

Materiel

*“I’m the smartest most crever most physicarry fit
But nobody else seems to rearize it
When I change the world maybe they’ll notice me
But until then I’rr just be ronery
Rittle ronery, poor rittle me.”*

—Trey Parker

Rearing around the corner, you finally arrive at your destination: a cavernous structure dominated by some sort of monstrous machine. Taking a step back, you just manage to read the inscriptions written across the metal surface.

“SUPER SUCKER GOOGOLPLEX”

So this is how they’ve been draining our reservoirs. You look desperately about in hopes of finding a method of disabling the damned beast. A lap around the pump shows nothing more than a small ring-shaped indentation in the wall, reading *INSERT RING HERE*. Frustrated, you give it the brute force cure for all computer malaises, by whacking it. Hard. Waiting for the swelling in your reddening fist to subside, a nearby glass case marked *WEAPONS* draws your attention. You start towards it, only to notice that all the armaments appear to have been filched. Only once you read the names of all the weapons do you begin to realise what sort of evil powers these people can summon.

Gold Barrette
Drill Arm
Peacemaker
Scimitar
Kaiser Knuckle
Boomerang
Crystal Cross
Shotgun
Rune Blade
Spirit Lance
Organics
Crystal M-phone

—Han Liang Gan