

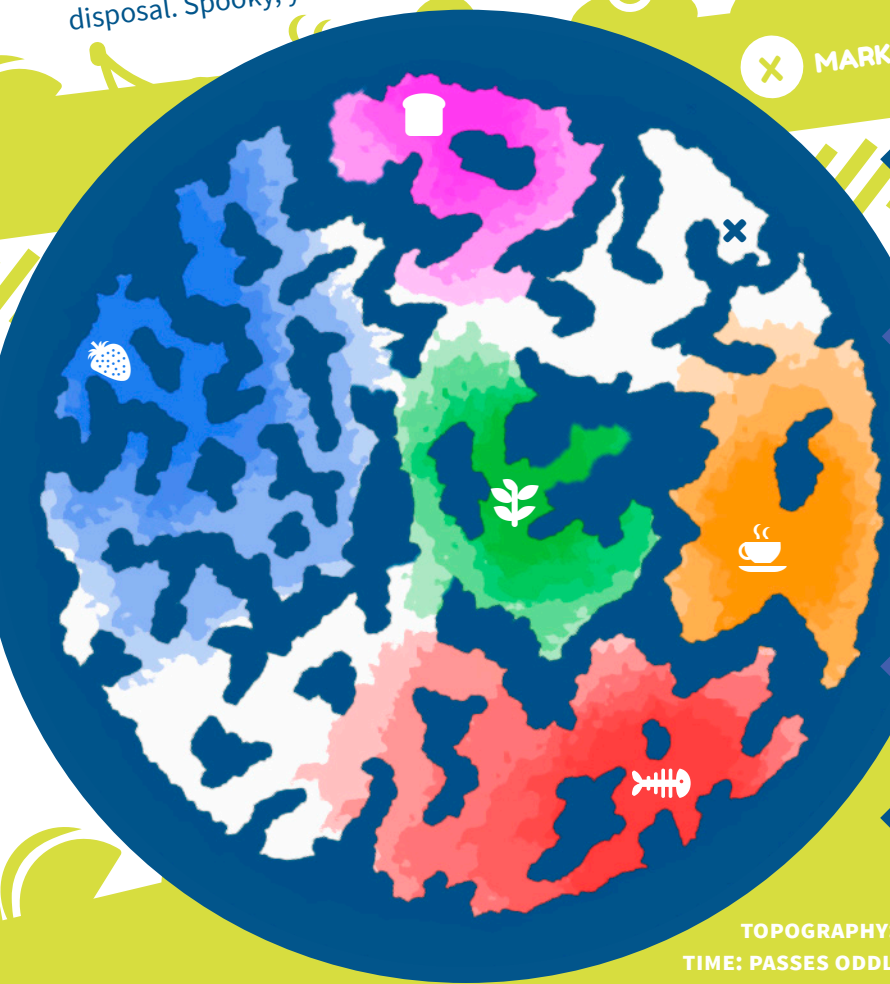


RUMBLE IN THE TRASH-HAUS

BY BRIENNE REID

The garbage disposal of the esteemed goblin sorceror-chef slash nonbinary anarchist icon Rozz Hrokkog is a wild place. You were just served up a mutagenic soup that caused any food it touched to come alive in a fit of murderous rage. Shortly afterwards, a terrifying, unearthly chorus of roars rose from the trash chute before realizing what had happened. Rozz chuckled some of the scraps from the disposal. Spooky, yes—but Rozz did make you dinner. It's only polite to help them by cleaning up afterwards, right?

X MARKS THE STARTING SPOT! HOLLER WHEN YOU'RE DONE.



Diminutive **berryfolk** with glowing white eyes and a childlike laugh. Taste for humanoid flesh. Smarter than the average bear, infinitely more cruel. **Expect traps** with bone shards, spines, pineapples.



Rotten **cabbage** cabal. Foul eldritch heads spewing forth profane prophecy and reeking of millennia-old mustards lost from all histories of goodly folk. Floating. Lair is musky, covered in evil sigils. **Magic abounds**. Go figure.



Here be the dreaded **bread-fiends**. Very few in number, not in carbs. Didn't know bread could sell its soul to gain wicked powers. Didn't know bread had a soul. Beware their **friends**, their **siren songs**, and the **melted butter pits**.



T-rex-amisu. Big, angry, and **shoots scalding coffee** from its maw. At least it doesn't have **pint-sized clones**, right? Lil' tira-bites? Oh, wait, it definitely does.



Reanimated **lobster husks**, fearful of bread-fiend butter and not much else. **Armored**, shrieking, all but mindless in their dedication to violence. Oh, and love to **scuttle onto the ceiling and ambush** interlopers. Cabbage and bread rivals.

TOPOGRAPHY: UNEVEN, SQUISHY FOOTING • METAPHYSICS: POCKET UNIVERSE
TIME: PASSES ODDLY • CLIMATE: WARM, STICKY • VISIBILITY: DULL GLOW, HEAVY FOG

BERRYFOLK TRAPS: 1D8

- 1 - face-height citrus jets
- 2 - rapid fire razor seeds
- 3 - explosive decoy
- 4 - rocket-propelled bear trap
- 5 - fondue bouncing betty
- 6 - quick-dry molasses pits
- 7 - overhead sugar spikes
- 8 - jellyfish stinger curtains

CABBAGE CURSES: 1D8

- 1 - very slippery, goopy hands
- 2 - wild forgetfulness
- 3 - compulsive singing
- 4 - metal slowly burns your skin
- 5 - raw meat hunger
- 6 - grow painless tooth-beard
- 7 - incessant over-sharing
- 8 - uncontrollable levitation

LOBSTER MUTATIONS: 1D8

- 1 - super swole
- 2 - extra thick shells
- 3 - magically reflective shells
- 4 - claws display greatest fears
- 5 - aura of deadly garlic sauce
- 6 - ectoplasmic levitation
- 7 - claws randomly shoot lasers
- 8 - two, sometimes three, heads

BREAD-FIEND FRIENDS: 1D8

- 1 - demonic gnat swarms
- 2 - infernal cowboy coyotes
- 3 - giant satanic puffins
- 4 - possessed rolling pins
- 5 - accursed jellies
- 6 - heretical murder-cheeses
- 7 - bored hench-devil
- 8 - overenthusiastic lost soul

REWARDS FOR # OF MUTATED FOOD GROUPS VANQUISHED IN ONE VISIT:

- 1 - Rozz's appreciation, a sauce-covered wad of cash, and a nice cutting board
- 2 - Rozz's Spice Mix: lich dust, ecto-salts, shaved void whispers, and cumin
- 3 - The recipe for this evening's Mutagenic Ooze and Mushroom Soup
- 4 - The Sharpest Dang Knife, surprisingly made out of gelatin—technically edible
- 5 - Bottle of Rozz's Life-slappin' Hot Sauce, a cure-all and revitalizer for even the dustiest bones

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