



The Kobold Wizard's Dildo of Enlightenment +2 **(an Adventure for 3-6 Players, Levels 2-5)**

Carlton Mellick III

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Are you ready to play some Dungeons and Fucking Dragons? The Kobold Wizard's Dildo of Enlightenment +2 is an absurd comedy about a group of adventurers (elf, halfling, bard, dwarf, assassin, thief) going through an existential crisis after having discovered that they are really just pre-rolled characters living inside of a classic AD&D role playing game. While exploring the ruins of Tardis Keep, these 6 characters must deal with their inept Dungeon Master's retarded imagination and resist their horny teenaged players' commands to have sex with everything in sight. Featuring: punk rock elf chicks, death metal orcs, porn-addicted beholders, a goblin/halfling love affair, a gnoll orgy, and a magical dildo that holds the secrets of the universe.

The Kobold Wizard's Dildo of Enlightenment +2 (an Adventure for 3-6 Players, Levels 2-5 Details

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Author : Carlton Mellick III

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From Reader Review The Kobold Wizard's Dildo of Enlightenment +2 (an Adventure for 3-6 Players, Levels 2-5 for online ebook

John says

Short Version: Clever concept, poorly executed.

Long Version: The premise is that characters in a D&D game become aware that they are characters in a D&D game being run by sex obsessed teenagers. An interesting premise, but one that the book never actually leaves until the last few pages. Instead, the book simply explores scene after scene of self aware characters caught in a world designed by horny teenagers: in other words, bad porn.

In between the bad porn we get some potentially interesting looks at how the two self-aware characters start to come to terms with their realization, but rather than spending sufficient time on these ideas, we get more time spent on the bad porn.

The premise also is ripe with humorous potential, but while the author makes a few good jokes, most of them are instead undermined by the very premise of the book. Most of the humor involves the pointless deaths of NPCs, but the premise establishes that these aren't just NPCs, but actual people who simply don't know they're part of a game, so what otherwise might be funny just comes across as sad.

There's even some brief musings about the nature of god that applies to the real world, but it takes up maybe a paragraph or two before the author moves on.

Did I mention that the book is illustrated as if by the teenagers in the game? Yeah, bad porn poorly illustrated.

Spoiler Alert:

Near the end of the book we finally advance past the premise and have the characters decide to act against the wishes of their players which eventually results in the players being transported to their world, where they are rapidly killed by some of the characters that they created. Given that the players had no idea until that very moment that the characters they created were real, and there's no indication that they would have continued to play them if they had known, their "punishment" seems a bit unfair.

The whole thing was just very unsatisfying.

Adam Duclos says

Spoilers

For the most part this was a funny and interesting book, with a cool premise... that some of the characters in

a Dungeons and Dragons game became aware that they were being controlled by teenagers from another world, and eventually tried to break free and succeeded. It was interesting to have the halfling fighter and the elf that acted like a vulcan commiserate about how lame their character concepts were, keep track of their hit points, and use their knowledge of the 'real' world to help them through the dungeon.

I guess the problem I have with the book really starts with the title though... This book is really hard to read in public! I mean, the word 'dildo' is right in the title, and the book is riddled with crudely drawn sex pictures. The background to the premise is that the teenagers running the game in the real world are cartoonishly geeky, horny, and depraved, especially the dungeon master, and almost everything in the 'game' ends up raped, and its not cool to have that played for laughs.

The ending was pretty tough to take too...

Extra spoilers...

The kids in the real world get sucked into the game world and killed. The main character of the book halfheartedly tries to save his player, but he gets killed anyway, and they get over it real quick. We never find out more about this, like what happens afterwords in the real world. The whole end is very unsatisfying.

I'm not really sure who the target audience for this book is... you have to be a gamer to get the jokes, and the whole thing is couched in AD&D terminology, so it is pretty specific. But anyone who would remember playing that is old enough to be embarrassed about reading this at work, for instance. And its not like they would buy this for a kid... It's pretty depraved.

Jesse Bullington says

I'm generally opposed to "there are two types of people in this world" hyperbolic binaries, but sometimes you just have to say fuck it and give in to the glory of gross generalizations. Which is to say, I suspect that there are two types of people in this world: ones who will read the title of CMIII D&D-inspired novel and think to themselves "this is a book I was waiting my whole life for and didn't even know it," and people who will think something else entirely. What the latter camp will think in particular probably varies a great deal, but I suspect "what the shit is this?" probably crops up a lot. I am here to confirm for both hypothetical groups that your gut-reaction is correct--if the title makes you sagely nod to yourself, then you will probably find it a fun, creepily-resonant, meta-textual flashback to the days of high adventure, or at least filthy adolescence, whereas if that titles gives you any pause at all, you will in all likelihood hate the living shit out of it. Flipping through the first-edition-module styled book and seeing CMIII occasionally pornographic illustrations will help you figure out which camp you belong in, if you're unsure--the polearm chart was a personal favorite. Good times.

Aaron Rumph says

This isn't a bad book, but I think it is more for the fans of D&D, the jokes are more put into that community. If you don't like D&D pick up with caution

Victor Merling says

I was going to give it 1 star, but decided to give an extra one for the concept which is quite interesting, though extremely poorly developed.

The books has an almost unbelievable amount of sex jokes and imagery, which never shocked or offended me, but made me wonder why the heck was I reading such a silly attempt at literature. I know it was meant to represent the kind of rpg session a 14 year old, sexually frustrated kid in a wheel chair would create, but it still felt like my IQ was dropping a few points from all the stupidity.

This is not the first book I read by this author, but it was definitely the worst one... so far. And I say so far, because no matter how bad this one was, I know I'll read a few more. The Haunted Vagina was really good, and I hope there is other gems hidden among crap like this.

Patrick says

I knew this was a bizarre book when I saw it on line awhile back, and I got around to reading it last night. This is a quick and funny read...very twisted in fact.

I suppose my enjoyment of this stems from my experiences with AD&D when I was a teen, and the fact that this book was written with the voice of the sexually frustrated geek in mind (complete gratuitous sexually charge illustrations that could only come from the mind of early teenage boys living out sexual fantasies in the safety of a role-playing universe). This is perverted, in a real way, in a early-teen, hard-oned and dildoad, over-the-top way. If you laugh at the idea of four adventures crashing into a dungeon room, only to find a bugbear buttfucking an orc, then pick this up. Not appealing to you? Yeah, probably not. This type of book has a limited appeal, but I can name the people who would enjoy this filth.

I mean "filth" in a good way. It's the kind of filth you would not want anyone else to see, but can't help to look at.

Arthur Graham says

If anyone out there is reading this, I need your help. I am trapped within a really terrible Dungeons and Dragons campaign and I can't find my way out. My player is a horny 14-year-old loser who won't stop forcing me to have sex with slutty elf chicks instead of going on quests. The Dungeon Master has severe attention deficit disorder and skips large sections of description when it comes to the world I live within. Please find my character sheet and bring it to a better Dungeon Master, preferably a benevolent one with a vivid imagination who actually knows what he's doing. Please, I beg of you to deliver me from this nightmare, before all of my hit points run out.

— *Polo Pipefingers, level 3 Halfling fighter.*

In the introduction, Mellick calls this the stupidest book he has ever written. Maybe I just haven't gotten around to enough of his books, but I would argue that it's actually one of his better ones, at least among those

I've read. Beneath all of the juvenile mayhem and orc/ogre/bugbear boners, there is a story that actually says quite a bit about the nature of reality, free will, and other such serious subjects. Personally, I found it to be hilarious and thought provoking from start to finish, and even a bit tender at points. In its satirical exploration of teen angst and raging hormones, *The Kobold Wizard's Dildo of Enlightenment +2* could almost qualify as a YA fantasy crossover if it weren't so true to its Bizarro roots of punk, raunch, and good old-fashioned ultraviolence.

It probably isn't necessary to have played D&D in order to appreciate the humor, but for those of us who've actually rolled a few 20-sided dice in our time, the story is chockablock with inventive twists on D&D rules, monsters, and plot conventions, which are bound to sweeten the overall experience for current and former players alike. Speaking as a kid who played his share of really half-assed D&D back in the day, I can verify that Mellick's emulation is spot-on throughout.

Some of the illustrations are pretty shitty and most of them are quite graphic, but there's nary a one of them that fails to add an extra chuckle to the perverse proceedings. Given the premise that they were drawn by boys of junior high school age (see Aaron Donnely's algebra notes), it's easy enough to forgive (and possibly even enjoy) doodles with titles such as "Harpy with a Dick" and "All Elves are Bi". There are a handful of typos ("messaging my penis" where "massaging my penis" was clearly intended, for example), but not so many as to detract from the reader's overall enjoyment. As with any work of art, beauty truly is in the eye(s) of the beholder.

Recommended for demented, pimply faced, adolescent masturbators and the grown-ups they wear in disguise.

Erin says

Hmm, what to say... I liked the liberal use of boners. I'm not sure there could ever be too many. Maybe, if they start poking you randomly in the eye or leaving rings on the coffee table. Even free range hard ons need to use coasters. The story itself was just ok. The drawings really made the story for me and made me laugh harder than 50 dildos of enlightenment. Would I recommend this? Probably not. Me thinks the novelty of bizarro fiction has worn a little thin lately. I'm taking a break for a bit.

Paulo "paper books always" Carvalho says

This is parody of all those Dungeons & Dragons books out there. A sexual parody of it I might say. We get to see the players (all young teens) and their made up characters and some NPC's created by a young deep troubled dungeon master. The made-up characters as they are penetrated by the aforementioned dildo of enlightenment become aware of their "lives". From this moment on it's all fun. Fun and Sex.

Almost in every page there is a sexual action or hint and drawings made to look like a teen has drawn them. This is not a children's book and it's a good gift for any dungeon and dragon player because the normal view of a person about D&D players is that they are a male frustated girlless, sexless boy. Even if this is not true at all. Good funny book but not one that I will read it twice even if there are some beautiful elf looking girls in small garnements (oh yeah). The character development is done not without merit but the plot itself is quite simple. The sexual parts are almost all quite funny. I would give these book to anyone who plays Dungeons.

Patrick Nichols says

This is the third book I've bought based on a recommendation from being boing, and the third disappointment. The book's conceit (actually "gimmick" would be a better description) is that it narrates the quest of a group of characters in a game of Dungeons and Dragons who have become aware that they are characters in a game. And what's more, they are being played by a group of inane, sex-crazed twelve year olds.

The book is surprisingly profane, but to its credit this is used for comic rather than salacious effect. Unfortunately, it's just not that funny. It is, however, packed with illustrations of various Tolkien monsters sporting ridiculously outsized genitalia, done in the style of a gifted but bored sixth grader. It's sort of funny but it's definitely not the kind of book you want to whip out on a crowded bus.

The metafictional structure never really builds to anything original or especially amusing; of the standard endings for these sort of self-referential narratives it picks the second most cliched. But there are a number of jokes which might make a former D&D player chuckle - one page illustrating magical sex toys is followed a few pages later with an illustration of the different types of halberds, and one of the players - the DM's bratty younger sister, makes up her own spells which summon pretty unicorns which are her best friend forever.

Trust me, if you've played D&D this is sort of amusing. For the title alone it's a fun volume to have sitting on a shelf (in my case, right next to a copy of Merleau-Ponty). And to be fair, there is something exuberant in the way it so cozily wallows in its own preposterousness.

Overall, though, it's a bit lame. I'd say it basically reads like a satire of some stupid twelve year olds who play Dungeons & Dragons, written by a smart twelve year old who also plays Dungeons & Dragons.

Robert Beveridge says

Carlton Mellick III, **The Kobold Wizard's Dildo of Enlightenment +2** (Eraserhead Press, 2010)

There are two types of people in the world: those who play Dungeons and Dragons, and those who ridicule us. Among the people who play Dungeons and Dragons, there are two subtypes: those who take it way, way too seriously, and those who don't. So we're already down to a pretty vertical market for this book, but if you are of the latter variety of the former variety, *The Kobold Wizard's Dildo of Enlightenment +2* is a must. If for no other reason, so you can feel good that you never had a DM nearly as awful as the one here. Though I must admit I spent a lot of this book thinking "wow, how come we never thought of this stuff when we were teenagers?" with a side of "oh god, how many campaigns were ACTUALLY LIKE THIS?", which usually led to cowering in the corner crying for my mommy. Because Carlton Mellick is a very, very warped individual AND a good enough writer to make you wonder if there really were kids depraved enough to be doing this. Which is a very good thing indeed.

Plot: So, yeah, there IS this dildo of enlightenment +2. And it IS owned by a Kobold wizard, Glimworm. He hires a party of adventurers to recover it from the bandits who stole it. Two of them survive, Polo Pipefingers

(a third-level gnome fighter—I'm kind of amazed Mellick didn't make him a fourth level dwarf fighter, though I doubt anyone reading this is going to get the joke) and his elven/vulcan pal Delvok, who's insanely multiclassed, and so is stuck as a first-level, well, everything. On their way back to Glimworm's tower, the two are ambushed and, ahm, erm, the magic item in question is used on them. (Don't worry, all this happens before the book begins.) The magic power conferred by its use is the realization that you're nothing but a fictional character created by an oversexed teenager in the most inept, sexualized, utterly stupid Dungeons and Dragons campaign in recorded history. As we begin, Polo has just regained consciousness after the item in question was used on his posterior during an assault, and is coming to terms with what would, you have to admit, be a pretty traumatic piece of knowledge to be gained. But Polo and his pal have a more immediate problem: Glimworm threatened the party with death were they to actually use the thing, so the two of them, along with their old pal the Dwarf Lord (a 4th level dwarf barbarian) and a couple of luscious, nasty elf chicks, hit the ruins of Tardis Keep, where there's supposedly an untouched treasure room that will give Polo and Delvok enough scratch to flee the country (and Glimworm). Needless to say, the elf chicks want all the loot for themselves (though they're not above having a bit of salacious fun with their intended victims along the way), the ruin is infested with gnolls, and worst of all if you realize you're a character inside a crappy campaign, the DM hasn't even managed to finish mapping Tardis Keep yet...

I am somewhat ashamed to say this is my first brush with the doyen of the bizarro movement, and so what I really wasn't expecting—at all—from this book is that damn, this kid can *write*. His eye for description is fascinating, in that sort of meta way (he rides the campaign's DM for his descriptions constantly, while conveniently overlooking the scenes where we pull out into the real world and we find some of the same flaws in Mellick's own descriptions of the actual players...though I'm tempted to give him the benefit of the doubt that that was a conscious choice), his comic timing is impeccable, and he does something that I was beginning to think was impossible—he took a D&D campaign, and an inept, crappy one at that, and turned it into a compelling story. (Dear Carlton: have you considered writing scripts for Sci-Fi Channel Original Movies? Because they haven't even come close to figuring out how to do that yet.) Now, I'm a big fan of bizarro, so I don't want this to sound as critical as it's going to, but in a lot of the bizarro I've read, the story seems to come secondary to the bizarro elements. Not here, just as it doesn't in Forrest Armstrong's work, or Vincent Sakowski's best stories; the story is the thing, and the bizarro elements are either wedded to it as integral (the whole meta concept here) or in service to it (the oversexed natures of the DM/players and how that affects the campaign, much of which is hilarious). In short, it's not just a darn good bizarro novel, it's a darn good novel period—which puts it on the same shelf with Armstrong and Sakowski as “stuff you want to push on your friends when trying to get them reading bizarro.” Though as I said at the outset, this is a vertical-market book. Push it on the closet, and not-so-closet, D&D fiends who still have a bookcase full of modules from the eighties. ****

Kirsten Alene says

I've never played D&D. I actually had no idea what either D stood for until about a year ago. So I'm sure some of the parody was lost on me. But I'm a huge fan of Carlton Mellick III's other work so I knew I had to check this one out. One of the great things about Mellick's writing is that it sucks you in immediately and doesn't let go until it's over. The same was true of *Kobold Wizard*. As absurd and raunchy as the title and cover indicate, the story was also funny and engaging, and the adventure so archetypal that I wasn't lost, even amidst all of the elf-sex and Halfling violation. This is not my favorite book by Carlton Mellick but it certainly delivered on its promises and I'm glad I read it.

Brandi says

Wasn't worth the time to read it. It reads like it was written by a horny teenage boy...unfortunately the writer is an adult male. The author took an interesting premise and botched the execution.

Pedro Proença says

Of course I would love this book. This is so meta, and strangely philosophical, even with its boner jokes.

This book combines two of my favorite things: Existentialism and dorky teen jokes. It's amazing, and deeper (he he he, "deeper") than most people might think. Which doesn't make it boring at all. There's a lot of boobs and dicks and butts and blood to keep things interesting.

So, yeah. It's awesome.

Jukka Särkijärvi says

I borrowed this book from my game master. This is important to note. I did not pay money for this. This was not, you understand, due to any kind of misapprehension that it might be actually good, but because of my curiosity about a gaming novel that's not a campaign setting tie-in and I thought it might be funny. I suppose I should have a disclaimer here about how the following post may offend some people, but if you didn't get that from the title already, I'm not sure I can help you.

I am told that the novel's genre is called "bizarro fiction", which, as far as I can tell, is a Robert Rankin-esque ploy to get a section of the bookstore all to themselves. Since a reviewer should be aware of the cultural context of a work, I looked it up on Wikipedia. The article reads like an ad for Eraserhead Press, but the relevant bit is that bizarro fiction "strives not only to be strange, but fascinating, thought-provoking, and, above all, fun to read."

Well.

The Kobold Wizard's Dildo of Enlightenment +2 is the story of a pair of hapless adventurers, the halfling fighter Polo and the elf cleric/fighter/ranger/wizard Delvok, who come to realize they are player characters in a roleplaying game. Moreover, their players are morons and their DM acts out his juvenile sexual fantasies (mostly having to do with large-breasted nymphomaniac elves) in the game. The way they come to realize this is by being raped with the eponymous dildo.

For what it's worth, the author basically apologizes for the stupidity of the book in the preface. The book is wholly aware of how stupid it is.

Now, stupid and immature don't automatically mean bad, right? *South Park* is funny. *Oglaf* is hilarious. A capable writer can work wonders with material like this, and the idea of PCs gaining awareness of living in a game is interesting.

Carlton Mellick III, I'm afraid, is not that writer. It's not funny. It's just dicks and tits and rape over and over

again, badly-written porn interspersed with badly-drawn porn. The result neither titillates nor amuses.

The main problem is the artlessness of the prose. Combat scenes read like a dishwasher manual. A comic writer's toolbox contains things like similes, euphemisms, zeugmas and hyperbole. Mellick's can be barely said to contain vocabulary, let alone a punchline. There is no wit. Here's an excerpt to illustrate, when they cast *detect invisibility*:

She reads the incantation on the scroll and the spell goes into effect. Slowly, seven figures come into view as their invisibility becomes detected. We point our weapons at them, prepared for battle.

When the figures become clear, we fall back. The figures are seven elderly men. All of them are masturbating furiously, staring at Loxi's nude breasts.

"What the fuck?" Loxi says.

The men don't realize we can see them. They just continue masturbating and licking their lips.

"Have these guys been following us around this whole time?" Juzii asks. "Watching us while invisible?"

"They saw when we had sex?" I ask, meaning when I had sex with Loxi and Juzii, not with Itaa.

That is how the entire book is written. There's an idea of a joke that is then presented in this matter-of-fact, simple style that evokes a 12-year-old's school essay for third-year English as a Second Language. It could be done on purpose, of course, to reflect that Polo isn't very clever and neither are the gamers governing his world, but then, what's the point? What would be the purpose of writing a pastiche of a bad D&D fanfic? The nostalgia explanation does not fly since even the players do not seem to be having much fun. (And for what it's worth, I find the depiction of D&D at the age of 14 quite foreign, apart from this one girl whose characters were a succession of Sharessan clerics.) You could go all Brecht and claim deliberate Verfremdungseffekt, except that while the I was very effectively distanced from the work, it serves no purpose. There's *nothing there*.

The game being played is a pathetic and distasteful affair, but its depiction, in serving no purpose other than to depict it, fails to distance itself and becomes an equally pathetic and distasteful affair. It is a work of banal drivel that seems to think sex and rape and bodily functions are a functional substitute for humour and does not even get inventive in its perversion. Seriously, with over three decades of D&D at his disposal, some of it rather suspect to begin with, the most creative the author gets is a crossdressing gnoll. Had John Wilmot and Marquis de Sade lived to read *The Kobold Wizard's Dildo of Enlightenment +2*, they would have died of embarrassment. Having unimaginative and mediocre narrators is no excuse for having an unimaginative and mediocre narrative.

In summary, *The Kobold Wizard's Dildo of Enlightenment +2* wastes its own potential. The jokes fall flat, the prose is dead, and the most bizarre thing about the work is its lack of imagination. Its few good ideas are suffocated by the inanity of the whole. The writing of this review has entertained me far more than reading the book itself, which is a mistake I recommend nobody else repeat.

