

<p>You trip, wobble, and then crash into an adjacent ally. Both players make Acrobatics checks (mid DC) or fall prone.</p>	<p>Amidst massive fumbling, you momentarily lose your inhibitions and unintentionally mention something extremely awkward, and otherwise unknown by the rest of the party. (truth about a lie, a secret, something embarrassing, etc)</p>	<p>You fumble so badly that you inadvertently offend the gods! You must atone for your inadequacy by performing an act of humiliation.</p>
<p>Oooooooh....shiny! You see something nearby that catches your eye, and your attention is immediately drawn to it. You move 2 squares immediately towards the object.</p>	<p>“Didn’t this just happen?” You have a moment of deja-vu and recall the last time you critically failed. Woah...</p>	<p>Overly confident and in a bit of hurry, you reach into your inventory to bring forth a weapon of destruction!! Only...instead you retrieve *DM’s choice* from your pack.</p>
<p>Your miss is so spectacular, that you are stunned at your epic fail. Your nearest ally must give you a pep talk on their next turn to break you from your stunned condition.</p>	<p>You fall down to the ground, and the most fragile thing in your inventory is shattered!</p>	<p>*Growwwwl* Your stomach rumbles and the sense of intense hunger overcomes you. You begin to plan for the next Nerdfest by being responsible for bringing chips!</p>

<p>“Oh how thoughtful!” Flowers shoot from your hands and land at the feet of your enemy.</p>	<p>A flock of rabbits fly by. Yes, rabbits...with wings. They fly in the air past you.</p>	<p>“Back in my day, gum was only a nickel, and movies were double features, and we were happy to have it!”</p> <p>Roll 2d20</p> <p>The result is the number of years that you age in your mind. Effect lasts for the rest of the day.</p>
<p>Poof! You are suddenly teleported 5 squares away from your current position. *DM's choice*</p>	<p>Cheers! You reach into your inventory and some how produce a mug of ale, but then spit it out immediately as you discover it's non-alcoholic.</p>	<p>A feeling of deep affection overcomes you and you immediately fall in love with the last NPC you spoke to (keep it clean).</p>
<p>“Let down your hair!”  You hair immediately grows 1d4 feet.</p>	<p>A succubus begins to follow you around, under the impression that your first-born child will become a nexus of power so great, that he'll rule the world, and she wants to mother him for a seat of power.</p>	<p>You cut yourself for 1 point of damage, and the blood falls to the ground. A local cave of land-sharks catch scent on the wind...</p>

<p>Suddenly, every sentient creature within 200 miles of you is aware of who you are, what you look like, and what your surface thoughts are for the next 4d6 minutes.</p>	<p>Your nightmare manifests itself inside your home. It becomes bored of waiting for you. It becomes a master of all the board games you own.</p>	<p>A small creature of unknown origin appears on weapon you currently wield. Every strike with your weapon wounds the tiny creature and you hear a tiny shriek in pain with every attack for 1d4 days.</p>
<p>Your opponent smacks you in the face. Your pride is severely damaged.</p>	<p>All librarians now hate you and will attack you on sight.</p>	<p>You are now deathly allergic to fish.</p>
<p>Your opponent becomes mad with power, thinking that you missed because you were afraid of his grand presence. He decides to destroy the nearest town as soon as he kills you.</p>	<p>You and your entire party suddenly realize that you aren't really the chosen ones fated to save destiny. You have no idea who you really are. You and your group were just in the right place at the right time. The party suddenly feels less confident.</p>	<p>A miniature gelatinous cube materializes inside your backpack. All tiny objects inside are thus devoured, but on the plus side, your backpack is now extremely clean.</p>

<p>Your shadow gains a life of its own. Finally free of your character, your shadow plans what it has always wanted to do. Destroy the sun.</p>	<p>The legendary 5th dentist, the one that never agrees with the other 4 dentists, suddenly agrees with them. Chaos ensues in a nearby town and all are driven mad.</p>	<p>You miss, and mutter a curse word so foul, that even the demon lord of the nine hells takes personal offense at it.</p>
<p>A wizard in a place far from your current position casts time stop. However, for an inexplicable reason, you are aware of every painstaking second of it.</p>	<p>Your enemy drives a cutting taunt into you that haunts you until the end of your days. "You fight like a dairy farmer."</p>	<p>You have a bard's curse placed onto you! You must now speak in rhyme, every time...for 1d4 days.</p>
<p>Someone in a distant land curses your name for giving them bad directions to your house. You sneeze and provoke an Attack of Opportunity.</p>	<p>A troll appears from nowhere and throws a bag of instant quicksand at your feet. You sink slightly into the ground until the end of your next turn. (movement reduced by 1/2)</p>	<p>You are now deathly afraid of the color yellow.</p>

<p>Close your eyes, and open up a random page of the monster manual and point to a page. That species is now on the endangered list because of your great incompetence, and every single Druid in Irathor is aware of it.</p>	<p>Your target and you are both charmed by an odd spell, created by your epic failure. You two become lifelong buddies.</p>	<p>You strike a passing butterfly. Immediately, a corpulent time traveler from the future appears before you and informs you that the death of that butterfly causes a chain reaction that makes it rain apple pies every day in the place where you currently stand. Your name is forever associated with fat, pudgy overindulgent pie-eaters. Suffer a -4 to all Intimidate checks until the end of the day.</p>
<p>The next door you come across and it's key both become sentient. However, the key refuses to enter the door, under the context that they're divorced and he wants nothing to do with that whore. The gods help you if you force them together.</p>	<p>Your weapon becomes sentient, and you, and only you, are able to detect it's thoughts. However every time your weapon strikes or blocks something, it screams in a chilling high-pitched, blood-curdling scream of agony. After every battle, when you sheath the weapon, you can hear it softly crying and begging to be destroyed.</p>	
