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## Episode 286 – More alleged superhero antics

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It had taken the pair of them a lot of work to get here. They'd spent countless hours in investigation and research, looking for signs of their elusive prey. Sifting through records, bribing officials, pressing the flesh while pretending to be nice to sleazebag informants, following money trails and all manner of other methods had eventually paid off, leading Kari and Damien to their destination.

In this case, the destination was a low-set concrete building, half-resting, half-sinking into the midst of a reeking, fetid swamp. Around it was almost a battlefield of nature and man; on one hand, there was a mixture of mud, rotting vegetation, trees heavy with low-hanging, droopy fronds and the occasional murmur of otherwise unseen wildlife. On the other was all manner of detritus, from hull plating and mechanical equipment to barrels whose contents were best left unknown, simply abandoned to the swamp to decay or sink.

"It's a lovely place," Damien offered as he surveyed the building. "Definitely good for some privacy."

"Oh yes," Kari replied as she checked her rifle. "I love the neighborhood too. The toxic waste swamp look is very chic this year." She sighted the building. "You watch; in six months this place will be crawling with expensive coffee shops, organic groceries and wine bars."

"This could be our chance to be the hipsters who knew about this place before it was cool."

"You grow an awkward beard. I'll put on the glasses."

"Fantastic," Damien finished. "Okay, so if we're right, this picturesque locale is the current home of the Dead Pirate Steven, wanted for innumerable heinous crimes."

"Is there a witty crime on the end of the list that is minor but should be regarded as a threat to civilized society out of all proportion?" Kari asked.

"No. But we can add one after the fact."

Right then," Kari finished. "Breach door, intimidate him, prepare for the inevitable gunfight when he refuses to back down. Let's go."

The pair of them moved with practiced precision, making their way across the swamp with surprising ease. While clad in body armour and carrying more than a few weapons, their mobility through the sucking, debris-filled muck was impressive. These were not the motions of the hapless who were out of their depth, but rather a pair of focused and driven hunters, ones whose sudden intensity was almost stark next to their banter.

They reached the wall of the building, pressing their backs to it on either side of the door. A nod from Kari saw Damien plant a small charge on the door, waiting a moment before there was an almost discrete pop and a little bit of smoke.

As one the pair of them swung into action, Damien kicking the now breached door with a swift kick before leveling his cannon. The sole room inside the structure was a dank mess of metal barrels left haphazardly around the place, some stacked, some on shelves, and most of them simply wherever the last person here had left them. But that was less interesting to the pair of them than the single occupant of the room,

a man clad in a mismatched mess of body armour, part of his face still visible beneath his stained goggles.

"Dead Pirate Steven!" Damien shouted out. "Put down your weapons and come peacefully!"

"You'll never take me alive!" He roared in reply as he reached for his own weapon, sending a spray of flame straight at the door. The two hunters both moved with lightning speed in reply, peeling away and darting for cover.

"This never works!" Kari yelled as she glanced over at Steve. Another burst of flame was the response. "Has anyone ever once given up when we come in?"

"Not that I remember," Damien admitted.

"We really should stop giving them the opening to shoot us," she considered. "Especially given that in this case, he's doing it with one of those new Scorchio series plasma flamethrowers."

"That's the 'reduce a human to ash in seconds' one, right?" Damien asked. "Overkill Monthly gave it a four and a half star rating."

"That would be it," she agreed. Another burst of fire seemed to support her statement.

"You realize that we're being shot at by a maniac armed with a turbo-charged flamethrower," Damien noted.

"And that we're using barrels full of poorly-stored volatile chemicals as cover," Kari added as she glanced around.

"There does appear to be a number of key flaws in this plan."

"We should probably move."

A burst of flame seared through the air above the pair of them. Behind Damien, one of the barrels began to rattle ominously.

"Probably."

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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.

"And that's when I turned to Damien and said 'you're just lucky I always have some gum on me,'" Kari explained as she entered the apartment, Rebecca just behind her.

"Obviously it worked out for you, given that you're both, well, here and alive," Rebecca considered in reply.

"On the downside, I'm reading Angels of Fury, so it's one of those win-lose situations," Kari agreed as she headed over to the couch. "Still, not the worst mess we've been in either."

"What would you say was the worst?" Rick asked as he entered, only barely looking up from his notepad.

"That would probably be the incident with Mister Torb on Novus Nine," Damien considered as he joined them. "I couldn't sit down for a week after that."

Rebecca nodded in consideration. "Please don't take this the wrong way, but it seems that you two are rather good at getting yourselves into horrible situations."

"No, that's fair," Damien considered. "Now don't get me wrong, we have one of the best clear-up and closure rates in the business."

"We made the top ten in last year's review," Kari added. "We edged out Moderately Deranged McLumpher for the spot."

"He was rather angry about that," Damien considered.

"I think he took it badly," Kari agreed.

"I take it that didn't end well then," Rebecca asked.

"We had a friendly debate about the matter," Damien nodded. "And eventually the skin grafts took and he'll be up and about soon."

"There you go," Rebecca nodded. "You getting all this, Rick? I wouldn't want you to miss a single detail when you gratuitously plagiarize their lives for your next prematurely cancelled series."

"Not missing a thing," he said with a smile.

"Tell you what," Kari offered. "We did a big interview in Freelance Lawman magazine that would help you a lot."

"Really?"

"Oh yes," Damien agreed. "It was really in depth and involved. We talked about our training, methodologies, tactics, approaches, weapons choices..."

"Armour, equipment, surveillance techniques, target profiling..."

"Very in depth and involved," Damien agreed. "Even if the swimsuit pictorial was a little odd."

"I still say that you look better in a thong than I do," Kari spoke up.

"It pinched me in uncomfortable places."

There was an awkward silence. "Definitely worth tracking down then," Rick spoke up. "Thanks!"

"You lead very interesting lives," Rebecca politely added.

"Oh, I agree entirely," Voice 2.0 interjected, "Which is part of the reason why I selected you for the job."

"Part of the reason, V Two?" Damien glared up at the ceiling. "What was the rest?"

"My motives are mysterious and unknowable," Voice 2.0 simply replied, "And I leave it to your imagination."

"She probably saw the swimsuit pictorial then," Kari considered.

"Red's just not my color!" Damien stated, more than a little defensively.

"Well, this just got even more awkward then it needed to be." Rebecca shook her head.

"And today, 'awkward' is going to be the least of your concerns," Voice continued. "For today, I have the last part of the Angels of Fury biographies for you to review. I'd say they're for your enjoyment, but that would be a blatant lie."

"It's almost enough to make me wish I was reading the Horrible Secret of Space again," Rick noted.  
"Almost."

"Well, I guess that it's the last part has to mean something positive," Kari muttered as she sat on the couch. "Even if that positive thing is 'we never need to read any more of this crap after today.'"

"You never know," Rebecca offered. "There might be some very well thought out and well developed character concepts in there that explore normally difficult subjects like the effects of superhumans on the normal world or what life is like when you possess powers that make even the most exciting of experiences seem mundane." She sat on the couch next to Kari.

"You think so?" Damien asked as he and Rick joined them.

"Not at all," she admitted as the big screen turned on, converting the world over to script format.

> Hero Name : Lady Lightning

Rick: Wife of Lord Lightning, the Earl of West Lightnignshire.

> Real Name : Jessica Gagne

> Race : French Canadian

Kari: So far, the 'race' section has been species, ethnicity and cultural group. Can we get some consistency here?

Damien: This is Champions Online! There is no consistency to be had.

> Place of Birth : Alma, Quebec

Kari: Quick, can we think of anything funny and/or rude to say about her hometown?

Damien: It, um... has French Canadians in it.

Kari: That'll do.

> Date of Birth : 24th, November 1986

> Age : 26

> Height : 5' 6"

> Nemesis : Canadian Syndicate

Damien: The Canadian Syndicate controls the black market bacon and maple syrup trade.

Rebecca: They're the ones behind the spam you get advertising cheap meds.

Kari: They run the betting rackets on professional Curling, and aren't above fixing a match.

Rick: They'll make you an offer you can't refuse, eh?

> Powers :

> Lady Lightning has been infused with medical nanites

Rick: Her arch enemy is Prince Charles.

> that maintain her health, afford her rapid regeneration.

Rebecca: Nanotech. It's to today what genetic engineering was to the nineties, radiation was to the fifties and chemicals were to the Victorians. The perfect catch-all excuse for whatever BS you can think of.

> They also altered her body so she is invulnerable and can absorb giga-joules of electricity

> that she can control for a variety of effects.

Kari: She can make your hair stand on end, make things cling to your jumper and annoy cats like nobody else can.

> She can arc powerful blasts of electricity, call lightning from any source,

Damien: Rocks, garden gnomes, toothpaste, old socks... any source at all.

> and even convert her body to electricity to transport herself.

> Weakness :

> She is resistant to most forms of energy but has normal human tolerances to all other forms of

> attacks.

Rebecca: She's invulnerable to ray guns and laser beams but can be hurt by everyday things.

> While Charged she has a weakness to water which will cause her to violently discharge her

> stored electricity, rendering her unconscious.

Rick: Remember to always properly earth your Superheroes.

> Origin/Background :

> Jessica Gagne was the baby.

Kari: And then she became a toddler, as these things happen.

Damien: Maybe that was her secret identity? She's The Baby, who fights crime wearing a nappy and hits people with her rattle.

Kari: Careful, you'll give the Caprice Creeps idea.

Damien: I expect the place to be full of diapered furries by this time tomorrow.

> She was born

Rick: Hence, 'the baby.'

Rebecca: This is a staggeringly original origin story.

> 7 years after her brother Jack who was her daddy's favorite.

Rebecca: And considered an essential part of the Australian secondary school reading curriculum.

> Jack was the Athlete of the family

Kari: Compared to Jessica who spent all day on the couch stuffing her face with junk food while role-playing in MMOs.

> and a great hockey player.

Damien: He could flatten another player with a single swing. Sometimes he even hit the puck.

> His father had high hopes of

> Jack making it in the NHL. By the time Jack reached his last year of school, many of the best colleges  
> were looking at him

Rick: They had agents stalking his every move.

> but so was the Canadian Olympic Hockey team as well.

Rebecca: I'm glad to see we're not resorting to national stereotypes.

Kari: To be fair, can you actually think of another sport Canada is remotely good at?

Rebecca: Also true.

> Jack was swimming in his new found fame,

Damien: He was voted Canada's most eligible bachelor that isn't a moose.

> but it proved to be too much for him.

Kari: I foresee a series of events in his near future, probably involving wrapping a Ferrari around a tree.

> He soon turned to cocaine and meth for support

Rick: Cocaine and Meth told him to move out of the house and get a real job.

> and things for him spiraled out of control.

Damien: Next thing he knew, he was robbing the federal reserve while dressed in a chicken suit.

> Not only did he blow his chance

> at the Olympics but every college who wanted him, withdrew their offers.

Rebecca: Devastated by the failure of his sports careers, Jack was forced to fall back on academia to secure a college spot.

Kari: Shocking.

> Jack turned to a life of crime,

> robbing anyone or anyplace to get some money to pay for his addiction.

Damien: He was living the life of the former pro athlete without ever having been a pro athlete.

Kari: He and Gizmo Girl formed a team and went around robbing convenience stores together. They were the Bonnie and Clyde of the burnt out substance addiction set.

Damien: They died in a hail of gunfire inside Dad's old Taurus.

> Jack's father was devastated.

Rebecca: Never in his life had he figured that he'd be an origin story dad.

- > Jack's actions drove him to drinking and massive bouts of depression,
- > but it was his daughter Jessica, who paid the price for Jack's fall from grace.

Kari: It was her job to go pick him up from the drunk tank.

- > Her father displaced his rage and disappointment

Rick: Rage displacement was first discovered by Archimedes when he got butthurt on an internet forum.

- > for Jack at Jessica. At first it was just verbal abuse, but then the beatings
- > began. If Jessica so much as spilled her juice

Damien: Jessica soon came to hate Juiceboxes with a passion.

Kari: Years later, she would don a mask and cowl, and vow to destroy the Canadian Juice industry.

Damien: Her crusade was secretly backed by a coalition of dairy producers.

- > she would get whipped with a belt.

Rebecca: It's worth noting that at this stage, Jessica's mother hasn't even been mentioned once.

- > The abuse got too much for the now 14 year old Jessica

Rick: Which caused her mutant genes to activate and she electro-shocked her abusive father, and became a superhero to protect others from suffering similar fates.

Damien: Somehow I don't think that's going to happen, bucko.

Rick: Damn it, what happened to the good origin stories?

- > and she had to run away from home, a
- > decision she will regret for the rest of her life. After only a few days on the road Jessica was picked up
- > by a corrupt Police officer

Damien: True, Harvey Bullock was a little out of his jurisdiction.

- > who was part of a taskforce out looking for her. He drove up into the northern wilds of Quebec

Rebecca: The icy, cold north of Quebec, where ferocious moose rule the frozen wastes.

- > to a remote strip club owned and operated by the Canadian Syndicate.

Rick: This is where Stephanie Porter sings, right?

- > Jessica, at first, was forced to dress in skimpy outfits and serve drinks to the lecherous patrons.
- > Soon she was forced on stage to become one of the strippers.

Rebecca: But then she developed super-powers, fried everyone in the place with lighting and escaped.

Kari: Sadly, I don't think that will be the case.

Rebecca: I can but hope.

- > Her torment did not end there.

Damien: They forced her to eat her greens and clean her room.

Rick: The fiends.

> The strippers of this club were expected to provide special services to the patrons who would pay for it.

Rebecca: They were expected to sit and listen and pretend to enjoy hearing about the clients' erotic Sonic the Hedgehog fanfic.

> Due to Jessica's extreme beauty she was their priced whore.

Rick: Special guest bio written by Frank Miller.

> They even went as far as forcing her to  
> undergo plastic surgery to augment her breasts

Kari: Just so you know, Rebecca, this bio was written by a man who pretends to be a woman online.

Rebecca: Somehow I am not surprised. Disgusted, yes, but not surprised.

> so she would be even more appealing to their paying clients.

Damien: So I suppose you guys have rules about directly threatening the author or making comments about them.

Rick: Yep.

Damien: And in a situation like this?

Rick: At this point, anything you say is well justified.

> Jessica spent 3 years in that hell hole until she finally got her opportunity to escape.

Kari: Apparently the idea had never occurred to her once in that time.

> A fat pig of a  
> man, who would come to call on her weekly and had not been around for a bit, had shown up.

Rick: He was dressed as a nun and had a goat in the passenger seat of his car. It was a complicated story.

> Jessica heard him pleading with the owners of the club for help.

Kari: I can see a bunch of sex slavers being willing to come to some sort of arrangement with him.

Rebecca: One that involves the words 'gimp' and 'ball-gag', I hope.

> Apparently the pig had killed a Canadian  
> Mountie and they were looking for him. The club owner told the man that he was allowed one more  
> night with Jessica

Rebecca: Why the club owner didn't just shoot him on the spot and hide the body is another matter.

Kari: I'd say that anyone that stupid deserves what's coming to them, but they passed that mark several paragraphs back.

> and then he was never to set foot in the club again as he was sure to be caught.

Damien: Which is why they not only slowed down his escape, but provided a possible link between them and him and... yeah, this plan has some flaws in it.

> After Jessica pleased the fat pig of a man into a slumber she made her move. She wrote a note  
> saying she and twenty other underage girls were all kidnapped and held at the strip club



Kari: Putting aside how wretchedly awful this is, I have to wonder about the economics of such a large operations in the remote, desolate, frozen wastes of northern Quebec.

Rebecca: I imagine that their clientele consists of the same three beardy overweight men who are cheating on their sheep-wives.

> and signed it.

> She then hid the note on the mans wallet, in a fold he would probably not look in often.

Damien: The part where he kept his legitimate ID.

> She was guessing that when they finally arrested this man,

> that they would go thorough all his personal stuff.

Rebecca: Assuming they didn't shoot him on sight.

Kari: This is true.

Rebecca: Or he didn't simply die in the frozen wastes.

Kari: Or that.

Rebecca: Or that he wouldn't destroy his wallet in an effort to cover his tracks.

Kari: Or that too.

Rebecca: Or that he would manage to evade capture by living as a recluse in the deep woods for years.

Kari: I think it's fair to say her plan has holes in it.

> Jessica's gamble paid off,

Rebecca: She defeated Kasparov and became the new grand master.

> for two weeks later the club was raided by Canadian Mounties. They arrested everyone

Damien: Even one of the sheep-wives who had come down to see what her husband had been up to.

Kari: That sheep-wife later testified in court, and her evidence was key in dismantling the syndicate's operations.

Damien: To protect her, Sheep-Wife was relocated by witness protection to an Alpacca ranch where she Lived under an assumed species.

Kari: It was all worth it. In the end, Sheep-Wife was hailed as a hero by the Canadian press.

> and liberated all the girls. Jessica became an instant hero to all her fellow slaves.

> But that was far from the end of this tragic story.

Rick: I think there might be something about getting electricity powers or something. I dunno.

> Jessica was asked to be the key witness in the trial of all the members of the Syndicate. She agreed

> under three conditions. One, she be given a new identity and not returned to her parents.

Damien: Apparently, her mother does exist.

Rick: There you go.

> Two, that

> they help her get and pay for her collage education, and three, that they start a government program for

> abused girls.

Kari: And that they made it illegal to use such crap as the justification for crappy internet RP.

> They agreed and Jessica took the stand against the horrible mobsters helping to put

> them all in prison for life.

Rick: And \*then\* she got super-powers.

Rebecca: After all the degrading misogynistic claptrap, yes she did.

Rick: Good to know.

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Rebecca: Thank the Robot Space Pope that's over.

Kari: I'd like to think it can only improve from here.

Rebecca: You don't know V-two, sadly.

Voice: I can put Xeruel back on if you want.

> Hero Name :Laurayne

> Real Name :LaurayneCarden

> Race :Kitsune

Kari: It's the polite way to say 'Narutard.'

> ( Human Fox )

Damien: But as a fox spirit, does she have a measurable level of estrogen?

Kari: We should get somebody qualified in both medical and mystical matters to check.

Damien: Do you think Kung-Fu wizard would qualify?

Kari: Kung-Fu Wizard can do \*anything.\*

> Place of Birth : Canada - The Village of Kyon

Rick: She was born in a Japanese village of Japanese fox spirits in Canada.

> Date of Birth : 08/02/90 (MM/DD/YY)

> Age : 22

Rebecca: She's the Angel who the others get to buy booze for them.

> Height : 5'10"

> Nemesis : None Currently

Damien: She should consider entering into some sort of Nemesis Time-Share arrangement with one of the other Angels.

> Powers : Healing, Telepathy, Soul Delving, Spiritual Manipulation

> Weakness : Technology, Physical Attacks,

Rick: Weak versus being punched.

> Her Friends And Family

Rebecca: Family visits during the holidays cause her physical pain. True, that's what happens to most

people...

> Origin/Background :

> As A Young Kitsune, She Grew Up Knowing Of Only Her Village

Kari: She was a part of the small Canadian Kitsune minority.

Damien: They have their own community access channel.

Kari: Some of the major cities have a Kitsuentown.

Damien: I bet it's used by film crews to double as the Kitsunetown in any given major American city.

> And Her Tribe's Ways. As She Grew Older, She Became A Huntress, Skilled With Her Swords

Rick: Pfft, Melee. Hunter. Go back to Vanilla WoW.

> As She Helped To Provide Food For Her Tribe.

Kari: Mooseburgers for everyone.

> When She Was 17 Her Village Was Savagely Attacked By A Group Of Bandits

Rebecca: I don't know what's more surprising; that there are random bandits ravaging villages in modern day Canada, or that we're this far in before seeing them appear.

Rick: I have two theories.

Rebecca: Tsuneo's not here, so I get to be the one to enable you, right?

Rick: You got it.

Rebecca: Fine. Go on then.

Rick: The first theory suggests that the village, being one of folkloric creatures, exists in its own personal space outside of contemporary human society. Random Bandits who ravage villages may not make much sense in modern day Canada, but would make sense in a transplanted section of pseudo-Feudal Japan which is probably populated with all sorts of other mythical creatures as well as humans who still behave in ways suggestive of their origin.

Rebecca: That makes a shocking amount of sense, so I have to ask about theory two.

Rick: This was originally written as Narutofic and the author transplanted it without thinking about it at all.

> Who Had Stumbled Upon Her Hidden Villages Location By Accident.

Rebecca: They were actually a bunch of very confused Geo-Cachers who tore the whole place up looking for their 'prize.'

> Having Only Known Of Hunting And

> Gathering, The Village Was Not Prepared For Such An Attack And They Were Nearly Wiped Out.

Rick: The Random Bandits attacked their fireworks warehouse, which was next to their petrol station, which was next to the aerosol factory which was next to the oil refinery.

Rebecca: This was a planned community, wasn't it?

> When

> The Fighting Was Over, The Village Was In Shambles

Kari: It was in a shambles, in so far as it was nearly wiped out.

Damien: It was a genocidal kind of a shambles.

Kari: They're the worst type.

> And They Had No Supplies To Help Rebuild.

Rebecca: Apparently whatever primitive materials their beloved peasant village was built from were in short supply in the remote Canadian wilderness.

Rick: They had a hard time finding lumber because all the damned trees got in the way.

> So

> Laurayne Volunteered To Venture Out Of The Village To Find Materials And Funds To Send Back To  
> Her Village To Aid In The Repairs.

Kari: She sought to find the source of the mystical material known as 'mud.'

Damien: The secret of mud was known only to their wisest elder, who had died before passing it on.

> Along The Line, Shed Befriended And Joined The "Angels of Fury"

> In Millennium City. While She Was Assisting The Angels In A Complicated Matter,

Damien: She got wood, but it was complicated wood.

> She Was Opened To A Power Hidden Within Her, A Spiritual Power

Rebecca: A fox spirit has spiritual powers? This comes out of nowhere!

> That Her People Had Known Only Rarely.

Rick: She was the one in a thousand years Super-Sayajin. Which means exactly dick squat as there's dozens of them.

> Now She Trains Hard To Control This Power And The Responsibility That Comes With It.

Kari: She learned catchphrases from Spider Man.

Damien: But not how to control her powers?

Kari: Gods no.

> Due To Events And Activities Of The Group VIPER,

Rebecca: VIPER, the off-brand Cobra.

Rick: I wonder if VIPER agents are called Cobras, and come in all sorts of flavours, like Alley Cobras, Techno Cobras, Night Cobras, HEAT Cobras, Nitro Cobras, Ninja Cobras...

Rebecca: I suppose those are all legitimate Viper types, right?

Rick: Even the Ninja Viper.

> Laurayne's Village Had Been Completely Wiped Out

Rebecca: The trauma of this incident cost her the ability to use capital letters correctly.

> During her Stay In Millennium City. Torn With Grief And Guilt, She Rushed Headlong Into A Battle With  
> VIPER

Kari: Are VIPER's anti-Kitsune team anything like ARGENT's Dragon Hunters?

Damien: They probably cross-train and share intel and tech, while also ensuring that they don't stray onto each other's turf.

Kari: I could imagine if there was a dragon in a kitsune village then things would get awkward for them

Damien: We joke about it, but somebody should put a stop to the senseless slaughter of innocent

mythical beings by supertech terrorists.

Kari: We need somebody who has one foot in the mystical world and one in the modern.

Damien: I can think of only one man for this job.

Rebecca: Let me guess, Kung-Fu Wizard?

Kari: He's my hero.

> Single Handed Until Her Friends Found Her Just In Time To Pull Her Back Into Sanity

Kari: It was an intervention, the sort that you need when a Japanese Fox Spirit from Canada goes on a self-destructive rampage of revenge against a colourful Supertech international terrorist organisation.

Damien: Happens all the time.

Kari: You'd be amazed how often.

> Before A Large Group Of VIPER Soldiers Fell Upon Them.

Rick: The one at the back tripped and wound up pushing the rest of them down the stairs.

Rebecca: To be fair, everything I've seen so far suggests the Angels of Fury are a heard of complete morons. You could probably stop them with a rolled up newspaper.

> Laurayne Now Searches For A Way To Avenge Her people And Bring VIPER To Justice.

Kari: And to find a way to punctuate properly.

Damien: Laurayne Wishes She Knew How The Shift Key Worked.

Kari: Okay, that's really annoying.

Damien: Can You Imagine What RPinG With Her Would Be Like?

Kari: I'd want to punch my monitor. And you.

Damien: Okay, I'll Shut Up Now.

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> Hero Name: Maiden America

Rebecca: Her new codename is Assembled In America From Internationally Sourced Components.

> Real Name: Christine (Alias; no surname)

> Race: Transformed Human

Kari: Transformed human? I guess I'll have to pull out the Wheel of Fetish.

Damien: What does it suggest?

Kari: Goo Girl turned human but liable to turn back into goo if 'excited.'

Damien: Easily capable of existing in Caprice. There's probably one there right now.

> Place of Birth: N/A

Rebecca: Not America? I forsee a misleading packaging lawsuit.

> Date of Birth: N/A

> Age: Appears to be in her early twenties, but existed as a star for several millenia.

Rick: Well that makes sense... actually, no, it doesn't at all.

Rebecca: I don't know what bothers me more; the nonsense idea, or the fact that a star should be billions of years old, not 'several millennia.'

> Height: 5'8"

> Nemesis: N/A

Damien: The Global Nemesis Crisis left the world with a severe Nemesis shortage.

Kari: Compare that to the eighties, where there were unused Nemesis rotting in warehouses while starving kids in Africa didn't even get their daily Nemesis requirement.

Damien: I've heard that there's been some great advancements in GM Nemesis production.

Kari: Don't believe the hype. Most types of GM Nemesis haven't even been approved for human testing.

> Powers:

> Maiden emits pure starlight,

Rebecca: She bombards everyone around her with deadly amounts of radiation that have not been filtered by the atmosphere's protective layers.

> a cosmic energy that is able to harm or heal as she desires.

Rick: She has both cancer and chemotherapy powers.

> The origin of her abilities are natural, however the cause of her sentient transformation is unknown.

Damien: I think it could be a perfectly normal and natural case of a sentient stellar object transforming into an anatomically correct humanoid female.

Kari: What's her estrogen level then?

> Weakness:

> Christine has normal human vulnerabilities,

Rick: She cries at sad moves and gets wind after eating chili.

> although when injured, her energy surges granting her

> minor regeneration. She is particularly susceptible to mental attacks as her energy only heals physical

> damage.

Rebecca: And by that you mean 'as vulnerable as everyone else.'

> Origin/Background:

> Christine is a sentient star in humanoid form.

Rick: She is quite literally a Cosmic hero.

> She has no current knowledge of what force prompted this change, or precipitated her arrival on Earth.

Kari: A wizard did it.

Damien: A Kung-Fu Wizard at that.

Rebecca: You know what? I could actually believe that.

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> Hero Name : Millennium Crusader

Damien: Not to be confused with pre-Millennial Crusader who has the power of the late nineties.  
Kari: He has the power of the dotcom boom and can get people to invest in companies that don't Exist.

Damien: He's confident that the next few years will be awesome, assuming his computer doesn't kill him first.

Rick: You know that there's actually a Champions character called Crusader? He's kind of a pastiche of seventies Captain America.

Kari: Way to kill the joke, Rick.

Damien: Depends; does he look at all like Reb Brown?

Rick [Shrugs]: Sure, why not?

Damien: Then all is forgiven.

> Real Name : Lucy Madison

> Race : Human

> Place of Birth : Brighton, East Sussex, England

Kari: I bet every sentence she says goes something like "Cor blimey luv, that's a bit of a sticky wicket if you get up the cream bun and jam and all that mate, god save the Queen."

Rebecca: This has been every American trying to do an English accent ever.

> Date of Birth : November 22, 1989

> Age : 24

> Height : 5'10"

> Nemesis : -WiP-

Rick: Her arch-enemy is the dreaded Work in Progress. He has the power to start a master plan, but never bring it to fruition.

> Powers : No Super Powers. All her abilities are the result of skills, training, and better than cutting edge  
> technological devices.

Damien: She can send a tweet from anywhere on the planet.

> These devices include: a stealth suit, hand held grapple hook and line, energy claws,

Kari: Exploding cigarettes, laser pen, magnetic wristwatch.

Damien: Garrote watch, miniature air supply canister, fake fingerprint.

Rebecca: Poisoned pen, communicator watch, detonite toothpaste.

Rick: Flower for disappearing, key that can open every lock, drink that makes you remember things.

> special boomerangs,

Rick: The boomerangs are John Barren approved.

> and gas pellets just to name a few

> Weakness : Without these devices and suit, she is just an ordinary human

Damien: Unlike Batman, she can't breathe in space.

Kari: That's not a fair comparison. Without his suit, Batman is still the Goddamned Batman.

> Origin/Background :

> After being forced to witness the brutal murder of her father and the gang rape and murder of her  
> mother

Rebecca: Thanks a heap, fic. Just when I thought you were all done offending me, you go to it again.

Kari: Angels of Fury, made up of men who hate women pretending to be women.

> at the tender age of eight that shattered her childhood forever,

Rick: It was almost as traumatic as the day that the local Walmart stopped carrying Bratz dolls.

> Lucy Madison, is a broken soul

Damien: Her soul can only be healed by lots of badly-typed lesbian sex.

> that tries to channel her personal demons into something positive

Rebecca: But instead, it's all just Something Awful.

> by battling criminals as the vigilante known as the Millennium Crusader.

Kari: I heard somewhere that there are superheroes who aren't all screwed-up trauma survivors.

Damien: Lies.

> -----

> Hero Name : Muscle Lass

Rebecca: I foresee much creepy fetishism in our immediate future.

Rick: Somebody should hook her up with Xarttan.

> Real Name : Angela Strong

Damien: This is one of those supposedly ironic names, isn't it?

> Race : Human

> Place of Birth : Kent, Washington

> Date of Birth : 7/21/1994

> Age : 19

> Height : 5'2" - 7'6"+

> Nemesis :

Kari: I wonder how many of these characters don't have nemesis because they never reached level twenty-five.

Damien: I wonder how many of them never reached level twenty-five because they never left their



penthouse Jacuzzis.

> Powers : A serum has transformed her into a seven foot brick out-house.

Rick: Literally. She's now made out of brick, is rectangular and has a toilet inside of her.

Kari: Again, appealing to the Caprice crowd.

> While it lasts she has hugely increased strength and toughness

Damien: She has the strength of a Lost fan who just watched the season finale.

> and almost boundless energy.

Rebecca: More excitable than a six year old hopped up on red cordial.

> The serum seems to be unstable and promotes extra growth in response to exertion,

Kari: Giantess/growth fetish? No, I can't say I've ever heard of it.

> though this fades after time, so far to no less than seven feet tall.

Damien: At this point, a leopard skin bikini is pretty much compulsory.

> Weakness : She has no known special weaknesses yet but is no more resistant to mental powers,

> magic etc. than any other human. The serum is also an unknown and possibly unstable compound so

> weaknesses could exist unbeknownst to her.

Rick: Well that all sounds like one massively telegraphed set-up to me.

> Origin/Background :

> Angela was a lab assistant working on a formula for a cosmetic product. A chemical breast enlargement

> formula.

Rebecca: Why yes, this bio was written by a man. How can you tell?

> Being unhappy with the hand life had dealt her,

Damien: She had really, really hairy feet.

Kari: It was a tragedy that had come to dominate her life.

Damien: She set up a hairy feet support group on the internet.

Kari: She wrote a blog about how her feet were responsible for everything that was wrong in her life.

Damien: Her fiancée left her at the altar because of those feet.

Kari: Damn those hairy feet. Damn them.

> she volunteered as the test subject

Rick: It hadn't even been cleared for human testing, but she volunteered no less.

> but the results were unexpected to say the least.

Damien: Her feet grew even more hair.

Kari: Curse those feet!

> Technically the product worked.

Rebecca: Technically so did the Virtual Boy.

> There were, however, some side effects.

Rick: For she was now... Muscle Lad.

> The included, but were not limited to increase in height, increase in weight,

Kari: She tried to claim that it was just her clothes shrinking, but nobody was buying it at all.

> increase in muscle mass, increase in hair growth,

Rick: She now has a thick, plush coat of back hair.

> increase in skin melanin content,

Damien: Turning bright orange.

> decrease in hair melanin content,

Rebecca: Cancer. So much cancer.

> redistribution of body mass

Damien: Her butt looks like two badly-parked Volkswagens.

> and revised pain threshold.

Kari: And, ironically, smaller boobs.

> No-one is quite sure what caused the unexpected side effects. Some blame miscalculation,

Rick: Some blame aliens.

> others

> deliberate sabotage or tampering by an agency such as VIPER or ARGENT looking to make a super

> soldier serum.

Kari: They were looking for ways to enhance their Dragon and Kitsune hunting teams, obviously.

> The truth has yet to be discovered.

Damien: The truth is that nobody cares.

> No-one has yet come for the results of their

> experiment if tampering was the cause, however they may be covert data gathering.

Rebecca: The heavy breathing you hear at the other end of your phone line? Covert Data gathering.

> If they are, many would say their window of opportunity just slammed shut.

Kari: Well I'm impressed. That was probably the most amazingly gratuitously stupid character we've had

yet, and that's no mean feat.

Rebecca: I don't know whether to laugh or cry. Or both.

Kari: Probably both.

> -----

> Hero Name: Photovolta

> Real Name: Cassiopeia "Cass" Andromeda Fieldman

Rebecca: Name courtesy of the random Mary Sue Name Generator.

> Race: Human (Mutant)

Rick: She has an extra toe. No superpowers, just an extra toe.

Damien: That's a pretty sucky mutant ability.

Rick: It all depends on where the toe is.

> Place of Birth: Bidwell, Ohio

Kari: She joins the ranks of all the other great Ohio-based superheroes.

Damien: Such as?

Kari: Well, there's... that guy and... the other one... and maybe a Buckeyes fan...

> Date of Birth: April 9, 1995

> Age: 18

Rick: She's not allowed to save the world without parental supervision.

> Height: 5'11"

> Nemesis: Pyra (as far as Pyra is concerned)

Kari: Pyra wrote a lengthy tract about how everything that has gone wrong in their life is entirely Photovolta's fault.

Damien: That time Pyra got the My Little Pony she already had for her birthday? Photovolta's fault.

Kari: When Pyra's puppy ran away from him? Photovolta lured it away.

Damien: Getting an F on her English exam? Photovolta caused it.

Kari: Say, who is this Pyra person anyway?

Damien: I have no idea, but I think I like them already.

> Powers: Photovolta has the ability to not only generate a low level of electricity herself,

Rick: Stick a lightbulb in her mouth and it shines on its own.

> but convert electromagnetic radiation, primarily solar radiation, into electricity.

Rebecca: Her nemesis is Big Oil.

> She can direct this electricity in several ways, most often as bolts of lightning

Kari: This is our third lightning shooter so far.

Damien: And none of them are black guys.

Kari: That we know, given the rich and full description of the characters.

Damien: I must have missed it between all the traumatic backstories.

> although she has learned to generate a defensive electrical field

Rick: She's that one kid who has figured out how to do one move with Blanka.

Rebecca: So, you.

Rick: Yeaaaaaaah.

> and flight. Recently she has discovered she can direct her electricity inwards,

Damien: She has the power to electrocute herself. It's not that useful.

> supercharging her ability to recover from damage for a brief time.

> Weaknesses: Aside from her electrical abilities, Cass is a normal human and as subject to injury as

> anyone else.

Rick: Cass has numerous worker's compensation claims.

> In addition, while she can store the electricity she converts from the sun for a period of

> time, she needs to recharge frequently

Rebecca: An older Cass will wear out after only a couple of hours, and usually ends up needing far more charge time than actual use.

Rick: You think you're getting a good deal, but you'll eventually need to replace it.

Rebecca: Some people buy numerous Cass and cycle between them.

Rick: Can you recycle the old ones? Or do they just go to landfill.

> and after sufficient time without sunlight, she will be restricted to her internally generated electricity.

Damien: So she's useless if indoors, at night or indoors at night.

Kari: I bet she only ever fights in abandoned warehouses in the tiny hours of the morning.

Damien: She once got beaten up by a group of hobos that had camped there for the night.

Kari: Not only was she humiliated, but she also smelled terrible afterwards.

> Origin/Background:

> Cass grew up in a small farming village in Ohio

Rick: The odds of her dying of boredom before making it to adulthood were surprisingly high.

> with no siblings but lots of cousins.

Damien: Some of them were siblings and cousins at the same time. Complicated family.

> Her father ran the local hardware store and was an amateur astronomer, thus Cass' unusual names.

Rebecca: She got off better than her siblings, Horologium Triangulum and Cor Caroli Regis Martyris Ross 248.

> Her powers didn't truly manifest until she was 15,

Kari: It was at that point her voice dropped and she began to grow hair in awkward places

> aside from a propensity to collect static electricity.  
> Having always loved super-heroes, including having a poster of Bubblegum on her wall

Rick: Sorry, that was a wad of bubblegum. She still treasured it.

> from Teen Hero magazine, Cass wasted no time in exploring her new abilities.

Rebecca: Her father would wake up in the morning to find the livestock stuck together with static cling and all his tools magnetised.

Rick: She erased every floppy disk in the house, back when those existed.

> After several months, she felt confident enough to try heroing and made a super-hero costume of her own.

Kari: Her years of attending the cosplay panel at the local anime con had given her all the skills she needed to make one.

Damien: Rural Ohio has an anime con?

Kari: It's run by the town drunk, it rarely has guests and most of the attendees are cows, but yes.

> Her first foray did not end as well as she had hoped, however.

Rick: She was beaten up by Paste-Pot Pete.

> There not being a lot of super-crime in small town Ohio,

Kari: It depends on if you count 'interfering' with livestock as a crime.

Damien: In Canada, it's only a crime if you're cheating on your sheep-wife.

Kari: What's the divorce rate like for Sheep-Wives?

Damien: Depends on the availability of mint sauce.

> she flew around for several hours before spotting a mugging

Rick: Mugger! He's there to make even the crappiest of superheroes feel better about themselves.

> and swooping down to stop it. While she was able to stop the mugging

Rebecca: Fail to stop a mugging and you might as well hang up your cape and tights there and then.

> (the morning paper credited one 'Volt Girl' with the rescue),

Kari: Volt Girl likes to take the credit for everything.

Damien: That's how Volt Girl became the number one superhero in Ohio.

Kari: I bet that Volt Girl has never even been to a single crossover crisis in her life.

Damien: Volt Girl dreams of the day when she can have a legitimate continuity reboot of her own.

> her home-made costume was not up to the stress and began coming apart, mostly

> disintegrating by the time she got home.

Rebecca: Haha, indecent exposure of a minor is funny.

> Realizing that Bidwell, Ohio was not the best place to launch a superhero career,

Rick: Cass having managed to miss the massive VIPER nest that was located in the center of town.

> Cass started planning her move to Millennium City, improving her grades

Rebecca: With the grades she was getting, there was no chance of her ever being accepted into a major superhero team.

> and saving money. She also continued to practice  
> with her powers, lending clandestine help to people in the area but taking care to remain unseen.

Kari: That takes a lot of doing when you have solar-powered electricity attacks.

Damien: That's why she only fights indoors and at night.

> Once graduating, she moved to Millennium City to attend college,

Rick: She majored in electrical engineering and, ironically, flunked the course.

> buying a more well-made costume

Kari: Her prior attempts at fighting crime in a naughty nurse outfit having been an embarrassing, if predictable failure.

> and starting her career as Photovolta. In her first week she'd helped fight an alien invasion, stopped a  
> bank robbery,

Damien: Saved innumerable kittens from trees.

Kari: Fought her evil duplicate from the negative X dimension.

Rick: Joined and left three teams.

Rebecca: And been killed off by an editorial oversight.

> and met Ultra-Woman, who introduced her to the Angels.

Damien: It was all downhill from there.

> -----

> Hero Name : Shadow Serpentess

Damien: The result of a Serpentor Crossplay gone horribly, horribly wrong.

Kari: I can't think of any way that it wouldn't.

> Real Name : Talia Keseslov

> Race : Human

Rick: Neither snake nor shadow? I feel ripped off.

> Place of Birth : Pripyat, Ukraine

Kari: Her superpower is how much cancer she has.

> Date of Birth : 1981

> Age : 32

> Height : 5' 11"

> Nemesis : Unknown

Rick: She's gone out on a lot of blind supervillain dates, but nothings' really worked for her.

> Powers : Shadow and Darkness

Rebecca: Care to be any more nebulous there?

Rick: She has dark powers of dark darkness.

> Weakness : Being she has not really faced a true enemy,

Damien: If a man is measured by the qualities of their enemies, then what does that mean for somebody who has no enemies?

Kari: She's a woman.

Damien: Just go and ruin my moment, why don't you?

> a physical weakness or counter to her

> abilities has not been located. Yet. But she does have a great spiritual weakness.

Rick: She has cancer of the soul.

> Failing her god or those she calls family by not following their ways.

Rebecca: It's a very, very strict orthodoxy. She steps an inch out of line, she can expect to drop dead on the spot and burn for all eternity.

> To dishonor those she has devoted her life to.

Kari: She ate meat on Friday. Ritual suicide is the only option.

> The physical part will come in time.

> Origin/Background :

> Talia was born in Pripyat, Ukraine. Her mother and father were both scientists working at Chernobyl.

> When the reactor was not functioning correctly and started to fail and go into meltdown, Talia's parents

> took their child and tried to escape Chernobyl's wrath.

Rebecca: Given the timeline of the Chernobyl meltdown, her parents must have moved superhumanly fast in order to leave the reactor, travel back to Pripyat proper, get their daughter and then try to leave the town. They'd have had minutes at most to do all this.

Rick: Well... what if they had their kid with them at Chernobyl?

Rebecca: They had their five year old daughter with them at a Nuclear Reactor.

Rick: Yes.

Rebecca: At the small hours of the morning.

Rick: Um, yes.

Rebecca: Why?

Rick: Because... child care... origin story... look! A Multi-Function Polis!

> But when Reactor 4 exploded, Talia was hit by a massive dose of radiation.

Kari: Next thing you know she's breathing fire and destroying Tokyo.

Damien: Kids these days.

> Her cells mutated, allowing her to draw upon the shadows and the darkness of the surrounding world.

Rebecca: So if it was noon in the Sahara, would she have no powers?

> A year or so later, her family was found by the Sect of SauriRhua.

Damien: The made up god of made up stuff.

> The snake god that guided the hand of fate.

Rick: And here was me thinking that Manos was the Hand of Fate.

> Talia became a priestess as she grew older, her family protected by

> the Sect because of their knowledge of what happened at Chernobyl.

Damien: Because Reactor meltdowns and snake gods... stuff?

Kari: Obviously.

Damien: I feel like we missed a few steps along the way there.

> Their knowledge of what the Russians did wrong haunting them.

Rick: In Soviet Russia, shadow watches you.

Kari: Hey Rebecca? Is it okay if I beat him to death for that?

Rebecca: Go for it. I do it all the time, and he never seems to learn a thing though.

> -----

> Hero Name: Silver Star / Silver Storm

Rick: She was originally called Silver Star in the Golden Age, but the character fell into the Public Domain. Dynamite tried to add her to their roster of revived golden age characters, only to find that the 'Silver Star' name had been taken in the interim, hence they changed her name to Silver Storm.

> Real Name: Celeste Star

Kari: You'd think this would be the Maiden America's real name.

Damien: That would imply some sense and reason.

Kari: Can't have that.

> Race: Cirrillium

Rebecca: Whee. Another stupid made up alien race that no doubt is identical to humans.

Rick: I imagine that despite being aliens, they still have human hormones.

Rebecca: Measurable Estrogen levels?

Rick: You got it.

> Place of Birth: Argolis City, Cirrillium

Kari: Oh yeah, Argolis City. I bet they never even finished high school, you know those Argolis City girls.

Damien: They probably spend all day hanging out at the local recycling plant doing nothing but smoking cigars and drinking herbal tea.

Kari: They blow all their welfare money on birdseed and ugg boots, those Argolis City girls.



Damien: And then next thing you know, they're in their thirties and the only job they can get is as a deputy armour polisher at the local ren faire, but they have to work extra shifts selling bootleg corn dogs to make ends meet.

Kari: And they're all just like that, those Argolis City girls.

> Date of Birth: Unknown

Rick: Her mother abandoned her before she was born.

> Age: 125+

Kari: She gets defensive about her age. She claims she's been thirty nine "seventy-six times."

> Height: 5' 10"

> Nemesis: Lillith

Rick: She was all set for the final showdown with her arch-nemesis, only to find that Tom Dyron had already blown them up.

> Powers:

> Celeste has been infused with the Power Cosmic

Damien: Power Cosmic is a trademark of Marvel Comics and used here without notice.

Kari: Do you think Galactus would sue over use of the term?

Damien: He'd go with the Henry VI plan. First thing he does is eat all the lawyers.

> giving her the ability to control atomic and molecular

> bonds and allowing her to rearrange them at her whim.

Rick: She has the power to turn off-brand coffee into more expensive premium coffee.

Rebecca: We can but hope she only uses this great gift for good.

> This power, however, is voluntarily subdued by Celeste to prevent her from growing hungry.

Kari: Last time she used her full power, she went on a three hour Ben and Jerry's binge in the aftermath.

Damien: I hear there are certain men who like that in a superheroine.

Kari: She's super-popular among the Federal Prisoner crowd.

> She only resorts to using 10% of her power to perform the following power stunts:

Rick: Jumping over busses, jumping over pits of fire, jumping over the Grand Canyon and jumping over busses that are on fire at the bottom of the Grand Canyon.

> Cosmic blast, Cosmic storm, flight and minor healing. If one of her teammates

> becomes seriously injured,

Kari: Celeste's job is to stand around and look awkward while suggesting that somebody else should do something.

> Celeste would be willing to use her Power Cosmic to restore them to full health,

Damien: She complains that the other Angels treat her as some sort of over-glorified Healbot.

Kari: She specs shadow to try to get out of healing duties, but she's really bad at it.

Damien: All she does is use Mind Flay, draw agro and die.

[Pause]

Kari: Those jokes are, what, eight years old now? Nine?

Damien: We need some new healer material. Maybe one of us should try playing one.

Kari: And be an over-glorified Healbot all day? No thanks.

> even pulling them from the very brink of death if need be.

Rebecca: Her job is to pick their faces up off the floor when they fail epically.

Rick: That's when, not if, right?

Rebecca: I look at these bios and imagine that they tend to be easily beaten up by boy scouts.

> Celeste can also absorb the life force (or mana) of any creature.

Rick: She can tap all her opponent's lands.

> Weakness:

> The Power Cosmic affords Celeste invulnerability to any type and amount of damage making her truly  
> immortal. She does, however, feel pain and can be rendered unconscious from an excessive amount of  
> punishment.

Kari: So she can't be hurt, and yet she can be knocked out.

Damien: I suppose that makes sense in a backwards moon logic kind of way.

> When she grows too hungry the Silver Storm

Rick: Silver Storm needs food badly!

> takes over and she loses complete control,

Kari: She will lose complete control of tense.

> and will then use 100% of her power to feed.

Rick: HUNGRY? TALK FOR YOU!

> Origin/Background:

> Celeste was an Astro-psychicist

Kari: That's one of those weirdoes who claims they receive telepathic messages from space.

Damien: But they're also an alien.

Kari: Maybe they think they receive telepathic messages from Earth then.

Damien: Do they claim to be married to Professor Snape on the Astral Plane?

Kari: Only if it's alien Professor Snape.

> on the planet Cirrillium when she got the opportunity to go to her planets

> orbital space station to do research.

Rick: It was vital Batman-related research, concerning his ability to breathe in space.

> After spending several months there, the sensors on the station

> picked up a deep space anomaly. A wormhole opened up just outside of the planets gravitational field

Kari: And vomited out Matthew McConaughey.

Damien [Stoned]: All right, all right, all right. Peace out my Cosmic Astrophysicist Bro.

> and from it emerged a creature feared throughout the Galaxy

Rebecca: Clive Palmer?

Rick: He could easily be mistaken for a cosmic horror.

> who is called simply, 'The Devourer'.

Rick: Totally not Glactus. At all.

Rebecca: How about Unicron?

Rick: Totally not that either.

> Celeste and the rest of the crew of the station could only watch helplessly as the Devourer destroyed all  
> life on Cirrillium.

Kari: The Devourer has an eating problem. He refuses to admit it though.

Damien: He pigs out on worlds and then denies it. And even worse is the way he'll then chow down on a planet once everyone's gone to sleep, and pretends that nobody will notice.

Kari: His friends and family have tried to talk to him about it. Once or twice he's said he'll stop, but then goes straight back to it, gobbling up planets like there's no tomorrow.

> Knowing there was no hope for themselves, the rest of the crew committed ritual suicide

Rebecca: They killed themselves out of despair but in a very formal way.

> but not Celeste. She loaded the escape shuttle with as many explosives and combustible

> materials as it would hold and piloted the craft directly towards the creature.

Rick: Transformers the movie? No, never heard of it.

> The Devourer watched as she plunged her shuttle into him

Kari: I wonder what Freud would say.

Damien: Probably something to the effect of 'help, I'm trapped on a space shuttle piloted by a suicidal madwoman.'

Kari: Not what I was going with, but also works.

> to no avail but rather than move on the

> Devourer seemed curious of her futile attempt at harming him.

Rebecca: The Devourer was so jaded he'd try anything for a laugh.

Rick: You consume one planet teeming with untold billions of individuals, you've consumed them all.

> At the exact moment of her death, he

> plucked her from the shuttle and reformed her in front of him.

Kari: He posted her to a church door, outlining his beliefs in her flaws as well as those of the Pope.

> He was curious of her decision

Rick: He would have personally chosen the fish course over suicide.

Rebecca: It wasn't the best menu option, no.

> and why she would do such a thing

Kari: She replied to say 'for the laughs.'

> and commanded her to speak to him.

> Celeste said only that she saw no other option, then cursed him for a monster for killing her people

> which brought about a lengthy debate on the right of all living creatures to live and feed.

Rebecca: A debate of such depth of discussion, exploration of concept and far-reaching implication that had not been seen since the time somebody put a pair of parrots in the same cage and riled them up.

> He liked himself to any predator who feeds on the weak.

Damien: Her subsequent jokes about 'getting to the choppa' did not go down well.

> Celeste refused to accept his solution and cursed him again.

Kari: Her accusation that he was a 'big fat doody head' hurt him deeply.

> So to prove his point he granted Celeste a portion of his power,

Kari: Along with an extensive service and supply contract. She thought.

> along with the curse of needing to feed on living energies to survive.

Damien: And thus inspired a series of crappy paranormal romance novels that alternated between creepy attempts at romantic dialogue and generic 'woe is me, I am immortal' angst.

Kari: The last of which will be split into two movies.

> He then left her alone on her dead world.

Rick: Without even leaving her cab fare.

> Celeste, now possessed with the powers of flight and cosmic awareness, searched her home for any

> sign of life. She found none. Soon the hunger came upon her and she was so overwhelmed with the

> need to feed that the power cosmic manifested in her a separate ego. The desire to life sprang forth

> and the Silver Storm was born.

Rick: So in short, she's the Silver Surfer only without the surfboard.

Kari: And being played by a guy pretending to be a girl playing a girl.

Rick: And that too.

Kari: And not being silver. Maybe. Doesn't help that there's no actual description of any of these people.

Rebecca: Given the quality of the prose, would you want it?

Kari: This is also true.

> -----

> Hero Name :Tink

Kari: Short for twink, apparently.

> Real Name : Jamie Owen

Rick: Now appearing in her own celebrity chef series, and endorsing dubious products at your local supermarket.

> Race : Human

Rebecca: Not some strange alien that is yet anatomically a human female? I feel both relived and ripped off at the same time.

> Place of Birth : Detroit/Millennium City

Kari: Detroit, before it managed to become even worse.

Rick: What happened to it anyway?

Kari: In the Champions universe, a supervillain leveled half the city with an orbital death ray.

Rick: Modern day Detroit, that would be an improvement.

> Date of Birth : 1986

> Age : 26

> Height : around 5'

Damien: It turns out that you need to be more than so tall to ride on their super-jet or save the world.

Kari: Tink gets carded when she walks into a supervillain lair.

> Nemesis : D.O.R.A. V2

Rick [Mechanical]: EXPLORE! EXPLORE! EXTERMINATE!

> Powers : Tech and Guns

Rebecca: Sure, they're technically powers...

Kari: This means I have super-powers. Awesome.

Damien: So Rebecca, does your arm mean you have super-powers too?

Rebecca: Oh, my arm does a lot of stuff.

> Weakness : Seeing women tease, kisses

Rebecca: Not a girl being played by a man at all.

Kari: God no. Why would you say that?

> Origin/Background :

Damien: Well this all seems perfectly normal so far. Let's see how quickly it turns awful.

> Jamie was a typical male scientist

Kari: Six words.

Damien: I did call it.

> working with Juryrig on a new invention: a transmat interface.

Rick: I foresee an accident involving a common insect pest in his near future.

> With it, one could teleport without the need of a superpower.

Rebecca: Unless you counted owning a teleporter as being a superpower. Which it would, if guns and technology also do.

> All tests were a go when Juryrig had him step onto the pad to teleport to the Champions building.

Kari: What arrived at the other end was eventually determined to have once been human.

> However, the Qularr invasion caused a massive disruption

Damien: The beacons caused the teleporter to go crazy.

> as soon as the beam activated, shooting Jamie through the shield... and mixing his DNA with

> dead hero, a master of weapons. Upon getting over the shock he is now a she,

Kari: Gender transformation fetish. That's another one to check off.

Damien: Have you been playing Club Caprice Bingo all this time?

Kari: If I'm going to suffer through this crap, I might as well get something out of it.

> and holding onto her weapon,

Rick: Why she fought aliens with a vibrating flesh-coloured baton was a mystery to him.

> Jamie guessed "he" must take up what the dead heroine was to do... fight.

Kari: Fight on, Tink! Fight for everlasting peace!

> -----

> Hero Name : Ultra-Woman

Rick: She's the evil Supergirl Counterpart of Earth 3.

> Real Name : Brandi Calhoun

Rebecca: Name from the random cowgirl name generator.

> Race : Human, Caucasian

Kari: As near as I can tell, this SG is made up of only two groups; aliens and white chicks.

Damien: Don't forget Doctor Dragon Kung-Fu Cop Girl.

Kari: How could I? Those were the good old days.

> Place of Birth : Albany New York

Rick: That enigmatic chunk of landscape that is 'the bits of New York State that aren't New York City.'

> Date of Birth : 23, August 1987

> Age : 25

> Height : 5' 11"

> Nemesis: Ripped

Kari: Her arch-enemy is a particularly obnoxious bodybuilder who insists that everyone checks out his sweet abs.

Damien: He measures an opponent's worthiness by how many curls they can do.

Kari: Ripped's always heavily oiled, which allows him to easily escape if caught.

Damien: The only fighting move he knows is the clean and jerk.

Kari: Strangely enough, the rest of his gang consists of nothing but other muscular men in speedos.

> Powers : Brandi has a bracelet that allows her to summon a partial suit of armor

Rebecca: I suspect the phrase 'chainmail bikini' would fit it well.

> that has the ability to control force fields.

Rick: So the Rebel Alliance blew her up before they attacked the Death Star.

> She is able to use these to protect herself and others, trap others

Rick: But it's never able to trap Roadrunners or, for that matter, Wascally Wabbits.

> or send them in waves of force pummelling her enemies.

Rebecca: If you're into that sort of thing, sure

Kari: Hey, don't you judge.

> The bracelet also summons jet boots so she can fly.

Damien: Magic bracelet summons jet boots. Makes perfect sense to me.

Rick: I see nothing wrong with this at all.

> Weakness : Brandi needs to press a button on the bracelet to activate the armor

Damien: So the way to disable her powers is to chop off her hands. Got it.

> so if she cannot, she is as helpless as any ordinary human female.

Rebecca: You can't half tell that this was written by a man. Care to lay in the sexism any heavier there?

Kari: It's Champions Online. The only women who play are self-hating former City of Heroes subscribers.

Rebecca: Why are they self-hating?

Kari: Because CO is their only option.

> Origin/Background :

Rick: Brandi Calhoun was bitten by a radioactive Tokusatsu hero, and thus became Ultra-Woman.

> Brandi was an Army brat and her and her family traveled all over the world, where ever they sent

> Colonel Calhoun, the family went.

Damien: When he was assigned to an eighteen month stint in Antarctica, they went with him too.

> Brandi quickly learned to adapt to her ever changing social

> situations by becoming an excellent Volleyball player.

Rebecca: Yes, I can see how this works.

Kari: Oh yeah. Obvious.

Rebecca: Completely.

> This enabled her to join any team in any school she ended up attending.

Rick: The debate team, the chess team, the synchronized swimming team... any team.

> She was never shy about making friends where ever she want.

Damien: She would eagerly talk about all the different places she'd been and all the diseases she caught while there.

> During Brandi's junior year of high school, she returned to New York where she

> would help bring her high school to the State finals in Volleyball.

Rebecca: I assume this is all vital to the story of how she gained superpowers.

Kari: Clearly. I have no doubt that high school volleyball is instrumental to her crime fighting career.

> After winning she was discovered by a Ford Modelling agent who quickly recruited her.

Damien: There you go. Her volleyball skills have allowed her to join any team.

Rick: Imagine if a recruiter from NASA had been there that day.

> She began doing catalogue work modelling teen fashion.

Kari: This is riveting. I'm on the edge of my seat here.

> By the time Brandi had graduated she had saved enough

> money to pay for her first two years of college.

Rebecca: Please, fic, don't hold back on us! I want to know exactly how she paid for it. Did she use her savings as a deposit for a student loan, or was it paid in one lump sum? Did she have to pay for it all, or did she gain some sort of scholarship for her family's background or her athletic prowess or what? We need to know these things!

> Deciding to stay in the New York area so she could continue her modelling career

Rick: This decision would haunt her when she was the victim of a localized Birdemic.

> while attending Collage at Syracuse University, Brandi developed and

> moved from fashion modelling to Bathing suits landing a lucrative contract with Ujenaswimware.

Damien: Ujena swimwear, for all your gender-bending, sword-waving, high school with weird lesbian overtones needs.

> While her career was brief, it paid her way through 4 years of college where she graduated with a

> degree in Business Administration.

Rebecca: The biggest downside of her career was the number of times she caught the creepy Asian student in her tutor groups googling pictures of her in class.

Kari: It was when he approached her with a Miku wig that she really began to worry.



> Brandi then went on to real estate school in the hopes of becoming a realtor.

Damien: Please don't stop, fic! I wish to hear every last detail of her amazing career in real estate too.

Kari: I can't wait to know how she closed the deal on the Johnson house.

Damien: Or her epic struggle with selling a home in an unsellable street.

Kari: Or how she manages to consistently sell above list price in a depressed market.

Damien: This is the sort of dramatic storytelling that the superhero genre thrives on.

> During a weekend, her and two of her closest friends went hiking up in the mountains where

Rick: -a chance encounter with Bigfoot gave her super-powers.

Damien: You're reaching there.

Rick: It could happen!

> they witnessed the crash of a space ship.

Rebecca: Power Rings or Nega Bands were obviously the next logical step.

Rick: My idea was better.

> Upon investigation they found the burned remains of a woman.

Damien: Nice job contaminating the forensics, girls.

> The only things on her that were not burned were three items. A headband, a Belt and the

> Bracelet.

> Taking the items,

Kari: They didn't even wait until the body was cold.

Damien: I bet they told themselves it's what the mysterious space woman would have wanted.

Kari: If I was the mysterious space woman, I'd want not to have burned to death.

> the girls fled and after weeks of arguing over what to do with them,

Damien: I foresee the word 'tontine' in her future.

> each of them took one and parted ways.

Rick: They never spoke again after that. Not because of the incident with the dead alien, but because Brandi spent the whole night farting inside the pup-tent.

> More than a year later, Brandi was looking through her stuff for an accessory

> to a halloween costume, when she rediscovered the bracelet. Putting it on she went to the party.

Rebecca: Obviously. I mean, if I'd recovered an artifact from the body of a dead alien, I'd naturally stash it until the moment I needed some costume jewelry.

Kari: To be fair, she was probably too busy with her career as a volleyball-playing bikini model realtor to have time to do anything about it.

> Upon leaving the party late at night she was witness to a crime in progress.

All: Mugger!

Rick: He's here to drive the plot when nothing else will.

> As if driven by some force, Brandi activated the bracelet and became Ultra-Woman.

Rebecca: It's almost like this is an origin story or something.

> She quickly foiled the crime and since then

> has established herself as one of the most powerful of Earth's heroes.

Kari: Not included here are such awesome Angels of Fury characters as "Catgirl who heals people by licking them," "Soldier exposed to eldritch energy and turned into an a cappella band," "perfect space alien who everyone instantly loves because she is perfect," "Fury's underage sister who has the same make everyone horny powers," "warrior princess compelled to get pregnant with anyone who defeats her," "drunken foxgirl who asks total strangers to give her wedgies," "Genderbender Doctor Who," and "porn star with the power to get people high."

Damien: Angels of Fury action figures now available at Millennium City Walmart.

The big screen turned off, converting the world back into script format. "You have been insulted by the illogical sequence of characters that was the Angels of Fury," Damien added as the last pixels faded to black.

"A collection of entities guaranteed to contain something that's offensive to someone somewhere," Kari added.

"I feel insulted already," Rebecca nodded. "And the fact that there are people who wrote some of these for their enjoyment is more so."

"Me, I like a good superhero story," Rick added. "Which means that I didn't like this at all."

"There was nothing 'good' about this," Damien agreed. "Just lots of fake tragedy, contrived backgrounds, try-hard edginess and inappropriate use of capital letters."

"I will say that a lot of the characters were original," Rebecca considered. "But that's just me fishing for something nice. Just because they're original doesn't mean they're actually any good."

"Well then," Voice two spoke up. "You say that they weren't any good. Actually, you said a number of things, but I'd be interested in hearing your actual thoughts on the matter."

"Let's start with the elephant in the room," Rebecca began, her tone clearly seething. "There's an on-going theme here in these bios, and it's a very unpleasant one. We have two of them that depict childhood sexual abuse and sexual slavery, and a third instance of a pack rape being a character defining moment. Probably the worst example of this came with Lady Lightning, where there's a massive backstory about a slave ring and the like all in a remote rural location which actually makes no sense at all, but is so all-encompassing that her backstory doesn't actually include the part where she gains superpowers."

"Now this is something that's depressingly common in internet RP, and often done with little regard for the emotional impact that it might actually have on the character. However, just because it's common doesn't make it any good. It's exploitative, often done for the sake of cheap tragedy and attention whoring and in many ways is degrading to actual abuse victims. Plus it adds an almost creepy 'woman hating' air to the whole thing."

"Millennium Crusader is another bad example for throwing in the 'mother was brutally raped' bit into what little backstory she had. It could have worked just as well without that as the standard Batman-esque 'dead parents' thing without needing it. As it stands, it's an unneeded detail that adds nothing other than a skeezy air of fake tragedy and a lot of discomfort. All up, there seems to be a 'victim fetish' running

through the series, with characters who have been victimised by some outside force from mobsters to cosmic horrors."

"Funny you should say that, because as a whole MilCrud came off as being rather Batmanesque otherwise," Rick commented. "But that aside, I wanted to take a look at the origin stories as a whole. Yes, it's a big part of the Superhero Genre and yes, they can often be silly. But in the case of the Angels, the origin stories were often needlessly contrived and, well, just plain stupid."

"I think the best example of this would be Cosmo," he explained. "Her origin story is this series of nonsensical events that are contrived to give her a rather generic set of superpowers; flight, super strength and whatnot. However, this is achieved by this crazy 'married to Carol Danvers on the Astral Plane' thing which is pushing the boundaries for nonsense superhero origins. Not only is it needlessly contrived, but there are far easier ways to achieve the same ends without that rather forced origin or involving a published Comic book character."

"What if the writer has a thing for Carol Danvers?" Damien asked.

"And they keep a collection of rather disturbing fanart of her?" Kari added.

"Which probably includes more than a little 'sad Carol in the snow' stuff"

"It's a pretty good summary of what Carol did in the eighties."

"That's also a possibility," Rick agreed. "But on top of that you have the origin stories where the actual power origins are almost afterthoughts, and instead the bio goes on forever about their career in real estate or their hatred of archeology or whatever else. In each case, the bio could have been a lot shorter and gotten straight to the point without writing down a pile of stuff that odds are they player will never need." Rick nodded, and then added, "Well, unless they feel a need to recount their origin at all times."

"It's a good way to fill dead air," Kari noted. "If your IC meeting has gone silent and you can't think of an excuse to kick off the lesbian orgy quite yet, then talk about your fascinating career digging up arrowheads in Arizona."

"So that aside, what did you take away from all this?" Rebecca asked.

"Well the big thing that struck me about all these character biographies was how little character there was in them," Kari explained. "The bios include their origin stories and a list of their powers, and that's fine. What it doesn't have is anything about the characters' appearances or personalities or what they're like as people, beyond a few simple implications from everything else. These are less people as they are a collection of powers and some weak excuse as to where said powers come from."

"However, there's no actual life to them. They don't have any character, any personality, any real definition beyond that. They're not even caricatures, really, as that implies some sort of basic concept of a character. They're just checklists of powers and some obligatory trauma that gives them a semblance of life and very little else."

"The worst part of it is that this is a formatting flaw that runs throughout the bios. The basic template presumably doesn't have any option for putting in a description or personality, which are things that are normally givens in this sort of environment, and as such their absence is a grievous oversight. That or there's options to put them in that nobody actually followed through."

"Finally, I think there's something else we need to look at," Damien spoke up, "Which is the consistency and the fact that there is none. Now I know there's a few caveats here; this is a multi-author project and probably put together over many months, but at the same time, even when you allow for that, there's no

real consistency between the different entries, something that manages to make what was already an unreadable mess into, well, something even worse.”

“Wooo, very concise there,” Kari drawled.

“Literary critique is not my strong point,” he admitted before continuing. “This inconsistency takes a number of different forms. The first is the statistical part of the biographies, which causes plenty of headaches in and of itself. ‘Race’, for example, is used to describe the characters racial background or species or even in one case gender almost interchangeably. Likewise, the height varies between metric and imperial systems and uses all sorts of oddball notation. It seems small, but it actually detracts considerably.

“What’s the real killer however is the actual biographical sections. Those really have no consistency of style or content. They range from two sentences of simple test to lengthy and rambling messes full of unnecessary and sometimes unwanted information that seem to be wasting time. They’re also rather dissimilar in tone as well, ranging from the borderline farcical ones such as Doctor Dragon Kung Fu Cop Girl to the out and out offensive like Lady Lightning.

“The same goes for the power descriptions, which again are inconsistent in length, content and tone and range from over-description to excessive vagueness, often giving no real indication as to what a character can do. Plus you get strange things like the use of random punctuation or parenthesis and the like, which only serves to further detract from what passes for readability. All up, this collection needed a good editor to enforce style, which clearly was never going to happen.”

“All RPerS have protection from editors,” Rebecca commented. “Because criticism is bad”

“And that’s because all RP is good RP.” Kari nodded.

“You’re joking, right?” Rick asked, almost pleading-sounding.

“I am afraid not,” Rebecca admitted. “Those two rules are the basis for most role-playing communities.”

“Wow,” Rick whistled. “It’s no wonder that crap like this exists then.”

“No wonder indeed,” Voice 2.0 finished. “Thank you all for that. It has been a delight to watch you read the fic and see your reactions to it.”

“Told you she was a jerk,” Rick nodded.

“Not going to argue,” Damien agreed.

“So that’s it then, V Two?” Rebecca asked. “Because if it isn’t, I will find some way to hurt you.”

“I highly doubt that,” The Voice said dismissively.

“Hey, we have two basdarse bounty hunters here,” Rick offered. “You two could take down anything right?”

“Oh definitely,” Kari nodded. “And after this, I’d be happy to hunt her to the ends of all space and time.”

“I don’t think we’ve ever taken a bounty on a disembodied voice,” Damien noted.

“We once took a bounty on an obnoxious DJ,” Kari offered. “Is that close enough?”

"Let me say now that I relish the challenge," Voice Two finished. "It would be a most interesting process for me to observe, to say the least."

"I think she just dissed us."

"She totally dissed us."

"Until then, however, I must be off," Voice 2.0 continued, "Don't worry, I will be back. I have all manner of... interesting finds to share with you all. Until then"

"You're a real charmer, V Two," Rebecca finished

"She always like this?" Damien asked.

"Well, she's only ever sent us a couple of fics," Rick admitted. "But yes, she's always a jerk about it."

Damien shrugged. "And yet, she's still not the worst employer we've ever had."

"Remember that snot-nosed punk who hired us to track down the guy who had been grieving him in PvP deathmatches?" Kari asked. "Now there was a sense of entitlement."

"I think he was crushed when he learned he was being corpse camped, teabagged, frapsed and being turned into an internet laughing stock by his baby sister," Damien agreed.

"Never a dull moment," Kari added as she stood. "Me, however, I'm out of here. I'm off to find a place with cheap beer and lots of dubious meat products to drown my sorrows in."

"Dubious meat products are my favorite type," Damien agreed. "Rick, Rebecca, it has been a pleasure meeting you. I'd say it was a pleasure working with you, but..."

"No offence taken at all," Rebecca nodded as she stood. "And for what it's worth, this has been an interesting experience all around. I've learned some things, and Rick has stolen even more, so I'd say that it's been beneficial, even if not entirely enjoyable."

"I'll send you a copy of my comic when it comes out," Rick nodded. "Assuming the editors don't re-tool it to death along the way."

"Hey, if you got something out of us, that's cool," Kari smiled. "I'd hate to think this was a total waste."

"Probably more then you got from the actual fic itself," Damien noted. "I'll be glad if I never read another RP bio again."

"So there was nothing that you'd steal from this, Rick?" Rebecca asked. "Because usually you're a lean, mean, plagiarising machine."

"It's 'homaging,' and no," he explained. "Even I have standards of crap."

"Not even Kung-Fu Wizard?" Kari asked.

"Well..."

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Author's notes:

By now you've probably figured why this is a Voice Two fic. To be honest, parts of this were hard to do, and it was very hard not to get angry. I think I kept it mostly under control. Mostly.

Working with KayEmm has been a real blast. I have missed the opportunity to do co-MSTings, and this bought back a lot of good memories. It also helps massively that they know a lot more about the current state of Champions Online and its community. From what I've gathered, it's one I'm glad not to be a part of.

We've vaguely talked about working together again in future. I really do look forward to it.

KayEmm's notes:

Confessional time. I'd actually started on my own MSTing of Angels of Fury, using my own superhero OCs. It was... crap. I offered it to Rick, and was spazzing with glee when he agreed to this co-MSTing project. And no, there's nothing left of my draft in this one. It was that bad.

However, working with Rick was fantastic. He was a huge help in teaching me the ropes, working the style and making my dumb jokes actually be funny. I've had a lot of fun with this, and I'm going to see if I can actually make it work on my own. Probably not, but worth a shot.

Or I may yet return for another megacrossover event. You never know.

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Angels of Fury created by @HotLisa/@robertdiar. All Angels of Fury characters written by their respective original creators

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](mailto:elmerstudios00@gmail.com) and register your Jeff.

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> So Laurayne Volunteered To Venture Out Of The Village To Find Materials And Funds To Send Back  
> To Her Village To Aid In The Repairs.

