

MONSTER STORY: KOBOLD

Snap! Snip!
Little tiny trinkets
of mine, so sharp,
so hard to spot among
the little stones.



What a lovely sound they make when they shut shut shut, trapping, snapping like giving your stupid foot a big old hug! You poor thing, you lost some fingers, have you? Mine to keep, mine-mine-mine!

So many critters down here, must know, have to be careful, always careful. The big ones think they are so much better than us, cornered into the smelliest, nastiest parts of these tunnels. The warrens are not much, yes but it's home. They teach us the important things. Like how to sleep even though the shriekers are being noisy. Or not mind the trogs's stink. Or running faster than your friends so that you are not the one caught by a dark thing living deep in the smelly waters.

Many lessons. I used to learn. Now I teach.

You do not step here, you do not come to the warrens if you want to keep your fingers, snip-snap!

Goblins are greedy, yes, but they are the ones who trade us the sharp bits for the food we forage and they are good for that. Where do they scavenge it I ask myself? It looks like they cut it from something bigger, cut it with their poor shoddy knives and it comes out all jagged and bent. Good, perfect for traps I say!

The bigger ones dislike us, yes. They think of us as an annoyance maybe, but I show them! One day I make a trap so big, so devious, it will catch me a true prize – the mighty dragon that haunts the big caverns to the east. Laugh now, kick now – in the end with every finger I scrap off my traps I get better, in the end – I will be the last one laughing!

Snap!