I enjoy role playing in a variety of environments, and sometimes mashups of several. One of my favorite systems is Dungeon Crawl Classics. There are a lot of OSR systems to choose from, but I really enjoy DCC because it has the feel of the original rule sets and captures the best aspects of several editions, but still has plenty of innovation and room for creativity. And it uses ALL the dice.

As both a Player and a Game Master, there have been a lot of memorable moments in my campaigns. Many of them hinged on the GM tracking details that the players missed early on in the adventure. But one event in particular stands out from the others.

DCC promised lots of whacky goodness and between the system, myself, and my players. It delivered. This story takes place about 6 months or more into our campaign when the players were between levels 2-3 (for those more familiar with D&D that's comparable to 4-6). The players had just defeated the evil wizard from JobeBittman's "The Emerald Enchanter Strikes Back."

First some introductions. The party consisted of Hodel, a Dwarf Priest of the Three Fates and one time worshipper of Malotoch, Gor, Champion and namesake bearer of Gorham; Ace, a gambling Ranger with a sneaky disposition and an aptitude for spotting natural traps, Luigi, a Hafling Burglar also known as

"The Glove" who employed the orphaned children of the slain peasants (more on him later), Jake, a sheepherder turned shepherd of Gorham who mourns for the lost Heath, Darryl, a Dwarven rat-catcher, recently transferred from the warehouse to the office and finally Fin, fragile in body with a death wish, he seeks one epic ballad to unite the classes.

The party surveyed the interior of the flying saucer that had once been the head and control room of the Enchanter's magical, mechanical gemstone monstrosity. In addition to the previous owner's corpse - now splattered against the interior like a bug on a windshield - they found several items both magical and mundane - including a curious backpack with a pull cord.

The GM waited expectantly for one of the players to have his character inspect the contents of the pack so they could all have a good laugh.

"Parachute," one of them declared, chuckling.

"We gather everything and head out," added another and the party headed to the temple that was their current destination.

Many adventures, months, and miles later...

With the evil space crocodile pharaoh monster's plot foiled, the party initiated the self- destruct sequence of the metal pyramid

homing beacon. The very floors and the walls began to disintegrate and the adventurers fled down the stairs.

All but one. There is ALWAYS one.

Good ole Luigi, the Halfling burglar stayed behind to loot one of the unexplored rooms, as Halfling burglars are wont to do in situations such as this. While gathering the remaining goodies, he finds himself confronted with robotic locusts bent on defending the trove to their last mechanical breath. With greatly diminishing space to stand and the pyramid eroding around him, he looks tohis fellow party members for advice. Remembering the equipment gathered from the past encounter, one of the other players shouts out "Jump! Use the parachute!"

The GM - implementing his best poker-face - looked at the player of the burglar. "Is that what you do?"

"Yes. I strap on the backpack, jump off the ledge, and pull the chord."

As the backpack opened the players found out what the GM had kept to himself for many adventures, months, and miles; the pack contained nothing more than recipe books and dirty laundry! All of these, along with the remains of the gathered loot, landed in a heap on top of the burglar's splattered body in the sand where the pyramid once stood. Furious laughter erupted

at the table and because in DCC you can "roll over the body" by making a Luck check, the burglar was able to rejoin the party, his body once again intact, though with his stamina greatly diminished.