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Fantasy Mad Lib

1. Ranger _____
2. Fighter _____
3. Adjectiveadjective Ends In Estadverbnounnoun Pluralproper Nounproper Noun Pluralverb Base Formverb Past Tenseverb Present Ends In Ingverb Present Ends In Sadjective Ends In Estother Parts Of Speecharticleconjunctionprepositionpronounotheranimalanimal - Pluralfoodeventpart Of Bodyfirst Name Of A Personfull Name Of A Personlocationnumberyearcustom _____
4. Bard _____
5. Fighter _____
6. Fighter _____
7. Fighter _____

Fantasy Mad Lib

The carcass drags along the unpaved roads of Main CitiesVille. Its towering spires reign supreme in the distance. The hunters' boots squelch as they step through the muddied streets, entering the pub in lower town. (Ranger) walks up to the bar and slams the game down. "This should cover a drink or two!" (Hunter) exclaims confidently.

The sudden and dramatic appearance of a dead animal in the bar shocks the bartender and sends ripples down the counter knocking a drink into a neighboring patrons lap.

"Uhm, that's not how...any of this works." The stunned bartender manages to stumble out.

Before (Repeat Last AdjectiveAdjective Ends in ESTAdverbNounNoun PluralProper NounProper Noun PluralVerb Base FormVerb Past TenseVerb Present ends in INGVerb Present ends in SAdjective Ends in ESTOther Parts of SpeechArticleConjunctionPrepositionPronounOtherAnimalAnimal - PluralFoodEventPart of BodyFirst Name of a PersonFull Name of a PersonLocationNumberYearCustom Custom) can reply a hand closes around their shoulder. It's the other patron, (Fighter), the remnants of their spilt beer dripping off their tunic onto the floor. " You dishonor me. Now we must duel."

The bartender grows further concerned, "Now wait just a min-"

"You're on!" Accepts (AdjectiveAdjective Ends in ESTAdverbNounNoun PluralProper NounProper Noun PluralVerb Base FormVerb Past TenseVerb Present ends in INGVerb Present ends in SAdjective Ends in ESTOther Parts of SpeechArticleConjunctionPrepositionPronounOtherAnimalAnimal - PluralFoodEventPart of BodyFirst Name of a PersonFull Name of a PersonLocationNumberYearCustom Custom)

Music strums from a nearby bard, (_____Bard_____). A melodic voice sings, There once was a crazy hunter who offended a fighter and now they duel to deeeath!

"Wait, death?!" asks the hunter shocked!

"Finally." The fighter says as if he's been waiting for a challenge like this all his life. Now understanding the Hunters hesitation, the Fighter swings, the Hunter dodges and after a cartoon display of dodging and swinging the bar is in shambles, the glasses broken and still no deaths.

"THAT'S IT!" Yells the once measly bartender now grown to the height and size of a mountain bear. He grabs both (hunter) and (_____Repeat Last AdjectiveAdjective Ends in ESTAdverbNounNoun PluralProper NounProper Noun PluralVerb Base FormVerb Past TenseVerb Present ends in INGVerb Present ends in SAdjective Ends in ESTOther Parts of SpeechArticleConjunctionPrepositionPronounOtherAnimalAnimal - PluralFoodEventPart of BodyFirst Name of a PersonFull Name of a PersonLocationNumberYearCustom Custom_____) by the collars and gets right in their face.

"You two will pay for this or you're both dead."

"B-but I don't have any money." Stutters the frightened hunter. He looks to the fighter who looks equally sheepish, pulling out the insides of his pockets as nothing buty lint and a button fall out.

"Well. You. Best. Get. Some." Declares the bartender reaching for his butcher knife.

A whistle breaks the shaking terrors of (Hunter) and (Fighter). They look over to see a black cladded figure, posing without a care in the world with too many knives strapped to their person. Including one in their hand. (Rogue) taps the poster with the blade. It's golden hilt and ruby encrusted hilt catches the firelight. On the poster in large letters says Massive Reward

"You two looking for a job?" (Rogue) winks and smirks.

(Rogue) saunters ahead of (_____Fighter_____) and (_____Fighter_____) as they enter the great hall of the (King/ Queen) of Main CitiesVille. (_____Fighter_____) lounges on a massive throne, so large they have room for themselves and all the trophies they've earned over the years.

"We've come for the quest!" Announces the rogue.

(Warrior) gives them a passing glance, more concerned with filing their finger nails. Without looking up (Warrior) examines their nails while pointing the file at a corner of the massive hall.

(Rogue), (Fighter) and (Hunter) look to a mishmash of a variety of characters. One, an imposing figureing in a large robe concealing any number oif mysterious things, fiddling with some bottles and potions. They wave and give a knowing wink, their long lustrous beard flows majestically, unsure if its fake or real but it sure is glorious.

"The name's, (wizard.)" They step forward announcing themselves.

The second figure seems to be keeping a couple of paces from the Magician. But steps forward in greeting. There areis telltale soot marks where (Monk)'s eye brows used to be. Perhaps not so mysterious why they are keeping their distance. (Monk) bows in greeting, their shiny reflective head sparkles in the glorious great hall. (Fighter) also wonders if that is natural or the byproduct of Magic tampering. They note to keep away from the Wizard if they can help it.

"Yes, yes, you've all met now." Lazily drolls (warrior). "My right-hand soldier will also go with you to ensure success." They flick a hand to an imposing figure in the shadow of the massive chair. (Barbarian) steps forward, though seems hesitant to speak.

"Now on you go, glory to the kingdom and all that. Retrieve my artifact, and you shall have riches beyond your wildest dreams and my eternal gratitude or something, something..." they begin to mutter in closing as they begin shuffling through a large bowl of colorful candy.

The fellowship awkwardly shuffles out as (Barbarian) leads them away.

(rogue) comes out of triple helix, double arabian, flip to land gracefully on the other side of a deep gorge. Racing miles below them is water rushing at break neck speeds. The kind that kills all who fall in except the main character who will only wash up on the banks of the river farther down, go on to have an amazing adventure and inevitably show up in the finale to save the day.

"Phew." (Fighter) says as he stares into the death trap below, rocks crumble and break away from their boots, falling below.

"Careful there." (Wizard) says pulling the fighter back. "You didn't have enough coin to buy that plot armor at the last town."

"Thankfully we have (Rogue)." Grunts (Barbarian). The rope he's holding pulls taught as (Rogue) secures their end to the other side for the fellowship to shimmy across.

(Wizard) looks deeply at the map, etched in runes only they can read, as they follow his directions to the location of the artifact.

"Do you smell that?" asks (Hunter). Their keen trained nose in the air.

"Someone's cooking." Answers (Monk).

They follow the scent to a small camp, goblins around a campfire roasting a rabbit.

"Oh look." Points (rogue). A cage houses a druid. They are huddled up, head to their knees.

(rogue) smiles wickedly as they pull out a contraption with 50 different pointed metal shapes.

(Fighter)'s eyes light up with joy. "Ooooh, a skeleton key. I used to have one just like it. Until it was stolen one night when I was sleeping. I miss that thing."

"uuuuuh-" (rogue) is at a loss for words, "Tough luck, I'm gonna go break that guy out though." They add quickly before the rogue and (hunter) sneak off to the cage.

"What's that noise?" The hunter asks as they get closer.

"Sounds like...sobbing?" The rogue replies. And sure enough as they get closer (druid) is in full tears bawling their eyes out.

"Oh no...don't be like that. It's ok, we'll get you out." Coos (hunter).

"It's *sniff* not *sniff* that *sniff." (Druid) replies pointing a finger toward the fire. "They're cooking my Bun-Bun.

"You're wha-?" (Rogue) questions.

(Hunter) grabs the rogues face and directs it to the campfire where a rabbit is on a spit rotating over a fire.

"You're Bun-bun." (Rogue) confirms.

"My Bun-bun." (Druid) says through sobs.

click and the door swings open from the rogues' lock pick. (Druid) hobbles out still distraught.

"What now?" asks (Hunter) "What're we going to do about all the goblins.

The rogue points, "I think someone is already handling it."

(Monk) is walking out into the midst of the camp. Arms spread, eyes closed, and head pointed to the heavens.

"Good eve' my green brethren. Have thou heard thy good news?"

It took mere minutes to convert the band of goblins to Muffintheisum and in so allowing safe passage of the fellowship, but (Monk) stayed behind to lead his people to new enlightenment.

(Druid) decided to join as thanks for the rescue.

It was during the trek through a deep and dark forest that they came across a strange glow. On closer inspection (hunter) exclaimed, "Mushrooms!"

A gasp escaped (Wizard) so profoundly as he rushed through them, as if he found the treasure they were hunting for all along.

"They're here, at long last I have found them."

Before anyone could object the Wizard swallowed the suspiciously glowing fungai and immediately dropped into a stupor. Though his body seemed lifeless, his mind raced on.

"Wow....we just lost our guide." (Warrior) spoke.

"I know these woods like the back of my hand." Claimed (druid) "and If I don't, my friends here will." They continued, lifting both hands as 30 or so birds all flocked to them and rested on their body. They smiled gleefully as if this was perfectly normal.

(rogue) cringed, "Uh sure, lead on." They kept a closer look for bird droppings as they went.

Finally they came

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