

STUPER! POWERS!



*THE FIRST-CLASS ROLE-PLAYING GAME
FOR THIRD-RATE HEROES*

Wingnut
Games

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GAME FOR THIRD-RATE HEROES

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published by

Wingnut Games
704 Thompsons Drive, Brentwood, CA 94513
(925) 240-0862 www.wingnutgames.com
ISBN: 1-929474-60-1
First Printing, October 2001

Visit the Official STUPERPOWERS Web Site
<http://www.stuperpowers.com>

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INTRODUCTION...



Night smothered Knee Jerk City like some badly overcooked Hollandaise sauce. A cloaked figure swung down on his Grim-Line and landed on his Grim-Boots on top of the Tax-Subsidized Institute for Useless Research. Grim Shadow, grim scourge of evil, grimly fingered the Grim Plunger in his hand and scanned the slanty rooftop for answers.

"I know no one reads these italicized passages at the beginning of role-playing gamebooks," Grim Shadow thought in his phlegmy monotone, "since the writers just ramble on and on in amateurish prose like frustrated novelists and they don't really have anything to do with how the game is actually played. But I can't give up now— my operator at the Psychic Friends Network told me that Commander Skullpuss is going to try and steal the dreaded Plott Device from the Institute tonight, and I've got to stop him! That, and my lucky lottery numbers are 51-13-21—"

The roof door suddenly burst open, and Grim Shadow found himself confronted by eight-foot six inches of bony terror. "So, Grim Shadow," the Commander squeaked in his high, girly voice, "we meet again. Thank you so much for dropping by—it saved me the trouble of trying to find you before I destroyed you!"

Grim Shadow could see that the heinous villain carried the fabled Plott Device under one arm—the dreaded Plott Device—the mysterious Plott Device! It had cute paisley flowers painted all over it and smelled faintly of cinnamon. Men killed for it—men died for it—even though no one actually knew what it did. So these were all stupid men who had killed and died, but in this the Plott Device was serving a valuable evolutionary function, weeding out the—

"Cut out your damn internal monologue!" Skullpuss snapped.

"Sorry," Grim Shadow growled, raising his Grim Plunger high over his head and readying his other superpowers. "There's only twenty-six different ways off this roof, Skullpuss, and all but nine go through me."

"Oh, must we continue this tired charade?" Skullpuss unexpectedly rejoined.

"Huh?" Grim Shadow quipped wittily.

"You've known as well as I have since we first laid eyes on each other," Skullpuss blurted out, unable to hide his true feelings any longer. "I love you, Grim Shadow, with all my being! There's no room in my heart for anyone else!"

"Oh God, Commander," Grim Shadow gushed, "all these years I've been longing to hear those words! Now come here and get your man-lovin'!"

They wrapped their bulging Roman biceps around each other in a crushing, warm embrace, their lips locking together in a wet tussle of love beneath their masks. Soon their tongues had entwined together as inexorably as their capes and they thought they could hear birds singing. Commander Skullpuss yanked off Grim Shadow's Grim Belt with boldness borne of unquenchable passion, exposing to the cold night air his big, beautiful Grim Sch—

Whoa! Oh, uh—hi there, role-playing junkies! We, er, didn't see you come in... Pardon us while we hose ourselves down and welcome you to the Deluxe Edition of STUPERPOWERS!, the First-Class Role-playing Game for Third-Rate Heroes. When SP! was first published way back in

the dark days of 1997, all we hoped was that our humble game, conceived, like so many of our readers, in a misguided night of drunken revelry, would shine a tiny light of hilarity into your drab and pointless lives. Little did we know that STUPERPOWERS! would soon sweep across the globe like some insidious pleasure-inducing virus, worshiped by thousands with cult-like intensity, earning us untold riches, and, at long last, bringing peace to the troubled Middle East. Really, ours is like any other old-fashioned American success story: the unprecedented popularity of STUPERPOWERS! can be attributed largely to go old-fashioned gumption, elbow grease, and a highly addictive skin-absorbent substance with which we secretly coated the pages of the original gamebook.

Several grotesque birth defects and class action lawsuits later, the court ordered us to burn the remaining print run of STUPERPOWERS!, necessitating a bigger, better, and, most importantly, much more expensive edition, which you now hold in your hot little hands (or flippers, if you were born to one of our original fans). In the past four years, STUPERPOWERS! has been played at gaming conventions and maximum-security prisons across the globe, generating hundreds of powers, rules suggestions, villains and gags that our rabid fans have sent to us at our web site (www.stuperpowers.com). We threw out all the crappy ones and present the rest here, along with our own enhancements: fifty new powers! Character advancement rules! Turn-Ons and Turn-Offs! And the all-new Big Mac Daddy section in the second half of the book.

For those of you who are exposing yourself to the glory that is STUPERPOWERS! for the first time, though, never fear: we'll hold your hand during the scary bits. STUPERPOWERS! is based on (what seems to us) the perfectly logical assumption that not everyone who hails from a red sun planet or is bitten by a radioactive spider gets the ability to fly, bench-press trucks, or KO whole armies of bad guys without lifting a finger. Most luckless schmucks, we figure, get bombarded by cosmic rays and all they have to show for it is the ability to Turn Things Plaid. Those poor, miserable "stuperheroes" have had to sit on the sidelines while their better-looking, better-PR managed, better-powered counterparts have gone on all the adventures, fought all the villains, and landed all the chicks that could have been theirs.

Until now! In STUPERPOWERS! players are transformed into costumed crime fighters with silly, useless and downright rude superpowers and are sent into battle with the only slightly less ridiculous forces of evil. To play this game you only need one to four friends (the hard part for many of you), enough paper, pencils and coins for the lot of you and chutzpah to burn. Most of the players assume the roles of the aforementioned stuperheroes, full of piss and vinegar and on a mission from God. But one poor sap—usually the biggest control freak in the gaming group—has to take on the thankless role of Gamemaster, the referee who actually creates the adventure the heroes have to go on and plays the roles of all the non-player characters the heroes meet. But in STUPERPOWERS! he's not known as the Gamemaster—Ladies and Gentlemen! Let's give it up for THE BIG MAC DADDY (BMD)! It is the BMD's job to make the players' lives as miserable as possible, and we've dedicated the other half of this book to describing in excruciating detail exactly how he can go about doing so. In this half, however, we're considered solely with the players themselves. (Don't you feel special?)

So read on, Benighted Roleplayer. It's time to create your stuperhero, so get ready to take an extended dip into the bottomless cesspool of comedy that is STUPERPOWERS! ★



LET US TAKE a brief peek, shall we, into Sunny Valhalla, the crime fighters' rest home in beautiful Knee Jerk City, where former Champions of Humanity spend their twilight years in flagrantly abusive squalor. There they are, decaying in front of the wall-mounted TV in their Spandex bathrobes, smashing shuffleboard discs through the wall, zipping through the halls on walkers faster than the eye can see, using their x-ray vision to see the attendants stealing their Social Security checks out of their rooms. When these flaxen-haired crusaders for justice can emerge from the narcotic haze of overmedication to string more than two coherent sentences together, what do they talk about? World-shaking battles with desperate supervillains to avert some apocalyptic cataclysm? The beautiful girl reporters they spent night after night sharing illicit pleasures? No, no, not at all: it's origin stories these old-timers swap, regaling each other long past curfew with the prosaic tales of how they received their powers, a time-honored tradition of superherodom since Gilgamesh first realized he could beat the snot out of any Sumerian who looked cross-eyed at his sandals.

Now that you have bravely chosen to raise high the standard of Truth, Justice, and the United Way, Dear Reader, it is up to you to come up with your own thrilling explanation for how you received your powers. As far as we can make out from comic books, it appears that the easiest way to get superpowers is to do something totally stupid that would be guaranteed 100% lethal under any other circumstances. In our world, people bitten by radioactive spiders, bombarded by cosmic rays and caught in the heart of a gamma bomb explosion would gain only the power of Slow, Lingering Death, or, quite

possibly, Skin Like Cottage Cheese Power. After seeing his parents gunned down by criminals, a young billionaire wouldn't be able to afford a gadget-ridden car, crime computers and a utility belt because he'd be paying for decades upon decades of expensive therapy. And, come to think of it, any kid whose tiny spaceship landed in isolated Kansas farmland would get burned at the stake by Bible-thumping rednecks.

Fortunately, the only guarantee in the fabulous world of STUPERPOWERS! is that every player gets powers, which originate in a fickle roll of the dice. To embark on a rewarding career of righteous butt stomping, make a photocopy of the Hero Sheet on page 7 of this book. Get a pair of percentile dice (i.e., two ten-sided dice; if you don't have any, don't panic and merely skip down three paragraphs) and roll three up three (count 'em! THREE!) superpowers to start the game with. The handsomely illustrated Stuperpowers List begins on page 27 of this book, and there's a master table listing all powers on a single page, p. 26. Note that it is up to The Big Mac Daddy to say whether or not the players start the game already possessing their stuperpowers, or if he wants to work their consecration into the first scenario itself. Those clock and SFX burst icons have to do with the basic rules of the game and are explained in the following chapter. Make a note of the powers, and the number in the time and burst icons, on the space provided on the character sheet.

Ta-dah! Yup, that's it. You now have a fully functioning STUPERPOWERS! character, suitable for framing, and are undoubtedly the envy of your peers (all three of them). All you need to do now is flesh out your hero with an appropriate silly name (based on one or more of your stuperpowers) and some

RANDOM HERO ORIGIN GENERATION TABLE

(Roll two dice for each column to randomly generate your hero's origin)

2	At a really bitchin' party you snorted a/some...	radioactive	goofballs!
3	On All Hallow's Eve you were anally probed by a/some...	extraterrestrial	scented douche!
4	A friend Double-Dog Dared you into sticking your tongue onto a/some...	genetically-engineered	kumquat!
5	One night you stumbled drunkenly into the testing ground of a/some...	far-future	septic tank!
6	Coming home on Christmas Eve your SUV rolled-over onto a/some...	alternate timeline	Jehova's Witnesses!
7	You saw your second-cousin once-removed brutally killed by a/some...	magical	chitlins!
8	The free clinic diagnosed you with a chronic case of...	bionic	penis enlarger!
9	One morning you stuck a fork into a/some plugged-in...	experimental	"Wacky Toback!"
10	You shared a drinking glass with a/some...	Satanic	nose job!
11	From an eccentric aunt you inherited a/some...	government-created	thong!
12	While you were in the womb your mom snorted a/some...	"homeopathic"	hippies!

idea of a costume—which you should sketch out in the “My Hero” space in the upper right hand corner. Think up your own wacky origin story to explain how you got your powers, or, for a real thrill, grab a pair of regular (“six-sided”) dice and use the Random Origin Generation Table provided.

Everybody begins the game at Level Zero (No-Name Loser), with no Good Points/Bad Points or Turn-Ons/Turn Offs—unless you're playing a **Tournament Game**, in which case the BMD should have already notified you that you should have rolled up FOUR Stuperpowers, two Turn-Ons and one Turn-Off (see “No Good Deed Goes Unpunished” for a complete discussion of this aspect of the game).The importance of a good battle cry cannot be stressed enough, though; see the sidebar on page 14 for examples.

We know that not everyone is a rabid gaming geek like us,though,and might not have little bits of plastic with ludicrous numbers of sides just lying around the house. But half the fun of STUPER-POWERS! is trying to figure out uses for the seemingly useless powers you've been stuck with, so try to get your powers randomly instead of just choosing them—if you can.If you don't have any ten-sided dice, this can be accomplished by a number of ways:

- Whip out your favorite credit card.The first two digits of your card's number are your first superpower, the second two digits are the second, and so on. For example, using my credit card, my stuperpowers would be: “Create Subtitles” (44), “Summon Buddha” (28), and...uh...wait a minute...I'm just gonna shut my big mouth now...

* Open this book so the master stuperpowers table on page 26 is showing,then set it on the floor. Standing over the rulebook, hold a pencil at about shoulder-level and drop it on the chart three times.The stuperpowers you have are the ones closest to the marks made by the pencil...oh,hey,look at how you've messed up your rulebook! Now you've got to go buy another one! (Heh-heh, the fools are putty in our hands...)

* Ask a friend to randomly pick three numbers between 1 and 100 for you (if this “friend” has the Stuperpowers List memorized, this isn't terribly “random,” though).

* Have the BMD assign you your powers (although this can be dangerous).

* Photocopy each one of the stuperpowers and cut them out individually, tape all 100 to the wall, stand fifty paces back, down a bottle of Castor Oil, and let the target vomiting begin!

Or, if you fear that the above will sorely tax your limited abilities, feel free (with the BMD's blessing) to use any one of the four pre-generated Stuperheroes following this section.Fill out the stats of these heroes on your own blank character sheet, and go to town!

Now, fully armed with powers, name, costume, battle cry and origin,it's time to learn how your stuperabilities work so you can wreak some serious havoc...er, defend the innocent! ★

STUPERPOWERS!

CHARACTER SHEET

PLAYER: _____

HERO: _____

ORIGIN: _____

LEVEL: _____ BATTLE CRY: _____

My HERO

STUPERPOWERS

GOOD Pts.	BAD Pts.
RUNNING TOTAL:	

TURN-ONS

TURN-OFFS

HURT



HURT



REALLY HURT



REALLY REALLY HURT



REALLY REALLY REALLY HURT



VERY HURT



K.O.'D

KID CHAOS!

PLAYER NAME: _____

LEVEL: _____ BATTLE CRY: _____



Backstory: His mother's chronic addiction to sniffing glue caused Harold Bower to be born with the power to leave a total mess in his wake wherever he goes! To revenge himself on his childhood enemies—er, we mean to prove to society that Superpowered folks are people too, this poor kid from the Midwest made the long journey by bus to Knee Jerk City, where all struggling superheroes look to make their mark on society!

TURN-ONS / TURN-OFFS

- Super-Genius Friend
- Bush Family Connection

*For Tournament Game, roll for one additional Turn-On

STUPERPOWERS *



23 Car Pile-Up (#51)	!	5
Sonic Belch (#92)	!	3
Summon Light Breeze (#91)	*	-

*(for Tournament play only, roll a fourth power for this hero.)

GOOD Pts.

BAD Pts.

	x2 Media Multiplier Bad Pts. Only ("Bush Family Connection")

RUNNING TOTAL:



HURT



REALLY HURT



REALLY
REALLY HURT



REALLY REALLY
REALLY HURT



VERY HURT



K.O.'D

JOHNNY K. BOOM!

PLAYER NAME: _____

LEVEL: _____ BATTLE CRY: _____



Backstory: When the comic book industry collapsed, artist Jon K. Bum was forced to sell his body to science to make ends meet! Finding no buyers, he agreed instead to test-gurgle an experimental new batch of "Hormel's Extra Spicy Chili" designed to clear a poorly-ventilated church in 15 seconds flat! Much to his surprise, he not only gained \$800 in beer money—he also received fabulous superpowers that allowed him to become a beloved Defender of Democracy!

TURN-ONS / TURN-OFFS

- Cutting-Edge
- Dystopian Alternative
Future Paternity Suit

*For Tournament Game, roll for one additional Turn-On

STUPERPOWERS *



Spontaneous Combustion (#20)	!	4
Adhesive Snot (#35)	3	-
Flatulence of Life (#26)	P	-

*(for Tournament play only, roll a fourth power for this hero.)

GOOD Pts.

BAD Pts.

	x2 Media Multiplier Good Pts. Only ("Cutting Edge")

RUNNING TOTAL:



HURT



REALLY HURT



REALLY
REALLY HURT



REALLY REALLY
REALLY HURT



VERY HURT



K.O.'D

JANET DELUXE!

PLAYER NAME: _____

LEVEL: _____ BATTLE CRY: _____



Backstory: Working the graveyard shift restocking action figures at the regional “We Be Toys” Outlet for Emotionally Stunted Adults, Janet Killian made the fatal mistake of combining Pop Rocks and Dr. Pepper as a late-night pick-me-up! The explosion of sugar and plastic toxins transformed the bitter retail worker into a fully-poseable, life-sized, living doll! Now she uses her powers—not to fight evil—but to make people think she’s a real robot who’s too cool to thwart crime as the world’s most collectible super-heroine!

TURN-ONS / TURN-OFFS

- Fully Accessorized
- Ethnic Boycott (feminists)

*For Tournament Game, roll for one additional Turn-On

STUPERPOWERS *



Skin Into Aluminum Siding (#2)	*	-3
Action Figure Punch (#78)	!	3
Glow In The Dark (#24)	*	-
_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____

*(for Tournament play only, roll a fourth power for this hero.)

GOOD Pts. BAD Pts.

RUNNING TOTAL:	



HURT



REALLY HURT



REALLY REALLY HURT



REALLY REALLY REALLY HURT



VERY HURT



K.O.'D

THE ALL-NIGHTER!

PLAYER NAME: _____

LEVEL: _____ BATTLE CRY: _____



Backstory: His name is spoken only in barely-conscious whispers in 24-hour donut shops and art school studios.... His true name? Unknown. His profession? Justice. His methods? A can of “Spaz” cola...a radio talk show host on the four a.m.slot (“Celebrity Guru”)...and some serious “munchies.” The All-Nighter is the scourge of evil when the sun goes down, and his only Achilles’ Heel is that when the sun comes up he can barely drag himself out of bed!

TURN-ONS / TURN-OFFS

- Politician-in-the-pocket (local Police Commissioner)
- Celebrity Cult Guru

*For Tournament Game, roll for one additional Turn-On

STUPERPOWERS *



Find Convenience Stores (#11)	!	-
Sugar Rush (#78)	3	-
Nacho Downpour (#24)	2	-
Change Time Zones (#66)	5	-
_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____

*(for Tournament play only, roll a fifth power for this hero.)

GOOD Pts. BAD Pts.

	x2 Bad Pts. ("Celebrity Guru")
RUNNING TOTAL:	



HURT



REALLY HURT



REALLY REALLY HURT



REALLY REALLY REALLY HURT



VERY HURT



K.O.'D



WE HERE AT SP! HQ, in our tireless commitment to grim-'n'-gritty verisimilitude, have enlisted a veritable platoon of law enforcement officials, ballistic experts, washed-up boxers, trauma ward doctors, storefront karate instructors and convicted serial killers to help us develop the most bowel-churningly realistic combat system in RPG history. We know you play role-playing games to act out your deeply repressed feelings of hostility toward a scornful, uncaring society by engaging in wildly improbably fascist fantasies of violence and control. Since we're the exact same way, STUPERPOWERS! is about one thing and one thing only: fighting, fighting, and more fighting!

Before any actual cans of whoop-ass can be opened, however, we need to lay down some basic guidelines to prevent tragic disfigurements. Like all role-playing games, STUPERPOWERS! is an exercise in storytelling in which everyone sits around the living room or kitchen table, with the BMD verbally setting up a situation and having the players describing their reactions to it in succession. All player actions are taken in **turns**, the order of which is at the sole discretion of the BMD. The BMD may employ any method of deciding the order of turns, such as going clockwise around the room, alphabetically by the players' last names, numerically by players' underwear size, and so on. A complete succession of turns is called a **round**. These turns and rounds should be used for other activities in which the entire party involved, including trashing a hotel room or group sex.

Time is mutable in role playing games, and the rate at which time passes within the world of the game is determined by the BMD. Generally speak-

ing, the number of actions a player may complete within one turn is determined by what's going on in the adventure at that moment. If the BMD says that the players must scour the city for Commander Skullpuss, they can do many different things within the duration of one turn—even things that would take several real-life hours to complete. If the players are scouring the Commander's apartment for the Plott Device while the Commander is at his group therapy session, however, the BMD will probably reduce the allowable time for actions to ten minutes or so for dramatic tension. Regardless, the BMD should spend roughly the same amount of real time dealing with each player's actions and their ramifications, otherwise they all get cranky.

But when you and your fellow stuperheroes have hollered out your battle cries and enjoined the local Girl Scout troop in death-defying battle, time is constricted considerably. While the party is engaged in combat, each round takes place in a matter of seconds since all the participants are performing actions that, if the game were real, would be taking place simultaneously. **To make life simple, assume that a player in combat may perform only one (1) action per turn.** The only exceptions to this are starting/stopping/continuing simple movements (running, jumping, turning, etc.) and talking (the more sarcastic quips snarled at one's foes, the better).

In a game called STUPERPOWERS!, we assume that one of the major things players would like to do when it's their turn is, well, actually use their stuperpowers. The following guidelines apply to all stuperpowers, regardless of any other characteristics they might have:

- There are no “skill rolls” to activate powers. A power is activated as soon as the player declares he is activating it; the power’s effects begin to occur during that same turn.
- You may not activate more than one power per turn.
- You do not need to use spoken words, hand gestures, or any body movements of any kind to activate powers. However, certain powers—“Mate and Produce Offspring” (#45), for example—cannot be performed successfully if you’re tied to a chair or otherwise restrained. Likewise, “Super-Smile” (#19) doesn’t work if you’re gagged or otherwise can’t open your mouth. Use common sense.
- Powers work either on you only or other people only, unless specifically stated otherwise in the power description. You cannot tie your own shoelaces together; nor can you make other people spontaneously combust.
- Powers work only on things or people within the activating player’s field of vision, unless otherwise noted.

In the Stuperpowers List, two possible icons may be found beside each power’s description, one of which is a clock. The symbol inside the clock indicates how long a power lasts. If that symbol is a number, that is the number of turns a power lasts before shutting itself off. These powers are known as **temporary** powers. The temporary power’s fixed duration time is also the amount of time that must pass before the player can use that power again. Players may activate other powers while the temporary power is still in effect. However, if a player is knocked unconscious by another player or NPC (Non-Player Character), a temporary power automatically shuts itself off; if that’s the case, then the time that must pass before the character can activate that power again is equal to the number of turns that the power was on before the character was knocked unconscious.

For example: Sally activates the Power of Tor, a temporary power that lasts for three turns. She runs around grunting with a Swedish accent and putting bad guys in half nelsons for three turns. That third turn is the last turn that that power is active. Assume it shuts itself off between the third and

POWER DURATION



Instantaneous Power:

Effects last for one turn only.



Indefinite Power:

Effects last as long as player maintains concentration; no other power may be activated so long this power is in effect.



Permanent Power:

Effects last until the end of time.



Temporary Power:

Effects last for number of turns in clock (or, if “X,” for amount of time in power description) Power cannot be used *again* until that same amount of time has elapsed.

fourth turns. Now Sally is prohibited from using the Power of Tor again until another three turns have passed. On the sixth turn since she first activated the power, she can summon the Power of Tor for a second time.

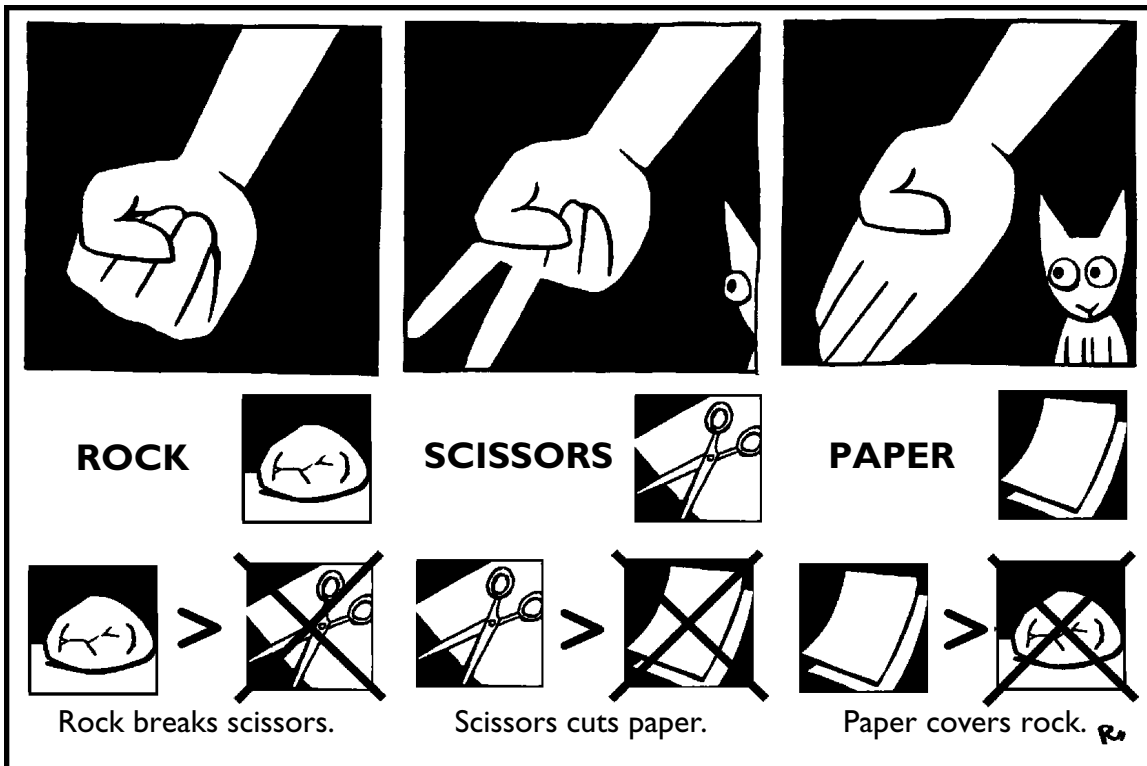
If the symbol inside the clock is the letter “X,” that simply means that the duration of the temporary power is in the power description itself. The rule about waiting the same amount of time the power lasted before you can use it a second time applies to these powers, too. In other words, if you summoned groupies for fifteen minutes (#32), after the groupies disappear you can summon them again fifteen minutes later.

If the players are not currently in combat while activating their powers, assume—for power purposes—that “turns” are measured in ten-minute increments. (This is all in game time, of course.)

Other than a number or an “X,” three other symbols may be found in the center of a power’s clock icon:

! **Instantaneous** powers’ effects occur only on the same turn that the player declares she is using that power.

* **Indefinite** powers’ effects continue until the player declares that he is halting their use. However, a certain amount of concentration is required to exercise indefinite powers, and the player may not exercise any other powers while the indefinite power is in effect. The BMD may rule that certain distractions (such as having gerbils shoved



down your pants) may break the player's concentration and cause the indefinite power to stop. An indefinite power shuts itself off automatically when the player exercising it gets knocked unconscious.

- **Permanent** powers' effects continue until the end of time. The player does not need to concentrate to continue a permanent power's effects; the power takes care of that on its own. Sometimes, a permanent power can be counteracted by other means (like if a person struck by the "Cause 70s Hairdos" (#48) power went to the barber).

Many powers ("Sonic Belch," #92, for example) require superheroes to aim, fire and strike a given target for the power to have any kind of effect. Since everyone is STUPERPOWERS! is playing basically normal people with three or so paranormal abilities, assume that your hero in the game can do anything you yourself can do in real life. Often, though, you'll want your hero to attempt something that you have (wisely) seldom or never attempted in real life, such as dramatically jumping through a skylight into a room full of people—or hitting someone with a sonic-powered belch. We don't care how many hours of video games you've played, we're assuming your hand-eye coordination is not so good as to take the possibility of your missing entirely for






granted. As in life, certain things in STUPERPOWERS! are left to chance, so we have formulated a complicated scientific theorem to help you determine whether you hit what you were aiming at: **Flip a coin**. If it comes up Heads, you have successfully hit your target. If you get Tails, you missed, and quite possibly put the eye out of someone standing directly behind your intended victim.

Too egghead for you? We anticipated that reaction, so we devised an alternate method. Play **Rock, Scissors, Paper** with the BMD. If you win, your attempted action was successfully completed.

These procedures can also be used for the following:

- **"Skill Rolls"**: You only need to flip a coin to successfully perform skills that you do not possess in real life. If, in the game, you want to execute a skill that you do have—driving a car, for instance—assume that you succeed automatically.
- Any other kind of **"To Hit"** roll that is non-superpower related, such as throwing a grenade into an Elks' Lodge meeting or spraying a gun show with automatic weapons fire.
- **"Saving Throws"**: Quite simply, ducking and dodging and weaving and the like.

LEVELS OF HURT

Level of Hurt	Weapon	Mouse Behavior
 1) Hurt	Blunt Object (Fist, baseball bat, chair)	Staggers a little
 2) Really Hurt	Sharp Object (Knife, sword, arrow)	Limps to far corner of cage to hide
 3) Really Really Hurt	Bullets in general* (*:SEE "A-TEAM RULE")	Pitifully squeals for mercy
 4) Really Really Really Hurt	Land mines, grenades, other minor explosions	Twitches spasmodically
 5) Very Hurt	Bazookas, major explosions	Sticks to wall

THE "A-TEAM RULE": Normally, bullets do three levels of Hurt. However, for practical game purposes, all bullets in SP! have an unnerving tendency to hit people only in the shoulder, which merely causes one level of Hurt. No matter how many bullets a character happens to fire off in a turn, he can flip for only one bullet hitting its target per turn. As for inanimate objects, SP! bullets head straight for whatever part of the object would most likely cause a spectacular explosion/collision/disaster, if hit— i.e., a car's tires. The only exception to the "A-Team Rule" is if somebody getting blown away by a hail of gunfire is, in a specific instance, really, really funny.

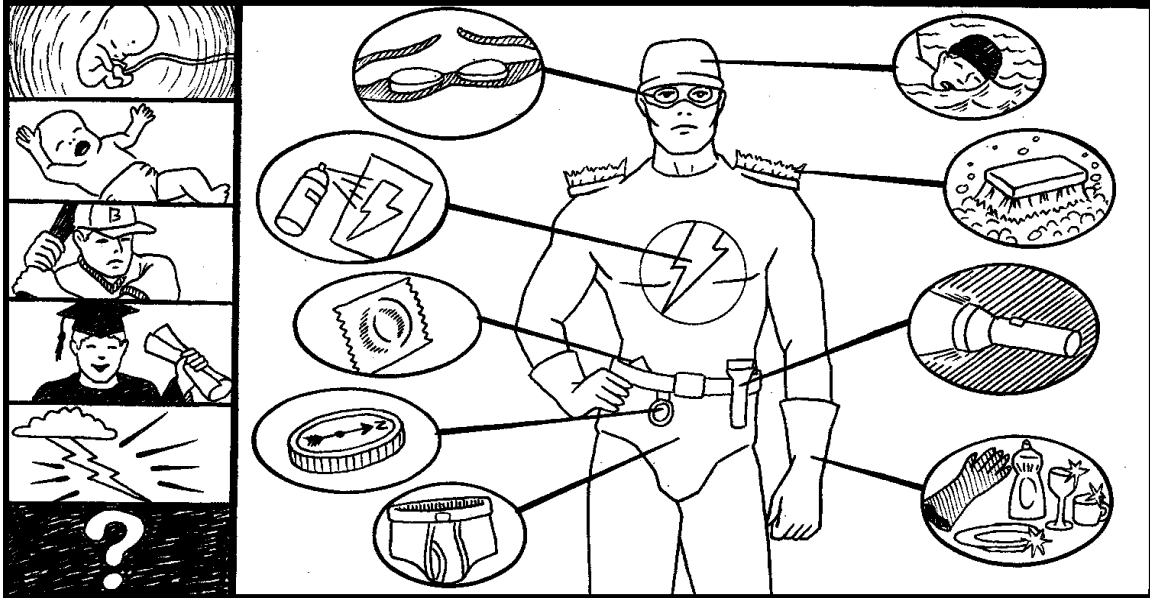
The Flip-a-Coin or Rock-Scissors-Paper technique should also be used to settle any ambiguities that may arise during the course of the game, such as applying a superpower to something for which said power is not specifically designed. As we're sure you've noticed, the description of each superpower is—rather brief. The nuts-and-bolts mechanics of how every superpower works is up to negotiations between individual gaming groups and their BMD, either through consensus or the Rock-Scissors-Paper method. Let's say Shlomo wants to use his power to Turn Bagels Into Lethal Weapons (#14) on a similar bakery item, namely a bialy. If the BMD or one of the other players find this questionable, then Shlomo should ask the BMD to flip a coin, or he can play Rock, Scissors, Paper with the BMD or the applicable player.

Foremost in the minds of all STUPERPOWERS! players, however, should be the hallowed "NOW, THAT'S COMEDY CLAUSE": if a player performs an action that elicits UPROARIOUS LAUGHTER from the gaming group, then this action succeeds automatically: no ifs, ands, buts, rock, scissors, papers or coins about it. This is the equivalent of what most hard-core gamers call a **critical success**.

Okay, so let's assume that you actually nailed that Girl Scout Troop with a teeth-rattling beer burp. What kind of effect will it have on them? That's what those little SFX burst icons on the power descriptions are for (though not all powers have them): that number indicates the amount of abuse a power dishes out, measured in increments called "**Hurt**." All damage of any kind in STUPERPOWERS! is measured in Hurt; a research team at MIT scientifically isolated five distinct levels of Hurt in a laboratory experiments, using white mice and a series of successively more powerful weapons (see table).

Before they were stoned to death by an outraged mob of animal rights activists, the MIT researchers told us that the Hurt level caused by any form of game injury, superpowered or not, could be determined by comparing it to this scale. For example, a twenty foot fall would cause one level of Hurt, a forty foot fall two levels, and so on.

On the receiving end, Hurt measures how much damage your hero has absorbed during the course of an adventure (the character sheet has a handy-dandy checklist for keeping track of this). Keep in mind the following guidelines:



- Hurt is cumulative. Say Jethro’s mom runs him through with a broadsword. That automatically puts him at a Really Hurt level of damage. Unfortunately, Jethro isn’t paying attention to where he’s going while attempting to escape, and runs straight into the wall. That counts as a Blunt Object, so he gets another level of Hurt added on, putting him at the Really Really Hurt stage. Never one to pass up an opportunity, Mom stabs him again as he lays on the floor, stunned. Jethro is now at the Very Hurt stage, which is okay, since I hear Jethro is a real jerk.

- Players who are up to Very Hurt levels of Hurt can make actions only every other round, and must talk like a badly-wounded William Shatner (“Must...Defuse...Bomb!” (etc.)).
- Players who go beyond Very Hurt are knocked unconscious until six game hours have passed, the BMD feels like it, or some other character throws cold water in their face—whichever comes first. Characters who are woken up before one game hour has passed are still knocked down to the Very Hurt stage.

Characters shed Hurt (known to non-gaming losers as “Healing”) at the rate of one Hurt level per game hour. Thus, after five game hours, even a character at the Very Hurt stage would be back to being Just Fine. During close fights, however, a player can instantly shave off levels of Hurt by playing “Truth or Dare” with his fellow players.

In case you haven’t noticed, there are no rules for death or dying. That’s because no one really dies in STUPERPOWERS! That fatal bullet bounced off the sheriff’s badge. Phil’s body was never found after his laboratory exploded. Goodwench happened to land in a penthouse swimming pool after she got kicked out of that helicopter. Dead characters aren’t any fun. They just lie there and bleed a lot. So assume death never occurs in STUPERPOWERS!

Unless, of course, it’s really, really hilarious. ★

FAVORITE BATTLE CRIES:

“PENCIL ME IN FOR EIGHT!”

“ACH, ZOMBIES!”

“FOR THE GLORY OF PANTS!”

“IT’S SLOBBERIN’ TIME!”

“VERILY, I SHALT BUST A CAP
IN THINE ASS!”

“NO MEANS NO!”

“I LIKE IKE!”

“COME HERE AND GET
YOUR MAN-LOVIN’!”



EXAMPLE OF GAMEPLAY

All-Nighter, Kid Chaos, Janet Deluxe and Johnny K. Boom (see pp 8-9), all working independently on the same Case of the Stolen Plott Device, converge at the same time in the same darkened underground parking garage beneath the Tax-Subsidized Institute for Useless Research in Knee Jerk City. Foolishly not having memorized *The Official Who's Who Handbook of the Stuperverse (Deluxe Edition)*, they mistake each other for villains and attack!

The BMD declares that now that combat has begun, players may make actions only once per turn, and that players will take turns in alphabetical order of hero's name.

Let the whoop-ass begin!



ROUND ONE. All-Nighter downs a can of "Jolt" and activates *Sugar Rush* (Power #78). He can now make three actions per turn. He already used one action to activate the power, so for the remaining two he opts to punch Kid Chaos, then Johnny. He flips heads and hits Kid Chaos, doing one level of Hurt worth of damage (see chart, p. 13). Kid Chaos is now at a Hurt level of Hurt, and his player makes a note of this on the checklist on his character sheet. All-Nighter flips heads and successfully punches Johnny, who is now Hurt, too.

Kid Chaos is spooked by All-Nighter's haste, and activates *23 Car Pile-Up* (#51) to try and crush the speedster. This is an instantaneous power, so its effects occur right away, but the player flips tails—a miss. The BMD makes Kid play Rock, Scissors, Paper to see if the massive mound of Buicks hits him or another hero by accident. Fortunately, Kid wins the match, so nothing untoward occurs; but the BMD rules that the screeching, crashing heap of wrecks has filled up the alley mouth, trapping them in close quarters—and preventing Kid Chaos from summoning *23 Pile-Up* again until the way is cleared. Sucks to be Kid Chaos.

Janet turns her *Skin* into *Aluminum Siding* (#2) to protect herself from All-Nighter's punches. This is an indefinite power, however, so she cannot use any other powers as long as it's on; but her tactic is to have the other three heroes beat each other to a bloody pulp, then she, totally refreshed, can drop her protective aluminum and mop up the exhausted remainders.

Johnny K. Boom tells the BMD he's going to snort *Adhesive Snot* (#35) at All-Nighter's feet, gluing him to the ground. The Big Mac Daddy allows this, and Johnny flips heads for this immediate power—a hit! All-Nighter is stuck where he stands!

ROUND TWO. Unfortunately for the other heroes, though, the BMD rules that they were in such close quarters to begin with, trapped in an alley by a twenty three car pile-up, that the All-Nighter can easily still swing his fists and hit all of them. He does so—and flips Heads three times in a row! Johnny and Kid Chaos are both Really Hurt,





but Janet's Aluminum Siding protects her up to three levels of Hurt,so she is unscathed.

Kid Chaos is getting fed-up with being All-Nighter's punching bag,and so lets loose a gut-busting *Sonic Belch* (#92) right in the hero's face! He flips Heads for this immediate power—a hit! Maybe his luck is turning. All-Nighter takes three levels of Hurt,making him Really Really Hurt.

Janet tries to remember all the lyrics of the “Sheriff Lobo” theme song.

Johnny realizes that Kid Chaos's mouth-gas is a lot more destructive than All-Nighter's punches, even if he can move three times per round. He jumps on top of Kid Chaos from behind (with a successfully tossed coin), screams out his battle cry, **“Boom! There I is!”** and activates *Spontaneous Combustion* (#20). Johnny K. Boom explodes in a pyrotechnic flash! Johnny loses his next turn,but Kid Chaos has suffered four additional levels of Hurt, putting him beyond Very Hurt at K.O.'d. He falls unconscious,and is temporarily out of the game.

ROUND THREE. All-Nighter can now concentrate on pummeling Janet and Janet alone.Though all of his three coins turn up heads, Janet just stands there laughing at him—her Aluminum Siding allows her to shrug off all attacks lower than Really Really Really Really Hurt.

Kid Chaos is unconscious, and will remain so for the next six game hours.

Janet sees her chance. Familiar with the “Sugar Rush” power description, she tells the BMD she is deactivating her “Aluminum Siding” and,at the same time, turning her back to the All-Nighter and facing where Johnny once was.The BMD is perplexed, but allows it nevertheless.

Johnny has lost his turn because he is re-forming after Spontaneously Combusting.

ROUND FOUR. It has now been three turns since All-Nighter activated Sugar Rush, and, as per the power description, now that the power has ended,he falls asleep.

Kid Chaos stays unconscious.

Janet tells the BMD that she wanted to position herself in such a way that All-Nighter hit the button on her back with his head on his way to the ground! The BMD laughs uproariously—and, as per the “Now, That's Comedy Clause,” Janet's action is automatically successful! All-Nighter's head hits the button on her back, activating *Action-Figure Punch* (Power #77)! Janet flips Heads for this immediate power, and faster than you can say “Pow! Zap! Bam!” Johnny K. Boom is hit with three levels of Hurt! That knocks him up to Very Hurt levels of Hurt! He can only make actions once every other turn! His turn is skipped again!

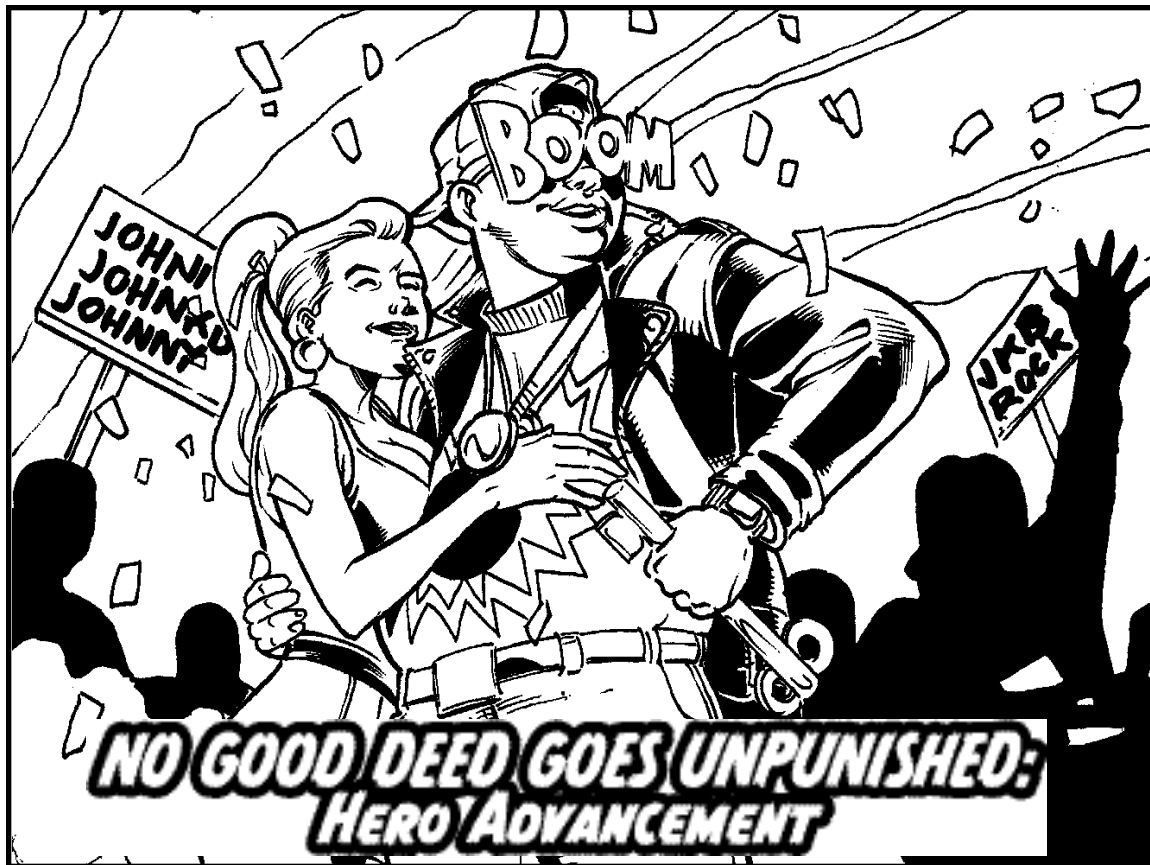
ROUND FIVE. The All-Nighter is asleep.

Kid Chaos is KO'd.

Janet bops Johnny K. Boom on the head with her fist.She flips Heads,and Johnny,now overVery Hurt, crashes to the ground, K.O.'d.

Janet dusts her hands off and wonders what she's going to do with these freaks...!





CONGRATULATION, NEOPHYTE STUPERHEROES! You have gone on your first adventure with the BMD and successfully stopped Captain Buttmunch from using his dreaded Incontinence Ray on the United Nations Delegate Family Picnic...to think they only rented out three Port-O-Johns! Now what? Hordes of TV reporters are swarming around you, waving microphones in your faces; the mayor is prepared to hand you the key to the city; and Buttmunch himself is cooling his grotesquely enlarged posterior in the Big House, muttering to himself that “It would have worked, too, if it weren’t for those blasted kids” and planning all the unique positions he’s going to twist your spine into, once he gets out on parole (in, like, fifteen minutes). No superheroics exist in a vacuum—if they did, heroes would be constantly exploding into gooey paste, if we’ve learned anything from sci-fi movies—and there are consequences to all our actions. You’ve made your first mark on the public-at-large, Kid—now, what kind of mark is society going to make on you?

Alas, competition is fierce for the hearts and minds of the public in the dog-eat-dog world of the Stuperverse. As obscure heroes laboriously claw their way up the Halls of Justice to worldwide acclaim, the back-stabbing and in-fighting make the

Miss America Contest look like a lesbian folk-rock sing-a-long. The quote-unquote “real” heroes, like Rightwing and the Justice Bringers (see *BIG MAC DADDY’S GUIDE*), have really good powers and suck up most of the media’s attention, leaving only a little bit of oxygen at the top of the room for lower-powered stuperheroes to squabble over amongst themselves. But the rewards for acclaim are high: lucrative promotional contracts, your own Saturday morning cartoon and action figure line, corporate sponsorship, gadgets, vehicles, and, of course, even more fabulous, fabulous stuperpowers! Now that you’ve drawn first blood, let’s get your hero started down the road to fame and fortune.

Take another glance at your character sheet: see that big, blank box marked “Good/Bad Points?” Use a pencil to fill out that space, because the figures listed there will change several times over a single adventure. The Big Mac Daddy will assign your hero commendations, or “**Good Points**,” for heroic or hilarious activities you perform during the course of a mission; conversely, he will assign you demerits, or “**Bad Points**” for villainous or moronic or teeth-grindingly unfunny things you do during the same adventure. In general, you get Good Points for successfully knocking out bad guys, thwarting the major villain’s evil schemes, and, most importantly, making

ASSIGNING GOOD POINTS

Lvl of G.P.	Comparable Deed	Por ejemplo:
10	Random Acts of Kindness	Telling somebody not to see "Cats"
25	Inspiring Uproarious Laughter in the Gaming Group	BMD and players have to agree;DOUBLE number of points if he or she actually gets somebody to snarf soda through their nose
50	Creative Stuperpower Use	Using the "Grow Udders" power to squirt WAGs with milk,then pulling out a "Slippery When Wet" sign (as per "Street Sign Power!") to make their assault rifles slip out of their fingers
100	Averting a world-threatening crisis	Defeating Sanitizor, Fumigator of Worlds at the end of "Apocalypse How" (as seen in BMD Guide);generally speaking, successfully completing ANY adventure

ASSIGNING BAD POINTS

Lvl of B.P.	Comparable Deed	Por ejemplo:
-10	Random Acts of Cruelty	Bitch-slapping your Mom
-25	"Oil Painting"	As Lenny Bruce called it, whenever a player tells a joke so bad it is met with STUNNED SILENCE
-50	Serious Hero Malpractice	Dropping a 60' toilet on Jack Klugman when you were really aiming for Commander Skullpuss
-100	Crimes Against Humanity	Writing "Cats"

your friends burst out giggling with your wacky ideas and pratfalls.As per the "Now,That's Comedy" Rule, you automatically get **25 Good Points** for making the whole group explode with laughter—**50** if you get somebody to snarf, so time your good material for when the other players are downing their ginger ale! Creative stuperpower application—a hallowed aspect of the game for most SP! fans—that make seemingly useless abilities extremely useful in an unexpected way (like if you used your "Locate 24hr Convenience Stores" power (#11) when the party is stranded without supplies in the Sahara, or if you used "Make All the World's Phones Ring" (#3) to stymie an evil hacker's modem-based schemes).

You get Bad Points for seriously screwing up, or just plain anti-social, mean-spirited or villainous actions.The BMD should be partial and non-vindictive when passing out these game-required Cheers-and-Jeers, and all serious disputes over the amount of Good Points or Bad Points handed out should be settled by a quick match of Rock-Scissors-Paper...or twenty paces at dawn! The key to all great comedy is experimentation, so the "Oil Painting" rule (see Bad Points table) should be used sparingly by the BMD, only once or twice per player per adventure, otherwise some serious knife fights could break out.Once you get hit with some serious Bad Points, we recommend that you put your head between your ankles and repeat "It's Only A Game, It's Only A Game..." And hide the knives.

Keep track of all the Good Points you've been assigned in the "Good Points" column of the character sheet, and all the Bad Points you've been accumulated in the "Bad Points" column.It is strongly recommended that the BMD reward all players who successfully see the adventure through to its conclusion (party-poopers who go home early get screwed) a 100 Good Point bonus. So, at scenario's end,add up all of the num-

MEDIA MULTIPLIERS

Multiply G.P. B.P. by...	If it is witnessed by...	Notification time or needed to mobilize...
X2	Print Journalists	2 hours
X5	TV Journalists	6 hours
X10	International TV news going live around the globe	12 hours
X100	Intergalactic media beaming your adventures directly into the brains of sentients universe-wide	Who the hell knows? (BMD's discretion)

LEVELS OF HEROISM

Level	Level Name	GP Total	Powers	Turn Ons	Turn Offs	Pop Culture Reference Point
0	No-Name Loser	0	3	0	0	You, you no-name loser
1	Street Vigilante	150	3	1	0	Bernie Goetz
2	Local Hero	400	4	1	1	George Bailey*
3	National Treasure	750	4	2	1	"Run, Forrest, Run!"
4	World Champion	1,300	5	2	2	Whoever's on the "Wheaties" Box this month
5	Galactic Guardian	2,200	5	3	2	I'm just talkin' 'bout Shaft...
6	Cosmic Messiah	5,000	6	3	3	Dave the Space Fetus (from "2001")
-5	Galactically Over-Saturated	7,200	5	3	2	Any male pop group or female solo act that looks like they were sculpted by Mattel.
-4	World-Jetting Fame Fugitive	8,500	5	2	2	Princess Di, Marlon Brando
-3	National Joke	9,250	4	2	1	Elvis, Regis Philbin, Bill Clinton
-2	Local Celebrity	9,650	4	1	1	Gary Coleman or any other ex-child actor
-1	Street Person	9,800	3	1	0	That smelly guy ranting about the government putting computer chips in his brain that you didn't give change to yesterday.
0	No-Name Loser	10,000	3	0	0	You, you no-name loser.

When your hero reaches 10,000 Good Points, his Running Total reverts back to ZERO (0).

bers in the Good Points column and SUBTRACT from that sum all the Bad Points you've accumulated. If this is your hero's first adventure, write the difference (in pencil!) in the "Running Total" box below. Then furiously erase what was in the Good/Bad columns so they're blank again and ready to keep track of the next adventure's points. You'll be adding/subtracting that sum from the Running Total to keep track of all the points your hero's accumulated throughout his or her illustrious career.

As we all know, however, in our media-saturated world what you've done with your life doesn't so much matter as what you've done with your life that has been recorded and disseminated over Internet fan sites, chat rooms, newsgroups, radio waves, TV waves, newspapers, magazines, and 24-hour cable networks.

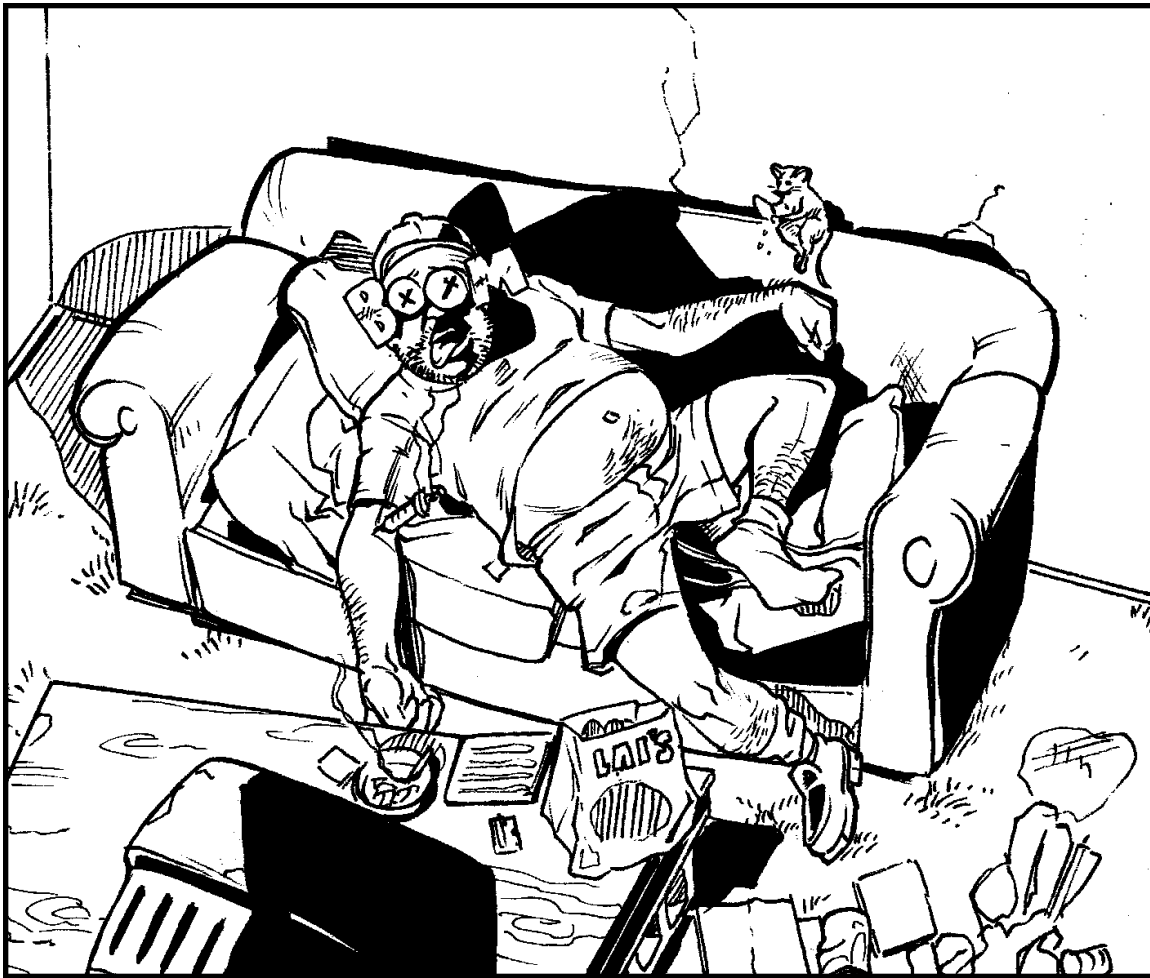
With that in mind, the number of Good or Bad Points a hero receives is amplified by the level of local, national, international or intergalactic press present at the site of superheroic brawl (see table).

So: savvy and ambitious players will know to alert

the news media when a serious brawl is imminent; the amount of time it takes an outlet to respond to hero notification is noted on the Media Multiplier Table. In general, TV producers and major newspaper editors aren't going to spare the manpower to send swarms of newshounds out to cover you foiling some common mugging. Heroes at Level 3 and below can convince said outlets to head out only with some serious role-playing and besting the BMD at Rock-Scissors-Paper. At level 4 and higher, the news media will assume you watching your arm hair grow is newsworthy, and will periodically interrupt regular programming to breathlessly inform the viewing public that you've gone to the bathroom.

Of course, let us not forget that if the players botch the job, all of their behind-the-scenes scheming will only result in audiovisual proof of their incompetence being beamed across the airwaves to the skeptical laughter of couch potatoes all across the country. The number of BAD POINTS a player receives is also multiplied appropriately, so PR-hungry heroes should take pause. But who knows? If the mess you make is exceptionally spectacular, maybe

*: You know, George Bailey, Jimmy Stewart's character from *It's A Wonderful Life*, you brainwashed If-It-Isn't-in-Wizard-or-Sci-Fi-Channel-I've-Never-Heard-Of-It Zombies...



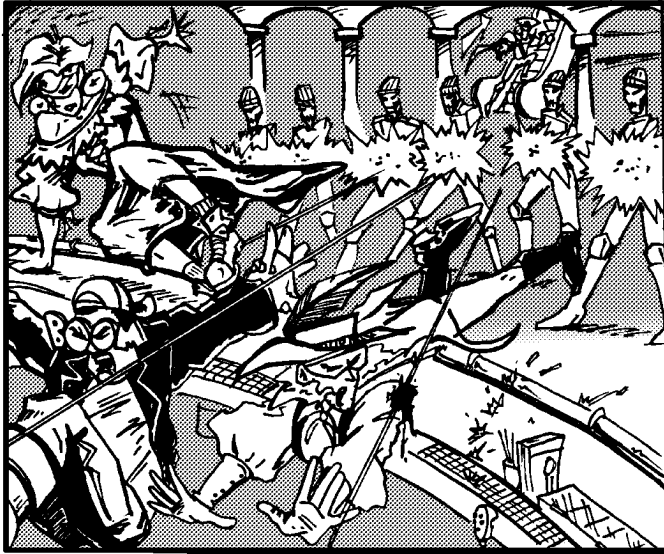
it'll get featured on "America's Funniest Superheroic Videos—Caught on Tape!" and the press will be that much hungrier to cover your next big battle, in the hopes of catching you with egg on your face again. As the old saw goes, "The Only Bad Publicity Is No Publicity..."

As your hero accumulates more and more Good Points, he will start to rise in level. The level he achieves is dependent on the number in the Running Total box on your character sheet; consult the nearby chart. Each level number has a corresponding name, and, since we've been told that your generation can't understand anything unless it's had a pop culture reference point attached to it, we've provided those, too. The benefits of rising in the public's esteem are multifold, not the least of which is an increase in the number of a hero's stuperpowers. The "Powers" column on the Level Chart shows the maximum number of stuperpowers a player can possess at any given level; roll for an additional stuperpower each time your hero achieves a level that allows it.

(Hey, we'll be the first ones to admit that this adding of powers makes no logical sense. In our

defense, we'd just like to point out that almost nothing in superhero comics—not to mention this rulebook—makes any logical sense to anyone with a sixth grade education. How your hero gained his new stuperpower or stuperpowers is between you and the BMD. Maybe it was a side-effect of some death beam the villain used during the last adventure. Maybe they were latent powers that, like your acne, come and go after puberty with little consistency. Maybe you should re-roll on the Origins Table. Knock yourself out. Don't get us wrong: we love our STUPERPOWERS! But wielding the same three gaming session after gaming session is going to get stale fairly quickly.)

We should also note that it is possible to actually go *down* in level, if a scenario has gone particularly badly for your hero and you get saddled with a truckload of Bad Points. Rather than losing stuperpowers and other attributes when you drop a level, however, you simply don't gain any more—needing that many more Good Points to climb higher in level is punishment enough. (The only time you need to worry about losing powers and other attributes is if you're *too* successful: see below. Heh, heh...)



Roughly, your hero's level determines how intensely the media and the public-at-large is scrutinizing his actions, and, to a lesser degree, how much they depend on him or her to save their bacon when the going gets tough. In fact, as he rises in level, this standard of prestige is going to get harder and harder to maintain, if only because more and more is going to be expected of him. At levels 4 and higher, the BMD can start to use a hero group's own reputation as an adventure hook unto itself: the pacifistic Jello People land on Earth to locate the legendary heroes so they can help liberate their wussy homeworld from the grip of the Frat Boy Empire...and their dreaded space station, the Death Keg. Tourette's Syndrome-suffering supervillainess Babblin' Brooke knows her rep will be made if she can defeat your group in combat (with her own hand-picked villain army, of course). Nostradamus' prophecies are interpreted to mean that you and your friends are destined to banish the Duppies (Damned Urban Professionals) and their Satanic Volvos back to the Suburbs of Hell. Once you hit level 5 or 6 the BMD can rule that you have your own round-the-clock public access station dedicated to your exploits and you're followed by a "COPS"-like camera crew wherever you go, giving you a permanent Media Multiplier of 10.

Fame has its good side—and bad. Just ask any rock star who's choked to death on his own vomit. As your superheroes ascend the social ladder from fringe to mainstream to superstardom, they accumulate perks along with penalties of being high-powered celebrities, which we like to call "Turn-Ons" and "Turn-Offs." Use two regular dice to roll on the Turn-On/Turn-Off table for the appropriate number of attributes indicated by the Level Table.

This isn't meant to be a comprehensive list, though; when the same Turn-Ons and Turn-Offs start popping up over and over again, feel free to make up your own (with the BMD's final approval) or go to the STUPERPOWERS! web site (<http://www.stuperpowers.com>) to see the list of new Turn-Ons/Turn-Offs we'll soon maintain there...and add your own to our Message Board, so they can be used for the benefit of all! Eventually, we hope to have a list for them as long as that for the powers themselves.

A cursory glance at the tables provided in this section might suggest that STUPERPOWERS! characters can hurtle from No-Name Loser to ludicrously high levels of achievement in just a single adventure, given the right combination of media savvy, world-imperiling threat and comedy prowess. (Likewise, an ill-timed blunder can drop a player's stock lower than an Internet retailer's.) We can assure you that this is wholly intentional!! Most role-playing games expect gamers to have the bookkeeping skills of IRS auditors and keep track of their precious little spells and weapons and experience points so that the rewards of adventuring can be dolled out at the ponderous pace of maple syrup leaking from a tree. In the fabulous maelstrom of hilarity that is STUPERPOWERS!, however, all abilities are all equally as useless, and a character's overall status has much more to do with *perceived* levels of merit than *actual* levels of merit (in this sense, we feel that STUPERPOWERS! is the most realistic RPG ever created). Besides, SP! is meant to be played at a frantic pace of merry chaos that has been known to induce epileptic seizures in small children and animals. Powers fly fast and furious and gags fly fierouser. Heroes reach the pinnacle of success only to crash to earth with such a rapid reversal of fortune that it would give even Vanilla Ice whiplash.

In fact, once heroes achieve the sixth level of acclaim—Cosmic Messiah—the dreaded Too Much of a Good Thing syndrome begins to creep in. At 6th level, you have achieved Total Media Saturation and the fickle public can't turn on the TV without seeing your face. Now, your grand acts of heroism inspire nausea and jibes from late-night TV talk show hosts rather than praise. As you continue to accumulate Good Points, you begin to travel along the downward arc of the Success Bell Curve. As you plummet in level, you actually start to lose superpowers, Turn-Ons and Turn-Offs: but, to keep things interesting (read: "hilarious"), whenever you lose one of

TURN-ONS/TURN-OFFS

Roll	Turn-On	Turn-Off
2	Corporate Whore	Lawsuit Magnet
3	Cottage Industry	Conspiracy Theorists
4	Cutting-Edge	Played-Out
5	Fully Accessorized	Evil Alien Symbiote Costume
6	Intern(s)	Stalker(s)
7	Kennedy Family Connection	Bush Family Connection
8	Politician-in-the-Pocket	Independent Counsel(s)
9	Booty Wagon	Dystopian Alternate Future Paternity Suit
10	Spin Doctors	Paparazzi
11	Super-Genius Friend	Celebrity Cult Guru
12	Token Minority Buddy	Ethnic Boycott

those attributes, re-roll one of the other attributes to get a different one—which one you change is chosen by you—as long as you have only the maximum number of Stuperpowers, Turn-Ons or Turn-Offs allowed at your level. Once you achieve the unthinkable—10,000 Good Points—you return to the level of No-Name Loser as the media casts you aside on the dust heap of history and moves on to the next New Big Thing. Your Good Point Running Total reverts back to zero.

But get off that ledge, SP! junkie! Like everything else in STUPERPOWERS!, you should view this wrinkle in the rules not as a source of despair, but simply as another ruptured sewer line of wackiness, spewing forth chunky gallons of humorous situations! Some heroes may opt to take the “Madonna Variant” of Level Advancement, and reinvent themselves by totally changing their costume and stuperhero identity. If you choose to do this, your Good Point Total reverts to zero but you retain your current level...but if your deception is “unmasked,” you will automatically be knocked down to Level -4 (World-Jetting Fame Fugitive) with a total of 8,750 Points.

Many a hero has become greatly embittered by shoddy treatment from the public after years of selfless service...and decided to go into business for themselves! That’s right, truly ticked-off heroes go bad and become *Stupervillains* (see Wally Wood’s classic MAD MAGAZINE story “Stuperduperman” for an epitome of this option). Players should note that by accruing just enough Bad Points, they can

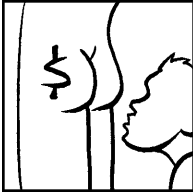
hover around high levels of power indefinitely. Did we hear anyone say “It’s Time for a Crime Spree?”

(Alternately, powerful stuperheroes that have gone bad can be taken out of the game by the BMD and turned into non-player characters...and then your party will have to roll up brand-new Defenders of Justice to send out into battle against your former comrades! O, the Drama! O, the Irony! O, the Incestuousness!)

Last but not least: F. Scott Fitzgerald once said “There are no second acts in American lives.” But we’ve never listened to a thing that blue-blooded lush said, anyway. Never underestimate the poignant role-playing potential of running an adventure in which has-been heroes band together for one last mission to recoup the public’s favor. Relegated to security guard detail at the local pornography warehouse, featured on “Where Are They Now?” segments for local TV, or, worst of all (shudder) sitting between a wrinkled Scream Queen and “The Guy Who Played the Third-Furry-Alien-From-the-Left in the ‘Mos Easley Cantina Scene” at comic book conventions, this lowly band of washed-up heroes may catch wind of some nefarious villain’s plans that only they can stop in time. If they fail, they’ll only prove once and for all they deserve all the derision that’s been heaped on them in the last few months. But if they succeed...if they succeed...”Top of the World, Ma!”

Hell, if John Travolta could resurrect his career, why can’t you? ★

TURN-ONS



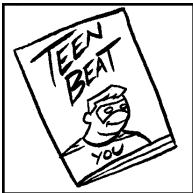
Corporate Whore: It doesn't matter if the product causes cancer, explodes at high speeds or is manufactured in slave labor camps by crippled orphans working 25-hour days: you'll endorse it. Your mug is plastered all over TV commercials

and billboards across the country hawking this or that piece of useless crap, and Big Business has rewarded you handsomely for your shameless hucksterism: you are a zillionaire, with all the perks and bennies that go along with having a big pile of money to sleep on every night. No price is too high for vehicles, equipment, politicians, etc. Your superhero group never has to worry about taking the bus to a crime scene again.



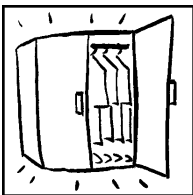
Cottage Industry: Your fan club has reached semi-professional levels; conventions are held in your honor and the sexless geeks who obsessively follow your exploits often intermarry (in wedding ceremonies at conventions dedicated to you, wearing stylized versions of your costume) so they can spawn successive generations of You-Lovers. For practical purposes, your fan club is so vast that every tenth person you meet is a member, and therefore loves you to death, pending a Rock, Scissors, Paper match with the BMD.

you, wearing stylized versions of your costume) so they can spawn successive generations of You-Lovers. For practical purposes, your fan club is so vast that every tenth person you meet is a member, and therefore loves you to death, pending a Rock, Scissors, Paper match with the BMD.



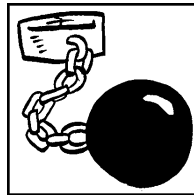
Cutting-Edge: Regardless of overall level, you're the "Flavor of the Month" superhero among the kids today, those young people between 16 and 24 that advertisers covet like flies covet ca-ca. Screaming crowds of teenagers materialize

out of nowhere at all your public appearances; cheap plastic replicas of your costume sell out during Halloween. You're constantly being asked to appear in Nike and Pepsi commercials. DOUBLE all media multipliers for this player only.



Fully Accessorized: You lucky dog! You've managed to get your hands on a "Smart Costume" that, with a coin-toss, can shift into any one of the following versions: wet suit (with air tank and flippers), Chemical/ Biohazard/

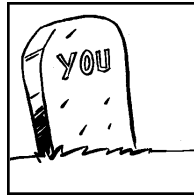
Radiation suit, parka (with skis) and space-suit. Think of all those different doo-dads that get handed out with different versions of a boy doll...er, "action figure." At the BMD's discretion, the suit can be damaged beyond repair (like if it gets set on fire), and, of course, bad guys can always take it off you.



Intern(s): Okay, okay, stop snickering. We're above all that. All we mean by this is that you have one to three apprentice superheroes-in-training that you can make do pretty much whatever you want without pay. They don't have any

powers as of yet, but they can reduce time-consuming tasks like scouring the city for the villain and mass-photocopying your resume by hours. Think Sherlock Holmes's "Baker Street Irregulars." In exchange, you have to teach them everything you know how to do...with a box of cigars. (Okay, we lied: we're well, well below that.)

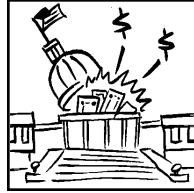
Kennedy Family Connection: You are related to the



Kennedy clan by blood or marriage. The press always cut you major slack, no matter how badly you screw up; most people perceive you as surrounded with an aura of unattainable glamour; but you do seem to spend a lot of

time attending funerals. DOUBLE media multiplier for this player for GOOD POINTS ONLY. (Our UK players can replace this with Royal Family Connection.)

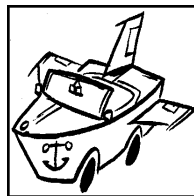
Politician-in-the-Pocket: Thanks to generous dona-



tions to the local cop shop, district attorney's office, or capitol building, a high-ranking member of law-enforcement or government (or both) is using his pull in your favor. Local police look away when you

"stretch the law" by beating up that old lady for her prescription drug money and you have complete use of government records while conducting criminal investigations. On the down side, the politician may want something from you in return—like appearing in campaign ads for him, extorting even more "donations" from you (particularly if you also have the "Corporate Whore" Turn-On; see above) and maybe making one or two rival candidates "disappear."

Booty Wagon: You have a set of really cool wheels.



Flip a coin: on heads, it's a car; tails, it's a jet. Make sure it has enough seats for every member of your hero team; and the BMD will make you draw exactly what it looks like, so break out those crayons. You're not allowed to put

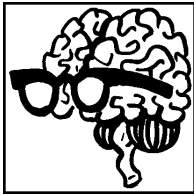
any weapons on it (that would be un-hero like), but roll randomly for a stuperpower that its gadgets emulate. Don't forget to take it in for an oil-change every 1,000 parsecs, either.

TURN-ONS (CONTINUED)



Spin Doctors: An army of paid image consultants materialize out of nowhere when you screw up to deluge the media with press releases favorable to you and nasty news leaks embarrassing to your enemies.

HALVE Media Multiplier for this player for BAD POINTS ONLY.



Super-Genius Friend: One of your childhood pals has grown up to be an inventor of fantastic gizmos. You can visit him for pseudo-scientific advice and adventure hooks (“Only you can test-drive my new hyper-dimensional spaceship,

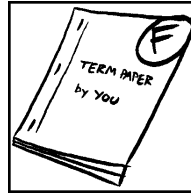
Kid Chaos—uh, but would you mind signing this Release Form first?”) ONCE per adventure you can go to his lab and walk away with a device that duplicates the effects of any stuperpower (selected by you); but, after its first use, it only works on a coin flip—and, on a foiled toss, it blows up in your face for 3 Hurt.



Token Minority Buddy: To prove how oh-so-liberal you are, you make sure your back is always watched by a Constant Friend and Aide who is of a race/ gender/ religion/ sexual orientation/ ability level/ handedness mostly pissed on by society at large.

The BMD will roll up your friend for you as a zero-level hero (3 Stuperpowers, no Turn-Ons/Offs) and play him as an NPC. However, this sidekick has no defined personality of his or her own, only shows up when you're faced with wave upon wave of minor WAGs (i.e., never hogs the glory for himself when you're fighting the Main Villain) and generally makes \$15,000 to \$30,000 a year less than you do.

TURN-OFFS



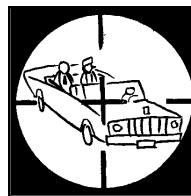
Bush Family Connection: You are related to the Bush clan by blood or by marriage. Nice old ladies and clergymen spit on you as you walk down the street; every gaffe and foible, every misspoken word and DWI arrest, is lovingly

detailed in minute detail by the news media. And most major cocaine dealers have your number preprogrammed into their Speed-Dial. DOUBLE media multiplier for this player for BAD POINTS ONLY. (Our UK players can replace this with Divorced Royal Family Connection.)



Celebrity Cult Guru: You have been taken in by some dubious religion headed by a swami, mystic or related guru that promises “self-actualization” and success in return for 150% of your personal income. Several times a day you have to call

your guru for advice, to join you in meditation, or read your star-chart. His advice seems to be working, though—ROLL FOR ONE ADDITIONAL SUPERPOWER BEYOND WHAT IS ALLOWED BY YOUR CURRENT LEVEL—but most people think you're a flake: DOUBLE ALL BAD POINTS.



Conspiracy Theorists: As per ‘Cottage Industry’, except these people don't worship you—they think you're the anti-Christ. These sexless geeks blame you for everything from Martin Luther King Jr.'s assassination to cattle mutilations

to New Coke. They're constantly posting nasty, embarrassing, and/or erroneous dirt on you on the Internet and are quite actively involved in discovering your secret identity so you can be turned over to the proper authorities for your many (perceived) Crimes Against Humanity. As per “Cottage Industry,” the BMD will have a R/S/P contest with you to see if every tenth person you meet is a You-Hater or not.



Dystopian Alternate Future Paternity Suit: In a dark alternate timeline, where superheroes are fictional and followed obsessively only by overweight virgins with serious personal hygiene issues, you sired a child, now fully grown, who has

managed to escape to your present to reunite with Papa and prevent his (or her) future from coming about, and to borrow the keys to your car on Saturday night. Flip a coin: on heads, you have a son; tails, you have a daughter. Either way, she has the exact same powers you do (but no Turn-Ons/Offs) and her crappy childhood has seriously messed her up. At the worst moment of the adventure,

TURN-OFFS (CONTINUED)

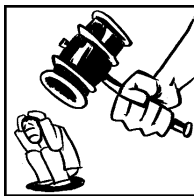
she attacks you; if you lose the duel, you have to drop your current hero and start playing the kid instead (i.e., you lose all your Good Points, Turn-Ons/Turn-Offs), if you win, you get rid of the kid, but the media brands you as a Deadbeat Dad: DOUBLE ALL BAD POINTS.



Ethnic Boycott: Somebody with the first name of “Reverend” has declared you a Tool of the Racist Establishment and has mobilized his grass roots PAC against you. The BMD chooses which minority group (which can be religious, ethnic, etc.) hates your guts, and all members of that group will prove extremely uncooperative to you during an adventure, only doing what you want only with appropriate groveling and winning a R/S/P match with the BMD. With the “Uncle Tom Variant,” it’s your own ethnic group that can’t stand you (usually peppered with adjectives like “Self-Hating”); otherwise, treat as above. (The BMD should feel free to dump this Turn-Off altogether if he feels it will be misconstrued by the easily-offended...or misused by the easily-offensive!)

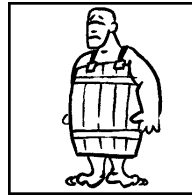


Evil Alien Symbiote Costume: Like an idiot, you put on a “Smart Costume” you found on a distant alien world without reading the fine print on the warranty. This is the same as “Fully Accessorized,” above, except that you can’t ever take the damn thing off and, with five identical coin tosses in a row the first time you use it, it will take over your mind and make you attack your fellow superheroes. The second time you use it, you need four coin-tosses to go berserk, and so on, until the fifth and every time thereafter, when just one appearance of Heads will make you Go Postal. Your friends will then have to defeat you, strip you of your costume, and give it to Goodwill. (You don’t have to take another Turn-Off after that, though.)

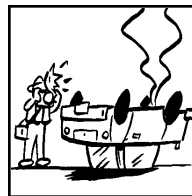


Independent Counsel(s): You are perpetually under investigation by prosecutors designated by Congress that have a taxpayer budget close to the GNP of some Third World countries at their disposal. FBI agents regularly interview your parents (focusing primarily on your bed-wetting habits as a child) and a team of investigators closely monitors your crimefighting activities for any hit of wrongdoing. Whenever you commit anything that could be construed as a crime (like if supervillains claim you didn’t read them their Miranda Rights before beating the snot of them), play R/S/P with the BMD. If you lose, you’re dragged away for 6-12 hours (BMD’s discretion) by a SWAT Team that appears out of nowhere so you can be grilled, booked, processed, and make bail. (Fortunately, Independent

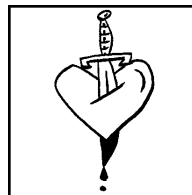
Counsels never seem to ever want to formally indict the people they’re always investigating...maybe because then their budget would evaporate!)



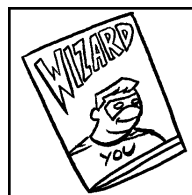
Lawsuit Magnet: Not only does the product cause cancer, it also leaks silicon, is highly addictive, sends toddlers through the windshield at 90mph and about 1,500 plaintiffs have the lawyers to prove it. Your ill-gotten gains have long since evaporated and you are dead broke: any money you do make goes into a trust fund for the victim’s families. You sleep on the couch in your hero group’s headquarters and are constantly bumming subway fare off other team members. Any equipment, vehicles, headquarters, etc. except the bare necessities of life (Ramen noodles and porn) are strictly off-limits to this player.



Paparazzi: At the worst possible moment, tabloid photographers materialize out of nowhere to snap your picture, splashing every sleazy thing you’ve ever done upon supermarket tabloids across the country, diluting those good acts (if any) you do perform—not to mention throwing off your aim, attracting supervillains’ attention, and making you crash in a Parisian tunnel. HALVE Media Multiplier for this player for GOOD POINTS ONLY.



Stalker(s): You’re constantly followed around by homicidal maniacs who want to rape and murder you, and not necessarily in that order. These people usually have already had an on-going relationship with you in their own minds for quite some time, and may or may not believe that you are a.) trying to kill them, b.) using your superpowers to mentally control them from afar or c.) you’re a Freemason (see “Conspiracy Theorists,” above). The BMD should create the stalker as a separate NPC Random (see BMD Guide) and roll up a few superpowers for them, just to keep things interesting. Any self-respecting BMD will have the Stalker spring out of nowhere and attack you when you least expect it.



Played-Out: Regardless of overall level, teenagers sneer derisively as you fly overhead. It ain’t hip to be square: you’ve got as much youth appeal as a PBS mini-series. You’re constantly being asked to appear in Old Navy commercials. HALVE all media multipliers for this player only.

THE BIG-ASS STUPERPOWERS POWERS LIST!

#	Power Name	Time	Hur t	#	Power Name	Time	Hur t
1	Give Wedgies Mentally!	!	2	51	Twenty-Three Car Pile-Up!	!	5
2	Turn Skin Into Aluminum Siding!	*	-3	52	Meatneto Power!	3	2
3	"Clap On"/"Clap Off" Electricity!	3		53	Cub Scouts in a Can!	3	
4	Make all the World's Phones Ring!	2		54	Turn 1 Square Block into Amish Country!	2	
5	Power of Tor!	3	2	55	Detachable Eyeballs!	!	
6	Mail Yourself Anywhere!	P		56	Dust Bunny Army!	5	
7	Turn Wheat Products into Cocaine!	P		57	A.T.M.A.S.S.	P	
8	Concussive Breasts!	!	3	58	Transform Into Ex-Girlfriend!	1 hour	
9	Move Somebody's Erogenous Zones!	3		59	Summon Curious Toddler!	5	
10	Create 3 cubic inches of Mashed Potatoes!	!		60	Nutcracker Thighs!	!	3
11	Locate 24-hr. Gas Stations &Stores!	!		61	"Gotcher Nose!"Power	3	
12	Drop 60' Toilets from the Sky!	!	5	62	Acid Blood!	P	2
13	Stick Somebody's Head Up Butt!	3		63	Make Any Band Play "Freebird!"	3 min.	
14	Turn Bagels into Lethal Weapons!	!	3	64	Siren-Song Karoke!	*	
15	Street Sign Power!	!		65	See 2 Seconds Into Future!	!	
16	Death Breath!	!	2	66	Change Time Zones!	5	
17	Summon Mariachi Band!	5		67	Liposuction Vampire!	!	2
18	Vacuum Butt!	2		68	Auto-Tosser!	!	3
19	Super-Smile!	!		69	Retract Head &Arms into Torso!	*	
20	Spontaneous Combustion!	!	4	70	Gather Moss!	2	
21	Ballistic Spooge	!	3	71	Wereshriner!	All Night	
22	Cause Hairy Palms &Blindness!	3		72	Eat Dirt!	!	-1/per
23	Grow Udders!	*		73	Paramecium with Full Human Strength!	3	2
24	Nacho Downpour!	2		74	Turn Currency Canadian!	P	
25	Give Somebody a Creamy Nougat Center!	3		75	Bulletproof Ass!	*	-3
26	Flatulence of Life!	P		76	Summon Angry Rednecks!	3	
27	Give Somebody Complete Trivia Mastery!	P		77	Action Figure Punch!	!	3
28	Summon Buddha!	5		78	Sugar Rush!	3	
29	Shut Up Most Talkative Player!	5 min.		79	Psy-Nus Power!	!	
30	Instant Vacation!	*	-1/per	80	Slacker Teen Sidekick!	P	
31	Snowstorm in Restrooms!	*		81	Travel Instantaneously via Sewer!	!	
32	Andy Warhol Power!	15 min.		82	Switch Stomach Contents with Anyone!	!	
33	Pogo Penis!	*		83	Bake a Pound Cake in 30 Seconds!	30 sec.	
34	Teleport Self or Others into Closet	!		84	Induce Slight Headache!	*	
35	Adhesive Snot!	3		85	Wagner Power!	2	
36	Communicate with Mailboxes &Hydrants	*		86	Hypnotize Traffic Lights!	*	
37	Induce Vietnam Flashbacks!	3		87	Price-Scan Anything!	!	
38	Enhance Car's Prestige!	P		88	Bionic Wet Bar!	*	
39	Turn Things Plaid ("Grunge Power")!	*		89	B.O. Forcefield!	4	-4/per
40	Urine of Invisibility!	One hour		90	Glow in the Dark!	*	
41	Underwear of Many Things!	!		91	Create Light Breeze!	*	
42	Crash Any Party!	*		92	Sonic Belch!	!	3
43	Stir Bowels!	3	1/per	93	Bloody Nose Power!	2	3
44	Create Subtitles!	*		94	Target Vomit!	!	2
45	Mate with Inanimate Objects!	!		95	Lethal Paper Cuts!	!	3
46	Entangle with Armpit Hair!	3		96	Fairy Godmother Power!	Until 12 mid.	
47	Mentally Tie Shoelaces Together!	!		97	Prehensile Nipples!	*	
48	Cause 70's Haidoos!	P		98	Power Switch!	P	
49	Lost Balloon Power!	*		99	Pick Your Own Darn Power!	N/A	
50	Cubist Power!	*		100	Create Your Own Power!	N/A	

1 2 !

GIVE WEDGIES MENTALLY!

2 3 !

TURN YOUR SKIN INTO ALUMINUM SIDING!
(REDUCE 3 HURT FROM ALL ATTACKS)

3 4 !

CLAP ON / CLAP OFF SURROUNDING ELECTRICITY!

4 2 !

MAKE ALL THE WORLD'S PHONES RING AT ONCE!

5 **2** 4

POWER OF TOR!
(GAIN STRENGTH OF SWEDISH WRESTLER
BUT LOSE MASTERY OF ENGLISH)

6 **P**


MAIL YOURSELF ANYWHERE!
(MUST PAY POSTAGE)

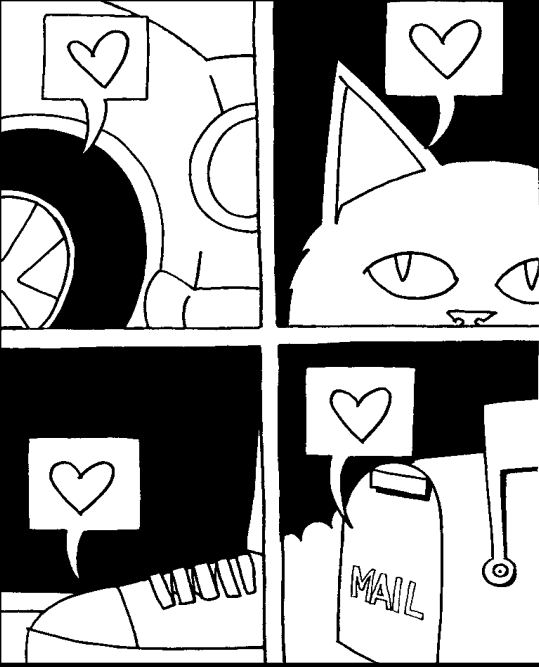
7 **P**

**TURN WHEAT PRODUCTS
INTO COCAINE!**

8 **3** **!**

CONCUSSIVE BREASTS!

9 




MOVE EROGENOUS ZONES!

10 





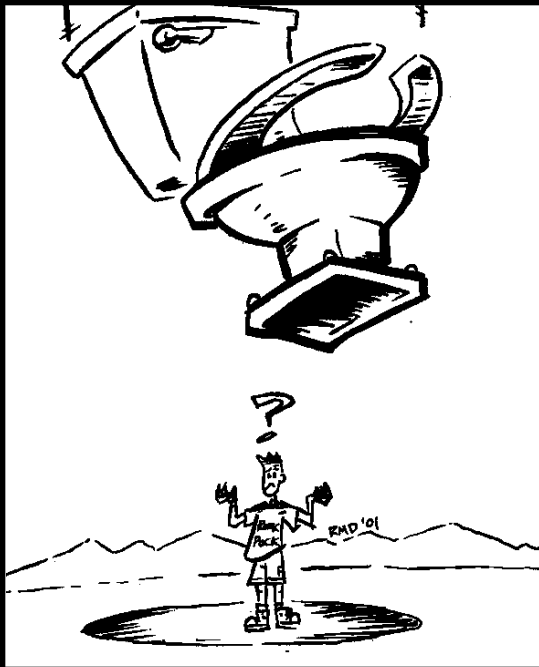
CREATE 3 CUBIC INCHES OF MASHED POTATOES!

11 




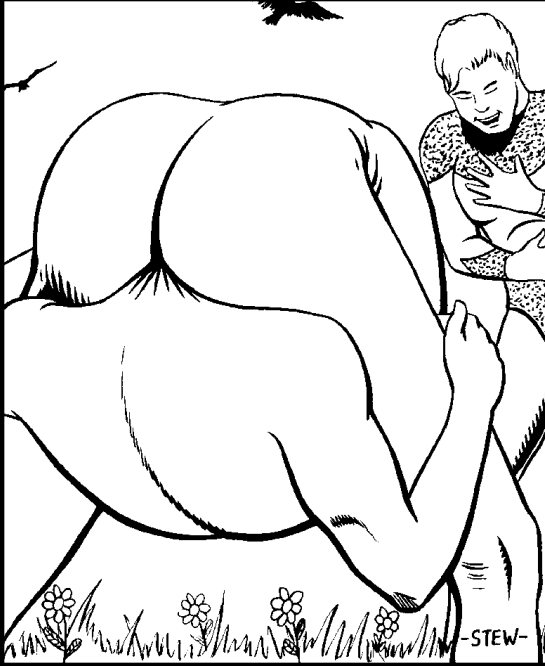
LOCATE 24 HOUR CONVENIENCE STORES!

12  




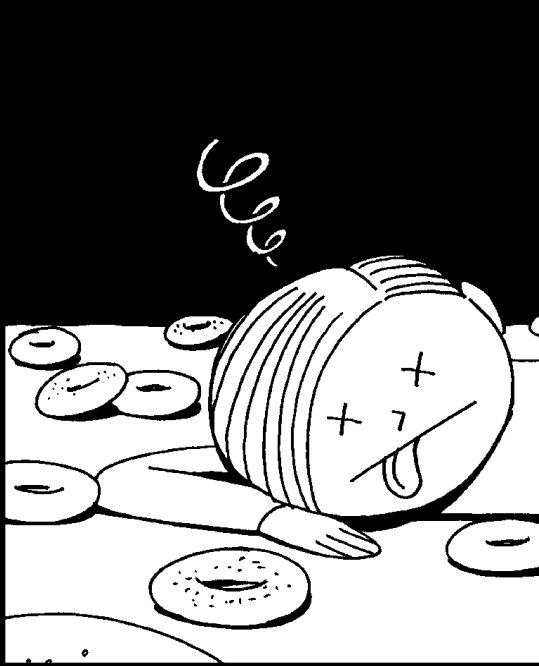
DROP 60 FOOT TOILETS FROM THE SKY!

13 





STICK SOMEONE'S HEAD UP THEIR BUTT!

14 



TURN BAGELS INTO LETHAL WEAPONS!

15 



STREET SIGN POWER!
(LITERALIZE STREET SIGN COMMANDS—ACTUAL STREET SIGNS REQUIRED)

16 




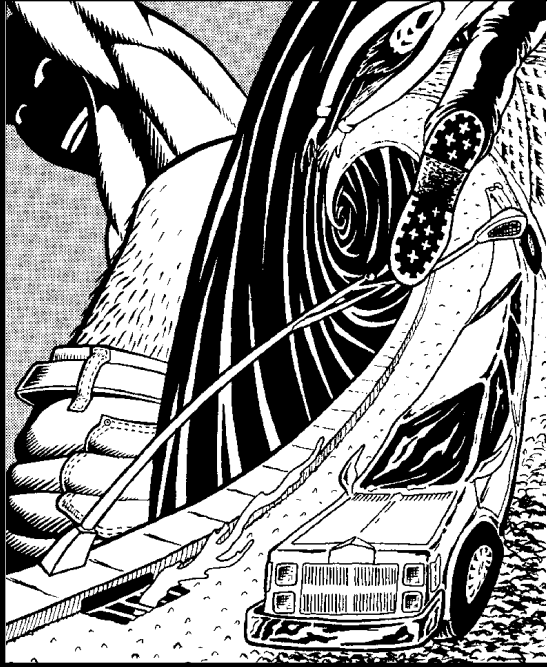
DEATH BREATH!

17 




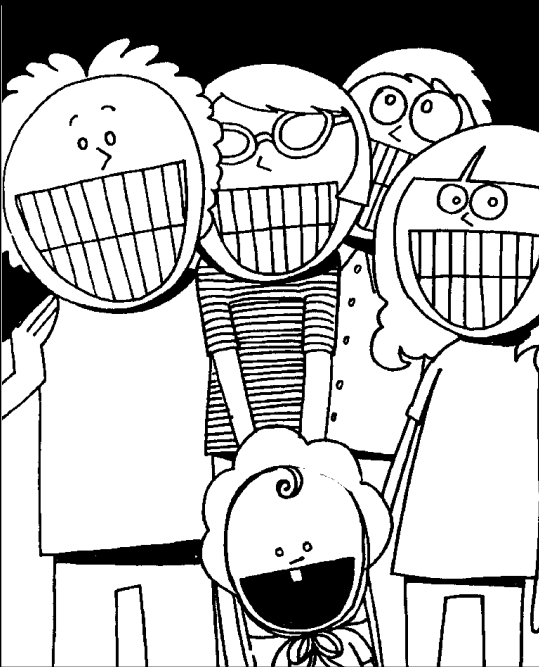
SUMMON MARIACHI BAND!

18 






VACUUM BUTT!

19 



SUPER SMILE!
 (EVERYONE (PLAYERS TOO) MUST TURN, SAY, "WOW, WHAT A GREAT SMILE!" & LOSE A TURN)

20  



SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION!
 (LOSE NEXT TURN)

21

BALLISTIC SPOUGE!

22

CAUSE HAIRY PALMS AND BLINDNESS!

23

GROW UDDERS!

24

NACHO DOWNPOUR!

25 4

GIVE ANYONE A CREAMY NOUGAT CENTER!

26 P

FLATULENCE OF LIFE!
(YOUR GAS REVIVES DEAD & KŪD)

27 P

DID YOU KNOW THAT THE FIRST AMERICAN ZOMBIE MOVIE WAS "WHITE ZOMBIE" WITH BELA LUGOSI BUT THE MOST FAMOUS ZOMBIE MOVIE IS "NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD" DIRECTED BY GEORGE ROMER WHOSE ONLY PREVIOUS FILM EXPERIENCE WAS AS A GRIP ON "NORTH BY NORTHWEST" THE ZOMBIES WERE PLAYED BY THE RESIDENTS OF A TOWN OUTSIDE OF PITTSBURGH AND THE WHOLE FILM COST ONLY 11400 DOLLARS TO MAKE AND WOULD LEAD TO NUMEROUS SEQUELS INCLUDING "THE WALKING DEAD", "RETURN OF THE LIVING DEAD"

JUST SHUT UP AND RUN YOU @#%&!

GIVE SOMEONE COMPLETE TRIVIA MASTERY OVER A SPECIFIC TOPIC!

28 5

LIFE IS SUFFERING.

THANKS FOR THE TIP, YOU FAT #5&%!!

SUMMON BUDDAH!

29

SHUT UP MOST TALKATIVE PLAYER FOR FIVE MINUTES!

30

INSTANT VACATION!
(ONE HURT LOST PER TURN LOST)

31

CREATE SNOWSTORMS IN RESTROOMS!

32

SUMMON GROUPIES FOR 15 MINUTES!

33

POGO PENIS!

34

TELEPORT INTO YOUR CLOSET!

35

ADHESIVE SNOT!

36

BUT A PRIORI CONSTRUCTIONS ARE UNKNOWN-ABLE! KANT IS QUITE CLEAR ON THIS POINT!

AH, BUT THE HUSSERELIAN EPOCHE POSITS OBSERVATION FROM THE POINT OF THE TRANSCENDENTAL $\forall \# \dots$

FOOL! YOU'VE CAUGHT YOURSELF IN A PHENOMENOLOGICAL ASYMPTOTE!

COMMUNICATE WITH MAILBOXES AND FIRE HYDRANTS!

37 4

INDUCE VIETNAM FLASHBACKS!

38 P

ENHANCE CAR'S PRESTIGE!

39 X

TURN THINGS PLAID!

40 X

URINE OF INVISIBILITY!
(TARGET AFFECTED FOR ONE HOUR)

41

UNDERWEAR OF MANY THINGS!
(WHAT'S PULLED OUT IS AT BMD'S DISCRETION)

42

CRASH ANY PARTY!

43

STIR BOWELS!

44

CREATE SUBTITLES!
(WORKS ON BOTH FOREIGN AND INAUDIBLE SPEECH)

45 



MATE AND PRODUCE OFFSPRING WITH INANIMATE OBJECTS!

46 




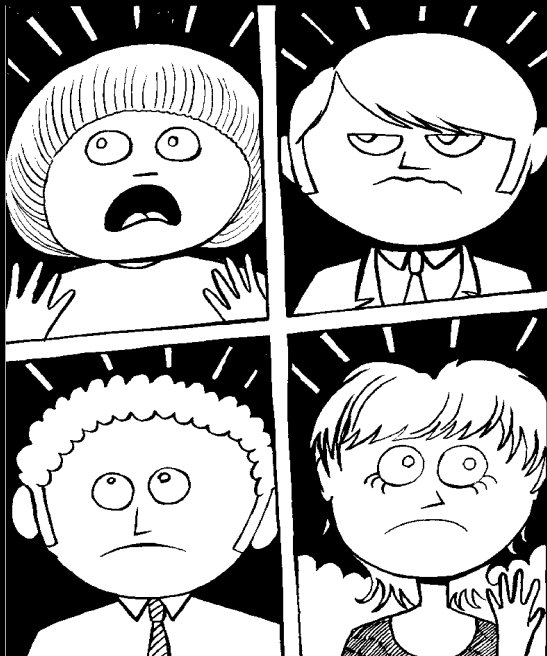
ENTANGLE WITH ARMPIT HAIR!

47 



MENTALLY TIE SOMEBODY'S SHOELACES TOGETHER!

48 



CREATE 70'S HAIRDOS!

49

LOST BALLOON POWER!
(BECOME LIGHTER THAN AIR)

50

CUBIST POWER!
(TURN YOURSELF INTO A PICASSO-ESQUE FIGURE)

51

23 CAR PILE-UP!

52

MEATNETO!
(TELEKINETIC CONTROL OF MEAT PRODUCTS)

53 4

CUB SCOUTS IN A CAN!

54 2

TURN ONE SQUARE BLOCK INTO AMISH COUNTRY!

55 !

DETACHABLE EYEBALLS!

56 5

DUST BUNNY ARMY!

57 



A.T.M.A.S.S.!


58 




OH, GOD, LOIS!!!

AND I FAKED IT EVERY TIME!



TRANSFORM YOURSELF INTO SOMEBODY'S EX FOR ONE HOUR!

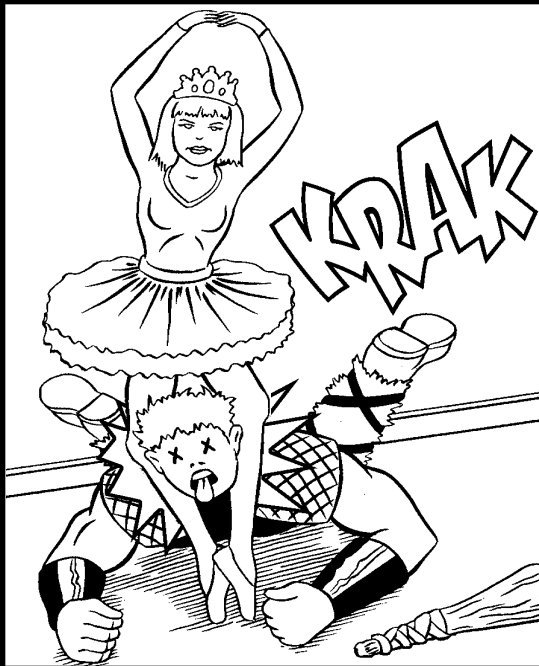
59 



WHATCHA DOIN'?

SUMMON CURIOUS TODDLER!

60  



KRAK

NUTCRACKER THIGHS!

61 4

UNCLE POWER!
(REMOVE ANYONE'S NOSE WITH "HIT" SUCCESS)

62 2 P

ACID BLOOD!

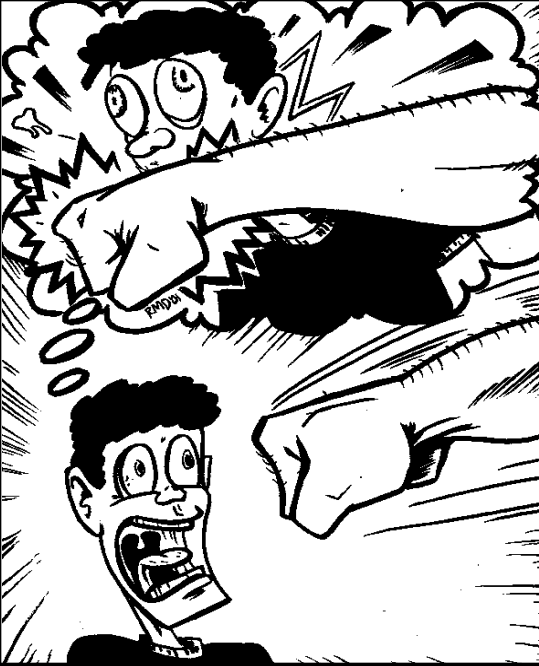
63 X

MAKE ANY BAND PLAY "FREEBIRD!"


64 2


"PIED-PIPER" KARAOKE!
(OTHERS MUST FOLLOW YOU FOR AS LONG AS YOU KEEP SINGING POP SONGS.)

65 



SEE 2 SECONDS INTO THE FUTURE!

66 





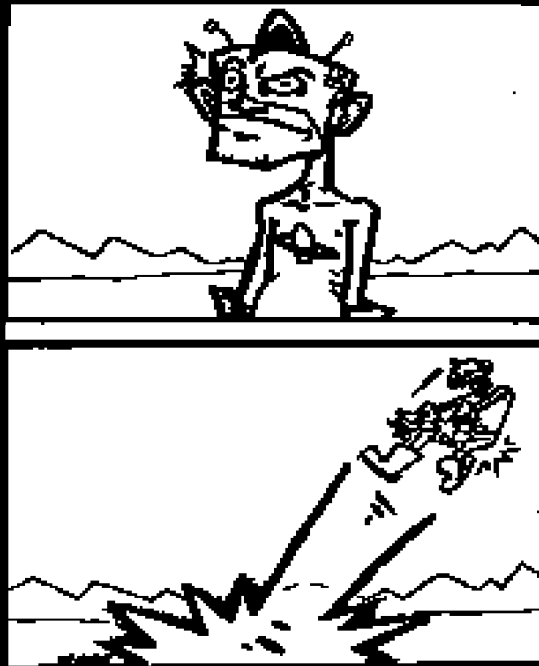
CHANGE TIME ZONES!

67  



LIPOSUCTION VAMPIRE!

68  



AUTO-TOSSER!
(HURL SELF 30 FEET IN RANDOM DIRECTION!)

69

RETRACT HEAD AND LIMBS INTO TORSO!

70



GATHER MOSS!

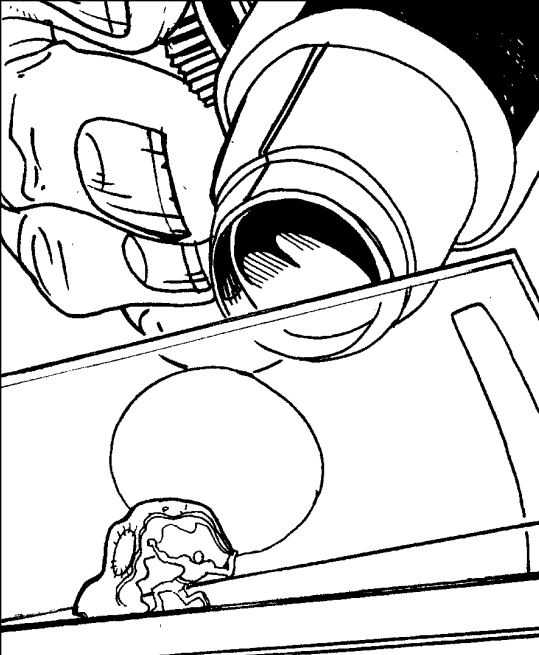
71

WERESHINER!
(ONLY WHILE MOON IS FULL)

72

EAT DIRT!
(REGAIN ONE HURT PER TURN)

73  



**SHRINK TO SIZE OF PARAMECIUM BUT
RETAIN FULL HUMAN STRENGTH!**

74 



TURN CURRENCY CANADIAN!

75  



BULLET-PROOF ASS!
(REDUCE 3 HURT FROM ALL ATTACKS)

76 





SUMMON ANGRY REDNECKS!

77 




ACTION FIGURE PUNCH!
(BUTTON ON BACK MUST BE PRESSED TO WORK!)

78 



SUGAR RUSH!
(MAKE 3 MOVES PER TURN FOR 3 TURNS, BUT THEN "CRASH" (FALL ASLEEP) FOR 3 TURNS!)

79 



PSY-NUS POWER!
(TELEPATHICALLY SEND AND RECEIVE SMELLS)

80 



SLACKER TEEN SIDEKICK!
(MUST WIN ROCK, SCISSORS, PAPER MATCH WITH BMD TO GET KID TO DO ANYTHING!)

81

TRAVEL INSTANTANEOUSLY VIA SEWER PIPES!

82

SWITCH STOMACH CONTENTS WITH ANYONE ELSE!

83

BAKE A POUND CAKE IN 30 SECONDS!

84

INDUCE SLIGHT HEADACHE!

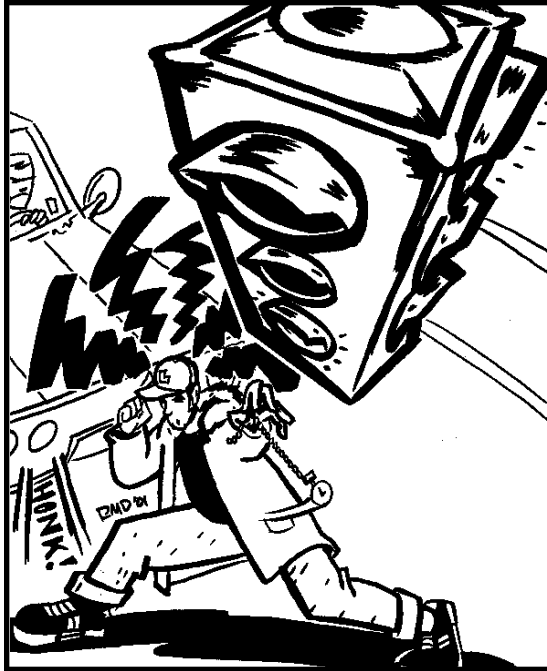
85

2



WAGNER POWER!
 (SUMMON OBESE VALKYRIES
 TO DO YOUR BIDDING!)

86



HYPNOTIZE TRAFFIC LIGHTS!

87

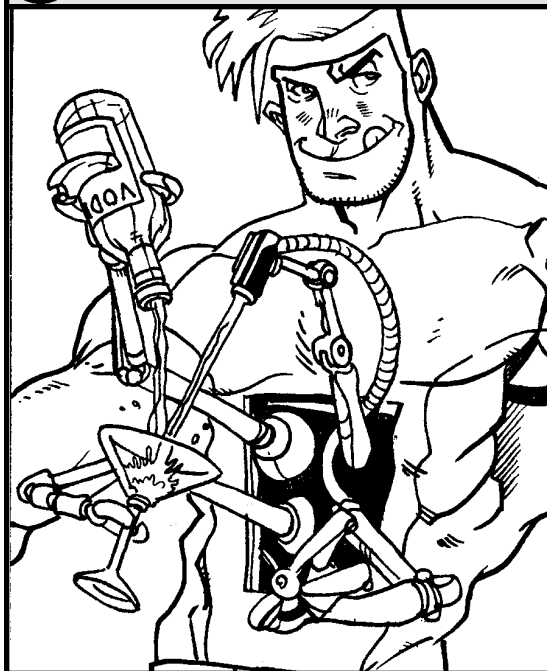


OOOOH!
 J-Crue turtleneck-
 \$75; soft lambs wool
 double woven;
 sizes s,m,l,xl



AAAAAH!
 Devonian Kava-Monster
 \$410,000; Hard outer shell,
 super strength, bad, bad breath
 size XXXXL!


PRICE-CHECK ANYTHING!

88



BIONIC WET BAR!

89  



B.O. FORCEFIELD!
(REDUCE 4 HURT FROM ALL ATTACKS)

90 



GLOW IN THE DARK!

91 






CREATE LIGHT BREEZE!

92  



SONIC BELCH!

93  



BLOODY NOSE POWER!
 (PASS OUT FROM BLOOD LOSS FOR 2 TURNS
 AFTER POWER SHUTS OFF)

94  




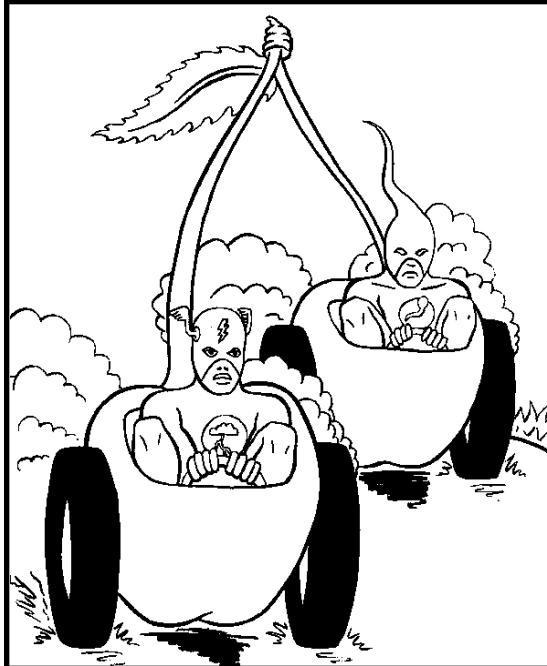
TARGET VOMIT!

95  



LETHAL PAPER CUTS!

96 



FAIRY GODMOTHER POWER!
 (TURN FRUIT INTO VEHICLES
 UNTIL 12 MIDNIGHT)

97

PREHENSILE NIPPLES!

98

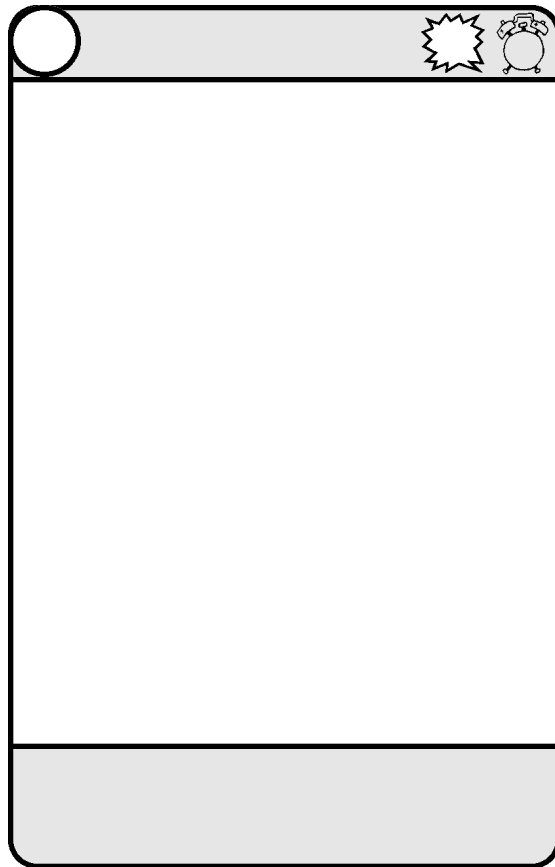
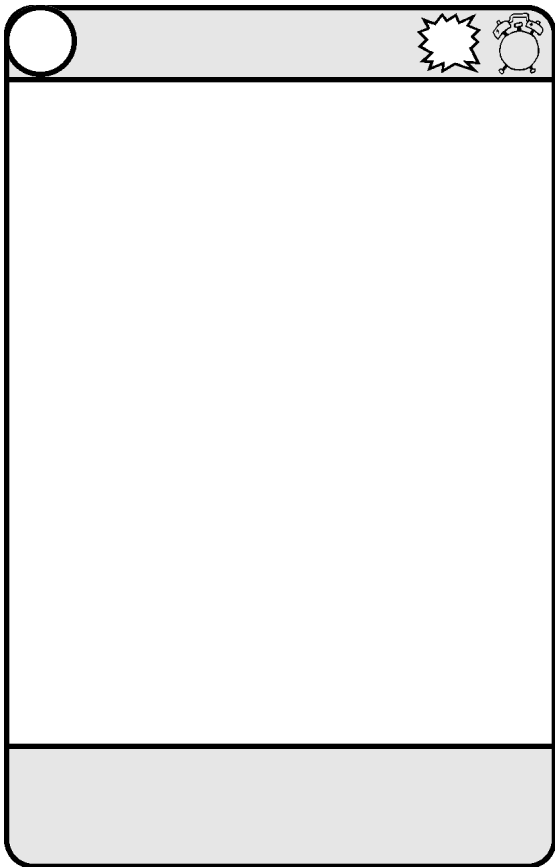
POWER SWITCH!
 (SWITCH ONE POWER WITH ANY OTHER
 PLAYER—INCLUDING "POWER SWITCH!")

99

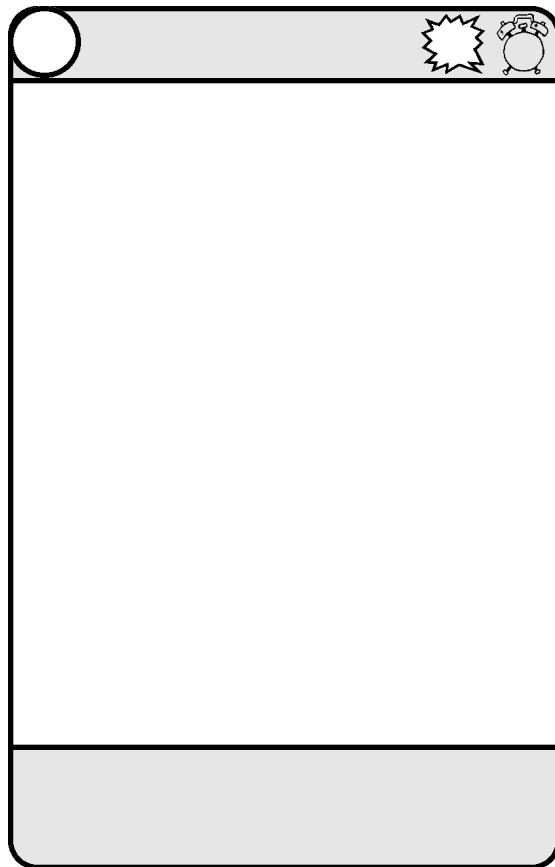
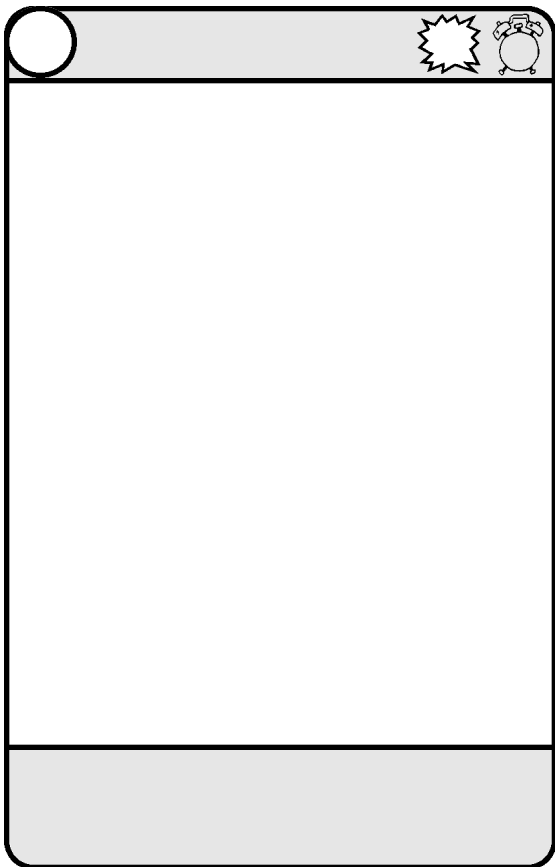
**PICK YOUR OWN DARN
 POWER!**

100

CREATE YOUR OWN POWER!
 (USE THE TEMPLATE ON BACK—THEN SEND IT
 TO [WWW.STUPERPOWERS.COM/!](http://WWW.STUPERPOWERS.COM/))



Use these handy templates for your own original superpower creations...then mail us a copy!! If we like 'em, we'll post 'em on our web site!



BIG MAC DADDY'S GUIDE



BMD MASTER CONTROL SHEET

BIG MAC DADDY'S NAME: _____
 ADVENTURE TITLE: _____
 DATE OF PLAY: _____

<i>PLAYER/HERO NAME</i>	<i>STUPERPOWERS</i>	<i>TURN-ONS/OFFS</i>	<i>GOOD PTS.</i>	<i>BAD PTS.</i>

Photocopy this page and use it to keep all your players and heroes straight during an adventure. Gather all the players' character sheets and copy down the pertinent information before the scenario starts. This is also a handy way to keep track of the number of Good Points and Bad Points handed out during a game—which is essential during a Tournament Game!

RE-INTRODUCTION...



Night smothered Parma, Ohio like some badly-overcooked Hollandaise sauce. In the dank, mildewy dimness of his parents' basement, Jethro surveyed his lovably unkempt STUPERPOWERS! players, looking up at him, the Big Mac Daddy, in hushed anticipation. His parents had long since left for the mass cult wedding, and Jethro had the house to himself; soon, he would unleash a torrent of verbal brilliance—"paint the word picture," as sports announcers called it. His breast suffused with pride to know that he was an honored heir to the hallowed art of storytelling that had been passed down among countless generations, from the tribal shaman to the medieval bard to the teller of tall tales in dusty Western saloons—and Yea, his words would be nothing less than an enchanted portal from our poor, mortal world into deathless realms of wonder and fantasy—

"Shut up you, dweebs! You want to play or talk? I said shut up, geeks! Let's start! We've been here for a whole hour already, and we haven't done anything! That means you, buttmunch! Shut up!"

Thus enticing his audience to heed his words with that thrilling call to adventure, Jethro said, "Okay, so you guys wake up one morning in your secret headquarters—"

"In the third stall from the left in the men's room at the bus station!" piped up Bill merrily.

"Shut up!" Jethro snapped. "You wake up to find a message from Kiki's 'Politician-in-the-Pocket,' the Police Commissioner, on the red hot-line phone. It looks like Commander Skullpuss escaped from Snake Pit Prison last night. What do you do?"

"Zounds! Him again!" cried Kiki. "My heroine, Goodwench, heads on down to Stoolie's, that water-front dive, to rough-up the usual underworld toadies for the 4-1-1 on his whereabouts!"

"Aw-haw-haw!" cried Chet. "Moi hero, Monsieur France, shall wander over to zee International Brotherhood of Thugs and Henchmen to see if Lé Naughty Man has posted any want-ads for zee well-armed goons. Aw-haw-haw!"

"I call up my 'Celebrity Guru,'" Bill said after thinking about it for a minute, "who just happens to be an operator for the Psychic Friends Network. Maybe she can see the location of Skullpuss's new hide-out...in the future!"

"Okay," Jethro said, "going clockwise from where I'm sitting, that means you go first, Bill. I'm flipping a coin for you. Call it—"

"Heads!"

"Yeah, okay, it's heads, the 'Guru' thing worked, Bill. You're charged fifty bucks for a five minute call and your guru says that Skullpuss is going to try and steal The Plott Device from the Tax-Subsidized Research for Useless Research tonight."

"Hot-diggedy-dog! Grim Shadow is on his way!"

"Hey!" Kiki cried. "Me and Chet's heroes left headquarters before you made your phone call. You want to give Goodwench and Msr. France a call to let us know what you found out!?"

"Screw you guys!" Bill exclaimed, rubbing his hands together. "I'm calling up CNN and Channel SNUFF and collect all those Good Points for myself! So I get there—tell me what happens, O Wise and Wonderful Big Mac Daddy—"

"Shut up! I got to do the other guys first. Kiki, the only thing Goodwench gets at Stoolie's is a bad case of skinned knuckles. Chet, Msr. France—Aw-haw-haw—doesn't see any want-ads that look like they're from Skullpuss. Sorry, guys, looks like he's flying solo on this particular caper. Anyway, Bill, Grim Shadow lands on the roof of the Institute just as Skullpuss bursts out with the Plott Device—"

"Hey, wait! Wait about media coverage?"

“Oh, right. Dude, forget about CNN—you’re only second level. They’re not going to waste the videotape it’d take to cover your scrawny ass. As for Channel SNUFF...hmm...you manage to get a producer on the phone before you leave headquarters, but he seems skeptical. I’ll play Rock-Scissors-Paper with you for it. One...two...three!”

“Paper!”

“Scissors! Hah! Which cuts easily through your wussy slab of wood pulp. No media coverage. Tough break, Bill...”

“Oh, must we continue this tired charade?” Bill unexpectedly rejoined.

“Shut up?” Jethro quipped wittily.

“You’ve known as well as I have since we first laid eyes on each other,” Bill blurted out, unable to hide his true feelings any longer. “I love you, Jethro, with all my being! There’s no room in my heart for anyone else!”

“Oh God, Bill,” Jethro gushed, “all these years we’ve been gaming together I’ve yearned to hear those words! Now come here and get your man-lovin’!”

Their flabby arms wrapped around each other, ribbons of fat flapping against each other in great, undulating waves; five-day old stubble scraped seductively together as their lips locked in a gooey love-tussle. They rolled over with animalistic intensity onto the card table—which immediately collapsed under their combined weight of 650 lbs., of course—sending Kiki and Chet scurrying up the basement stairs in horror.

“Screw this face-to-face human interaction crap,” Kiki told her friend. “From now on, I’m sticking to ‘Ultima Online.’”

Generous Reader, you must pity the poor STUPERPOWERS! gamemaster, a.k.a. The Big Mac Daddy. Between answering his fan mail, opening supermarkets and bedding groupies, he has to somehow find the time to develop and execute an adventure that will provide his wily players with hours upon hours of sphincter-clenching role-playing excitement. The creative geniuses at SP! HQ sympathize with the BMD’s burden, though, and are here to help. For the insultingly low sum of \$1,599.99, neophyte gamemasters will be flown to our remote retreat in the Tibetan Himalayas for a BMD “Enlightenment Seminar.” Our crack team of recently paroled instructors will open your mind to the way of the Storyteller in a comprehensive six-week program utilizing such time-proven techniques as meditation, wilderness survival and excruciating physical pain.

This half of STUPERPOWERS DELUXE!, THE BIG MAC DADDY’S GUIDE, is but a glimpse into the wisdom that awaits you amidst the barren crags of K-2. But if this is the first time you’ve cracked open this economically-priced Tome of Wonders, well—you listen real good, Mister! Close this thing closed tighter than a nun’s thighs! Unlike say, Major League Baseball, for which the only qualifications to become an umpire appear to be a pair of cataracts, a STUPERPOWERS! referee is expected to familiarize him or herself with the complete rules of the game—all three of them. So read the first half of this book all the way through carefully (or at least while sober), then come right back here. Go on. Scat! We’ll wait.

Phew! Okay, that was close. So now you know what those asterisk and “X” icons mean, you know the difference between temporary and indefinite powers, how to give out Good and Bad Points, Levels of Heroism, Turn-Ons and Turn-Offs. Excellent work, Young Grasshopper. Your next step on the path to gaming nirvana begins here.

We’ve been around the RPG block quite a few times, and it seems to us that the key to successful gamemastering is a mastery of extemporaneous decision-making. No matter how tightly plotted your storyline is, no matter how well-defined your non-player characters are, no matter how tight your grip on the SP! rules may be, your players will invariably (and frequently) do or say something so unexpected, so bizarre, so utterly stupid that it will leave you sitting in your Gamemaster’s Throne with your jaw hanging open like you just got hit square in the face with a two-by-four. How quickly you come back with a snappy response separates the BMD men from the BMDs who merely have XY chromosome pairs.

Any jazz musician worth his snuff will tell you that the secret to successful improvisation is having a strong framework that you can use as a launching pad for your own unique and personal flights of fancy. The STUPERPOWERS! BMD is expected to have a bottomless supply of sight gags, one-liners and witty repartee at his disposal at all times. We’d like to think that this BIG MAC DADDY’S GUIDE can do for you what a strong melody does for a be-bop trumpeter. It’s a bottomless sack of comedic ca-ca that you can dip into during gaming sessions, scoop big, gooey clumps out of, and throw against the wall of Successful Hilarity to see what sticks. And even though the contents of said sack were conceived in the frenzied brains of the malcontents here at SP! HQ, we request—nay, demand!—that you mold what you find herein into your own unique forms and shapes.

So read on, you few, you proud, you geeky—you who have bravely volunteered to wear the heavy mantle of The Big Mac Daddy. We promise we’ll make it worth your while...! ★

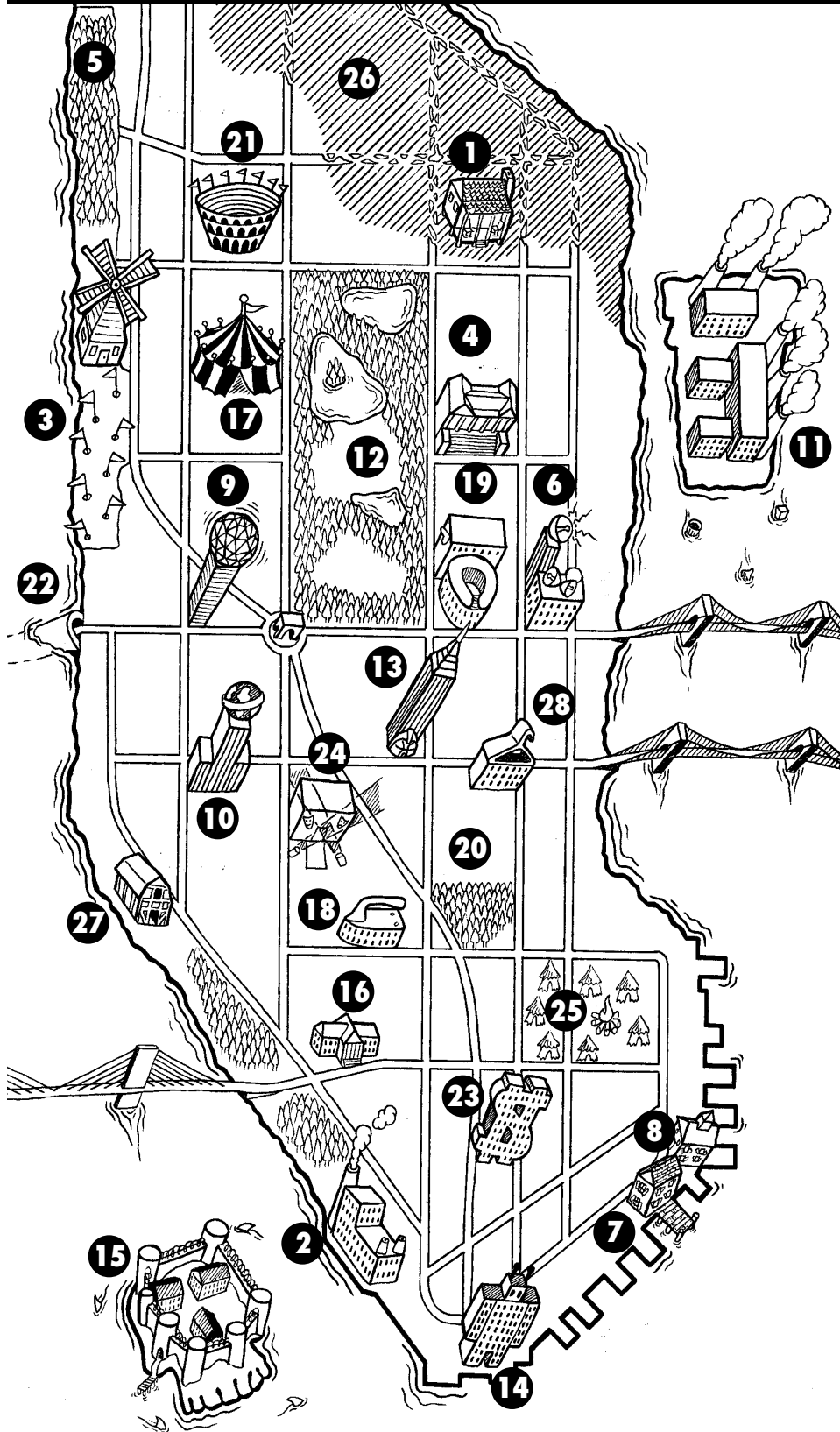


SUPERPOWERS! DUMPS PLAYERS in a skewed, comic book version of our own world, where superheroes are like any other group of public figures—pop stars or politicians—who are desperately trying to attract and retain the attention and acclaim of a fickle, harried, and perpetually-distracted public. The epicenter of our “Stuperverse” is **Knee Jerk City**, a teeming American metropolis constantly threatened by notorious criminals and would-be world-beaters. Here, starry-eyed stuperheroes can be seen stepping off the bus from Wichita and Waukesha daily, clutching battered suitcases containing costumes their mothers sewed for them, craning up in slack-jawed wonder at buildings much taller than the local Wal-Mart back home. Knee Jerk City, or “KJC,” as it’s known by its grouchy citizens, boasts such world-renowned landmarks as the **Imperial State Building**, the **Tax-Subsidized Institute for Useless Research**, and the secret headquarters of America’s favorite superhero team, the **Justice Bringers**. Too, there’s **Bud’s Interdimensional Wormhole and Put-Put Golf Course**, where a property owner discovered a Nexus to All Dimensions on his vacant lot, quickly transforming it into a “Mystery Spot”-type tourist trap, complete with eighteen novelty holes and an ice cream stand. (This is a great place where you, the BMD, can send your players on time travelling, or cross-genre/alternate dimension adventures.) The Knee Jerk City Museum of Art has fallen on hard times lately, what with having to compete with the WWF and MTV for the citizenry’s entertainment dollar. The new curator decided to embark on a concerted effort to win back “the common people,” and so, one attitude face-lift later, this esteemed institution re-opened as

the down-to-earth **Museum of Stuff**, the only home for art in America that gives free lap dances every hour, on the hour! Come see classic Impressionist nudes in “The Hall of Bodacious Tail!” Gape at the treasures of the pharaohs and sunken galleons in the gallery marked “Who Wants to Be a Tomb-Raiding Millionaire?” (Here you can base adventures on priceless objects d’art coveted by sticky-fingered supervillains and ancient artifacts that conceal sinister secrets!) Is there any wonder that all across the country they say that if an aspiring vigilante can make it in Knee Jerk City, he can make it anywhere in the galaxy?

You, as the Big Mac Daddy, have been entrusted with the duty of guiding your players through this world as they claw their way up from underdogs to *Übermensch*. Emphasize in your group’s first adventure the huge disparity between the party of brand-new stuperheroes and their higher-profile counterparts. Zero-Level heroes are like struggling actors, barely eking out a living in some ramshackle tenement flat with their buddies (perhaps this rat hole doubles as their “secret headquarters?”) while they wait tables in their secret identities. Instill in them an insatiable desire for fame and fortune by not taking anything for granted where money is concerned: for example, if they have to go to London for a case, make them buy a ticket. Or, if they can’t afford one (and they probably can’t), make them exploit their stuperpowers to sneak onto a jet. Or hijack one. Or attach a bunch of baskets to their party member with “Lost Balloon Power” and make him flap his arms until Big Ben is in sight! If no one in the party has the “Politician-in-the-Pocket” Turn-On, the cops don’t give them the time of day. If no one has “Booty Wagon” their “heromobile” is always in danger of

KNEE JERK CITY!



POINTS OF INTEREST

1. Sunny Valhalla, the Old Heroes Home
2. Tax-Subsidized Institute for Useless Research
3. Bud's Interdimensional Wormhole and Put-Put Golf
4. Museum of Stuff
5. Justice Bringers' Secret Headquarters
6. World Conquest Home Shopping Network Corporate Headquarters
7. Stoolie's, a water-front underworld hang-out
8. Int'l Brotherhood of Thugs & Henchmen Union Hall
9. Channel SNUFF Station
10. *Daily Planetoid* Editorial and Printing Plant
11. Fleshbox Corporate H.Q.
12. Warren G. Harding Park
13. Imperial State Building
14. UltramegaTechCorp Corporate H.Q.
15. Snake Pit Maximum Security Prison
16. City Hall
17. Circuits Maximus
18. Flat Iron Building
19. Museum of Modern Stuff
20. Bush Park
21. Stratodemon Stadium, home of the Knee Jerk City Knuckleheads
22. Swedish Tunnel
23. Money Towers
24. Drama Queen Theatre
25. "The Village"
26. Low Rent District
27. A barn
28. Lucky Chang's Sweatshop and Dry Cleaners


being impounded by Repo Men. All around them, of course, on billboards hocking merchandise, being interviewed on “Entertainment Tonight” and making headlines hourly are their more talented counterparts like the Justice Bringers and **Rightwing** (see sidebar below). After an adventure or two of this abuse they’ll be craving Good Points like crazy!

When you sit down to create the first scenario of your campaign, don’t forget that the most important thing in any STUPERPOWERS! adventure must be jokes, jokes, and more jokes. We here at SP! HQ will do anything for a laugh, and since we’re passing the torch to you, Fine Reader, we expect you to be a comedy whore too. The adventure plot should be little more than a skeleton to hang humorous situations on. In the sidebars and illustrations throughout this chapter we’ve provided you with such skeletons, in the form of “Adventure Hooks” that can be found lying around Knee Jerk City like rotting trash bags during the annual KJC garbagemen’s strike. Before you get all excited and take your brand-spankin’-new scenario on a test spin with your players, though, run through the following checklist and answer all these questions so you’re sure your plot line meets all the vital criteria for Adventure Greatness:

- **So, what’s the problem?** Well, duh. Are crooks robbing a bank? Do the players need to rob a bank? Are bankers trying to rob the players’ house? The players should always start out with a concrete, attainable goal—but that goal might not always be what it seems at face-value, and could change mid-way through the adventure, depending on what mysteries the players uncover or solve.

- **Why (and how) do the players get involved?** Does going on the adventure fulfill the twenty hours of community service required by their Drunk and Disorderly conviction? Do former college roommates who owe them money live on the threatened city/planet? Have they been guilted into it by their mothers?

- **Who is the main Bad Guy?** It’s a truism of the superhero genre that the good guy is only as interesting as the opposition. Sherlock Holmes had his Professor Moriarty, James Bond his Blofeld, Ralph Nader his General Motors. Sure, we could have filled up this section of the rulebook with brilliant pre-generated villains, but then we would have crowded out our won-

RIGHTWING!	“REAL” HERO
	<p>BACKSTORY : Congressional aide Buzz Eagleson was selling Bibles door-to-door to the ghetto people when he was savagely attacked by a marauding band of children from single mother homes. The dying youth managed to stagger into Wrenchley’s Lube Job, where Skip Wrenchley, self-employed small business owner and amateur inventor, knew the only way to save Buzz’s life was to graft the boy onto the experimental flying harness he was unable to bring to market because of crushing taxation and government regulation! Gaining superhuman strength and flying abilities as a result of the procedure, Buzz Eagleson became Rightwing—protector of “real” Americans from “R”-rated movies, illegal immigrants and gun control advocates alike!</p> <p>SUPERPOWERS : As a “real” hero, Rightwing’s ultra-sturdy physique resists 4 levels of Hurt of all attacks aimed at him and his punches do 4 levels of Hurt in their own right. He can fly at a maximum speed of 250 mph, so he can swoop down on flag-burners before they have a chance to flick their Zippos!</p> <p>TEMPERAMENT : Rightwing’s rabidly conservative views make George W. Bush look like a pot-smoking flower-child. He is the most popular and respected hero in America at the moment—the hero other heroes look to for moral guidance—because the only good side of being a self-righteous prig is that Rightwing is more or less incorruptible (He refuses all commercial endorsements, although he does appear in NRA ads for free). Unfortunately for the players, he thinks that most stuperheroes are either Communists or “swishy,” and pummels them senseless on sight: “Leave vigilantism to those of us who have powers that can make us good role models! Take that, Mr. ‘Pogo Penis!’” For this reason Rightwing will unashamedly sabotage players’ attempts to win popularity. When you play Rightwing, constantly annoy your players with condescending catchphrases like “Straighten Up and Fly Right,” “Stay in School,” “Only Dopes Do Drugs,” etc.</p>

RANDOM VILLAIN GENERATION TABLES



Roll die (or dice) for each column on each table to randomly generate your adventure's nefarious mastermind!

TABLE A: NAME

Roll	Title	Adjective	Noun
1	Lieutenant	Black	Mash
2	Reverend	Kill	Cakes
3	Señor	Pain	Ya-Ya
4	Dame	Dark	Knob
5	Vice President	Blood	Thrust
6	Commodore	Death	Booty

TABLE B: POWER(S)

Roll 2D	"Real" Power
2	Has a superhuman physique that shaves off (roll 1 die) levels of Hurt from all attacks.
3	Has a superhuman physique that makes his punches do (roll 1 die) levels of Hurt
4	Combine results 2&3, above
5	Is superhumanly fast: can make (roll 1 die: 1-2=1; 3-4=2; 5-6=3) extra actions per round
6	Combine results 4&5, above
7	Can fly really fast (BMD must make coin-toss for villain to toggle flight on/off)
8	Combine results 6&7, above
9	Shoots psychedelic energy out of his navel for (roll 1 die) levels of Hurt
10	Combine results 2, 9 and roll again
11	After one turn, he can mimic one power of any hero he's fighting (He can mimic an additional power for every additional turn thereafter, too!)
12	All of the above! Yikes!

TABLE C: EVIL SCHEME

Roll	How?	What?	Where?
1	Steal (or kidnap) to auction off on "Ebay"	The monarch of a small African nation	At the 18th hole of Bud's Interdimensional Wormhole and Put-Put Golf
2	Assassinate (or sabotage) on behalf of an Evil Corporation (BMD chooses which one from sidebar on pp67-68)	A top-secret, experimental weapon that turns human beings into Amway salesmen	Atop the observation deck of the Imperial State Building
3	Drive insane by convincing (What?) that he's (it's) being haunted by the ghost of a Civil War general	A gala society ball to benefit Superhero Battle Refugee Relief	From solitary confinement in Snake Pit Prison
4	Hold for ransom with a stolen nuclear weapon	A brilliant alien scientist hiding on Earth as part of the Intergalactic Witness Protection program	From the center of a electric-eye protected exhibit in the Museum of Stuff
5	Sacrifice as part of a Satanic Rite of Summoning	The priceless, jewel-bedecked Fabrege Zygote	In UltraMegMechTechCorp's giant robot scrap heap/junkyard
6	Replace with an exact android replica (controlled by the villain, natch)	Rightwing's secret identity (Congressional aide Buzz Eagleson)	Live! on The Inquisitor TV show

derful Random Master Villain Generation charts, so you can create your own villains yourself! A well-conceived villain can write a scenario plot himself (although if you hear the villain's voice in your head late at night, telling you to go into a McDonald's with an Uzi, you should probably seek professional help).

• **What do the villain's WAGs look & act like?** No self-respecting supervillain leaves home without a hefty contingent of well-armed goons (WAGs) in tow. When designing a major Bad Guy, the BMD should also figure out the general demeanor, specialized weaponry (if any), and uniform design of the Bad Guy's WAGs, too (the Adam West "Batman" TV show was particularly good at this). Don't forget that WAGs, like any other NPC, are just like the player's heroes, except that you play them; you have to flip a coin to have a WAG successfully fire a gun, deliver a karate chop, etc. Not all henchmen are simple cannon fodder, though; many are trying to work their way through college: use the table on page 63 to roll up amusing personalities for random sentries and strong-arm men the players may meet!

• **Where do the cool fights take place?** STUPERPOWERS! adventures should avoid the Nintendo-style kick-their-ass-and-take-their-treasure format of combat-heavy RPGs. There should always be a greater emphasis on role-playing, problem-solving, and, of course, gags, but when there are battles, realize that half the fun of fights is where they take place. Ideally, stuperpowered skirmishes should occur in places where there's a high chance for billions of dollars of property damage, hordes of screaming, fleeing bystanders, and lots of neat stuff to play with. There are the old stand-bys, of course, like warehouses, museums, shopping malls, amusement parks, sports arenas, hospitals, airports and military bases. But let us not forget the heretofore unexamined pleasures of dueling to the death in the International Munitions and Armaments Expo, a Ceramics City megastore ("Three Acres of Extremely Fragile Glass!"), or the local meat packing plant.

• **What are the musical numbers?** You must decide whether to compose original songs (in which case you need to run the adventure in a space large enough to fit the entire orchestra and back up dancers), or simply pop a CD in the stereo and have your play-

ers lip-synch while gyrating on the coffee table. Remember, good choreographers can be expensive, so you should plan the "fantasy ballet" sequence in the middle of the prison riot scene with care.

• **What are the different ways the players can succeed?** Oftentimes, the answer is as simple as "beat the snot out of the Bad Guys," but a lot of the time the situation is much more complex than that. The BMD should always concoct a "fail-safe" solution to the adventure problem that doesn't require fighting—just in case none of the players have any offensive powers (er...in the combat sense of the word, that is). Particularly if your master villain is generated from the table and has "real" powers, you should give him or her (or it) an "Achilles' heel" that the players can bend to their advantage. Fortunately, the kind of people that plot to take over the world aren't quite all there. Say even the monstrously powerful Phil (see page 62), for example, is a kitsch junkie. Perhaps the players can distract him from his latest Countdown to Doomsday by tempting him with that "Banana Splits" lunch box he needs to complete his 70s pop art collection. The fact that Adolf Hitler had only one testicle is well documented. If he had managed to retain his complete set of family jewels, think how different the world would be today! Give the villains hot buttons for the heroes to push, and you may have evened the odds that the players will come out ahead of their foes.

• **Aaaah, who needs it?** Forget everything we just said! Why waste precious, precious procrastination time coming up with your own adventures like a sucker when you can have the players themselves unwittingly create the scenario for you? That's right, turn to page 103 and run a Kid-Tested, Mother-Approved **INSTAVENTURE!** to bring your gaming group to new heights of RPG ecstasy.

Last but certainly not least, you should broadly sketch out (at least in your own mind) the major ways players can accumulate **Good and Bad Points** during the course of this scenario. Each of the adventures in the following section, "Challenge of the Stuperheroes," have charts that suggest how points should be dolled out during the course of the scenario; consult those tables for guidance. Generally speaking, assign points to individual players only from actions irrefutably per-

PHIL!

"REAL" VILLAIN



BACKSTORY Y: Phil Incognito was a brilliant student at Knee Jerk City Technical College who held a dual-major in Improbable Science and the Liberal Black Arts. As an independent study he constructed a blasphemous machine that he would use to contact Elvis. He made the mistake of taking the device for a test-spin at the exact same time his stoner roommate plugged in his E-Z Bake Oven to cook some hash brownies. The transporter exploded in Phil's face, leaving him with the worst case of bright red freckles you ever saw. Convinced no girl would ever go out with him again, Phil built an invincible suit of armor to hide his shameful condition and swore to revenge himself on the Natural Order itself. Knocking over a small Balkan republic and establishing himself as President for Life, Phil begins each morning with a new plan for the total and utter annihilation of the cosmos. He is widely acknowledged as Rightwing's arch-nemesis.

SUPERPOWERS : Phil has no innate superpowers of his own, but his Implausible Scientific genius makes him one of the most formidable men on the planet. He is covered from head to toe in super-dense armor that shaves 5 levels of Hurt off all attacks (i.e., he is essentially invulnerable) and boosts his strength so his punches inflict 3 levels of Hurt on his victims. He has rigged the suit to self-destruct via a miniature thermonuclear device in case anyone removes it, so we don't recommend the players try. Various lasers, buzz saws, and premium cable stations can spring out of Phil's armor at any given round—see the Iron Lung description in "Twilight of the Idylls" for inspiration. It should go without saying that Phil's Destroy-All-Life-On-Earth schemes usually involve some new apocalyptic weapon he's whipped up in his castle laboratory.

TEMPERAMENT : A classic comic book mad scientist, when you play Phil you should refer to yourself in the third person a lot and overuse the phrase "insufferable cretins." His signature line is (speak deeply): "Men call me...Phil. Women...don't call me at all. And that is why...you insufferable cretins...must be DESTROYED!!"

ADVENTURE HOOK ONE: *We should point out that Phil is one of the few supervillains famous enough to rate round-the-clock press attention. Superheroes desperate for airplay could boost their visibility simply by announcing they're going to march down to Phil's castle and kick the stuffing out of him. Regardless of Hero Level, this will garner an instantaneous x10 Media Multiplier as newshounds surround the fortress to watch the superheroes try and live up to this David-and-Goliath boast!*

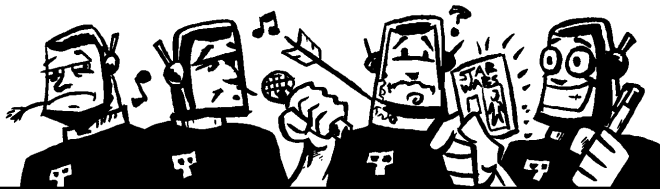
ADVENTURE HOOK TWO: *If the players do manage to land Phil a date—a successful date—the supervillain might give up trying to hasten Armageddon. The party needs to locate some random female (or, even better, dress one of their own in drag) to go on a blind date with the mad scientist in order to save the world! For the exceptionally sensitive Bad Guy to go straight, the date has to go off without a hitch—and that means the players must scramble behind the scenes to correct any gaffes that may arise (getting flies out of soup, defending the date against an allergy to roses, Cyrano-esque coaching). Also, Phil's WAGs might not be so keen on the idea of their leader giving up his evil ways...and may descend in wave upon wave on the cinema or bistro to disrupt the date themselves!*

formed by them as individuals. Assign equal points to every hero for each action performed as part of group. For example, if the whole group is battling Phil, and Fashion Fascist happens to be the hero who lands the punch that knocks out the supervillain, do not give the Good Point reward for beating Phil to the redoubtable Fascist alone; give the same number of points out to each hero who participated in the battle.

It will probably take a couple adventures for you to feel 100% comfortable with the rate at which you're handing out these game-mandated cheers & jeers. It's a thin line to walk: if the players are bursting into tears and hurling random objects in the room at you, you're probably handing out an excessive number of Bad Points. On the other hand, if the players look like they're about ready to fall asleep because they breeze through challenge after chal-

RANDOM W.A.G. PERSONALITIES

Roll	W.A.G. Personality
2	Carries a sock puppet ("Pookie") wherever he goes. In moments of high stress, the WAG puts the sock puppet on his hand and demands that the players interact with Pookie (who talks in a high, squeaky voice) rather than with him directly.
3	Is a "Star Wars" fanatic who is thoroughly convinced that one of the players is Denis Lawson, the actor that played the X-Wing pilot "Wedge." The WAG ignores his other duties and follows the player around slavishly until said player signs the goon's unopened X-Wing Pilot action figure package, whereupon the WAG jumps up and down and points to the player, yelling, "Look everybody! It's Wedge!"
4	Constantly screams in neo-military jargon: "Sir! These superheroes will have their asses handed to them at precisely 0400 hours! Sir!"
5	Is a taciturn, no-nonsense hick from the sticks who answers all questions with "Ayup" or "Nope" or "I don't rightly know." No matter how bizarre the occurrence, nothing ever phases this goon. If somebody uses "Vacuum Butt" in his presence, for example, the WAG will spit and say "Mighty fine Vacuum Butt you got there."
6	Has an arrow protruding from his neck, and dried blood stains the front of his uniform. If someone asks, "Why do you have an arrow sticking out of you neck?" the goon replies "I don't know what you're talking about" and denies the arrow exists. If the player persists, the henchman accuses the player of being crazy. Otherwise, the WAG is completely normal.
7	Wears a trenchcoat and a fedora over his uniform, and always keeps his hands in his pockets. Any time a player gets within two feet of him, he says in a loud, commanding voice, "REMOVE YOURSELF FROM MY PERSONAL SPACE WITHIN THREE SECONDS, OR I WILL BE FORCED TO TAKE ACTION." If the player stands at least two feet away from him, the goon behaves normally. Otherwise, at the end of an ominously voiced countdown, the WAG starts making car alarm noises very loudly.
8	Is more than happy to share with anyone within earshot that most mysterious things that happen in the world—indeed, including the motives of the players themselves—can be explained by the simple fact that they're all part of the "International Swedish Conspiracy."
9	Points out the physical and personality failings of the players in a high-pitched, whiney voice (without being asked), then attempts to correct them by straightening capes, telling them to do push-ups, etc. Think Richard Simmons crossed with your mom.
10	Makes his own personal sound effect for every physical action: "Chugga-Chugga-Chugga" for walking, "Swoosh" for opening doors, etc.
11	Picked up two chicks at a bar last night and would much rather boast to the players about it in excruciating, blow-by-blow detail than fight them.
12	Carries around a sandwich baggie filled with finger- and toenail clippings. Every one in a while he takes the bag out, removes a clipping, and eats it while making "nummy-nummy" noises. Otherwise, this WAG is completely normal.



lenge like the pre-Crisis Superman wearing Red Kryptonite underpants, then you're either being too generous with Good Points or too timid in handing out Bad Points. As a rule of thumb, in an average adventure you should probably be handing out the same number of Bad Points as Good Points—although not necessarily the same amounts to the same people!

In fact, once Turn-Ons and -Offs, comedic adroitness, superpowers and/or dumb luck are factored into the mix, players may end up with radically varying Good/Bad Point totals at the end of a scenario...a schism that you should exploit for dramatic interest in later adventures. What if a lower-level hero has to keep bumming money off a high-level comrade with the "Corporate Whore" Turn-On? What if the image consultants for a "Cutting-Edge" vigilante urge him to stop associating with a "Played-Out" team member? What if a "Stalker" ingratiates

herself with another player to get at the real object of his/her desire...and the hero friend has no idea of the sociopath's true aims!

Comic book publishers have long ruthlessly exploited the compulsive need of the species *Homo geekiens* to immerse itself in long-running fantasy continuity, full of arcane minutia of plot and character for them to memorize in a futile attempt to compensate for a lack of social skills. Why can't you get in on the act, too? A series of role-playing game adventures comprising the same heroes and non-player supporting cast members, lasting over many gaming sessions, is known as a *campaign* in RPG lingo, and you can enhance the gaming experience for your players by firmly rooting each adventure in the Stuperverse. Don't say "reporters show up to cover the crime scene." Say "reporters from *The Daily Planetoid* show up to cover the crime scene." Don't say "the room is filled with computers." Say

“the room is filled with computers running Microcrash’s EUNIX Operating System,” and so on and so forth. Working in little details like that makes the players feel like they truly are operating in a boundlessly organic, fictive universe...and further infects innocent minds with our brilliance, heh-heh...

More importantly, however, you should make the Stuperverse *your* universe by populating it with heroes, villains, sinister groups, government organizations and alien races of your own devising. Stretch the Stuperverse into the glorious past, populated by such famed “Golden Age” superheroes as **Jap-Smasher** (see sidebar below) and into the future...say, the 30th Century, when the Legion of Super-Disgruntled Postmen have taken over the galaxy! Then your STUPERPOWERS! gaming sessions become akin to the old “Exquisite Corpse” writing exercise, where you and your players are authors taking turns adding and modifying a never-ending saga of stuperheroic proportions!

And, better yet, share with other SP! junkies your own frenzied creations by logging on to

<http://www.stuperpowers.com> and posting what you’ve devised onto our Message Board so web-trawling BMDs can get inspiration for their games from your example. Don’t worry: your creations will be completely protected! We here at SP! HQ follow the long-standing comic book industry tradition of respecting the intellectual property rights of others. Pass off your work as our own? Perish the thought! How could we, when our calling boasts such sterling examples of corporate altruism as DC Comics’ lifelong good treatment of Siegel and Shuster...Bob Kane’s repeated acknowledgements of the contributions Bill Finger, Dick Sprang, and so many other “ghost” writers and artists made to the Batman mythos...and the selfless way Stan Lee began every Marvel comic with the words “Jack Kirby and/or Steve Ditko Presents...”

Er...

Um...

Hmm...

On second thought, maybe you’d better keep your ideas to yourselves...! ★

JAP SMASHER!

“GOLDEN AGE” HERO

BACKSTORY : One of the most popular superheroes of World War II, Jap-Smasher was a government-created superhero who specialized in the Pacific Theater, beating the sushi out of yellow-bellied, buck-toothed “Jap-a-Nazis.” Alas, at war’s end, Jap-Smasher was too politically incorrect to remain a viable public champion and he fell into obscurity. This bitter, chain-smoking reduse can be found decaying away in a wheelchair at Sunny Valhalla Old Heroes’ Home.

SUPERPOWERS : Once a “real” superhero, Jap-Smasher’s powers have largely faded over time. Still, he has six levels of Hurt himself and his punches inflict 2 levels of Hurt apiece. He can fly at 90 m.p.h., leaving a burning trail of phosphorus behind him, and when he smashes into things from a great distance, they explode in a fiery blaze! (Human beings thus smashed receive 5 levels of Hurt... Ouch!)

TEMPERAMENT : Jap-Smasher isn’t really a bad guy; he doesn’t hate any race, creed or color. He was just following orders from the higher brass, back when Japan and the US were at war with each other. Jap-Smasher should be pitied, not picketed. Play him like any other irascible old coot, constantly complaining that today’s vigilantes are “gutless wussies” compared to the “Greatest Generation” of heroes. He is both desperate for company as well as a font of dirt on the figures of the Golden Age, so the players can milk him for info by smuggling him cartons of cigarettes and six-packs under the noses Sunny Valhalla nurses.

ADVENTURE HOOK : Nazi-Whacker, Jap-Smasher’s twin brother from that top-secret cloning lab, has awakened after being in suspended animation since 1944 and thinks World War Two is still going on! He is laying waste to downtown Berlin and only his bro’ can talk him down! Before he helps, however, Jap-Smasher demands that the players rehabilitate his crimefighting image by renaming him, giving him a new look, and making him a regular member of their team. (Ironically, given his powers, Jap-Smasher could easily be transformed into “Kaptain Kamikaze,” making him beloved from Tokyo to Kyoto!)

KNEE JERK CITY MEDIA OUTLETS!

“DAILY PLANETOID”: KJC’s largest newspaper, a rabidly Law-and-Order tabloid that blares shamelessly inflammatory headlines like “Somebody Was Raped—Buy Today’s Issue to See If It Was Someone You Love.” Crusty editor Perrier White is more than happy to send reporters out to cover some slimy punks get their clocks cleaned, even it is by some other slimy punks (i.e., the players), provided said punks succeed in a coin toss. **Media Multiplier: x2. Mobilization Time: 2 hours.**



Adventure Hook: *The Daily Planetoid’s star reporter, Lois Lane, is constantly pissing off the rich, criminal, and/or powerful by butting her nose in where it doesn’t belong. Invariably, her work on any given story will climax in her needing to be rescued by superheroes, even if she’s covering local zoning board hearings. Few know that this is because Lane is an S&M fetishist who gets her rocks off by getting tied up and having virile young heroes smash through the wall and rescue her. She secretly funds and plots supervillains’ schemes for them so she can “stumble across them,” get “captured,” and be “rescued.” If Lois fixates on one of the players as her next obsession, the party will be drawn into deadlier and deadlier deathtraps so she can get her kicks. Lane makes a great NPC to use for a hero’s “Stalker” Turn-Off.*

“SHOCK JOCK”: After his unending routine of fart jokes and fixation on the sex lives of porn stars got him banned by the FCC, this superhuman air-wave personality transferred his base of operations to an abandoned oil platform a few miles off the coast of KJC, in international waters. From there the pirate DJ’s radio feed is beamed to a small but fanatically loyal cadre of fans. To a superhero party, though, Shock Jock’s main attraction is that he is a being made purely out of radio waves! He can transmit himself instantaneously to any location with a radio in it, so this audio avenger can be on the scene to report on heroes’ battles within seconds (though, when they call him, heroes have to toss a coin successfully to make sure he isn’t occupied elsewhere). **Media Multiplier: x2. Mobilization Time: 10 minutes.**

“THE INQUISITOR”: This hooded superhero hosts his own trashy syndicated daytime talk show. Recent topics have included: “My Sidekick Slept With My Arch-Nemesis!” “I’m in Love with My Own Evil Clone!” “Interdimensional Makeover!” Players who (with a successful coin-toss) get any of their superpowered conflicts transferred to the Inquisitor’s set earn a **Media Multiplier of x3...but to get Good Points instead of Bad, they’ll have to win the ensuing chair-throwing brawl. Mobilization Times: 24 hours.**

CHANNEL SNUFF: The Superpowered News, Understanding, Fighting and Fighting network claims to cover all aspects of crimefighting, but 98% of its programming time is devoted purely to rote coverage of gory superpowered tussles. SNUFF’s most popular show is “Monday Night Whoop-Ass,” which features the week’s most spectacular and pyrotechnic battle, complete with blow-by-blow commentary by retired heroes and villains. For heroes Level Three and lower, their chances of getting on “Monday Night” are next to nil; even Level 4-6 heroes need to make successful coin-flips and roleplay convincingly pitiful groveling. **Media Multiplier: x10. Mobilization Time: 12 hours.**

Getting on SNUFF’s round-the-clock fight programming, however, is considerably easier, open to heroes Level 2 or higher with a single successfully flipped coin. **Media Multiplier: x5. Mobilization Time: 6 hours.**

CIVIL AND UNCIVIL GROUPS IN K.J.C.!

You should note than any of these organizations could be assigned to a player by you, the BMD, as the incensed group for his or her “Minority Boycott” Turn-Off.

UNDEAD ANTI-DEFAMATION LEAGUE:

The zombie and vampire “racial pride” organization, this group pickets and boycotts Hollywood studios who produce “slanderous” horror movies, serve necrophiliacs with sexual harassment suits, and generally fight for the rights of the “Living Impaired.” Any cemetery or morgue can erupt with hordes of worm-infected, brain-eating, placard-wielding protesters at any moment, thanks to college yahoos peeing on tombstones and cities building sewage treatment plants on Indian burial grounds. Heroes who have sufficiently irked the denizens of the Sweet Hereafter to get the Undead Anti-Defamation League sicced on them as part of an “Ethnic Boycott” are going to attract a lot of attention to themselves...and will also inspire loads o’ laffs from the gaming group!

THE LEGION OF DISGRUNTLED POSTMEN:

Neither rain nor sleet nor snow nor dark of night shall keep these deranged letter carriers from their nefarious plans for global domination! Our “Hydra,” or “S.P.E.C.T.R.E.,” our “Cobra” rolled into one, the world-spanning Legion was founded by postal grunts who were tired of constantly being blamed for certified mail not being delivered, packages arriving damaged, and coming into work and blowing away half their colleagues with a Glock whenever they woke up with a hangnail. They figure that taking over the world is the only way they can ensure they’ll get any respect, and have infiltrated governments and militaries and Fed Ex depots around the globe in pursuit of that goal. The Legion works through an octopoidal network of toady organizations and front companies, none of whom know that they’re really receiving their orders from the Disgruntled Postmen’s leader, that mysterious, armored delivery-man of death... The Postmaster General!! The worst thing about the Legion is that players will never know until the last possible instant if the adventure they’re currently working on is one of this group’s infinite number of ludicrously complicated plans of conquest. This is a great group for BMDs who like to run a campaign of paranoiacs constantly looking over their shoulder—or in the mailbox—never knowing what to expect next!



INTERNATIONAL BROTHERHOOD OF THUGS AND HENCHMEN, LOCAL 82, KNEE JERK CITY:

In addition to their roles as bodyguards, sentries and food tasters, Well-Armed Goons’ (WAGs) responsibilities include falling asleep at guard duty, getting knocked out so the Good Guy can disguise himself in their uniforms, and engaging Good Guys in the all-important warm-up Appetizer Fight before the heroes make their way to the WAGs’ supervillain employer, where the actual Main Fight may commence. The International Brotherhood looks after the interests of the hard-working henchman, making sure he gets his contractually-required fifteen minute break, minimum wage and 401(k) plan. The Union Hall at Knee Jerk City’s waterfront is a common place for supervillains recently busted out of jail to post job openings for WAGs.

Adventure Hook: Phil’s WAGs have gone on strike and booted the would-be world-beater out of his own secret headquarters. While the rank-and-file pickets in front of the fortress with placards protesting Phil’s lousy dental plan, the labor organizers are pattering around the castle’s lab, which is chock-full of mind-boggingly apocalyptic gizmos. Afraid the strikers might



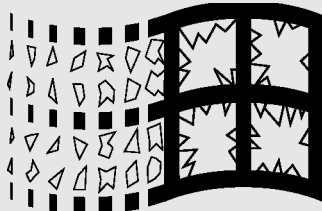
actually blow up the world before he gets a chance to, the egomaniacal Phil has swallowed his pride and enlisted the aid of the superheroes in trying to break back into his own castle! The intrepid party will have to overcome not just a horde of Marx-spouting thugs and the fortress's booby traps, but also the lobbyists of the American Dental Association!

SIDEKICK "APPRECIATION" SOCIETY:

Dedicated to defending adult superheroes' constitutional right to have thirteen year old boys in tight trunks and no pants watch their rears—er, backs, we mean backs—while out on some life-threatening crimefighting mission, then return to the hero's secret lair for some sweaty one-on-one gymnastics instruction. Commonly known just as SAS (pronounced "Sass"), this group threatens late-night talk show hosts who make lewd jokes with libel suits and promotes National Sidekick "Appreciation" Day, which is on February 29th of every leap year. A hero with the "Ethnic Boycott: Sidekick Appreciation Society" Turn-Off has to put up with humorless, lisping colleagues picketing him at all hours, then asking where one can pick up the latest issue of "Barely Legal" nearby.

EVIL CORPORATIONS PROMINENT IN KJC

(We should point that "evil corporation," in the Stuperverse, is something of an oxymoron: in the world of SP! all corporations are greed-fueled engines of malfeasance bent on attaining 100% profitability through the ruthless annihilation of competitors, manipulation of public opinion and subversion of local government. (You know, just like real life.) Nevertheless, the BMD can merrily assign any of the following companies to a player as his "Corporate Whore" Turn-On.)



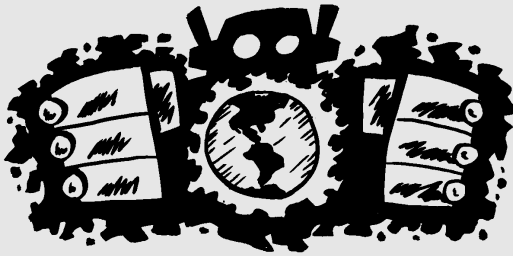
MICROCRASH:

Ubiquitous and ubiquitously despised software behemoth that actively tries to link all the world's computers together through its flagship product, the EUNIX Operating System, presumably so its nerdy founder, Willie Portals, can get girls. Headquartered in a sprawling compound in the Pacific Northwest, Microcrash uses its a casual dress code and generous stock options to foster

in its programmers and salespeople an Us-Against-The-World fanatical gung-hoism more commonly found in Thuggee sects. Heroes with the "Corporate Whore: Microcrash" Turn-On receive a Universal Computer Skeleton Key that allows them to hack into any one computer per game day and make any one change of their choice.

ADVENTURE HOOK: *Though the world believes that Willie Portals is an MIT nerd endeavoring to build a high-tech utopia in his own image, the media never learned that he was in fact raised by hippies on a neo-Luddite communal farm in Arizona. His real plan is to network all the world's computers together, then blow them to smithereens with a massive electromagnetic pulse originating inside the heavily-guarded Microcrash compound! This would wipe out most 21st technology in one fell swoop and blast humanity toward a "more enlightened" (according to Portals) agrarian age. The superheroes learn of this plot through an accidental encounter with an aging hippie—friend to Portals' deceased parents and the only man living who knows the CEO's true identity—who is running from supervillain assassins hired by Microcrash. Now, the players are the only ones who can thwart the mad zillionare's schemes in time!*

EVIL CORPORATIONS (CONTINUED)



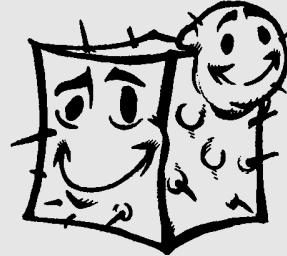
ULTRAMEGAMECHTECHCORP:

This well-meaning but hopelessly inept corp is dedicated to the manufacture and promotion of Giant Robots. Unfortunately for the company's bottom line, Giant Robots have been scientifically proven to be completely useless at everything. Very early on UMMTC cybernetic engineers discovered that Asimov's Three Laws of Robotics were in fact completely false; the correct criterion governing electronic brains is Toho's One Law of Robotics, which clearly states that "All Robots Will Eventually Go Berserk and Destroy All Humans." Despite year after year of record losses and trillions of dollars of property damage to downtown Knee Jerk City, UltraMegaMechTechCorp still plods forward toward its hopeless goal of making mankind love and appreciate the Giant Robots that invariably go insane and try to squash them into a goopy paste because, according to UMMTC's president and CEO, "Giant Robots are cool."

Heroes who have the "Corporate Whore: UltraMegaMechTechCorp" Turn-On can summon, once every two game days, a giant robot to do his bidding for three rounds. Each round, however, the player must play Rock-Scissors-Paper with the BMD. If the player loses at any point, that round the robot goes berserk and attacks the hero and his or her party instead. UMMTC's robots are nigh invulnerable and their smashing punches do five levels of Hurt apiece. Regardless, at the end of the third round the 'bot vanishes.

ADVENTURE HOOK: *Through a secret deal with Channel SNUFF (see Media Outlets) UltraMegaMechTechCorp produces a highly illegal public access cable show, "Circuits Maximus," that pits has-been, desperate, and/or homeless superheroes against killer robots in an arena cage-match to the death! Player heroes can be lured to the hidden set (far beneath the surface of Knee Jerk City in an abandoned subway platform) with the promise of picking up easy Good Points and a high Media Multiplier (alas, a mere x2 in reality, for only sick weirdos watch the show). This is a perfect scenario for heroes who*

have passed into washed-up Levels of Heroism: players must free themselves from the gladiatorial slave pits and bring the mid-level corporate bureaucrats masterminding this shameful display to justice. Many ideas for the kinds of robots the heroes may have to face can be found in "The Grim Deal," and adventure in the next section.



FLESHBOX:

An umbrella bio-tech conglomerate that, in addition to managing its namesake hospital waste disposal company, also operates "HappyPill," the pharmaceutical concern, "Baby-B-Gone," a nationwide chain of family planning centers, and "Hash House (Home of the Hoofburger)," a Western-themed fast food franchise, all of which are interrelated in ways perhaps it's just best not to consider. A combination of deep, deep fast food pockets, unethical animal testing, radioactive bio-waste and unlimited embryo stem cell research have resulted in a never-ending series of disgusting genetic freaks from Fleshbox's barely legal R&D Department—or, as Fleshbox's PR Department prefers to call them, "Specialty Kids." Surveys by the Tax-Subsidized Institute for Useless Research suggest that between 15% and 45% of the super-powered heroes and villains currently active in Knee Jerk City can be traced back to this corp. Heroes with the "Corporate Whore: Fleshbox" Turn-On receive a bottle of pills that, when taken once per game day, automatically restore 4 levels of Hurt—but cause 4 levels of Hurt to his sperm or her ova!

ADVENTURE HOOK: *Deranged and/or deformed supervillains waging a war of terror to avenge themselves on the heartless company that spawned them has become a common superhero cliché of late. Big Mac Daddies looking to run such a scenario should consider using Fleshbox as their resident corporate heavy. You know how many companies have a complaints department? Well, Fleshbox has so many slimy, glowing and/or exploding researchers and janitors in costumes and scary names showing up on their doorstep to exact pay-back they've opened a whole floor for the "Revenge Department" at Corporate Headquarters!*

CHALLENGE OF THE STUPERHEROES!

WARNING! WARNING! WARNING!

CHALLENGE OF THE STUPERHEROES! contains four adventure scenarios for the STUPERPOWERS!™ role playing game! They are for the BIG MAC DADDY'S EYES ONLY!!! To preserve the BMD's hallowed secrets, this book's pages have been CHEMICALLY TREATED to subject nosy players to permanent hair loss, nausea and massive canker sores! Don't say we didn't warn you!

>Pssst<....okay, BMD, now that the players are gone, here's the scoop: the scenarios in CHALLENGE OF THE STUPERHEROES!, when run in sequential order, comprise one long, epic campaign, which will take up many, many gaming sessions. The players start out as zero-level No-Name Losers in "The Grim Deal", but by the end of "Twilight of the Idylls", they...well, we'll let you discover that for yourself.

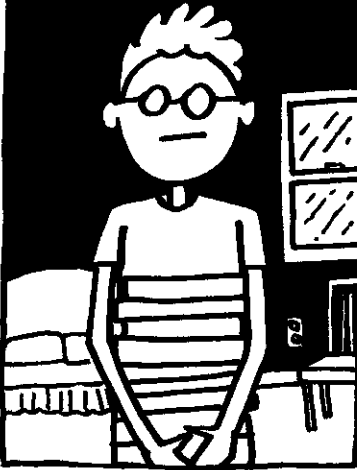
Simply reading this section over should give neophyte BMDs ideas upon ideas for their own campaigns, and all the elements can be fleeced and molded to suit individual whims. As already mentioned, pay close attention to the charts suggesting how Good and Bad Points should be dolled out during the course of the scenarios.

Also, in between the adventures presented here, there are plenty of opportunities to run scenarios of your own devising, unrelated to the CotS storyline as a whole. In fact, we recommend this, if only because it gives the campaign a more "organic" feel . . . and distracts the players from the MAIN problem! If you have trouble coming up with new scenarios all by yourself, the "Instaventures!" part of the next chapter was written especially for you.

Time to strap yourself in your seat, Chuckles—it's gonna be a bumpy ride!

HOW TO ROLEPLAY

PREPARE SPACE



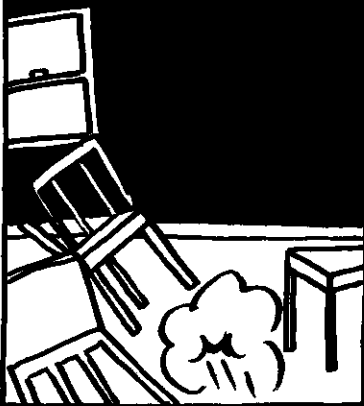
WAIT FOR PEOPLE TO SHOW UP



CHAT



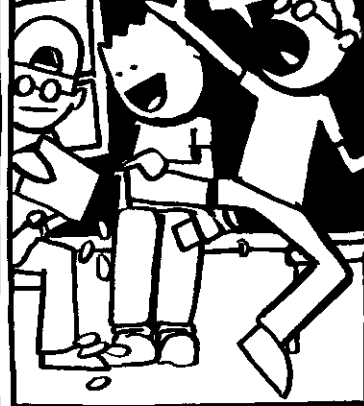
GET MUNCHIES



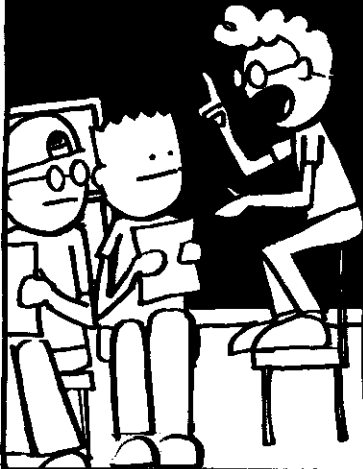
EAT



YELL "LET'S START" FOR 10 MINUTES



GAME



POST-GAME CHAT



CLEAN UP TOMORROW



THE GRIM DEAL!!!

by Alan Zatkow

THE SKINNY

The players stagger into the kitchen of their Knee Jerk City apartment one morning to find this note taped to their fridge:

Dear Wannabe Hero Punks,

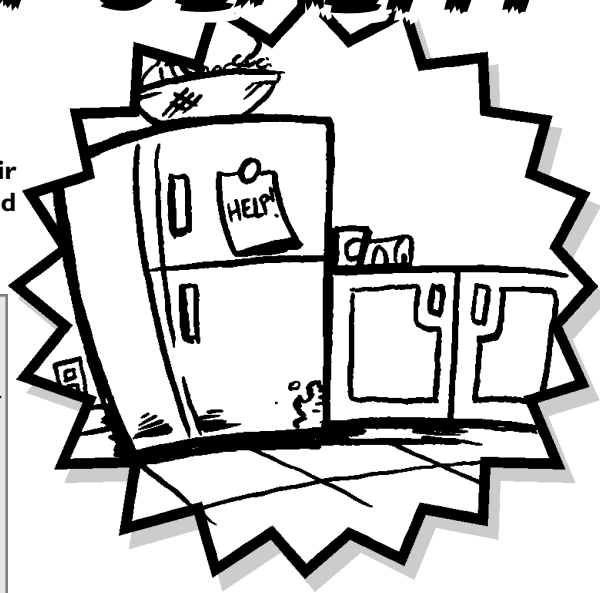
THIS IS A PRIORITY-ONE COMMUNIQUÉ. The gigantic spacecraft of the dreaded Sanitizer, Fumigator of Worlds, has been sighted in Space-Sector Ceylon-B, on a direct course to our solar system. Earth is doomed to destruction if we do not act and act quickly. We are asking every superbeing on the planet to journey with us to Alpha Centauri to destroy this grave menace before it reaches our beloved homeworld.

BY READING THIS LETTER YOU HAVE BEEN MADE A FULLY DEPUTIZED MEMBER OF THE JUSTICE BRINGERS. Come directly to the parking lot of the Knee Jerk City Outlet Mall. There you will find my Grim Mobile. It will take you via radio control to Justice Bringers HQ. Do not delay or we will leave without you.

THIS IS NOT A JOKE!

—GRIM SHADOW

PS: Ordinarily, I would not waste my time with the likes of you punks, but we need every hero on the planet, even you. You are so inept it only took me an hour to figure out your secret identity. Good thing for you I'm one of the good guys. — G. S.

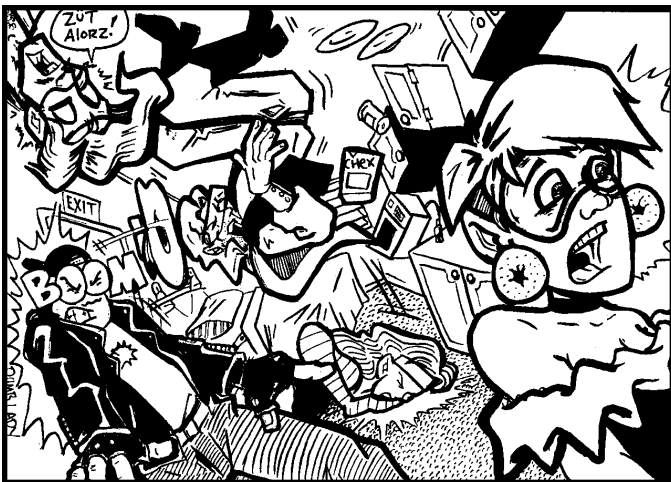


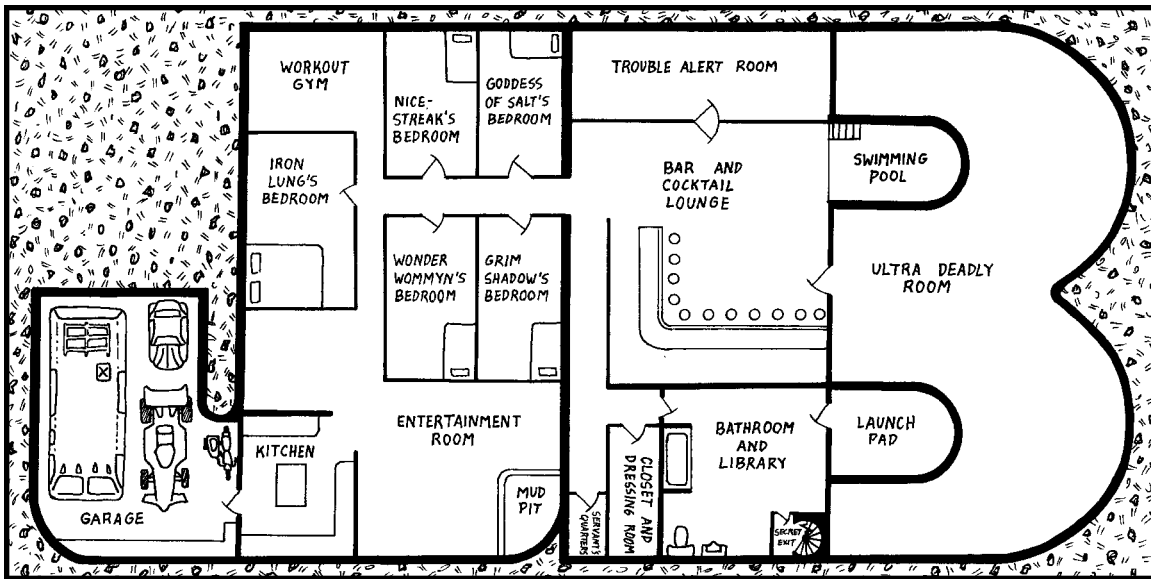
The Justice Bringers! The Justice Bringers?? Shrouded in mystery, they've saved the world more times than you've tied your shoes. This is it! The big time. The opportunity you've been waiting for to show the world that you belong!

MOVIN' ON UP (TO THE EAST SIDE)

The Grim Mobile is easy enough to find, as it's the only gigantic jet-black Winnebago in the parking lot. Inside, the players find a cable TV, a fully-stocked bar, and graphs plotting the general course of crime through the city (interestingly, Plunger Assault jumped by 300% at exactly the same time Grim Shadow began his war on crime).

Once all the heroes are inside, the Grim Mobile growls at them in a voice not unlike its master—"Sit tight, punks. It's gonna be a bumpy ride"—and squeals away from the shopping plaza at ludicrous speed. Since there aren't any seats or seat belts, the players are thrown around the interior of the craft like rag dolls. The Grim Mobile makes various wise-ass remarks—"Ooh, that's gotta hurt"—in Grim Shadow's gritty monotone throughout the journey. After an hour of twisting and weaving through the city streets, the Grim Mobile returns to the exact same parking spot of the exact same shopping plaza they just left. The tarmac lowers down to the Justice Bringers' secret underground lair!





A panel inside the Grim Mobile pops open and Grim Shadow clambers out of the compartment, dropping the Mr. Microphone he used to make the Grim Mobile's "voice". He pins cheap plastic badges on the heroes' costumes and tells them that all the other Justice Bringers have already left; Grim Shadow picked the short straw and was stuck mustering the last contingent of "cannon fodder— er, humanity's champions" before joining his comrades in space.

"But I've been studying your fighting technique, and it's so sloppy it makes me puke!" Grim Shadow growls. "You couldn't beat up my great-grandmother—and she's got leprosy! I'll have enough to worry about up there without baby-sitting you punks. So get yourselves over to our training room for a workout. But be quick about it! The last space ship shoves off at 1800 hours on the nose."

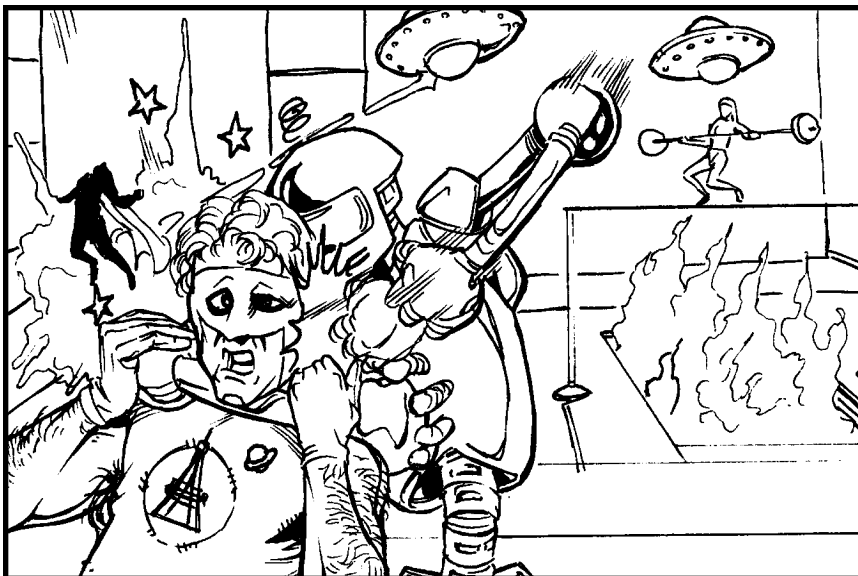
NO PAIN, NO GAIN

The headquarters is incredibly impressive. It's colored sparkly electric blue and pipes and tubes lead off to God knows where in all directions. Down the hall and to the right is a door labeled "ULTRA DEADLY ROOM." This must be the Justice Bringer's training facility. Under the label is a skull and crossbones. The room itself looks like a metallic gymnasium— large, with high ceilings. Next to the door is a control panel reading "DIFFICULTY SETTINGS." The options are Street Vigilante (easy), National Hero (moderate) and Cosmic Savior (hard). When they enter the room, the players are prompted by a pleasant female recording: "Please choose Difficulty Setting." This being STUPERPOWERS!, of course, the training sequence is exactly the same, regardless of what setting the heroes choose.

Once the heroes choose, the female voice purrs "You have chosen [Difficulty Setting]." Suddenly, the nice white

lighting turns to a nasty red. "NOW PREPARE TO DIE!!!" An impenetrable steel bulkhead slams over the doorway and a panel in the wall opens up, revealing five high-caliber lasers: 2 levels of Hurt for any superhero hit.

As the players are dealing with the lasers, a hole in the ceiling opens and eight mini flying saucers zip down and race towards the heroes. The saucers are very maneuverable and emit electric shocks when they touch a player, doing 1 level of Hurt per hit.



GRIM SHADOW!

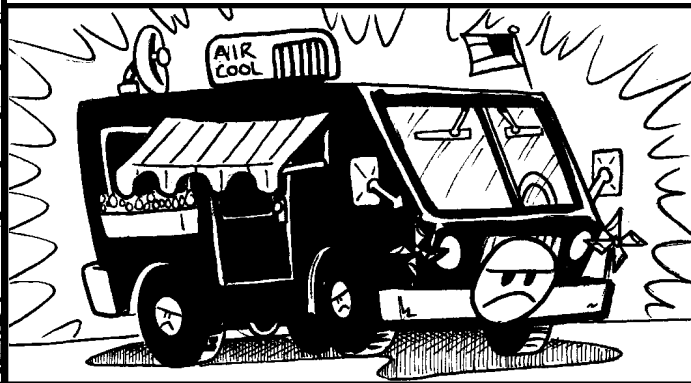
"REAL" HERO



BACKSTORY: Ever read "Batman?"

STUPERPOWERS: While not having any real powers of his own, Grim Shadow can fight so well and perform such incredible feats of agility that he does not seem like a normal man! Also, he has the uncanny ability to turn anything around him into a lethal weapon— as per the "Turn Bagels into Deadly Weapons" Stuperpower (#14). Consequently, his utility belt is filled with staple guns, washers, Monopoly figures, curling irons, etc.— which he can hurl with dead-eye accuracy for one to three levels of Hurt, depending on the side of the item. His current favorite weapon is a plunger, which does 3 levels of Hurt when it connects with a malefactor's skull.

TEMPERAMENT: Ever read "Batman?"



As the saucers begin to overwhelm the heroes, a hole opens up in the west wall and begins sucking the players toward it. Anybody who gets sucked in ends up stuck on giant flypaper . . . very embarrassing. Spikes protrude from the floor, making the stuperheroes jump all around to avoid 2 levels of Hurt.

Suddenly, the east wall opens up and six vampire robots run out at the players. (Their bites cause 3 Levels of Hurt!)

Two giant hammers will fall from the ceiling. (The hammers cause 2 Levels of Hurt if they connect!)

A giant bouncy ball rolls out of a slot in the south wall and bounces off the wall and back across the room consistently until destroyed. (The massive ball causes 4 levels of Hurt upon impact with a Stuperhero!)

Incidentally, all the way on the other side of the room (it takes at least three turns to get there) is a large, red button labeled "SEQUENCE RESET." If the players make it over there, and hit the button, the female voice says "Training Sequence terminated" and the room goes back to normal. However, then the voice adds "Difficulty Level increased. PREPARE TO DIE!!!" and the whole thing starts all over again, this time twice as fast. The Sequence Reset button disappears, only to appear on the other side of the room. Each time the Reset button is hit, the training sequence restarts and doubles in speed. The only way that the

Ultra-Deadly Room door will open again is if the entire training sequence is played out in full. Obviously, it is more than likely all the stuperheroes will fall in battle.

THE ROOF, THE ROOF, THE ROOF IS ON FIRE

The battered players awake to the roar of what can only be a space ship in lift-off. Five hours have passed, so all their Hurt is gone. Rushing out of the now-normal training room to the launch pad, they see a plume of exhaust stretching from the ground through the open iris-dome of the chamber, which then closes. A note lying on the floor of the launch area reads:

I WARNED YOU TO BE QUICK ABOUT IT!

— G. S.

PS: PUNKS!!!

Just as the players are about to degenerate into juvenile finger-pointing, the Trouble Alert sounds. It is a constant "EHHHH EHHH EHHHH EHHH!" that should be extremely annoying to listen to.

The Trouble Alert Room is filled with calming sky blue walls. Hung on the north wall is a golden plaque that reads "JUSTICE ISN'T BLIND, IT JUST WEARS SPANDEX*;*." Slogan a registered trademark of Justice Bringers Holding Conglomerate, Inc." A large view screen like



something off the starship Enterprise takes up the majority of the western wall, and nearby is the master computer, which has so many buttons and switches (none of which are labeled), that it is thoroughly intimidating. The Trouble Alert screen is emblazoned with white letters that read: ENORMOUS FIRE RAGING OUT OF CONTROL ON KENSINGTON AVENUE! SUPERVILLAIN INVOLVEMENT SUSPECTED! COME IMMEDIATELY, JUSTICE BRINGERS! With the other Justice Bringers gone, it looks like the heroes have no choice but to answer the call themselves.

Firefighters are combating the Kensington Avenue blaze when the heroes arrive, and police vehicles have closed off the street. Uniformed policemen assist residents of the building. They're a little disappointed that the players, and not the Justice Bringers, have answered their call. Once the heroes manage to convince the uniforms that they're official Deputy Justice Bringers, they learn that the fire started suddenly, when something on the fourth floor apparently exploded. While the firefighters have successfully evacuated the lower levels of the building, there appears to be two young girls trapped on the top floor (the fifth). The fire fighters don't know how to get to them without risking serious injury or even death.

If the team can get to the fifth floor from the outside, then they will just have to deal with the fifth floor itself; otherwise, first they will have to deal with smoke, broken elevators, falling debris and the like on their trip through the building.

Once the heroes reach the top floor, they hear the screaming girls from the center apartment. If a player grabs the burning hot doorknob, he will receive a level of Hurt for his/her troubles.

Black smoke wafts into the room from a large crater in the floor, cutting two young girls off from escape. They are both screaming in fear, but look to be in okay shape. The superheroes have to get over the huge hole to get to the room where the girls are trapped.

Anyone falling through the hole lands in the fourth floor apartment of Mr. Wenzjuice. (For plot reasons, at least one player should end up here.) The apartment is filled with black smoke and most everything is aflame, making staying here long risky business. In the center of the room, directly underneath the crater in the ceiling, is the ashen corpse of Mr. Wenzjuice. Near the corpse, an opened parcel envelope lies on the floor. The envelope's return address is:

BOMB-O-MATIC
World Conquest Home Shopping Network
824 Avarice Lane

The contents inside are intact. There is a letter and a credit card receipt. The receipt clearly shows that Bruce Wenzjuice bought a Bomb-O-Matic with his Visa card.

Dear Mr. Wenzjuice,
On behalf of the World Conquest Home Shopping Network, I'd sincerely like to thank you for purchasing our latest invention, the Bomb-O-Matic. Naturally, if you are able to read this letter, then you have received a defective version of the Bomb-O-Matic. Please send us the parts and we will be sure

NASTY SECRETARY #3!

BAD GAL



BACKSTORY Y: Trained in the secret all-female evil samurai warrior/secretarial training course "How to Temp with a Katana at Your Hip," Nasty Secretary #3 soared through the ranks of the clan and grew to high notoriety in the underworld for her ability to eliminate vigilantes and organize filing systems while only taking a 20 minute lunch. While she has never taken a full-time position in any one criminal organization, she is well known and is able to gain employment rather quickly. You never know where she'll turn up next.

SUPERPOWERS : Nasty Secretary #3 has the ability to transform from an attractive-looking secretary to a fully-armored evil samurai within one round! She is lightning fast with her power sword and gets two attacks per round.

GIZMO : POWER SWORD (Sharp Object: 2 levels of Hurt/hit)

TEMPERAMENT : Surly, surly, surly. Nasty Secretary #3's dominating trait is an absolute resistance to any task she's given. (Her uncooperativeness could be exploited to the players' advantage, in a reverse-psychology kind of way.) However, she is only getting \$15 an hour — with no health benefits or job security — to wail on Stuperheroes, so if the players turn the tables on her in combat, she'll ultimately acquiesce to their demands. Besides, she can always find another job.

to send you a Bomb-O-Matic that properly kills when the package is opened.

If you are currently dead, then congratulations! You have proven that not only are my skills at convincing people to buy ANYTHING I want them to are even more effective than when I was imprisoned by that do-gooder, Nice-Streak, but also that my plan to assassinate all of the world leaders with the Bomb-O-Matic is sure to work. Once it does, the world will be plunged into a state of riot and chaos in which I will emerge as its supreme master.

We thank you for your purchase, and look forward to attending your funeral. Thanks a great deal.

Sincerely,

Deep Pockets

Vice President of Marketing

World Conquest Home Shopping Network

The girls themselves are ungrateful brats who refuse to leave the burning room unless the heroes rescue their extremely heavy toy chests too. Once safely outside, the heroes may want to show the letter to the policemen. The cops note that Deep Pockets recently escaped from prison — after he was put there by Nice-Streak, a Justice Bringer — under mysterious circumstances. One second he was in his cell, the next second he was gone — almost as if he was

snatched by someone with superhuman speed. (The heroes can gain this same information by accessing the Justice Bringers' computer — assuming they can figure out how it works.)

AN OFFER YOU CAN'T REFUSE

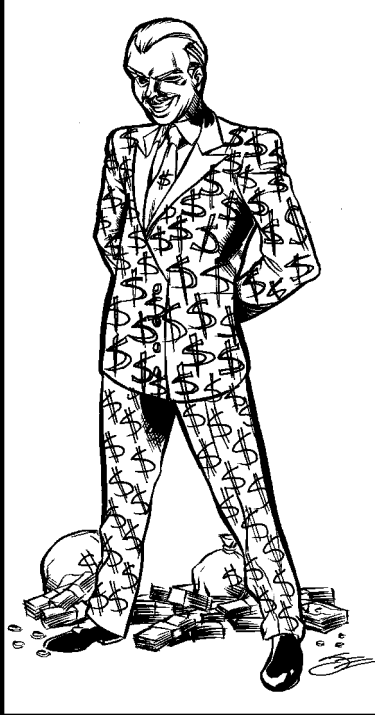
Upon entering the gleaming office building that matches the address on Mr. Wenzjuice's envelope, the heroes find themselves in a wide shiny corridor. As they walk down the corridor, they see a receptionist's office further down. Suddenly, they hear a crash from behind them. A steel gate has swung down over the front door, and a box-like machine with a long opening in its front rests in the middle of the gate. A voice comes from the contraption:

"Welcome to the World Conquest Home Shopping Network. I am Rupert, the automated flame throwing defense system designed to eradicate the enemies of the World Conquest Home Shopping Network. I am nigh indestructible and retail at \$149.99. When I activate, I will send a billowing hail of fire from my mouth reducing any living matter in my path to ashes. I will activate in exactly 4 minutes and fifty-seven seconds...four minutes fifty six seconds...four minutes...."

Anyone standing in front of Rupert when he goes off is hit with 4 Hurts' worth of flame damage. Sprint-

DEEP POCKETS!

BAD GUY



BACKSTORY Y: Deep Pockets took a job as a salesman after taking umpteen courses on selling and reading a gazillion books about marketing. On his first day going door to door selling Bibles, Deep Pockets discovered that no one could resist his sales pitch. Realizing that instead of just taking the measly commission he was receiving, he could instead become filthy rich by parlaying his ability into a life of crime! Deep Pockets helped to found the World Conquest Home Shopping Network, and his life has been peachy keen ever since.

SUPERPOWERS : Deep Pockets can sell literally anything when he is in the midst of a pitch. All of his targets become enthralled by the sound of his voice, and immediately want to buy whatever he is selling. It takes a coin flip for players to resist, but even then, if Deep Pockets continues the pitch, then in the following round another flip must be made to continue resisting the urge to immediately buy whatever it is that Deep Pockets is selling.

GIZMO : GUN OF SHOOTING YOUR FELLOW SUPERHEROES WITH. This large magnum is not really anything special. But with Deep Pockets pitching it, it becomes a gun that can only be used to shoot spandex-wearing do-gooders. It does three levels of hurt per round and can be fired every round. It also strangely never seems to run out of ammunition.

TEMPERAMENT : Like any great salesman, Deep Pockets acts like he's your best friend at all times. Polite and cheerful, instead of taunting heroes with their imminent deaths, he'll compliment them on their abilities and express his sincere regret that they won't live long enough to become regular customers. His speech is peppered with "Dilbert"-esque Management Seminar doubletalk: "Productivity will double once your cost-effective deaths cause the Motivational Graphs of my minions to skyrocket!", etc.

ing down the hallway, the heroes enter the reception area. An attractive brunette sits talking on the phone at a ten foot-tall desk. She wears a nametag that bears the number 3. When she sees the players, she scowls and gestures towards some fluffy looking chairs, and gets off the phone: "What's your problem, creeps?"

Nasty Secretary #3 chews gum, and chews it like a cow. She will be unhelpful and if the group tells her they want to see Deep Pockets, she will say too bad because he's live on television selling their latest products to thousands of people across the globe. Eventually, negotiations will break down, and Nasty Secretary #3 will lose her cool. Her uniform changes to wacky comic book samurai armor. She pulls a nasty looking sword out from under her desk. She then yells "HAAIIIIII!" and leaps up onto the desk. If the players manage to defeat her, she'll pleasantly sit back in her chair and press the button to open the door to the studio.

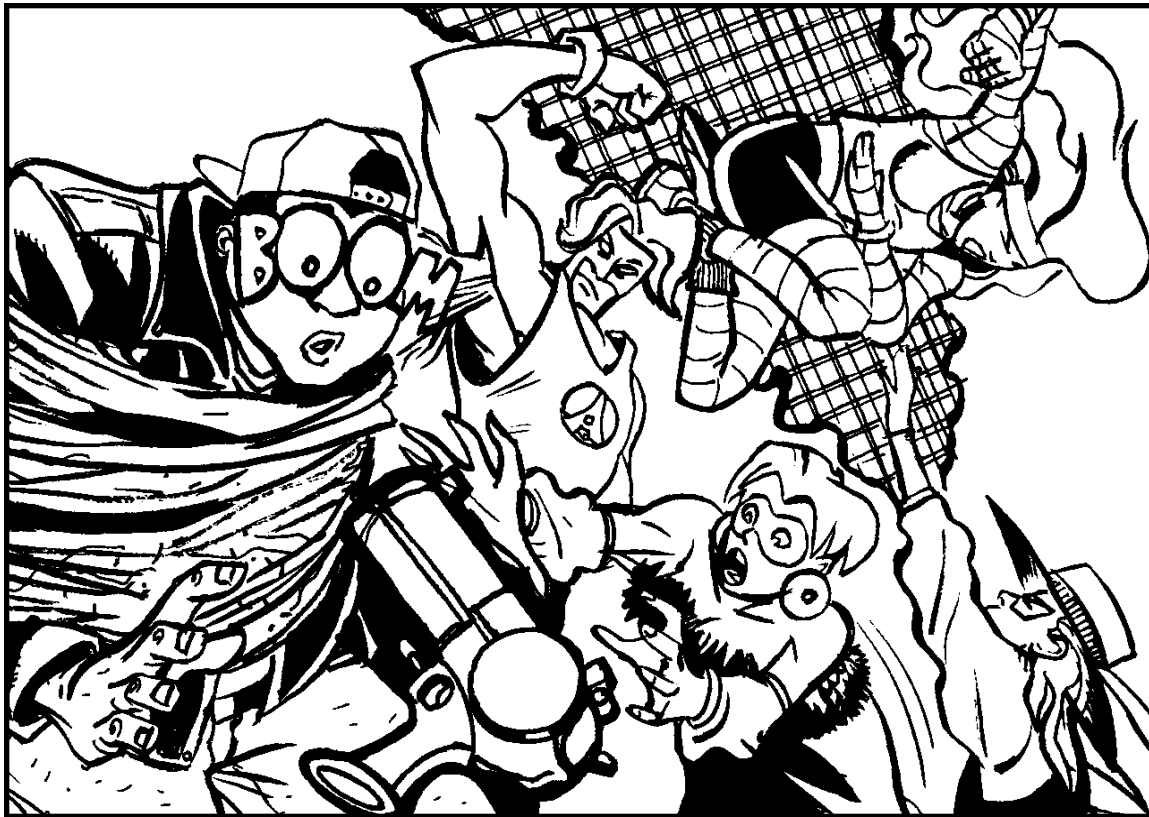
When the players enter they will see Deep Pockets. He's talking to a call-in viewer: "I'm sorry, Mrs. Chakopolopolus, but the Isle of Doom — our gruesome, monster-ridden Pacific atoll — just went to a large, anonymous corporate buyer! But can I interest you in our latest product — the Bomb-O-Matic?!" At this point he will realize the superheroes are there and will smile widely, making obnoxious comments about how nothing they can do will stop his evil plans. Then he'll pick up an incredibly massive .44 Magnum

pistol (Think Dirty Harry) and begin to give a sales pitch to the group (and the viewers at home), calling the item the "Handgun of Shooting your Fellow Superheroes with It"

Each player must make a successful coin flip not to begin bidding on the Handgun. If a player misses his flip, he must then stop what he is doing and bid on the Handgun. This will go on until Deep Pockets actually sells it to a player. If any player, whether they have bought the device or not, touches the gun, they must attempt to shoot only their comrades with it. Chaos should follow as the players try get the gun rather than be shot with it. During the battle, many zombified viewers call in to put in their own bids on the gun.

Once the gun has been knocked out of commission, or if Deep Pockets himself feels in jeopardy, he will cackle obnoxiously and then point to the ground where a Bomb-O-Matic has been set up. Deep Pockets is about to push a button on his belt that will set off the bomb. The heroes have one round to come up with a way to either avoid the explosion, disarm the bomb, or prevent Deep Pockets from pushing the button in the first place. If they don't, well, they will all live through the explosion, but Deep Pockets will get away clean.

If the players stop the bomb and capture Deep Pockets, then hats off to 'em. They will quickly realize that the whole battle was broadcast, and they will be widely acclaimed as heroes. Even if Deep Pockets gets



away, they still foiled his dastardly plan, so while they won't be viewed as terrific heroes, the press will hail them as "The New Justice Bringers." The heroes have leave from the public to operate out of Justice Bringers HQ indefinitely.

If pressed about his miraculous escape from prison, the captured Deep Pockets will just cackle evilly and say "Don't believe everything you read in the papers— and the Truth doesn't always wear Spandex!" He wears a World Conquest Home Shopping Network Happy Thoughts®™ Brain Implant (Retail \$9.99), which prevents any form of mind control or brain-scanning. This is a mystery the heroes will have to confront at some later time . . . ! ★

ASSIGNING GOOD & BAD POINTS	
10 G.P.	For each Ultra-Deadly Room challenge successfully defeated
+/- 0 G/BP	For being defeated by the Ultra Deadly Room (this has to happen for plot reasons)
25 G.P.	For saving the little girls (x Media Multiplier)
-25 G.P.	For letting the little girls die (x Media Multiplier)
50 G.P.	For figuring out a way of putting out the fire
10 G.P.	To the player that discovers the package in Mr. Wenzjuice's apartment
50 G.P.	For defeating Nasty Secretary
-50 B.P.	For being defeated by Nasty Secretary
100 G.P.	For capturing Deep Pockets (x5 for doing it on TV = 500 G.P.!)
50 G.P.	For diffusing bomb but letting Deep Pockets get away
-100 B.P.	For letting bomb blow up and letting Deep Pockets get away (x5 for doing it on TV = 500 B.P.!)
100 G.P.	To each player who plays through the scenario all the way to the end

THE DEVOLUTION DILLEMA!

by Steve Ellis

THE SKINNY

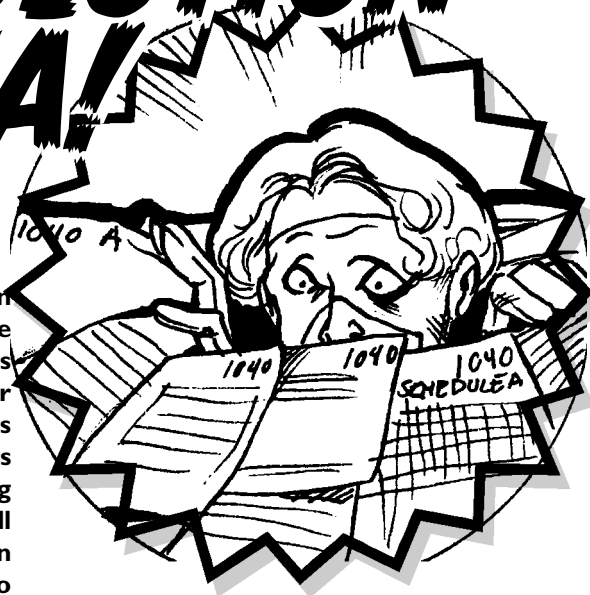
One afternoon, after the heroes have been working out of Justice Bringers HQ for a while (and, presumably, going on other adventures in the interim), the IRS shows up on their doorstep. And the State taxmen. And auditors from the city. A massive army of accountants in suits abruptly lowers itself from the parking lot entrance and proceeds to paw through all the file folders and computer disks they can get their hands on. Movers attempt to impound the heroes' equipment.

Accompanying the tax collectors is the unspeakably irate Jooly Rudiani, mayor of Knee Jerk City. "I delivered this to them weeks ago!" Rudiani fumes. He produces a writ proving that the Justice Bringers are into the government for \$700,000,000 in back taxes. "They kept saying, 'We'll get to it, we'll get to it, we're too busy saving the world.' Hah! While they're showing off, I've gotta fill potholes and give the Policeman's Brutality Association their contractually-required raises! So I'm gonna auction all this hoity-toity junk off—unless..."

Rudiani explains that today is Knee Jerk's most-attended event of the year, the annual Nudist's Day parade. "Some self-righteous right wing group has sent us letters threatening to wreck the city if we don't call it off. It would be bad for my image to let such an honored event be disrupted. Help my cops run interference for the parade, and we'll forget about this tax thing . . . until next week!" The players don't have much of a choice. "Be at Warren G. Harding Park by noon!"

WE'RE NUDE! WE'RE PROUD!

In the center of the park is a fountain (long ago drained out) and at the entrance is the Arch Du Near-Triumph, erected in honor of the historic assassination attempt on President Warren G.



Harding's life ("We almost got him!" is inscribed at top). The park is surrounded on all sides by small one-way streets and brownstones. The park has many paths which converge upon the fountain. This is where the parade will end and the climactic festival will be staged. A small stage with a podium has been set up on the southeast corner of the park, which is surrounded by news vans and reporters. There are police, police dogs and drug dealers everywhere. The mayor, who smells of cheap perfume and expensive brandy, can be seen speaking with the reporters. To the right of the stage is a line of ten Haul-a-Can portable toilets. A huge banner hangs behind the stage, reading "WELCOME ALL NAKED PEOPLE!"

By the time the heroes arrive, the parade has nearly ended and nudists are beginning to flood the park. Floats can be seen depicting famous naked people in history: Adam and Eve, Lady Godiva, The Emperor and His New Clothes, and many more. When the mayor sees the Superheroes approach, he takes the opportunity to take credit, in front of the press, for the defeat of Deep Pockets and the fact that they are there today. He constantly forgets their names and brusquely refers to everyone as "Hey you!" The nudists begin to frolic in the grass and sing their Nude Songs. Everything seems so pleasant it could make you ill.

At about the same time the players are in danger of dying of boredom—or ripping off their clothes and joining in—a cry echoes out over the crowd of

THE FASCIST FOUR!

BAD GUY TEAM

BACKSTORY Y: On the anniversary of the Salem Witch trials, four stalwart members of the Christian Coalition shot themselves into orbit in the spaceship ARK 2 to prove that the Earth is flat and that the sun and universe revolve around it. As the proud crew flew out of Earth's atmosphere, the ship was bombarded with "cosmic enlightenment rays." Hurling to the earth like St. Paul from his horse, the crew found they had gained superhuman abilities and were Born Again as *The Fascist Four!*

MISTER FASCIST!

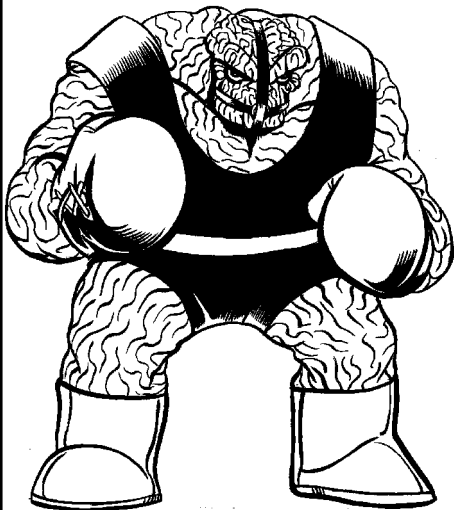


SUPERPOWERS : Mr. Fascist has the ability to stretch his right arm to an indeterminable length; this is known as his Long Arm of the Law power. With this elongated limb he can grab, punch or wrap his arm around things at a distance (he only does normal human strength damage).

He also has the Talk Louder than Everyone Else power, so no matter what you can always hear him using Rhetoric Power—the ability to entrance someone with bulls#!t. Players subjected to these right-wing rants must make a "saving throw" flip to see whether or not they're stupefied by them. If they fail the saving throw, they keep losing turns (nodding intently and shouting things like "Diversity Sucks!") until they toss successfully.

TEMPERAMENT : Think a raging drill sergeant. If you ignore him he brands you a heathen and attempts to physically force you to comply with his will.

THUNK!



SUPERPOWERS : The hard-headed, thin-skinned Thunk is the powerhouse of the Fascist Four. One punch from Thunk is worth four levels of Hurt and a dose of Thunk's Censorin' Power. Every time Thunk hits a player or NPC, Censorin' Power erases some portion of that person's memory: her name, who her teammates are, who won the 1964 Presidential election, etc. The memory loss lasts for five turns. Thunk can take eight levels of Hurt before being KO'd.

TEMPERAMENT : Thunk's extremely thin skin leaves him with a raging temper which has a tendency to get the best of him and cause him to act without thinking. He is also extremely sensitive and with a few harsh comments can be reduced to a blubbering baby. Thunk also happens to be a loudmouth and probably the least fanatically driven of the entire group.

THE FASCIST FOUR! (CONTINUED)

THE UNNOCTICEABLE GIRL!



STUPERPOWERS : The Unnoticeable Girl's presence is hard to discern when she uses her Barefoot and Pregnant Power, which makes her visible only in one's peripheral vision. Her other, and perhaps most uncanny power is Perfect Homemaker Power. She is somehow able to perfectly juggle a career as a stuperpowered terrorist, getting the kids off to school, and a pristinely beautiful home, all at the same time.

TEMPERAMENT : As the Unnoticeable Girl is married to Mr. Fascist, Hubby's ruling presence in her life has left her virtually unable to do anything except pop out babies. So she carries a huge frying pan and, upon sneaking up behind a player, will crack him over the head with it, causing one level of hurt. We don't know much about her or what she thinks of her role in the team, since she only speaks when spoken to.

FAHRENHEIT 451!



STUPERPOWERS : This fanatical priest has the ability to imbue himself with what he calls the Fire of Heaven. Fire of Heaven Power makes him appear as if he is burning, but gives him the ability fly (according to Comic Book Science, burning things are lighter than air). Players attempting to touch 451 (or even punch him) will receive one level of Hurt the first round, and one level per round thereafter until they put out their flaming hands.

Using his Summon Banned Book Power, Fahrenheit 451 can summon a book — which instantly catches fire — and then hurl the flaming tome at his opponents, causing two levels of Hurt upon impact and one more per round of continued contact (as per above).

TEMPERAMENT : Fahrenheit 451 sees himself as a prophet and anyone with a slight difference in opinion with him as the embodiment of evil. In battle he constantly misquotes the Bible, attempting to find sanction for any atrocity he may commit.



naked people: “Repent sinners!” A huge flaming book crashes into the center of the stage, lighting it on fire and scattering reporters and film crews. “Hey! You! Do something!” the mayor screams at the heroes.

The source of the incendiary tomes is a flaming minister in black cassock and white collar flying about 50 feet in the air over the park with an armful of books, screaming biblical phrases and throwing flaming books at the terrified crowd. Any hero with any knowledge of superhero lore will recognize this man as none other than Fahrenheit 451, the hotheaded young seminarian and junior member of the FASCIST FOUR! From another side of the Park the distinct, dulcet, drill sergeant-tones of Mr. Fascist can be heard admonishing the nudists for their Evil Ways. If that’s not enough, the third and most potentially dangerous member of the Four appears, smashing floats and punching fleeing nudists in the head. “It’s Censoring Time!” cries the Ever-Hatin’ Thunk. And just when the team thinks they’ve got it all under control, they begin to see flickers of an image in their peripheral vision. An image of the person who puts the Four in Fascist Four... The Unnoticeable Girl.

Now these Fascists aren’t the real menace here, so don’t make them too capable of hurting the heroes. They are more or less concentrating on breaking up the parade; they only attack the heroes if attacked— but if the players jump on one mem-

ber of The Fascist Four, the other three will join the fray within two rounds.

Upon the villains’ defeat, Rudiani’s police will clean up the mess and the mayor will attempt to once again take credit for their sterling job in front of the media. Suddenly the players are mobbed by reporters, who bombard them with embarrassing questions about their strange abilities, secret identities and sexual preference.

CIVILIZATION AND ITS DISCONTENTS

Just when the heroes are lulled into the false belief that finally their star has come, they notice that everyone around them (the reporters, the mayor, the naked people, etc.) has turned into monkeys. These are not your ordinary, average, garden variety kind of monkeys, like the ones you’ve seen pick bugs off each other in the zoo. No! They are strange hybrid monkey/humans wearing clothes and acting pretty much exactly the same as they had been only a moment before. In fact, if the players inspect themselves, they will find that they too are now simians. In a few minutes, they’ll realize that everyone in the city and around the world are now apes: television broadcasts in the store windows show apes doing everything that was once only human.

Abruptly, a deep, undulating, Gestapo-like voice begins to emanate from the speakers of all available electronic communications equipment. “My children, do not be alarmed. This is Mighty Joe Jung. I

MIGHTY JOE JUNG!

BAD GUY



BACKSTORY : On June 6, 1961, Carl Jung, the great Swiss founder of Analytical Psychology, was laid to rest in the eyes of the public. Unknown to the world-at-large, however, a group of UN scientists seeking to preserve the great minds of the world got busy with poor Carl's swiftly-decomposing brain. After their failed attempt to create a composite body for the brain of Albert Einstein (We won't even talk about Frankeneinstein), they discovered that a giant 12 foot-tall ape's cranium was the perfect size to house Jung's ganglia. Unfortunately, when the operation was complete, the ape-psychiatrist escaped the lab in a fit of confused rage and disappeared into the depths of the African jungle. Nothing was heard from the psychiatrist for more than thirty years. Recently, he has resurfaced, claiming to have lived among the apes and found them a psychologically superior race to humans, deserving of nothing less than total control of the world. Since then he has attempted time and again to wrest control of the world from humanity.

STUPERPOWERS : Mighty Joe Jung has the normal strength of great white ape, which means that a punch from him delivers 2 levels of hurt. Additionally, thanks to his hearty constitution, Jung can take eight levels of hurt, unlike a normal human's five.

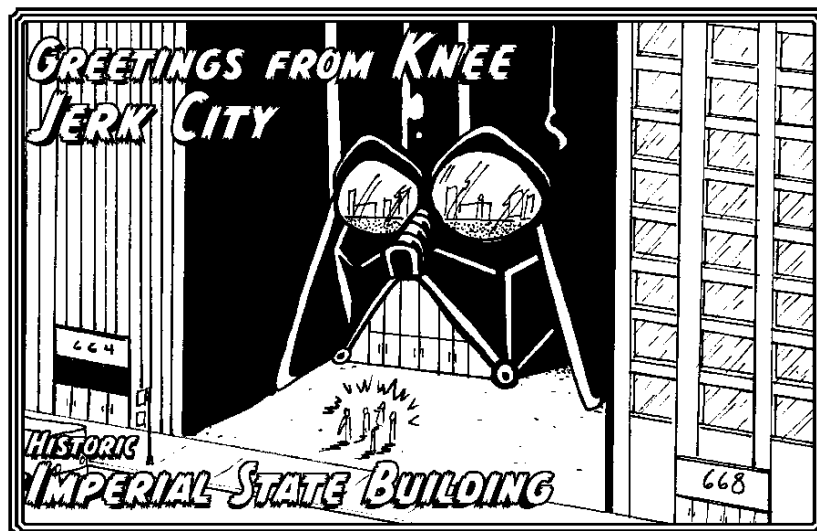
GIZMO : The Inner Child Gun! Jung also carries what appears to be a child's toy ray gun; but woe to any stuperhero who stands in the line of fire of this most dreaded weapon. When turned upon an opponent the "Inner Child" gun transforms the hapless hero into a child version of himself or herself rendering them unable to much more than cry and toddle around for three rounds.

have brought you to a more enlightened evolutionary state. Humans had their chance at running the planet, and now you, my apes, will have yours. Under my leadership, we shall bring this world to a state of peace and prosperity beyond any those pathetic humans could ever dream of attaining." The message will begin to repeat itself after a few more minutes of like ranting from the simian psychoanalyst.

Now here comes a chance for the heroes to really put their brains and Stuperpowers to the test. After inspection and conversation, the heroes should eventually stumble upon the idea that Jung must have used some sort of heavy duty equipment to break into the television and radio transmissions. If the players can't figure it out themselves, allow them coin flips until they do. Another positive flip will tell them that there is a huge transmitter on top of the largest building nearby—the Imperial State Building!

Whether they hop a cab, take a bus or hoof it, it doesn't take long before the Imperial State Building looms over the players. At the top of the building is the aforementioned transmitter. A wire from the transmitter extends down into the window of Mighty Joe Jung's office, which is on the building's thirtieth floor. A player with keen eyes for the building's tenant list or who had a good look at the yellow pages will figure out the locale of Jung's office, as well.

Jung has a tasteful office, which the nameplate



TEMPORAL TAMMY!

BAD GAL



BACKSTORY : Miss Georgia Peach lost the Miss America Pageant to Miss New Jersey in 1985. This sent the now-former beauty queen into a downward cycle of self-pity and alcohol abuse. Then she met the man known as Phil, who was working on a Time Machine to further his plans to destroy the world. Using what was left of her feminine wiles, she was able to convince Phil to make her the Time Bra—the time travel device that also gives support and helps reduce back strain! Her plan? Go back in time, reenter the Miss America contest and win!

After dumping Phil and leaving him crushed, one thing stood in her way of realizing her dreams: in order to even be considered in the beauty contest she needed a big wardrobe (dresses, swimsuits, etc.). And, having spent all of her money on liquor and fen-phen pills, she needed cash—the cold, hard kind! So, when Mighty Joe Jung offered her a heaping wad of dough to assist his own nefarious scheme, she literally jumped at the chance, and history was made . . . or *unmade*, as the case may be!

STUPERPOWERS : Temporal Tammy has the Looks Great in Swimsuit Power which acts just like the Super Smile Stuperpower (#19), but works only on males and lesbians. She also has Inhuman Poise, which allows her to stand up straight and walk like a lady in almost any situation. (Whether this is a Stuperpower or not is open to debate.)

GIZMO : The “Time Bra”! A large red, double D-size bra with a dial on each breast cup. For an explanation of how this thing works, see the main text.

TEMPERAMENT : While she usually has the manners of a true lady, when under stress Temporal Tammy swears like a sailor on shore leave. She also has the tendency to scratch, bite and kick her way through any altercation. She is grossed out by blood and any other bodily fluids, to the point where upon mention or sight of them she will instantly turn and flee.

says he shares with a Dr. Sigmund. Upon entering the office, players might be stunned to find Nasty Secretary #3 sitting behind the receptionist’s desk (refer to “The Grim Deal” for stats)! Nasty Secretary #3 asks the heroes to sit in the waiting room and fill out many fraudulent medical insurance forms in triplicate. If players cause any problems, Nasty Secretary #3 will immediately turn into a samurai and attack them.

From the reception area, one door leads to Jung’s office and the another to Sigmund’s. Jung’s office contains a couch and a tape recorder on a nice big wooden desk next to the computer. Everything is oversized: even the door to the office is higher and wider than usual. (Jung is a Giant Ape!) The couch is completely normal but the tape recorder contains the audio log of Mighty Joe Jung. On the tape the deep-voiced Jung speaks pretentiously of his great plan to control the path of evolution on the planet Earth: he has made arrangements to time travel to 10,000,000 BC, when the earliest Cro-Magnons conceived their first truly human baby, and stop that act before the pregnancy occurs. Then apes would be allowed to flourish and evolve to their rightful place as the rulers of the world. Now that the Justice Bringers are absent in space, it’s the prime time to execute his devilish plan! The wire from the

roof leads to a VCR on the desk, which is playing back Jung’s message to the world over and over again.

The really interesting stuff is in “Dr. Sigmund’s office.” The room is bare, except for a huge metal cylinder pointed down at a white table, and stairs going up its side. On the floor, next to the table, is a large red bra with a broken strap. On the front of the bra there are two large dials, one on each cup. If the heroes attempt to read the dials, they find that the writing is much too small for the naked eye to see.

The stairs lead to a landing at the top end of the cylinder, upon which stand a group of blank monitors. If they turn the monitors on, their screens will show a blank white. If the players place anything on the table in front of the cylinder they will see an amazingly detailed image of that object on the monitors.

Once the players figure out that the cylinder is a huge electron microscope, they can place the bra on the table, and then they will be able to read the writing on its cups. The writing is actually numbers— dates, to be exact; every date ever, throughout time. The left cup has dates receding into the past from the present year; the right cup has dates projecting into the future.

Yes, that’s right, the bra is a time machine. The person wearing (or just holding) the bra activates its

temporal-teleportation mechanisms simply by turning the dial to the desired time.

How do the players know which time to go to unless they have already examined the brassiere under the electron microscope first, you may ask?

That's a very good question.

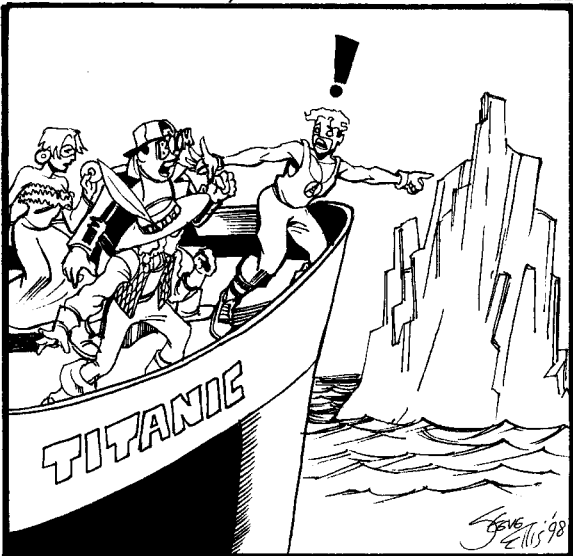
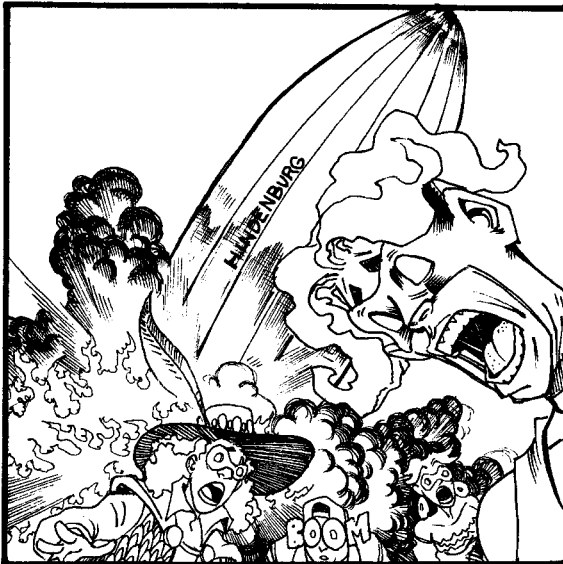
They don't.

If the players attempt to play with the dials randomly, the hero holding the bra and anyone touching him at the time will be hurdled backwards or forwards in time to a random point in history (or post-history). Without an electron microscope, the players can either be stranded in time for the rest of their lives or keep flipping the dials randomly until they end up back at the Imperial State Building (or, at the very least, somewhere (or when) where they can get their hands on an electron microscope). Of course, the BMD could be nice and send them 10,000,000 BC right away...

Nah, we didn't think so.

Torture the players mercilessly. Drag out this adventure over several gaming sessions through mind-staggeringly dangerous time-travel detours. Toss them backwards and forwards through history at least five times; and each time they encounter ever more harrowing and lethal threats. Some suggestions for place/times: the Titanic right before it hits the iceberg; the Dallas Book Depository where Lee Harvey Oswald shoots JFK (he plants the gun on the heroes before fleeing); the middle of a Tyrannosaurus Rex feasting ground; Hiroshima at ground zero, and so on.

If the players are so dense as to not locate an electron microscope to get themselves back on track (or if they haven't heard the tape in Jung's office, yet), let one of them get a clue with a coin-toss. Nasty Secretary #3 could tell them. But she won't.





THE ORIGIN OF THE SPECIES

Ultimately, the heroes end up in a thick, humid jungle smack dab in 10,000,000 BC. Huge dragonflies buzz about the players. They stand near the edge of a clearing, in the center of which cluster five modern-day tents, the remnants of a fire, and several Well-Armed Goons. From the looks of the WAGs they are tired and bedraggled. On their arms they wear the symbol of the International Brotherhood of Thugs and Henchmen (Local #82, Knee Jerk City). Mighty Joe Jung is nowhere to be seen. If the players speak to the WAGs they might be captured, albeit begrudgingly, because the WAGs haven't had their fifteen-minute break in two weeks and don't know if they're going to get overtime for their trouble. If the players are able to escape or convince the guards otherwise and they search the tents, they find in one of them a cage containing a Cro-Magnon man, dubbed "Daddy." The guards explain that Jung holds the key to Daddy's cage, and that the simian psychoanalyst is currently out at a Cro-Magnon village a few miles away, watching over the Cro-Magnon female ("Mommy") with the rest of the WAG battalion.

The path through the jungle from the encampment to the village is well-defined, and runs right through the hunting grounds of some saber-tooth tigers (Claws and Teeth both Sharp Objects; 2 levels of Hurt each). Creeping up to the rude collection of thatch lean-tos, the players see the aforementioned collection of WAGs clubbing some of the grunting, ooping Neanderthal villagers into submission. They also see a twelve foot-tall ape in a tweed suit with a pince-nez adorning his face and a long pipe curving from his mouth. Jung is admonishing the failure of the beautiful blonde Temporal Tammy, the former Miss Georgia Peach turned time-traveling villainess,

to retain her time-traveling bra. Temporal Tammy argues back that if he hadn't grabbed on to her so forcibly when they left the 20th century, the strap never would have broken and they would be able to return to their original time.

If the players continue to listen to the evildoers, they are found out by a wandering WAG on guard duty, thus forcing a confrontation. Jung will not fight superheroes of his own volition, but will wait until engaged by a player. He will stand and bark orders at WAGs and Tammy until provoked. Tammy will enter the fray begrudgingly as well, because physical contact may muss her hair. WAGs, overworked and underpaid, will respond to any player plea involving "up with the proletariat" and "Hoffa in '04!" and turn on their apish leader. Upon defeating the lack-eyes of Mighty Joe Jung, the players will find "Mommy" chained in a nearby cave, the key to which is in Jung's jacket pocket (including the key to Daddy's cage).

As the heroes prepare to take their prisoners back into the future, they can proudly watch the Cro-Magnon couple consummate their love on the floor of the jungle, knowing that they have secured humanity's place in the history of the Earth.

Upon returning to the city in the future the players find that everyone has turned back to their lovable, human selves. However, they may also notice a few changes brought about by their dabbling in the past.

Ah, what are a few dinosaurs on Fifth Avenue, anyway? ★

ASSIGNING GOOD & BAD POINTS	
50 G.P.	For defeating a member of the Fascist Four (Media Multiplier x2 = 100 G.P. ea.)
-50 B.P.	For being defeated by a member of the Fascist Four (Media Multiplier x2 = -100 B.P. ea.)
25 G.P.	To the player who figures out where Mighty Joe Jung's transmission is coming from
25 G.P.	To the player who figures out how the Time Bra works
50 G.P.	For defeating Nasty Secretary
-50 B.P.	For being defeated by Nasty Secretary
10 G.P.	For each defeated W.A.G.
-10 B.P.	For being defeated by a W.A.G.
25 G.P.	For defeating Temporal Tammy
-25 B.P.	For being defeated by Temporal Tammy
50 GP	For defeating Mighty Joe Jung
-50 B.P.	For being defeated by Mighty Joe Jung
100 G.P.	For getting Mommy & Daddy to mate
100 G.P.	To each player who plays through the scenario all the way to the end

APOCALYPSE...HOW?!

by Fred Van Lente

THE SKINNY

Rudiani sadistically exacts payment from the heroes by forcing them appear with him at campaign fund-raisers, patrol Knee Jerk's subway system for CHUDs (Rudiani is obsessed with what he describes as "KJC's massive CHUD infestation") and park cars at his son's bris— but the \$700,000,00 debt still looms over the players' heads like some really, really big . . . uh . . . debt. If they want to work it off at rates higher than Minimum Wage, they'll have to become Heroes for Hire. Fortunately, they soon get an opportunity to do so. The wealthiest couple in Knee Jerk City calls them at Justice Bringers HQ, tearfully beseeching their help. It seems that the spawn of their loins has run out West with Daddy's credit cards to join a wacko cult. The well-to-do couple will pay the heroes buttocks of dough to infiltrate the cultists' complex and get the credit cards back. "And the kid, too, if you get the chance," they add.

GETTING THERE

The cult in question, the First Ecumenical Esoteric Illuminated Church of the Holy Expiration Date, operates out of a palatial estate perched on a coastal cliff outside Malibu, California. Its temple is a huge, marble dome with what looks like a satellite dish on top of it; two one-story wings jut out of the dome at its east and west points. The house is surrounded by a ten-foot tall electrified fence; inside the fence is a serene, Japanese-style garden, patrolled by WAGs with machine pistols and guard dogs. A scoreboard merrily announcing "Just 133 Days Until Armageddon!" stands next to the blockhouse at the fence's gate. The guards carefully inspect all cars that approach the gate, and deny entry to all except official cult vehicles. The WAGs maintain close contact via walkie-talkie; any attack on one brings the others running.

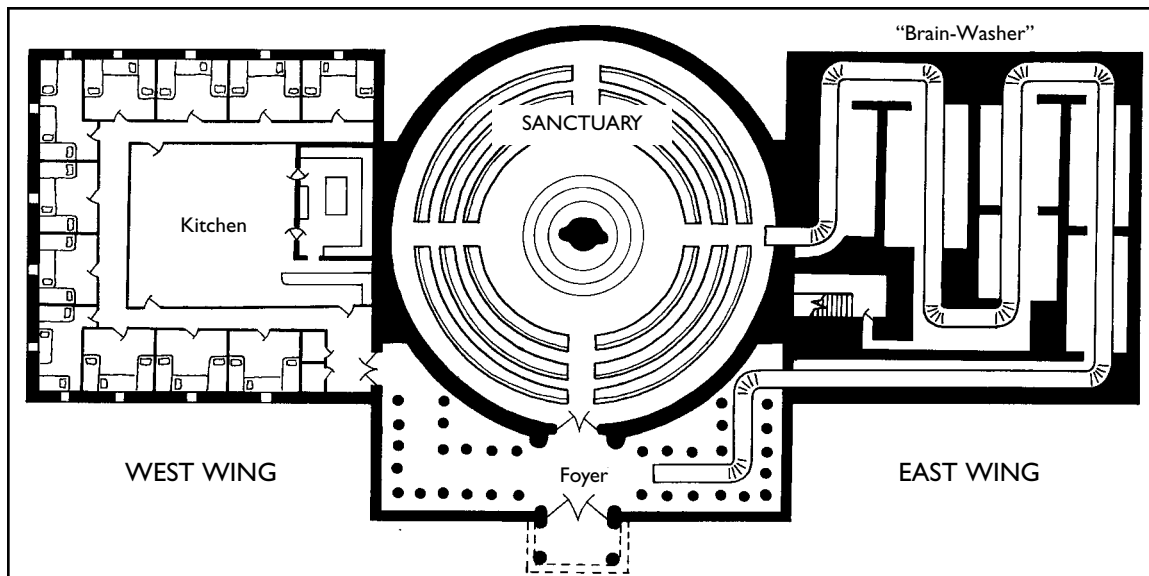
Should the players reconnoiter the complex from the surrounding scrub, they observe that buses bearing the Holy Expiration Date's logo frequently rumble through the gate, dump a batch of prospec-



tive cultists onto the lawn, then head back to the Church's recruitment office in one of Los Angeles' seedier ghettos. Hijacking the empty bus proves easy enough, as the driver is an unarmed Normal. Alternately, the heroes could sign up as new members in LA. They share the bus-ride to Malibu with the beautiful, apathetic sons and daughters of Hollywood movie stars ("What-ever!" is their response to almost everything.)

THE EAST WING

Heroes masquerading as prospective cultists are dropped off in the foyer, where a conveyor belt leads into the East Wing. They are greeted by two cultists, Chip and Buffy, disgustingly attractive WASPs with spotless white robes, gleaming teeth and immaculately coifed do's. They praise the recruits for their spiritual bravery; the Church has been forewarned of the coming apocalypse by The Benefactor, a kindly extraterrestrial, who has said that the only people to survive will be those pure of heart— and body. To start them on their journey to piety, the recruits are asked to drop all their material possessions into a bag marked "Material Possessions" held by none other than yes, you guessed it, folks, Nasty Secretary #3. Out on parole since she was busted along with Mighty Joe Jung, she's at a new position with the cult. If the heroes are attempting to sneak into the Church disguised as cultists, have some fun with this scene. Nasty Secretary comes close to the players before they enter the conveyor belt, muttering,



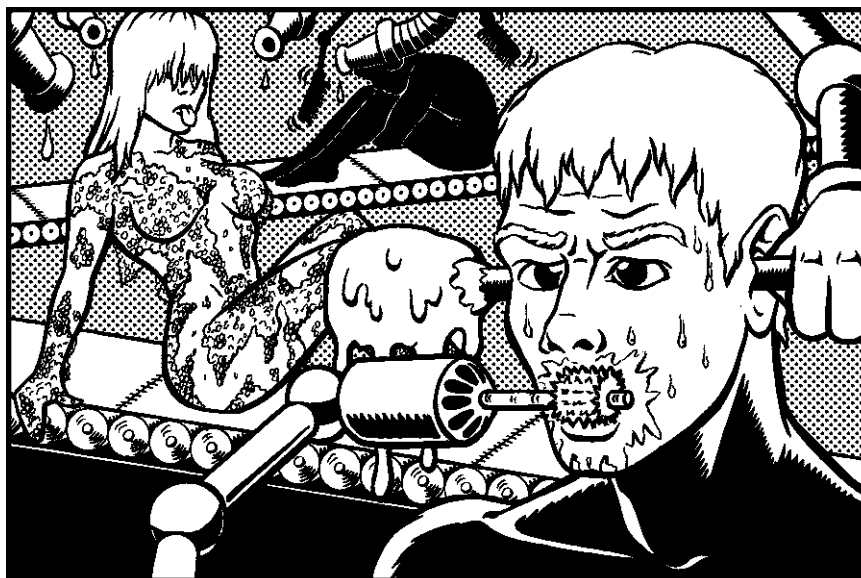
"There's something familiar about these guys . . . Don't I know you from somewhere?" Chuckle as the players concoct some bizarre explanation as to how Nasty Secretary might have met them before.

Next, they're to strip and give their clothes to Chip, and climb onto the conveyor belt. No doubt there will be a few heroes, their hormones overcome by the sight of their naked California comrades, that will tromp like nude lemmings onto the conveyor belt.

They've made a big mistake. Immediately upon mounting the conveyor belt, a recruit is scooped up by a robot claw and dragged through a hideous human car-wash: they're blasted with high-power hoses, doused in soap suds, and scrubbed by wire brushes— for 1 Hurt of damage. Next, they're subjected to a rigorous shampoo and conditioner treatment, and dipped into vats of cologne, perfume, and various body oils. Then, their gums are

mauled by a rotary saw-like electric toothbrush— another 1 Hurt.

The worst is yet to come, however. The penultimate indignity is a huge cotton swab (smeared with earwax—Ick!) that jams itself into a recruit's ear, juts out the other one, and thoroughly cleanses her brain! This Brain-Washing gives its victims a crippling aversion to dirt, clutter and uncleanness of any kind. A hero thus afflicted must hereafter play Rock, Scissors, Paper with the Big Mac Daddy whenever he gets unkempt or dirty (his costume gets torn, his hair gets mussed-up, he's touched by a non-cultist). If the player wins, nothing happens. If the BMD wins, the player immediately stops whatever she's doing and rushes toward the East Wing for another go-around in the Brain-Washer. While this doesn't put a person's will wholly in the cult's thrall, it does hamper any cultist from having a normal life outside the Church's immaculate compound.



After the Brain-Washer, the naked recruit is spat via pneumatic tube into a Church robe and unceremoniously dumped into the Sanctuary (see below). But a player may try to wrest free of the claw before she reaches the Brain-Washer. Since the robot claw is strong enough to resist the struggles of Normals, the heroes' only hope lies in their Superpowers. The BMD should mercifully allow any sufficiently

"SQUEAKY" HAROLD!

BAD GUY



BACKSTORY : When the dreaded Sanitizer, the Fumigator of Worlds, showed up to "cleanse" the backwater swamp world of Klautkahn, "Squeaky" Harold (his name roughly translated into English from a Klautkahnian dialect), a no-name service worker for the Klautkahn Above-Ground Anti-Gravity Sewer System, saw not imminent death and destruction, but an unprecedented opportunity for personal gain! Harold convinced Sanitizer that, considering the universe's immense size, he needed someone to find the messiest planets—and "Squeaky" Harold was the man for the job! Sanitizer agreed to spare "Squeaky", and in return Harold has traveled the breadth of the galaxy on behalf of the Fumigator. Harold's modus operandi is to locate gullible, low-tech planets, foster pollution on them, then gather bogus "permits" from the dominant life forms. (In the process, Harold robs the planets of their mineral and cultural resources.) Once he has fleeced the planet bare, Harold kicks his feet back and watches the "cleansing" begin! After it's all done, "Squeaky" picks up his union-inflated check from the Fumigator, and it's off to the next world...!

STUPERPOWERS : Like all members of Klautkahn's dominant species, "Squeaky" Harold is a fifteen-foot tall humanoid accustomed to a high-gravity environment. This roughly translates into a

massive internal muscle structure that removes one level of Hurt from all attacks intended for him. Harold's punches do two levels of Hurt and, unlike normal humans, who take six levels of Hurt before being knocked out, Harold can take eight levels of Hurt before succumbing. "Squeaky" has six arms, but Klautkahnian evolution gave these additional limbs to Harold and his kind primarily so they could scratch every orifice and armpit at the same time. Still, he can attack twice per round with his sundry arms.

GIZMO : NASTY CIGAR! The cigar "Squeaky" perpetually smokes has been rolled from the most decayed specimens of the Fetid Deruvian Skank-Leaf, which grows in the seepage cracks of the Sunless Septic Sludge-Plains of Klautkahn's western continent. Its smoke is the foulest in the galaxy, and acts like the "Stun Halitosis" superpower (#16) when blown at opponents.

TEMPERAMENT : "Squeaky" Harold is a foul-smelling, ill-tempered, profanity-spouting, Brooklyn-accented, self-centered vulgarian. He is rashly overconfident and not very bright, and continually badgers the players with crude insults: "Youse think yer so smart? Peh! Youse was so ugly, when youse was born, the doctah slapped yer maternal unit!"

ingenious scheme to succeed with a coin-toss or two. Freed heroes land on a narrow service scaffold that paces the conveyer belt in either direction. They may follow the scaffold to the belt's beginning in the foyer or the terminus in the Sanctuary. Provided they can sneak past the guards and cultists buck-naked, the heroes may now infiltrate the rest of the complex.

Midway down the scaffold there's a locked metal door marked "RESTRICTED AREA" (each guard has a key). Behind it, a metal staircase descends into the villa's boiler room. Here massive, deafening water heaters pump fresh H₂O into the Brain-Washer above. Should the players think of disabling the boilers, the results could be catastrophic for the cultists.

THE WEST WING

The temple's West Wing is a maze of military-style barracks, where six cultists share three bunk beds in each room. As this is the only part of the building with windows, odds are heroes penetrating the complex through stealth instead of guile will end up here. During daylight hours, the cultists may be seen busying themselves by furiously sweeping and scrubbing the West Wing's floors, walls and ceiling—their sole act of holy penance. The sight of intruders immediately causes the cultists to scream for the guards, so the heroes must tread carefully.

In the center of the West Wing is the complex's dining hall. The heroes' employers' son, the object of their search, slaves in the kitchen, preparing three square meals of tofu and cucumber slices daily for his comrades. Thoroughly Brain-Washed, he greets the heroes warmly at first, but will resist all attempts to remove him



THE SANCTUARY

Curved pews encircle the enormous statue of The Benefactor that straddles the dais in the center of the Sanctuary: he's a beatific alien Gray in a white T-shirt, white pants and one gold earring; his arms are crossed over his chest. The Holy Expiration Date's mantra, "Nah-nah-nah-nah/Nah-nah-nah-nah/Hey-Hey-Hey/Good-bye", is inscribed all the way around the ceiling. The only other entrance to the room — besides the

from the temple, hollering for the guards. He says he turned Daddy's credit cards over to the cult with the rest of his material possessions upon his arrival; these were sacrificed to The Benefactor in the Sanctuary (see next section).

Since conflict with the guards and cultists seems inevitable, the BMD should be reminded that all of them — the WAGs, too — have been Brain-Washed. While they may overwhelm heroes with their numbers, should any cultist get dirtied in any way (if they're spat upon, or a hero's punch draws blood) he screams like a schoolgirl and high-tails it to the Brain-Washer. If the players have had the foresight to disable that contraption, the cultists, deprived of their ability to be cleansed, sink into a blubbing, disconsolate heap. In this state they'll do anything the heroes say, or answer any questions they ask. (Unfortunately, Brain-Washed heroes will do the exact same thing.)

Generally, the cultists are a preternaturally chipper bunch, upper middle class Yuppie spawn like Chip and Buffy, who greet each other with salutations like "My your hair looks exceptionally full-bodied today, Sister [Brother]!" They all fervently believe that their ineffable "hope auras" are being beamed to The Benefactor via the satellite dish on the dome; the ET will answer their call and rescue them from the coming apocalypse — but no two cultists can agree on what form Armageddon will take, and argue about it whenever possible. Some theories include: nuclear war, global warming, a plague, a second Great Flood, an Earth-sized meteorite, a second Ice Age, economic collapse, moral collapse, a sudden eruption of two hundred volcanoes, the Rapture, Ragnarok, etc., etc., the list goes on and on. . . .

foyer's iris-door — is the exit to the Brain Washer. Here, new cultists are led by elder initiates (with more WAGs) to the cult's membership scroll, which extends down from a slit in the dome's ceiling, and unfurls itself across the Sanctuary floor. New members sign the scroll, then are sent to the West Wing to receive their janitorial assignments.

Wily heroes notice (with a coin-toss) that, when compared to the dome they saw outside, the Sanctuary's rotunda is lower than it should be; in other words, there might be a room between the Sanctuary's ceiling and the top of the dome. Also, the slit in the ceiling is just wide enough for a skinny human to squeeze through; a hero who does so by climbing up the scroll will find herself in the Secret Sanctum (see below).

The Sanctuary is also used for the disposal of new cultists' material possessions and clothing, as "sacrifices" to the Benefactor. The elder cultists place the bags on the dais — at The Benefactor's feet — and chant their mantra. In a blinding flash, the stuff is gone.

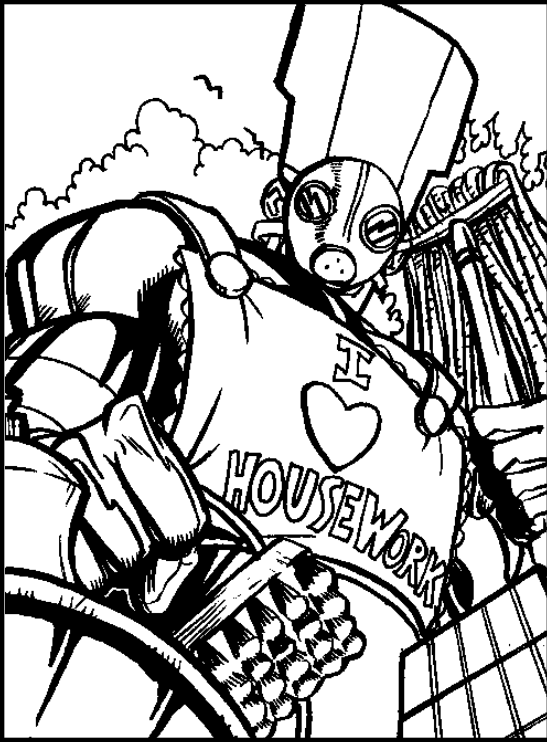
Unbeknownst to the cultists, the dais is a highly sophisticated alien teleportation disc. Should the players stand on the dais and recite the mantra (in unison, natch), they will appear in a flash on the dais's sister disc in the Secret Sanctum.

THE SECRET SANCTUM

A nose-wrinkling bachelor's funk permeates this small chamber, which appears to be the bridge of an alien spaceship. Nude centerfolds line the walls, and the floor is covered ankle-deep in Chinese food cartons, empty beer cans, dirty laundry, pizza boxes, and other detritus. Sitting in the penny and dust bunny-clogged command chair is "Squeaky" Harold,

SANITIZOR! FUMIGATOR OF WORLDS!

BAD GUY



BACKSTORY Y: Countless eons ago, the planet Abtox was the galactic center for the production of pogs. When the planet's chief export went the way of all fads, Abtox's economy collapsed. The Global Council searched for a new source of revenue and, over the vehement protests of M'thwpt Sanitizor, the Planetary Minister of Personal Hygiene and Behavior Control, voted to allow Abtox to become the galaxy's center for nuclear and toxic waste disposal. Unfortunately, the Council did not realize that their fellow planets would dump the gunk on them all at once; the resulting chemical reaction caused Abtox to explode. The sole survival of the cataclysm was, ironically enough, Sanitizor, who sealed himself in an indestructible bunker before the waste arrived. The radiation from the blast caused him to grow to enormous size, gave him awesome powers and drove him totally wacko. Sanitizor now travels throughout the galaxy, "cleaning up" planets so others will not have to suffer the same fate as his people.

STUPERPOWERS : For starters, Sanitizor is a good thousand feet tall, can survive in the vacuum of space without life support, and is totally invulnerable to any and all physical attacks. If he deigns to strike the players, his punches cause ten levels of Hurt (i.e., any player so struck is automatically knocked unconscious). This is one *baaaaaad* dude.

As if all that weren't bad enough, Sanitizor wields The Scrubber Cosmic, a gigantic mop that crackles with a greenish-orange fire. When Sanitizor flips a button on the mop's handle, the fire travels down the length of the mop and covers his entire body, allowing him to take ten actions

per round! (This is why he can scrub entire planets clean within an hour.)

On his belt are several aerosol cans (each about fifteen feet high) marked in weird alien writing that display pictures of superheroes gagging and wheezing. The cans contain a special kind of bug spray. When a player gets hit with one, have her play Rock, Scissors, Paper with the BMD. If the player wins, nothing happens. If the BMD wins, on the other hand, the Anti-Hero "Raid" sends the unfortunate hero into an uncontrollable coughing fit, making her lose a turn. On the following turn, the player is struck by a selective form of amnesia: not only does the player not remember fighting Sanitizor, but she refuses to believe in Sanitizor's existence, or even see that he's there, no matter how hard her fellow players try to convince her! Only getting hit with the antidote to the bug spray (you can differentiate from the other bug spray cans on the Sanitizor's belt like this: the bug spray cans are red; the antidote can is fuchsia) will cure the afflicted player.

TEMPERAMENT : Sanitizor is one of these angst-ridden, morose god-like-types, who always looks like his cat just died. He rarely speaks, and when he does, it's usually to shake his head sadly and mutter "Dirty planet...dirty, dirty planet...!" He doesn't particularly enjoy what he does, but in his madness he considers it penance for failing to avert the destruction of Abtox: "I told them pogs would come back in a big way, but they just...wouldn't...listen!" If the players actually manage to engage him in conversation, he'll piss and moan a lot about traveling amongst the loneliness of the stars and being made fun of by the older kids, who were all shorter than he was ("I'm big for my age"), and the selfishness of Earthlings.

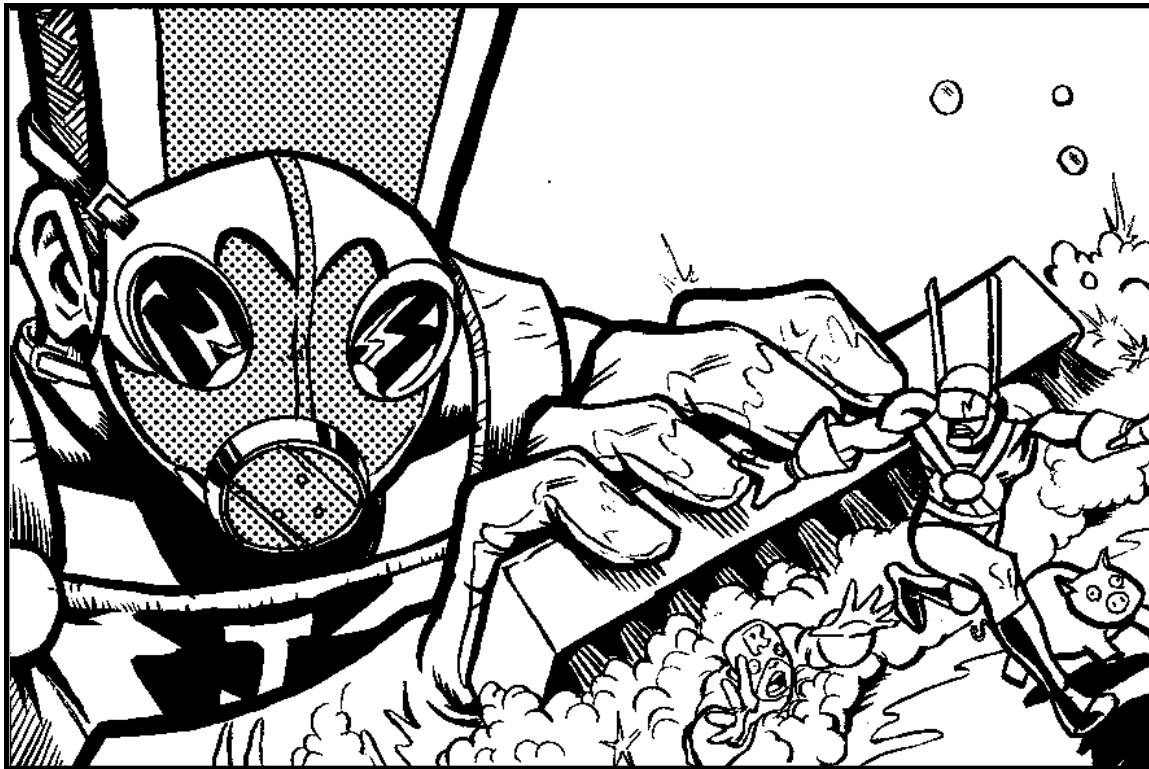
intergalactic con-artist (see page 88), finishing off an onion-and-liverwurst hoagie. He belches loudly and scratches his butt when the players enter:

"I gotta hand it to youse guys— you're quicker than mosta da rubes on dis planet! 'Benefactor!' Get outta here! But if you're thinkin' of stoppin' my plans...fughedaboutit!"

Harold directs the heroes' attention to the Sanctum's monitors, which allow him to observe the entire complex. A camera is currently trained on the bottom of the membership scroll, which the last few recruits are now signing. "I had a good time on dis dirt-ball! All dem credit cards came in real handy!" (Indeed, "Squeaky" wears a fur coat, his fingers are

heavy with gold rings, and other valuables are heaped around the bridge.) "But I almost got all the signatures I need— so it's about time to call in The Master, and move on to the next gullible star cluster!"

When this recruit finishes signing, klaxons and red warning lights flash around the temple. The scoreboard out front flips to "0 Days." The cultists jump for joy— Armageddon is finally here! They collect in the garden to watch the destruction, while the Sanctuary itself begins to rumble and shake loudly. The scroll winds itself up, into the Sanctum, with a snap. Harold grabs it and pats it with a smile. "Five thousand signatures of native sentient



beings— that’s all The Master needs to have the place ‘cleansed!’”

With a deafening roar, the entire Sanctuary shoots out of its foundation, toward the sky — the entire “dome”, it would seem, is just the upper half of a huge spherical spaceship!

“And this jalopy don’t take no passengers, neither, so put ‘em up, crumb-bums!” Harold adds, and launches himself at the heroes!

THE END IS NIGH

“Squeaky” Harold is no push-over, so it’s very possible he will overpower the heroes. He plans to teleport them into mid-air, where they’ll plunge to their deaths, but he’s distracted by the arrival of “The Master”— the dreaded Sanitizor, Fumigator of Worlds! A huge shadow covers the Church’s compound, causing the cultists to cry “Hallelujah! We’re saved!”— whereupon a forty-story metal bucket lands on top of them with a grisly squishing sound. Sanitizor himself lands with a crater-causing “crash” beside his bucket, and announces:

“Hear me, people of. . .” (he checks his index cards) “Earth! You have poisoned the globe with toxic waste, air pollution and Muzak for too long! I have heard the petition of the righteous and come bearing the Scrubber Cosmic! You sent your mightiest champions—the Justice Bringers—against me, but not even *they* could stay the righteous fist of galactic hygiene!”

With that, Sanitizor spits out a smoking shard from

a spacecraft with a “JB” stenciled on its side-- all that remains of the once-mighty Justice Bringer spacefleet!

“They have gone to a much more Lemon-Fresh place than this. And soon so shall you all, pathetic Earthlings! I shall cleanse your planet of the grimy, the icky, the gooey! Let that be a lesson to you! So speaks Sanitizor, the Fumigator of Worlds!”

From Sanitizor’s planet-sized star-cruiser, which is currently orbiting Earth, a stream of industrial cleaning fluids plunges from the sky and begins to fill up the bucket. In a half-hour, the bucket will be full, and a half-hour later, Sanitizor will have scoured our beloved homeworld so sparkly-smooth he’ll be able to see his face reflected in it— unfortunately, he’ll be the only one, because this “cleansing” will destroy all life on Earth!

It’s up to the heroes to stop him. Since he’s too powerful for the players to defeat in combat, they’ll have to reason with him. Part of the problem is getting close enough to his head to have a conversation; Harold’s spaceship may solve that problem, but first the heroes will have to figure out how to work it. As the control panel is built for people with six hands, many players will have to operate it at once. Have some fun with the heroes as they struggle to rein in the ship— they can accidentally sheer of the “H” in LA’s Hollywood sign, or must make coin-tosses to avoid motion sickness! The ship has laser guns mounted on it, but these don’t have any effect of the Fumigator of Worlds.

When the heroes tell Sanitizor that they like their

planet just the way it is, thank you, the giant is initially dismissive: “My faithful herald Harold collected all the signatures required for the permit, so you should complain to your fellow Terrans, not me.” The “permit” which Sanitizor refers to is, of course, the Church’s membership scroll. Indeed, the top of it does read “Permit for Global Cleansing and Maintenance” in an alien tongue. It becomes increasingly obvious that Sanitizor has no clue that Harold has been gathering signatures under false pretenses; in fact, the Fumigator thinks that Harold is a fine, upstanding young alien. To save Earth, the players must discredit “Squeaky” in his master’s eyes.

The heroes can do this by rounding up any surviving cultists and making them tell Sanitizor how they were duped by “Squeaky.” This alone, however, is insufficient: “Well, you’re still poisoning your planet,” the giant grumbles.

The truly damaging evidence may be found in the ship’s onboard computer. The players may discover this while hacking through it in general, or by accident in their mad rush to figure out how the controls work. At any rate, they stumble across a file of Harold’s Terran stock portfolio (it’s in English). “Squeaky” has used the cultists’ fleeced possessions to buy controlling shares in oil, chemical, and other pollution-producing corporations — and has encouraged them to produce *more* pollution, so as to make Earth a more attractive candidate for his Master! Harold will fight to the death to prevent this incriminating file from being released, so getting the information to Sanitizor is half the battle. (By the way, if Harold is still in control of his ship when Sanitizor arrives, he programs the ship to hover

near the Fumigator’s head and awaits instructions from The Master; he ties up any captured players and dumps them in a corner.)

When confronted with this evidence, Sanitizor is horrified to learn of Harold’s duplicity— he apologizes profusely to Earth, turns Harold over to the cops and disappears with his bucket. The heroes should hi-five each other for saving Earth yet again—

And...oh, right. Their employer’s credit cards are in the space ship’s glove compartment— along with an out-of-date map of Milky Way space-roads, some moist towelettes, and a windshield-scraper. ★

ASSIGNING GOOD & BAD POINTS	
25 G.P.	For figuring out a way to sneak into the Church’s compound
-25 B.P.	For getting caught sneaking into the Church’s compound
50 G.P.	For defeating Nasty Secretary
-50 B.P.	For being defeated by Nasty Secretary
10 G.P.	For each defeated Church Guard
-10 B.P.	For being defeated by a Church Guard
+/- 0 B.P.	For getting wrung through the Brain-Washer (the Brain-Washer itself is bad enough!)
-10 B.P.	For pounding on random cultists without provocation
25 G.P.	For discovering whereabouts of employers’ son
50 G.P.	For figuring out how to get into Squeaky Harold’s lair
100 G.P.	For defeating Squeaky Harold
-50 B.P.	For being defeated by Squeaky Harold (he’s pretty tough)
100 G.P.	For convincing Sanitizor to leave Earth (x appropriate Media Multiplier)
100 G.P.	For playing adventure all the way through

TWILIGHT OF THE IDYLLS!

by Fred Van Lente

THE SKINNY

Once word of the Justice Bringers' demise at the hands of Sanitizor gets around, the world goes into mass mourning. Their televised funeral, in which (empty) costumed coffins are lowered into the dirt to the strains of Queen's "We Are the Champions," is watched by millions. Debates on How Will We Get Along Without Them rage endlessly on newspapers' op-ed pages. The price of Justice Bringers' merchandise skyrockets, as fans and morbid curio-seekers desperately try to buy up everything with a "JB" on it in sight. Once heralded as rightful heirs to the Justice Bringers' mantle, the players are now reviled in the streets as "fakers" and "not good enough to lick Grim Shadow's plunger." They are shunned by the public, the police and the media alike. Not even Jooly Rudiani returns their phone calls: "You guys are approval-rating poison!" he grouses.

So, when they get a phone call from a guy calling himself Destroyer Lawyer, saying that he needs their aid, they may jump at the chance. Destroyer Lawyer wants them to meet him at Snake Pit Maximum Security Prison tomorrow.



CURES FOR THE CLUELESS

At Snake Pit Prison, Destroyer Lawyer, after some brief introductions, ushers the players into the visiting area, where they're confronted by, of all people, Nasty Secretary #3, in jailbird fatigues!

"As a three-time loser, my client is facing eternity in prison unless she gets some credible character witnesses," Destroyer Lawyer explains. "While you people certainly strain the definition of 'credible,' you're all she's got. Here's our offer: she will impart to you some information that you will be very interested in hearing, provided you agree to testify in her favor at her upcoming trial."

If the heroes don't agree to this offer, well, that's that: end of adventure. Nice knowing you! On the other hand, if they're sufficiently intrigued by Destroyer Lawyer's offer to hear what Nasty Secretary has to say, she tells them — in her usual sullen manner — that, before she started working for Deep Pockets, she had a job in Honolulu as hired muscle for that infamous Hawaiian crimelord, The Big Kahuna. While snapping some souvenir shots on her last day at Kahuna's secluded drug-smuggling airfield, she accidentally picked up a picture she now hands to the players. The photo appears to show the Justice Bringers piling



DESTROYER LAWYER!

BAD GUY



BACKSTORY Y: Yale law grad Myron Dershowitz specialized in defending Mafia bosses until he lost a case for a particularly vindictive Godfather...who arranged to have every bone in Myron's body broken by a couple of guys named "Chico!" Myron decided that defending supervillains would be less hazardous to his health, and one of his clients, the evil Phil, outfitted him with an enormous robotic exo-skeleton. Now, Destroyer Lawyer has become the scourge of District Attorneys, superhero teams and the PR department of the American Bar Association alike for his ability to win jury sympathy and reduced sentences for the worst Bad Guys to ever walk the face of the Earth!

SUPERPOWERS : Destroyer Lawyer's exo-skeleton is over nine feet tall and is powered by a miniature atomic pile, making him a force to be reckoned with both inside and outside the courtroom. Its titanium frame reduces three levels of Hurt from all attacks aimed at him, and lets his fists fly for three Hurts worth of damage. Myron's right index finger contains a miniature laser, with which he can blast opponents for two Hurts of damage. Unfortunately, the exo-skeleton is not the easiest thing in the world to maneuver

in—provided he's hit with enough force, if Destroyer Lawyer fails a coin-toss, he'll pitch over backwards and won't be able to get back up again by himself, flailing his whirring hydraulic limbs in the air like a gigantic overturned cockroach.

TEMPERAMENT : A kind of weasily, nerdy guy before he got his exo-skeleton, Destroyer Lawyer's newfound physical might has unleashed his Inner Bully. He loves to taunt heroes in his condescending, nasal voice, like he was berating witnesses on the stand, always giving the impression that he already knows everything he needs to know to destroy you. His Achilles Heel is the briefcase he carries at all times, though—take it from him, and he'll start blubbling like a baby without his security blanket.

into a chartered twin-prop the day AFTER the Superheroes were summoned to Justice Bringers HQ by Grim Shadow!

Of course, this won't come as a total surprise to players who've been paying attention. From the very start of CHALLENGE OF THE STUPERHEROES!, sharp players should have noticed that something fishy is going on. As a balm for suspicious minds, here's what the players could pick up on, if they bother to delve beneath the surface of the events of the previous adventures. A generous BMD might wish to have these tasty info-morsels come to the players with a coin-toss, before or after they meet with Nasty Secretary #3:

1.) "THE GRIM DEAL": By examining the records at the World Conquest Home Shopping Network, players learn that The Isle of Doom (mentioned by Deep Pockets at the beginning of his broadcast) was sold to the TrendMeister Collectable Card Game Corporation for a measly fifty bucks. After a few months of digging through a morass of legalese and red tape, the heroes will discover that TrendMeister is a wholly-owned subsidiary (through other dummy corporations) of the Justice Bringers Holding Conglomerate, Inc. The Isle of Doom is a small volcanic atoll five hundred miles southwest of Oahu.

2.) "THE DEVOLUTION DILEMMA": The date

on Rudiani's writ of delinquent taxes is exactly one day before Deep Pockets's mysterious escape from prison. The sale of the Isle of Doom occurred the day after that; soon thereafter, the players were summoned to Justice Bringers HQ.

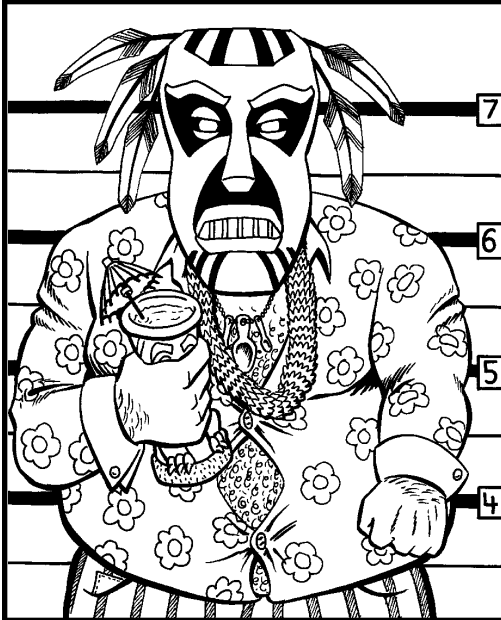
3.) "APOCALYPSE HOW?": If asked, Sanitizer will admit he never actually saw the heroes get out of their space ships; he just blasted the crafts into oblivion as soon as they came into view. He thought it was odd that they didn't even bother to attack him.

4.) IN GENERAL: All attempts to make contact with the Justice Bringers' space ships (prior to "Apocalypse How?") fail; the Trouble Alert computer explains that the World's Greatest Heroes are maintaining strict radio silence, so as to not alert Sanitizer to their approach.

5.) IN GENERAL: While futzing around the Grim Mobile, the players may stumble across an itinerary from a local travel agency amongst some fast food debris in the back of the van. The itinerary, for a one-way ticket to Honolulu, belongs to "Bob Herfenberger," apparently an employee of TrendMeister. The travel agent can provide no further information, but by hacking into the Justice Bringers' computer, the heroes can figure out that Bob Herfenberger is Grim Shadow's secret identity.

THE BIG KAHUNA!

BAD GUY



BACKSTORY : Ed Kahauolopua was just your average, ordinary, run-of-the-mill drug lord until he uncovered geneological evidence linking his family to the royal line of native Hawaiians. Then he became your average, ordinary, run-of-the-mill, totally whacked-out drug lord. He had himself surgically altered to look like an ancient Hawaiian fertility god, began praying to the old deities of his people, and saw his fortunes in the narcotics trade quadruple—although his schemes are frequently thwarted by his long-time nemesis, Grim Shadow.

STUPERPOWERS : While not superpowered per se, The Big Kahuna is, well, big. At over seven feet tall, his punches do two levels of Hurt, and he can take six levels of Hurt before falling unconscious himself.

GIZMOS : The little umbrellas resting in the mixed drinks Big Kahuna invariably has on hand are razor-sharp; he can spin them at do-gooders for 2 Hurts of damage, if they connect.

TEMPERAMENT : Think Sydney Greenstreet: “Why I’m just a simple businessman, officer—I have no idea how those coconuts got filled with heroin!” With his deep, booming voice, full of the good-natured joviality of the morbidly obese, he’s kind of like an Underworld Santa Claus. Except he fills your stocking with smack and bricks of hashish, and he’ll have your legs broken if you don’t give him his cookies.

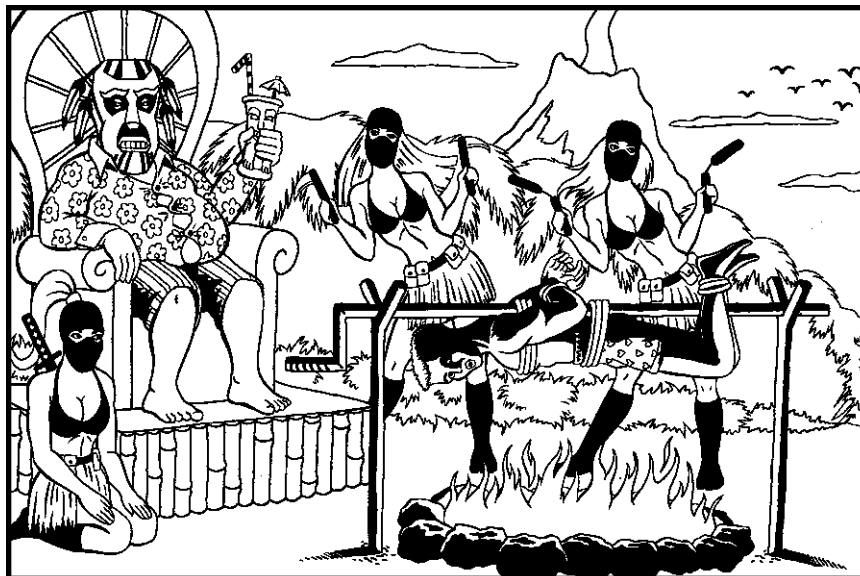
LUAU OF DEATH

Regardless of what the heroes’ subsequent investigations uncover, all paths ultimately lead to Hawaii. Nasty Secretary #3 can give the players detailed instructions on how to get to The Big Kahuna’s airfield—it’s in a secluded swath of jungle on Kaena Point, about twenty-five miles west of Honolulu on Oahu, Hawaii’s major isle. If the players check in at the local cop shop, they’ll learn that The Big Kahuna, like Deep Pockets, was recently busted out of jail in a “now-you-see-him, now-you-don’t” fashion by persons unknown.

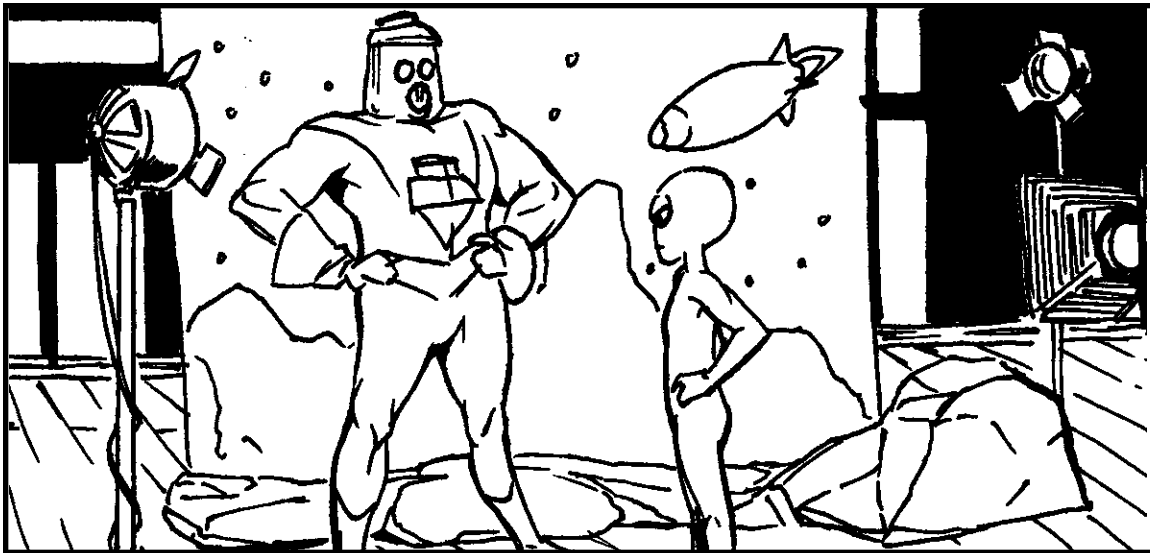
When the players arrive at the airfield, The Big Kahuna is in the midst of one of his perpetual luaus, complete with a pig roasting on a spit, hula dancers

and lots of drinks in coconut shell-glasses. Thanks to the party, the players should be able to sneak into the airfield’s offices—a thatch hut beside the dirt runway—without being seen. By searching the records in the communication room’s filing cabinets, they’ll be able to discern (with a coin-toss) that a hydroplane left on the day Nasty Secretary #3 took her picture, bound for the Isle of Doom—which the player can also find on a nearby map. According to the records, Big Kahuna has been shipping basic supplies to the Isle of Doom ever since then, too.

Now, of course, they’ll have to get their hands on a plane—there are plenty of them on the airfield, but they’ll have to get past Big Kahuna to commandeer one. This



situation doesn’t have to resolve itself by a fight (although, knowing the problem-solving techniques of most STUPERPOWERS! players, it probably will). If the heroes confront Big Kahuna directly, the crimelord will graciously explain that all sorts of people and goods pass through his airfield daily—he can’t be expected to keep track of every one. “Of



course, I am a businessman—make me an offer, and I'll see if I can accommodate you." The players could offer the Big Kahuna their services in the future (which could provide the springboard for a later adventure), or they could just try to bribe him—although Big Kahuna will dismiss anything less than \$50,000 as chump change. If the players decide to attack him and beat what they want to know out of him, they'll find the hula girls are, in fact, the druglord's WAGs—they'll use their powerful hips to crush the players' heads like grapes!

Eventually, the players will be able to extract a plane, a pilot, and enough parachutes for the lot of them from the Big Kahuna. If thrashed soundly enough, the drug lord will admit that the Justice Bringers arranged his escape from prison in exchange for a steady shipment of supplies...but he swears he doesn't know anything more than that.

THE AWFUL TRUTH

The players should figure out some way of approaching the Isle of Doom stealthily, so as to not alert its inhabitants to their arrival; if they just barge right in, they'll be surrounded by the Justice Bringers soon enough. A more complete description of the island's layout can be found in the following section, but here are the basics. From the air, the heroes can see that the badly-named "Isle of Doom" is a lush tropical paradise with what looks like a large resort on the southern coast (originally an R&R spot for affluent supervillains, its misnomer was picked to keep curiosity-seekers away). Regardless of where the heroes decide to make their initial landing, all the important stuff is at the resort. As they make their way to the compound, they keep spotting dis-

gusting-looking humanoid aliens doing very Earthling-like things: having a picnic, fishing, taking a whizz in the underbrush, etc. Should they decide to grab one of the aliens for questioning, they learn quickly enough that their strange faces are masks, beneath which are terrified actors. The actors are non-combatants; they tell the heroes they've been hired to shoot a movie on the island, the set of which is to be found at the resort.

Sure enough, besides the usual saunas, bungalows and poolside bars at the resort, a large makeshift movie studio has been constructed beside the main building. The set depicts the interior of a silly alien spaceship, with lots of meaningless blinking lights and unintelligible screens everywhere. Many actor-aliens mill about, as well as camera people, caterers, gaffers and assorted crew members. At the moment the players first enter, a short, bald Teutonic director is screaming at none other than the Justice Bringers, Grim Shadow among them, saying that if they want the whole world to buy their story, they'd better improve their acting, and improve it quickly.

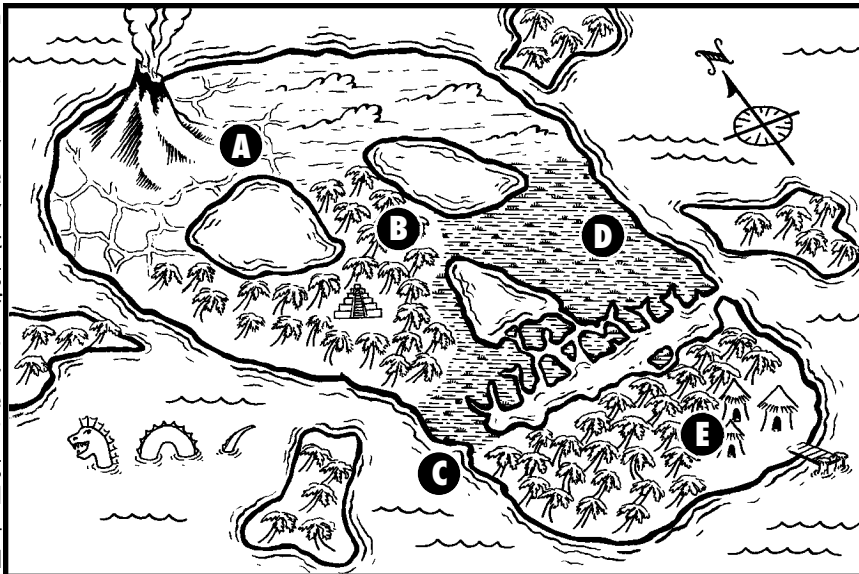
The director returns to his folding chair, and shouts "Action!" Iron Lung floats forward to the actor playing the Head Alien, and says in a terribly amateurish monotone, "We Justice Bringers owe you our lives, Captain. Had your kindly star-barge not happened by and teleported us out of our vessel moments before it was atomized by Sanitizer, we'd all be space-dust right now. But please, help us return to our home planet. For as long as there evil, there must be—" (dramatic pause) "—the JUSTICE BRINGERS!"

"Cut! Dat iss über-great!" the director yells—at which point, a wayward Best Boy happens upon the players and shouts "Hey! What are you guys doing here?," and all Hell breaks loose. The heroes are surrounded by the irate Justice Bringers, spearheaded

by an enraged Grim Shadow: “You punks! Argh! You can’t even be patsies right!”

As the players may already suspect, the Justice Bringers never actually went into space to fight Sanitizor.

Facing \$700,000,000 worth of taxes they couldn’t pay, Iron Lung hatched a complicated plan to save the World’s Greatest Heroes’ assets. Nice-Streak sprang both Deep Pockets and The Big Kahuna from jail—the former so they could



buy the Isle of Doom from him as a temporary hide-out (they paid only \$50 in exchange for the villain’s freedom) and the latter so they could use his smuggling network to bring them supplies and actors. They fired off empty space ships in the direction of Sanitizor to fake their heroic deaths. Now that the public thinks they’ve shuffled off this mortal coil, the stock of Justice Bringers Holding Conglomerate, Inc. is skyrocketing, as their once-tired merchandise sells like hot-cakes. The Justice Bringers plan to hide out in the Isle of Doom until their sudden “Popularity in Death” peters out, at which point they will “miraculously” reappear, pay off their taxes with their newfound wealth, and make a tidy profit in the bargain. They’re making this “documentary” to bolster their story. The players—their so-called “deputies”—were the final part of the scam, patsies who could support their Off-To-Fight-Sanitizor story, while at the same time too inept at heroing to steal much of the Justice Bringers’ popularity in the real heroes’ absence—or discover the hero team’s scheme.

Or . . . so they thought.

RUMBLE IN THE JUNGLE

The exact sequence of events that follows hinges, for the most part, on the players’ role-playing decisions. Some of the more cynical players may not give a flying fig that the Justice Bringers have deceived the public—they just want a cut of the proceeds for themselves! Other players may be filled with righteous horror that their former idols have shirked their world-saving duties for such craven, greedy reasons—these players would want to bring the Justice Bringers to justice themselves. Still others may just dislike being played for saps, and want to serve up hot, piping gobs of Payback.

As for the Justice Bringers, Iron Lung and Grim Shadow scream for the players’ blood the loudest, while

the other heroes aren’t so sure. The World’s Greatest Heroes basically feel shafted by the government and the public—after busting their butts for years, saving Earth thousands of times, they want something more to show for it than ruined personal lives and a handful of medals. They have no intentions of letting the players spoil their big score for them.

Roleplay this clash of ideals for as long as it’s interesting. Inevitably, however, things are going to come to blows—either the players or Grim Shadow will try to provoke a fight. Before an all-out brawl breaks out, however, Huixtociuatl steps in with a solution. The Goddess of Salt says that the dispute should be resolved by the ancient Aztec (and comic book) tradition of trial by combat: each of the players shall pair up with one of the Justice Bringers in a superpowered duel somewhere on the island. If a majority of the Justice Bringers win, the Stuperheroes will be imprisoned on the island until after the World’s Greatest Heroes have staged their bogus “resurrection”; if a majority of the players win, they may do whatever they want to the vanquished Justice Bringers.

Let each player choose which Justice Bringer she wants to challenge. Once who’s fighting who is decided upon, Iron Lung will teleport each player (and his Justice Bringer sparring-partner) to one of five battlefields around the Isle of Doom. (If there are more than five heroes, the extras will battle Iron Lung together. If there are less than five, the Justice Bringers will volunteer to fight in this order: Grim Shadow, Iron Lung, Huixtociuatl, Nice-Streak, Wonder Wommyn.) Who the player is facing determines where he ends up:

A.) THEVOLCANIC RIM: The tip of this dormant volcano is incredibly hot and dangerous. Anyone striking the ground risks opening up a vent of boiling steam (2 levels of Hurt to anyone standing over it) and small lava-creeks criss-cross the surface...4 Hurts for anyone foolish

(continued on page 100)

THE JUSTICE BRINGERS!

NICE STREAK!



BACKSTORY Y: Barry West swears the only reason he was wearing nothing but a trenchcoat at the children's playground that day was because his other clothes were at the Laundromat. But no one seemed to mind, after he was struck by a freak bolt of lightning while standing too close to the jungle gym—once he was released from Intensive Care, he found that he had been blessed with superhuman speed and became Nice-Streak, the only superhero member of the Man-Boy Love Association!

STUPERPOWERS : Nice Streak's only power is the "Superhuman Speed While Buck-Naked" power, which, in game terms, means he can make three to five actions per round, at the BMD's discretion. Nice-Streak can dodge or attack, if he so chooses—and when you can land five punches on a guy in a single round, odds are you won't have to dodge more than once. Because of his speed, Nice-Streak is always vibrating, even when he's standing still—thus, as a constant blur, it's difficult to tell that he's in the buff.

TEMPERAMENT : Super-cheerful and friendly, Nice-Streak is the morale-booster and practical joker of the Justice Bringers. Unfortunately, something dominates his mind more than superheroing—he asks players questions in the order of "Do you like gladiator movies?" a lot.

HUIXTOCIUATL, GODDESS OF SALT!



BACKSTORY Y: Archeologist Donatella Blake was exploring ancient Mexican ruins when she stumbled into a long-forgotten secret shrine. Groping around the dark cavern, she accidentally hit a sacred salt shaker against the wall, which, due to an ancient enchantment, turned her into the avatar of Huixtociuatl (that's wish-to-si-WA-tl, for you non-Náhuatl speakers), Aztec goddess of salt! Separated from her fellow deities in the Thirteen Heavenly Planes (who always thought she was kind of annoying, anyway), the Goddess of Salt now spends her time rubbing brine into the wounds of evil-doers everywhere!

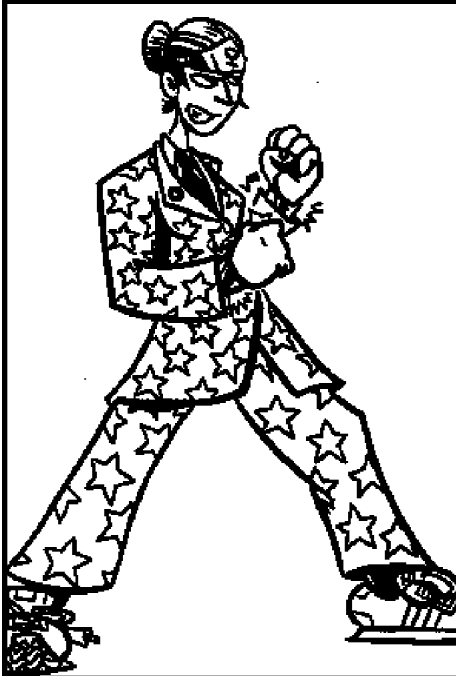
STUPERPOWERS : Huixtociuatl has complete mental control over salt, and everything that contains salt—ocean waves, beef jerky, and, to a lesser extent, human bodies. The Goddess of Salt can toss people around like rag dolls by concentrating (T: *), for damage up to three levels of Hurt, at the BMD's discretion.

GIZMO : CACAMA, WAR SHAKER OF HUIXTOCIUATL! Cacama is a large (3' tall) salt shaker that can shoot a "Salt Storm" from its aperture that causes anybody in a twenty-foot radius to loose a turn and suffer one level of Hurt.

TEMPERAMENT : A large, Wagnerian woman with a voice that could shatter glass, Huixtociuatl gets off on superheroing because it satisfies her Aztec urge for honorable combat. She finds mortals rather amusing, but always flatters worthy, resourceful opponents. She talks in phony, comic book Shakespearean dialect: "Verily, the Daughter of Queztlcoatl shalt rock thy world, mortal stripling!", etc.

THE JUSTICE BRINGERS!

WONDER WOMMYN!

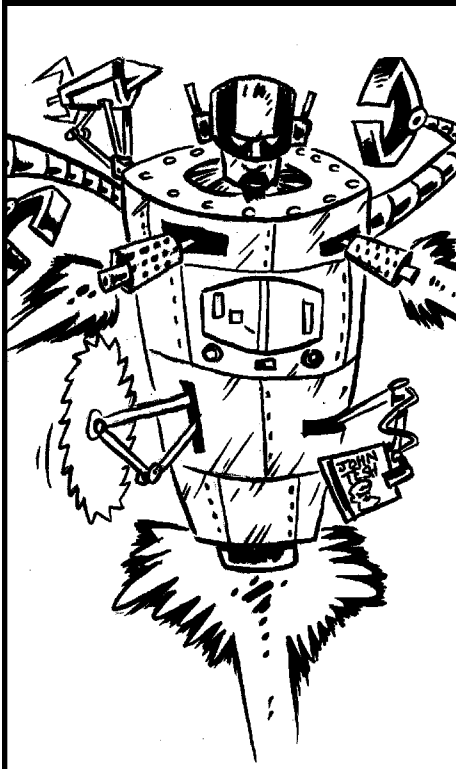


BACKSTORY : Sickened by the generations of young women driven to anorexia and Avon dependency by the desire to emulate superheroines who gallivant about in costumes with the surface area of a rubber band, biochemical researcher Gloria Dworkin vowed to become a healthy role model for females worldwide! A few years and several government grants later, Wonder Wommyn, a.k.a. "The Fightin' Feminist," was born!

STUPERPOWERS : Superhumanly strong and resilient, Wonder Wommyn's extra-tough skin reduces all attacks by three levels of Hurt, and her fists do two levels of Hurt worth of damage. Her super-powerful "Wommyn's Intuition" also warns her of impending danger—this lets her dodge any attack aimed at her with a coin-toss.

TEMPERAMENT : Wonder Wommyn has a serious sense of humor problem—namely, she doesn't have one. All business at all times, she takes her self-appointed role as Female Savior very seriously—She wears comfortable shoes! She uses little to no make-up! Her breasts are a modest 28A! If you call her "Toots" or "Honey," she flies into a berserk rage, which interferes with the operation of her "Wommyn's Intuition" power.

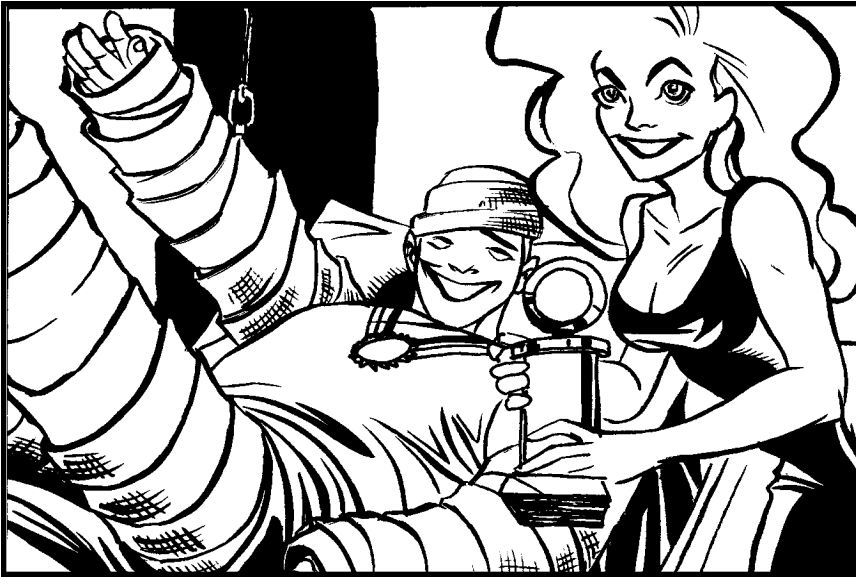
IRON LUNG!



BACKSTORY Y: After getting blown up by a terrorist's bomb, most guys would be chewed up and spit out by our notoriously merciless health care system—but most guys aren't Tony Shark, Owner and CEO of Shark Enterprises! By defrauding Medicare for billions of dollars, Shark had what was left of his body grafted onto a massive, floating iron lung filled to the gills with all sorts of cool weaponry. Now Shark exacts serious payback on all international troublemakers, while getting some serious kickbacks in the form of lucrative defense contracts! The leader of the Justice Bringers, Iron Lung built all of their equipment and gizmos himself—or shoplifted them from Radio Shack.

STUPERPOWERS : In addition to being virtually indestructible and reaching speeds of Mach 1, Iron Lung's iron lung contains innumerable compartments and prehensile robot arms that wield a wide variety of useful doohickeys. The BMD is really limited only by his imagination here, but Iron Lung definitely has on hand most of the smaller-than-man-sized terrors from the JB's' Ultra-Deadly Room (see pages 72-73), not to mention the usual spinning blades, machine guns, and Slushy dispensary.

TEMPERAMENT : The billionaire Iron Lung is the most arrogant and obnoxious of the Justice Bringers, and chides his foes on their breeding in a painfully fake British public school accent. Totally overconfident, Shark has a tendency to forget that his head is the only vulnerable part of his body; if Iron Lung takes more than three levels of Hurt there, he'll be knocked unconscious.



enough to take a dip. Any poor sap who falls into the volcano itself will be incinerated instantly—except someone with the invulnerability of **Wonder Wommyn**, so she'll do battle at this spot. There are plenty of boulders lying around she can heft at enemies, too.

B.) **THE RAIN FOREST:** This lush, beautiful jungle conceals poisonous flowers and quicksand in its sultry dimness. Birds squawk ominously in the distance, and the underbrush rustles with unseen predators. Here, **Grim Shadow** will lie in wait for his prey, setting traps and leaping from tree to tree until finally dropping down to deliver the coup de grace.

C.) **THE BLACK LAGOON:** Dark waters lap against the brine-encrusted shore of this secluded cove. **Huixtociuatl** is in her element, here—she can summon 3 Hurt-waves that will batter her battle-partner into jelly. A player who lands in the drink may discover the network of underwater caverns beneath the sand, where he might be able to lure the Goddess of Salt into a trap.

D.) **THE PLAIN OF ASH:** Not far from the volcano is a flattened swath of ash, left over from a recent eruption. Unobstructed by trees and rocks and such, **Nice-Streak** will be able to zip around his opponent with the greatest of ease. The speedster also can cause a dust-storm by running around the player in cyclone-fashion. This could prove to be a blessing in disguise, for the whirlwind could dump the player in the adjacent rain forest, a terrain full of stuff to trip the Justice Bringer up—like quicksand!

E.) **THE RESORT STUDIO:** The hero who faces **Iron Lung** won't go anywhere, but will remain in the studio to face the Justice Bringer. To be sporting, Tony Shark will give the player a ten-second lead on him, then pursue her at full speed, guns-a-blazing.

Obviously, the deck has been stacked against the players: Iron Lung purposefully sent his Justice Bringer compatriots to locales where their powers would be of most

use. At first, the World's Greatest Heroes will toy with their opponents, battering them about, but not doing any real damage. Once the players start landing some serious hits, then things will turn deadly.

Once most of the battles turn begin to favor either the Justice Bringers or the players, things start to get really interesting. Have one player who's just gotten knocked for a loop by her opponent make a coin-toss. If she succeeds, tell her that a piece of her costume has

gotten ripped as a result of the fight—and there's a miniature homing device attached to that piece of cloth she hasn't noticed until now.

At that exact moment, the player's Justice Bringer opponent is felled with a "KLONK!" by what must be a frying pan—but it's difficult to tell, because the skillet is being carried by a woman you can see only out of the corner of your eye....

As the player's stomach sinks into her ankles, a familiar, nasal voice crackles over the island's loudspeakers: "Ah, superheroes! So predictable! You can't put two of them in a room together without them trying to punch each other's lights out!"

YE GRANDE FINALE

"My thanks, Superheroes, for leading me directly to the Justice Bringers' hideout!" Destroyer Lawyer chortles over the island's PA system. "Once I've gathered evidence of these do-gooders' little scam and brought them back to America under citizen's arrest, I'll be able to overturn half the supervillain convictions of the past century—no judge will allow the testimony of these Spandex-clad con-artists into their courtrooms! Oh! Just think of the litigation that will follow! And for your cooperation, Superheroes, I shall reward you all with swift, merciful deaths!"

Destroyer Lawyer has managed to get all of the villains captured by the players earlier in **CHALLENGE OF THE STUPERHEROES!** sprung on technicalities or on bail, and they're now swarming across the island, hunting down anything even vaguely hero-like. That's right—Deep Pockets, The Fascist Four, Mighty Joe Jung, "Squeaky" Harold, Temporal Tammy and even Nasty Secretary #3 are all here, and they're all mightily ticked-off.

Now, this massive fight can play itself out in a couple different ways, depending on what the BMD is in the mood for. The players could choose to face this villainous horde head-on, Battle of the Bulge-fashion, with "Ride of

the Valkyries” or “Carmina Burana” blaring in the background, while the battlefield air is split by the cries of the dying and filled with acrid smell of spent Stuperpowers.

Of course, it’s very likely that both the Justice Bringers and the players will be too badly wounded from their internal brawl to mount an effective defense against this Bad Guy invasion. There will no doubt be some players too pig-headed to realize that they’re out-classed and out-numbered—but, at first, the villains will concentrate their efforts on bringing down the Justice Bringers, perceiving them to be the greater threat. This will give the players the opportunity to flee into the jungle, regroup, and lick their wounds.

By the end of the first skirmish, preferably all of the Justice Bringers and (perhaps) a few of the players have been apprehended by the villains. The captives will be trussed up with steel cable (Iron Lung will have his spark plugs removed) and dumped on the movie set. The Fascist Four will take guard duty, while the other villains will pair or trio-up and scour the island for the escapees. If six hours of searching go by without success, Destroyer Lawyer (who stayed behind at the resort) will go on the loudspeakers and announce that executions of the captured heroes will begin in one hour if the fugitives don’t turn themselves in.

The resolution of this scenario is left up to the resourcefulness and tactical ingenuity of the players themselves. They could adopt a Viet Cong-style approach and lie in wait for the villainous search parties, thereby picking off their foes one-by-one. Or they could mastermind a stealthy assault on the movie set to free their comrades and the Justice Bringers, uniting against their enemies in a stirring show of burying the hatchet. Of course, this band of Bad Guys is nothing to sneeze at, so however the Stuperheroes plan their mode of attack, it shouldn’t be easy. It won’t necessarily happen overnight (in real time, that is). Players who successfully overcome their enemies and free the Justice Bringers should be showered with praise and ridden around town on the shoulders of their comrades. Players with careless plans and itchy trigger fingers should suffer demises so awful the very thought of them makes the blood run cold, and the humiliated gamers will most likely break off their friendships with the BMD for the rest of their natural lives.

Hey, we didn’t call this thing CHALLENGE OF THE STUPERHEROES! for nothing.

AFTERMATH

Assuming the players vanquish Destroyer Lawyer and his villain army, the Justice Bringers throw themselves at the superheroes’ mercy. The players’ display of raw courage and grace under fire have caused the once-jaded heroes to have a change of heart. The players have taught them the true meaning of heroism and, if they want to serve them up to the media and authorities to pay for their crimes, they will accept that fate as their Just Desserts.

If the players decide to send the World’s Greatest Heroes to prison, they’ll be the media’s darlings and treated to a ticker-tape parade—but supervillain crime will quadruple, now that the Justice Bringers’ new headquarters is The Big House. If the players take pity on their idols and keep mum about the whole “resurrection” business, in gratitude Iron Lung will build them their own headquarters, with all the weird gizmos their demented imaginations can cook up. But they will once again be laboring under the shadow of the mighty Justice Bringers, and the public won’t give them the time of day.

Either way, however, the Grand Poopahs at stuperpowers HQ drop our pants in a four-moon salute in honor of your players meeting and overcoming the CHALLENGE OF THE STUPERHEROES! We must now return to our parents’ basement to labor tirelessly on an even more bedeviling and exciting campaign pack to amuse and annoy your gaming group. Until we meet again, O Big Mac Daddies, remember— if your game doesn’t say STUPERPOWERS!, odds are it’s just a giant nut-filled turd.

Siyonara, suckers! ★

ASSIGNING GOOD & BAD POINTS	
25 G.P.	For each clue from “Clues for the Clueless” successfully placed together
+/-10 G./B.P.	For defeating or being defeated by a Hula Girl W.A.G.
+/- 25 G./B.P.	For defeating or being defeated by The Big Kahuna
10 G.P.	For discovering the location of the Isle of Doom
100 G.P.	For defeating a Justice Bringer
-50 B.P.	For being defeated by a Justice Bringer (they’re tough)
?? G./B.P.	Consult charts in other scenarios for appropriate points to assign for defecting/being defeated by members of Destroyer Lawyer’s villain army
100 G.P.	For freeing captured Justice Bringers
?? G./B.P.	For exposing the Justice Bringers’ secret (Will the players be heralded as saviors—or tattletale bums? Remember Linda Tripp!)
100 G.P.	For playing adventure all the way through
500 G.P.	For each player who played the complete “Challenge of the Stuperheroes!” campaign all the way through. Congratulations!



BREVITY IS THE SOUL of wit,” as the old saw goes, and while STUPERPOWERS! may be more witless than witty, it is, at heart, an exercise in comedy. Though we don’t want to discourage anyone from playing STUPERPOWERS! in a traditional campaign-style format, we, the Designers, must admit we tend to play SP! in unrelated, one-shot, single-night adventures. Either we slip them in as “breaks” between the adventures of an on-going campaign we’re running in some other game, or we invite a bunch of people who’ve never roleplayed before—but like to laugh until they’ve lost all semblance of bladder control—over for a night of mind-altering hilarity. In that sense, we declare STUPERPOWERS! to be a role-playing game that should be treated more like a board game...and whoever heard of playing “Trivial Pursuit” every week (or every month, for that matter)?

Don’t worry, though, you didn’t read the previous section of this book for nothing (oh, go on, admit it: you would have just wasted that time, anyway). **TOURNAMENT STUPERPOWERS!** is played just like regular SP!, except that since the players’ heroes have a shelf-life of exactly one evening, they all automatically start at **THIRD LEVEL**: begin the night by having the players roll up **FOUR** superpowers, **TWO** Turn-Ons and **ONE** Turn-Off.

However, the players should begin with **ZERO** Good/Bad Points, because *unlike* most RPGs, in SP! Tournaments there is a definite “winner.” **At the end of the adventure, whichever player has the highest Good Point Total (modified by Bad Points) wins the game.** It’s recommended that to keep everybody honest, you as referee keep a running total of

each player’s points total using the handy-dandy sheet on page 54 of this book.

(What does the winning player win? That’s up to you—always have on hand a cheesy “prize” to reward a victorious hero, like...old comics you were going to throw away anyway. Second-hand furniture. Nude photos of your mom. Be creative!)

STUPERPOWERS! Tournaments are fun and curious things. On the one hand, the players have to work in tandem to solve the problem of the scenario and defeat supremely powerful villains (if any). On the other hand, each player is trying to get more Good Points than the others—so don’t be surprised if you get superheroes trying to secretly sabotage their fellows in front of the media or dash off to hog all the glory for themselves. Actively encourage such backstabbing by passing small notes to individual players during the game that read “Just laugh real evilly after you read this” so everyone is equally as paranoid and ready to do each other in. As long as you’re parceling out points equitably and spending the same amount of time on each player’s actions as any of the others, the ensuing cavalcade of treachery should be greatly amusing to you personally, even if it does ruin the relationships between the players individually.

Also, don’t forget that SP! Tournaments are basically improv comedy competitions, so be fair as you can when judging the merits of your players’ jokes, invoking the “Oil Painting” rule sparingly. “Performing” an SP! Tourney in front of a **live audience**, whether on stage, at a party or a role-playing game convention is a good idea for the especially brave gaming group supremely confident in its ability to make its fellow human beings laugh. But

remember—quoting from *Monty Python and the Holy Grail* is strictly prohibited. If we've found out you've done it, we're going to track you down and beat you like a red-headed stepchild. We're not kidding.

Coming up with scenarios for your Tournament Games is easy as pie. For one thing, any of the four adventures that comprise "**Challenge of the Stuperheroes**" can be removed from its fellows and run solo as a Tourney. Plus, they have the added advantage of already coming with a handy Good/Bad Point guide—a good thing to create yourself for any adventures you come up with on your own.

One question we heard fairly frequently when the First Edition of STUPERPOWERS! came out was whether or not we could provide conversion guidelines so SP! could be played with one of the other fine superhero role-playing games currently available in our bloated marketplace. Though at business school they teach you never to encourage or even mention the names of your competitors, fortunately for you, we never went to business school (which should explain why we waste our time coming up with role-playing games). So, in the spirit of equitable co-existence, here are the oft-requested Conversion Rules:

Get your hands on CHAMPIONS, VILLAINS AND VIGILANTES, MARVEL SUPER HEROES, GURPS SUPERS, DC HEROES, or any other fine "straight" superhero RPG, along with the following:

- A box of matches
- A charcoal grill and briquettes
- Lighter fluid

Place the rulebooks on the grill, squirt lighter fluid all over them, then light a match. Repeat for any other role-playing games you might own.

Blast you, Faithless Roleplayer! How dare you even consider playing any role-playing game *other* than STUPERPOWERS!?! Haven't you ever seen a TV Movie or Afterschool Special? Role-playing games are simply the first step on a short road to Satan worship, an inability to distinguish fantasy from reality, and spending far too much time around Renaissance Fairs and the people who work in them. It isn't "hip" or "cool" to play role-playing games, no matter what the popular kids at school are trying to pressure you into doing. Just Say No to RPGs.

But just say Yes!, YES!, A THOUSAND TIMES YES! to STUPERPOWERS! the only role-playing game guaranteed to be 101% free of the influence of Our Dark Lord Lucifer... er, we mean that evil devil guy. Only STUPERPOWERS! can actually make you more attractive to members of the opposite sex, clear up acne, and win you the acclaim of parents and educators. We ask you: have you ever heard of somebody being rejected from an Ivy League college for writing in their application essay that their greatest act of public service was when

"I dropped my drawers and sprayed my 'Urine of Invisibility' all over that old lady so she could flee to safety while we were locked in mortal combat with Mystery Meat and the Pummel Patrol?" No, we didn't think so.

Nay, we say, do not convert STUPERPOWERS! to other role-playing games—instead, use STUPERPOWERS! as a carcinogenic flavor enhancer on our competitors' products! Dust off those old modules and gaming supplements languishing on your bookshelf and run them again, but this time as STUPERPOWERS! Tournament Scenarios! Who needs that +2 magic sword when you have the Underwear of Many Things? Great Cthulhu pales in comparison to the sanity-blasting hugeness of Sanitizer, Fumigator of Worlds! Stick it to those whiney "Kindred" Goth wannabes when they sink their teeth into another club-going victim, only to discover she has a Creamy Nougat Center. The possibilities are endless, so go laugh yourself comatose.

But sometimes "It" happens to even the biggest Big Mac Daddies. The night of your long-anticipated STUPERPOWERS! gaming session has rolled around, but your bikini waxing appointment took longer than you thought it would, so you just haven't had the chance to come up with an adventure. Now your players are ringing your doorbell, and you can't bear to see the kicked-puppy-dog look of disappointment in their eyes when they find out that their SP! fix will have to be postponed, thanks to your well-honed powers of procrastination.

Fear not, O Benighted Gamemaster! The crack team of PhDs, Nobel laureates and trained monkeys at the top-secret SP! Game Design and Bikini Waxing Laboratory has heard your girlish cries for mercy, and is here to help! Presenting **INSTAVENTURES**™®, the One-Size-Fits-All Satisfaction-Guaranteed First-Aid Kit for BMDs too lazy—er, too busy—to come up with their own adventures—or even read the ones in this book (fine by us, we still get to keep your money).

Here's how it works: choose one of the four Instaventures on the next page as the one you're going to run that evening. Each Instaventure comes in two parts: a skeletal description and a list of words required to complete that description, all of which are found on page 103. Then, going around the room, ask each player for one of the words in the aforementioned list. (Don't tell them which Instaventure you're running, though!) Keep asking until you've gathered all the words you need. Then plug each word from the numbered list into the corresponding numbered blank in the Instaventure description. Familiarize yourself with the now-completed description, and Presto! Change-O! you're off and running with an adventure so spine-tingling, so hilarious, so finger-lickin' good all the housewives on your block will swear you cooked it in your own kitchen. ★

INSTAVENTURE #1

1. One of the player's male friends _____
2. Color _____
3. Verb _____
4. Adjective _____
5. Organization _____
6. Vulgar Term _____
7. One of the players' female friends _____
8. Kind of Artwork _____
9. Animal _____
10. Number Between 1 and 50 _____
11. Famous Landmark _____
12. Noun _____
13. Adjective _____
14. Profession _____

INSTAVENTURE #2

1. Color _____
2. Beauty or Hair Care Product _____
3. Celebrity _____
4. Kind of Relative _____
5. Noun _____
6. Government Agency _____
7. Topological Formation (i.e.,creek,hill,etc.) _____
8. Body Part _____
9. Hick Area _____
10. Noun _____
11. Profession _____
12. Funny-Sounding Made-Up Word _____

INSTAVENTURE #3

1. Verb _____
2. Country _____
3. Number between 1 and 10 _____
4. Part of the Body _____
5. Noun _____
6. Letter of the Alphabet _____
7. Your high school science teacher _____
8. Exotic City _____
9. Another Country—different from #2 _____
10. Consumer Product _____
11. Kind of Building _____
12. Household Appliance _____
13. The Nearest Mall _____

INSTAVENTURE #4

1. Favorite Food _____
2. Type of Dwelling _____
3. Noun _____
4. Exotic Substance _____
5. Holiday _____
6. Least Favorite "Classic Rock Band" _____
7. Vehicle _____
8. Number Between 5 and 10 _____
9. Least Favorite City _____
10. Animal _____
11. Place to Have Fun _____
12. Body Part _____
13. Profession _____

YOU MAY NOTICE SIMILARITIES BETWEEN INSTAVENTURES[™] AND A WELL-KNOWN PARTY GAME THAT BEGINS WITH THE INITIALS "ML." YOU ARE WRONG. WE'VE NEVER HEARD OF ANY SUCH GAME. AND NEITHER HAVE YOU. ANY SIMILARITIES BETWEEN INSTAVENTURES[™] AND ANYTHING ELSE ARE NOT JUST COINCIDENTAL, THEY DON'T EVEN EXIST... ACCORDING TO OUR LAWYERS. WE COME UP WITH THIS STUFF ALL BY OUR LONESOMES. NO, REALLY!



RAIDERS OF THE FOUND ARK!

INSTAVENTURE #1

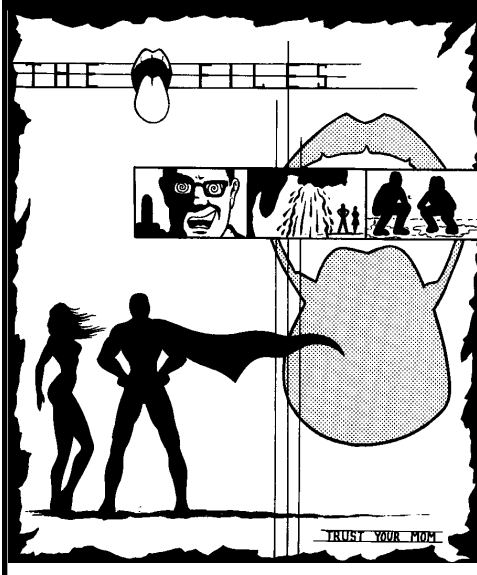


One of the players gets a frantic phone call from [7]_____. All she says before the line goes dead is to come meet her at [11]_____, because she's in grave danger! When the heroes arrive, they find that the landmark is hosting a gala ball to commemorate the discovery of the [4]_____ [8]_____, a priceless, millennia-old relic recently discovered in Saudi Arabia by an archeological team sponsored by [5]_____. As it turns out, their friend's distress was caused by the fact she's been hit on all night by [1]_____, who's a real pain in the neck.

Unfortunately, the party is soon crashed by The [2]_____ [9]_____, a dastardly supervillain who has brought with him [10]_____ [14]_____ as WAGs! The supervillain (who has powers befitting his name), wants to steal the artifact— but, unbeknownst to him, a hideous demon has been trapped inside said artifact for centuries! Anyone who touches the artifact is immediately possessed by the demon and transforms into an enormous, animated, and destructive [12]_____ and begins trashing the landmark and everyone in it! After three turns of possession, the player must make coin tosses every turn to assert his personality and try to “rein in” the demon. The demon can only be permanently dispelled by re-trapping it inside the artifact, which is done by repeating the incantation on the artifact's side: “[3]_____-[13]_____-[6]_____!” The incantation is in ancient Sanskrit, so the archeological team will have to translate for the players . . . !

THE “BLEECH!” FILES!

INSTAVENTURE #2



The players have been hired by [6]_____ to investigate possible UFO activity in [9]_____. The local farmer (who's so backward he's married to his [4]_____) has been terrorized by what looks like a glowing, flying [10]_____ and mutilations of his prize-winning [5]_____. Unfortunately, the farmer and his spouse are soon assassinated by the Men in [1]_____, strong and taciturn WAGs who explode messily when captured. The nearby town is attempting to capitalize on its notoriety, selling Alien Gray T-shirts and postcards. Any of these merchants can direct the players to the local [11]_____, a nutty old lady who claimed to be abducted by the flying [10]_____ late at night at the [7]_____. She, too, is killed by the secret agents.

If the players camp out overnight at either the farm or the Formation, they'll see the UFO and be taken aboard it via tractor beam. The aliens all look like [3]_____, “because we wanted to take a form that would be familiar to you.” The players are subjected to a painful probing of their [8]_____s and sprayed with a foul-smelling alien [2]_____. The aliens explain that they're Cosmetics Manufacturers from another world who have come to Earth to test their products before releasing them into

their homeworld's market “because of those damn [12]_____ -Rights Activists!” The colorful secret agents show up, who turn out to work for the same agency as the players! They want to steal the aliens' technology for themselves. Thus begins a three-way fight between the aliens, the government operatives and the players. Odds are, the players will have to ally themselves with one group against the other to emerge victorious; if they win the battle, the players will be allowed to leave the spaceship with their lives.

MISSION: IMPROBABLE!

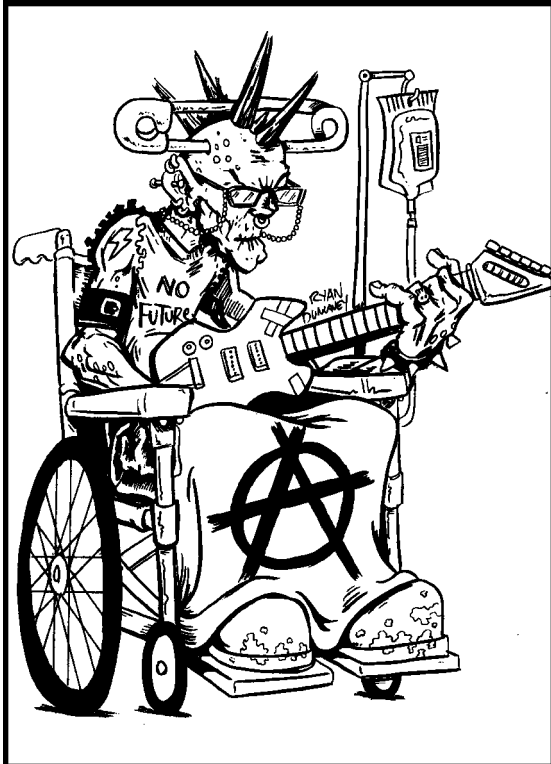
INSTAVENTURE #3



While shopping at [13 _____], one of the players steps into the men's room and finds a recorded message playing from his urinal puck: "From his [8] _____ fortress, hidden in his [11] _____, evil [10] _____ magnate Mr. [6] _____ has been plotting world domination by tricking [2] _____ into getting into a nuclear war with [9] _____. To this end, he has kidnapped [7] _____ and has forced him to develop a giant explosive [5] _____! Your mission, should you choose to [1] _____ it, is to infiltrate the fortress posing as a group of mild-mannered [12] _____ repairmen, rescue the scientist, destroy the bomb—and steal the plans for the device, which are concealed as a microdot on the magnate's [4] _____! This urinal puck will explode in [3] _____ seconds."

What the player doesn't know is that he got this message by accident—the real team of agents (as many as the players, who hail from [9] _____ and [2] _____), will also try to infiltrate the Bad Guy's fortress as repairmen... and they'll try to eliminate the players so they can hog all the glory for completing the mission for themselves!

NIGHT OF THE LIVING GRATEFUL DEAD! INSTAVENTURE #4



It's a dark, stormy [5] _____ night, and the players' [7] _____ breaks down far from civilization. The nearest shelter is an old, spooky-looking [2] _____. Here lives a Mad [13] _____, his/her hulking manservant, who has a gigantic [12] _____, and his pair of ferocious, man-eating [10] _____. The madman agrees to ring them a taxi, and invites them to stay for dinner—but little do they know that their [1] _____ has been laced with a powerful anesthetic! They wake up in the insane guy's laboratory, only to find that their minds have been put in huge [3] _____ bodies. Their bodies have had the minds of the members of [6] _____ implanted in them! The Rock Band now plans to revitalize their careers by taking these youthful bodies on the road, with the insane guy as their manager! The madman and the Rock Band leave for their opening concert at a [11] _____ in [9] _____. The players now have to overcome the manservant and pets and locate [4] _____ in the lab, from which they can make the antidote to the mind-swap. They also have to crash the gig, overpower the local security guards, and force the antidote down the Rock Group's throats! And, to add insult to injury, the Rock Band members, being in the players' bodies, can use all of the players' superpowers, while the players themselves are powerless! And—to top it all off—within [8] _____ hours, the mind-swap becomes permanent!

STUPERPOWERS! ... THE DRINKING GAME!

(Okay, we just want to get one thing straight before we begin: we here at SP!HQ do not endorse, encourage or approve, either implicitly or explicitly, binge-drinking, drinking solely to get drunk, underage drinking, drinking and driving, driving and deer-hunting, or anything associated with the same, including, but not limited to, blood-alcohol poisoning, liver failure, the "DTs", date rape, Boris Yeltsin, and almost anything involving the Irish. We are responsible adults, over 21 years old, and know how to hold our liquor; what follows is merely a comical suggestion for those who also fit that description. If you can't control yourself while drunk, or can't drink legally, go find some other way of amusing yourself. We'd prefer it if you killed yourself on your own time.)

Ah, alcohol! Is there any sweeter word in the English language? Since the first caveman looked down on a puddle of rotting grain and thought "Og Put Sludge in Mouth," man has been drowning the dross of drab, everyday existence in the company of Lady Hops and Dame Barley. Just as any funeral or grade school band recital can be transformed from grueling chore to non-stop laff-riot with just a few drops of "White Man's Firewater," so too can an otherwise pedestrian STUPERPOWERS TOURNAMENT! turn into a bacchanal of hilarity by obeying the following simple rules.

STUPERPOWERS...THE DRINKING GAME! is played just like regular Tournament SP!, except that a large quantity of alcohol must be on hand (alternately, the game can be played in a bar or liquor store).

INDIVIDUAL PLAYERS MUST DRINK:

- Whenever they activate one of their superpowers
- For every turn thereafter the superpower is on
- Whenever a superpower is used *on them* (and every turn thereafter, etc.)
- Whenever he receives Good Points
- Whenever he receives Bad Points
- Whenever he loses Rock-Scissors-Paper
- Whenever he loses a coin-toss
- Whenever his hero is knocked unconscious
- Whenever his hero knocks somebody else unconscious
- Whenever he uses his battle cry
- Whenever another player catches him referring himself in the third person (As in: "This looks like a job for...**Captain Cirrhosis!**")

THE ENTIRE GROUP MUST DRINK TOGETHER IN A LOUD, BOISTEROUS TOAST WHENEVER:

- A major villain is defeated
- The adventure concludes
- Somebody calls out the group battle cry (The group battle cry must be decided at the beginning of the game, natch)

If any player is not present when a toast is called, upon returning to the group he will be penalized by having to down a "default unit of booze" (shot, can or bottle) to an obnoxious chorus of "Drink! Drink! Drink!" Certain unscrupulous players may therefore decide to call out the group battle-cry whenever certain other players are in the can; however, keep in mind that everybody else in the group can play that way too, so for when you really can't hold it any longer, you might have to negotiate a "Toast Truce" with the other players. (The BMD is prohibited from calling toasts himself.)

You, the Big Mac Daddy, are unfortunately saddled with the duties of a "designated driver." If you got really sloshed, the adventure itself would most likely...lose focus, shall we say, so you only drink when you lose a coin-toss or Rock-Scissors-Paper match.

The winner of an SP! Drinking Game Tournament is whoever is coherent enough to still be sitting upright and speaking English by the end of the game. (If more than one player qualifies, whichever one has the highest Good Point Total wins.) ★



STUPERPOWERS!...LIVE-ACTION ROLE-PLAYING!



STUPERPOWERS! **LIVE-ACTION ROLE-PLAYING** (or “LARP,” as it’s known in role-playing parlance) is a party game played much differently than SP! in either its campaign or tournament variants. It’s much more like those boxed Murder Mystery Party games you find in snooty novelty stores at the mall, only with a lot more ass jokes and no box. Nevertheless, as in all other “One-Night Stand” variants of SP!, **whichever player has the highest Good Point Total at the end of the game is the winner.**

Because there’s no box you, the LARP Big Mac Daddy (also known as “The Host,” not to be confused with those cheap crackers they hand out on Easter), have to provide all the materials yourself (tough titty). Figure out how many guests you want to invite, then YOU choose (or roll) ONE (count ‘em! One!) Superpower for each guest. We would discourage you from assigning the two most powerful (Hurt-wise) powers, “Drop 60’ Toilets” and “23 Car Pile-Up” to anyone—the same goes for the truly useless ones (“Change Time Zones” and “Summon Light Breeze” apply). On one of those “Hello! My name is...” stickers, write down a superhero name for each guest. Mail this, along with a cheap domino (i.e., “Robin”-style) mask (and, it is recommended, a photocopy of the illustration for the stuperpower assigned to that guest) along with the invite, which should state:

a.) Any enhancements they could make to their hero costumes would be greatly appreciated;

b.) But they should *arrive* at your party in “civilian” wear, and

c.) Someone among them... Is a *stupervillain!* GASP! And they may have to guess who during the course of the evening. For this reason, they should keep their hero identity and power **COMPLETELY SECRET** from the other guests at all times. Choose which guest is really a villain. Tell him or her this in the invite, but swear him/her to secrecy.

So! When Party Night has arrived, and you’re gathering the mandatory booze and chips, find the weirdest-looking and/or ugliest thing in your house, and place it prominently in the center of the room (preferably on a pedestal). As the guests arrive, proudly refer to this item as “**The Plott Device**” and loudly proclaim its high value and how excited you are to put it on display tonight.

The STUPERPOWERS! LARP is played in a series of **ROUNDS**, the objectives and scoring of which are radically different for each one. Regardless, you should have photocopied and filled out the BMD Control Grid on page 54 before the party and attached it to a clipboard. Carry this and a pen around with you at all times so you, as ref, can keep track of each player’s Good and Bad Points at all times.



ROUND ONE: "NOTHING TO SEE HERE!"

Just have the guests hang out and chat with each other—remember, they're all supposed to be in their "secret identities" and acting normal. Let this go on for about an hour, or until you get bored. At the end of that period, pass out scrap paper and pencils to all the players. Tell them to secretly write down the name of the guest they think is the villain. (Since they should have no clue at all by this point, this is a totally random guess.) Collect all the papers and, while the players are changing (see Round Two, below) look at them and award whoever guessed correctly **1 Good Point**.

ROUND TWO: "THIS LOOKS LIKE A JOB FOR..."

At some point—preferably when no one can see you—spirit The Plott Device away from its place of honor and hide it in your garage or out in the backyard. After you've collected all the scraps of paper from everybody, scream "Someone has stolen The Plott Device! I need a superhero to solve this heinous crime! If only one were lurking nearby in his secret identity, and could change into his costume right now and appear!" (Assign any dunderheads who accuse you of stealing the MacGuffin yourself **1 Bad Point**.)

Anyone who doesn't realize that this is their cue to dash to various parts of the house and change into costume shouldn't have been invited to the party in the first place. As the guests re-emerge in their hero personae, wearing their name tags with their Hero Name on them, it's Fashion Show time: through the use of applause, figure out whoever is wearing the best costume, and reward that person **1 Good Point**.

ROUND THREE: "J'ACCUSE!"

Proclaim that the theft of the MacGuffin must have been an Inside Job, and one of the so-called "heroes" here did it! Pass out photocopies of the BMD Control Grid on page 54 to all the guests and have them "interrogate" their fellow heroes. Like that old TV game show "Password," guests can say anything except the words that make up their power's description. Each guest has to figure out what each player's stuperpower is from his or her hero name alone (and from just chatting with said hero). Give the players a while to talk to all their fellows (about a half-hour), then collect all the Grids. While they're playing the "deathtrap" game (see Round Five), go through the Grids and assign all those guests who got more than three powers right **1 Good Point**.

ROUND FOUR: "LAST MAN STANDING"

Announce that the only way to figure out who's in the wrong here is the ancient method of Trial by Combat: the players must duel with their stuperpowers until there's only one left!

Run this battle very much like real SP!—although for God's sake, don't let anyone actually slug somebody else. Let the players go in turns by alphabetical order of their last names (you might want to list them that way on your own Grid, just so you can tell correct Battle Order at a glance). All regular SP! Power Rules for Duration and Hurt apply. Guests have to channel their Inner Child and pretend-act-out and/or "talk through" power usages and effects (with you coaching them, of course). Coins must be successfully tossed by each player "To Hit," so have a few handy. Players who get Six Levels of Hurt are "knocked out" and must sit out the remainder of the fight. Whoever's left at the end is rewarded **1 Good Point**. Assign **2 Good Points** to anyone who evidences especially creative or hilarious stuperpower use.

ROUND FIVE: "BUILD A BETTER DEATHTRAP"

Regardless of whoever won Round Four, give the villain his cue to reveal himself. Have him announce that he has the heroes right where he wants them, and now he's going to match them to a deadly game of wits to determine who alone will get the right to face him in mortal combat.

Before the party you've located some other game (party or otherwise) collecting dust on your shelf. This will be the villain's deathtrap, which all the heroes must play in a greatly truncated version. Twister, for example, becomes the villain's "Hernia Inducement Machine!" and it's the villain who spins the dial. Trivial Pursuit is her "Intellectual Inferiority Device!" and she reads the questions in a sneering manner. Monopoly is the "Capitalist Rat Race...of Death!" with the villain as the banker.

*This particular
Stuperpowers™ LARP
Game Session went
horribly awry.*

*Kids,
don't let this
happen to you.*



Whichever hero is ahead after, oh, let's call it six rounds (or until you get bored) is awarded **1 Good Point** and gets to move on to Round Six. Award the villain **1 Good Point** if you find his or her performance as Game Show Host as especially impressive.

ROUND SIX: "DOUBLE JEOPARDY!"

The villain and single hero must now fight a duel to the death...which the other players bet on! Announce the Good Point Totals for all the guests so far. They all (villain and single hero included) must

now bet on which person they think will win the ensuing fight. They can bet as many of their Good Points as they want. Guests with no Good Points can only bet 1 Point.

Let the villain and hero "fight," as per the rules for Round Four, above. Whoever is left standing at the end is the winner; award all those who bet on that person the same number of Good Points bet on that person.

Whoever has the most Good Points at the end of Round Six is the winner! ★



... YOU WANT MORE?!



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...ually, no, that's basically it. But the SP! Department of Marketing and Mind Control made us write "Tons More." Or they'd beat us. No, really.

INDEX

ADVENTURES

#1: "The Grim Deal"	71	Knee Jerk City Map	58
#2: "The Devolution Dilemma"	78	Live-Action SP! (LARP)	108-110
#3: "Apocalypse...How?"	86	Media Outlets, KJC	65
#4: "Twilight of the Idylls"	93		
Instaventures	104-106		

Basic Rules	10-14
Campaign Guide for BMDs	57-68
Character Advancement	17-25
Character Generation Process	5,6
Character Sheet	7
Characters, Pre-Generated	8-9
Control Sheet, BMD	54
Civil Organizations, KJC	66,67
Drinking Game SP!	107

CHARTS & TABLES

Bad Points, Assigning	18
Battle Cries	14
Good Points, Assigning	18
Hero Origins, Random	6
Hurt, Levels of	13
Levels of Heroism	19
Media Multipliers	18
Power Duration	11
Powers, Master List	26
Rock/Scissors/Paper	12
Turn-Ons/Turn-Offs	22
Villains, Random	60
Well-Armed Goons, Random	63

Evil Corporations, KJC	67,68
Example of Gameplay	15

INSTAVENTURES!

Word List	104
Descriptions	105,106

NPCs: BAD GUYS

Big Kahuna	95
Deep Pockets	76
Destroyer Lawyer	94
Fahrenheit 451 (Fascist Four)	80
Mighty Joe Jung	82
Mr. Fascist (Fascist Four)	79
Nasty Secretary #3	75
Phil	62
Sanitizer: Fumigator of Worlds	90
"Squeaky" Harold	88
Temporal Tammy	83
Thunk (Fascist Four)	79
Unnoticeable Girl, The (Fascist Four)	80

NPCs: GOOD GUYS

Grim Shadow	73
Huixtociuatl, Goddess of Salt (Justice Bringers)	98
Iron Lung (Justice Bringers)	99
Jap Smasher	64
Nice-Streak (Justice Bringers)	98
Rightwing	59
Wonder Wommyn (Justice Bringers)	99
Player Characters, Sample	8-9
Powers, Illustrated	27-51
Powers, Rules	10-14
Powers, Templates	52
Role-playing Games, How to Play	70
Tournament SP!	102
Turn-Offs	24
Turn-Ons	23

