going to learn from their mistakes, and in their minds they've always got a chance. Ironically, it is their complete lack of self-preservation that is preserving the whole lot of them.

The Kobold habitat is truly a remarkable thing, since, much like hygiene, architecture is way beyond the capacity of a Kobold's walnut-sized brain. Kobolds live in **THE CAVES**. Not just any cave - even though to a Kobold, any decently sized hole near a food source (usually a human village) is **THE CAVES**. At the heart of all **KOBOLD CAVES** is the **CHICKEN BONE THRONE**, where the **KING OF ALL KOBOLDS, KING TORG (ALL HAIL KING TORG!)** rules over his minions with an iron stomach (which is much more impressive to Kobolds than an iron fist). King Torg (**ALL HAIL KING TORG!**) demands utter obedience, fierce loyalty, thirteen meals a day, and a nice bedtime story. To keep him fed, Kobolds spend most of their time either cooking or gathering (i.e. stealing) food for the Kobolds—veggies, cheeses, chickens, and their absolute favourite dish, **FRESH HUMAN BABIES!**

NOW, HERE'S THE BAD NEWS...

YOU ARE A KOBOLD!

We'll let that sink in for a minute. In **KOBOLDS ATE MY BABY!**, you play the role of one** of these little beasties, woefully unprepared for the cruel — *but hysterically funny to the rest of us* — fate that awaits you. As a Kobold you will travel your tiny world looking to fill King Torg's (**ALL HAIL KING TORG!**) larder! You will be crushed by cows falling from the sky. You will joyfully march to your death at the beaks of blood-thirsty chickens. You will be obliterated by meteorites, betrayed by friends, and brained by frying pans.

WELCOME TO THE WORLD OF

KOBOLDS ATE MY BABY! IN COLOUR!!!

* It's all relative.

** Probably more than one; in the Kobolds' world **DEATH** is a random, horrible, and frequent occurrence.



BEER & PRETZELS ROLEPLAYING!

Some very expensive hardcover role-playing games promise to whisk you away into a world of high fantasy and epic adventure. In these games, you assume the role of the mightiest warriors, stupendously powerful wizards, and even more ridiculously powerful sorcerers. These characters wield magicks, artefacts, and weapons beyond the ken of mundane, mortal men. Other equally expansive and expensive games promote brooding and promise that participation in their sublime storytelling experience (especially while wearing a lot of black) will enable you to embark on a voyage of self-discovery and communal growth through contributing to the generation of interactive fiction with your character's trials and tribulations at the story's heart. We at **9TH LEVEL GAMES** has no such delusions about our games.* We would love for our games to do all the above, especially if it meant we would look good in black while brooding with friends, but you can't have everything; so we just went the other way entirely—orange and ridiculous.

KOBOLDS ATE MY BABY! runs on the **BEER ENGINE! THE BEER & PRETZELS ROLE PLAYING GAME SYSTEM** that promises to waste a few hours of your life and let you get right into the mashing and bashing of friends and foes alike. We guarantee the game will be simple enough that it can be played while inebriated (not that we suggest this, but we are all adventurers after all) and that getting your **KOBOLD REFERENCE SHEET™** covered in grease and pretzel salt will only heighten your enjoyment of the game.

In **KOBOLDS ATE MY BABY!** your Kobold has four stats, **BRAWN**, **EGO**, **EXTRANEOUS**, and **REFLEXES**, which determine how good they are at doing things like casting spells, cooking dinner, or slaying chickens. To perform an action in the game, you (or the Mayor) must first identify the stat or skill most relevant to the action you are attempting, then you roll some dice, add them up, and if the sum is less than or equal to the governing stat, you succeed. The number of dice you roll is called the **DIFFICULTY** of the roll. Higher **DIFFICULTY** means you are rolling more dice (and adding them together), making the action harder to successfully perform.

* Don't get us wrong; we have plenty of delusions, just not about our games!

KOBOLDICTIONARY!

ALL HAIL KING TORG! The phrase you *must* enthusiastically shout whenever you hear the king's name mentioned to prove your devotion and avoid his wrath.

-BOGIE: A not-so-positive, even harmful, trait that a Kobold might be born with. (SEE *CREATING YOUR KOBOLD*)

CHEQUE: A mark against you, the **CHEQUES** are always against you, but these may lead to your dramatically horrible or horribly dramatic demise. (SEE *KOBOLD HORRIBLE DEATH CHEQUE™*)



KING TORG
ALL HAIL KING TORG!

DIFFICULTY: Expressed as a number of dice, **DIFFICULTY** indicates how hard an action is to perform. When attempting an action, you must roll less than or equal to some target number to succeed. The harder an action is, the more dice you'll have to roll and sum up.





BONUS DIE: A favourable condition may reduce the **DIFFICULTY** of a roll by granting a **BONUS DIE**, which isn't really a die at all. In fact, it is the exact opposite. It is a reduction in the number of dice you roll (i.e. **DIFFICULTY**) by one. In extreme circumstances, like throwing a stone at a slowly moving barn within arm's reach, the roll can be reduced by even more dice.

CAVES, THE: The dank, dark warren where Kobolds like you, live, eat, work, eat, play, eat, snack, eat, and eat. Most games of **KAMB!** begin in or around The Caves. It is the home of your King and a place that is also frequented by adventurers on their way to "Second Level".

+EDGE: A generally positive, non-harmful, characteristic that a Kobold could be born with.

EVERYKOBOLD SKILLS: These are skills *every* Kobold picks up at an early age or else their worthless hide is tossed onto a Torg Foreman Grille™, cooked into an ultra-greasy burger, and then fed to more properly educated Kobolds. Any Kobold who doesn't possess all skills labelled *Everykobold* starts the game with a **CHEQUE** on their **KOBOLD HORRIBLE DEATH RECORD™** for each and *every* *Everykobold* skill they are missing.

KOBOLDS ATE MY BABY! KAMB! for short. The title of the book you are reading right now; if not, one of us definitely has a big problem. Also, a thing that humans sometimes scream when they see Kobolds.

KING TORG: See Torg (**TORG!, KING HAIL ALL**), King.

KOBOLD: Kobolds are cute little doggie-people with a fondness for eating babies and a propensity for causing mischief, failing miserably at meaningful tasks, and dying horribly. In a game of **KOBOLDS ATE MY BABY!** you are a Kobold.

KOBOLD HORRIBLE DEATH CHEQUE™: These are the marks on the **KOBOLD HORRIBLE DEATH RECORD™** typically earned as a result of performing either very Koboldy things, like anything astonishingly stupid, or particularly unkoboldlike things, like cheating or trying too hard to survive. Basically, they ensure that no matter whether you are acting like a Kobold should or like a Kobold shouldn't, you are on a path towards a horrible death. Consider these **DEATH CHEQUES** as mile markers on this journey to your demise. Also called **CHEQUES, DEATH CHEQUES, KHDCS** and **HORRIBLE DEATH CHEQUES™**.



KOBOLD HORRIBLE DEATH RECORD™: Not exactly a **CHEQUE** box, but definitely a good place to keep track of all your **CHEQUES** and a running tally of how much ire the universe has accumulated towards you. You will find it on your **KOBOLD REFERENCE SHEET™**.

KOBOLD REFERENCE SHEET™: This is a piece of paper that contains all the important information about any particular Kobold, like their **STATS**, **•EDGES**, **•BOGIES**, and equipment. Also known as a Character Sheet, Kobold Sheet, your sheet, or the Mayor's emergency TP stash.

MAYOR, THE: The Mayor is the Game Master in a game of **KOBOLDS ATE MY BABY!** She is responsible for explaining what happens during a game and representing all the non-player characters. Unlike Game Masters in other role-playing games, in **KAMB!** The Mayor is neither fair nor impartial, more like a pre-**MAGNA CARTA** English Monarch.

PENALTY DIE: The **DIFFICULTY** of a roll may be increased due to some negative condition represented by a **PENALTY DIE**. Generally, only one more die is added, but in extreme circumstances, like throwing a stone at a gnat hopped up on speed somewhere on another continent, the **DIFFICULTY** can be increased by even more dice.

SKILL: Even Kobolds can learn something. Skills are the remnants of whatever training manages to fight its way through a Kobold's thick skull and continue to stick, **holding on** for dear life.

STATS: These enumerated attributes define Kobolds' and critters' physical and mental makeup, indicating how strong, smart, nimble, etc. they are. When attempting to use a skill, the target for the roll will always be equal to one of your Kobold's **STATS**. The number of dice, or **DIFFICULTY**, will be determined by circumstances (and the Mayor).

TABRIZ: *Tabriz the Evil Arch Warlock for Hire* is a vile sorcerer who knows that Kobolds (however unreliable) can still be useful as lackeys, cannon fodder, and midnight snacks for unknown horrors from the Nether Planes. Kobold legend suggests that Tabriz just might have some Kobold ancestry, but asking him about it is the third fastest* way to get yourself killed known to Koboldkind.

TARGET: A Target is whatever you are trying to hit. In **KAMB!** the word "target" has two meanings: **1.** When you are rolling dice, the "Target" is the number (equal to one of your **STATS**) that you want the sum of your dice roll to be equal to or less than, so that you succeed. **2.** When performing actions the "target" is a critter, or thing you are trying to effect.

* *Cultural Footnote: The fourth fastest way known to die by Koboldkind involves eleven chickens and the gravity well of a black hole. The fastest way to die is asking the Big Red God to "pull my finger."*

TORG, KING: King Torg (**ALL HAIL KING TORG!**) is the insatiably hungry ruler of all Kobolds. No one knows for sure if there are multiple kings (one for each Cave) or if one king rules them all! What is known for certain is that wherever you find a Cave filled with Kobolds you will find King Torg (**ALL HAIL KING TORG!**).

VICTORY POINTS (VP): In case you care, this is how you determine which Kobold is winning! The Kobold with the most Victory Points at the end of the game is typically considered the winner. In reality, the player who has the most fun is the winner, but if you are the type who likes to keep score, **VP** can be gained from achieving certain goals within adventures, completing missions, at the whim of the Mayor, and, most often, by killing things!

VOR: VOR, THE BIG RED GOD™, is the patron of both Anger and Kobolds. In the beginning, **VOR** was just the God of the Kobolds, but, being what they are, the Kobolds quickly pissed him off so much that his infernal rage dwarfed that of the previous Wrath God, causing him to immediately disappear in a puff of surly brimstone and forcing **VOR** to angrily assume his powers and responsibilities. His Angriiness continues to also remain saddled with the worship and adoration of the Kobolds.

VOR!
THE BIG RED GOD



CREATING YOUR KOBOLD!

Kobolds are a fecund bunch. Making new Kobolds is fun, quick, easy, and key to their survival as a species. You will just need a **KOBOLD REFERENCE SHEET™** (SEE *KOBOLD REFERENCE SHEET* - make a bunch of copies—you're going to need them), a pencil, and a few six-sided dice.

THE FOUR STATS

STATS are the numeric attributes defining the physical and mental makeup of Kobolds and critters, indicating how strong, smart, nimble, etc. they are. **STATS** are primarily used as the target number you try to roll less than or equal to when attempting to use a skill or perform an action.

BRAWN indicates how big, mean, tough, and strong a Kobold is. When you want to break something, lift something, hurt something, or otherwise act macho, you roll against your **BRAWN**. It also determines how hard you are to kill. (SEE *HITS AND MEAT*)

EGO includes the intelligence (used here as a relative term), knowledge, and self-control (again, relatively speaking) of a Kobold. It determines how well you do at mental feats like casting magick spells, or devising deadly traps. It also determines how difficult it is to fool you.* (SEE *CUNNING*)

EXTRANEOUS is a useless stat that governs things that people like to pretend are important in role-playing games, like things that clerics learn, heraldry, history, selecting a hat for your MMO toon, blah, blah, blah, and blah. Why are you still reading this, we told you it's extraneous. When doing something that has no bearing on killing stuff, getting hurt, or blowing things up, roll against **EXTRANEOUS**. It also determines how often fortune may smile upon you. (SEE *LUCK*)

REFLEXES measure the agility, flexibility, and dexterity of a Kobold. When you want to throw stuff, do a back flip or twirl a pencil around your fingers, roll against your **REFLEXES**. It also determines how good you are at not getting hit. (SEE *AGILITY*)

* Actually, we already have a good idea of how difficult it is to fool you—you bought this book! Possibly even for the third or fourth time. Capitalism!





THE ROLL 2D6 FOUR TIMES METHOD™

Roll **2D6*** and record the total next to **BRAWN** on your **KOBOLD REFERENCE SHEET™**. Repeat this process for **EGO**, **EXTRANEOUS**, and **REFLEXES**. The higher the roll the better for you, as these are the numbers you will be trying to roll less than to perform actions for the rest of your brief existence!

Keep in mind that, along with Kobolds and cowards, **VOR** really hates cheaters. If the Mayor catches you fudging these numbers or getting hinky with the rules in some other way, she is encouraged to make your Koboldy existence especially miserable, wretched, and short. If you don't cheat, your Koboldy existence is still going to be short and miserable, but the Mayor won't be wearing such a self-righteous smile while making it that way.

ALTERNATE KOBOLD CREATION METHODS

If rolling dice isn't your thing, could we possibly interest you in a convoluted point-buy system? No? Good. How about a standard **STAT ARRAY**, then? Okay, great, try this then. Assign one of each of these four values: **10**, **8**, **6**, **4** to your **FOUR STATS**.

If you chose to give yourself **BRAWN 10**, you must also start with one **CHEQUE** on the **KOBOLD HORRIBLE DEATH RECORD™** for powergaming. However, if you chose to have an **EXTRANEOUS 10**, you can start the game with one **VP** (for being such a good roleplayer)!

If this is your second or third time reading through this section, and you're trying to figure out what you're doing wrong because of the frequent and violent deaths of your Kobolds, you can stop searching—it sounds like you're doing it just right. If this is a problem for you, maybe you should go back to the store and buy yourself a happy little train game. Or perhaps, if you really felt you had to read “roll two dice four times” more than once just to be sure, you may just be lacking in self-confidence. You should consider a life coach or check out Vor's new self-help book, *In Vor's Fist: The Kobold Afterlife Fun Time Activity Book!*

*If you don't know what **2D6** means, then take a good long look at the picture on the top of this page. “**D6**” is fancy gamer talk for those cubes with the sides numbered 1 through 6 that you find in many board games. Laymen, unfamiliar with numeralized polyhedrons, foolishly refer to these cubes as dice (as if they only came in one shape!). The “**2**” before the “**D6**” just means that you roll 2 of these little six-sided friends.