

JUGGLERAZORS

Welcome to Jugglerazors. I've decided to inflict Dwarf Fortress on some of my fav peeps, and they can't say no! Haha! Let's go over things, shall we?

Q: Hexy, (may he be exalted and praised) what the heck is Dwarf Fortress?

A: Dwarf Fortress is a free game where YOU THE PLAYER are Armok, God of Blood, to these poor dwarves. The dwarves have their own gods, but they know you are there, creatin worlds, makin em do stuff - destroying them when you get bored and making new ones. Your role as Armok is basically mind controlling 7+ dwarves and giving them general TODO lists, and eventually they make a grand new mountainhome out of the deal. So, it's like the SIMS + Dungeon Keeper, with some Song of Ice n Fire thrown in.

So, here's our starting party. Kloe, Hexy, Tuckie, zDS, Frogge, Wolfy, and Esbu. Yes, Esby, I did that on purpose to aggravate you.

```
'Kloe' MachopElectank, Peasant
'Hexy' WhimsothWeerita, Peasant
'Tuckie' ZbtisseBishres, Peasant
'zDS' DoubtuWobbuland, Peasant
'Frogge' KabutopsPancham, Peasant
'Wolfy' VaporonaMetagross, Peasant
'Esbu' MarohEmpoleon, Peasant
```

So, usually when people make these fortresses, they very carefully assign important skills to their 7 dwarves, and spend the rest on resources to help

them out. Honestly, you can make a successful fort without spending a single point on anything, but I generally prefer to leave my dwarves as completely useless bums at the start and let them come into their own. It's a lot more fun that way.

Here's what everyone looks like

```
"Kloe' MachopElectank, "Kloe' Boltflanked", Peasant
"It's not a gift if you expect something in return."
She is sixty-two years old, born on the 4th of Hematite in the year 188.
Her very long hair is tied in a pony tail. She has a very broad round chin. Her slate gray eyes are
close-set. Her quite long eyebrows are high. Her upturned nose is narrow. Her head is somewhat short. Her
ears are free-lobed. Her hair is chocolate. Her skin is pale brown.
She is very agile, but she is slow to heal and very weak.
Kloe' MachopElectank likes pitchblende, rose gold, aquamarine, pig tail fabric, the color light brown
and helmet snakes for their impressive heads. When possible, she prefers to consume sun berries, tomato
wine, kangaroo's milk and candlenuts. She absolutely detests swampweb recluses.
She has a great ability to focus, but she has an lily memory, a meager kinesthetic sense and bad
spatial sense.
Like others in her culture, she holds craftsdwarfship to be of the highest ideals and celebrates
talented artisans and their masterworks, really respects those that take the time to master a skill, has a
great deal of respect for the law, values family greatly, believes that honesty is a high ideal, greatly
respects artists and their works, deeply respects those that work hard at their labors, sees friendship as
one of the finer things in life, values knowledge, respects fair-dealing and fair-play, values cooperation,
finds merrymaking and partying worthwhile activities, values martial prowess, values leisure time, respects
commerce and finds nature somewhat disturbing. She personally values loyalty, values tranquility and a
peaceful day and values tradition. She dreams of creating a great work of art.
She is an optimist. She is sometimes cruel. She has an overinflated sense of self-worth. She can get
caught up in internal deliberations when action is necessary. She sometimes acts with little determination
and confidence. She takes offered help and gifts without feeling particularly grateful. She is slow to
trust others. She can occasionally lose focus on the matter at hand. She tends to avoid any physical
confrontations, and she works to square this natural tendency with her respect of martial prowess. She
tries to do things correctly each time. She prefers to present herself modestly. She can easily fall in
love or develop positive sentiments. She doesn't handle stress well. She needs alcohol to get through the
working day. She likes working outdoors and grumbles only mildly at inclement weather.
Overall, Toxicion is untroubled by unmet needs. She is not distracted after being away from people.
She is not distracted after being unoccupied. She is not distracted after doing nothing creative. She is
not distracted after leading an unexciting life. She is not distracted after being unable to acquire
something. She is not distracted after being kept from alcohol. She is not distracted after a lack of
decent meals. She is not distracted after a lack of trouble-making. She is not distracted after being
unable to argue. She is not distracted after not learning anything. She is not distracted after being
unable to help anybody. She is not distracted after a lack of abstract thinking. She is not distracted
after being unable to make merry. She is not distracted after being unable to admire art. She is not
distracted after being unable to practice a craft. She is not distracted after being away from family.
She is not distracted after being away from friends. She is not distracted after being away from traditions.
She is not distracted after being unable to practice a martial art. She is not distracted after being
unable to practice a skill. She is not distracted after being unable to take it easy.
A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.
```

```
"Hexy' WhimsothWeerita, "Hexy' Gulfrades", Peasant
"There's nothing like a good friend."
He is eighty-four years old, born on the 27th of Limestone in the year 166.
He is weak. His sideburns are clean-shaven. His very long moustache is neatly combed. His very long
beard is braided. His very long hair is tied in a pony tail. He has a broad chin. His ears are very short.
His pale brown skin is slightly wrinkled. His hair is chestnut with a touch of gray. His eyes are slate
gray.
He is very slow to tire, but he is slow to heal and very weak.
Hexy' WhimsothWeerita likes stoneware, zinc, amethyst, riced pike tooth, the color sky blue, statues,
earrings, straying bestial bats for their wild character and the words of The Bride of Festivals. When
possible, he prefers to consume erofr pond turtle and whip wine. He absolutely detests roar énis.
He has a great sense of empathy, but he has a lily memory, a meager kinesthetic sense, an
overinflated sense of self-worth and very bad spatial sense.
Like others in his culture, he holds craftsdwarfship to be of the highest ideals and celebrates
talented artisans and their masterworks, really respects those that take the time to master a skill, has a
great deal of respect for the law, greatly prizes loyalty, values family greatly, believes that honesty is
a high ideal, greatly respects artists and their works, deeply respects those that work hard at their
labors, values knowledge, respects fair-dealing and fair-play, values cooperation, finds merrymaking and
partying worthwhile activities, values martial prowess, respects commerce and finds nature somewhat
disturbing. He personally thinks friendship is important and finds leisure time wasteful. He dreams of
creating a great work of art.
He dislikes helping others. He is intellectually stubborn, rarely changing his mind during a debate
regardless of the merits. He is pleased by his own appearance and talents. He doesn't tend to hold on to
grivances. He thinks he is fairly important in the grand scheme of things. He likes to keep things
practical, without delving too deeply into the abstract. He has an active imagination. He doesn't mind a
little tumult and discord in day-to-day living. He needs alcohol to get through the working day. He likes
working outdoors and grumbles only mildly at inclement weather.
Overall, Turoowl is untroubled by unmet needs. He is not distracted after being away from people. He
is not distracted after being unoccupied. He is not distracted after doing nothing creative. He is not
distracted after leading an unexciting life. He is not distracted after being unable to acquire something.
He is not distracted after being kept from alcohol. He is not distracted after a lack of decent meals. He
is not distracted after being unable to fight. He is not distracted after a lack of trouble-making. He is
not distracted after being unable to argue. He is not distracted after being unable to be extravagant. He
is not distracted after not learning anything. He is not distracted after being unable to make merry. He
is not distracted after being unable to admire art. He is not distracted after being unable to practice a
craft. He is not distracted after being away from family. He is not distracted after being away from
friends. He is not distracted after being unable to practice a martial art. He is not distracted after
being unable to practice a skill.
A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.
```

"I feel alright."

She is fifty-two years old, born on the 26th of Moonstone in the year 198. Her very long hair is tied in a pony tail. She has a very round chin. Her eyebrows are high. Her nose is narrow. Her lips are very thin. Her head is somewhat short. Her hair is chocolate. Her skin is pale brown. Her eyes are slate gray. She is very rarely sick, but she is clumsy and weak. 'Tuckie' ZubtisseBishres likes microline, billon, white opal, giant vulture tooth, the color copper, millstones, the sound of The Glow of Flickers and the sight of The Quiescent Luxury. When possible, she prefers to consume pendant amaranth beer. She absolutely detests clobbered tamarins. She has a good kinesthetic sense, but she has a questionable spatial sense, a shortage of patience, and she has a very low opinion of her own intelligence. Like others in her culture, she holds crafts dwarfship to be of the highest ideals and celebrates talented artisans and their masterworks, really respects those that take the time to master a skill, has a great deal of respect for the law, greatly prizes loyalty, values family greatly, believes that honesty is a high ideal, greatly respects artists and their works, deeply respects those that work hard at their labors, sees friendship as one of the finer things in life, values knowledge, respects fair-dealing and fair-play, values cooperation, finds merrymaking and partying worthwhile activities, values martial prowess, values leisure time, respects commerce and finds nature somewhat disturbing. She personally sees the denial of impulses as a vain and foolish pursuit. She dreams of crafting a masterwork someday. She is sometimes cruel. She can handle stress. She tends to make a small mess with her own possessions. She generally acts with a narrow focus on the current activity. She is often nervous. She is moved by art and natural beauty, and she is troubled by this since she dislikes the natural world. She occasionally overindulges. She is brave in the face of imminent danger. She needs alcohol to get through the working day. She likes working outdoors and grumbles only mildly at inclement weather. Overall, Litwick is untroubled by unmet needs. She is not distracted after being away from people. She is not distracted after being unoccupied. She is not distracted after doing nothing creative. She is not distracted after leading an unexciting life. She is not distracted after being unable to acquire something. She is not distracted after being kept from alcohol. She is not distracted after a lack of decent meals. She is not distracted after being unable to fight. She is not distracted after a lack of trouble-making. She is not distracted after being unable to argue. She is not distracted after being unable to be extravagant. She is not distracted after not learning anything. She is not distracted after being unable to help anybody. She is not distracted after a lack of abstract thinking. She is not distracted after being unable to make merry. She is not distracted after being unable to admire art. She is not distracted after being unable to practice a craft. She is not distracted after being away from family. She is not distracted after being away from friends. She is not distracted after being unable to practice a martial art. She is not distracted after being unable to practice a skill. She is not distracted after being unable to take it easy.

A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.

"Everything is so much easier when you just tell the truth."

She is fifty-eight years old, born on the 6th of Hematite in the year 192. Her very long hair is tied in a pony tail. Her upturned narrow nose is extremely long. She has very low cheekbones. Her ears are very short. Her lips are very thin. Her eyebrows are quite long. Her hair is dark chestnut. Her skin is pale brown. Her eyes are slate gray. She is almost never sick, but she is clumsy and unquestionably weak. 'zDS' DoubtuWobbuland likes hornblende, sterling silver, red grossular, larch wood, hungry head leather, giant black bear bone, backpacks, earrings and the sound of The Sienna Fragrances. When possible, she prefers to consume alligator and dwarven rum. She absolutely detests violence sparrows. She has a sharp intellect and willpower, but she has a very low opinion of her own intelligence. Like others in her culture, she holds crafts dwarfship to be of the highest ideals and celebrates talented artisans and their masterworks, really respects those that take the time to master a skill, has a great deal of respect for the law, greatly prizes loyalty, values family greatly, greatly respects artists and their works, deeply respects those that work hard at their labors, sees friendship as one of the finer things in life, values knowledge, respects fair-dealing and fair-play, values cooperation, finds merrymaking and partying worthwhile activities, values martial prowess, values leisure time, respects commerce and finds nature somewhat disturbing. She personally believes that artful speech and eloquent expression are of the highest ideals and values honesty. She dreams of crafting a masterwork someday. She is very trusting. She is inattentive to detail in her own work. She doesn't stick with things if even minor difficulties arise. She could be considered rude. She is somewhat quarrelsome, and she is bothered by this since she values friendship. She is quick to form negative views about things. She doesn't mind a little tumult and discord in day-to-day living. She finds obligations confining, though she is conflicted by this far more than one reason. She occasionally overindulges. She gets distracted during conversations when she's excited. She needs alcohol to get through the working day. She likes working outdoors and grumbles only mildly at inclement weather. Overall, Litwick is untroubled by unmet needs. She is not distracted after being away from people. She is not distracted after being unoccupied. She is not distracted after doing nothing creative. She is not distracted after leading an unexciting life. She is not distracted after being unable to acquire something. She is not distracted after being kept from alcohol. She is not distracted after a lack of decent meals. She is not distracted after being unable to fight. She is not distracted after a lack of trouble-making. She is not distracted after being unable to argue. She is not distracted after being unable to be extravagant. She is not distracted after not learning anything. She is not distracted after being unable to help anybody. She is not distracted after a lack of abstract thinking. She is not distracted after being unable to make merry. She is not distracted after being unable to admire art. She is not distracted after being unable to practice a craft. She is not distracted after being away from family. She is not distracted after being away from friends. She is not distracted after being unable to hear eloquent speech. She is not distracted after being unable to practice a martial art. She is not distracted after being unable to practice a skill. She is not distracted after being unable to take it easy.

A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.

"I'm doing well."

He is sixty-eight years old, born on the 18th of Slate in the year 182. His ears are short. His head is somewhat short. His medium-length sideburns are neatly combed. His medium-length moustache is arranged in double braids. His very long beard is braided. His short hair is neatly combed. His hair is auburn. His skin is pale brown. His eyes are slate gray. His eyebrows are somewhat high.

He is quite clumsy and quite susceptible to disease. 'Frogge' KabutopsPancham likes native silver, trifle pewter, bone opal, joining fell rat tooth, the color gold, suns, destriers of reputations for their reputed character, the words of The Mountainous Gravel and the sight of The Quiescent Luxury. When possible, he prefers to consume pulp kogapan, cranberry wine and winter melons. He absolutely detests roar & iris.

He has a great kinesthetic sense, great creativity, a natural ability with music, a good spatial sense and a way with words, but he has poor empathy and quite poor focus. Like others in his culture, he holds craftsdwarfship to be of the highest ideals and celebrates talented artisans and their masterworks, really respects those that take the time to master a skill, has a great deal of respect for the law, greatly prizes loyalty, values family greatly, believes that honesty is a high ideal, deeply respects those that work hard at their labors, sees friendship as one of the finer things in life, values knowledge, respects fair-dealing and fair-play, values cooperation, finds merrymaking and partying worthwhile activities, values martial prowess, values leisure time, respects commerce and finds nature somewhat disturbing. He personally values eloquence and finds artwork boring. He dreams of mastering a skill.

He is bashful. He would never pass up a chance for a good fistfight. He dislikes receiving advice, preferring to keep his own counsel. He only rarely feels strong cravings or urges. He is very stubborn. He tends to share his own experiences and thoughts with others. He has a tendency to consider ideas and abstractions over practical applications. He has little interest in joking around. He doesn't often feel envious of others. He is not inherently proud of his talents and accomplishments. He has a greedy streak. He tends to form only tenuous emotional bonds with others. He is rarely happy or enthusiastic. He is conflicted by this as he values parties and merrymaking in the abstract. He doesn't seek out excitement. He cracks his knuckles when he's angry. He has a habit of stretching his body during pauses in conversation. He begins to talk in a hushed whisper when he is angry. He needs alcohol to get through the working day. He likes working outdoors and grumbles only mildly at inclement weather.

Overall, Tyrantum is untroubled by unmet needs. He is not distracted after being away from people. He is not distracted after being unoccupied. He is not distracted after doing nothing creative. He is not distracted after being unable to acquire something. He is not distracted after being unable to fight. He is not distracted after a lack of trouble-making. He is not distracted after being unable to argue. He is not distracted after being unable to be extravagant. He is not distracted after not learning anything. He is not distracted after being unable to help anybody. He is not distracted after a lack of abstract thinking. He is not distracted after being unable to make merry. He is not distracted after being unable to practice a craft. He is not distracted after being away from family. He is not distracted after being away from friends. He is not distracted after being unable to hear eloquent speech. He is not distracted after being unable to practice a martial art. He is not distracted after being unable to practice a skill. He is not distracted after being unable to take it easy. He is not distracted after being kept from alcohol.

A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.

"Everybody has their own way of life."

She is eighty-four years old, born on the 7th of Moonstone in the year 166. She has a broad round chin. Her hair is clean-shaven. Her lips are very thin. Her pale brown skin is slightly wrinkled. Her hair is dark tan with a touch of gray. Her eyes are slate gray.

She is quite susceptible to disease. 'Wolfy' VapوروناMetagross likes claystone, zinc, wax opal, adoration mine bound leather, takapping of quifixion on silk, rope red fabric, gems, quivers, earrings, the words of The Bride of Festivals, the sound of The Sienna Fragrances and the sight of The Heliotrope Larks. When possible, she prefers to consume giant honey badger, river spirits, foxtail millet flour and onions. She absolutely detests morning lobsters. She has very good intuition and a way with words, but she has a questionable spatial sense, poor empathy and poor focus.

Like others in her culture, she holds craftsdwarfship to be of the highest ideals and celebrates talented artisans and their masterworks, really respects those that take the time to master a skill, has a great deal of respect for the law, greatly prizes loyalty, values family greatly, believes that honesty is a high ideal, greatly respects artists and their works, deeply respects those that work hard at their labors, values knowledge, respects fair-dealing and fair-play, values cooperation, finds merrymaking and partying worthwhile activities, values leisure time, respects commerce and finds nature somewhat disturbing. She personally believes that peace is always preferable to war, thinks that the pursuit of the skills of warfare and fighting is a low pursuit indeed, finds friendship burdensome and sees competition as wasteful and silly. She dreams of bringing lasting peace to the world.

She is very friendly and always tries to say nice things to others, and she is burdened by this tendency because she dislikes the idea of friendship. She accepts favors without developing a sense of obligation, preferring to act as the current situation demands. She is quite comfortable with others that have a different appearance or culture. She is quick to form negative views about things. She is slow to anger. She tends to be a bit stubborn in changing her mind about things. She is assertive. She has a sense of duty. She doesn't try to get things done perfectly. She occasionally overindulges. She has little interest in joking around. When she's thinking, her body becomes very still. She talks to herself when she's nervous. She scratches her head when she's thinking. She needs alcohol to get through the working day. She likes working outdoors and grumbles only mildly at inclement weather.

Overall, Electchou is untroubled by unmet needs. She is not distracted after being away from people. She is not distracted after being unoccupied. She is not distracted after doing nothing creative. She is not distracted after leading an unexciting life. She is not distracted after being unable to acquire something. She is not distracted after being kept from alcohol. She is not distracted after a lack of decent meals. She is not distracted after being unable to fight. She is not distracted after a lack of trouble-making. She is not distracted after being unable to be extravagant. She is not distracted after not learning anything. She is not distracted after being unable to help anybody. She is not distracted after a lack of abstract thinking. She is not distracted after being unable to make merry. She is not distracted after being unable to admire art. She is not distracted after being unable to practice a craft. She is not distracted after being away from family. She is not distracted after being unable to practice a skill. She is not distracted after being unable to take it easy.

A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.

"The amount of practice that goes into mastering a skill is so impressive."

He is sixty-six years old, born on the 27th of Limestone in the year 184. He has a very thin body with little fat. His very long sideburns are neatly combed. His medium-length moustache is arranged in double braids. His very long beard is neatly combed. His hair is clean-shaven. He has a very round chin. His ears are somewhat broad. His hair is brown. His skin is pale brown. His eyes are slate gray.

He is quick to heal and slow to tire, but he is very flimsy.

"Esbu" MarohEmpoleon likes gabbro, nickel silver, fortification agate, rope reed fabric, battle axes, windows, dogs for their loyalty, kobolds for their mischief, the words of The Mountainous Gravel and the sight of The Quiescent Luxury. When possible, he prefers to consume eyile lobster, pineapple wine and watermelons. He absolutely detests prannar newts.

He has had inhibition, poor capath, little natural inclination toward music, a poor ability to manage or understand social relationships, little language ability, little patience and has a no skillset.

Like others in his culture, he holds crafts-dwarfship to be of the highest ideals and celebrates talented artisans and their masterworks, really respects those that take the time to master a skill, has a great deal of respect for the law, greatly prizes loyalty, values family greatly, believes that honesty is a high ideal, deeply respects those that work hard at their labors, sees friendship as one of the finer things in life, values knowledge, respects fair-dealing and fair-play, values cooperation, finds merrymaking and partying worthwhile activities, values martial prowess, values leisure time, respects commerce and finds nature somewhat disturbing. He personally finds art offensive and would have it destroyed whenever possible, finds the ideas of independence and freedom somewhat foolish and sees competition as wasteful and silly. He dreams of mastering a skill.

He is quite polite. He has an active imagination. He can occasionally lose focus on the matter at hand. He tends to be a little tight with resources when working on projects. He is often cheerful. He has a greedy streak. He has a noticeable lack of perseverance. He has a tendency to go it alone, without considering the advice of others. He scratches his ear when he's nervous. He talks to himself when he's annoyed. He needs alcohol to get through the working day. He likes working outdoors and grumbles only mildly at inclement weather.

Overall, Regino is untroubled by unmet needs. He is not distracted after being away from people. He is not distracted after being unoccupied. He is not distracted after doing nothing creative. He is not distracted after leading an unexciting life. He is not distracted after being unable to acquire something. He is not distracted after being kept from alcohol. He is not distracted after a lack of decent meals. He is not distracted after being unable to fight. He is not distracted after a lack of trouble-making. He is not distracted after being unable to argue. He is not distracted after being unable to be extravagant. He is not distracted after not learning anything. He is not distracted after being unable to help anybody. He is not distracted after a lack of abstract thinking. He is not distracted after being unable to make merry. He is not distracted after being unable to practice a craft. He is not distracted after being away from family. He is not distracted after being away from friends. He is not distracted after being unable to practice a martial art. He is not distracted after being unable to practice a skill. He is not distracted after being unable to take it easy.

A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.

Whew! Lots of text there.

So, here's what I'm taking along. An anvil, booze, plants, prepared food, rocks, logs, some pickaxes and battleaxes, leather, and a few other sundries.

	Prep
(iron anvil)	100
(dwarven rum [41])	2
(dwarven ale [41])	2
(plump helmet spawn [20])	1
(pig tail seeds [15])	1
(cave wheat seeds [15])	1
(sweet pod seeds [15])	1
(plump helmets [15])	4
(fungiwood logs [40])	3
(microcline [30])	3
(copper bars [10])	10
(petrified wood nest boxes [3])	10
(large petrified wood pots [5])	10
(cave spider silk bags [5])	10
(copper picks [3])	44
(copper battle axes [2])	68
(tower-cap splints [3])	10
(walnut wood crutches [4])	10
(stockade chyem leather [10])	5
(prepard cfymm of bws brn [20])	2

I'm also bringing along a bunch of nice animals. Fowl for eggs, cats for catching vermin (and adorable widdle pets), and dogs for... watchin' my stuff.

```

10 crossing fowl, ♀ 6
No crossing fowl chick, 6
2 crossing fowl, ♂ 6
No inbigooob pony, ♀ 116
No inbigooob pony foal, ♀116
No inbigooob pony, ♂ 116
No inbigooob pony foal, ♂116
3 torcheye cat, ♀ 13
No torcheye kitten, ♀ 13
3 torcheye cat, ♂ 13
No torcheye kitten, ♂ 13
3 sneaking night hound, 16
No sneaking night hound 16p, ♀
No hunting sneaking nigh31hound, ♀
No war sneaking night ho31d, ♀
3 sneaking night hound, 16

```

So, yeah, let's get agoin~!

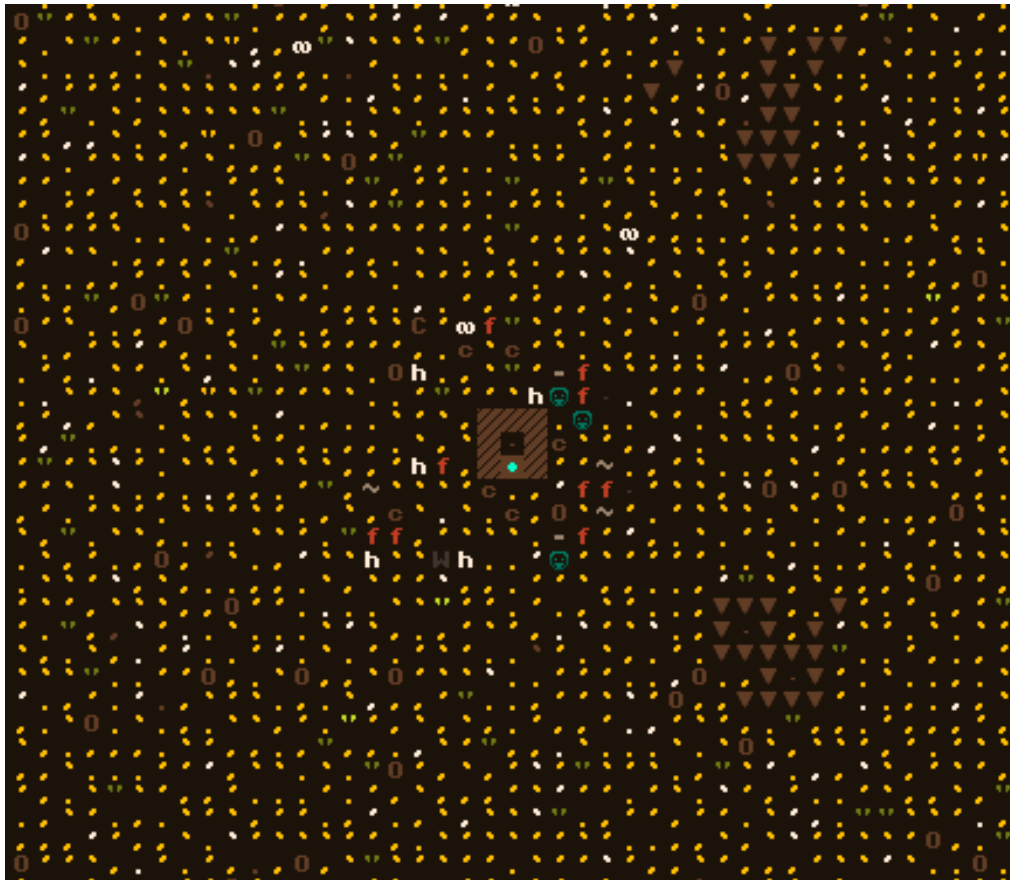
```

A Dwarven Outpost
You have arrived. After a journey from the Mountainhomes into the forbidding wilderness beyond, your
harsh trek has finally ended. Your party of seven is to make an outpost for the glory of all of
Tentauchapidn.
There are almost no supplies left, but with stout labor comes sustenance. Whether by bolt, plow or
hook, provide for your dwarves. You are expecting a supply caravan just before winter entombs you, but it
is Spring now. Enough time to delve secure lodgings, ere the vimaen bestial hornets get hungry. A new
chapter of dwarven history begins here at this place, GibleVivillon, "Jugglerazors". Strike the earth!

```

I should also note that I've modified the base game quite extensively. 'vimaen bestial hornets' are not a "Vanilla" Dwarf Fortress creature. I basically added a whack of random animals and horrible beasts to the game. For all I know, our first trading partner might be the elves, or some weird race of lizard wizards. I don't know. Additionally, I changed around what language all the races speak. Dwarves use pokemon names for all their words, Elves speak PATAPON, Humans speak DQ Slime dialect, and goblins speak HERPDERP - all languages of my own design. If something has a frankly ridiculously long name, it's probably something Elvish or Goblin related.

Anyway, here's us. Yaaaaay. The C's are cats, The green smiley people are Us, the F's are the fowls, and the H's are the hounds. We also have a Water Buffalo and a One Humped Camel that pulled our Wagon. We'll be killing and eating those later.



I did some arranging, and Kloe is the expedition leader (which is kinda like a mayor but not really), manager (can automate some work), bookkeeper (counts everything we have), and broker (deals with trade). I made Frogge our chief medical dwarf until someone competent comes around. Hexy, Tuckie, and zDS are miners, and Wolfy and Esbu are woodcutters.

To start with, the first things we decided to do was cutdown a shitload of trees (fuck you, Elves!) and make ourselves some temporary quarters.

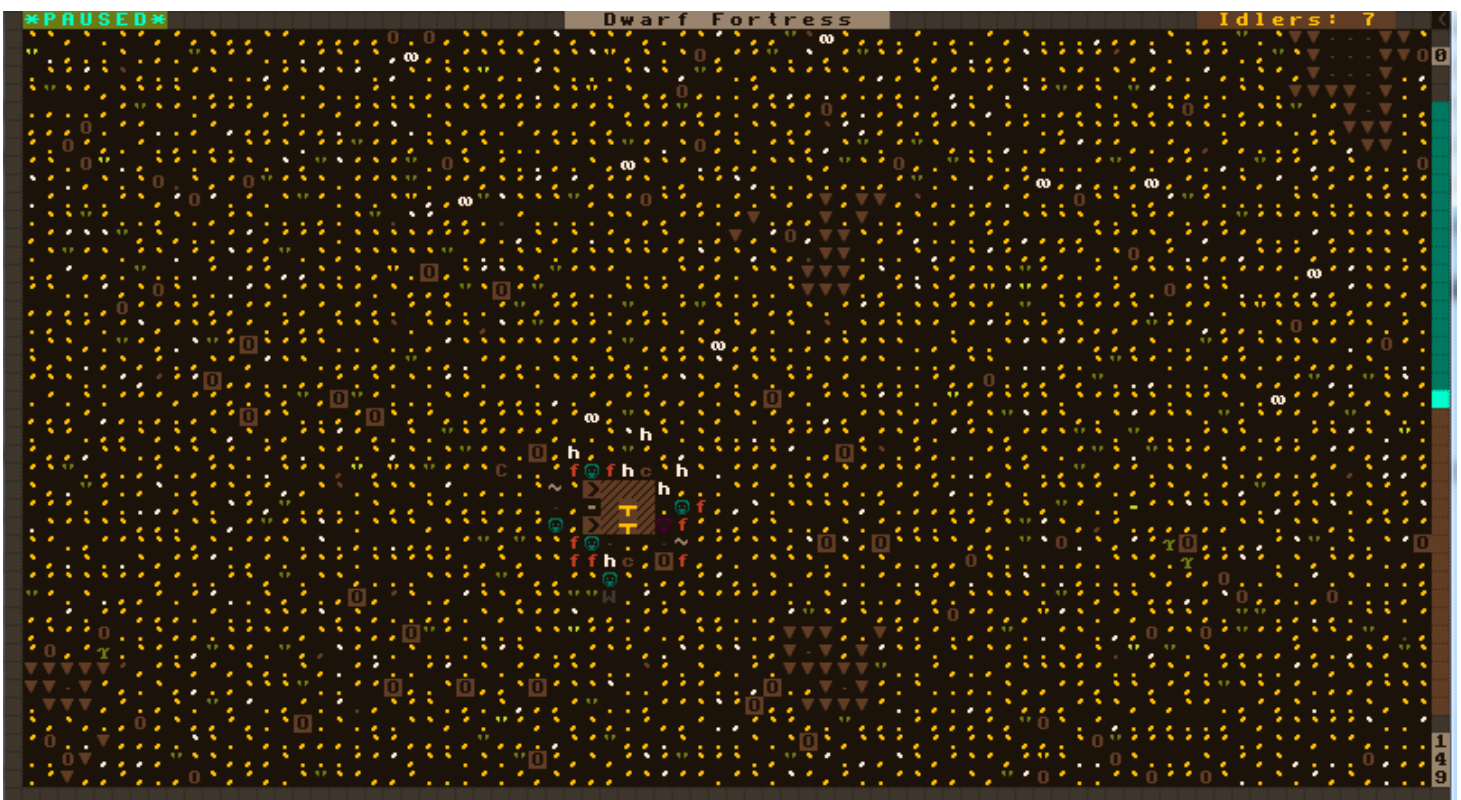
See, the way I like to handle my forts is kinda unique. Most players like to have very specialized dwarfs. Not me - I like things getting done fast, not well! Everyone can do anything! You would think this is a terrible idea, but honestly, the dwarves mostly just pick what they would want to do anyway.

My forts are a communist Utopia! Free Food and drink, toys for the kids, crossbows and mugs for the adults. I also like to make (instead of costly and inefficient bedrooms for each dwarf) a communal dormitory (with optional

nicer bedrooms on a First come First serve basis.) So, hopefully, if any migrants wanna shack up, they should hurry to one of the nicer suites.

But, that's all in the future - right now we want to make some farms, an office (for Kloe) and maybe a few beds if we get around to it. Once that's done, it's time to make... Our grand entrance, Trade Depot, and Meeting Hall!

Everything with a block around it is basically a 'job'. The blocky O's are trees about to be cut down, and the >'s are downward staircases waiting to be dug out.



This is Wolfy, choppin down a tree, with a torcheye cat watching him.



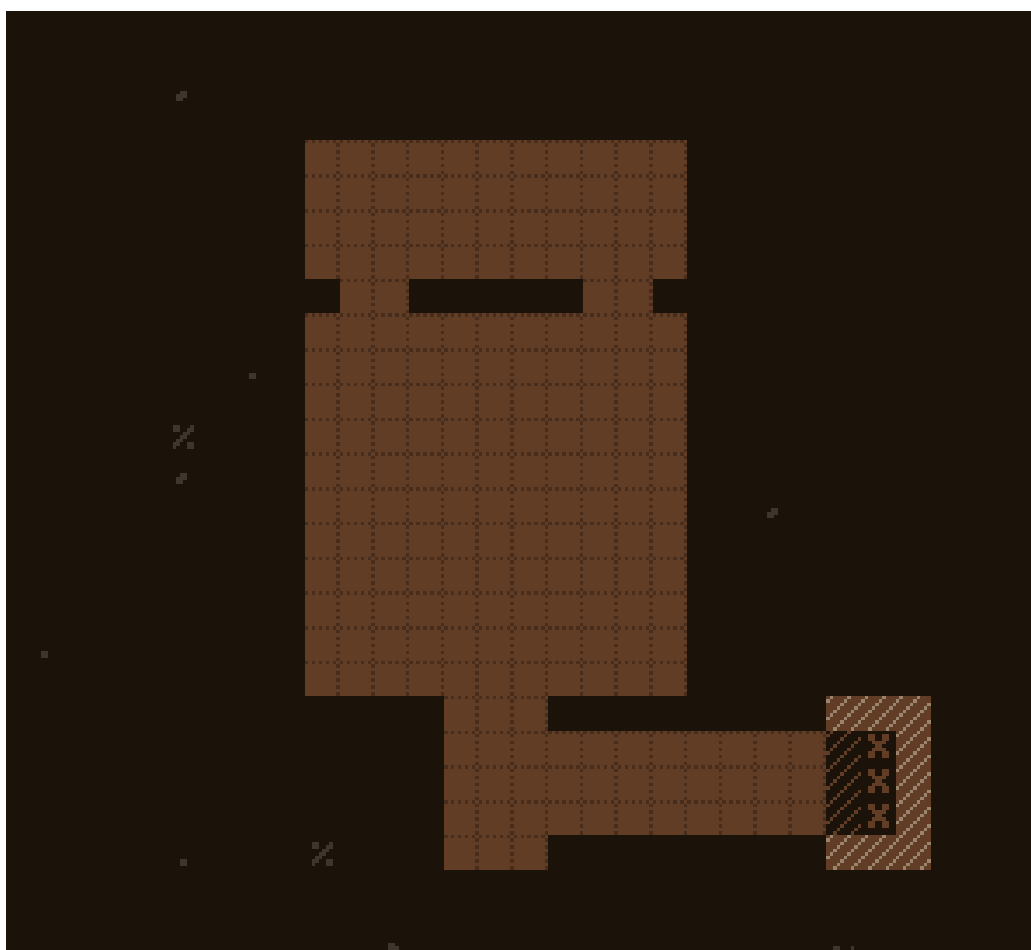
Oh, I should show you what these Torcheye Cats look like.

Stray Torcheye Cat (Tame)

A tiny and swift feline animal. Its skin is colored olive. This creature has olive hair, white glowing eyes, and a light-generating ability. It is domesticated. It savors the taste of flesh. It is never found in the wilds. It is at peace with many sorts of wildlife. It chooses its owner for itself. Despite its body shape, it can climb. It can live up to 33 years. Its parts are worth twice as much as those of normal creatures.

She is very fat. Her hair is olive. Her skin is olive. Her eyes are white.

Here, we've designated a little underground farm. We'll be making an above-ground one a bit later on, but that will come later. I've also added a little storage area for raw food, and seeds. In a matter of months, we'll be swimming in Plump Helmets!



And here it is all set up. At the top, we have a big ol stockpile for all the raw food (excluding seeds, drinks, and prepared meals. Below that are three linked Seed stockpiles. I have them linked as quick storage, intermediate storage, and long term storage. It helps doing it this way to reduce “UGH I CAN’T FIND THESE SEEDS” messages. And below that we have three indoor

farm plots, and some Nest boxes for the fowl to use. One of them is poppin out some eggs right now! I am not sure if I'll let her hatch them, or take them for food... ah heck, they're young. Take the eggs! As for farming, we've got four main products. Plump Helmets, Sweet Pods, Cave Wheat, and Pig Tails. Their uses are, respectively, Food and booze, Booze, Booze, Booze and Thread. Did I mention Dwarves need to drink a lot to be happy, productive workers?? You can plant Plump Helmets year round, but the rest are seasonal.



While those chumps were busy, the freeloading topsider were making some workshops. Carpentry, Masonry, and Crafts.



```
Idlers: 0  
  
Craftsdwarf's Workshop  
  
Make wooden Pot  
Make wooden Pot  
Make wooden Pot  
Make wooden Pot  
Make wooden Pot  
Make wooden Pot  
Make wooden Pot  
Make wooden Pot  
  
a: Add new task +-/*: Select  
c: Cancel task d: Details  
p: Promote task  
n: Do task now!  
r: Repeat s: Suspend  
P: Workshop profile
```

```
Idlers: 0

Carpenter's Workshop

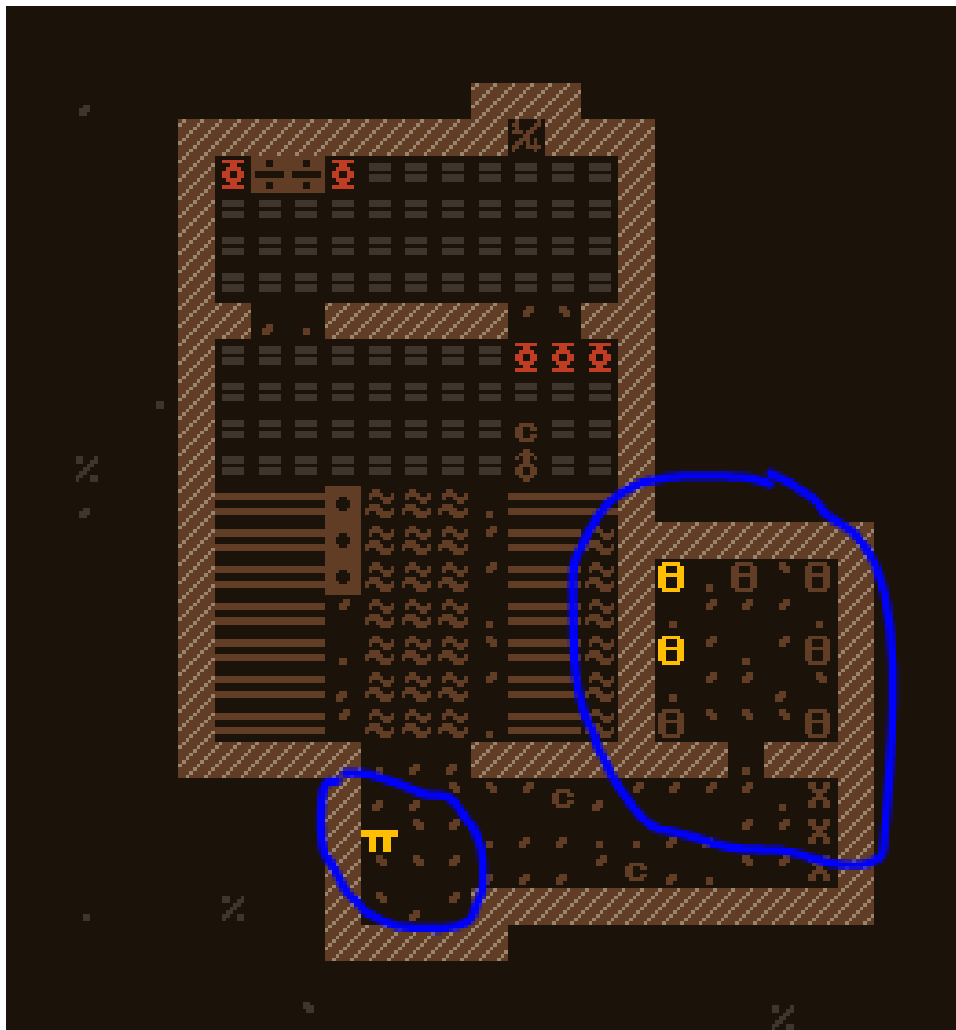
Construct wooden Chair
Construct Bed
Construct Bed
Construct Bed
Construct Bed
Construct Bed
Construct Bed
Construct Bed
Construct Bed

a: Add new task  + - / *: Select
c: Cancel task   d: Details
p: Promote task
n: Do task now!
r: Repeat       s: Suspend
P: Workshop profile
```

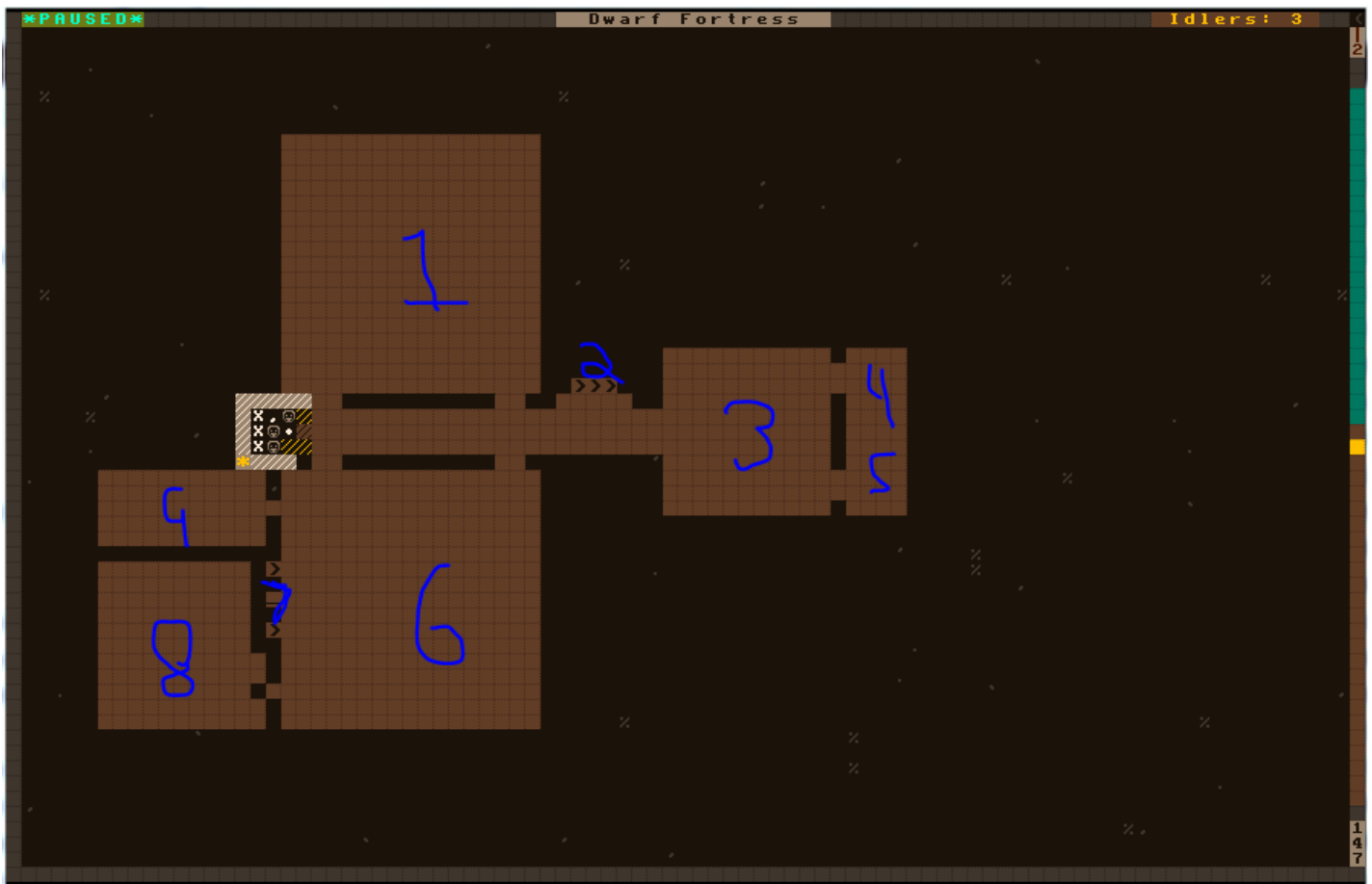
For now I had them make a chair for Kloe to sit on and do her job, and some wood pots for our booze and food, and some beds to sleep on. We'll just jam them underground someplace, but we'll make it all nice later.

See, this right here is what we want, all the time: NO IDLERS. Everyone works in my communist Utopia! (well, at first, anyway. Once we get some traps set up it all just starts to become a huge neverending party! (and then, the undead....))



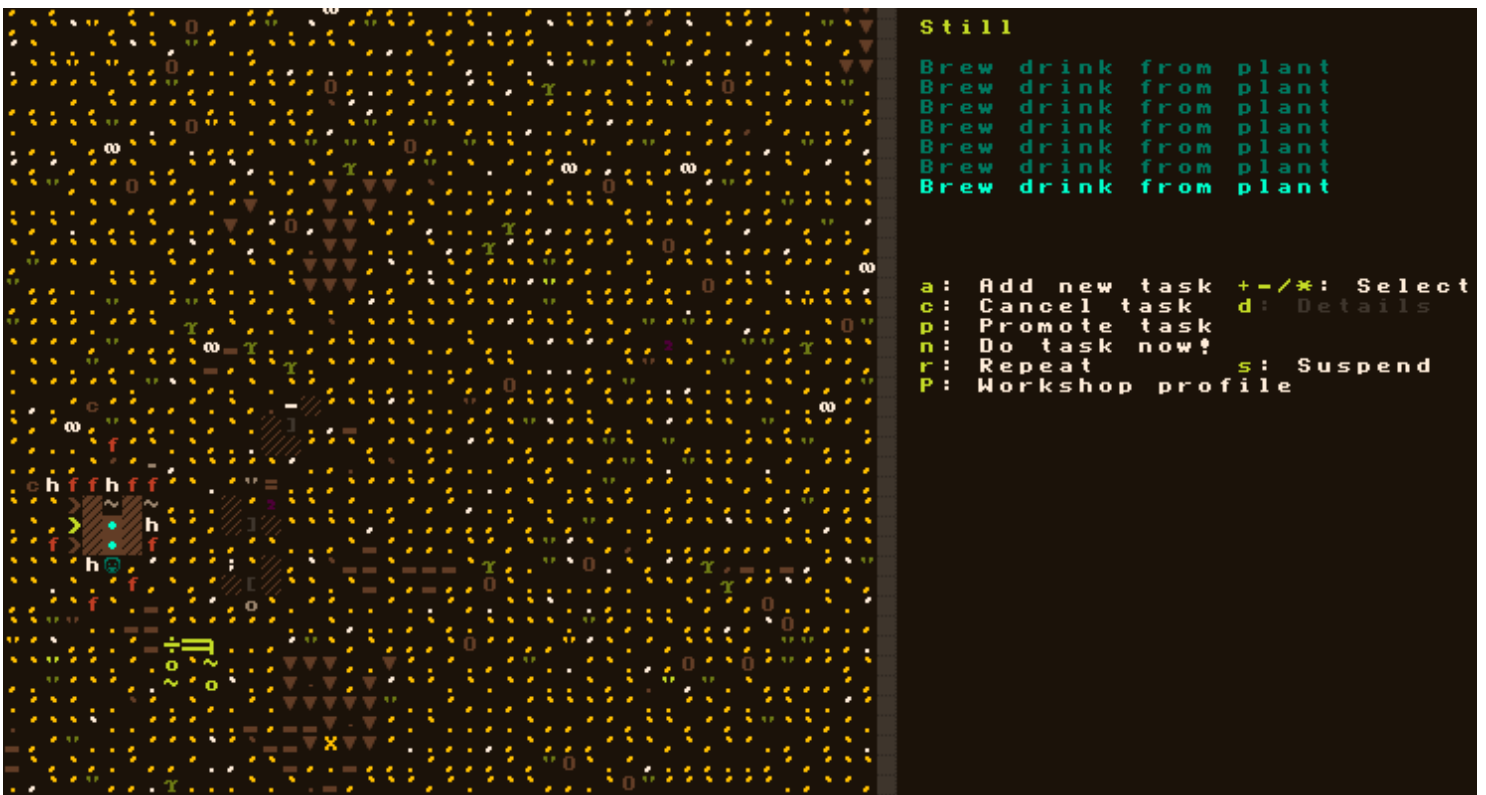


Next up, We'll dig something actually good! We'll dig out the storage facilities, and The Main Workshop area, the garbage dump, the bone pile, and Most Importantly the Meeting Hall!



Okay, Clockwise we have: (1) The Area where all the work's going to be done,(2) The stairs down for later,(3) Meeting hall, (4)Drink storage area and (5)prepared food storage, (6)Stockpile, (7)Quantum Stockpile, (8)Garbage Dump, and the (9)place we'll keep bones for arts n crafts.

In the meantime, while they dig that whole mess out, let's make a temporary still and booze it up, homeys!

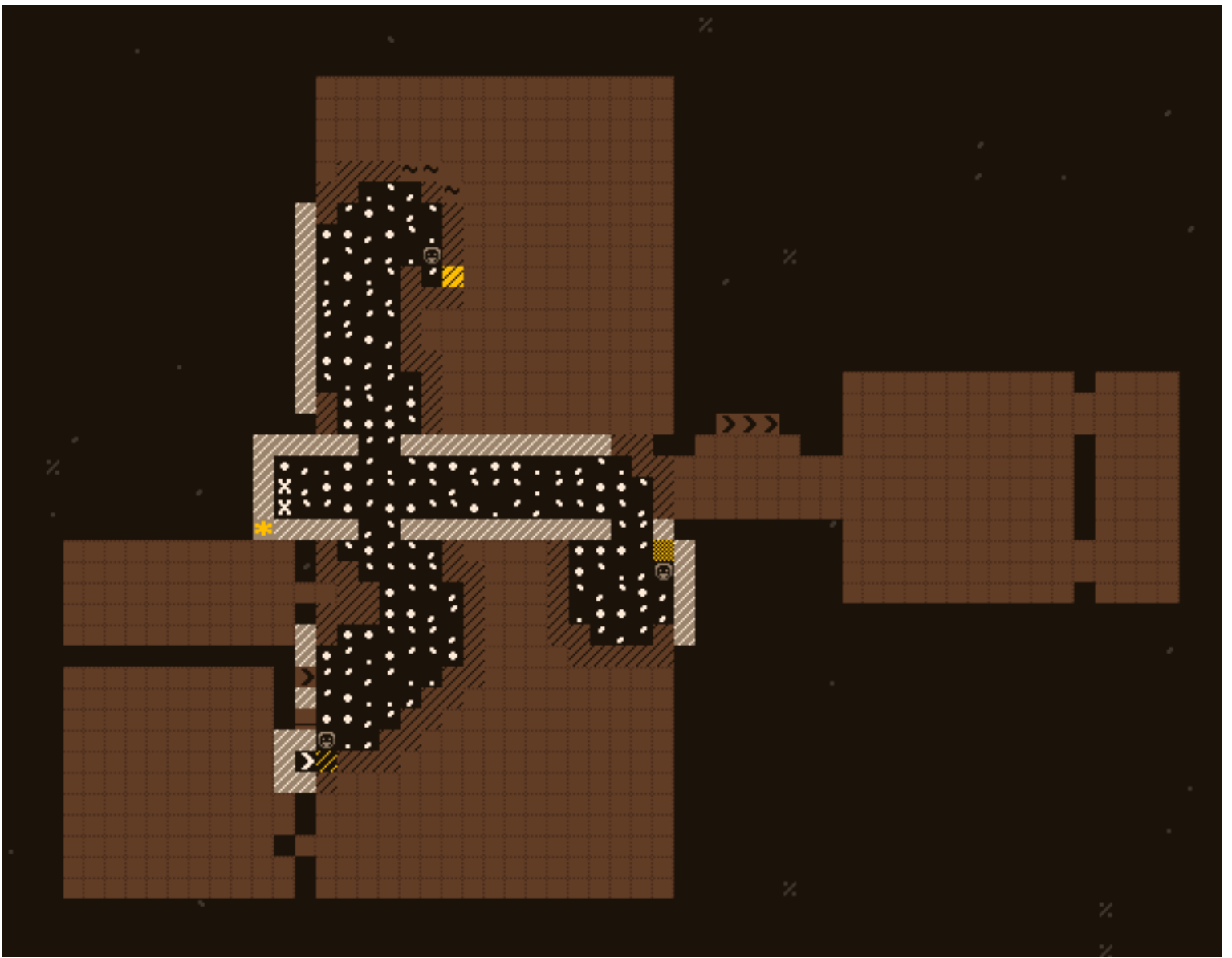


Maybe by now we should check up on how our expedition Leader is feeling.

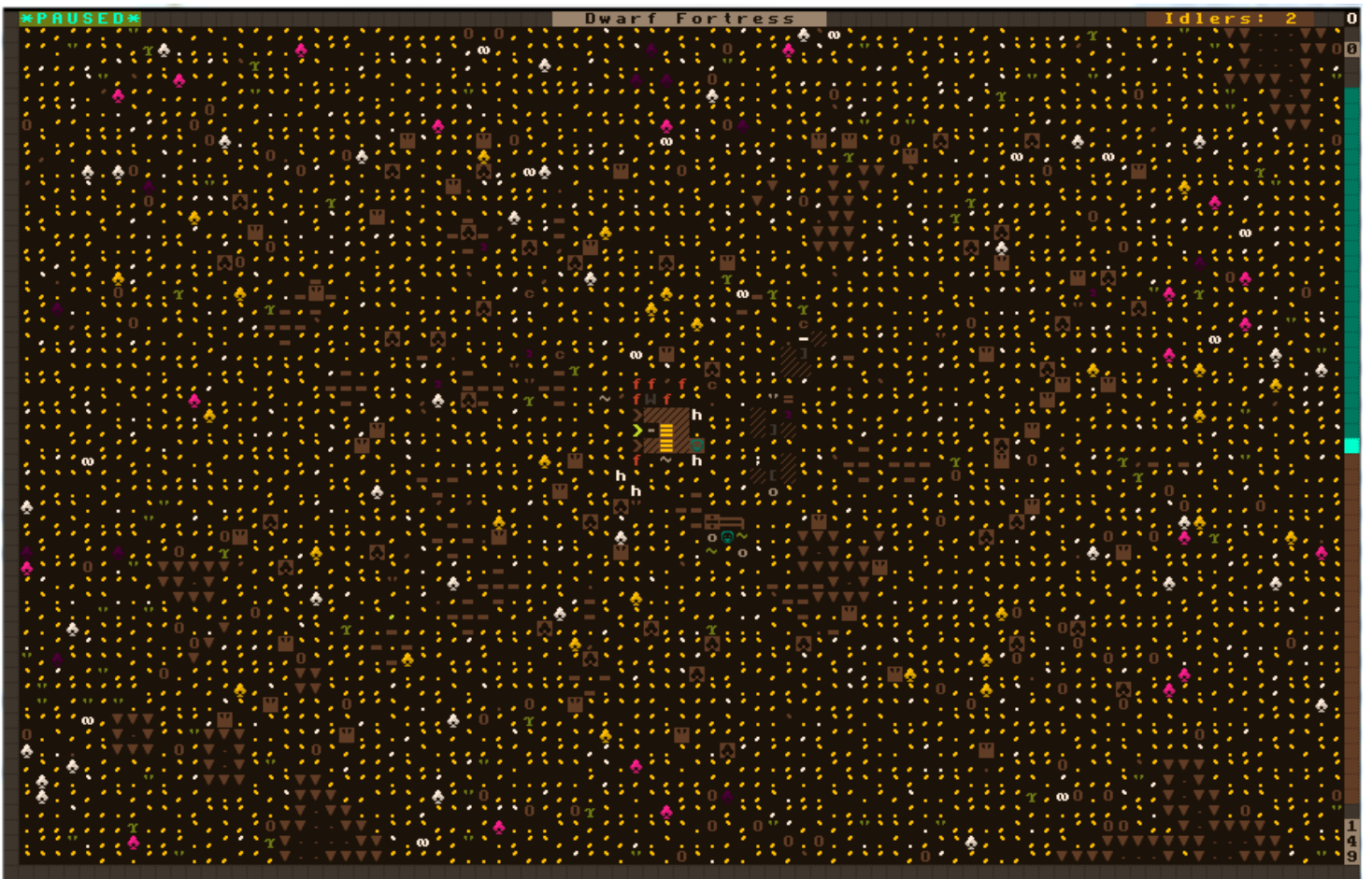


Everything looks fine until that last one there...

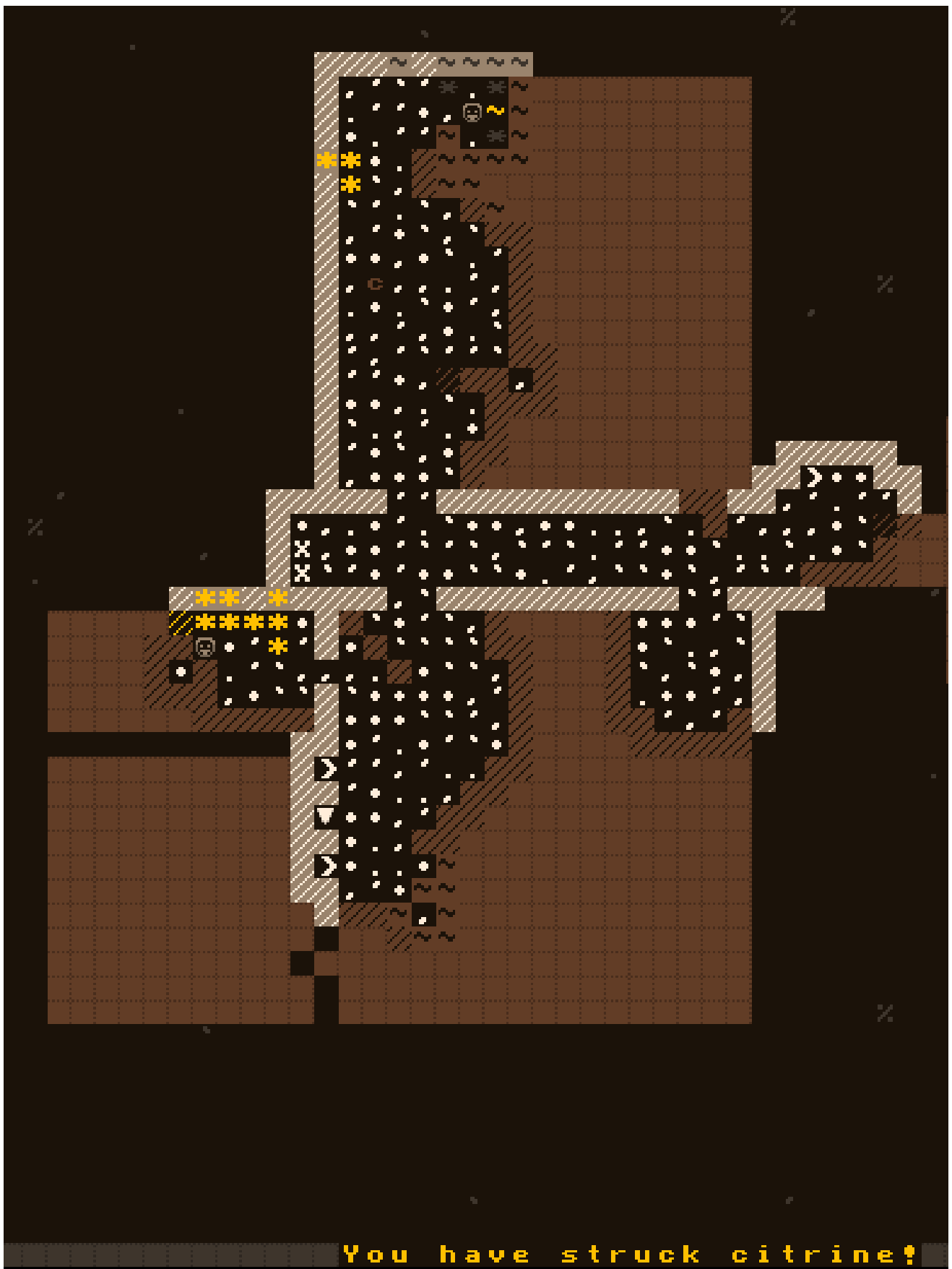
Also, it looks like all of our miners felt like mining alone. Oh, by the way, I hope you like white because we're making our underground lair in CHALK.



Things were looking a little too easy topside again, so I made the stragglers go around and pick up all those blooming plants outside.



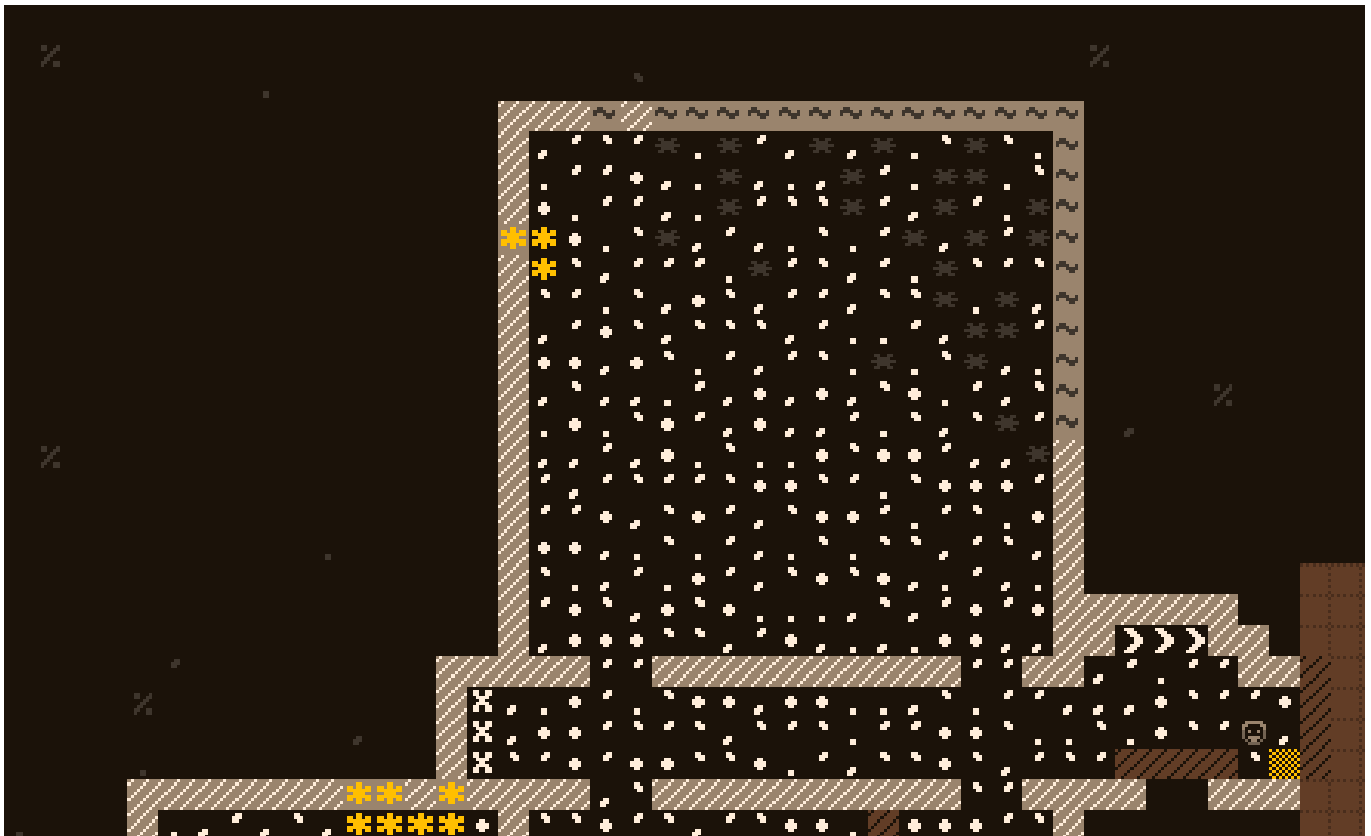
Ooooh, look here now! We have some citrines, which we can cut up n polish for making things fancy, as well as MAGNETITE, which we can smelt down into... IRON. Aww yeah.



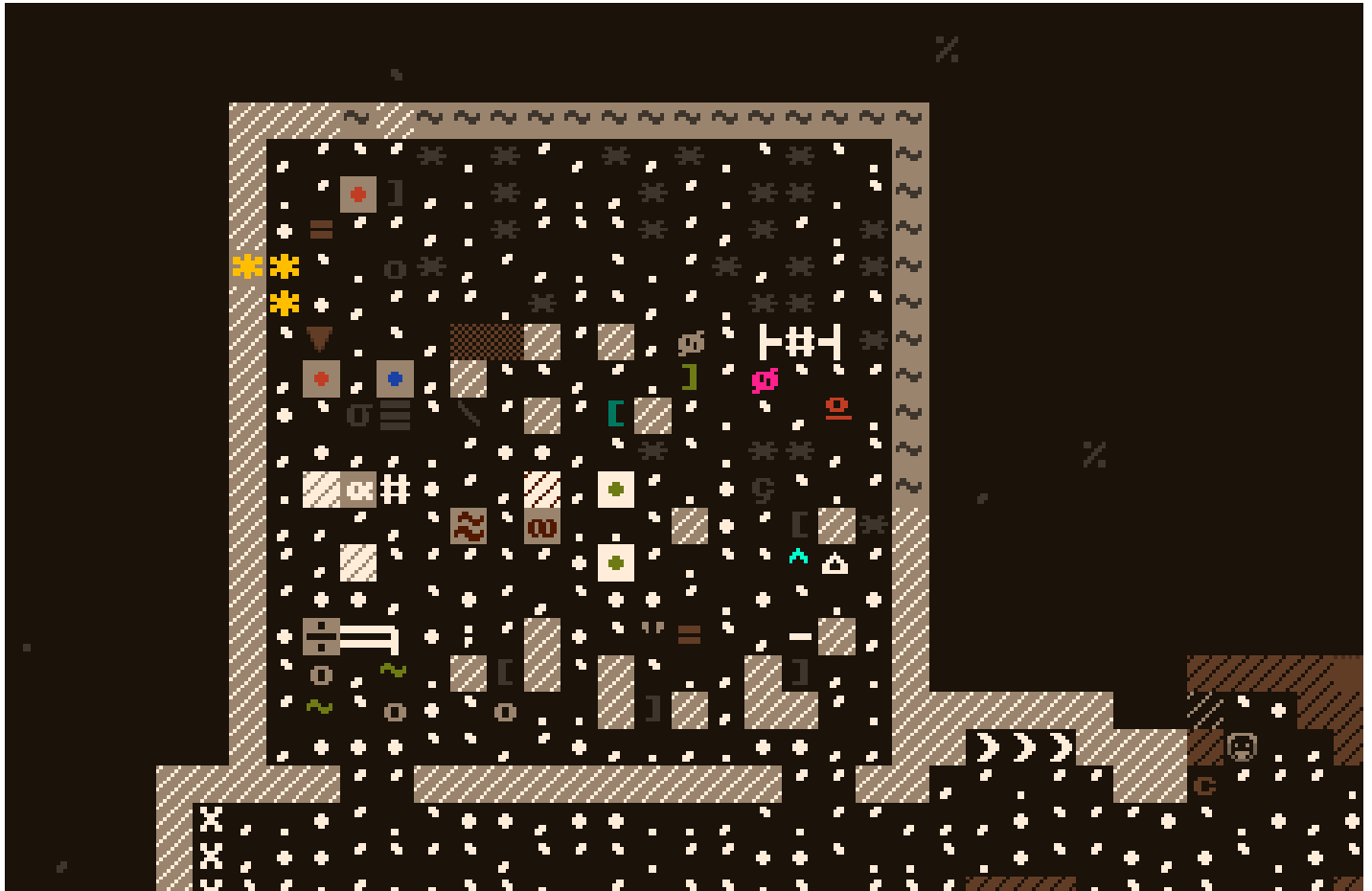
And, while I was at it, I had a Trade Depot made out of the Microcline we brought with us. Just in case some weird civilizations show up, wanting to trade.



Oooh, looks like they finished up in the workshop area! Now we can get building them workshops!



Alrighty, a few moments later and we have a Still, Carpenter, Mason, Craft, Kitchen, Butcher, Tanner, Mechanic, Loom, Clothing, Leatherwork, Metalsmith, and Smelter workshops! Everything a budding Fortress Needs.



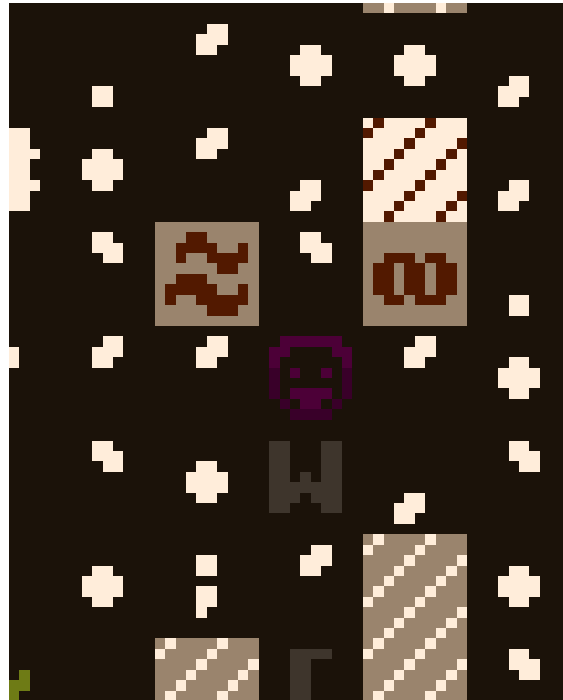
Where we settled is pretty tame. If we see violence, it will probably be some forest titan or something for now. The only thing I've seen pass through the area was some eagles and some goat women. The goatwomen were cerulean blue with 6 arms and hooves. I forgot to snatch a picture though (;>_<)

Now that we've got everything up and ready to go – it's time to murder those animals! (Actually, it's a mercy – those are grazing animals, and once we set up the meeting hall they'll want to go underground, where there's nothing to eat. They'll starve to death, so I'm just saving them a cruel fate)

```
Stray Water Buffalo Cow, ♀ (Tame)    D
Stray One-humped Camel, ♂ (Tame)     D
```

```
Re
Re
```

Looks like Frogge decided the Water buffalo had to go first. Stone Cold, man.



Here we see Kloe making herself useful, making up some orders rock mechanisms and a rock hatch, both of which we'll be using for our quantum stockpile very soon.



Q: Hexy, (peace be upon him), what is this Quantum Stockpile?

A: I'm so glad you asked! It's kinda a cheat with the game. See, normally, every item will be stored one-item-per-tile in a normal stockpile. You can avoid this with bins, but sometimes Bins act funny. Soo.... People found out a way to make every item just be on the one tile! You mark everything for dumping, get it thrown down a hole. Then, just mark it as being available for use and everyone can go there and grab whatever, all on one tile! (I've made some basic improvements on the basic idea there, so nobody gets a ton of shit thrown on their head, but that's the basics!)

Well, let's check in on... zDS today. How you doin, buddy?

```
zDS' DoubtuWobbuland, "zDS' Oiltrusts", Miner  
"I feel so good!"  
She feels euphoric due to inebriation. She is annoyed at the lack of chairs. Within  
the last season, she was annoyed after having a drink without using a goblet, cup or  
mug. She was content after having a pretty decent drink. She felt satisfied at work.  
She felt satisfied upon improving mining. She was content after having a fine drink.  
She felt satisfied at work. She felt satisfied at work. She felt satisfied at work.  
She felt pleasure near a fine Bed. She didn't feel anything after sleeping without a  
proper room. She felt fondness talking with a friend. She felt satisfied at work. She  
felt satisfied at work.
```

That's great, you keep drinkin, getting through that workday.

So, what did we get from our poor animals? Lotsa bones, some horns, skulls, hair, and hoofs. Let's get started making those into crafts we can sell.

```
stray water buffalo cow bone [20]  
stray water buffalo cow horn [2]  
stray water buffalo cow skull  
stray water buffalo cow nervous tissue  
stray water buffalo cow hair  
stray water buffalo cow cartilage  
stray water buffalo cow hoof [4]  
stray one-humped camel bone [18]  
stray one-humped camel skull  
stray one-humped camel nervous tissue  
stray one-humped camel hair  
stray one-humped camel cartilage
```

Well, Esbu's the first one I caught going to sleep.



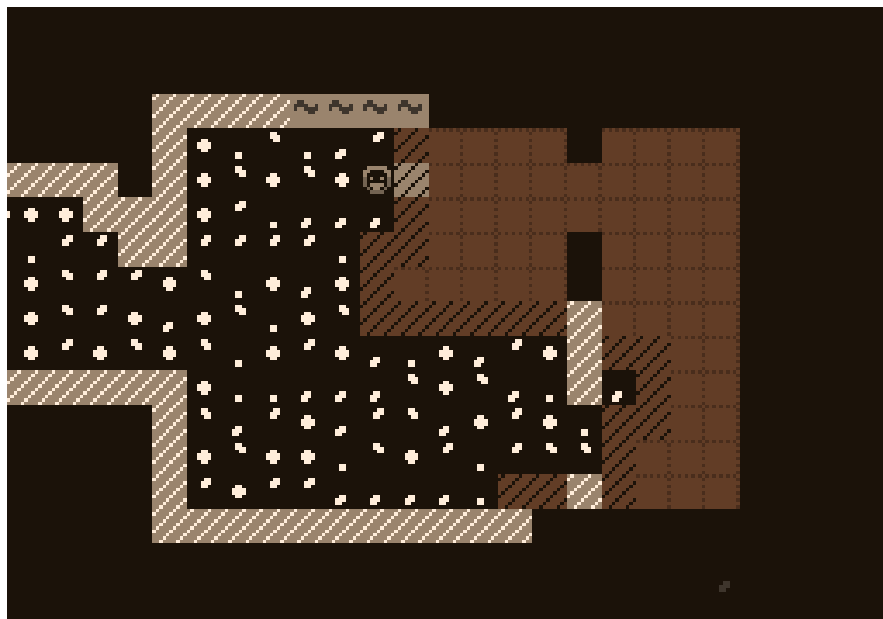
Oh, I had a whack of eggs already, so now I'm letting the fowl have their eggs and hatch them. I'll probably need a cage soon. What do our birds look like, anyway?

Stray Crossing Fowl (Tame)

A quite small winged and very slow bird-like animal. Its skin is colored vermilion. This creature has vermilion feathers and a beak. It is domesticated. It roots around in the dirt. It gobbles up bugs it finds. It is never found in the wilds. It can live up to 21 years.

She is scrawny. Her skin is vermilion. Her feathers are vermilion. Her eyes are black.

Looks like the meeting hall is almost done, so let's get workin on some tables and chairs.



Looks like Wolfy has come into his own here... Morbid hobby.

'Wolfy' VaporonaMetagross has become a Bone Carver.

'Wolfy' VaporonaMetagross, "'Wolfy' Anguishedhame", Bone Carver

"I have improved my bone carving. That was very satisfying!"

She feels satisfied at work. She feels satisfied upon improving bone carving. Within the last season, she felt satisfied at work. She felt euphoric due to inebriation. She didn't feel anything after sleeping without a proper room. She was annoyed after having a drink without using a goblet, cup or mug. She felt satisfied at work. She felt fondness talking with a friend. She felt satisfied at work. She felt euphoric due to inebriation. She was annoyed at the lack of chairs. She felt satisfied at work. She felt bitter after getting into an argument. She felt satisfied at work. She felt satisfied upon improving herbalism.

OOOOHHHHH SNAAAAAAP

Some migrants have arrived.

Stay Tuned for Part 2 where we have a look at our new friends.