

No force on  
Heaven or Earth  
shall stay my hand.  
Your reign of terror  
ends now,  
hellspawn!

**SIR MANLY:**  
Gallant knight. Strong  
personality. Group  
leader. Tomboy.  
+5 Bravery.

Yeah!

**WALTER:**  
Elven princess. Only  
ever talks to three  
people. Really good at  
science stuff. Nerd.  
+4 Dexterity.

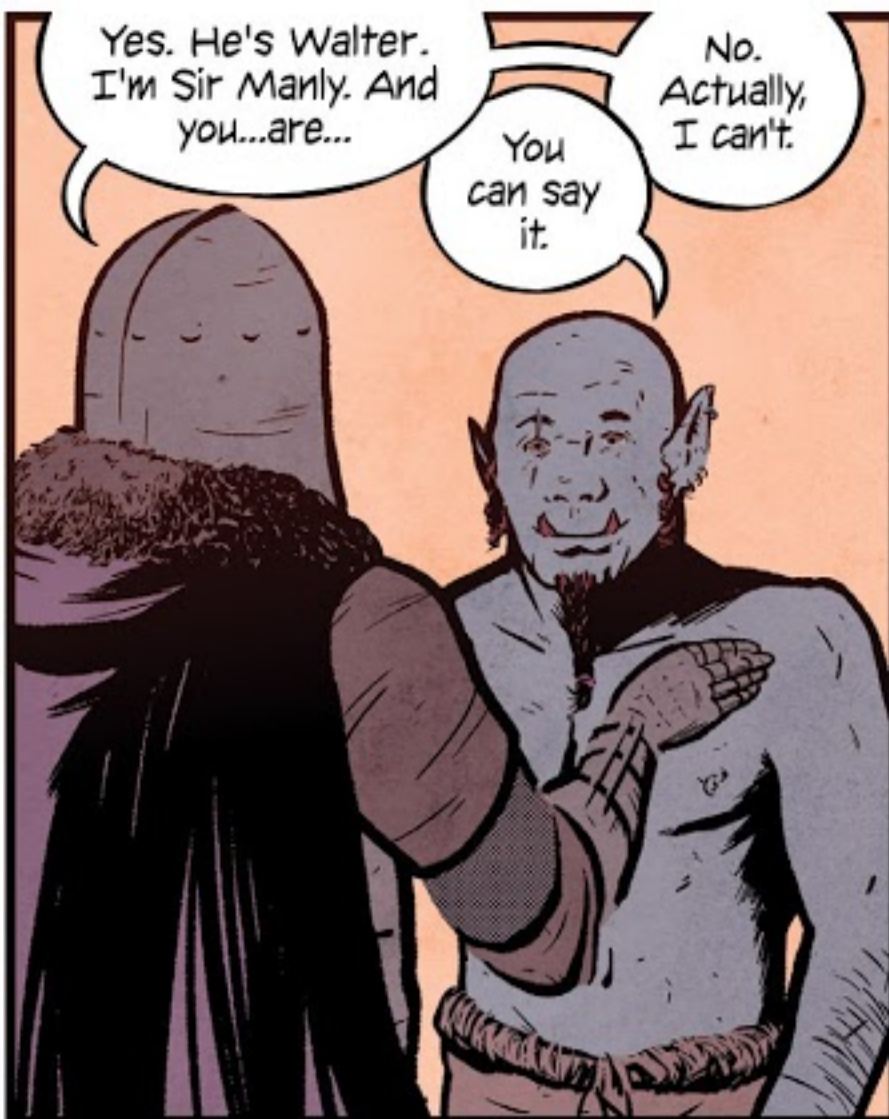
I wish  
I was a  
fucking  
dragon.

**CROTCH THE STICKY:**  
Orc warlord. Kasher.  
Curses too much. Kind of  
annoying. +6 Strength.



We will charge the dragon and strike at its soft undercarriage while Walter rains arrows down on its head.

Wait... her name is Walter?



Yes. He's Walter. I'm Sir Manly. And you...are...

You can say it.

No. Actually, I can't.



I am Crotch the Sticky. Son of Groin the Moist. Grandson of Lumps the--

Stop.



I am not calling you "Crotch the Moist."

"The Sticky."

I'm not saying that.

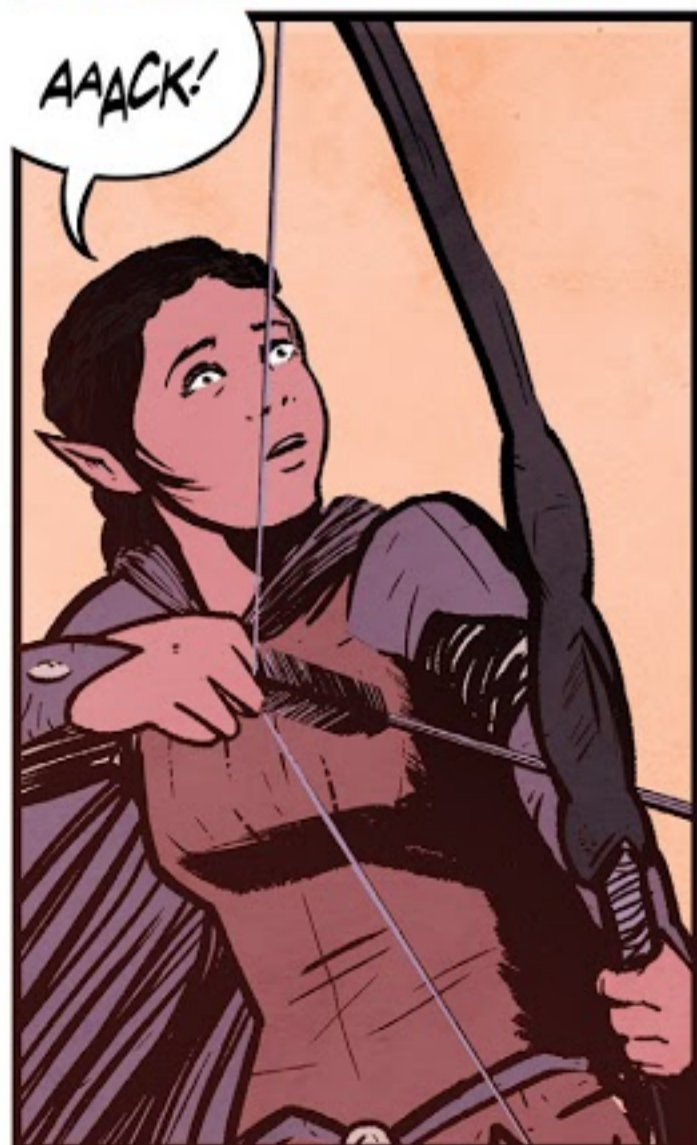


Oh, and Sir Manly is such a good name? How does that make me feel?! it's emasculating!

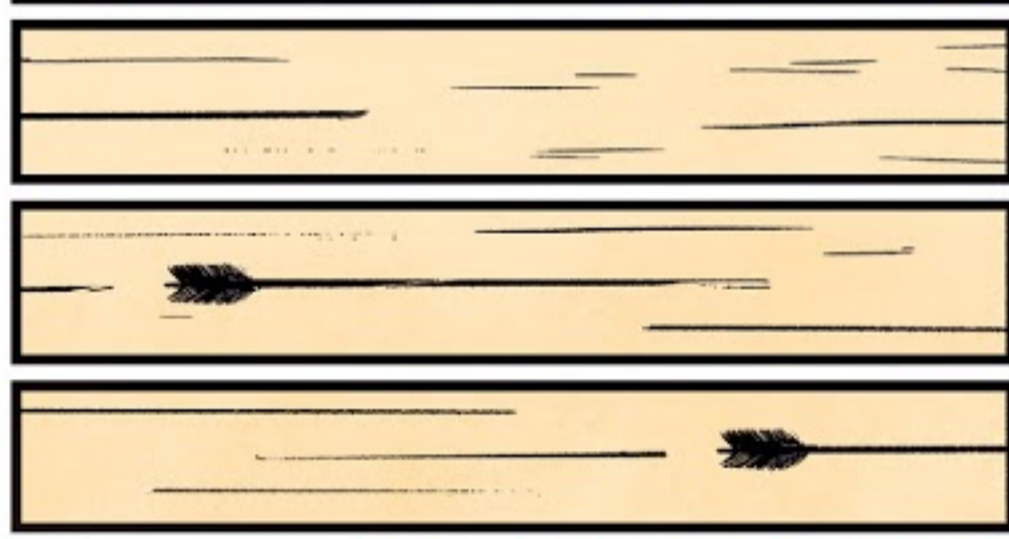
It's a knightly human name. It has nothing to do with you!



The dragon grows restless.



AAACK!



The arrow doesn't pierce the dragon's hide.



Don't shoot yet, Walter! We need to work together.

Sorry.



Walter, on my mark aim for its eyes. Crotch... follow me!

Shit. That thing just barely noticed that "Walter" shot it in the face. I'm not going near it.

C'MON!

What is my dumb club gonna do against that prick?



The dragon has a soft underbelly. Enchanted weapons could pierce it.

And if they don't?



If we get killed we can cast "reincarnate" on each other.

What the fuck is that?

It brings us back to life.

Now help me!



So we're, like, immortal?



You aren't immortal. You have one chance to save fallen--

Wait... Are you the fucking dragon?



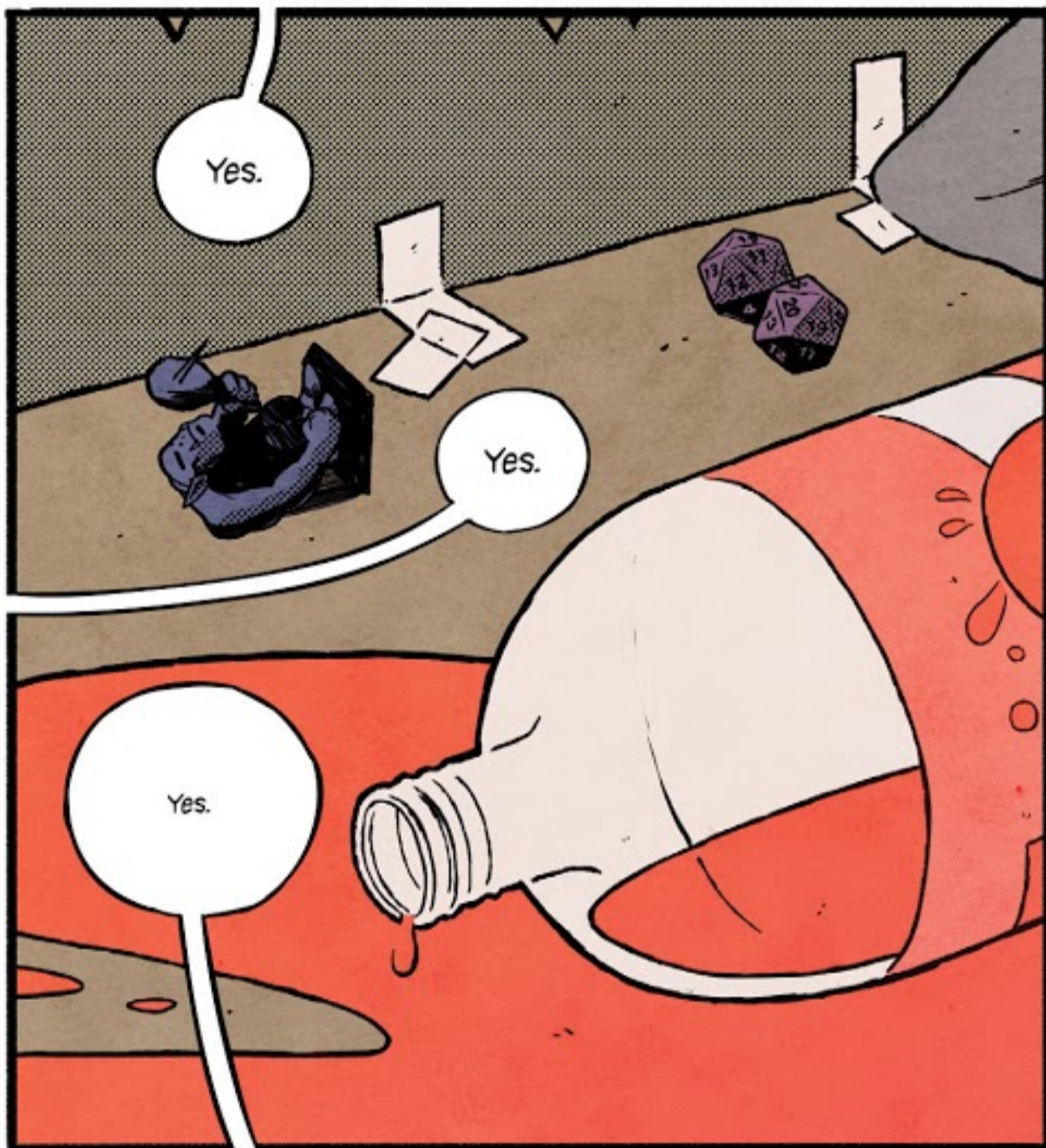




Why do you ruin everything, Berger?



I don't think I ruin everything. Do I?



Yes.

Yes.

Yes.



Maybe... But I'm not the one who put the soda on the table.

I just knocked it over.

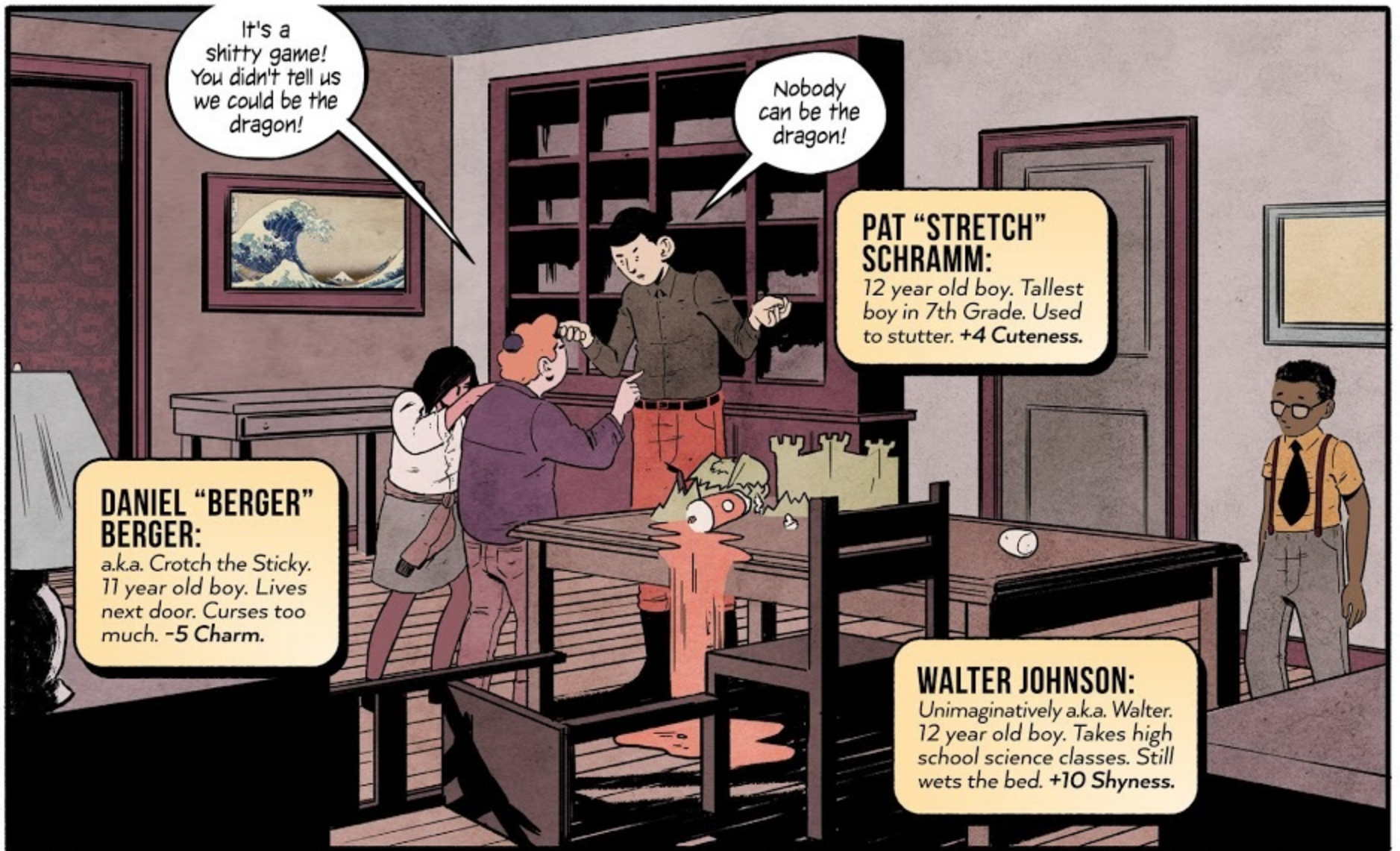


You *are* the one who put the soda on the table.



Whatever, guys. I saved us from having to play that shitty game. You should kinda thank me, maybe?

I worked really hard on this.



It's a shitty game! You didn't tell us we could be the dragon!

Nobody can be the dragon!

**PAT "STRETCH" SCHRAMM:**  
12 year old boy. Tallest boy in 7th Grade. Used to stutter. +4 Cuteness.

**DANIEL "BERGER" BERGER:**  
a.k.a. Crotch the Sticky. 11 year old boy. Lives next door. Curses too much. -5 Charm.

**WALTER JOHNSON:**  
Unimaginatively a.k.a. Walter. 12 year old boy. Takes high school science classes. Still wets the bed. +10 Shyness.



You were the dragon!

No, I wasn't! \*

\* He was.



Both of you, stop it!

**PAIGE:**  
a.k.a. Sir Manly. 12 year old girl. Could beat up all her friends. super smart. +6 Charisma.



Berger, you did ruin the game. You're cleaning up the soda.



Stretch, it was a pretty dumb game. We should stick with RISK.



And Walter... thanks for reincarnating me.



Now let's get all of this cleaned up before my dad--

Hey, kids! I told all your parents I would send you home right away if you started fighting again.

**MISTER TURNER:**  
a.k.a. Paige's Dad. 32 years old. Single parent. 4th tallest parent of a 7th grader. Horrible cook. +4 Effort.

