

# MONSTER STORY: GOBLIN

Look at this lovely thing, stuck here in between the stones. A thin scrap of metal, jagged on one side, oo, sharp, still sharp, though all rusty and bent.



No matter, into the bag you go, clank! Wonder what it used to be. Maybe hobgoblin spear tip or a piece of these ugly old statues you see crumbling here and there. No matter, no matter, we'll find a home for you. Every little bit finds a home, goes to use.

Junk they call it, scraps. Fools. All things have their use, even old and ugly. Just need to dust it off and bend it the right way, bang on it for a bit. Get enough of these and some leather straps and maybe a wooden plank or two from the rotting watchtowers and you have a sturdy shield! Take some of the torches that the humans throw out once they burn through, put some spikes through them and you have a good bashin' stick! Every little bit finds its place.

They despise us, I know. The hulking bugbears with their heavy armor. The mean hobgoblins in their clean huts, always ready for a kick and a spit. The orcs – so few of them here, but so angry, always angry. They all think little of us because we are so little. But they will see, yes, they will. My kind is patient and crafty. We keep grudges and we remember. Our warrens might be a foul-smelling place and the slugs and moldy mushrooms we survive on are disgusting, but every day we bring more of the things no one wanted. An axe handle there, an old crutch here, a stolen trap that the sadistic kobolds are so fond of on a good day. These last ones are hard to grab, true, cost my sister an arm once. I made sure to find a kobold who got too close to the warrens and bash his stupid head in for that one.

Bones, scraps, sometimes even the tiny little pieces of the dark stone – though no one throws that out, must go deep and look hard to find these. All goes to the Mound. Yes, we can make small things from it – some things to protect us, some sharp and jagged things to hurt our many enemies. But the Chief alone keeps the true purpose of the Mound, what we are really making, what most of these scraps go towards. And when it is unleashed – these caves will be ours, ours alone. No more kicking, no more spitting, no more nasty words. Humph. They will see yet.

What's that? An old bronze leg armor all cracked with the bones still rattling inside! Nothing goes to waste. Into the bag you go. Clank!