

STONKS BUT MAKE IT GOBLIN

Your quest? Ride through the mining stations and maybe escape with your soul or at least one shoe still attached. Simple stuff. Except “ride” actually means:

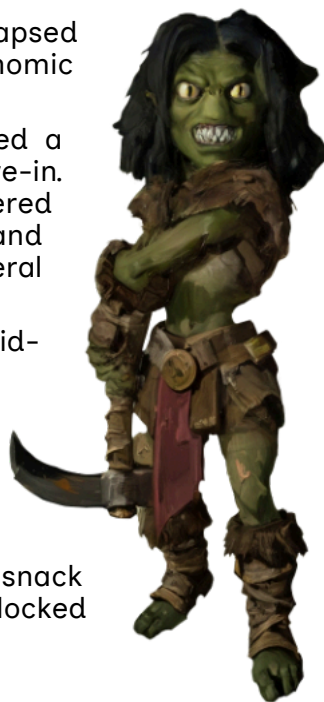
- Powering up a haunted mine cart launcher by stealing a glowing battery from a crawler junkie.
- Fishing a magical gear out of a sleeping moulder’s mouth while skeletons try to upsell you cursed knives.
- Climbing a collapsing elevator shaft while glowing glyphs shout “MEAT UNAUTHORIZED” and a dwarven wrench explodes near your face.
- Breaking a goblin spell contract to rescue a depressed orc shaman who just wants to play “Rock, Leaf, Slime” and drink.
- Entering the goblin market of madness where currency includes teeth, memories, and metaphysical vibes – and you must lose to win.

- Meeting a tabaxi ex-spy who stole a Super Secret Artifact from a shadowy tabaxi organization that probably runs the entire world. Oops. Now they want him dead. And you, too. Because proximity is a crime.

WHY YOU’RE IN THIS MESS

So how did you end up on a half-collapsed mining cart bound for a goblin-run economic apocalypse? Let’s unpack:

- **A Ratfolk Said It Was Real:** You saved a delirious ratfolk prospector from a cave-in. He grabbed your face, whispered something about “towers of gold,” and then vanished into the dark like a tiny feral prophet.
- **Didn’t Trip, Just Descended:** You were mid-dungeon crawl, doing Normal Adventurer Things, when the floor collapsed and gravity said “plot twist!”
- **Tourist Trap (Literally):** You signed up for a magical underground market experience because the flier had a free snack coupon. Now the tunnel gate has locked behind you.



STARRING:

- **Grik-Grak, The Drum-Goblin:** Sells cursed forks, and thinks economics is a blood sport. His enchanted drum powers the vault’s time loop. Will auction your soul mid-sentence.
- **Skrik, Vault Queen of Screams:** Goblin barbarian warlord who thinks yelling is leadership and violence is a business model. Technically in charge.
- **Vrag, Sad Shaman Bro:** Depressed, sarcastic, and occasionally possessed. Used grief to become a shaman, tried to talk to his dead mom, got spiritually slapped. Kinda wants a hug.
- **Sir Basil Woods, Rich on the Run:** Tabaxi scholar who stole the Happy Ending Artifact from the world’s sneakiest secret organization and has been spiraling ever since.

ROLLING IN THE DEEP

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The cart jitters, sparks, and screams as it drags you through twisting tunnels. Every station on the line is a vibe shift – some haunted, some broken, all deeply unsafe. And at the end – the Broken Better Vault, where capitalism’s unhinged cousin lives rent-free in a goblin brain. And now, unfortunately, in your quest log.

INTRODUCTION

You ever board a rickety mining cart on a rail system built by dwarves with clinical perfection and then repurposed by goblins on three bottles of cave vodka and zero adult supervision? No? Well, welcome to the Scorchmine Line!

THE WHEELS GO ‘ROUND AND ‘ROUND

EXTRA SIDE TUNNELS! Because the main quest is stressful, and nothing says “productive detour” like getting lost in a goblin-dug side hustle hole.

- **Don’t Drop the Soap:** You hop into what looks like a normal cart... and then realize it’s soap-powered and barreling down ancient dwarven pipes like a possessed rubber duck. Survive the ride, meet a sassy goblin ghost, and take part in a chaotic soap-making session!
- **Shadowboxing Self:** Your shadow just stood up, flipped you off, and called your life choices “mid.” Welcome to literal internal conflict. But hey, why fight when you can just manipulate light (or the lack of it) to shut them up... temporarily?
- **Bat to the Bone:** You stumble into a crystal-lit chamber full of echo-sensitive mega-bats, all currently in nap mode. Compose and perform a lullaby that doesn’t offend their sonar senses. Miss a note? Wake the swarm. They remember what music did to their ancestors.

BUY HIGH, SELL LOW

(aka: Escape Vault Capitalism Through Emotional Bankruptcy)

So you wanna get out of the Vault alive, soul mostly intact, and not legally owned by a goblin named Skrik? Great! All you have to do is lose – **spectacularly**. The more useless your final hoard, the closer you are to earning the **Happy Ending Artifact** and a dramatic (if unearned) exit from this mess.

HOW TO PLAY & ESCAPE:

1. **Start with 3 weird items.** These are your investments. Yes, one is a broken teacup. No, it doesn’t do anything. Perfect.
2. Each round, the market reveals a **Stock Concept**, like “**Stolen Guilt**.” Suddenly your hand-knitted sock full of teeth is priceless.
3. You **trade with goblins or each other**, trying to collect the **worst** possible inventory. (*Hot tip: If it screams when you touch it, you’re on the right track.*)
4. Give a **dramatic speech** about how worthless your stuff is. Go full Shakespeare, courtroom lawyer, or a fitness coach podcast.
5. Every round, a **random goblin event** flips the market. Maybe the richest player gets insulted into bankruptcy. Maybe Skrik eats your inventory. It’s chaos. Goblins love it.

Your items are emotional wreckage, spiritually cursed, and physically unusable? **Congratulations!** You’re the most pathetic investor imaginable. You win the **Happy Ending Artifact** – a **powerful main prize**. You can go.

Just one little hiccup – the artifact you “won” was actually stolen from a top-secret spy organization that lowkey runs the world, and now you’re on their magical hit list. But hey, that feels like a tomorrow problem!