

Ranger Rick vs the Cursed Die

This is the tale of Ricky, made beneath a blessed star
We thought the angels loved him and that Ricky would go far
He was the finest hero ever rolled for pen and dice
any one of us would take him, if he came at twice the price
We never would have thought it would never have believed
Those angels we thought blessed him were all laughing up their sleeves
When his player's dice would tumble
We would shudder as they fell
It was like an incantation leading straight to hell

Oh, Ranger Rick, oh Ranger Rick
How could you go so wrong
You're agile, wise, intelligent charismatic and strong
You would've been amazing if you'd only had some luck
But off you ride, through the countryside and land right in the muck

I admit that when we started that I struggled with some envy
I had substandard weapons and my attributes were worse
I felt a smidgin better after acing a few dice rolls
And Ricky, he was great, but it was clear that he was cursed
We were newbies on our horses
Rick- the only one could ride
But every time he mounted
He fell off the other side
We'd have thought it circumstantial
If it hadn't gone so long
He'll only make one dice roll in this whole damn song

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About midgame the atmosphere was getting kind of nervous
In "dicey" situations Rick was hard to have along

He overheard some elves and was convinced that they were orcish
His observations tracking, even we could tell were wrong
Oh, We may have been nervous but Rick was Paranoid
He fostered confrontations
It was better to avoid
He maligned our group's enchanter and we couldn't back him down
Like a nuclear reactor in its last meltdown

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Rick thought the Elves were Orcs and The Enchantress was a traitor
With his shouted accusations You could tell she'd had enough
He'd bungled every fight and Every covert operation
He'd jangled every nerve and She was ready to get rough
Her lovely eyes were narrowed
As she fired off her spell
She attacked our only ranger
And we all wished her well
We'd do anything she wanted
If she'd get him in control
When Ricky made his one successful saving throw

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The moral of this story, If you haven't thought it through
Is never underestimate the Damage dice can do
You can optimize your stats And wield equipment strong and true
But when the dice are falling Lady Luck will have her due
You can min max til you're crosseyed
You can wear your lucky shirt

You can compromise the GM
If your girlfriend is a flirt
It won't make a bit of difference
Hear me now, take my advice
You should never play at all If you don't have the dice.

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