
Episode 283 – More alleged superhero antics

It was a nice apartment, well-lit, spacious and well furnished. A pair of nice, plush leather couches set the scene, arranged in a neat L-shape, with a small coffee table between them. What dominated the room, however, was the massive flat-screen against one wall, so big as to loom over all else around it. By comparison, the broad windows with views out over a strangely futuristic metropolis and the other doorways leading away to gods alone knew where seemed like afterthoughts.

At present, the apartment was occupied by a quartet who were seated on the couches and engaged on conversation. Rebecca and Rick were for the most part listening (save for Rick taking notes), while the two newcomers, Damien Harper and Kari Montero, were quite animatedly talking.

"And that's why they have a law on their books explicitly banning us, by name, from ever setting foot on the world again," Kari finished with a nod.

"Do you think they ever did find the gerbil?" Damien asked. "I mean, it would get hungry eventually..."

"Well, since I'm banned from the planet, I'll probably never know," Kari dismissed. "I don't lose too much sleep over it."

"This is amazing stuff," Rebecca nodded, clearly intently listening to their tales. "It really is. You two obviously lead rather colourful lives."

"Kari's arms lead colourful lives," Damien offered.

"Not just my arms," she shot back, which caused Rick to perk up a little.

"Saaay..." He began, only to have Rebecca cut him off.

"How are things going with your fiancée anyway, Rick?" She needed, sparing him a glance.

"Her father's at a point where his forced smile is almost convincing," he nodded.

"And that's one of the six thousand and three reasons why Kari will never meet my parents," Damien nodded.

"Damien will never meet mine without a lot of detective work," Kari shot back. "Possibly including DNA kits and grave robbing."

Rebecca shook her head and smirked. "Pure class. I think you two would actually get on with Dan."

"Is that an insult?" Kari narrowed her eyes. "Sometimes it's hard to tell when you get referred to people you don't know."

"Remember that guy who said we'd get along fantastically with his wife?" Damien asked.

"And she turned out to be a goat," Kari nodded. "Still, it was a legal marriage."

"Seriously though, I admit now that I'm genuinely interested in what you two do and how you work," Rebecca said. "And not like Rick who's just going to gratuitously plagiarise your lives into his next failed pitch."

"It's true," Rick nodded as he took out his notebook. "But please go on, I'm all ears."

"And of course, you have no vested interest at all in what we have to say," Damien commented.

"None at all," She replied with the utmost sincerity. "It's a mixture of curiosity and genuine interest in seeing a part of life in this big old cosmos that I don't usually get to interact with."

"Say, what is it you do anyway?" Kari asked.

"Computer systems analyst," Rebecca stated.

"And the fancy arm?"

She shrugged. "I was in an accident. My medical insurance paid out well."

"Seems legit," Damien nodded.

"Totally," Kari replied.

"An entirely plausible cause that is no doubt back-tracked with paperwork," Damien added.

"No doubt," Kari echoed without a hint of sincerity.

"Anyway," Damien continued as he sat back on the couch, shooting a glance to Rick who was already taking notes with a feverish pace. "As said, Kari and me are intergalactic bounty hunters. Even beyond the usual line of what a job like that entails, we tend to get in on the more dangerous and exotic targets, ones that not only have eluded local law enforcement, but really are beyond their ability to deal with."

"Which means we get the real weirdoes," Kari agreed. "Lots of cyborgs, for example," she added, again glancing at Rebecca's arm.

"Really?" Rebecca asked. "I'd love to hear more about that."

"Well, they're but a part of the overall crazy train package," Kari continued. "Usually what happens is the pair of us roam around in our too-sweet spaceship and look for local wanted ads. We tend to thrive on the harsh, rugged, frontier worlds where law enforcement is often lacking and the people tend to do insane things that gets large prices put on their heads."

"Law enforcement vacuum is a big part of your life then," Rick considered before getting back to work.

"Well, when you put it like that..." Damien considered. "Anyways, we pick up the target's details and then go to town. We press the flesh, look for informants, find evidence, follow up leads... all that sort of stuff."

"Each one of us is better at different aspects of the job," Kari explained. "Damien's good at numbers and examining hard evidence or documentation to find little things that others miss."

"And Kari's better at the interaction, pumping informants with either a pretty smile or a fist to the face and other such human intel options," Damien added.

"A nice word and a punch in the face gets you more than a nice word alone," Kari smiled.

"And all this works out for you?" Rick asked.

"Oh yeah," Kari nodded. "We never act on bad or faulty intel."

"Never ever," Damien stated. "Well, almost never..."

"That was entirely your fault," Kari quickly shot.

"My fault?" He raised a brow. "Yeah, okay, so I got the wrong location, but you were the one who made a bad situation worse."

"Me?" She glared back. "I wouldn't have done that if you hadn't screwed up."

"I wasn't the one who rushed in based on questionable intel."

"You assured me it was good!"

"I said it looked good"

"You should have checked."

"And you shouldn't have gone off half-cocked."

"Whatever," Kari huffed. "I don't know why they were so mad about it. Besides, the cat's hair would have grown back eventually."

There was an awkward silence punctuated only by Rick taking notes.

"So I assume by that there's often gunplay involved?" Rebecca continued.

"Well," Damien nodded. "We try really hard to bring these things to a peaceful resolution and only resort to violence as a last resort."

"No we don't," Kari noted.

"You're right, that's a dirty lie," Damien admitted. "There's usually lots of violence and explosions and fire and the like."

"It turns out that crazy people who like chopping out parts of their bodies to replace them with machinery do crazy things when cornered," Kari added. "Who knew?"

"So we each deal with this in our own special way," Damien explained. "I prefer explosives and ways to confuse or distract the enemy, like smoke grenades, noisemakers, flashbangs and the like."

"And I like automatic firearms, rotary shotguns and getting regrettable tattoos," Kari agreed.

"Shotguns make everything better," Damien smirked.

"That they do."

"Well this has been a fascinating insight to my two new recruits," Voice Two cut in to the conversation. "And in turn making me really glad that I chose to hire the pair of you."

"Well so much for that fun conversation," Rick sighed. "I suppose I have to work now or something."

"Nice way to kill the buzz, you buzz-killer," Damien agreed.

"And to think, the fic hasn't even started," Voice Two commented.

"I hope there's a bounty on your head," Kari shot at the ceiling.

"Does she even have a head?" Damien asked. "That could make it problematic. Can't put a price on the head of something without a head."

"We may have been outfoxed," Kari admitted.

"So V-two," Rebecca cut in to the fascinating logical progression that was going on. "I assume you're force-feeding us more of the Angels of Fury today?"

"That would be correct," Voice Two replied.

"If I asked for you not to, would you consider changing it to something else?" Kari asked.

"No."

"Not even if I asked nicely?" Kari continued.

"No."

"Not even if I flashed the one tat that nobody ever sees?"

"The potential for self-humiliation is amusing, but still no."

Kari glanced up at the ceiling for a moment. "How about the one tat that Damien has that nobody ever sees?"

"Hey!" He shouted at her, clearly surprised. "How did you know about that?"

"I have my ways," she laughed.

"While this has been very interesting, no, you will not dissuade me from presenting you with the fic," Voice Two finished. "After all, something this good must be shared."

"You are a horrible person," Rebecca considered.

"Are they even a person?" Rick asked. "I mean really, do we actually know that they are?"

"He has a point," Kari finished as the big screen turned on, changing the world to script format.

>Hero Name :DeeCee

Rick: She has federal jurisdiction powers.

>Real Name : D.C. Williams

Kari: Lazy hero names at their finest.

Damien: If she has electricity powers, then I walk.

>Race : Human

Rebecca: No pesky X-genes here.

>Place of Birth : Chicago

Rick: Chicago, the fourth pick superhero origin city.

>Date of Birth : 28 February 1991

>Age : 25

Rick: Apparently we're in the future.

Rebecca: Or people can't do basic maths.

Rick: Hard call.

>Height : 5' 10"

>Nemesis : Babylon

Damien: Her arch enemy is an ancient Mesopotamian city-state.

Kari: Their power is the Hammurabui code.

Damien: Their lair is the Hanging Gardens.

>Powers :DeeCee's powers are derived from the ability to manipulate electric fields down to the
>subatomic level.

Kari: You called it.

Damien: I hate being me some days.

Rick: To be fair, it's a perfectly acceptable genre convention.

> She can project electricity to taze or fry her enemies.

Rick: Fry, piggy!

> She can use electromagnetic repulsion to levitate and even fly.

Rebecca: She knows how magnets work.

> She can rearrange the matter of her own cells to shapechange her body,

Kari: She mainly uses this talent to buy booze without getting carded.

Damien: She's 25, remember?

Kari: 25 and 23 at the same time.

>though as yet she is limited to humanoid forms.

Rick: On the other hand, it allows her to rock the cosplay contests.

Damien: She's the only non-awkwardly brownfaced Korra.

> She has even learned how to project this power to temporarily change the appearance of others.

Kari: Well, I see no way this power would be abused for skeezy ERP purposes.

Damien: Gosh no.

>Weakness :DeeCee jokes that her weakness is chocolate.

Rick: Her arch enemies are Max Brenner and the Easter Bunny.

> The reality is that she is particularly vulnerable to magical attacks.

Kari: She is strong against metal-type Pokemon but weak against Magic ones.

>Mana energies seem to disrupt her ability to manipulate fields.

Rebecca: This pseudoscientific babble bought to you by Angels of Fury.

>Origin/Background :

>D.C. (real name: Dawn Charlotte Williams) is cagey about the origins of her powers.

Kari: The truth is she got electrical powers from licking batteries. A *lot* of batteries.

> What little she

>gives out suggests she was a research graduate at a university who suffered a lab accident with a

>runaway cyclotron.

Damien: It was a hit and run cyclotron accident. Several Hadrons were injured.

Kari: Did anyone get it's atomic number?

> What she doesn't admit to her team mates is that

Rick: She actually likes Farrelly Brothers movies.

>the particle accelerator had been affected by a magical ceremony

Rebecca: Sure, let's go with that. It's about the dumbest explanation I could think of, but hey.

>she had participated in with her best friend, Althea Rose Sobers.

Kari: So by the same logic as DC, her best friend's name is ARS.

>D.C. and Althea were secretly obsessed with gaining superpowers through the occult,

Damien: They had been very disappointed that multiple read-throughs of the Players Handbook and Dungeon Master's Guide hadn't taught them one single black magic spell.

>with grand plans to become heroes.

Rebecca: Once again, I fail to see a single way this can't end badly.

Damien: All these origin stories seem to depend on those involved being incredibly stupid.

Kari: Who would you say is the stupidest so far then?

Damien: Us for reading this.

Kari: Good point.

> Their clandestine ceremony, conducted in the quiet of the morning, employed the

>high energy physics laboratory

Rebecca: Using a particle physics lab to conduct black magic rituals? Rickard Dawkins is gonna hate you so hard.

>at Fermilab, because the energies generated there seemed to weaken
>the fabric of reality sufficiently to allow mana to be more easily manipulated.

Rick: This actually makes perfect sense if you live in a superhero universe.

Rebecca: So do talking supergenius psychic gorillas and getting superpowers from Mongoose blood. Your point?

> However, at the climax of
>the ceremony, as the young women were completing the blood sacrifice of wine and small animals (a
>rabbit and a cat),

Damien: As opposed to all the other small animals that Athena had killed just because

Kari: She kept their skulls in a box. Later she gave some of them to DC as a gift. She was strangely okay with this.

>a mana surge sent the cyclotron into overdrive.

Rebecca: Physics!

> D.C.'s efforts to shut down the device
>failed and both she and her friend were engulfed in a ball of energy.

Rick: A lab explosion in a superhero origin story? This comes out of nowhere!

>When they woke up the cyclotron was dead, its power dissipated. A cataclysm had not devastated the
>lab.

Damien: And the Barrens were their same old tedious vanilla self.

Kari: Have you seen Mankirk's wife?

Damien: Yeah. Chuck Norris roundhouse kicked her.

> Rather, it seemed the two women absorbed the energies released by the mystical ceremony.

Rick: I'm betting that this will all be retconned to some bullcrap about a mystic spider totem anyway.

> D.C.'s body was suffused with the particle energies of the cyclotron;

Rebecca: She now had quark and gluon powers.

> Althea's with the voodoo mana released in the accident.

Rick: She promptly opened a specialty store in the local mall and charged an outrageous sum for 'spirit healing' to gullible new age types.

> Dawn had gained science powers while Althea had mastery of occult magics.

Kari: Dawn gained the power to create our modern world.

Damien: Athena gained the power to be booed by bored kids at birthday parties.

Kari: Somebody got the better deal there.

>The accident had changed the women in other ways.

Rick: Dawn was now a six foot tall sentient turnip.

Rebecca: Athena thought that Clive Palmer represented a viable political alternative. It's debatable which transformation was more bizarre.

> They argued over what to do next, with D.C. deciding to become the superheroine DeeCee.

Rebecca: At no point did she consider that this might be a risk to her identity.

Rick: Gosh no.

> Althea, whose motives were more selfish, walked away

>and was soon to re-emerge as the villain Babylon, mistress of voodoo energy.

Rebecca: Why a Voodoo sorceress named herself after a Mesopotamian city is another matter.

Kari: She had better not be white. Because if so, that'd be just another example of the White Man stealing Black Man's culture.

Damien: What are you talking about? You're whiter than the driven snow.

Kari: I'm one sixty-fourth Eskimo on some side of my family. Don't go opressin' my culture, you ethnocentric jackarse.

> The two former friends would skirmish over the following years.

Rick: Their paintball matches became the stuff of legend.

>In their last clash, Babylon tried to steal DeeCee's powers.

Rick: DeeCee had left her powers in the car, and the door unlocked.

> However, the curse backfired, causing DeeCee to turn into a child.

Rebecca: Yeah, fic? Let's leave it at that. No good can ever come of RPing a kid in a MMO.

> Though the magic left DeeCee trapped for a while in her young form,

Rick: Now she was fourteen as opposed to being twenty-three or twenty-five.

Kari: Your logic makes my head hurt.

Rebecca: He's only just getting warmed up. Be afraid.

Kari: I am very afraid.

>when she defeated Babylon and was restored,

Damien: Side-effects of DC's restoration include Cassandra Cain being retconned away, confusion over who was Robin when, Wally West being black and a need to push Wildstorm characters nobody cares about.

Kari: How many Wildstorm characters do people actually care about?

Damien: Very few.

Kari: How many of them aren't Fairchild's butt?

Damien: Even less.

>she found the magic had triggered her nascent shapechanging ability.

Rick: This seems like a completely logical outgrowth of having electricity powers.

Rebecca: It does?

Rick: Talk to Magneto about this someday.

> Now she is exploring her new powers with a view to using them for covert missions.

Kari: So when she is spotted in Club Caprice chatting to a seven foot wolfgirl with a gigantic wang, DC can claim it was actually someone else.

Damien: She could be the seven foot wolfgirl with a gigantic wang.

Kari: I think that might reduce her estrogen levels bellow accepted proportions.

Damien: So less than a robot's?

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>Hero Name : Dynamic Girl

Kari: Dynamic Girl, the latest effort by Dynamite Comics to convince you that crappy public domain superheroes are interesting

Damien: The first issue was written by Kevin Smith, all subsequent issues by a sweatshop in Mexico

Rick: Each issue ships with a dozen Alex Ross variant covers.

Rebecca: That's two for each reader!

>Real Name : Amber Hayes

>Race : Human Caucasian

Kari: Alias bland white chick.

Damien: So like you.

Kari: I'm an Eskimo, remember?

>Place of Birth : Phoenix Arizona, U.S.A. Earth "Prime"

Rick: The earth where Unicron is sealed within the planet's core.

>Date of Birth : 30, April, 1988

Damien: Her parents use that as justification for skimping on birthday presents and just giving her lots of chocolate eggs instead.

>Age : 24

>Height : 5' 10"

>Nemesis: Doctor Womb

Kari: Her arch-nemesis is a fertility specialist

Rebecca: Doctor Womb has the power to get anyone pregnant, and then hit them with an insane bill.

Damien: With Doctor Womb, the gloves are never off.

Rick: In the movie, Dynamic Girl will be played by Tina Fey.

>Powers :Dyna has similar powers to her favorite comic book character,

Rick: The Spot!

Damien: That's probably not who they meant.

Rick: Okay, then, Gorilla Girl.

Damien: I doubt they meant that either.

Rick: So it's Goldballs?
Damien: Probably not them
Rick: What about Flatman?
Damien: Or them.
Rick: The Walrus!
Damien: No!
Rick: Rainbow Raider!
Damien: Does he do this on purpose?
Rebecca: Trust me, he's just getting started.

>Supergirl. She has partial invulnerability,

Kari: Only parts of her are invulnerable.
Rick: Her left earlobe can stop a bullet.
Rebecca: Her right big toe cannot be crushed, no matter what you drop on it.
Damien: And just you try to take out her tonsils.

>fast healing,

Rick: Pfft, like who doesn't have a mutant healing factor these days.

> X-Ray and telescopic vision, remarkable hearing,

Rebecca: But only a passable sense of smell.

> Heat Vision, and cold breath.

Kari: Everyone forgets the cold breath.

> All the powers come from a symbiot costume

Damien: So she's like Supergirl crossed with Venom.
Rick: She's weak against Faye Dunway and Sam Raimi.
Kari: I bet the Dynamic Girl symbiote gets passed around like a communal bong. Everyone's probably used it by now.
Damien: Black Fang had it for a while. Didn't make him any harder to farm for his Questionite Box, mind you.
Kari: He'd have just been a giant pink werewolf piñata.
Rebecca: That is an awesome mental image. I'll treasure it.

> she is wearing that will form any type of clothing she wishes as long as its pink, white or black.

Damien: Fortunately she's a gigantic Bret Hart fan.
Kari: Want to be any more nineties there?
Damien: Let me get my flannel shirt, gigantic gun and thirty-eight useless pouches and then put on some Nirvana.

>Weakness :Dyna only has her powers when she is wearing the specific costume pattern she arrived in.

Rick: Why the costume took the shape of a giant hot dog suit is another matter.

>Any variation removes most of her powers though oddly she retains her X-ray vision and enhanced
>hearing.

Rebecca: So she can conveniently godmod her way through any RP situation regardless.

> When Amber gets excited the costume cannot seem to hold form

Rick: Unfortunately, Amber also gets way too much sugar in her diet.

>and shrinks down to an arm or leg band or a choaker.

>Origin/Background :

> Amber was born to an adventurous pair of Archeologists

Rick: Sadly, it was Sydney Fox and Richard Terry.

>who traveled the world seeking rare artifacts for the various museums they worked for.

Rebecca: For broad values of "museum." More so if you count 'Chinese entrepreneurs with more cash than taste' as one.

> Amber always loved the 'Indiana Jones' style adventures

Damien: She'd always hoped that an evil cultist would rip her still-beating heart from her chest.

Kari: She also secretly wanted Shia LeBouf as her long-lost lovechild.

Damien: She needed lots of therapy.

>and wanted that kind of excitement and adventure. Growing up reading her favorite comic

>book, Supergirl,

Rick: Interesting choice, given that it's kind of counter-intuitive to the whole 'loves archeology' thing, but whatever works.

Kari: So are there comics about explorers, adventurers and the like beyond using those things as an excuse for why the lead has super-powers?

Rick: That there are.

Kari: And does anyone read or even care about them?

Rick: Not at all.

Kari: Case proven.

>and even at a young age, studying her archeology,

Damien: From an early age she was excavating relics from her expeditions. And by that we mean empty beer cans that had been dumped in her sandpit.

Kari: It was a good setup for the career ahead of her.

Damien: Forty years of digging up arrowheads awaits you.

> Amber could not wait for her adventure to begin.

Rick: Her and Remo Williams.

> Amber was always a major nerd

Rebecca: The high school chess club kicked her out for making them look bad.

>and was largely ignored in high school.

Rick: Amber was frequently mistaken for a plywood sheet.

Kari: She went missing for a week and nobody noticed, not even her parents.

> In college she finally

>developed and began to become noticed by boys, who were more interested in her for her body than
>her mind.

Kari: Victor Frankenstein was at least honest about it.

>Then tragedy struck.

Damien [Ominous]: The store ran out of her favourite lip gloss.

> Her parents were killed in a plane crash on the way to South America for their next adventure.

Kari: They claimed that it was an exciting expedition to a lost tomb. In fact all they were doing was going to Mexico to load up on illegal fireworks.

> Amber soon found that they had squandered their saving on that last expedition

Rebecca: It turns out that investing the family fortune into a Chupacabra ranch was a bad move.

>and only had enough money to get her through her Masters degree in Archeology.

Rick: And only enough for that. She lived on her lecture room floor, stole office supplies and ate only scraps from the cafeteria bin.

Rebecca: And yet, she'd be neither the filthiest or craziest-looking person on any given campus.

> After Amber graduated from

>collage she tried to get a job in Archeology and landed an internship with a local company.

Kari: She spent her time photocopying stone tablets.

Damien: She fetched coffee and donuts for Aztec mummies.

>Unfortunately, Archeology did not turn out to be the fun she had thought it was.

Rick: It turns out that digging is hard and junk.

Rebecca: Anyone who thinks that archeology is exciting or fun deserves what they get. Which is probably a lifetime of staring at pottery shards.

> She ended up spending

>hours upon hours in the burning Arizona dessert digging up Navajo cities.

Damien: Six months in and she was secretly wishing for an Indian burial ground she could defile.

> Her life of adventure was but a pipe dream now.

Kari: She secretly yearned for the exciting life of a dental hygienist or a file clerk.

> Amber spent many days longing for excitement

Damien: Hoping that the next ancient tomb would be the one with a curse on it.

>and one day after unearthing a Navajo relic she got just what she asked for.

Rick: A dose of the clap. It was something different.

> Finding a Jade Dreamcatcher,

Kari: It wasn't a significant relic or anything. It was just leftover stock from a nearby tourist stand.

> Amber pondered how pathetic her life had become

Damien: Yeah, what's your precious masters worth now?

Kari: Should have spent that money on getting a place to live.

Damien: Or put it into getting an actually worthwhile job.

Kari: Or flushed it all on a lifetime sub to a crappy Superhero MMO.

>and how she wished for the excitement and adventure like Supergirl had.

Rick: And that she could die in her cousin's arms during a massive crossover event.

> Next thing Amber knew, is she was

>standing in the desert wearing a pink costume and alien space ships were all around her.

Rebecca: This was all an elaborate prank by the rest of her team who had gotten sick of her whining.

Kari: It's almost as good as the time that they 'accidentally' re-sealed a crypt with her in it.

> Dynamic-girl was born.

Rick: Hyphen for trademark reasons.

> Be careful what you wish for.

Kari: Because leaving a dead-end job that you hate to live your dream is bad because...

Damien: It puts you in the same universe that Club Caprice exists in.

Kari: Good point.

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>Hero Name : Enchanted (The Enchantress)

Rebecca: That's their full hero name. It's a bitch to call out during a fight, however.

>Real Name : Elaine

Rick: Elaine Edwards, alias Enchanted the Enchantress from East Essex, to be exact.

>Race : Human

Kari: Or at least something that does a passable job of imitating one.

Damien: I am actually convinced that some of these bios are the result of an automated computer program that creates them on demand.

Kari: I think you just insulted every computer ever created by man.

>Place of Birth : Unknown* (see Bio)

Rick: She was born in the sleepy small town of Asterisk.

>Date of Birth : 1968

>Age : Apparent Age - mid-30s

Kari: She's had lots of surgery.

Damien: Now she can't sit down because her skin's stretched so tight.

Kari: When she smiles, it frightens small children.

Damien: Her face is used as a textbook example of the uncanny valley.

>Height : 67in

Rebecca: The Angels of Fury scoff at the idea of consistent notation.

>Nemesis :Tyryax

Rick: Tyryax sounds like the baddies from some lesser known eighties action figure line. Probably one where the whole line was based around a single gimmick that would break within the first couple of weeks Probably had a short-lived Marvel Comic tie-in to boot.

Rebecca: A complete, undamaged Tyryax can fetch upwards of four dollars on ebay.

>Powers : Elaine thought she was a true mage,

Kari: But she's no Matthew McConaughey.

Damien: Does she get shirtless and stoned often?

Kari: I'd like to see her give the eulogy at Evil Kinevel's funeral.

>but is actually a living conduit for Qliphothic energies.

Damien: One of these days there will be a CO roleplayer who actually understands what the Qliphotic realm is and the implications of its power beyond 'giving my character a cool and edgy background.'

Kari: You are a dirty, dirty liar.

Damien: That I am.

>She can channel the darkness from that realm

Rebecca: The utility company caught on to her darkness tapping trick and called the cops on her.

>to drain the energies of ours.

Rick: We're not sure how this actually works, but just take our word on it. Evil bad magic does stuff y'hear?

> Before she discovered the true nature of her powers,

Kari: Before then, she was convinced that her powers came from being bitten by a radioactive vacuum cleaner.

>she had some training in the general mystical arts,

Damien: She took the introductory course in tampering in God's domain.

>but (not surprisingly) couldn't master general magicks or those involving light or energy.

Kari: She couldn't cast Conjuration or Divination spells, but got a bonus on all Illusions.

Damien: Well whoopey do. Big fat help you are.

Kari: Remind me why you played a Gnome Illusionist again?

Damien: It seemed like a good idea at the time!

>Weakness : Since she channels Qliphothic energy directly through her being,

Rebecca: She has cancer of the soul.

>she is constantly at risk for succumbing to those same energies,

Rick: She thought that it'd be an easy way to scum some character points back. When horrors from beyond devoured the whole party in the second play session, she began to reconsider it.

>especially under stress or when weakened. It's a constant struggle to maintain her humanity

Rebecca: Manifested in the form of attention-seeking wangst and a need for sympathy hugs at every guild gathering.

> made worse as her powers grow

Rick: So when do you think she first got her black angel wings?

Kari: As soon as the player could find how to insert enough tildes into her character bio.

>and from her time spend in the Qliphothic realm

Damien: She goes down there to get milk. Sure there's faceless horrors that will destroy the mind, but the milk's cheap.

> (Demonflame / Aftershock) -- Also, aside from her power, she is essentially a normal human

Kari: An entirely normal human save for her ability to use horrific energies from realms beyond human comprehension. Good to know!

>Origin/Background :

>If asked, she couldn't tell you where or when she was born or lived as a child. (Actually 1968, in a small town in Oklahoma.)

Rick: Small town Oklahoma? No wonder she doesn't talk about it.

Rebecca: Close relatives and/or barnyard animals probably figure prominently in her ancestry.

> As a very young child, she was taken from her home by Luther Black

Damien: Don't most RP communities have rules about being related to major lore figures?

Kari: That they do.

Damien: And the reality?

Kari: You'd be amazed how many lovechildren Kaelthas Sunstrider and Bastilla Shan have.

Damien: Individually or as a couple?

Kari: Both.

>who recognized her mystical potential

Rick: And her strong connection to the Dark Side.

>and began to train her in channeling her power, and attempted to indoctrinate her into his philosophy.

Rebecca: Luther Black was a self-help Guru who charged exorbitant fees for his motivational seminars.

Rick: His motto in life? I am Qliphotic, and so can you.

> She did not realize who he was, calling him only [wizard],

Kari: Luther Black is Kung-Fu Wizard? That explains everything!

Damien: It does?

Kari: Totally. Take my word on it.

Rick: Oh, I agree entirely. Makes perfect sense.

Kari: See?

>and was not to discover this for almost 30 years.

Rebecca: The fact that it took her three decades to learn his name never once registered in her tiny little mind.

> Black's plan was to nurture her qliphotic powers and groom

>her as another dark servant (and possible consort),

Rick: This reminds me a lot of Darth Malcior. And now I need to wash.

>his [Right Hand]

Kari: Whoah! Return of the crazy parenthesis!

Damien: Like Kung-Fu Wizard, you can't keep them away.

> During his original DemonFlame bid for power in Boston in 1986,

Rebecca: The follow up to his unsuccessful mayoral bid in 1984.

> Black sent Elaine out to gather candidates for sacrifice

Damien: She bought back DeeCee and Babylon, who thought this was a great idea.

Kari: To be fair, those two also probably think that hoarding disposable gloves in case there's a global shortage is a sound plan.

Damien: You may laugh now, but when the global disposable glove shortage hits us, they'll be sitting pretty in their concrete bunker and laughing at us all.

Kari: I bet it only locks from the outside.

>to help him

>open his portal, though he never specifically let her know what he was sending her to do.

Rebecca: She assumed his instructions to harvest the blood of virgins was for purely peaceful purposes.

> As it turned

>out, one of the final candidates was the young man that was eventually to become the hero [Avatar].

Rick: A little bald kid with an arrow tattooed on his head.

>When Black's plan was thwarted by heroes converging on Boston,

Kari: Not to mention Boston's own superteam, made up of the Belligerent Drunk, Trust Fund Kid, Angry Red Sox Fan and The Snob.

Rick: Kurt Busiek approves of this team.

>he escaped leaving most of his minions,

Rebecca: The Minions were immediately green-lit for a painfully unfunny spin-off film.

>and Elaine, stranded in Boston. With heroes and law enforcement cleaning up after the event,

Damien: And in the case of Belligerent Drunk, cleaning up after the heroes.

Kari: Super throwing up may not be the best power, but it's still a power.

>she escaped out of the city and ran.

>For 2 years, she hid in the shadows,

Rick: She made a really good stealth roll.

Rebecca: Her room-mate, the Unabomber, didn't mind her at all. She paid the rent on time and didn't use telephones within a mile of the house, so they were all good.

>and moved quietly from city to city until she finally reached old Detroit in 1988.

Damien: The bleak post-apocalyptic wasteland that was eighties Detroit.

Kari: As opposed to the bleak, post-apocalyptic wasteland that is modern Detroit, of course.

> In Westside, she finally found someplace with a high enough level of shady activity and

>a low enough level of active law enforcement

Rebecca: So anywhere in Detroit, really.

>that she could lie low for a while. She still had a little bit of

>power from what she learned from Black, and did whatever she needed to to survive in the city.

Rick: Eventually she got the only job she was qualified for in eighties Detroit. She became a proofreader for Palladium Books.

Damien: Who are the idiots in this back-story and why are they trying to blow up my tank?

Kari: T'Cless the Bat-Thing screeches at you to hand over the money and keep the narrative moving.

Damien: I'll roll on the optional critical damage table for arms.

> She

>fought a conflicting combination of amoral self-interest (instilled by Black and fostered by the success of

>the criminal element in Westside)

Rebecca: I'm not sure what's the connection here, but sure thing, let's go with that.

>and a resentment of captivity and oppression

Rick: She never saw a zoo she didn't protest outside of. Even the ones that were closed.

> (from her own

>experiences and those same criminals) that found her using as likely to use her powers to commit petty

>crimes to survive

Rick: She used her powers to channel eldritch energies from the lower planes to knock over convenience stores.

>as to help innocent civilians,

Rebecca: An innocent civilian in Detroit? You lie.

>usually women, menaced by the gangs.

Kari: Men who were menaced by gangs were on their own.

Damien: Enchantress was bought before a discrimination hearing, and was fined and lost her license to practice black magic.

Kari: Her career in ruins, she spent the next thirty years sweeping the floor at a local occult bookstore.

>This internal conflict lasted for 4 years as she survived in Westside,

Rick: She survived through her knowledge and skills; how to collect safe drinking water from drains, which sewer mushrooms should and shouldn't be eaten, how to tell north by the direction of street signs and how to turn a burned-out car into a makeshift storm shelter.

>though it really never came to the front of her mind as such, until 1992.

Kari: When her skills as a bum and occasional vigilante landed her a job at the newly-formed Image Comics.

Rick: Next thing she knew, Todd McFarlane had claimed ownership of everything she created

Damien: She fought him in court, and ended up losing everything; even her favorite filthy lice-ridden blanket.

Rick: Today, Enchantress tours the convention circuit. And by that I mean she hangs around the rears of convention centers and shouts deranged obscenities at cosplayers.

> While she was used to the sounds of gunfire and occasionally explosions in Westside,

Damien: Again, pretty typical of life in Detroit.

Kari: I wonder how many insurance fires she was caught in.

>the explosion that nearly destroyed the building she was living in the basement of

Rebecca: She had a room-mate who claimed he was a former astronaut. He also claimed that Aliens put mind control chips in his teeth.

> was something she had never experienced.

Kari [Enchantress]: Explosions are entirely new to me!

> Using her power to blast the rubble out of her way, she

>reached the surface to see the aftermath of Dr Destroyer's final assault on Detroit.

Damien: She saw that the city had been reduced to a desolate, rubble strewn wasteland.

Kari: And how was this any different to before?

Damien: Um, I'll get back to you on that.

> She wandered aimless for days among the rubble,

Rick: She passed Kevin and Siege going the other way several times.

Rebecca: Nice long-term callback there.

Rick: I try.

> seeing the suffering Destroyer's attack had caused,

Damien: Remember Beanie Babies? That was what Destroyer had unleashed.

Kari: The fiend.

>and more

>specifically, the callous nature of those elements that would take advantage of the chaos and confusion

>to prey upon the weak in Westside.

Rebecca: Congratulations, it's a Beloved Peasant Village origin. Call me when something exciting happens.

Rick: Detroit exploding isn't exciting?

Rebecca: You've seen one certainly doomed hometown, you've seen them all.

> This finally tipped the balance of her internal conflict in favor of the [heroic]

Kari: The heroic parenthesis.

Damien: This looks like a bad Japanese-to-English translation on some old console game.

Kari: Probably one where weaboos claim is a billion times better in the original Japanese too.

Damien: Where the main difference is the bounce animations and panty shots that were taken out of the English version.

>though she still tended to act out of an [enlightened self-interest]

Rick: I keep wanting to click on these things like they were links or something.

Rebecca: This profile was written in wikicode.

Rick: Citation needed.

>except when she ran across

>women in distress. These she tended to assist whenever possible, recalling her own victimization by the

>[wizard]

Kari: Kung-Fu Wizard had shamed her in front of the whole school.

Damien: Her Kung-Fu was pig dung, and she was a fat waste of person.

Kari: He probably also defiled her teacher's grave while he was at it.

Damien: Enchanted's only hope to redeem herself was to defeat Kung-Fu Wizard in the final round of the tournament.

> She also got anonymously involved in putting a stop to the more heinous gang violence,

>earning an underground reputation as a [dark angel]

Damien: People insist she was totally awesome, even if she was cancelled after two dismal seasons.

Kari: Her best friend is a sassy black lesbian with no personality beyond that description.

Damien: It didn't stop Enchanted from becoming an internet hot girl for five minutes and being cast as Sue Storm.

Kari: Her stunt double broke Amy Dumas' neck, the jerk.

>She actually began to live a stable, if not peaceful life,

Rebecca: Apparently this is something you can do when living in the world's superhero capitol.

Rick: If you live in Marvel New York, your city will be invaded at least once a year. And that's before

random buildings being shot into space or everyone being turned into spider mutants.

>in the following years, until the Qulaar invaded the city.

Damien: Suddenly, a tutorial level occurred.

Kari: Enchanted helped save the city by following on-screen prompts.

>Throwing in her hand to help turn back the tide of the invasion together with the Champions,

Rick: That's what she liked to claim. In fact, the closest she came to working with the champions was once talking to a cop that Kinetik had saved from a falling rock. It wasn't even a big rock.

Kari: She's still more interesting than Behemoth.

Damien: Most things Champions-related are.

>she was suddenly thrust into the light of public notoriety.

Damien: Every day, hordes of low-level heroes fight the same few mobs and click on the same few quest objects. This is one of them!

> She attempted to return to the relative quiet of

>a private life, still shy of attracting attention after the events of 1986,

Rebecca: Enchanted was responsible for the Chernobyl meltdown.

>but found herself repeatedly drawn into larger events.

Rick: She just couldn't say no to a flash mob.

>After the invasion, she made it a personal goal to keep the Westside gangs from taking advantage of

>the chaos again as they had done after the destruction of Detroit, with notable success. Her moniker of

>[Enchanted]

Kari: The citizens of Westside would look up to their hero, Square Brackets The Enchanted Close Square Brackets.

> spread among the citizens of Westside,

Damien: Like an unpleasant social disease.

>and the Champions again took note. Still, she

>worked alone, trusting no one more than superficially.

Damien: I respond to your unrequited adoration with paranoia and suspicion.

Kari: She's not much of a people person.

Damien: I suspect that might be because of her background.

Kari: That or four years squatting in a basement.

Damien: Where do you reckon she lived after the destruction of Detroit?

Kari: I'm sure she found some new basement to squat in.

> Her next major activity was a response to unnatural forces in the abandoned mining town of Burnside.

Rebecca: Are we going to list every quest zone she went through in order?

Rick: It depends on how many Collicoids she fought.

> There she found Witchcraft's astral form,

Rick: Witchcraft had left it parked and somebody had taken it for a joyride. She's just lucky it wasn't stripped for parts

>scores of restless spirits, and the hero now known as Avatar.

Kari: Now he was an Eskimo girl.

> After all the years, the reunion was tense,

Damien: They had dated briefly in high school.

Kari: Avatar had gone to university, got a MBA and now was a high-flying executive who was married to a bikini model.

Damien: Enchanted had gained a distressing amount of weight, been married three times, lost several teeth and worked as a checkout operator at a local K-Mart.

>as they both recalled the events of 1986,

Damien: And what they wore at the time.

Kari: They both had headbands and bright-pink legwarmers.

>but they managed to work together to put a stop to Talisman's plans in Burnside.

Rebecca: Yes, your actions in finishing this quest chain are automatically more valid than everyone else who has ever finished this quest chain.

Rick: Is it more valid than anyone who has ever farmed Talisman for drops?

Rebecca: Ask Baron Rivendare.

> The two separated in significant emotional uncertainty,

Kari: They promised that they'd write, but they never did.

Damien: Avatar may have 'accidentally' given her the wrong e-mail address.

>but have since quietly kept track of each other's activities.

Rebecca: Enchanted regularly goes through Avatar's garbage. She takes photos of any woman he's seen with and then scratches out their eyes.

>When Witchcraft related the events in Burnside to the Champions,

Rick: They laughed. A lot.

>they got in touch with the all-female supergroup [Angels of Fury]

Kari: Because this one player character superhero team is apparently the only one in the world.

Damien: To be fair, that's the attitude of most roleplay guilds

>and brought Enchanted to their attention. She was contacted by them, and

>although hesitant at first, being used to working alone,

Rebecca: Do you think the writer has hammered the 'emotionally damaged loner' thing enough yet?

Rick: Another dozen paragraphs should do it

>she eventually accepted their offer to join after working side-by-side

Rick: Superhero team ups solve most problems. True, they also create a lot more...

>and realizing there was some value to this cooperation.

Kari [Stilted]: What is this thing you call friendship?

Damien: I'm sure we've all learned a very special lesson today.

Kari: Yeah, to write shorter Roleplay bios.

> For the first time, she had colleagues, and some would even become friends.

Rebecca: Even if she was convinced that they all were secretly plotting to destroy her.

>-----

>Hero Name : Fury

Kari: I can assume that this is the titular-

Rebecca: Yay Fury!

Kari: As I was-

Rick: Fury! The strangely fascinating wonder-dog!

Kari: I don't think-

Rebecca: Let us have this moment, okay?

>Real Name : Andrea Fury

Damien: Her skill at concealing her identity is only matched by DeeCee's.

>Race : Adrian

Rick [Rocky]: ADRIAAAAAAN!

>Place of Birth :Calaria Dome,

Rick: She was born in Krang's massive mobile fortress.

Damien: No, that's the Technodrome.

Rick: Then she was born in a London tourist attraction

Damien: No, that's the Millennium Dome.

Rick: So she's from a former sporting venue in Michigan?

Damien: No, that's the Pontiac Silverdome.

Rick: Right, she hails from a Sim City landmark then.

Damien: No, that's the Llama Dome.

Rick: So she was born in Batertown's arena?

Damien: Please, can't we just get beyond Thunderdome?

Rick: Ooh, well-played sir.

> South Auliua Wasteland,

Rebecca: One of the outer suburbs of LA.

>Adria

Kari: Generic alien planet, in space. Any resemblance to Southern California is purely coincidental.

Damien: I wonder what portion of its population are Gorn Captains.

>Date of Birth : Unknown

Rick: At least people have an excuse when they forget her birthday.

>Age : 50+ Earth years

Rick: Which is three hundred and fifty-plus dog years.

Kari: Meaning?

Rick: She'd be a very old dog.

Kari: And this is relevant because...

Rick: Yay Fury!

>Height : 5' 5"

>Nemesis: Haze / Demonia

Damien: Her arch enemies are a critically acclaimed cartoon character voiced by Deanna Troi and a crappy Playstation 3 shooter?

>Powers : Fury has the ability to Increase her density

Kari: This density increase is achieved by eating copious amounts of cheesecake.

>affording her great strength and invulnerability. The great density also allows her to nullify earth's gravity.

Rebecca: No this makes no sense whatsoever. I mean, if anything, she'd be rendered unable to move because she's so dense, and collapse under her own mass. But hey, Physics can go stick itself!

Rick: Superhero science for beginners.

>Fury's people give off extremely potent pheromones that will affect any living creature that can smell

>causing them to become aroused by her regardless of race or orientation.

Kari: She has the power to make you horny, no matter what.

Rick: Even if you're a gay robot?

Kari: Even if you're a gay robot, yes.

>Weakness : Fury is vulnerable to heat, inhaled gasses (though she can hold her breath for a long time)

>and mental powers.

Damien: In short, Fury has the same weaknesses as everybody else.

Kari: Fury has one other super-secret weakness. If you chop her head off, she dies.

Damien: I am amazed by this revelation.

>Origin/Background :

>Fury grew up in the domed cities of Adria like any ordinary child there.

Rick: She was raised by a six-armed mutant and fed on a steady diet of food pills like any ordinary child.

Rebecca: Her kindergarten teacher was a three-headed fire-breathing wombat, like that of any ordinary child.

Kari: In PhysEd, they learned to play Rollerball and Zero-G Lacrosse, like any ordinary child would.

Damien: And just like any ordinary child, she used her superpowers to punch school bullies through walls.

Rick: Ordinary.

> After birth the children are

>sent off to a communal nursery where they are raised by the android slaves of the Adrians.

Rick: The child-rearing robots were all repurposed military killdroids. Everyone was strangely okay with this.

> The boys and girls are housed separately and don't ever interact till full maturity is reached.

Kari: Cooties are a severe concern to Adarian health authorities.

> Just before Fury reached puberty, her teachers prepared her for the trials of 'Change'

Rebecca: The obligatory part of any post-apocalyptic dystopian setting for a young adult novel setting.

Rick: Especially one that will have the adaptation of its last book split into two movies.

> Fury and her school mates were taken outside the dome into the wilds

Kari: Home of such Adarian creatures as the Wiled Spotted Grep, the lesser quivering Skonk, the Reticulated Thingamasaur, the northern Bugglewump and the ferocious Grue.

>for a brief overview of what would be expected of them and how best to survive.

Damien: The kids had already drawn lots to see who they would kill and eat first.

> Fury wandered off from the group for a brief moment and was instantly beamed up to a waiting
>starship in orbit. The creatures she called 'The Blobs',

Rick: She was abducted by a typical midwest family.

>who dealt in sex slaves,

Kari [Sighs]: And now the bios go from merely bad to offensive.

> were now her masters.

>Fury was fitted with an obedience collar and through the use of passification and stimulation drugs, was
>forced into a life of prostitution.

Rebecca: Thanks, fic. Thanks a heap. [Glances at the ceiling] Now I know why it's you sending us this.

Voice: I do it because I care.

Rebecca: You're a dirty liar, V2.

Voice: Yeah, I am.

> For Earth decades Fury was forced to live the horrific life of a sex slave

Damien: The sad part is, I have no doubt that whoever wrote this was getting their jollies off as they did.

Rick: Normally we don't condone such comments here but... go for it, dude.

Damien: Thanks.

>until she finally reached puberty

Kari: Just so you know, fic, I hate you and I genuinely want you to die.

>and 'The Change' began.

Rick: She turned into a truck.

> At that time Fury's DNA began to change and she started to
>develop resistances to all the environmental conditions around her.

Damien: Except for heat and breathing.

Kari: And decapitation.

> Developing her ability to control her
>own density, Fury began to resist her captures and even killed one of her potential 'clients'.

Rebecca: I have finally found something to like about this character. So, um yay?

> Eventually the Blobs sold Fury to the Draconians,

Rick: They were looking for a way to cure acid blood and turning into stone.

>who wanted to learn how she was able to do all these things

Kari: Breathing in and out was still a mystery to their science.

>and began testing her. Fury went from sex slave to lab rat, though because of her Adrian
>pheromones, her jailors still would have their way with her.

Rebecca: You know what, fic? I hope you die. I hope you die horribly, painfully and slowly, alone and unloved. I hope your body is found six weeks later after rats have had a go at it. And I hope it's dumped in a landfill in Jersey.

Kari: Harsh, but agreed one-hundred percent there, sis.

Damien: You two okay?

Rebecca: Peachy.

> On a trip to Earth to trade with the Qulaar,

Rick: The Draconians supply their secret and shameful beacon habit.

>the Draconian ship got caught up in the Qulaar's invasion of Earth.

Damien: In retrospect, flying their trade mission into the middle of a planetary invasion was a mistake.

> During the battle the ship was damaged and Fury managed to escape and flee to Earth
>landing in California.

Kari: Because if an alien mutant can fit in anywhere, it's there.

> There she ran into John Mason who took her in and took care of her. Fury quickly
>learned human language and customs

Rick: Everything she knows about human society she learned from the internet. To her, funny cat pictures are high art.

>and went on to found the Angels of Fury.

Kari: She named the guild after herself. How very modest.

> Fury is famous and has no secret identity, she is constantly followed and harassed by paparazzi

Rebecca: Photographers constantly chase her into supervillain fights.

Kari: Twitter lights up with rumours of which Nemesis she's fighting today.

Damien: Every time she changes her costume, it's all over the gossip mags.

Rick: She can't even have a Retcon in private.

>-----

>Hero Name :GizmoGirl

Rick: Don't expose her to sunlight, don't get her wet and never ever feed her after midnight.

>Real Name : Tiffany "Tiff" Steele

>Race : Human

Kari: Non-specific human, for once.

Damien: They're a humany human.

>Place of Birth :Millenium City

Rick: Generic Superhero Cityville.

Rebecca: The capitol of nonspecific state.

>Date of Birth : Feb 10, 1996

Damien: By this fic's rules she's somewhere between fourteen and seventy-eight.

>Age : 17

Rebecca: Is this a superhero group or a child-minding service?

>Height : 5' 3"

>Nemesis :

Kari: Her arch enemy is the notorious supervillain known as the Hanging Colon.

>Powers : Latent Technopath:

Rick: They have the power to talk to technology and yet their iPhone still frustrates them.

Rebecca: Siri is her only friend. And even then Siri only pretends.

> Intuitive knack for all forms of technology.

Damien: She can mentally communicate with stone age tools.

> Able to build and modify devices from unlikely parts and supplies.

Kari: Last time she went into an Office Depot, she built a Large Hadron Collider in the backroom.

> Potentially capable of nearly impossible feats of invention

Rick: She created the self-deploying electric-driven web-enabled toupee.

>as well as computer "reading" and manipulation.

Rebecca: She's in your web history, stealing your passwords and copying your credit card numbers.

> CURRENTLY UNCONTROLLED.

Kari: Uncontrolled, continuous, zero endurance throughout.

>Assorted Gizmos: Electro-Glove, Physi-booster, Shield Belt, Medi-drones and more.

Rick: Power Booster Rod, Laser Scalpel and Cryo-Beam.

>Weakness :

Rebecca: She's weak against Amish and Luddites.

> - Normal Human: relies on gizmos to keep up with the other angels

Damien: Yeah, given what we've seen of the other Angels so far, that shouldn't be hard.

Kari: My granny could keep up with the Angels and she's eighty-nine and has two replacement hip

Damien: Could she join the Angels?

Kari: Not enough personal trauma, and as near as I can tell she's never done anything earth-shatteringly stupid.

Damien: Says the girl with how many tattoos?

>Origin/Background :

>Tiffany was always a bright girl.

Rebecca: Voted most likely to blow the class grade average.

Rick: So, you.

Rebecca: And proud of it.

> From an early age she was placed into additional programs and

> advanced classes to keep her mind active.

Damien: She attended the Child Super-genius course. They churn out more supervillains and odious supporting characters than you could imagine.

> While she is still currently in high school she is also taking college level courses.

Kari: They're art college ones, so she's pretty much setting herself up for failure.

Rick: Hey! I went to art collage!

Kari: Case proven.

> She lives at home with her mother in Westside. Her father has been missing

>since she was 8 years old.

Damien: He went out one night to get milk and never came back.

Kari: Typical deadbeat dad excuse for running out.

Damien: It's actually not an excuse. He got lost trying to get to the corner store and hasn't been seen for the last nine years.

>As she grew older she started to watch the world around her more and didn't like what she saw.

Rebecca: Child genius becomes disillusioned with the world. Doomsday weapons can be the only logical next step.

> Then one day a friend was mugged going home

Rick: Hey look, Mugger. I was wondering where you were in this collection of Superhero origins.

>and something inside Tiff snapped.

Damien: She became the dark avenger of the night... Tiffany.

> Someone had to protect the people she knew.

Kari: She would become the hero this city deserved.

Damien: So a fetish catgirl who never got past level six?

Kari: You know it.

> Taking apart some electronics in her room

Rebecca [Tiff]: I'm sorry, Tickle Me Elmo. You must give your life for the greater good.

>she created her prototype Electro-Glove

Kari: After a lot of testing, she eventually got it to stop feeding back on her. Eventually.

Damien: I love the Electro-Glove. It's so bad!

>and took to the streets to stop the criminals.

Damien: Westside starter quests, here I come!

>After a few months of mixed success

Rick: Her first performance review was only mediocre. While she was doing great in beating up muggers, colourful henchmen and ninjas, she'd had significant setbacks in the actual supervillain department.

Rebecca: Her team leader advised that if she didn't start accruing a rogues gallery soon, they were going to have to let her go.

>she was lucky to be noticed by Fury and the other angels and offered a place to train and belong.

Kari: It would all be downhill from there.

Damien: Like so many other former child heroes, she was unable to find proper work and ended up robbing a liquor store.

Kari: When she checked into rehab, few people actually noticed.

Damien: Every couple of months a rumour starts that she's died. Sometimes it's actually Tiff trying to get some attention.

>-----

>Hero Name : Jade Spectre

Kari: No relation to Crimson Jade.

>Real Name :Keity Swann

>Race : Human

Rick: No Terrigen-sucking Inhumans here.

Rebecca: Like anyone would care.

Rick: This is also true.

>Place of Birth : Vienne, France

Kari: All her roleplay is done with ze forced French accent, mon ami.

Damien: Zut alors!

>Date of Birth : 10/31/1993

>Age : 19

Rick: I wonder what portion of these teenage girls are played by thirty-plus men?

Rebecca: I suspect the answer is in excess of one hundred percent.

>Height : 5' 9"

>Nemesis :

Damien: Another victim of the Global Nemesis shortage.

Kari: Our leaders need to realise that Nemesisies are not a renewable resource. If we keep going at our current rate of use, we could completely drain the world's Nemesis reserves within a generation.

Damien: Your children and their grandchildren will grow up in a world where they will never have the opportunity to be attacked by their own arch-enemy.

Kari: The only option is to invest now in green Supervillain technologies.

>Powers : -Ghosting-

Rick: She has Patrick Swayze powers.

Rebecca: So she can rip your throat out and pain doesn't hurt her?

Rick: Yes, but the drawback is a chronic allergy to shirts.

>Keity only manifested power is a passive ghosting.

Damien: She can turn invisible, but she doesn't do anything with it.

Kari: As opposed to passive-aggressive ghosting, which is where she could turn invisible, but doesn't. However, she has to tell everyone about this.

> She doesn't have a psychic footprint to those sensitive to such things.

Rebecca: Primarily new-age types who also try to read her aura or align her chakras.

> This makes her immune to mind-reading and telepathy,

Kari: Godmodding? No, I've never heard of the idea.

>and other psychic detection.

Damien: And yet, every cat in the room will instinctively attack her on sight.

Kari: Is that because of some sort of astral awareness?

Damien: No, it's because she's allergic

> This ghosting has extended to magical detection,

Rick: She brings ectoplasmic steaks to get past Mordenkeinen's faithful hound.

>such as scrying and wards.

Damien: She won't show on the Marauder's Map, for example.

> Lastly and most recently,

Kari: She developed an unsightly rash in an embarrassing place. Nothing to do with her powers, however.

>the ghosting has extended to technological sensing as well. She doesn't show to optical

>sensors such as cameras; she is not audible to microphones; and other various sensors.

Rebecca: Radio telescopes, mass spectrometers, rainfall gages, seismic meters or even thermometers.

Rick: Oral or rectal?

Rebecca: Extensive testing says both.

>Keity can only control at will the technology aspect,

Damien: And by that we mean setting people to 'Ignore.'

>so that she can use modern devices (Such as AngelPhones)

Rebecca: The AngelPhone is just a proprietary shell dumped over an Android phone to stuff it with system-devouring bloatwear. Yet it's being marketed as this year's must-have tech gadget.

>Ghosting is a subtle manipulation of the environment, so as the observer would tend not to notice

>anything out of place unless specifically looking for a trace or anomaly. Things that Keity picks up one,

>would still appear to be in place on camera, and the image would not shift until the object was replaced

>in a different position.

Kari: Yes, we're aware this makes no sense at all. Just go with it.

Damien: Why do I get the feeling the player spent hours trying to think of every possible contingency for how their character could be detected and then wrote an exception clause to cover it into their bio?

Kari: I can see that.

Damien: And why do I also get the feeling that they'd chuck a major tantrum if somebody was able to 'see' their character due to something that they'd forgotten to consider?

Kari: Sadly, I can easily see that too.

> Ghosting has minor reality altering possibilities, that it will sometimes break the laws of physics.

Rebecca: Because stuff and... yep, we're going with that.

>Weakness : Squishy

Rick: She has a vulnerability to flavoured frozen drinks.

>Origin/Background :

>Born to an influential and wealthy family in France,

Kari: Her family controls the country's biggest producers of garlic snails and frog legs.

> went to boarding school in England

Damien: ...why?

Rebecca: Her parents were huge secret St. Trinians fans.

Damien: That's the only logical explanation I can think of, so let's go with that.

>before coming to America.

Kari: -she had never heard of Eddie Murphy.

> She was discovered as a meta when she was 14,

Rick: I never Metahuman I didn't like.

>and sent to a special school for meta-humans

Kari: It was populated mainly by Elf Deckers and Orc Mercenaries who wore berets.

> Where she trained relentlessly to condition herself in Fencing, Martial Arts, and other combat

>techniques to survive missions, field-trips, gym class and other classmates.

Damien: This school has a very harsh curriculum.

Kari: Fail and you die. And if you flunk everything, not only do you die but you're forced to repeat a year.

>Smart, caring and linguistically gifted

Kari: I bet she performs a lot of cunning linguistics.

Damien: It's a Champions Online RP guild, so that's entirely fair.

>Keity is now an Angel Recruit under her alias of Jade Spectre.

Rick: A name that reflects both her powers and her colouration after one too many.

> In the fall she begins College,

Rebecca: She's majoring in Underwater Basketweaving.

>but will still continue her training and efforts in assisting the Angels.

Kari: Because, gods help them, they need all the assistance they can get.

Rick: This is the sort of team where a chia pet would be a major asset.

Damien: Only if it had a measurable estrogen level.

>-----

With that the big screen turned off, reverting the world to its regular prose format. "And that was the second portion of the thing that calls itself Angels of Fury," Kari considered. "Where it goes from 'face-kickingly stupid' to 'gut-punch misogyny.'"

"I admit that I already was getting a kind of skeezy vibe off it in part one," Damien agreed. "But I didn't expect it to go that hard into do not want country."

"Sadly this is very common in terrible RP," Rebecca sighed. "Players who live to heap tragedy and trauma onto their characters for the sake of getting attention or farming for sympathy, without actually considering the long-term effects that it would have on the character themselves."

"And don't tell me, this is usually done by players whose greatest personal tragedy is the time their parents made them clean their room before they were allowed to have any desert," Rick asked.

"Got it in one," Rebecca finished. "Attention whoring via cheap drama is a key tactic. Drop your dead parents into any conversation regardless of if it's appropriate and watch as everyone is forced to listen to you."

"And that's what struck me about this round of bios," Damien nodded. "See, the first lot were pretty aggressively dumb, but for the most part were also harmlessly such."

"It's hard to stay angry at Doctor Dragon Kung Fu Cop Girl," Rick nodded. "And even though Cosmo's origin was so insanely forced, it was also so dumb that you couldn't help but laugh at it."

"Pfft, Kung Fu Wizard. That's all you need to know," Kari said.

"Well yeah," Rick nodded. "Kung Fu Wizard made everything awesome."

"But you get to this lot and it becomes, well, rather awful," he continued. "Besides Fury and her past, we have Enchanted who has a world of unpleasant implications along with it. Even putting that aside, a good chunk of it is massively wangsty about how she's all dark and tormented and junk, done in a way that's clearly intended to attract sympathy and yes, attention."

"What got me was that even Dynamic Girl had a dose of that," Rebecca agreed. "Waaaah, my parents are dead and my life is miserable, I should wallow in self-pity a lot. Waaah."

"I need to show you how terrible my life is," Kari added. "Let's go back to my penthouse apartment hideout and discuss it at length in the Jacuzzi."

"Do you think anyone actually uses the penthouse apartment hideout for anything other than skeezy ERP?" Damien asked.

"Do you think there's any RP in CO besides skeezy ERP full stop?" Kari shot back.

"Good point. Let's move on."

"You know what's the worst part though?" Rick spoke up. "We're only up to the letter 'J', so there's probably more of this junk to come."

"For once in your life, Rick, you are correct," Voice Two spoke up. "There is a third chapter of the Angels of Fury to come."

"And I bet we don't get paid until we read it," Kari finished. "Damn my professional code of ethics."

"You have a professional code of ethics?" Rick asked.

"Oh yes," Damien nodded. "We stick with a job until we get paid."

"Very ethical," Rebecca smirked.

"Our code of ethics were defined by a madman dressed as a giant pink cat," Kari commented. "I still have nightmares about him."

"Why did we let him write our ethical code of conduct anyway?" Damien asked.

"It's a union thing," Kari admitted. "I didn't say it had to make any sense."

"Speaking of Union work ethics, are we done yet Voice?" Rebecca glanced up at the ceiling.

"Oh yes," The Voice agreed. "You're all free to go. I'll see you next time for part three."

"I can't wait." Damien nodded.

"Again, Damien, you are a dirty liar," Kari smirked.

"That's why I let you handle the personal side of the investigations," Damien admitted.

"And here was me thinking it was for my charm, wit, devastating looks and skilled manipulations of unsuspecting targets," Kari joked.

"Actually it was because your tats appeal to greasy bikers and creepy fetishists," Damien admitted. "Just ask Rick with the way he's staring at you."

"You got me there," Rick admitted. "They are pretty cool though."

"Come on, Rick," Rebecca shook her head as she stood. "Let's go before you get drool all over your notepad."

"Tell you what," Damien added as he also stood. "How's about a round of drinks on me? I know that we wouldn't have made it this far without your help and experience."

"Got that right," Kari said. "I mean, hell, this fic is worse than the time we spent in the swamp tracing Mad Mike McGillicuddy, the dreaded Gator Man of Balgus Star."

"I've still got the scars from that," Damien agreed. "And I'll probably never look at a tennis ball the same way again."

"Long story?" Rebecca asked.

"Tell me more!" Rick beamed as he headed for the door.

"If there's drinks on offer and I don't have to pay, then gladly," Kari finished as she followed him out.

Author's notes:

If there were any questions as to why this was a Voice Two hosted fic, I think Fury's bio should have answered them. Sadly, there's more of that sort of bio to come in part three.

Even then, I admit I do have a soft spot for terrible RP bios. There's something about the sheer level of banality in them, especially when it involves players trying so hard to be daring and edgy while not even once considering if they're actually creating a good character in the process. There's a few we're sitting on that may yet see the light of day which provide wonderful examples of the type.

KayEmm's notes:

Fury's player (and the leader/founder of the Angels of Fury) has a major Rape Fetish, to the point where they make it a part of their character's origins and incorporate it into their RP wherever possible. They try to justify this by saying that it's okay because they're a woman and they were raped themselves.

Except the player is actually a man who lies about this and uses crimes against women to justify their sicko RP. So yeah.

So instead let's try to focus on the positive. Like Kung Fu Wizard and, um. Okay, that's it. If you can find another positive to focus on, let me know.

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Kari Montero and Damien Hawker created by KayEmm

Rebecca Bartley and Rick R. Mortis created by Rick R. (natch)

Questions? Comments? Complaints? Kung-Fu Wizards? Email us at elmerstudios00 (at) gmail.com and register your Jeff.

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> This finally tipped the balance of her internal conflict in favor of the [heroic]
>though she still tended to act out of an [enlightened self-interest]