

TL;DR – WHAT THE HECK IS GOIN’ ON?

The Governor’s lactose-intolerant and petty about it, so now dairy is illegal. Problem: the village was *literally* founded by Father Gruyere, Cheese Dad Supreme, and everyone here is emotionally (and spiritually?) lactose-dependent. The streets smell like cheddar rebellion, smugglers are rolling illicit gouda under your feet, and there’s a suspiciously gooey “god” situation in the old factory. Choose your side: enforce the ban, join the cheese cult, or just vibe with the ratfolk mafia.



TWO CHEESY DESTINIES

Team Droolmont?

Ah, so you’re into authoritarian dairy bans and weaponized peppermint oil – bold choice, lactose-hater. You burn the factory to kill Muctopus, purging the cheese plague. The cult weeps, the air smells like funeral fondue, and the governor declares you lactose-free heroes.

Team Cheese?

Ah, a dairy freedom fighter with a taste for chaos – iconic. Start a full-on “ban the Governor” riot. Then – plot twist – someone in your squad was a snitch. Boom. Factory’s gone. The villagers? Kinda salty, kinda hyped. Sure, the heart of their cheese industry is crispy toast now, but they’re already swapping ideas for “*Rebuilding Fondue Village (But Like, Hotter).*”

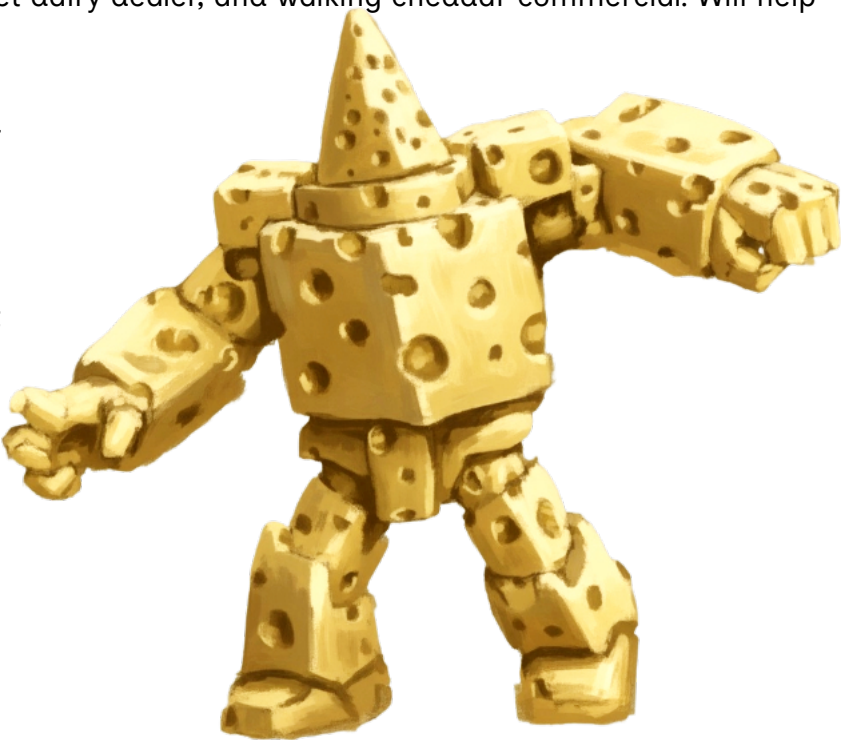


WHY YOU’RE IN THIS MESS

- **The Tavern Smeltdown** – You were just chilling with a pint – then a coughing stranger shoved a WANTED poster of ratfolk at you, muttered something about “curd infestation,” and now you’re somehow on the governor’s payroll.
- **Courier of Curd** – A sweaty messenger handed you a letter like it was radioactive. Turns out it was – if “radioactive” means “covered in suspicious gouda grease.” Congratulations, you’ve been hired to stop a cheese plague before it becomes self-aware.
- **High Steaks & Higher Stinks** – Mid-gambling night, the Governor in gloves and a scarf bursts in, yeets a pouch of gold on your table, and screams about cheddar treason. Oh, and a piece of cheese fell out of his pocket. Subtle.

STARRING:

- **Governor Droolmont (Lactose-Intolerant Autocrat)** – Once biggest cheese stan, now its most dramatic hater. Runs the Ministry of Digestive Order like it’s a holy mission, but still confiscates suspiciously high-quality wedges for “research.”
- **Hurd “El Fromagio” (Ratfolk Smuggler Kingpin)** – Tavern owner, black-market dairy dealer, and walking cheddar commercial. Will help you if you help him, but somehow you’ll owe him three favors and a cheese wheel by the end.
- **Anna of the Milkward Sons (Secret Traitor)** – Outwardly, the robed, passionate face of Fondue’s cheese-worshipping resistance. Inwardly, she’s playing her own secret game.
- **Cheddrick the Cheese Mimic (Snack-Sized Menace)** – A wedge-shaped mimic that talks too much, bites too often, and thinks it’s your emotional support cheese. Mostly wrong about everything, but says it with confidence.
- **Crazy Jalk (River Monster Enthusiast)** – Smells like fish and cheddar. Might help you catch a giant fish or accidentally get you attacked by a river elk. Could go either way.



SAY CHEESE! INTRODUCTION

Instant Adventure for DnD.

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Governor Droolmont shoves a contract in your face and says, “*Find where the haunted cheese is coming from before it eats my town.*” Suddenly you’re chasing gooey monsters, dodging ratfolk smugglers, and trying not to join a dairy cult by accident.

You came to Fondue Village thinking it’d be a little cheese-town. Instead, you walked into a full-on Dairy Cold War: cultists in yellow robes, government cops with fork badges, and a tentacled brie monster in the basement. Welcome to the lactose apocalypse.

BRIEHMOT RISING (AKA KNOW YOUR MONSTER)

Cheese Monsters You Might Meet in Fondue Village

- **Gouda Golem** – A towering golden wheel with stubby arms, molten cheese breath, and zero respect for personal space. Known to roll through roads like a dairy wrecking ball.
- **Father Gruyere (Ghost)** – The spectral founder of Fondue Village. Mournful, melodic, and ready to smack anyone threatening the cheese legacy.
- **Muctopus** – The primordial cheese mother, all pale tentacles and briny breath. She dreams in lactose and will judge whether you’re worth saving... or seasoning.
- **Singing Camembert Choir** – Eight sentient cheese wheels that guard the factory basement with riddles, harmonies, and sass. Pass their tests or get mocked in four-part harmony.