

THE JUMP

by SixStrings

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Long ago, in this realm of Metal, there were the First Ones. Then, came Ormagöden, Lord of Metal. In the age of the Titans, his Metal Scream gave birth to actual metal, used by the Titans to forge the greatest works this world had ever known. His light showed the First Ones their true hideousness. Enraged, the first ones lured Ormagöden down to earth using the songs of the Titan Aetulia, whom they had trapped. They forced him into the mud, and attempted to smother his light once and for all.

Ormagöden would not die so easily. In a final act of defiance, the Lord of Metal exploded, killing the First Ones. His Light became the Sun, his blood became the rivers and oceans, and his flesh became the ore and metal we know of today. When one plays Heavy Metal, they pull and draw from his power.

But first, let's choose a crew to ride with.

IRONHEADE: The canonical winners of this ménage à trois, Ironheade is the resistance, led in the field by Eddie Riggs. Comprised of Humans who wish to rebel against their demon overlords, they channel the spirit of Ormagöden in their rock, and have versatile soldiers and fast rides in the Brütal Land.

TAINTED COIL: The demons who rule this land, formed from the flesh of the First Ones, and the rage from Ormagöden's boiling blood. They are led by Doviculus, and wield Hierarchy Units, capable of creating other units where they stand. Here, you become a member of these demons, and conquer these lands by exterminating your foes.

DROWNING DOOM: A group of humans who heard the Sorrowful calls of the Sea of Black Tears and could not resist. Led by The Drowned Woman, these sickly individuals utilize the dark metal of their long dead gods to slow, sicken, and curse their opponents. You will become one of these Drowned Ones, and help your mistress to greatness.

or..

Perhaps you would like to ride alone? It might be a bit strange, being a solo act to start, but maybe that's how you'd like it? Besides, any good Roadie knows when to stay in the shadows, and you're no exception.

PERKS:

50 CP: Brütal Legend: The Album
A copy of the game's soundtrack, as well as some original pieces you've never heard of can play whenever you want. Rock out to your heart's content.

200 CP: Light Metal
All the other Faction Avatars can fly, why not you? With this perk, form wings of flaming steel and take to the skies!

50 CP for 1, 200 CP for 8: The Rest of The Band
What good's a roadie without his band? Import some of your Companions and buddies along and start a revolution! Or maybe just play some tunes.

250 CP: Killer Act to Follow
Some rockers are too good to waste. Grab a canon character and let them ride along with you on your travels. Please note: any attempts to take Ormagöden will result in failure and immense pain and suffering.

Roadie:

100 CP: The Mighty Roadie
It takes some strength and stamina to carry all of a band's gear wherever they need it. With this perk, you've got the stamina needed to haul heavy loads to their destination and not even be winded.

200 CP: What's An Engineer?
A guy who builds stuff, and now, so do you. Set up and tear down infrastructure in half the time, leaving you with time to rehearse your set, or whatever you'll do with that free time.

400 CP: Decapitation!
Do you want to make someone dead, and have them stay that way? With this perk, now they will! And while they may be able to be resurrected, depending on the world, they're never pretending to be dead, or playing dead, or mostly dead. They're dead, plain and simple, and if they aren't, you'll know.

600 CP: Right Now! Let's Go!
Do you hate waiting for people to "get ready", or for your pizza to "be delivered"? Well, with this perk, no longer will your patience be tested! Now when you propose something, if the other party agrees, they will be ready to proceed immediately. Your pizza will immediately be at your doorstep the moment it is done, the bill you proposed to Congress will immediately pass (or fail), and your team will immediately be ready to ride wherever.

Ironheade:

100 CP: With An E! So They Know We Aren't Fucking Around!

They know now. Whatever your name is, everyone will take it seriously, and treat it with all the respect you want them to. Which could be none, depending on how you're feeling.

200 CP: Assault Attack

This is a guitar, this is an axe. Never shall the two meet... UNTIL NOW. You can use your guitar as a melee weapon that's just as effective as a battle axe, and suffer none of the consequences for smacking your shitty wood acoustic into a demon's face. Overall, this allows mundane objects to be used in combat without sacrificing their durability, to an extent.

400 CP: Battle Cry

Grab your guitar and slam out a solo that wrecks the environment and can tear foes apart, provided it is metal enough. Otherwise, you'll simply be sitting there strumming about like an idiot. As an added bonus, your allies will be rallied by your hardcore tunes, and fight even harder.

600 CP: Double Attack

Humans need to work together. And with friends like yours, you can achieve new heights... if you're willing to give them a lift. Simply put, you can perform powerful moves and combo attacks by grabbing a buddy. Have him hop on your shoulders and recite Braveheart and Conan for a huge morale boost, form a headbanging mosh pit that tramples nearly anything in its path, or let a lady use your head as a mobile sniper's perch. Teamwork makes the dream work, and it's much easier with your head in the clouds.

Tainted Coil:

100 CP: Boiling Rage

Endless years of anger have trained your body, mind, and wit. You possess immense skill in channeling your rage... into insults. Very hurtful ones that can provoke nearly anyone to blind rage unless they are either very calm, or very smart.

200 CP: Power of Pain

The pain of battle, of war, of life's daily struggles. No longer will they slow you down, or make you wince. Instead, you feel reinvigorated and refreshed each time pain spreads through your body. Strike back against your foes, with each wound they inflict serving as motivation and fuel for your rampage.

400 CP: Gospel of Blood

Spread your preachings of pain across the lands, as sinners flock to your church for salvation. The greater your Metal sound is, the more worshipers will follow you, eager to be punished for their crimes, and seek redemption in your conquests.

600 CP: Children of the Grave

Rise, and seek out redemption! Once a year, release a soul shattering solo that breaks the bonds of the afterlife, releasing some of damned soul who died in your service or by your hands. While they lack power and are fragile in their new zombified husks, they can easily overcome enemies in sheer numbers. Beware however; this army of degenerates is kept in line only by your solo, and if you stop playing, they will take their newly gained freedom into their own hands.

Drowning Doom:

100 CP: Dreadful Decorations

It is a well-known fact that black is the gloomiest of colors. Everything you own now reflects your sadness, with a blackened color palette.

200 CP: Misery Loves Company

So spread the word. Your songs of suffering spread throughout the world like a plague, afflicting depression and gloom upon all who hear it. If exposed to it for far too long, listeners will lose the will to live, and may contemplate suicide.

400 CP: Sink Into Sorrow

The waters of this world have long been contaminated by Aetulia's tears. With tears of your own, you can spread the sadness, contaminating any water you weep into with your curse. The sickness will spread to any who touch these blackened tears, granting them power at the price of their happiness, and turns them to your side. The nature of the tainted water is apparent to all who see it, and none will drink of it without first submitting to your will. Its revolting nature will cause even a dying man’s thirst to spurn it, but its power will easily tempt the foolhardy.

600 CP: Symphony of Suffering

The Sorrow you hold in your heart is too much to bear. So instead, you may release it. The bleaker, sadder, more pathetic and tragic you become, the more this Sadness grows. At will, you may release it, devastating the surrounding area and all unfortunate to be in it with the weight of your woes. Now, they will feel your pain, fear your misery. Be warned however, that by holding such sadness inside yourself, you suffer its torment until it is released. When your Sorrow reaches the point where it could drive others to suicide, do not let it grow, or you will turn to death yourself.

ITEMS:

A Skin of Metal 50 CP:
Let's face it; you can't exactly come in here wearing… whatever the fuck that is. Here are some much more Metal clothes that look much better than that pink burlap sack thing you have on.

Album Collection 50 CP:
Here's a shelf of metal albums, all guaranteed to fit your taste and style. Listen to it, spread it around, and rejoice.

Custom Guitar 100 CP: (Discount Drowning Doom):
Well now, you've got yourself a custom guitar. Never out of tune, lightweight, and feels perfect to play, you can choose how you'd like it to look. More importantly, it can cast spells here in the world of Heavy Metal.

Awesome Axe 100 CP: (Discount Tainted Coil):
Or sword, or bow, or twirly nunchuck thing. Point is, it looks Metal as hell, kicks ass, and inspires respect from anyone who sees it.

Forged From Metal 200 CP: (Discount Roadie):
Or maybe, hear me out, you want your own gear to be able to rock the fuck out with? With this option, either import a weapon that now functions as a guitar, or a guitar that now functions as a melee weapon.

Rockin Ride 100CP (Discount Ironheade):
Hot damn, looks like you've got yourself a ride forged straight from Ormagöden's blood. It's fast, sturdy, doesn't need fuel, and shoots fire from no less than five places. In other words, it's great.

The Tour Bus 150 CP:
A massive tour bus with sick flame decals. Oddly enough, it seems to be much bigger on the inside than on the outside. I mean seriously, this rockin' truck can hold the entirety of the Ironheade army, as well as the gear needed to construct…

The Megastage 150 CP:
A huge rock and roll themed stage, perfect for you to rock out on. If you want to set up your own faction here, you'll need one of these to function as your base during the Faction Battles. It can be temporarily upgraded as battles progress, provided you have enough Fans. Of course, you can't just carry this thing around, you'll need to set it up somewhere, and move it out when you're on tour.

Call of the Wild 300 CP:
With this purchase, you get yourself a pack of five Hextadons, the largest creatures here in the Brütal Lands. Their tusks are iron, and they are extremely powerful creatures. If one should fall in battle, another will be found inside your warehouse in thirty days.

DRAWBACKS:

100 CP: Tone Deaf
You can't tell the differences between notes. While this may not be a problem out in the normal world, here in the Brütal Lands, that leaves you utterly incapable of using the Metal Magic everyone else can.

100 CP: Big Hair, Big Ego
Just like Lionwhyte, you are insufferable, and nearly impossible to be around. Unlike Lionwhyte, you do not have great hair. This bodes poorly for diplomacy.

200 CP: Hair Metal
Everyone seems to think you're on Lionwhyte's side, which has earned you the ire of all three major factions, with Ironheade and Drowning Doom attacking you on sight. On the "bright" side, Lionwhyte seems perfectly fine with you joining him. While you can convince the others that you aren't on his side, it will take a good amount of effort.

200 CP: Land Locked
Unlike all the other Avatars, neither you nor your allies can fly. This is going to be a problem when they constantly have air units to attack, and have much more up to date intel than you can hope to acquire.

200 CP: Regularly Scheduled Malfunction
Your gear loves breaking, especially during the most inopportune times. Stages and guitars fall apart when it's time for concerts, guns jam when you really can't afford to miss, and can openers fail when you've got the last Chef Boyardee in the world and you're two minutes away from starving to death. It's a hard life you live.

300 CP: The Bane of Metal
Hot damn son. Not even Kabbage Boy sucks as bad as you. Your music is the shittiest "Second Wave of American Tween Melodic Rap Metalcore" ever to plague the ears of the world, and you are hated by everyone in the land of Metal. If Ormagöden was alive, he'd put you out of your misery. Since he's not, everyone else you meet will be happy to oblige. Even the world itself seeks to cause you harm.

ENDINGS

On Tour: Looks like this isn't your last stop. Keep your companions, gear, and all neat stuff, and keep on jumping.

Encore: Well, you want to stay? Fine by me. Hopefully your music was Metal enough for this place, and I hope you'll enjoy your stay.

Finale: It seems this was your last song; for whatever reason, you're headed home. Your companions, weapons, powers, all that good stuff; it's all coming with you. Rock on.