

VIOLENCE/SEX/POOP

A mini-RPG by Côme Martin, crapped in June 2018, for one Master and 3 to 8 Slaves.

You've been slaving away for this fucker of a Master who drags you through shit every other day. And there they go, giving you one more crapy mission... What if, this time, you told them to fuck off?

Foreword: don't wipe your ass with emotional safety. I'm not fucking around: if in the middle of a session, someone points to the X-card or whatever safety mechanism you got going on, you stop it right there. Actually, it's probably better if you tell each other

stuff you don't want in the game before you start. You're playing to have a blast, not to make everyone feel bad, alright?!

And I may be speaking for myself but don't use oppressive insults and the like. Seriously, you're above this shit.

Who are you? You've got 3 stats: **VIOLENCE**, **SEX** and **POOP** (hey, that's the name of the game! Whaddya know!). You start with 7 points, put them wherever, 1 point minimum in each. If you're unsure, choose one of the following (don't roll it, you dope! Own it up and choose), but honestly, some are pretty shitty:



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| Cyborg full of proteins (4/2/1) | Thousand-rod being (2/4/1) | Shit golem (1/1/5) |
| Supercharged amazon (3/3/1) | Cum homunculus (1/5/1) | Sentient wine mist (1/2/4) |
| Drugged and frenetic punk (5/1/1) | Humanoid vulva (1/4/2) | Menstruation-powered android (2/2/3) |
| Huge soulless robot (5/1/1) | Iron maiden (3/3/1) | Constipated tiger (3/1/3) |


Each point gives you a trait in that stat, like "Crazy-ass mechanical arm", "Can fuck for 10 days straight" or "Pisses fire and blood"... Whatever, make up useful stuff. No putting several points in a single trait, that'd be too easy!

Oh yeah and you're not just a brute, you've also got a soft side, choose which: uh, for instance "Smells like roses", "Loves romantic poetry", "Paints sublime sunsets"... It serves absolutely no purpose during the game.



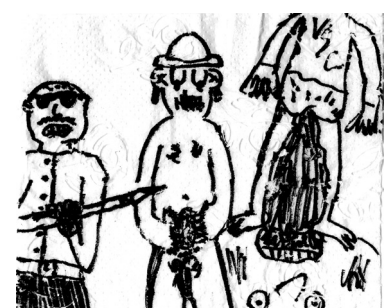
What else... Right, you and the others are slaves obeying a Master, who's the worst scumbag ever, like really horrible and soulless. And you got to describe them, that way you create your own oppression, eh eh! The only thing is the Master put a chip in your ass, tracking you with it, and they can push a button and blow you to bits if you tell them to fuck off.

Right, then you've got equipment! You can choose in that table below, or the MC gives you whatever without having to justify themselves. I dunno what are half of those things but you can probably hit or fuck someone with them, or probably wipe your ass too.

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| A dead cat | A Teflon Fleshtight | A turd gun | A shit sandwich | Rotten seeds | A joreskin armor | 40 uranium coins | Cyprine wine | A lube jar |
| A pouch of pig eyes | A very soft roll of toilet paper | A dildo covered with nails | An old rusted bike | An anti-boner grenade | A bottle of old sperm | A whip made of lizard tails | An old electric guitar | Brök IV's supreme glove |
| A fucking huge axe, three times your size | Some drugs, enough to get you high once or twice | The fire sword of draco-warriors | A magic and infinite Pez dispenser!! |  A picture of the Master's mother | A portable anus (there might be a parallel dimension inside) | A big book written in Latin. At least its pages don't chafe your ass too much. | The secret code of something. What thing? What do I know! | A full-body leather suit, smelling like dead fish |

Finally, one of the other PCs violently betrayed you in the past: who the hell and how?

There you go! Get yourself a name and you're ready for action.




Where you at? Basically: you're in a big wrecked city, like New York if all the toilets were clogged during a hundred years, with radioactive rain everyday. It stinks, it swarms. Outside of the city, devastated lands, everywhere. It's like the worst post-apocalyptic city with extra added tons of shit, the smell of old clams and ultraviolence everywhere.

And what's the big idea? Well, it's like that: the MC chooses a mission on the table below, that the Master gives the PCs at

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| Bring back Brök IV's shield from the puke mountains | Go and nick a jerking machine in the plant of the southern suburb | Bash the juck out of the local arena's minotaur |
| Find the formula to change shit into gold, I heard the old crazy guy from the northern district's got it | Force the draco-warriors' lord to spill out where he hides his genetic tubes | Kill off the queen of constipated tigers and get her heart (it melts under yer tongue) |
| Dive at the bottom of the time snotex and report what's on the other side | Figure out how to get a pink poney, it's gonna be the Master's nephew's birthday soon | Wade in the sewers and collect ball ticks there |

the beginning of the session. There's no reward if you do it, only if you don't, the Master, they gut you.

MC, take the mission's outline an' make up 3-4 incidents, I'm not gonna do everything myself now am I. Pro tip: it's a good thing to alternate action and interaction scenes. Like, they gotta punch, then  they gotta talk, then punch some more. Basically, as long as no one's bored as juck and the players can play off-the-wall PCs, it's all good.

How d ya do stuff? When you oppose something (a monster, a buddy, a shitstorm), you bet one of your traits.

And then, we count one-two-three and you do like Paper / Rock / Scissors except it's **VIOLENCE / SEX / POOP**: for **VIOLENCE**, you give the finger, for **SEX** a finger in a hole, and for **POOP** you remove your finger from the hole. If you play online, you can also shout the word you choose after one-two-three (or type it, your choice but then you gotta type it in caps). Oh yeah and that's not a strategy game so don't think! Shout whatever comes first, the junny thing you wanna do. You're gonna screw the other guy every other time anyway, so yeah.

VIOLENCE is stronger than **POOP**; **SEX** is stronger than **VIOLENCE**; **POOP** is stronger than **SEX**. The winner describes what they're doing, it gotta be related to the chosen stat (like if you shoot "POOOOOOOOOOP!" that's not to punch someone, it wouldn't make any sense!). The loser must describe how the trait which was bet is lost ("Oh no, my shit skin is drying up!"; "oh juck, you ripped off my metal arm!"; you got the idea). If there's a tie, you both lose, that's life.

The thing is you can't die. Yep, even if you lose your legs and all your traits, you're just a ridiculous tiny pile of flesh. Except if the Master kills ya or ya kill yourself (let's be serious for a sec).

Alright so we're just losing points in this shitty game? Hell no, that'd be lame! The MC's job is to make sure you always got one or two points in each stat, so the thing keeps working. Like, they can let you graft an opponent's dick to win back a **SEX** point, go fool around in a barrel full of piss to win back a **POOP** point, that sort of things. If they don't, insult them, but go ahead and give them

suggestions (hey, they can't think of everything now can they!). It's super important, don't forget!

MC, you need monsters? Hey, you got lazybones, honestly, look, I'm gonna think about for a couple minutes and there, let's make up a nymphomaniac boar, a blob of acid, a thug gang with metal plates on them faces, a plant eagle, diarrheic gnomes... Alright, yeah, that's no good, you'll probably do better. Anyway, give 'em 1 trait if they're crap to wipe off with the back of the hand, 3 if you want some fighly-fight, 6 or more for serious stuff. You don't have to define the traits but hey, maybe it works better. An' when they drop to zero, they dead. And it works the same if the PCs want to destroy a door or disarm a bomb, juck yeah, this abstract system kicks ass! Oh yeah but it means a door can pierce a character's bionic eye... Yeah well that's a bit weird but it works.

And sometimes they can talk things out, right, no need to unsheathe hands all the time. Remember: action, then interaction. It rhymes, shouldn't be too hard to remember!



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