

TALES OF THE EXPLOSIVE CHASTITY.

Dramatis Personae:

Captain Ralph Lesion (NPC)

Langham Maunsell (Fumigation Specialist/Security-Guy and Cybernetic TechPervert)

Sello Tape (Fugitive Janitor, Elvis played by Shaft)

Brains McNutt (Lazy Stoner Navigator)

Gustov "Gus" Aldolphus Groomt (Pervert Engineer)

Slovenly Peabody (Insurance Assessor/Doctor + Kleptomaniac) (NPC)

The *Explosive Chastity* is a big freighter-ship for hire, like an oil-tanker but more multi-purpose. Its ratio of Crew to Space means it's cramped, but you can avoid people if you want – just like an oil-tanker. As such, it attracts Miscreants. For example, up until recently the ship had a position for a full security guy, but he was fired when the Captain caught him fucking the drinks machine. He was narced on by the Fumigation Specialist, who consoles himself with the belief that she always loved him more. Our story begins as Captain Lesion takes a job moving a gigantic household across systems as if the *Chastity* was a moving-van service. Having got the stuff loaded, the Captain follows his pattern of shutting himself in his berth with a metric fucktonne of drugs and leaving the crew alone. Our stoner Navigator breaks into his room, finds that he's walled himself off behind 1 Kilogram bags of... sugar, and steals one for her own use.

Hours later, while fucking the drinks machine, Maunsell spots an unusual purple bean peering at him from the airvent. When he notices it, it scurries away. He uses the intercom to ask the crew if anyone has lost a pet – creating Vile Thoughts in the mind of our Engineer, Gus, who moves to investigate. Meanwhile, Tape is in the kitchen deep-frying a cheesecake. He sees a strange bean in the vents too, and grabs for it with his tongs to explore its potential edibility. Failing, he decides to pump hot cooking oil into the vents in order to bring cooking to the bean if he can't bring the bean to cooking. Back with the drinks machine, Maunsell sends a roto-rooter after the bean, shredding it. There is a Cooking Smell, and hot oil starts pouring from the vents and leaves his roto-rooter golden and crispy. Bits of the bean are not left identifiable, but Tape eats them anyway. Gus arrives with a cheerful grin and a roll of duct-tape with a speculative gleam in his eye. He is saddened to know that the unique experience is cooked, dead and eaten by somebody else. There is discussion about the golden-crispy roto-rooter.

Hot oil continues to pour from ducts on the level, and there is screaming from the Captain's cabin. They investigate, and find that one of his feet has been cooked and then – inexplicably – crumbed. His toes look like tiny fish-sticks. Tape sails paper boats down the oil-stream in the ducts because he can. Meanwhile, our stoned Navigator McNutt is face down in white powder. She sees a bean peering at her, and freaks out because IT KNOWS. It escapes down ductwork, and she goes to investigate. Meeting up with the rest of the crew, she announces the bean – cheering Gus immensely, because he hasn't lost the chance to check the thing for hitherto unconsidered orifices.

Released under a [Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial-ShareAlike 3.0 Unported License](http://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-nc-sa/3.0/) by the Big Red Couch and Kevin Veale.

If you want to see more of our ideas and game resources, check out

<http://www.hoarde.net/bigredcouch/>

Maunsell realises that these things *shouldn't* be in cargo, and since he 'theoretically' already checked it, that he might be in trouble unless he can prove this isn't his fault – since it might be. They all go to investigate. As they cross into the cargo space of the *Explosive Chastity* there is a weird sensation of static electricity and ears popping as they move into a vast open space. The Captain got hold of some gizmo years ago which creates a TARDIS-space to expand carrying capacity – nobody wants to know how or why he did. Maunsell has a shotgun loaded with Clorox for Official Fumigation Purposes, and they explore. The first area is a gigantic warehouse filled with boxes sealed with tape, labelled with things like "Fragile" crossed out and replaced with "Broken." They find a thin bald man passed out by some open boxes – the ship's Insurance Assessor, Doctor and Kleptomaniac.

The most obvious problem is a bite on the back of his neck – a spreading purple stain under his skin. In case this is a bean impregnating him or in an attempt to wash it off, Tape sprays it with oven cleaner. The doctor wiggles and gurgles as sizzling happens. This doesn't work, so his entire head is similarly sprayed. More sizzling and gurgling. After this casual atrocity, they check him for more bites by having Gus the Pervert strip him naked, but don't go so far as to authorise adjustable spanners being applied as impromptu speculum.

The open boxes look unsuspecting, the one the Doctor had just examined before being attacked being doilies and hand-grenades. These are promptly stolen – the doctor is dressed by the expedient of sticking doilies all over him. The next nearest pile of boxes mountainous stack of the things which are all labelled "SPOONS." Tape grabs a box from the bottom of the stack, generating a terrifying SPOONVALANCHE. The plucky crew escape, dragging the naked greasy doctor by a plunger attached to his bald head. At this point, Gus' 'toybox' starts beeping savagely. One of the tools actually not designed for personal gratification is detecting WEIRD SHIT. Simultaneously, a crisp feminine voice calmly announces "Proximity alarm." Gus and Maunsell follow the beeping detecto-machine, while Tape and McNutt go to the bridge.

Maunsell and Gus are lead towards an unplugged fridge at the edge of the ship which appears to be the centre of the beeping anomaly. They investigate: Gus opens the fridge while Maunsell covers him. Gus' hair streams out behind him while he screams in shrill, unending horror as dark voices wail. He shuts the fridge and has no memory of anything inside. They proceed to take turns doing this, each instantly forgetting that they just did so. COMEDY GOLD.

McNutt and Gus find that eight small ships have attached themselves to the ship and that pack of emo teenage pirates are roaming around stealing things in a way suggesting terrible ennui. They trigger the silent alarm! (Screens across the ship flash with "WE'RE ALL GONNA DIE.") The Captain appears on communication screens, savagely ripped and twisted, wearing a greasy paper-boat as a hat, a pirate flag as an impromptu loin cloth. He shrieks "GET YOUR FILTHY EMO BAT-CLAWS OFF MY CHASTITY!" This does not help matters. Tape hits the "Purge!" button on the bridge. A stick with two fingers sticking out appears by the Captain's

chair to aid bulimia. Tape finds a different control and successfully dumps a section of the ship to vacuum, spraying debris and emos everywhere. One hits the inexplicable space-windshield and is carried away by inexplicable space-windshield wipers.

Maunsell and Gus rip the hinges off the fridge to avoid the door-opening-paradox, then Gus screams like a girl and waves a blowtorch at whatever was inside. They reveal crawling Lovecraftian horror such that a human mind cannot process it – the fridge then squeals like an octopus-cheerleader if you goosed one, and runs off on many tentacular limbs. Gus realises that the temporal distortion field intended to shield the ship from FTL travel has shifted in this area and that the unplugged fridge has been exposed to many aeons of subjective time! This epiphany sorted out, they go to find the flightless birds invading the ship and give them a good kicking – walking past legions of other likewise unplugged and strangely aged fridges, crawling with purple beans.

Tape plans to flood sections of the ship with more hot oil to deal to the emo invaders. He tells Maunsell and Gus to get out of the way. Said Maunsell and Gus run straight into a squad of three emo-kids.

Maunsell: “TAKE US TO YOUR BIRDY OVERLORDS YOU DEPRESSIVE FUCKS!”

The kids react in frozen horror to the arrival of an armed maniac accompanied by a leering man in a... stained jumpsuit, himself dragging a naked-save-for-doilies, semi-chemically-peeled unconscious man via a plunger. Maunsell shoots a fire-extinguisher they'd stolen, firing them down the corridor and gluing them to the walls with flame-retardant spooage. Maunsell and Gus escape; the section is flooded with oil. Screams and sizzling come inexplicably over the intercom.

In the bridge, McNutt and Tape find a big Mezu coming to investigate the ship. In his solution to everything, Tape vents hot cooking oil at it. The Mezu then begins humping the ship with a freshly lubricated robo-wang. McNutt charges the ship's weapon “The Burning Sensation.” Maunsell and Gus arrive as she fires, the discharge from the Burning Sensation spooages the Mezu to shreds, and the ship inexplicably fills with the smell of a lit cigarette. McNutt recharges the weapon just in case.

Tape croons Elvis at the emo invaders, killing many of them and driving others to catatonia. This enrages the others: “They don't care about our pain! GET THEM!” Maunsell begins creating traps involving grenades baited with hairspray and makeup products. Security cameras show the Captain loose on the ship somewhere, chasing down emo-kids. He appears to be dragging a form of emo-daisy-chain, taping the ones he catches together.

The proximity alarm sounds, revealing a predatory-looking ship that hails them. A computerised voice announces: “You are being hailed by noted bounty-hunter Wound-Fucker Henderson. I suggest you pay attention.” The bounty-hunter asks if they have a Mister Tape on-board. Tape frantically mugs “NO!” and hides behind a chair not large enough to conceal his flabby sextacular bulk. McNutt

Released under a [Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial-ShareAlike 3.0 Unported License](http://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-nc-sa/3.0/) by the Big Red Couch and Kevin Veale.

If you want to see more of our ideas and game resources, check out <http://www.hoarde.net/bigredcouch/>

surreptitiously fires the Burning Sensation, which strips off some of the matte-black paintwork from the bounty-hunter's ship as "OH BABY YEAH" flashes on the internal screens of the *Chastity*. The bounty-hunter says he can't remember the last time anyone was that unfriendly to him. They persuade him to go to the cargo section "as that's where Tape has run to" in the hopes of feeding him to evolved fridge-spawn – which has incidentally been preying on wandering emos. He says he might as well start the atrocity somewhere, and heads off. This cues eldritch squealing and gunfire. The Captain appears on the screens yelling about mormons, having lost his loincloth.

Someone asks what would happen if they turn off the machine which expands the space in the cargo bays. This rapidly becomes The Plan, despite the fact nobody knows. The ship lurches as its spatial existence within space-time is altered. The bounty-hunter appears on the internal com-screens having been fused into a gigantic confused hurt and angry bounty-hunter-box-spoon hybrid. Meanwhile, gigantic tentacles appear out the side of the ship as the monstrous ship-sized Tentacle Fridge that the fridges have been fused into climbs outside. It is followed by an enormous emo-fringe haircut without a body, representing what the emo-kids in range of the effect were fused into. The bounty-hunter-spoon-box hybrid starts cutting his way towards the bridge.

McNutt and Gus put their heads together to pump drugs at the bounty-hunter-hybrid. Meanwhile, Tape has failed to find anywhere to hide, has binge-eaten everything in the galley, located the fact that the escape-pods are broom cupboards with "SAFETY" scrawled on them in crayon by the Captain, and has locked himself into one with a tub full of icecream and some peanut butter. The plan is put into action: the cameras white out because of the drug haze, revealing a gigantic hybrid doing slow drug-angels in the powder on the floor. The Captain is also involved, sucking on the hybrid's knee, burned and torn by an apparent grenade explosion and with thick eyeliner and rouge. He looks so PRETTY, but his emo-daisy-chain is soggy and fucked-up.

Tape sells a drugged-up bounty-hunter-spoon-hybrid on SpaceBay to the highest bidder. Meanwhile, the giant emo-fringe settles over the bounty-hunter's ship, and the bewigged-ship is ridden off into the sunset by a gigantic tentacular fridge Wot Should Not Be. The crew salute that brave wig-ship and all the fridges who sail on her.

The Captain appears in the monitors again, savagely blood-shot and with even more makeup, whispering, "Strange have been my dreams of late..." and our adventure draws to a close.

- FIN.