

# 101 CUTTING MOCKERIES



A RESOURCE  
FOR BARDS

BY  
R P DAVIS

# 101 CUTTING MOCKERIES

*For Milo & Gurius*

1. You are pigeon-liver'd and lack gall!
2. Away, you starvelling, you elf-skin, you dried neat's-tongue, bull's-pizzle, you stock-fish!
3. Nobody likes you. Your own mother doesn't like you. Your life is a waste.
4. You are a very superficial, ignorant, unweighing fellow.
5. You're not half the man your mother is.
6. Thou art some fool, I am loath to beat thee.
7. Anyone who ever loved you was wrong.
8. [You are] a most notable coward, an infinite and endless liar, an hourly promise breaker, the owner of no one good quality.
9. Come, come, you froward and unable worms!
10. Your wit's as thick as a Ten-Towns custard.
11. Your mama's so ugly, she's got stone statues of medusas in her back yard.
12. I am sick when I do look on thee.
13. Wow, you're amazing! Wait, no, what's the opposite of amazing? Oh, yeah, shit! You're shit at this!
14. I'll beat thee, but I would infect my hands.
15. Sod off, and if I ever meet you again, it will be twenty billion years too soon.
16. Methink'st thee a general offence and every man should beat thee.
17. More of your conversation would infect my brain.
18. Your mama's so fat that when she sat on a dagger it came out a longsword.
19. Poisonous bunch-backed toad!
20. I don't know whether to cast *charm person* or *charm monster*!
21. The tartness of your face sours ripe grapes.
22. [for a druid] Do you still love nature, despite what it did to you?
23. You are the rankest compound of villainous smell that ever offended nostril.
24. Clearly you let your mind wander, and it never came back.
25. There's no more fight in thee than in a stewed prune.
26. I see you've set aside this special time to humiliate yourself in public.
27. Thy face is not worth sunburning.
28. What the Nine Hells is all over your face? Oh, wait, that **is** your face.
29. You're a boil, a plague sore.

30. You are the reason mind flayers starve to death.
31. You're a trunk of humours.
32. You live in the rank sweat of an enseamed bed, stew'd in corruption, making love in a nasty sty!
33. You're a bolting-hutch of beastliness.
34. You sniffing, crap-combing, decrepit piece of garbage.
35. You're a swollen parcel of dropsies.
36. If you should die before you wake, no gods shall want thy soul to take.
37. You're a huge bombard of sack.
38. You have the strength of a weasel and the quickness of an ox!
39. You're a stuffed cloak-bag of guts.
40. You're a roasted ox with pudding in his belly.
41. Your brain would make a grain of sand look large and ungainly.
42. Thy father was a vain ruffian.
43. You're as fat as butter.
44. The eyes are open, the mouth moves, but Mr Brain has long since departed, hasn't he, [insert name of foe]?
45. You're as loathsome as a toad.
46. Your mama's so fat she makes a kraken look tiny.
47. You're like the toad; ugly and venomous.
48. You're so dirty, you would be unacceptable to a dung beetle who had lost interest in its career and really let itself go.
49. You're unfit for any place but hell.
50. [against a spellcaster] You're so bad at magic your 0-level spells are called can't-trips!

51. You clay-brained, cream faced loon.
52. Your head is as empty as a eunuch's underpants.
53. You knotty-pated fool.
54. Your mama's so ugly trolls give her beauty advice.
55. You whoreson obscene greasy tallow-catch!
56. We're looking for a big scary [insert name of monster here] that's supposed to be round here. Have you seen one?
57. You damned and luxurious mountain goat.
58. Imagine something that would really piss you off. Picture that. I agree with that.
59. You abortive, rooting hog!
60. You look like a horse in a man costume.
61. You lump of foul deformity.
62. You're not a fighter, you're a bleeder.
63. You poisonous, bunch-back'd toad!
64. You're not a complete idiot. Some parts are obviously missing.
65. You sodden-witted fool! You have no more brain than I have in my elbows.
66. Are you naturally stupid, or do you have to practice?
67. You subtle, perjur'd, false, disloyal man!
68. Someday you'll go far and I hope you stay there.
69. Thy sin's not accidental, but a trade.
70. If ignorance is bliss, you must be the happiest person alive!
71. Would you were clean enough to spit upon.
72. I'd insult your parents, but you probably don't know who they are.

73. You are as a candle, the better burnt out.
74. *Animal friendship* was the only way your parents could get puppies to play with you!
75. O for breath to utter what is like thee! You scullion!  
You rampallian! You fustilarian!
76. Do you have a pen? Well you'd better get back to it before the farmer knows you are missing!
77. Your brain is as dry as the remainder biscuit after voyage.
78. Villain, I have done thy mother.<sup>1</sup>
79. Did someone just cast *stinking cloud*? No? Oh, that's **you**.
80. Away, you remnant!
81. Tell me, did you run away from your parents, or did they run away from you?
82. You odiferous stench!
83. I'd say you were a worthy opponent, but I once fought a flumph wielding a dandelion.
84. You have not so much brain as ear-wax.
85. I'm writing an epic poem of our adventures. Tell me your name, friend. I hope it rhymes with "horribly slaughtered."
86. I pray you, stand farther from me.
87. Your mother is so fat that making a joke about it would detract from the seriousness of her condition.
88. You have as little honesty as honor.

89. What's the difference between a troll and a mallard with a cold? One's a sick duck and I forget the punchline. Your mother's a whore.
90. A pox damn you, you rascal!
91. Your mama's ... really disappointed in your life choices.
92. You're an embossed carbuncle.
93. What are you going to do for a face when the monkey wants his arse back?
94. Peace, ye fat-kidney'd rascal!
95. Your mama's so fat, she's got a mouth in the back of her neck that bites back at vampires.
96. A weasel hath not such a deal of spleen as you are toss'd with.
97. Well, you found your life's purpose: A warning to others.
98. With a countenance of a sty, thy mother must truly be a pig!
99. Why don't you slip into something more comfortable, like a coma?
100. You aren't important enough for a more specific insult.
101. You're not worth another word, Or else I'd call you a knave!

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<sup>1</sup> Before anyone goes all complainy on me, this is from Titus Andronicus (Act 4, Scene 2). So there.

# ABOUT THE AUTHOR

R P Davis is a freelance writer, editor, and adventure designer. He's been a tabletop gamer the entire time he's been sentient, and a role-playing addict for more than 30 years. In that time he's written countless things, from simple spell effects to D&D campaign worlds to complete role-playing games.

R P Davis is the author of adventures and supplements such as:



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