

It is the 1920s. The British Empire, revelling in cruelty and profiteering, have occupied the Indian subcontinent. This dire period of history, the Raj, proceeded uninterrupted for 89 years in the history you likely know. The peoples of India are downtrodden and hopeless, for it would take the might of gods to challenge the power of British gunpowder.

However. This uh, *historical fiction*, dares to ask a question that could overturn this grim status quo: What if renowned Indian freedom fighter Alluri Sitarama Raju met renowned Indian freedom fighter Komaram Bheem, and forged a bond of friendship stronger than destiny itself?

The reckoning of the British begins as British governor Scott Buxton abducts a young girl named Malli from her village, merely because his wife enjoyed her singing and artistry. To rescue her, Bheem will bring the fury of natural world itself to bear. But as his antics escalate, this comes at the risk of blowing Raju's cover as a member of the Indian Imperial Police.

Will the friendship of these men survive? Will you be a help to them, or a hindrance?

Take 1000 CP. Rise, Roar, Revolt.

Locations

You may choose to start in any of these places for free.

Forest Village: The Gond people make their home far from where the cruel pale folk from beyond the shores hale. Theirs is a simple life, fishing by the river and weaving leaves into charming dolls. Though the forests have fierce tigers and mighty cattle, the people themselves can be likened to sheep: Peaceful, unambitious, afraid of conflict and largely content with their lot. However, it should be remembered that *they have a shepherd.* And should even one lamb from the flock be led astray, *he will tear through armies to get her back.*

Adilabad: Once an ancient Indian city, now a foothold for the British empire's might-modern motor vehicles and paved roads replacing whatever legacy was once here. In high society, preppy boys and well-groomed girls dance for each other's affections. In low society, the displaced Indian populace eke a living selling everything from food to mechanical repairs by day, and plotting revolution by night. This city needs a hero. And it might soon have one, when he's done boxing more than shadows in his room.

The Governor's Mansion: Mmyess, you must be quite privileged indeed to be welcome in these halls, hoho! Only the finest furnishings for the good governor are allowed in here, a bastion of *civilised rule* in this sun-scorched squalor. His men are well-drilled and even better armed, and so secure is he in his power that his wife has taken to carrying torture implements on her person in the hope of a good time. There isn't an inch of this city that isn't well-patrolled. It would take a miracle to cast down the British flag from it's terrace…

Age and Origins

Any of these may be taken as a Drop-In option. You may be any human age between 12 and 50.

Telugu: You're from a Dravidian ethnic group native to the Southern Indian states, and as a relatively urbane people you are tragically familiar with the white man's customs. Doubtless your kin and kith have taught you to keep your head down, to bow, to scrape before *Sahib* and his retinue lest you get into trouble. It cannot last. *It must not end like this.* The fire of rebellion is kindled in hearts like yours.

Gond: Your people's history extends to the ruling Gondwana kingdom and the Garha kingdom, but in this day and age your kind thrive peacefully in the forests. Sometimes the white man comes and sometimes his white women appreciates the arts and crafts of your tribe. Like water flowing, it is the lot of your tribe to live and let live in the face of most tragedies. But should your anger be roused, that water may someday flow like a roaring river.

Gora (200 CP): Then you are one of the vile colonisers. Arrogant and ignorant in equal measure, yet feared for your discipline with firearms and your ceaseless cruelty towards all who fail to show deference to your strange flag. Not all of your people, it must be said, share the governor's iron fist. There are many British youths simply seeking to expand their horizons in the exotic and wonderful land of India! Alas, those of your kind who are actually in charge see this land as merely another slave to be broken.

Perks

Perks are 50% off under the relevant background header. Discounted 100 CP perks become free.

General

Naatu Naatu (200 CP, free Telugu and Gond): Like any Indian gentlemen and only the most stylish of the British, you are ready to get down at any moment. No, not violently-through the medium of *dance.* As if you were a professionally trained by a Tollywood choreographer all your life, you can light up the dance floor with twirls and stomps. You're quite the gifted singer, too! Again, we're talking professional Indian musical number levels of dulcet tones. In fact, if you do this with your friends you'll find your movements and voices harmoniously synergising into a glorious dance battle that will leave even the highest of haute culture stumbling flat-footed before your sick dance moves.

Telugu

Smouldering Smile (100 CP): There's an undeniably sparkle to your eye, a certain roguish charm to your smile-and a passion for life and liberty burning in you that few here can even imagine. Even if your job requires dolling out violence to your fellow Indians, in your day to day life your handsome bearing and easygoing grin can keep you getting along with most in society. You have the kind of winsome energy that could get a shy country boy to really seize the day in the big city!

Legacy of Revolution (200 CP): Venkatarama, Raju's father, hoped to take the British's knowledge of firearms and use them to safeguard his people. While he was slain by the oppressors, his legacy lives on in those like you. Your discipline and adaptability grant great talent at improvising, adapting to and adopting the weapons and tactics of your enemies. You could come from a culture with no understanding of firearms and through intense training over mere months become a better sharpshooter than any in the British army. Likewise, you can quickly learn the culture and values of those you harbour true hate for in your heart, letting you blend in as a respectable member of the so-called ruling classes.

Furnace of the Fiery Spirit (400 CP): You'd expect a man being locked up for weeks and starved to be a rangy sack of brittle bones in shrunken skin. *And you'd be wrong.* Somehow, through sheer patriotism or unyielding rage at the British or similarly intense emotion, you're not just capable of sustaining all biological processes in an adult human being. *You can surpass your limits, and use your passion like steroids to build muscle* as long as you have some form of resistance training that you can perform. Nobody seems to understand how this works. Hatred for the British just transcends the limits of biology, it seems.

Firey Passion (600 CP): Your body is a monument to discipline, your mind a will forged from steel. You have learned every useful military tactic the British and Indian natives of this region can grasp, and you can apply them in ways that can seemingly bend the laws of physics subtly. Your accuracy with a gun defies logic, and you can make a bow and arrow competitive with riflemen. Your strength is no slouch either; you can break stone with

punching combos and win a brawl with an angry crowd. But it is your skill at arms and your martial grace that truly expresses the burning wrath in your heart.

Gond

Gentle Flow (100 CP): There's a certain reassuring gentleness in how you carry yourself, a knack for showing concern in your speech that makes people open up to you. Even if you are a man who could wrestle tigers and hurl ox carts through the air, as long as you're sincere in your peaceful intent none would doubt you would ever hurt a fly. Your inner peace is sincere, your strength of will and focus keeping you dedicated on the harshest of journeys. You might even get a maverick zealot to reconsider whether his ends justify the means.

Love Knows No Language (200 CP): Some bonds transcend time, war and…language? Huh? Somehow, as long as your intent is sincerely benign and you make an earnest effort to help someone, even if the setup is…shifty, you're somehow charming enough to win over someone from a completely foreign culture through basically pantomime and good deeds. Seriously, you could somehow build an entire relationship on mugging and babbling in your native language as long as you say heartfelt things-and it'll somehow come across as endearing. One can only assume you'd be a real Romeo if you could actually speak their language.

Leaf On The River (400 CP): Though hardship and toil may find you, it seems good fortune is never far behind. Seek shelter from pursuing soldiers, and you may find an ally who can give you vital information for your conflict. Attempt to win over a friend from an enemy nation, and they might just happen to have the keys to the fortress you're infiltrating. In short, you have an uncanny degree of luck in just about any endeavour you set out to accomplish. Never enough to win impossible battles or even lottery tickets, but enough for a bumbling jungle man to somehow succeed in the big city by little more than good intentions and intuition.

Crashing Waves (600 CP): Though you may seem gentle on the surface, like a vicious undertow you have a body fit for the king of the jungle. Such is your strength that you can bend iron bars barehanded, or carry another man on your shoulders throughout a battle. Such is your speed that over short distances, you can at least stay level with a tiger. It would take the greatest fighter in the Indian police force to match you in arms, and even then preferably with the help of improvised weapons and your own mercy holding back the power of your fists. Unfettered, yours is might great enough to use a motorcycle as a melee weapon.

Gora

The Worth of a Bullet (100 CP): It was not through might and force alone that the British conquered India, but the cold calculus of logistics. You have the mind of a skilled accountant or quartermaster, ably accounting for resources even in the heat of combat and intuiting the profitability of most things quickly. Your mathematically disciplined mind also helps you remain cool in the heat of the moment, whether while toting a rifle or preparing to defend your honour in a dance battle.

English Rose (200 CP): Not all the British are truly awful, irredeemable bloodthirsty invaders. Just look at you, for example! You have that charming, smooth-skinned, designated love interest winsome looks and demeanour that puts people at ease, even if you're from an occupying country and they don't know what kind of clothes you're wearing. As long as you personally don't engage in combat, even many violent radicals seem to intuitively think of you as "one of the good ones" while setting in motion their plans to overthrow oppressors. Conversely, members of your own nation or ethnicity seem to turn a blind eye to whatever concern you might show to those not part of the in-group.

The Grand Sneer (400 CP): Racism is really more of an art than a science. You understand? Conserving bullets was the first lesson. You've mastered the others: Where to strike a human being with maximum efficiency to cause maximum pain, how to humiliate a proud man and how to use that humiliation to break his kinsfolk's spirit. Though this only makes you a somewhat gifted fighter, it makes you a truly inspired torturer-leaving all but the strongest wills bawling their eyes out for the slightest chance of relief. You know how to send a message in a way that will be *remembered.*

The Great British Offscreen Manoeuvre (600 CP): For a fighting force that hasn't fared all that well against our heroes, the British police sure see to be covering a lot of territory quickly. Those under your command share their…tactics? Good fortune? Whatever is going on, claiming territory and suppressing dissent goes much more smoothly than it should as long as opposition principally comes from the mediocre rather than the outlandishly heroic. This is no surefire guarantee against any and all dissent, but villagers will feel instinctive fear when holding back information from your officers. And freedom fighters' cells will be quickly rooted out. Like clockwork, the British empire's war machine rumbles onwards.

Items

Items are 50% off under the relevant background header. Discounted 50 CP items become free.

Telugu & Gond

Wooden Toy (50 CP): Hand crafted with care. Wrought from wood and twine and relief. Perhaps artfully painted with native dyes. This is, unmistakably, a wonder of India. Not a priceless relic or a weapon, but a child's gift to you that never fails to share some of the simple kindness and optimism of the downtrodden.

Hidden Alcove (100 CP): This basement can scarcely fit 20 men around a lit fire. It is enough. Guaranteed to always be positioned somewhere hidden (initially) from mundane authorities and convenient for you to access, it comes with a convenient front business such as a butcher's or curry shop that you can either staff yourself or guarantee unremarkable natives fitting wherever this shows up who can be counted on their discretion will manage for you. A place for schemes and the fragile beginnings of rebellion.

Traditional Herbs (200 CP): You now own a small garden of some local Indian jungle herbs. These grasses, bulbs and assorted foliage might seem mundane, but their efficacy defies Western medicine. Got a friend with broken kneecaps? Slap on a poultice of this stuff and they'll be able to run, jump and sprint within minutes. Doubtless it'll prove just as efficacious on everything from deep wounds to even snakebite if you suck at least MOST of the venom out, because really that makes just about as much sense.

Menagerie (400 CP): Someone's bundled up an entire zoo recruiting from the entire Indian subcontinent in these wooden cages. Miraculously, the animals within seem to be indefinitely content as long as they're fed meat, veggies or whatever is appropriate to their diet. There are deer and cheetahs and leopard, oh my. There's even the odd tiger or rhino. There are enough to rout a battalion of armed men or unleash havoc on much of a city block. Once unleashed, the creatures seem to interfere with you minimally, instead focusing on attacking the most oppressive society in its' vicinity. It's as if **nature itself rejects the British.**

Your zoo is restocked once every month. Optionally, you can have a Warehouse expansion for the animals to live in ideal habitats with lots of space and a natural environement suiting them with lots of nourishment if you'd rather the cages not start stinking after a while.

Divine Intervention (600 CP): What you have here is a remarkably lifelike statue of a god and their signature weapons. Rama's bow, perhaps. The statue also comes with an elaborate set of war paint to better emulate the god. Make no mistake, while finely crafted these are fundamentally mundane. And yet, when you don them fortune shifts wildly in your favour as long as you do something mundane befitting the god's role for as long as you carry their likeness. Your arrows will fly faster than a man can aim and shoot, your prowess in war will let you effortlessly flip over tumbling vehicles and slay armies like a farmer cuts wheat. You are not *quite* a figure of myth and legend, but the way reality kind of runs on movie physics

as you enact your chosen role certainly raises the question of whether somewhere, an actual deity is making their will known through you.

Yes, if you buy this as a Gora the statue can be of Saint Patrick, some celtic deity or a saint or angel.

Gora

One Bullet (50 CP): One single rifle bullet. Assembled in a factory, transported across the waves, and now fitting right in the palm of your hand. Some inexplicable air of hatred fills this bullet, if not the colonists' hatred then the wrath of the oppressed. When you load and fire it through a rifle at someone you truly hate, it flies truer and hits harder many times over than it's make should, potentially letting you pull off some seriously stylish executions for a hated adversity.

You get a new bullet every month.

Rifle (100 CP): Ah! That's more like it. A nice long gun, fitting snug on your shoulder like a dependable friend. The efficient, civilised means to take a human life. Or knock down a charging animal. Though clean and sturdy, much like your bullet there's an odd sense of *malice* about this weapon. Nothing overtly supernatural, but for some reason when pointing it at someone you consider racially inferior the barrel homes in on them unerringly without needing a marksman's skill. As if the gun itself wishes death upon all that is foreign to Britain.

Motorcar (200 CP): The chariot of the west, the carriage of the new age! The status symbol for every man about town worth talking about. You have here a very fancy car of the time period. Someone's done some mechanical work on it to make sure not only does it break down less, but everything is welded together tightly enough to be harder to sabotage. You know, if someone were of a mind to try. Don't worry about it too much, just drive around looking absolutely smashing.

Garrison (400 CP): A disciplined contingent of white men now report to you as their commanding officer, whether by some accident of paperwork or legitimate chain of command. They're polite, efficient and utterly remorseless whether you want villages wiped off the map or merely to abduct a particularly charming child. They come equipped with arms and armor of the era as well as light vehicles suited for jungle terrain. Their firearms training is businesslike and well-drilled, more than a match for any force from this land…except one of its' mighty champions on a rampage.

Governor's Mansion (600 CP): Ah, capital. Literally! Only the finest of furnishings, the most constantly well-stocked of British *elite* cuisine, the most elegant of ballrooms and the comfiest of post-Victorian beds for a grandee of your status. Mmyes, incidentally this makes you a British authority of comparable status to the HONOURABLE governor himself, perhaps a cultural attaché of some sort. And between the finely curated (and replenished weekly) wine cellar, the wonderfully illustrated paintings and top notch electric lighting this has everything you need to be an outpost of TRUE civilisation in these unwashed, filthy

lands. That *obviously* includes a well-stocked armoury of the finest British military technology of the day, including several cannons and motor vehicles. Everything a small army would need to bring down some ORDER on the savages.

Companions

An Unpredictable Gust of Wind (50-200 CP): There are friends you call your own, right? Sworn comrades sticking with you through all manner of adversity and doubt. *Right?* For 50 CP you may import or create a companion with 600 CP to spend on anything except other companions. You may import or create a full contingent of 8 at a discount of 200 CP for them all.

An Unforeseen Turn of Fate (Free/50 CP apiece): Since this entire movie is predicated on the entire course of the British occupation of India's history being changed just because two men made the kind of friendship myths are written about, it would be unfair to deny you the same kind of destined meeting. For free you may take anyone who agrees to leave here with you as a companion. But for 50 CP each time, you may ensure you encounter them in a moment so dramatically over the top in the Tollywood manner that you're all but guaranteed to make not a good impression, but a LEGENDARY impression. We're talking "use motorbikes and your national flag to save drowning children together, followed by several weeks' worth of skipping through meadows, racing horses and other friendship montage things" levels of teamwork.

A Wild Storm (50 CP, free/optional Telugu): Some time into your journey, you will encounter a man. A compassionate, honourable, indefatigably kindhearted man who will become the flood to your wildfire, the free will to your destiny, the tiger to your hunter. This man, a humble Gond, will have a simplistic but difficult mission he has set himself to accomplishing and which you will inadvertently help with greatly. He will become your best friend, your most gracious host in this land and have for you the kind of platonic loyalty that would have him fearlessly run into gunfire to save your life. When the two of you work together, you are a force of nature in human form.

An Erupting Volcano (50 CP, free/optional Gond): Some time into your journey, you will encounter a man. A dapper, passionate, unfailingly exuberant man who will become the wildfire to your flood, the destiny to your free will, the hunter to your tiger. This man, a successful Telugu, will have a complex mission he has set himself to accomplishing in the hopes of bettering India as a whole, and which you will inadvertently help with greatly. He will become your best friend, your sophisticated guide to navigating society and have for you the kind of platonic loyalty that would have him gladly lay down his life so you could escape execution. When the two of you work together, you are a force of nature in human form.

A Delightful Adventuress (50 CP, free/optional Gora): You've known this high society debutante since grammar school, and that the typical pursuits of a proper lady have always been beneath her. An enthusiastic horsewoman, acrobat, sharpshooter, pilot and all-round adventuress, she is as controversial as she is popular for the many tales of her adventures in foreign lands. What's…significantly less well documented is the deepseated sadistic joy she takes in smashing in the faces of the coloured peoples far beyond the civilisation of Europe (and in a pinch, America). While her habit of raiding tombs for artifacts to trade back home is simply good business, there is no particular tragedy in her life that led to her taking an almost demonic joy in hanging Indians with her whip or inventing endlessly cruel ways to terrorise them. Simply put, she has a specific and high-functioning form of psychopathy funnelled entirely towards racism. She also considers you her one and only fiancé (regardless of gender and the potential impact to her social standing), courting you like the eccentric but refined young lady she is outside of all circumstances not involving embodying every nightmare inspired by British colonialism.

Somehow, she can always pull out a whip from between her legs. Don't ask.

Drawbacks

Caged Songbird (100 CP): O, cruel fate! You've been abducted by the British authorities for ultimately trivial reasons. Perhaps one of the gentry took a liking to you. Mayhap you're technically imprisoned but for relatively minor, flimsy offenses. Either way, whatever the terms of your captivity are even a small girl could find out quite a lot about the "prison's" dimensions unmolested. Just expect to raise a lot of hell if you try to leave.

Double Foreigner (100 CP): Calumny, you don't speak English *or* Telugu at all! You're a stranger in a strange land, your knowledge of how to read, write and speak the dominant languages of this movie stripped from you. Your intellect is otherwise undiminished. Hope you're good at pantomime!

Lost Innajungles (100 CP): Oh, blast. Instead of the usual starting locations you start in a particularly wild and untamed part of the jungle-so not near any Gond village at all. It's a hot, muggy, dangerous bit of wilderness doubtless filled with venomous snakes, ferocious tigers and who knows what else. Or perhaps not. You'll be finding out along the trek back into civilisation, assuming you haven't made the unwise decision of trying to stick around like some kind of south east Asian Tarzan.

Gainful Employment (200 CP): You've taken the white man's coin, and your experiences in doing so have hit you with a bad case of sunk cost fallacy. You're now committed to a well-paying job that will often have you doing morally dubious things. And you WILL feel the weight of that guilt pile up, even as the job's difficulty will mount to the point you may find yourself facing entire angry mobs outside your building. If your body doesn't crack under the pressure, your mental health may unless you can make some sort of emotional breakthrough on where your loyalties really lie.

Tragedy (200 CP): You're haunted by something terrible the British did to you in your youth. A lost parent, a village scoured, something along those lines. Now an all-encompassing hatred of all that is British fills every fibre of your being. You will know no peace until every single white man in this land is dead or driven from its' shores.

This explicitly excludes the white women.

Ridiculous RomCom Shenanigans (200 CP): Love is a many-splendored thing, but seldom during a militant occupation. At some point in your stay here, you're going to fall in love with someone. You have no way of knowing who or in what circumstances, but suffice to say they'll be as contrived as a Tollywood movie's romance. And that while your partner will be loving and lovely, the kind of situations they'll inadvertently dragging you into will inevitably result in inconvenience, misfortune and general shenanigans roughly on par with a bunch of animals stampeding through your mansion every month or so. If your love survives your stay here, you may take your lover as a companion.

On the plus side, your paramour's quite the performer! The lover gets *Naatu Naatu* for free.

Smallpox (300 CP): You now suffer what was merely a bluff in the movie: The dread blight known as smallpox. This particular strain somehow bypasses all your usual defenses, being as effective at hurting you as it would be at killing a white man from this time period. It'll take a medical miracle to save your life in this day and age…or just maybe, the rarest of herbs from the jungle.

Snakebite (300 CP): Something something farmers and vipers. Whether you stepped on a krait, a king cobra or a fucking naga straight out of myth, you start your journey wracked with a venom as effective on you as it would be on a native Indian. Which is to say, it's even more immediately lethal than the disease above. That's the bad news. The good news is there is most DEFINITELY a cure: The curative herbs from this land. Just hope you're well enough to properly prepare them and suck the venom out from your wound to survive until the herbs do their work, or have a friend ready to.

The Sun Never Sets (300 CP): The British have decided that you're the greatest existential threat to their hold on the land. The police, the lawful authorities and all right-thinking citizens have been mobilised against you based on trumped-up charges vaguely related to national security. It'll take time for them to fully mobilise, but expect to face down an entire army in less than a week. The good news is that there are two men in the city who could, together, defeat this army. The bad news is they did so *together*, and alone and not knowing of each other's existence yet history has a much less favourable record of their performance against the British.

Notes

TL note: Gora=white man.