

Kordath stared down at the sheet in his hands, blinking and trying not to let his eyes glaze over. This was...not unexpected for a first-time player, but usually, it wasn't *this* amazingly rough. He wasn't even sure how she'd managed to pull it off.

"Sats...ya can...nae...what is this...tis a bleedin' mess girl..."

"What the frak do you mean? You said make a character I understood!"

"Y..yeah...but...this is about escapism...what is this massive binder?"

He eyed the three ring binder warily, the contents bulging out with various stickers and bookmarks attached to pages within. He had a suspicion as to what was inside.

"Her backstory"

Kord hated being right.

"Okay, well, that's a lot for a level 5...uhh...."

"Fighter!"

"Well yeah, ya definitely...put a level in Fighter..."

"Because I know how to fight. Also, Bard, because I can sing. And dance."

"Y...yeah ya ca—" he was cut off by the flood of words pouring from the woman's mouth.

"And another in Rogue, because I know how to be sneaky and get the drop on people"

"Okay, seriously, luv ya gotta—" and she just kept going.

"And Barbarian, because I'm tough as balls and can be a real Raging bitch if I need to be, heh"

"Right, puns, I got it, just—" good lord did she ever stop?

"And a level in Ranger, because I like to have pets"

Kordath's forehead hit the table with a thud as he tried not to sob. Instead, he skipped over the mess of a multi-class sheet, with not a single stat over fourteen because she 'wanted to stay balanced', and moved on to the next.

"Okay, Zujibean, what ya got for me luv?" he asked, hope in his voice. He knew the hybrid was familiar with the game, hell it was she who'd gotten him to try it in the first place.

"I'm going to play a Cleric, Living Force domain," she stated, cheerfully.

"Of course ya are, luv," he replied with a sigh, rubbing at his eyes.

"She's got a staff and wants to protect people!"

"Is she a baker too, Zuj?"

"...did you already look at my backstory?"

The look she gave him bordered on paranoia, that of one who'd been hurt by a gamemaster before.

"Didn't even have ta, luv. It's fine."

He looked across the table at the third member of the party.

"And you, Uji?"

"Fighter, this...Samurai archetype," stated the brown-eyed man, already rolling a die over and over, a scratch pad next to him being filled with recorded numbers.

"Frack it, I tried, you lot just have no imagination!" shouted the Ryn, throwing his notes to the table and getting up from his seat. "Give me five bleedin' minutes," he grumbled, heading into the kitchen. The group heard a bottle being uncorked and a 'glugging' sound.

-Two hours later-

Under the table, Shay'Ira and Sammy were playing, giggling and holding prisoner any dice that fell to the floor. Or at least that's what they had been doing. Kordath blinked and looked at the game map and then stared at his players.

"Well the dragon is defeated," he stated with a sigh.

"Wait, what? It was kicking our asses!"

"Yeah well, your daughter just ate one of its wings, so..." the Ryn trailed off, lifting his bottle and taking another swig. Below him, the girls giggled as Sammy gnawed on the now disabled dragon's severed limb.

There was a long pause, before Satsi slammed both hands on the tabletop, sending dice flying.

"YOU GO, SAMMY! THAT'S MY GIRL!"

"Our girl," added Uji, quietly shaking his head.

"Shut up you're dead," snarled the woman, gesturing at his knocked over miniature and the scratched out 'hit points' on his sheet.

"Also that dragon was made of lead, I dunno if that's bad or not," spoke Kord, slumping further into his chair.

All three of his players turned to stare at him before Satsi and Uji overturned the table and snatched up their daughter. They ran out the door to commandeer the first speeder they could find to a clinic.

"Well, that was interesting," sighed Zujenia, looking over the mess. Kord simply sighed and handed her the bottle.