

The Tiny Tyrant, age six, heard about the dungeon contest daddy was entering. Already an experienced RPG player at the family game table, she demanded that she be allowed to make a dungeon too. This is her dungeon, and her description, dictated to her devoted scribe, and presented here word-for-word, without editorialization:

### **Ponies Candy Square Dungeon**



“two ponies are trying to get to Candy Square. They take the short route, which is a dungeon.”

“The first room contains a goblin pony. If you kick the lever, you will fall into a pit with a zombie pony. But if you kick the button, you will find out it’s just a hologram.”

“The next room, you will find the marshmallow room, where you can eat endless marshmallows. But you don’t know that they are poisonous marshmallows.”

“Then you go to the next room which is the dark room. In there you will find a treasure chest. It has a magic bump. If you touch it, CREEPY SCARY THINGS come out. Like vampires, zombies and other undead creatures. And if you have a level 2 key, you can unlock it and get all the awesome treasure!”

“And then, if you finally get out of it, you finally get to Candy Square!”