

Gob the Goblin's Terrible, Horrible, No Good, Very Bad Day

By Evan W. Knierim

Gob the goblin was a goblin. To say that was the most interesting thing about him would be a lie. Gob the goblin was not just a goblin, he was a goblin in wizard robes, wearing a comically large wizard hat to boot. The hat had come from Gob's mentor Ira, who was showing him the arcane arts, teaching him how to cast spells. Gob had endured a lot since then, his first group he traveled with alongside Ira had all met an unfortunate end by the hands of a necrolord, and his army of undead.

Gob had managed to escape the necrolord, and for a short period of time, he found himself as a member of a cult worshiping the dark god 'Diablo'. Gob in truth was only a member of the cult because they had a large library of books. Here, Gob intended to continue his studies, leaving off where Ira had been teaching him before her death. The problem came when one day the cult asked him to *actually* do something. Gob was tasked by the cult's elders to go and kill a noble, who had been advocating for the removal of all followers of Diablo, from their very well meaning, and very clearly not corrupt city. If Gob failed to eradicate the noble's bloodline he would find himself excommunicated.

Gob knew he simply didn't have it in him to kill a man, so he took as many books and arcane trinkets as he could find, and went as far away from the cult as he could get. Then, after many long months of travel, he found himself with a new group of adventurers. They were known as 'The Blazing Brigade'. The group of adventurers took up this mantle, as most of them were experienced warriors who were adept in some sort of flame based combat or magic. Naturally wanting to fit in, Gob saw this as an opportunity, and spent a few weeks attempting to master the art of the most entry level fire spell in his stolen books.

He chose the spell fireball.

Gob actually found that he was quite proficient with this new spell, and decided on their next adventure, he would use it and impress all of the members who had doubted his contribution to the cause.

The problem of course came whenever the group found themselves in a dungeon, whose architect many, many years ago, was clearly far from claustrophobic. The walls of the dungeon were extremely cramped. Things only got worse whenever the party began to fight a creature made of vines and roots, who constricted and restrained the various members of the party. All were restrained, except for Gob who was short and nimble, allowing him to dodge the various restraints. In a moment of desperation, Gob who was not thinking because of his massive adrenaline rush, cast fireball at the creature in a bold attempt to annihilate the creature quickly.

Gob did achieve his goal of burning the monster, but ended up disintegrating all of his new comrades to ash in the process.

Yes, Gob's life had been far from easy. So, now Gob finds himself journeying again. Marching onward, as far away as he could from the site of the scorching as he could. He found himself in a new town, a smaller one than he was used to. Gob had fully intended to give up on his arcane endeavors, he knew he'd caused too much damage.

Turning the corner down an unfamiliar stone road, he found himself at a tavern.

The tavern from the outside was very modest. Its wood was aged, and one of the windows was broken and boarded up. Still, Gob could hear the sounds of jolly laughter, and singing to the sound of a most impressively played lyre, all from within the tavern's wooden walls. A sign swinging gently in the wind over the entrance read, 'The Giant's Stink'. Despite the crude name of the tavern, Gob found that he couldn't shake the feeling that maybe, just maybe, something was waiting for him in this place. If nothing there would at least be ale.

Gob found that he didn't need to push the swinging doors open, which sat about two inches above his head. He merely ducked down and entered. Firewood crackled, and with the assistance of candles spread about the premises, the tavern was very well lit and intimate. This light contrasted the damp darkness, outside. Patrons of different species and origin, occupied the place. They indulge in various acts, gambling, singing, dancing, romancing, but most important of all, drinking. Gob struggled, but managed to climb onto a stool at the counter.

Nasally he spoke, "I'll take a shot of Red Dragon ale, and a whole pitcher of Purple Grape Marsh." From behind the counter, turning to face Gob was a large figure, his body composed of a mix of flesh and stone. He was the barkeep. The titan looked Gob up and down.

"You Gob?" The titan asked, his voice gravely as if he'd eaten ten or more boulders for breakfast.

"Yes." Gob said shrilly. "That would be me. What gave it away?"

"Only so many tiny green men with big ears and even bigger wizard hats come in 'ere." The titan replied. "Anyway, the menacin' lookin' guy over in the corner," The titan pointed. "The one with the black robes on— obscurin' his face. He says he's lookin' for ya!"

Sweat began to form on Gob's forehead, and slide across his face. *Who could possibly need to see me?* Gob thought to himself. Regardless, God was going to find out, as he climbed off of the stool, and made his way towards the figure. Gob sat in the booth he was directed towards, and sure enough, he found he was face to face, or rather face to obscured face, with the stranger.

"Gob the Goblin." The figure spoke with authority, his breath was cold, and his tone was threatening. "For what feels like an eternity I have searched for you. Finally, I meet you once more."

“Can I uh... can I help you?” Gob asked, trembling.

“You can.” The Figure, despite his features not being clear, was staring directly through Gob.

“I uh... oka-”

“I have wished for *nothing* more, than your death for what has felt to me, like a millenia.” The figure interrupted. “Finally, I have arrived to return you to your makers– by my own hand.” The figure lifted his arms up, dropping his hood. “Ira sends her regards from hell.” The figure’s hood fell, revealing himself to be the necrolord from all those years ago.

“Holy shi-” Gob didn’t have time to react, he merely jumped up from his seat in the booth to a nearby table. Thankfully so, as the necrolord had just created a crater where Gob’s seat once was, by emitting a powerful and explosive pulse from his finger tips.

“When I killed your friends, you were all a part of a ritual meant to ensure me MY immortality!” The barkeep raised a crossbow, and aimed it at the necrolord. Without his gaze ever leaving Gob, the Necrolord raised his hand. A cloud of sheer cold propelled at the barkeep slowly froze him solid and entrapped him in ice. “But, you were the missing piece. I needed *ALL* of you dead!”

The necrolord clapped his hands together towards Gob propelling a powerful blast of fire towards him in the shape of a cone. The blast burnt to death, the two patrons of the table Gob was standing on. However one of the things that Gob had stolen from the cult’s archive, was an amulet of flame immunity. This allowed Gob to survive his own fireball in the cramped dungeon all those weeks ago. Since then, the amulet had become a symbol of luck, and Gob never took it off. Thank goodness he never took it off too, otherwise he’d have been a pile of ash.

Instead he just stood still, and suffered the feeling of what felt like a really hot blast of air slowly suffocating him.

“DIE PEST!” The necrolord hollered, grabbing Gob by the scruff, and holding him up. “I WILL ASCE-” the necrolord was cut off short, thanks to an axe which had now been run through his head.

Gob fell to the floor, and looked up to see his savior. Standing tall above him was supreme leader Magnus, more commonly known as the head of the cult of Diablo. *Uh oh*, were the only words running through Gob’s mind, as the hopeful feeling of being saved, was drowned out by the dread of simply getting executed by a different source.

“Gob... for too long you’ve evaded us. Now, you will suffer a fate worse than death itself. Suddenly, more figures all of whom were wearing robes with the symbol of Diablo rushed in and tied Gob up. Placing him on a chair in the center of the tavern which was now vacant of all living patrons. The cult members began to draw a circle around Gob with chalk. “As punishment for your betrayal of our way of life, we sentence you to living and suffering through damnation. You will be sent to hell *alive* where you will be forced to live the rest of your days as a slave for lord Diablo.”

The figures in hoods chanted “Praise Diablo! King of demons and darkness!”

“What say you, green menace?” Magus asked Gob. Before Gob could answer, a great booming explosion was heard, and a now deceased cult member was launched through the tavern doors. Emerging from the smoke was a woman, with fiery red hair, and a ring on a necklace around her neck.

“Gob the Goblin!” She spoke, grinding her teeth. “You killed my husband, using the art of pyromancy. Killed him with the only thing he could’ve ever *truly* loved more than me. Now,

I've come to kill you using the wand he first used as an apprentice! The only thing he had to leave his widow!"

The members of the cult retaliated, attempting to subdue her, but they were no match for the vengeful widow. One by one, the members of the cult fell as the widow burnt them all to a crisp. Even Magnus, despite his greatest effort, fell to the hands of this woman whose desire to exact revenge burned brighter than Magnus's desire to live. When she was done with the cult, she moved slowly and methodically towards Gob. She held her wand against Gob's chin.

"You are no ordinary goblin. Most goblins despite their appearances and unfortunate upbringings— still have standards. You are just a *monster* in every sense of the word. Worse than the dragons who raise villages and kill mercilessly. Worse than the petty thieves who live without consequence. A *monster*!"

She raised her wand and aimed it directly at Gob. "My husband said that if he were to die on his own terms, he would want to have died in a blaze of glory ignited by his own hand. Knowing that he had saved his comrades." Tears began to swell in the widow's eyes. "He did not get to live his dream, so I do this in hopes he can live it through me, vicariously."

"Woah woah!" Gob started. "Before you do that I can—" a sudden flash of fire from the wand, and the tavern was completely destroyed, becoming nothing but a scene of ash and smoke. Residents could hear the explosion from every corner of the city. Gob entered a coughing fit, trying to catch his breath. "—can't be hurt by fire." He finished his sentence.

Gob sat there as if he hadn't just taken a fireball to the face. Gob blinked over and over again trying to clear the dust from his eyes. He looked down to see a pile of charred bones that he assumed was once the widow.

His restraints, and the chair he sat on were decimated. Gob sighed and slowly began to pick himself up, and walk away from 'The Giant's Stink'. A street vendor a distance away from the destruction noticed Gob and hurriedly approached him.

"Oh my god! Are you okay tiny little green man?" The concerned citizen asked. Gob shook his head.

"Yeah I'm fine, just another Tuesday." As he had many times before Gob, began to leave the city, vowing to never return.