

GUERRILLA SABBATH - *Barks and banter for a pair of prickly time-travelling twins.*

A party based RPG featuring a coven of immortal, time travelling witches, waging war to restore forgotten queer histories. Arson and Flicker are twins, the youngest memers of the coven. A double whammy of anxious greenthumb and resident arsonist.

ARSON SHE/HER - 468.5 Y.O

Flicker's twin. A drag queen. Young, sprightly, frenetic. Annoying, but charming in the most peculiar of ways. Born during the witch trials. Can manipulate fire.

CHARACTER

SCENARIO *Prerequisite*

LINE

ARSON

COMBAT START

Burn.
Light em up bayybeeee!
You look cold.
Let's get sweaty.
Click boom, baby.
Lights! Camera! Axecionay! (Action)
Come, sit by the fire.
You smoke?

LOW HEALTH

Burning out!
Got a light?
A smoker's cough.
So fucking cold.
Gonna need a pick me up!
Fuckin' fuck this shit, God dam.
What a drag.
Goin' up in smoke.

LOOTING

Brutal Death
Low Quality
Low Quality
Rare Quality
Rare Quality

Careful. Shit's still hot.
Mmm. Crispy.
Let's see what's left.
We really fucked this one up.
Man. I gotta hold back sometimes.
Went a bit hard on the "burn em to a crisp angle."
Ohhh shiny!
IT'S LIT!

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FLICKER

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CHARACTER	SCENARIO <i>Prerequisite</i>	LINE
ARSON	EXPLORATION	
	<i>Outside</i>	Ash on the wind.
	<i>Outside</i>	Fresh air.
	<i>Outside</i>	God it feels good to breathe.
	<i>Significant Landmark</i>	Was that here last century?
	<i>Significant Landmark</i>	That's just beggin for a lick of flame.
	<i>Burnt Building</i>	Wasn't me!
	<i>Burnt Building</i>	Don't look at me!
	<i>(Prelaid) Dead Body</i>	One of ours?
	HEALED	
	Cauterize me Daddy.	
	That tickles!	
	Aww! You do like me.	
	Owe you a drink.	
	Cheers.	
	Thanks for the flame.	
	That's all?	
	We're doing shots later.	
CRITICAL HIT		
	Ash.	
	YEAH BABY!	
	DING DING DING!	
	Oppps. Sowwyyy.	
	That'll leave a burn.	
	Wear sunscreen kids.	
	Aloe vera. Fix it right up.	
	YO! I'M ON FIRE!	

CHARACTER	SCENARIO <i>Prerequisite</i>	LINE
FLICKER	COMBAT START	
		Do we have to?
		Look over there!
		I'd rather not.
		Wither on the vine.
		April showers. May flowers. April showers. May flowers.
		You started it!
		Wrong place to pick a fight.
		Blood for the soil.
	LOOTING	
	Sorry.	
	Just a body.	
	No time to bury.	
	Fertiliser now.	
	Will it always be so... cruel?	
	All that, for this?	
	Ugh...	
	Well, guess it was worth it?	
	Oh! Thanks! Sorry you're dead.	
EXPLORATION		
	<i>Outside 1560s</i>	Feels familiar.
	<i>Outside 2100s</i>	Where are the trees?
	<i>London 1660s</i>	Ah. London. Time for the fireworks.
	<i>Greenery</i>	Can't we just stay here?
	<i>Greenery</i>	Sight for sore eyes.
	<i>Large Tree</i>	Older than us. Maybe...
	<i>Small Tree</i>	Little itty bitty baby tree.
	<i>(Prelaid) Dead Body</i>	Food for the flowers.

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FLICKER	LOW HEALTH	Seeing lights. Getting dizzy. You see that light? Gotta finish this. Withering. Ohhh I do NOT like this "being injured" thing. I have plants to water! Don't follow the light. Don't follow the light.
	HEALING	Get back at it. Up you get. Lights on. Don't do that again. No-no-no-no. Get some light behind those eyes. Quit messing around. Are you doing this on purpose?
	SUCCESSFUL ILLUSION	Really wasn't sure that would work. Do we have to? Just a trick of the light. Are they stupid or am I riddled with doubt? Moths to a flame. Huh! I gotta try that one again. Hah. Never gets old. Hope they aren't too hurt.
	Multiple Close Deaths Multiple Close Deaths	
	Used Previously Pitfall Trap	

CHARACTER	SCENARIO <i>Prerequisite</i>	LINE
ARSON FLICKER BOTH	COMBAT START	Please be an illusion. NOT AN ILLUSION. BEHOLD! The power of TWINSIES. Absolutely not. I burn, you break. How bout I just keep you alive? Try not to bleed to much, Flicker might faint. If I faint, you're fucked. Let's go twinsy! You... What? Why? We need a catchphrase. Or we could just, do the job? RARRRRR! (<i>diminutive</i>) roar. Shotgun the big one! I literally do not care.
	COMBO	Got them bound. Click. BOOM! Lined them up. BOWLING, BABY! Get it while it's hot. Rend. Got em tender. Tear them down. DO THE THING! What thing!?! THAT THING! Oh, this thing? We've trained for this. No we haven't. Burn. Break. Wrap it up. On it!
	COMBAT END	That was easy. You were unconscious half the time. Good nap? Slept like a baby. Oh! You WERE here. Funny. Off with the faeries? We are the faeries. Tens, tens, tens across the board. We just housed the boots down mama yes GAWD *Sarcastic tongue pop*. Right... Ned a breather. Need a fucking Valium. Ain't built for this. Still here.
	Arson Unconscious 1< Arson Unconscious 1< Flicker Unconscious 1< Flicker Unconscious 1< Perfect Battle Perfect Battle Close Call Close Call	

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SCENARIO Prerequisite

LINE

ARSON
FLICKER
BOTH

LOOTING

Killed By Arson

OW! Still hot! Again? Really?

SHOTGUN! - I CALLED IT FIRST!

Fine, didn't even want that one. Good.

I killed that one! And I stopped them from killing you.

Preeeeetty. I should probably hold onto that, before you burn it or break it. Well now I don't want to give it to you.

Whisper Oh! That's fancy. Anything good? Nope!

Trash? Trash.

Any good for compost? Ain't good for shit.

Rare Quality

Rare Quality

Low Quality

Low Quality

EXPLORATION

Nearby Tree

Hello Mister Tree. Mockingly Hello Misses Flicker!

Nearby Daisy

Hello Miss Daisy. Get a rooooooom.

Nearby Flower

Ohhhhh is that a dandelion. No, it's a sock puppet, duh.

Beautiful View

You just KNOW someone's had sex here. Shut. Up.

(Prelaid) Corpse

Ew. Four centuries and you still can't handle blood?

(Prelaid) Corpse

Fickle flesh, curating fleeted dreams. Aigh't Ibsen.

Idle

Flicker? What? What? I didn't say anything. Ugghhh.

Idle (After The Above)

Flicker? ... Flicker? No, I'm serious this time. What? What?
UGH!

HEALING

Flicker Heals Arson

Cheers. Try 'not' getting hit.

Flicker Heals Arson

Again? Again.

Flicker Heals Arson

You're exhausting. Thanks twinsy.

*Flicker heals Arson
(Close Call)*

Don't scare me. Sorry.

Arson Heals Flicker

Ahh. The tables and have turnsded. Bout time.

Arson Heals Flicker

Isn't this your job? Everything's my job.

Arson Heals Flicker

Cauterised baby. That better not leave a mark.

*Arson heals Flicker
(Close Call)*

Quit joking. Coming from you?