

Playing DnD in Mississippi

When you get pulled over by a large-bellied sheriff, you know you're in a HEEEEEEAAAAP 'O TROUBLE, BOY!

You'll have different gaming venues to choose from: single OR double wide.

Game sessions are concluded with "Amen."

Overall, the men wear overalls.

Dentists tend to go bankrupt in Mississippi.

Levitate spells are called "Be Floatin".

The gaming table is a large empty wooden electrical cable spool.

Miniatures are called "critters." Critters are also called "critters." Hell, things that are small and possibly cute or edible are called (yes, you guessed it) "critters."

Games usually start off with a lengthy conversation about how the Ole Miss Rebel football team did on Saturday.

Games are sometimes canceled on account of Wrestlemania.

DMs tend to keep their games simple by naming NPCs "Bob", "Jimmy", "Billy", "Daisy," "Robert," "Bedford," etc.

DM, which is short for "Dungeon Master" can also double as "Dumb Motherfucker."

Sorcerers are often referred to as the "Devil's Children."

When a DM goes to answer a knock at his front door, he's always got his .12 gauge in hand ... because you never know.

When someone says "Hey" they actually mean "Hay."

Games are often interrupted by momma in the other room yelling for Junior to get her a beer and come rub her bunions.

Druid animal companions are almost always bloodhounds.

Anyone who admits they're a democrat gets a night in the box.

If no one's character can understand the language of a creature they encounter, then "What we have here is a failure to communicate."

Wife beater shirts are mandatory.

Game ambience comes in the form of pappy snoring, pigs in the yard squealin', chickens cluckin', and the infrequent pops of flies dying in the bug zapper that's hanging over the stove.

PCs are almost always sons of wealthy plantation owners.

Combat doesn't start with initiative, it starts with a rebel yell, because she wants more, more, more.

It's a good bet that someone's little woman is also their little sister.

For fun, rednecks like to take a dip in their own genetic pool.

Redneck gamers don't have pizza delivered; they have pig knuckles brought over from Aunt Petunia's trailer across the street.

Smart assed players who act like rules lawyers and then forget one of the most basic benefits of a silence spell get a night in the box.

Allowing yourself to get killed by a beholder gets you a night in the box.

Commenting that the south should have never gone to war with the north because they had neither the population nor the industrial might to win will get you a night in the box.

Admitting that you're a cat lover gets you a night in the box.

Admitting you're a vegan gets you a night in the box.

Touching another player's miniature without permission gets you a night in the box.

Asking for a list of everything that can get you a night in the box ... gets you a night in the box.

There are two kinds of ambience music: country and western.

When "blue" the hound dog nuzzles your crotch, the DM will say it's just his way of sayin' howdy.

Gamers drive their tractors and riding lawn mowers to the game.

Running out of Copenhagen will piss a DM off worse than someone writing on his gaming mat with a permanent marker.

There are no department stores in Mississippi, just Wal Marts.

BYOB = Bring Your Own Bacon

The king's name is always "Elvis."

Chairs at the gaming table are apple crates or bales of hay.

Walking past the other gamers while snapping off an air biscuit is called "crop dusting."

Bards only play banjos, harmonicas, jews harps, washer boards, or moonshine jugs.

Everyone plays a ranger that has a bow with a scope.

Don't sit in bubba's chair or you'll get a night in the box.

Cross burning is a feat.

The host's cups are all mason jars.

When the game is over, everyone gets a delicious pie to take home with them.

Don't check out the DM's sister's ass or you'll get a night in the box.

Striking up a philosophical debate about the merits of curbing harmful gas emissions will get you a night in the box.

Laughing at bubba for missing twice in a round will get you an action surge ... and a night in the box.

When a player comments that you sure have a pretty mouth, you'd better hope he was just role playing.

Cracking jokes about how fun it would be to spend a night in the box can get you killed.

Truck ownership is required.

If you need something to eat on, you can choose from NASCAR Legends or Heroes of the Confederacy commemorative plates.

NPC aristocrats are always slave owners.

You play 16 games, and whadda ya get? Another day older and deeper in debt.

When you cast a fire wall, you have to say in your best Johnny Cash voice “The orc falls in to a burnin’ ring of fire.”

Saying you’ve never watched the Dukes of Hazzard will get you a night in the box.

There’s a hitching post outside the DM’s house.

Every redneck porch comes with its own fat bastard rocking in his chair drinking ‘shine and chawin’ terbaccy while pettin’ his bloodhound “blue”.

If your character says YEE HAW, you have to role play it.

At least once during a game, one of the players will call you to the bathroom to check out what he did before he flushes it down.

Bathtubs are usually occupied by a ford transmission or a mess ‘o catfish.

Ever try possum jerky? You will.

When a redneck tells you that he and his sister are real close, believe him.

At least once a game, you have to stop and wait while grandpappy shuffles into the room with a shot gun, eyes each player to see if any of them are revenoors that need shootin’, and then shuffles off somewhere out of sight as his pants sneak down off the crack of his bony ass.

Each redneck child comes complete with no shirt and some sort of shit smeared on his face.

Mentioning Black Sabbath will get you a night in the box.

The DM will ask you and the other players to park around his truck to block it in so the repo man can’t get to it.

Duck Dynasty is actually a 5th edition campaign created by Wizards of the Corn.

Instead of a monitor behind the DM displaying cool rotating fantasy art, there's an apple crate nailed to the wall with some baby chicks scrabbling around inside.

Commenting that you thought Ben Affleck was actually pretty good as Daredevil will get you a night in the box.

Wearing a flea and tick collar to the game is recommended.

If you can go a full month without a night in the box, you get your Popeye's card stamped. Five stamps get you a free meal.

The material component for an identify spell is a 100 gp Minnie Pearl.

Rules disputes are settled by wrasslin'.

Games are sometimes canceled so that everyone can gather at the old mill to witness a hangin'.

No matter what your problem is, someone has a cousin who knows how to fix it.

You can't milk a stone, but someone in Mississippi has tried to.

Fast food is eaten with a spfinger.

No one has dice or books. They're all praying that YOU brought some.

When a player says his character is praying, he role plays it.

Rednecks know that the best way to catch flies is with honey, because they've tried every other way to do it.

Criticizing the DM gets you night in the box.

Blue the hound dog will shuffle in to tell everyone that there's trouble at the old mill ... right after his nap and a good nut tonguing.

Miniatures are made of matchsticks.

Joking about how Willie Nelson got popped by the IRS will get you a night in the box.

No one has a charisma score higher than a 6.

If you bring a laptop, there will be a place for you to plug it into a tree stump.

Games may be called at dusk on account 'o no candles.

Experience points are awarded for outsmarting Boss Hog.

The first time you ask what that smell is ... will be the last time you ask what that smell is.

If you don't own some sort of gun, you get a night in the box.

If you call anyone a racist, they'll puff their chest out with pride and say "Damn right! Dale Jr. is the bomb!"

Beware of bubba playing a character with a hooker background.

Hookers don't have pot bellies, they have pot bellied pigs.

Mississippians don't gather for family reunions. They're already there.

Asking where everyone works gets you a head shake, a chuckle, and a night in the box.

It'll be difficult to hear what's going on in the game due to all the amber alerts constantly going off on everyone's phones.

If you come from the north, you get a night in the box. If you're from California, you're gonna to squeal like a piggy.

If someone asks you how you feel about gay marriage ... think carefully before you answer.

If a bowl of something smells good, don't look at it or ask what it is. Just eat it.

You've got to know when to hold 'em, know when to fold 'em, know when to walk away, know when to run . . . or you'll get a night in the box.

Campaigns almost always revolve around danger from the north.

Never give players a choice between saving the king and deer hunting.

Resurrected clerics are referred to as "born again Christians."

Telling people outside the game that you play Dungeons and Dragons will get you an afternoon in the church.

A paladin fucking a pot bellied hooker is called a knight in the box.

Mississippi wizards love casting Otto's Irresistible Square Dance.

Mississippi priests can only worship one of two gods: Ford or Chevy.

Gaming sessions are ended with "Y'all come back now, ya hear?"

Mississippians play Pathfinder because DnD is still considered "The Devil's Game."

Freebird is considered mood music.

When attempting to diagnose the ills of your broken laptop, a redneck will offer the sage advice: "This dog don't wanna walk."

There are three types of familiars allowed: Basset, beagle, and blue tick.

With Mississippians, teeth never get in the way of a good tonsil inspection.

If you don't want to get shot, you'd better keep shakin' the tree, boss.

You won't find pigs in a blanket on your plate, they're upstairs in bed.

When you see an insect swarm attacking a Mississippian, it's not a spell, it's bath time.

You know they're running out of toilet paper when they start serving more corn on the cob.

Magic Jar ain't no spell, it's where grandpappy keeps his teeth.

When someone thanks you for casting a dimension door, the response is "dimension it."

The material component of a fly spell is an outhouse.

A visit from the IRS automatically triggers an expeditious retreat spell.

The doorbell to the DM's house is just a stick in the wall that pokes a rooster in the ass.

Ever see an egg-sized zit on a redneck's ass? You will.

If you see a player who has perfect teeth, he's probably an ATF agent infiltrating the clan.

Barn raising is a feat.

If someone asks you if the rag he's holding smells like chloroform, don't fall for it or you'll wake up ball-gagged in Uncle Touchy's Naked Puzzle Basement.

The IRS will vigorously pursue chickens for bock taxes.

There's a 38% chance the sheriff will burst in on the game to deputize everyone for a posse.

If you name your character something like Jean Luc Picard, you'll get a night in the box.

The power in the DM's house comes from methane, which is overseen by Master Blaster, who run Bartertown.