BULLETSTORM

V1.0 by Songless

Welcome, jumper, to a galaxy filled with wonder, excitement, and beauty of so many kinds. Also welcome, jumper, to a galaxy that's seemingly filled with an endless amount of assholes wanting to kill you for fun, profit, or their next meal. Take a guess which part you end up in, huh?

The Confederacy is the dominant political power in the 'civilized' regions of space, a vast and corrupt autocracy with more skeletons in the closet than your nearest graveyard planet. While most of the Confederacy's forces are your regular generic mooks in generic armor, they do employ more skilled and well-equipped teams, especially for the dirtier work and operations sanctioned directly by the higher-ups.

Several years ago, the Dead Echo special operations team was betrayed by their commander, general Sarrano, after they learned that the recent string of operations they had completed was in fact not targeting drug lords, extortionists and other scum of the earth, but innocent people who had somehow crossed Sarrano. Finding the evidence of their own misguided crimes, Dead Echo confronted Sarrano about what they'd done.

Some profanity may have been involved.

Unsurprisingly, they were made persona non grata, and they have spent the time since in the lawless wastes on the outskirts of civilization, confident in the knowledge that their bounty increases with every passing month.

Today, however, a lucky (or not so lucky) chain of events involving a (now dead) bounty hunter, a few bottles of booze and a suicidal attack on general Sarrano's flagship, Dead Echo found itself stranded on the lush, tropical planet of Stygia. Of course, Stygia is also a shithole filled with mutated monsters, cannibals, and the remnants of the general's forces, so it's not like things have improved much. Grayson Hunt is not having a good day, even before you add in the botched life-saving surgery that is now threatening to drive his last living friend, Ishi Sato, violently insane.

You arrive right in the middle of this mess, free to shoot and curse and be as fucking awesome as you can be, either by joining Grayson and Ishi on their merry quest for revenge against Sarrano, or perhaps finding your fortune elsewhere in this rather shitty galaxy. Whatever you decide to do, expect to do a lot of shooting.

Don't worry, most of them have it coming.

You start with **1000CP**.

Backgrounds:

Your gender and age are largely irrelevant regardless of your chosen background, and may be chosen freely to anything that sounds reasonable given that you're starting on a toxic, mutated shithole of a paradise planet. It's not like the women are any less capable of shooting people in the dick around here, or any less enthusiastic about doing so.
All backgrounds are free.

- Drop-In

You wake up in the world of Bulletstorm without a history or any extra memories, instead sporting one hell of a hangover and a big bruise on your head from where you hit the ceiling of your drop pod. Kicking open the hatch, you are greeted by the smell of the sea, softly waving palm trees, and a cannibal psycho trying to stab your face off.
...what kind of shithole is this place, anyway?

- Dead Echo

The renegade group of mercenaries known as Dead Echo originally had four members that ended up on Stygia. Now, you're a fifth. You're hard-boiled, no-nonsense, and you're wanted in every part of polite society for crimes you (mostly) didn't commit. You wake up after crash landing on Stygia with Grayson and the rest of Dead Echo, roaring drunk but accurate enough to shoot at whatever pisses you off the most. It would probably be a good idea to get off of this shithole of a planet, or at least find some more hooch to make things bearable.

- Confederate

You are a part of Final Echo, the elite covert operations unit of the Confederacy. You represent the best and brightest in the force, and your victory is assured regardless of the fact that some dicknozzling gang of criminal renegades rammed the Hyperion out of the sky – with you still in it. You begin the jump crash-landing in your drop pod, mind steeled for the challenges ahead. You're mercilessly sober, but you already know this shithole of a planet could drive anyone to drink.

- Native

You're one of the locals, proudly claiming part of the planet for you and your friends and happily shooting anyone that disagrees (and some who agree). Your face is hideous, your diet consists of various flavors of 'that other guy', and the beauty of the scenery is a nice contrast to the emptiness of your existence. Not that you care, though, you spotted some drop pods coming down from the skies above and you're determined to defend your gang territory (and get your dinner). Stygia may be a shithole, but it's your shithole, damn it!

Location:

Roll 1d8 for your starting location. On a roll of 1-7, you arrive at the starting location described for your background. On a roll of 8, you get to choose freely of any location on Stygia, as long as it's your starting location.
You can always go elsewhere and fuck up other planets, but Bulletstorm is about Stygia, so that's where you end up.

Perks:

- I will kill your dicks! (100CP, free for Drop-In)

It's important to blend in in the worlds you visit, and the setting of Bulletstorm is no different. Every world has it's own requirements. Some might require new languages, some might need you to speak with proper refinement and politeness, and Bulletstorm... well, you are now capable of effortlessly replacing over 60% of your vocabulary with random profanity. Boundless creativity is truly yours... so long as it involves dicks, biological processes, endless streams of sexual innuendo and so on.

- HUD (200CP, discount for Drop-In)

Maybe it's cybernetics, maybe it's a visor, maybe it's fucking voodoo magic, but whatever the source you've got a visible display with a whole bunch of useful and/or interesting combat information. Which guns you've got available, ammo stores, and so on. However, this personalized HUD gets you quite a bit more than the crappy version you might get if you simply wear a Leash. Not only is it completely customizable as you like, you'll also be able to see approximations of your enemies' injuries like 'health bars' of sorts, and you can effortlessly expand your display with other forms of information such as tracking enemies behind walls if you've got a nearby ally with eyes on them, X-ray vision by integrating the data from that scope on your gun (without having to actually look through it anymore), and whatever else you come up with. Basically, if it involves seeing shit, you can probably install it in this thingie somehow and it just… works. Don't ask.
Comes free with the awesome superpower to turn any of the current features on and off (or delete them), a state-of-the-art popup blocker that's guaranteed to kick out any spam when you inevitably wire it up to the wrong porn site, and a three-month warranty that's valid absolutely nowhere ever.

- Promotions ahoy! (400CP, discount for Drop-In)

Life's cheap, but bullets ain't. Well, they are, but even so you might want something to pay the bills. Fortunately, this Bulletstorm. Anyone who can hold a gun and keep the shooty bit away from their own face can probably find a job *somewhere*. You've got a sixth sense for making a profit of your skills, especially when it's in careers such as... professional cleaner, fish feeder, problem solver or retirement facilitator. If it involves a euphemism for shooting people, you can get work in it. Whether you decide to become a gun-for-hire or seek more permanent

employment in organisations such as Final Echo is up to you, just remember: meet the boss before you sign up. There's only one Sarrano, but even perpetual self-employment is better than working for that dick.

- How does this shit work, anyway? (600CP, discount for Drop-In)

The Bulletstorm universe has some pretty spectacular technology in it. Well, spectacular in that a lot of it involves explosions, at least. You find yourself with a sudden, inexplicable understanding of Bulletstorm's bizarre technologies, allowing you to do things like improving more boring weapons by adding Charge shot abilities, performing horribly unsafe AI surgeries, and upgrading all sorts of random tech with a blatant disregard for safety and/or sanity. Making exploding hot-dog carts has never been this easy, though you'll likely still have to do some trial-and-error or find examples before you're building the bigger stuff, like spaceships or that DNA bomb you keep hearing about.

- Speaking of dick-killing parties... (100CP, free for Dead Echo)

Spending years on the run may or may not have made you pretty jaded, but it's definitely honed your situational awareness to a form of art. You'll be able to pick out important details even at a glance, from piles of skulls that indicate you're heading into Creep territory to a bunch of dicks coming at you with murder in their eyes. See it, shoot it, survive it, that's the way this job works.

- Fly, my pretties! (200CP, discount for Dead Echo)

Things can get a bit chaotic in close-quarters combat, but you revel in it. You're really good at fighting in locations with limited movement options, and you know exactly when a punch or kick might do more damage than shooting people… like, say, kicking them over a railing when you're five hundred feet in the air. You're also supremely gifted at using any other skills you have for kicking ass (figuratively or literally), as long as it involves getting up close and personal.

- Better than ever! (400CP, discount for Dead Echo)

You're the million dollar man! Well, okay, more like the twenty kay dollar man, but we're working on a budget here. Wanted criminals and all that, ring a bell? Regardless, you're a brand-new cyborg with all that entails. You can choose your appearance within reason, from having everything be safely under your skin and looking mostly normal, to being more machine than man with armor plating instead of a face, a paint job to instill terror in the unwashed masses, and a dick with high-power LED lights and built-in vibration settings.

Whatever your design (or lack thereof), the results are the same either way: your strength is increased to the point you can now lift cars one-handed, you're bulletproof against all but some seriously high caliber stuff, and your new spiffy body can, if you choose, include whatever items you bought in the 'Items' section as built in variants. So long as you can do so in a way that (sort of) makes sense, anyway, but given the setting you can probably get away with some pretty weird shit. Put those Grav Boots in your hands if you like punching instead of kicking, put that Screamer in your head so looks really can kill, and buy the Hooch and Dropkit so you can literally piss booze and shit bullets.

- Oops... (600CP, discount for Dead Echo)

It could be practice, it could be talent, it could be a Gypsy curse gone horribly right, but much like Grayson you've got a downright *apocalyptic* ability for causing collateral damage. A Leash pull here, a kick there, and things just… break. Everywhere. Don't be surprised if a good portion of your kills are caused by crushing targets under collapsing ceilings, incinerating them by causing the machine they're on to violently explode, or bowling people over with all sorts of landscape pieces that simply *won't stay put.* Demolishing an entire building with a chain of disasters set off by one kick might still be a rare occurrence for you, but anyone who knows you won't be surprised it happens.

- Hold it together (100CP, free for Confederate)

Discipline is the mark of a great soldier, and you've got it in spades. You have to, really, to survive in Final Echo for more than five minutes without wanting to shoot that fucking boss of yours in the face. Repeatedly. You're really damn good at not responding to taunts, insults and the godawful jokes everyone keeps sending at you and staying calm in the face of all the fucking idiocy around you. Ensuring some peace and quiet with copious amounts of gunfire is still pretty cathartic, but you won't have to worry about losing your temper... much.

- Inspired (200CP, discount for Confederate)

In a military outfit where getting resupplied depends on just how awesome, badass or plain weird your kills are, creative murder is a required skill. You've not only met the higher-ups' (fucking idiotic) expectations, but you regularly surpass them. Coming up with a way to kill twenty assholes with only a dozen bullets is pretty simple for you, even if it won't be pretty. Actually, scrap that, it'll probably be fucking awful for everyone involved, but sometimes you just really got to ruin some prick's day.
Note: this doesn't actually make you any better at fighting, so while you can easily come up with ideas for all sorts of modern art pieces built out of the corpses of your enemies, you'll still need the strength, skill or luck necessary to make your vision a reality. Don't worry, though. You'll get plenty of practice.

- Watch each other's asses (400CP, discount for Confederate)

Your boss is a juvenile asshat, your coworkers are fucking retards, and everyone considers you so expendable they would happily trade your life for a half-full bottle of booze. You can't exactly call them 'teamwork skills' as such, but it's still pretty important to understand how useful, important, and trustworthy people are if you're fighting beside them or under their command. Having to work alongside a fucking merc won't be fun at all, but you're confident you'll know exactly how far you can go before they try to kill you. And with that knowledge also comes the insight to know when you can finally give them a bullet up their dick without fucking yourself over at the same time.

- The Soft Touch (600CP, discount for Confederate)

Sometimes it's the simple things. Let others have their tricks, their gadgets, their talents for fucking things up in ways both bizarre and entertaining. You, you kill things. And you're really,

really good at it. Your hands never shake, your nerves are made of reinforced steel, and your combat skills are awe- and fear-inspiring, with an accuracy and reflexes that will see you pull headshots on targets with barely an eye out of cover. It's not fancy, it's not special, but while everyone else is dicking around you'll be leaving a trail of bodies without so much as breaking a sweat.

- Humanitarian (100CP, free for Native)

As in 'you eat people'. What? No, this doesn't give you any super-cannibal powers or some such shit, you idiot. Rather, considering you might end up doing some pretty messed up things out there it'll be useful to be able to stomach them, both metaphorically and literally (since you eat people). Anytime necessity forces you to resort to actions that would normally disgust you, you can choose to shut off your revulsion and simply get it over with. It doesn't automatically activate, so it won't make you (more of) a psychopath, but it does work on looking in the mirror and having to live with that assboil of a face you're probably sporting.

- Turf War (200CP, discount for Native)

There was already no shortage of dicks coming to take your little slice of heaven, but then these off-worlders had to show up and fuck Stygia up even worse. No worries though, you've got something to show them… ever heard of home-field advantage? You got it, all right. You've got a sixth sense for setting up ambushes, taking advantage of surprise attacks and otherwise making life miserable (and short, and violent) for any target you've got a bit of time to prepare for.

- Ha-ha! (400CP, discount for Native)

Death comes easy and often on Stygia, so it takes a special kind of dick to survive as easily as you do. Self-preservation is the name of the game, and you're *good* at it. Reflexes, dodging, if there's a way to get out of danger with some quick footwork and maybe a bit of cowardice you've got it. Some asshole tries to kick you into a pit or exposed wiring? You'll be out of the way before their foot has made it halfway. Snipers? You've got a sixth sense for knowing when some shithead's got you in his crosshairs, and even those fancy steerable bullets won't do them much good. All else fails, just knock someone else in the line of fire while you escape. You're the kind of slippery bastard that makes slippery bastards everywhere green with envy.

- BULLETSTORM! (600CP, discount for Native)

You like shooting things. Like, you *really* like shooting things. If you could just shoot things forever and ever, you'd be the happiest little dick that ever dicked. And now, you can! Any guns you use never seem to run out of ammunition. Belt-fed miniguns just keep pulling an endless stream of bullets out of your ammo backpack, you can reach into your pocket and always find another clip or magazine for that rifle you're toting, and you could pull sniper rounds out from behind your ear like the most psychotic stage magician in the universe. It doesn't work on one-of-a-kind munitions, just the 'normal' kind of stuff you'd use for your guns, but you can always go for quantity over quality. Just means you get to shoot even more!

Items

All items purchased in this section automatically re-appear in the Warehouse if lost or destroyed. Guns come with an automatically replenishing ammo supply that refills to the maximum in one day, begin fully upgraded and are twice as powerful as the in-game variants.

- Item Import (Increases purchase cost by 50CP)

For a small fee, you can import items you already possess into the stuff on offer here as long as it's a similar kind of item, and the result will have the best properties of each. Merge the Flailgun with that grenade launcher you really like, the Anti-Grav Boots with your comfy pair of slippers, or the Hekaton Eggs with that spare dragon egg you had lying around to make a fifty story tall abomination of science that breathes fire or something. Keep it reasonable, but have fun.

- Leash (free for all)

The Leash is an advanced battlefield control system directly linked into the user's nervous system. It's also highly illegal, but since when has that stopped anyone? The Leash itself acts as a small cybernetic patch or gauntlet on the user's hand, and allows them to fling a whip of pure energy at targets. The whip can be used to pull targets while applying an anti-gravity effect, release a massive shockwave to knock people into the air as a Charge shot, and probably a whole bunch of other things if you care to practice with it for a while. It will also provide you with a (somewhat crappy and judgemental) heads-up display courtesy of that neural connection we mentioned, and it can interface with Dropkits to replenish your ammo or upgrade your Bulletstorm weapons… if you've earned it through being creative with your kills. Yes, this thing grades you on how 'cool' you are, and that's the currency you use to get more shit in this place.

- Dropkit (100CP)

You've got a Dropkit of your own, installed in your Warehouse or just for lugging around on your back like the tool you are. Unlike the ones found on Stygia, this particular model will function without the need for a Leash, so you can just... you know, use voice control or plug in a computer screen if you don't feel like wiring a judgemental pseudo-AI weapon into your brain all the time. More amazingly, any ammo you show it can be replicated without limit, from your regular shooty things to bullshit like sci-fi batteries for your laser gun or magic anti-vampire bullets filled with the Pope's own blessed piss. Just keep in mind: the stronger the bullets (or whatever you buy), the more they will cost, and the Dropkit *does* use that whole 'creative murder for points' deal we mentioned in the Leash description. So get to killing, and make it look good.

- Peacemaker Carbine (50CP, one free for all)

This rifle is the mainstay of military forces, mercenaries and all manner of other fighters. Fairly powerful and accurate, it's a balanced weapon with few weaknesses. The charge mode causes the gun to instantly fire a hundred bullets in one clump at once, ripping through all targets in its path. Comparatively boring, but still pretty useful.

- Screamer (50CP)

This powerful revolver packs enough of a punch to take a man's head clean off, and is accurate enough a skilled user can pop heads all day long without wasting any bullets. The charge mode fires a rocket-propelled flare that blinds targets it hits before exploding into a wave of fire and igniting all nearby foes. Not suitable for lighting barbeques, but very good for detonating explosive sausage stands.

- Flailgun (100CP)

This bizarre gun fires a pair of remotely triggered grenades linked by a heavy steel chain. The grenades wrap themselves around the site of impact, allowing skilled users to hit targets behind cover or ensnare unlucky victims in the deadliest straight-jacket ever. The user can activate the grenades whenever they wish, bringing the chaos to an explosive end. The charge mode further increases the killing power of the weapon by super-heating the chain, causing it to slice apart anyone caught in its path before detonating on impact with a solid surface. Boom!

- Boneduster (100CP, discount for Native)

This four-barreled shotgun packs enough power to rip people in half on a direct hit, and even targets at longer ranges will still be sent flying by the impact. The charge mode instead fires a devastating shockwave that ripples through everything in its path, vaporizing flesh and bone even on targets behind cover.

- Head Hunter (100CP, discount for Drop-In)

This heavily modified sniper rifle fires radio-controlled, fin-stabilized guidance bullets, allowing users to curve bullets around corners or into weak spots on their target if their reflexes are good enough. The charge mode adds a high-explosive charge to the fired round, allowing a skilled sniper to eliminate an entire group of foes with one well placed shot. The charge can be detonated before impact, too, if blowing a dick up from the inside isn't your thing for whatever reason.

- Bouncer (150CP)

This massive cannon fires reinforced demolition charges, giving users the ability to launch explosive cannonballs that continually bounce against floors, walls, and enemies until the user activates the charge to wipe out any survivors. The charge mode fires a fusion destabilized core that can not only bounce like the regular explosives, but that will also detonate on impact *without* destroying the round. Yes, this means launching even a single charged Bouncer can result in dozens of explosions that tear a path through anything caught in the area of effect. Earplugs not included.

- Penetrator (150CP)

Originally designed for mining, this heavy duty power tool launches self-powered drill shafts with enough force to impale multiple targets and punch through heavy armor. The charge mode enables the user to fire a more advanced superheated drill, which can be guided from target to

target with astounding maneuverability. The charge mode also allows the unfired drill to be used as a devastating melee weapon, literally pulverizing weaker targets on contact.
May cause feelings of inadequacy in poorly-endowed men.

- Nova Grenade (50CP)

This powerful explosive is surprisingly easy to conceal, and packs one hell of a punch. Feel free to blow up some assholes with it if you like, but the real beauty of these bombs are their use as breaching charges. Adaptive self-shaping explosives, adhesion coating, timed and remote-detonation modes, the works. Carries enough firepower to punch through starship-grade hulls, though heavy ship armor might take a bit more boom than this baby provides. Comes in a crate of twenty-five, and restocks daily.

- Heavy Echo Armor (100CP, discount Confederate)

This heavily reinforced suit of combat armor is the outfit of the Heavy Echo squads, the strongest soldiers under Sarrano's command. Fully covering and tough enough to turn even an ordinary dude into a true bullet sponge, this outfit will no doubt be very useful during your stay on Stygia. Of course, it also marks you as a grade-A asshole, but you're certain that you're not evil, just misunderstood. Maybe a few bullets will change their opinions...

- Grav boots (50CP, free for Dead Echo)

These sci-fi boots allow your feet to treat any surface as 'down'. In other words, you can walk on walls and ceilings without the use of a jetpack or similar nonsense. They'll also give your kicks a bit more 'oomph', since anyone you nail with them will have their sense of 'down' adjusted to whatever direction you hit them at. Kick them in the nuts and watch those suckers fly.

- Hootch (50CP, free for Dead Echo)

It's a bottle of booze. It's not even all that bad quality-wise, less pisswater and more something you'd actually want to drink when you're not already drunk and desperate to stay that way. Amazingly, it never seems to actually run out, and every time you take a swig there's yet more goodness left inside. Might also work as an improvised molotov cocktail, but that's just a waste of good… well, mediocre… okay, *drinkable* booze.

- Waggleton P. Tallylicker (200CP)

This (somewhat worn) theme park animatronic beast promises joy and entertainment for the whole family! As a two stories tall robotic T-Rex with eye lasers and some seriously over-engineered hydraulics, it's also useful for ruining a lot of other people's holidays. Terminally. It's semi-autonomous, can survive an unreasonably large amount of gunfire, and comes with a free remote control so you can simply point at your targets and watch the carnage. Even better, we'll throw in a rudimentary A.I. so it can pick targets on its own and just follow you around like a very big, very deadly puppy. You know, so you don't actually *have* to keep pointing at things and get to shoot things yourself from time to time.

- DNA Bomb (300CP)

This thing is a horror even among other high-yield explosives, and if the heavy plating doesn't make you realize this thing means serious business, the biohazard warnings might still change your mind. As big as a car, this massive weapon is a single-use global saturation weapon with only one purpose. When activated, it will cause a horrifying red shockwave that wipes out all life on whatever planet it's used on. It doesn't cause much damage to non-living things, so you could theoretically just move in afterwards with only a bit of cleaning necessary. It's not guaranteed to kill *everything* you might encounter as a jumper, but pretty much anything that operates on regular biology should probably say bye-bye.
Restocks only once per jump, but you do get the designs in case you want to build more. You monster.

- Class D Spectre (600CP)

This spaceship is a few hundred yards from tip to tail, and while it's comparatively small as spaceships go, it packs a lot more punch than you'd expect for a vessel this size. Comes with FTL drives, enough cargo space for a nice bit of raiding and looting, a built-in medbay and a booze-stained set of Spaceship Piloting 101 instruction books.
Note: does not include crew, but can be flown solo if you're good at multitasking.

- Hyperion (900CP)

This massive warship is a copy of Sarrano's flagship, and has many of the same tricks available to it. Close to a mile long and containing an impressive array of energy cannons and heavy armor, this thing can hold its own against just about anything short of a suicidal ramming charge. Listing all the crap you'd find in this thing would take a while, so just assume you've got whatever you need for a decent space battle (except fighter craft) and ferrying a platoon worth of gun-toting assholes across the galaxy. Top-notch escape pods, too.
Note: does not come with a crew or a DNA bomb (which is bad), but it also doesn't come with Sarrano calling you a dick from the bridge (which is very good). You'll be able to fly it solo if you really need to, but you won't be able to do more than just aim the engines without help. The instruction manuals could fill a decent bookcase this time around, but are mercifully lacking in booze stains.

- Party Favors (50CP)

Fun-sized bits and pieces for your enjoyment! You get a decently-sized supply of Puffballs and Nom Parasites, a news robot, an (explosive) hotdog stand and a small pond filled with Piranhas. Nothing particularly useful, but everything's involved in Skillshots *somehow*, so maybe you can get creative and do something cool with these things? A gun that uses psychedelic Puffball gas or that shoots Piranhas at your enemies' faces wouldn't be out of place in the setting, after all.

- Maneater seeds (50CP)

These little babies are considerably more dangerous than the Party Favors above. Each seed, when planted, will quickly grow into one of Stygia's mutated Maneater plants. Easily two to three meters tall, these carnivorous flytraps can use their 'tongues' to snare any moving targets within

a considerable range, reeling them in to a gruesome end. They're not particularly resilient, but they can be pretty hard to spot in heavy foliage. Turn your garden into the world's deadliest flower show!
They don't like the way you and your friends smell, apparently, so don't worry about getting eaten yourself.

- Hyper-mutated Maneater seeds (150CP)

...and then there's these things. The 'plants' these things grow into have some superficial similarities to regular Maneaters… except this one's the size of a three-story building. It's extremely resilient, capable of taking entire clips of gunfire before so much as entering its first regeneration phase. Redundancy and a healing factor mean this monster can almost endlessly recover from combat, with only the elimination of all regenerative organs enough to put it down for good. Of course, it's also capable of using a near endless amount of spore attacks and a maw with tentacles strong enough it could probably rip solid steel to shreds, so anyone fighting it is in for a *bad* day. Oh, and it can move. You know what, forget calling this abomination a plant and just treat each like a garden-grown rapidly-healing organic tank that runs on sunlight and the flesh of your enemies.
Smart enough to differentiate 'friend' from 'food', but doesn't really take orders what with not actually having much of a brain.

- Hekaton Eggs (250CP)

This clutch of car-sized eggs comes from the biggest, nastiest, monsteriest creature of your local Stygian neighborhood: a Hekaton. They'll take a while to grow to adulthood, but when they do they're big enough to look down on skyscrapers. Not particularly good at the whole 'subtlety' thing, given that they're giant fucking dinosaurs, but they're tough enough to survive such things as having a train dropped on their head from several hundred feet up or having an escape pod self-destruct between their jaws. Excellent sense of smell, and they tend to be rather… persistent, in tracking anyone they dislike. Which, given that these ones think you're their mama, means anyone *you* dislike. Maybe you smell like their eggs or something. Avoid deodorant just in case.

Companions

- Holiday-wrecking Hooligans (cost varies)

You may create or import existing Companions into Bulletstorm for 50CP each, or 300CP for eight at once. All Companions receive a background and 300CP to spend on Perks and Items. Companions may gain up to 200CP from of Drawbacks.

- A Gun By Your Side (200CP)

If you're really, really sure... then with each purchase, you may bring one existing character from Bulletstorm with you on your travels as a new Companion. Good if you like alcoholics or need to destroy everything in a vaguely defined direction, I suppose.

Drawbacks

Take however many Drawbacks you like, and try not to get shot… or, you know, not too many times at least.

- No Loose Ends (+0 CP)

Are you a badass? Are your nerves made of poly-steel, your pecs made of carbon fiber and do you have ice water or cheap booze in your veins? I hope so, because by taking this Drawback you're getting the Grade-A, 100% awesome, genuine Bulletstorm experience!
Any gear or powers you've picked up in previous worlds are sealed away unless they're only useful for being a certified badass with guns, and the same limitation applies to any Companions or gear you might have brought along. Being bulletproof or having inexplicably regenerating health is fine and awesome, but magically teleporting everyone off-planet ten second after you arrive is just *lame*.

Shortly after arriving on Stygia you run into Grayson and Ishi right after they escape from their crash-landed Spectre, and fate conspires to ensure you'll get the chance to join their merry and not-so-merry adventures. Your job is to succeed where Grayson would have failed: you must kill Sarrano once and for all and get Ishi off-world for medical help before his brain gets fried by the A.I. stuck in there during his patch-job medical operation (which you can't fix yourself, the only thing you do with brains is put bullets in them).

If you fail the challenge for some reason (except your own untimely demise) it doesn't end your chain or anything, it just restores your powers... and gives you an overwhelming sense of disappointment, because you just couldn't manage to be awesome no matter how hard you tried.

On a more positive note, if you do manage to ensure Sarrano's well-earned death and you, Grayson, Ishi and Trisha have escaped Stygia, you may end the jump early and leave this shithole behind once and for all. If you choose to stick around a while longer your powers are restored to full, but hey, maybe you don't want to spend the next ten years drinking yourself to death to avoid dealing with the sheer idiocy going rampant in the galaxy.

- One more for the road (+100CP)

Well, you're a raging alcoholic now. You might become one anyway just because you need some help dealing with the setting, but now you genuinely can't escape it anymore. You only have three modes: drunk, hungover or asleep. Better make sure you've got some booze somewhere…

- UGLY! (+100CP)

Yyyyyup. You're a Creep now. Basically, as a mutant abomination of Stygia you're pretty damn hideous. Skin that looks more like exposed muscle, a permanent slasher smile, milky white eyes

and probably an extra digit somewhere. Expect crying children, issues with moisturizing cream and an overall decrease in people's personal appreciation of your aesthetical presentation. Fortunately for you, there are probably no children or bottles of moisturizing cream left on Stygia. Unfortunately for you, people tend to shoot whatever they dislike. Such as your face. Maybe you can wear a mask?

- Twitchy (+200CP)

You're the kind of guy who shoots first and asks questions later. That's not really going to make you stand out or anything, but you've got a bit of a problem that you shoot even *more* things than the usual sociopathic assholes around these parts. Movement from the corner of your eye? Bang. Newsbot distracting you? Bang. Hotdog cart? Bang. This doesn't actually trigger for people, so you don't have to worry about shooting any (near-non-existent) innocents, but you'll be the bane of advertisements, TV screens and peaceful wildlife wherever you go.

- A few inches left of target (+200CP)

Good news! Broad-sided barns are completely safe from you now. Because you can't aim worth shit. Simple, straightforward, stupid. Unless you're willing to empty entire clips shooting some dickhead a decent distance away, you're gonna have to get up close somehow. Maybe you can just kick people so hard they explode?

- 'Dick' doesn't even sound like a word anymore (+200CP)

You've got some kind of allergy to various words that are not suitable for polite company. Any time you hear profanity, there's this… twitch, inside you somehow. For some reason you really, really don't like it, and it just gives you this sense of wrongness, like there's something horribly, horribly wrong with the world and you just can't get over it. It's pretty minor all things considered, but when you remember that the average conversation in this place is about 50% dick jokes *before* you run into Sarrano… yeah. Good luck.

- Nervous (+300CP)

Don't people learn this shit in school anymore? Rush-jobs with nervous connections are *bad*, m'kay? You're stuck with horrible pains during your stay here, and any immunities to pain you might have from other jumps are incapable of doing anything to stop it. It's not going to kill you, but good luck dealing with it. Ishi managed it, for a while, but if nothing else you can do what he could not and self-medicate with a shitton of booze.

- AI is bad for the brain (+300CP)

Don't people learn this shit in school anymore? Rush-jobs with nervous connections are… oh forget it, you know the drill. You've got an A.I. of some sort stuck in your head, and it's not the nice, symbiotic, kissy kind of relationship either. For your stay here, you'll need to constantly keep yourself in check, or the A.I. will take over and try to violently destroy whatever you hold dear. You can stay in control with enough willpower and even if your control slips for a moment you can take it back with an exertion of will. Unfortunately, strong emotions make it far, far harder to stay in control and not strangle the wrong people instead of the right people. Do you

have what it takes to survive Bulletstorm and all it's horrors (and bad jokes) without getting angry?

- Realism Is The New Edgy (+600CP)

The setting, including you, is now realistic without losing any of the inherent shittiness or nonsensical crap that happens in it. I'd ask God to have mercy on you, but as Ishi so eloquently put it… God is dead. And so will you be, if you're not very, very careful. After all, getting shot in the head and walking it off might be awesome as fuck, but it wouldn't be very realistic, now would it?