

## WHY THE D12

The d12 is the lonely die. The d20 carries the rulebook. The d6 carries half of childhood. The d10 has math anxiety. The d4 hurts. But the d12 just sits there. Twelve faces, prime-adjacent, almost never used.

I ran a campaign on it. Six months. One die. Every check, every save, every damage roll. This is what I learned.

## THE D12 IS HONEST

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A d20 gives the GM permission to lie. You roll a 17, the GM mumbles “you just miss,” and the table moves on. The d12 doesn’t let you do that. There are fewer hiding places on a d12. Every number means something.

I had to flatten my modifier curve. There is no +13 on a d12. There is +0, +1, +2, +3 (rare), and that’s it. Suddenly every advantage I gave a PC had to actually matter, because a +1 was 8% of the die. You could *feel* the +1.

## THE D12 FORCES NARRATIVE TAX

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Because the d12 has half the granularity of a d20, you can’t paper over edge cases with arithmetic. You have to make a ruling. Players learn to *argue* for advantage rather than calculate it. The table becomes a courtroom, in a good way.

This is the part I want to keep, even back on the d20. The d12 was the chemotherapy. The cure was getting rid of optimization theater.

## THE DELUSION PART

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I called the zine “D12 & Delusion” because the delusion is mine: I believed for years that more granularity meant more fairness. It meant more *complaints*. The d12 gives you fewer numbers to be wrong about. The d12 gives players fewer surfaces on which to insist they were robbed.

*Probability honesty is not the same as probability precision.*

A campaign is a long average. If the d12 is honest about the average, then over six months no PC is harmed by the absence of the upper range. They just stop expecting it.

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I’m not going back. The next campaign starts in June. One die.