

## Auralnauts Star Wars

Hey- [WUBWUBWUB]

Hey, hey Sta-

[WUBWUBWUBWUB]

HEY STANN-

[WUBWUBWUBWUBWUB]

STANNIS-

[WUBWUBWUBWUBWUBWUB]

STANNIS!

[WUBWUBWUB- Click]

*Thank you.*

Fucking Stannis...

+1000 CP

**Origin** – Pick an origin from the list below to determine your background in this world. Unless you're 'too cool' for that, *Larry.*

### *Hobo [Free]*

Why couldn't you pay the rent. Why couldn't you just pay THE FUCKING RENT, ~~LARRY~~. Now we're living on the streets, there's probably an arrest warrant out for you- big lot of good that'll do though, since it seems like bloody no one can remember your face! You start on the streets. Because you're *homeless* LAAARRRRRY!

### *Jedi [Free]*

You're a Jedi, the scum of the earth. While there are only like... twelve of you, you are known throughout the galaxy for being massive asshole- I mean, for throwing the best parties in the galaxy. Just by reputation alone, you've managed to get on the shit list of the owner of Space Hooters, probably because you keep trashing their branches. They're probably just jealous of your bomb moves, though. You start in the Jedi apartments, waking up just after the latest rave.

### *Dominator [Free]*

You're what they call... a dominator. You've got a sweet ride, a cool demeanor and you kick *ass* at laser tag. Think lazer tag's a game for kids? Why don't we go a few rounds and see who's laughing then?

### *Space Hooters™ Junior Accountant [Free]*

Welcome to your new family! I hope your prepared to work hard, and have lots of Family Fun™! Space Hooters seems like just a humble restaurant, but it includes such locations as Laser Moon™ and their multi-planetary Family-Friendly Fun Zones™, designed to provide as much family-friendly fun as possible! While you may just be an accountant now, they look after their family members, no matter who they are.

## Perks – Hobo

I mean, I guess you're gonna need some help to keep you off the streets, especially after your last great fuck up... Maybe if you make some loud noises and flail around a bit, they'll give you 50% off to get you out of there...

### *I Always Talk First [100CP, Free Hobo]*

You like to think you're intimidating, but... well, maybe people are more scared because of the... dirt and the sticks, and the... well, people are just frankly a bit more scared of you than they normally are. But there really isn't much to find scary about an ordinary guy, so this really ends up enhancing anything about you that is *intended* to be intimidating. Like that stupid mask you're always wearing!

### *Well, Technically You Just Talked First, But- [200CP, Discount Hobo]*

...God dammit, now this entire conversation has been derailed. Congratulations for that, I guess. You keep interjecting your stupid 'wit' into our conversations, and you keep *fucking* derailing me. Think you can keep it up all day, tough guy? Now I've totally forgotten what I was going to ask...

### *NANANANANANAH- [400CP, Discount Hobo]*

Through your vain attempts to produce music of actual worth, you've discovered that by repeating a combined mantra of memes and syllables over a base track at someone, you can induce a painful effect in listeners. Other than just making you seem more intimidating with your sick (read: terrible) beats. It's also a surprisingly painful interrogation method, causing bleeding in the eyes and spasms, followed by eventual screaming when exposed to your genius at full blast.

### *[MUFFLED SCREAMING SOUNDS] [600CP, Discount Hobo]*

Stannis. The man of nightmares. Harbinger of destruction. Player of pranks and trickery. But now, you have harnessed his dark power for yourself. Through either magic, drugs or masterful plans, you are now capable of removing all prizes or capacity of prizes from food, collecting them for your own use. Now Cracker Jack boxes are just popcorn, and Kinder eggs are disappointingly empty. *How can you live with yourself?*

## Perks – Jedi

You're gonna need to get a job sooner or later man, especially since we wrecked the pad after our last rave... Just... hit up our dealer for a favor, okay? He's cool with us, we've got half-off with him.

### *We Dance Like Jedi [100CP, Free Jedi]*

Hah! And you thought the Jedi were all talk! Just look at these *moves*! You've mastered basic and advanced dancing, more than enough to destroy the average challenger on the dance floor. Also comes with mastery of a Jedi's most important tool and weapon of dance, the ravesaber.

Just... Remember. Don't do flips.

You *never* got the hang of flips.

### *We Have the Highest Midichlorian Count... [200CP, Discount Jedi]*

“Qui-Gon... I've been meaning to ask, what are... 'Midichlorians'?”  
“It's Heroin.”

Midichlorians are the bread and butter of the Jedi. You use them all the time, in great quantities. In addition to no small skill in acquiring said narcotics, they – along with any other drugs you may use – experience a massive increase in potency and duration compared to normal. Although... you hear that on Kamino, there exists a drug operation capable of even greater achievements than the Jedi.

### *...Which Means that You Have a Lesser Amount [400CP, Discount Jedi]*

Some people just don't know how to deal with your bomb moves. When it comes to chasing off punks who wanna pick a fight with you, you find dancing is often a very effective strategy. No, seriously, the harder you dance at someone, the more intimidated they become, although if they mean business, they're gonna be harder to chase off.

### *So Please Report to the Dance Floor [600CP, Discount Jedi]*

“You have to dance-fight me!” This phrase has been uttered countless times across Jedi history, in countless forms, but it has always been acknowledge as a challenge between Jedi to a Duel of the Dance. Now, by invoking a similar phrase, you can challenge someone to a duel. There are no negotiations, no nitpicky rules in a dance-fight, the parties simply *dance* until there is an obvious victor, who takes with him all of the pride of the loser.

## Perks – Dominator

Well, I won't expect you to have much cash left after all the shit you jacked into your ride, but... maybe you've got some pocket change? I'll give you the usual 50% Discount on some stuff man, don't worry!

### *And You're Buying the Nachos [100CP, Free Dominator]*

Yeah, you think you can provide a ride, alright... But nothing is for free. Give enough rides and get fucked over by those people enough and you'll learn how to drive a hard bargain. Deliver that offer with a hard enough glare and a challenging tone and you'll often find people going along with it.

### *You Challenge Me? [200CP, Discount Dominator]*

It's all in good fun, right? *RIGHT?* No, this is the most important thing on the fucking planet, your *pride* is on the line here. You can make anything, even a debate over what kind of nachos to get sound so fucking important everyone else will begin to take it with as much gravity as you do. With this, simple stereo fights become true battles.

### *Wow, The DIP [400CP, Discount Dominator]*

Good choice, you gotta help ensure your dominance somehow, don't you? You've gained an intimate knowledge of the inner workings of a stereo system, and some... creative uses of that energy. Compress sick beats into a space-level bomb? Sure. Fire sick beats through space at your opponent? Don't see why not. Granted, all it really seems to do is communicate how much *better* your track choices are to your opponent, just FORCEFULLY. In addition, your track choices are indeed *sick*.

### *Laser Tag Dominator [600CP, Discount Dominator]*

You're good at laser tag. Actually, that's an insult to your skill. You are *godlike* at laser tag. In your hands, the phaser becomes a tool of point scoring destruction, scoring point after point, and triggering effects and rules the game managers didn't even *know about* until you tried them. Games with you, as a result of your loophole abuse, become much more excitable, all rules and order thrown out the window in the name of pure *fun*, with computer systems mysteriously expanding so that the whole world can become an arena for you and your opponents.

## **Perks – Space Hooters™ Junior Accountant**

The family has lots of perks available! Just remember, sharing is caring! And here's your 50% Employee Discount (where designated)!

### *It's Impossible to Stay Mad At You! [100CP, Free Accountant]*

Sometimes you (intentionally) fuck up, and some people may be mad at you, especially if you, say, blew up their car or wrecked their bar. But hey, you're a nice guy, right? So maybe if you just offer one of those cheeky comments you're so fond of, they'll let you off far easier, how about it?

### *Total Sellout [200CP, Discount Accountant]*

It's good to have job security. When you take on a new job now, you'll often find that you get incredibly generous signing bonuses from the company. Stock options? Company car? Full 401k matching? All of that *and more!* Don't let us down, and welcome to the family!

### *Alright, Then Let's Get You Clean! [400CP, Discount Accountant]*

Huh. Guess all of that volunteering down at the clinic paid off after all. You've got an honorary doctorate... in therapy. Your detox programs are *legendary*, not only for their effectiveness, but also the high happiness of it's patients and it's sheer wackiness. It's nothing to you, though, you're just trying to help and there's no such thing as caring too much!

You're also just a *really nice* guy, and people understand that from how you act, no matter what your appearance might indicate.

### *Regional Manager, Darth Mall [600CP, Discount Accountant]*

Corporate executives have never been so scary. You wear a hooded robe over your business suit, and walk the halls of your branch, ensuring that Space Hooters functions at the highest level of operation efficiency while maintaining a deep rooted commitment to customer satisfaction. The strange thing is? For all of your drab looks, it only seems to make your employees comfortable around you and reassure them, making them happier, more respectful and harder working.

What's more... you're actually a good manager! Fancy that! Maybe your ways of doing things are a bit... nonsensical at times, but it's all part of a greater management scheme, and should you find your busy schedule taking time out of your personal lives, you'll always find two loyal employees willing to lend a hand.

## Perks – General

Heeey! Qui-gon, my man, how's it going? Put 'em here! Ahaha- You think I'm going to give you a discount? Get real, man. None of that shit here, especially not coming from you!

### *Dance Effects [Free, All]*

On command, you can summon a basic dance track to begin playing from the air, for all to hear and to establish a beat for the battle. The lyrics – if there are any – will often be appropriate to the situation, and be clear to all that hear them. Additionally, there seem to be... mirrors everywhere, making the visual appearance of your dance quite a spectacle to behold.

### *Bad Singing [Free, All]*

On the long drives, there's really only one thing you can do with your mates. Sing along to the radio terribly. You have gained an incredible gift for anticipating lyrics on the radio, and can put yourself in (shitty) sync with your mates in order to sing along. Additionally, you may now selectively 'mute' the vocals of a song, so you may fill in with your own angelic choir.

### *I'm Tripping Balls Right Now! [300CP]*

You won't believe what's going on out here! They're harvesting Midichlorian's from clone babies and pumping it into the air or something! I'm tripping *balls* right now! And... wooah, okay... I think it's wearing off...

Whenever you get incredibly, ridiculously high, you being to feel... energy binding you to everything, like a luminous being. You can hear the thoughts of others, and sense their emotional states, as long as you can see them, even if it's just through a screen. But... man, as soon as you start to come down from that high, then it's just... gone.

### *Lord of the Dance [400CP]*

You... will show them! The Jedi! You will show *all of them!* You will show them who is truly **LORD OF THE DANCE!** Because of your intense studying, not only has your dance power *quadrupled*, you have mastered secrets even the Jedi have not, such as jumping, flipping and using *two* ravesabers at once. What's more your dances can become... well, sort of violent? It seems like even buildings can't take the beat sometimes.

### *Survivor of the Singularity Engine [400CP]*

Against your will, you were... abducted. Consumed by... the *monster*. The SINGULARITY ENGINE! You've been made into... well, some would call it a freak, I guess. You now have a purely robotic appearance, and while there may be some fleshy bits still sealed in that chrome shell of yours. While the requirement of food, breathing and just exhaustion in general being removed is certainly a plus, losing your entire senses of touch, taste and smell is certainly a downside.

...But... there is one sense you have gained... DANCE. Those robotic joints of yours and that new computing power in your brain enable you to perform the calculations for some truly sick breakdancing. I mean, I guess you could put it to a humanitarian use and start a hospital or something, but who wants to do something like that? I mean, c'mon...

Also comes with a sexy, sexy modulated voice.

## Equipment

Who wants to buy some deathsticks? ~~Who wants to go home and kill themselves?~~ All options can be taken multiple times.

### *Sick Mask [100CP, Free and Mandatory Hobo]*

You've got this mask, right? It's the be all, end all. Best mask on the planet. It's got a modulator in it, too, makes your voice sound spooky as fuck! You live in this mask, you eat in it, you breath it in. In fact, you NEVER TAKE IT OFF. Sadly for you, all of that is just a delusion. The mask is completely stupid looking, and the modulator is broken, and your voice is staticy as shit.

### *Emergency Gum [100CP, Free Jedi]*

This stick of gum is not always conveniently in the glove box of any ride you get in, but also happens to totally defeat any breathalyzer you may use after chewing it, even if you're absolutely, utterly drunk.

### *Sweet Ride [100CP, Free Dominator]*

This spacecraft has been your *life* for years now. Great mileage, atmospheric entry, twice as fast as you'd expect, shiny chrome finish and it's got a *sick* stereo. For an extra 100CP, we'll even let you import a craft you already own, and give it the attributes described.

### *Stock Option [100CP, Free Accountant]*

Guess it really was a good idea to sign up for corporate after all, huh? What you've got here is a tidy little percentage of the company you work at, guaranteed for you and measuring up at about 3%. What's more, if you find yourself working anywhere at the start of later jumps, you'll find that option waiting there for you as well.

### *Way Too Many Cereal Boxes [200CP, Discount Hobo]*

You know those boxes of food that used to come with... you know, prizes in them? I'm not too terribly sure how you came across all of these, but you have an unlimited supply of them, and the prizes are a bit better than you expected! Cracker Jacks with crayons instead of those puzzles, Kinder eggs with durable little toys made of metal, as many copies of Chex Quest as you can carry! But seriously, where did you *find* these?

For an extra non-discounted 100CP, the boxes sometimes contain 'useful' items, but try not to swallow the gold with the rest of the cereal, or break your teeth on that bullet in your Cracker Jacks.

### *Ravesaber [200CP, Discount Jedi]*

A Jedi's primary tool. The ravesaber is... well, let's be honest, it's basically a fancy glowstick. However! The Jedi have made an art of twirling these oversized glow in the dark dildos, smashing them against each other and their opponents in order to improve their dance skills.

### *Stereo Kit [200CP, Discount Dominator]*

I'm willing to bet your car has a good stereo. But does it have *this* stereo? I think not. This damn thing weighs a ton, and is probably way too overkill to put in your ride, but dammit, we're doing it anyway. It's enough to blow your eardrums out, with a subwoofer that'll rock your *soul*, just don't turn it up to maxwaitStannisno-

**WUBWUBWUB**

### *Company Tie Fighter [200CP, Discount Accountant]*

Oh, this little thing? Nah. Just a little something provided to you by the company. Incredible gas mileage, long range, and- even better – in the glove box are two credit cards, both with unlimited funds for both gas and insurance, respectively. Just don't get pulled over by the cops, alright?

## Companions

### *Companion Import [Free]*

You honestly think we'd charge you extra for bringing along your mates? Get real, *bros before hoes*, remember? Each any every one of your companions you wish to bring along with you as an import get a single background free, and the 100 and 200CP perks free of charge. Additionally, if you wish, you can sacrifice CP from your own pool of points to provide that same amount to each and every one of your companions.

### *Party Boys [200CP]*

Well, man, I suppose if there's anyone here you took a real shine to, they can crash at our place for the night, man. Gonna have to charge you a tiny bit for the extra seat though. If you really want to, you can even bring **CREEPIO** with you.

**CREEPIO**

**CREEPIO**

**CREEPIO**

**CREEPIO**

**CREEPIO**

**CREEPIO**

**BRING CREEPIO WITH YOU  
AND FUFILL THE PROPHECY**



## Drawbacks (Maximum +600)

### *You Told Me There's a Bar Here [+100]*

You've got this one friend, right? And he's always been in charge of the map and where to go. Unfortunately, he has the *worst sense of direction and memory in the galaxy*. You'll always find yourself led to the wrong place, with or without his input. Seriously, who thinks that there's a bar in the middle of the desert?

### *I've Quadrupled My Flip Power! [+100]*

No, you haven't. When it comes to competition, you get really cocky about your skills, and your attempts to show off more often than not lead to your seriously injuring yourself. Last guy I saw try this ended up cutting all but one of his limbs off and catching *on fire*. Ouch.

### *0 Days Without An Accident [+100]*

FUCKING. JEDI. They keep showing up and wrecking *everything* you own. You could move across the galaxy and still open your door one day to good old Obi-wan Ben Larry Kenobi diving in with thirty drunk clubbers and a bottle of whiskey in each hand. Worse, if you're a Jedi yourself, expect them to find their way into your Warehouse more than a few times.

### *I've Heard Legends of a Taco... Made Entirely Out of Doritos [+100]*

More often than not, you find yourself subject to being the errand boy for your friend's deranged schemes, more often than not food related, and fueled by a certain narcotic substance. Even if they get them off it, you'll still find yourself scouring the galaxy for hard to find things for them.

### *Friendzoned [+200]*

Maybe it's someone you've known for a long time, maybe it's someone you just met recently, maybe it's your longtime girlfriend, but whoever it is, they've friendzoned you. Hard.

### *There's Just... No Way to Spin This [+200]*

Terrible things happen. A lot. Usually it's the fault of the Jedi, but does anyone believe you when they say that super space limousine just *fell* out of the sky and *happened* to land by you and kill thirty people? Noooo...

### *Rehab [+200]*

Maybe agreeing to come here was a mistake... You're trying to remove your dependency on narcotic substances, and it was a *bad* addiction. Expect headaches, crankiness and the occasional vivid hallucination. Be careful of a relapse, because if you can't shake it before your ten years are up, it's game over.

### *St. Jabba's Hospital for the Survivors of the Singularity Engine [+300]*

Who the hell put you in charge of a hospital? After that... *monster* created by that asshole Jedi run amok and turned hundreds of the good inhabitants of Tatooine into cyborg monstrosities, they gave them a massive space freighter and assigned a staff of therapists and doctors to help these bewildered people adjust to their new lives as cyborgs. Somehow, you've been placed in charge. You're going to have to run this place for the duration of your stay here, and if you get shut down, or too many of your patients die, that's it.

### ***FLEEEEEESSSH [+300]***

Oh god, oh god ohgodohgodohgodohgod- he's coming. HE'S COMING. He wants you, and he wants your flesh, so you can understand the pain, and share it with others as he does! He may seem like a small, unassuming robot, but this sick motherfucker, built by a kid before he became a Jedi, is responsible for countless murders and disasters, as well as the construction of the horrific Singularity Engine on Naboo.

Within your time here, he's going to take control of the world's largest laser tag arena and entertainment center, Laser Moon, and come after you, overloading it's laser light show systems and focusing it with enough power to destroy a *planet*. I hope you can run where no one can find you. **BUT DON'T WORRY, HE WILL**

## Notes

- You don't actually gain psychic power from *'I'm Tripping Balls Right Now!'*, you're actually just THAT high.