

# It Figures

It was the third session in an enchanted Tabletop game with friends, exploring a mysterious ancient dungeon. As added fun, the DM had made it so traps and curses would affect the players in real life! Sometimes you'd just get hit by a spell and have to play as a cat until the cleric or mage restored your form. It was all in just good fun, and the DM assured you all that all changes were safe and temporary. And if things did go south, well, he could always turn you back, right?

Your character, a half-elf swordsman, would be scouting out the corridor for the rest of the party, when the tile they'd stepped on would sink, the walls around them suddenly flooding with purple gas. A trap! They'd struggle to get out of there, but as the dice rolled low, they wouldn't make it out in time, even failing the resistance save! You could only watch and listen as the DM described the gas seeping into their body, causing it to become stiff and numb, a dull grey tone slowly creeping across their skin as their body, armour and all, hardened and grew lifeless, soon trapping them as a lifelike stone statue.

You didn't have to wait long for your own body to start tingling. Up until now, all the curses had been animate in nature. You'd never encountered a petrification curse before. What would happen to you? Surely you wouldn't get turned into a statue, right? Your fears weren't completely unfounded as you felt your body start to harden, limbs starting to lock up, as soon your entire body was feeling stiff and numb. But instead of turning grey, they looked... shiny? Even your clothing did, its colour starting to change hues to a vibrant brown and red as it seemed to bulk up. But you weren't able to investigate further as your body fully hardened, leaving you completely immobile in all ways besides your mind. It was a bit of a relief that you didn't need to breathe anymore, otherwise this change could have been so much worse...

A flash of light would suddenly glow from your body, and when your vision cleared, you found everyone staring down at you, seeming much much larger... was the transformation still not over? Actually... something about this felt... recognizable, in fact the surface you were standing on looked familiar... with lines and detailed tiles, with a few life sized... figurines... next to you. Out of the corner of your vision, you could see your hand hoisted up, a plastic sword within its grasp. Oh no.

It looks like you've become your own game piece! But no big deal, one of the other party members can cast purify or use a restoration scroll soon and- hey wait, what do you mean the session is over? You can't all just pack up now!

Your protests go unheard, after all, you're just a cute figurine, the DM swearing they'll take care of things and work towards turning you back once the game resumes. But until then you're going to have to stay like this, a simple piece of plastic, one that is swiftly packed up alongside the rest, and taken back with your friend.

Unbeknownst to you, the group just couldn't find a proper time to get back together, and after a month, the game was dropped altogether, as the DM found himself swamped by an influx of work. By the time a new game had begun, ran by your friend this time around, everyone had forgotten about what's happened to you, assuming you were just too busy to join the new game. Soon the party runs into a patrol of kobold guards, and combat starts!

Your friend the DM is in a bit of a dilemma though, this encounter calls for four kobolds, but he only has 3 figurines! Thinking on his feet, he decides to fish out your figurine from the bag, looking over it. Surely their friend wouldn't mind their figurine being used for this in their absence, right? Maybe some adjustments first, just to make it a bit more clear... an improvised blutack snout and tail, and now you were next to the other kobolds.

As he explained the encounter, detailing the kobolds and their appearance, the lingering magic within your plastic body sparked to life! New memories and thoughts flashed into your mind, as your figurine body started to shift, the blutack making up your snout and tail stiffening and melding with your body, becoming a proper part of you as your skin turned a vibrant blue, the proper colour to represent your magnificent scales. Your sword became a pointy spear, held at the ready by your clawed hands, and your hair became a set of pointed spines atop your reptilian head. You were Velimere Sharpclaw, the bestest of all the Kobold guards, ready to defend your abode and make your master proud!

Of course, you failed, removed from the board alongside the other kobolds (as the DM mused about how he swore he only put 3 on the board earlier) as your mind returned, albeit a little dizzy. What had just happened? You weren't your character anymore, you were smaller, and scaly, and... was that a tail you felt behind you? As you questioned your change in form, and what had caused this, that hand would once again grab hold of you, pulling you out as your blue was exchanged for green, and your form changed once more. No more tail, no more horns. Much much bigger. Simpler, yet more purposeful thoughts. Gone was Velimere Sharpclaw, now you were Xenith Foolsbane, Cyclops Gatekeeper!

It wasn't long before you found that while your attempts to move didn't work in the real world, somehow, through some strange twist of fate, you could instead influence the actions of your body in the game world, whatever you doing somehow being communicated to the DM, who would explain every manoeuvre, every taunt or boast, your actions and reactions. While you put up a good fight, even forcing the party paladin dangerously close to a death save, eventually you were slain, and once again found yourself returned to the bag while your memories of who you were came back

Time would once again pass within the bag, and a new campaign would eventually be created, one that you found yourself heavily involved within. At the DMs touch, you'd find yourself becoming someone or something new, your figurine form shifting to the perfect shape needed for your new role. Sometimes you were a meagre goblin, others a humble villager, a brave knight, or the horse carrying the party's supplies. The DM would sometimes question if they actually did have a specific figurine for a battle axe wielding gnoll, but eventually they'd come to accept the strangeness and pay it no mind.

And... Though it was hard to admit, you actually... enjoyed it? After all, not many people could say they'd ever got to experience DnD in such a personal way, actually getting to be the characters themselves, to feel their thoughts, their feelings, their memories and motivations. To feel the magic flowing through your veins as you summoned a burst of lightning from your staff, or the fire bubbling up from within your chest as you let out a torrent of flame!

And better yet... the players loved you. Every character you played beyond the simple peon became a favourite amongst the numerous groups and faces in each and every campaign you were a part of. Soon you were getting more important roles, a NPC Guide that accompanied the Party, the lovable mascot. You even got to be the face of the Antagonist, a large, intimidating, powerful, yet witty and charming Dragon. You had to admit, that performance was the best you had ever put on. Every time you returned to that bag, you found yourself eagerly awaiting your next chance to shine.

During one of your many performances, you'd catch the eye of someone, someone who recognized the glint and shimmer of a sentient soul within your figurine. Once the session was over, and everyone had left he'd fish you out from your home, setting you down on the bench as he performed a spell, your figurine body glowing as... for the first time since you had met this strange fate, you could move. Your feet were still bound to your disk, but you could move, and you could speak!

They'd reveal themselves to be the old DM, the one responsible for what had occurred to you. By the time he'd managed to get out of work, you'd already transformed from your original appearance. And he couldn't just admit to having left you a figurine for three whole months, so instead he'd waited around until he finally found you again. He apologised, and admitted he couldn't ever give you back the time you had lost, but, he did have a way to let you live the rest of it out. He could perform a ritual to undo the spell that had cursed you into this form. He could turn you back, give you back your human form, your old life. But... you had to wonder, was that truly what you wanted? To go back to your dead end job, working 5 days a week to barely make ends meet? Out there, you were a nobody, but here... you were popular. Special. While it wasn't truly the same, you had lived so many vibrant and exciting lives, been a part of so many amazing stories.

You opened your mouth to answer...