

BADWRONG CHARACTER CONCEPTS.

[Note: May Also Be Awesome]

Belphanior:

This wasn't proposed in earnest, but I thought I'd share anyway.

A D&D druid who uses the Awaken spell on roosters. (Meaning, he'd give them human-level intelligence.) He'd afterwards train them in various PC level classes and use them as hirelings.

So what does this mean? It means he'd be able to say the following in complete earnestness:

"I send in my raging cock at the orcs."

"My sorcerous cock shoots lightning."

"My cock does a spirited charge and smites the succubus."

"The holy cock applies a healing ointment."

"I cast animal growth, making my armor plated cock grow huge."

And.

So.

On.

(Not to mention the impressive powers of his psychic cock, I bet.)

Soylent:

Submitted to me by a prospective player in a Champions game I was going to run (but never got off the ground):

The Superlative (Invincible, Indestructible, etc.) Hammer-Wheel.

The Invincible Hammer-Wheel's power is that he has hammers for hands and wheels for feet. Or it could have been wheels for hands and hammers for feet. The player himself wasn't sure, but my mental picture of the character is a man with monster-truck wheels plugged into where his arms should be, who drives up to villains and kicks them with his sledgehammer feet.

Here's basically how the conversation went:

Player: I hear you're running a superhero game. Can I play?

Me: Sure. Do you have a character concept in mind?

Player: The Invincible Hammer-Wheel!

Me: Uh... (keep in mind this was to be a "serious" supers game)

Player: He has hammers for hands and wheels for feet! Or, wheels for hands and hammers for feet. I haven't decided.

Me: And how did he come by these "powers?"

Player: He was born that way.

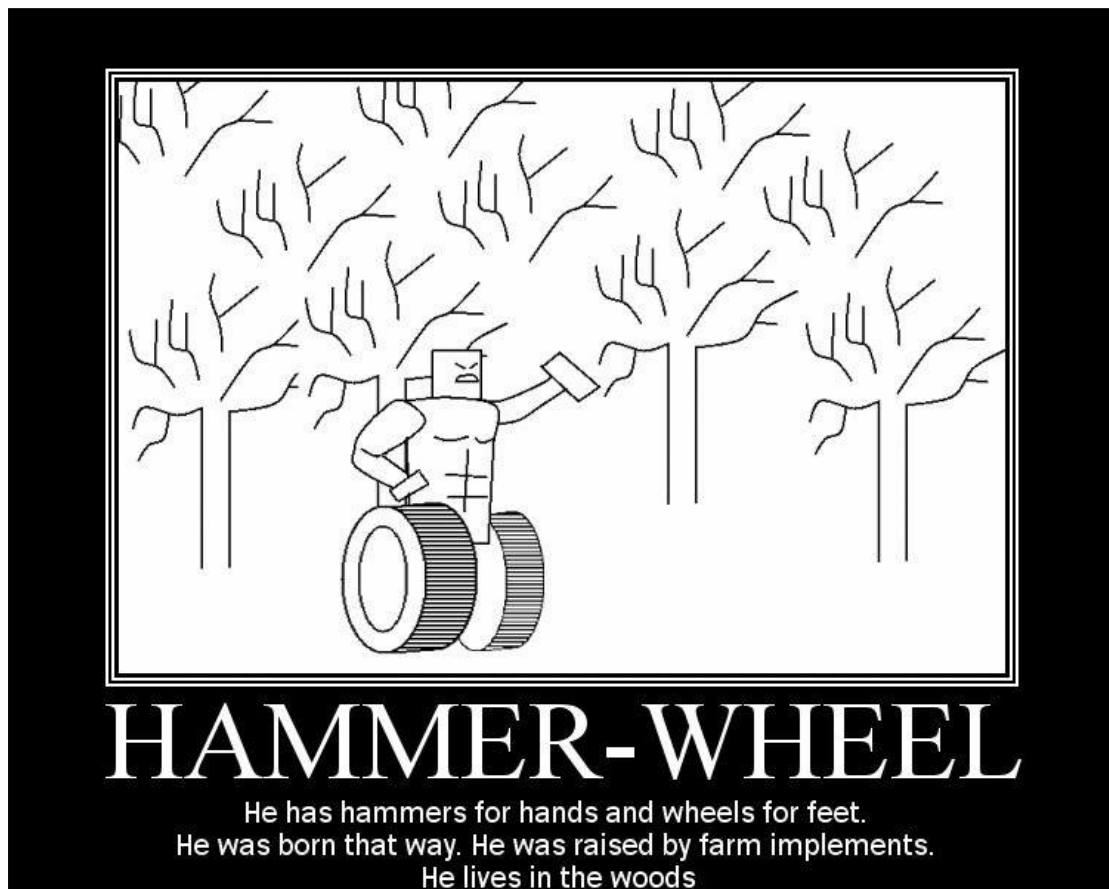
Me: Must have been rough on his folks...

Player: He was raised by farm implements.

Me: And his motivation for doing good?

Player: He lives in the woods.

So whenever people bring up their "worst concept" horror-stories, all I have to say is, totally deadpan and monotone, "The Invincible Hammer-Wheel. He has hammers for hands and wheels for feet. He was born that way. He was raised by farm implements. He lives in the woods."



DuctShuiTengu:

Not necessarily worst concepts ever, but...

a 3.5e D&D gestalt game that almost happened. After being introduced to the basic premise by the DM, the other 2 players and I got to talking and - based on what we thought we'd understood from the DM (who'd had to leave to take care of other stuff), decided that since this sounded like a less serious game, we'd make... slightly sillier, but still workable characters, and that we were going to turn the convention of Charisma as a dump-stat on its ear.

The characters that resulted (names may have been changed due to shoddy memory):

Fabio, Neutral Evil bishounen half-elf Bard/Warmage. Face, buffer, and boom-stick. Too beautiful for words, with a tendency to pose so-as to be dramatically backlit by exploding fireballs. Women wanted him, men wanted to be him... or sometimes the other way around. Self-centered bastard who acted the role of the perfect hero because having everyone fawning over you was less risky to maintain than trying to keep an iron-fisted grasp on your empire of evil; besides, he could usually talk his way into anything he wanted without anyone caring that he had no real right to ask for it.

Atlas, Chaotic Good Human Fighter/Favored Soul of Kord. Combination tank and cleric-substitute for the party. Bodybuilder with more (well-oiled) muscle than should have been possible. Fear the rock-hard abs (or any other muscle group) of righteousness! 🍷

Forrest, [alignment forgotten] Wood Elf Ranger/Sorcerer. Archer with magics specializing in battlefield control, and int as a dump stat. Had a Raven familiar smarter than he was, who complained constantly about being saddled with the village-idiot of arcane casters.

We met back up the following week and discovered that the DM had wanted a much more serious game than we'd geared up for. After he complained that we were playing the game wrong, he decided to take his ball and go home.

Celebrityomnipath:

The game: Paranoia

The player: Me

The character: A droid, a psycho sexual-deviant R2 unit droid called UB-MY-B33ATCH.

Purpose: The diagnoses, repair and assignment of blame for mechanical and electrical systems within Alpha Complex[™], that being perfect, could only have broken down due to treason of some kind.

Appearance: A grimy and somehow sleazy looking R2 Unit, usually seen wearing stockings and suspenders and wielding a chainsaw or a large rubber dick.

Skills:

Repair sabotaged equipment in a surprisingly efficient way.

Repair people in an inefficient and very painful manner (remember failing to respond to treatment is treason).

Set traps for other repair teams and troubleshooters.

Attack with tools.

Wield a chainsaw in an unsafe manner (remember obstructing a chainsaw with your flesh is treason).

Use guns on people and things.

Use periscope to swim.

Survive in the harsh vacuum of space and R&D Labs.

Bleep a lot.

Get out of the way of bad things coming at you fast.

Look innocent and innocuous.

Make rousing speeches by bleeping.

Equipment (built in):

Numerous little robot arms.

Numerous little hatches for numerous little robot arms (otherwise they couldn't get out and would be trapped, silly).

Tools for every purpose ever.

Huge chainsaw (lovingly cared for, kept oiled and rusty).

Circular saw (for sawing little circles in things).

Secret compartment.

Screwdriver set.

Machine for printing off mission reports and those treason-accusment forms that everyone loves so much, with enough paper for 14,000 forms (or one mission).

Accuse-O-Meter, a pointing finger on an arm that comes out of the top of the robot to scientifically point out traitors while the robot spins wildly and stops at random. The hand has a camera under it to see what it is pointing at (Graham Norton style).

Crime-O-Meter, a little glowy-red-dot-matrix type screen that flips randomly through a list of crimes. Designed to be used in conjunction with the Accuse-O-meter (for all your scientifically-based-and-founded-in-evidence wild accusation needs).

Grapple line (can support ten men on its razor-sharp length).

Big robot claw (as required by law).

Some thick treason-proof armour.

Welding arm.

Bleeping unit.

Speech synthesiser (as everyone knows R2 Units can't speak, hearing one speak is probably treasonous in some way).

Up-your-bum-o-scope, for use in the checking of personal hygiene and searching for contraband.

Holographic alien princess projector, see next item.

Emergency escape midget, a last ditch emergency escape mechanism whereby the top of the R2 Unit opens and a midget is released. Originally a live midget clutching the unit's CPU in its teeth would be released (from its porn-lined cage) to make a run for it! Unfortunately as midgets are obviously mutants they would be shot on site by troubleshooters as they emerged. The troubleshooters would then be shot for destroying computer property. Eventually it was decided to use a holographic midget, instead of protecting the CPU, it would draw the fire of any droid-hating scum (and also all right-thinking mutant-haters) thereby allowing the droid to close its top back up and run away.

Machine for playing rousing music at time of crisis where inspiration is called for and a hero must step forward to be shot in the back (only play music approved by the Computer and the highest level programmers of course).

Large rubber dick on pneumatic arm.

Radio set.

Surge protector.

2D6 Rat traps.

Secret compartment.

Particle cannon, fires 1D6 particles each of which do 1/1000 of a hit point of damage (not bursting into flames when hit by particle weapon is treason, making disparaging remarks about by particle weapon is treason, knowing what a by particle weapon is, is probably treason).

Boxing glove on boinging arm (also set as booby-trap).

Electric shock arm.

Razor-sharp disk launcher.

Ashtray, cigarette lighter (smoking is treason, knowing what smoking means is treason).

Shoulder mounts for attaching serious guns to, if the need should arise.

Blowtorch (think Robot Wars).

Power source consisting of batteries and some isotopes that are only hazardous to organic beings (by the way suggesting that batteries run on distilled water is treasonous).

Paint sprayer, with many mislabelled canisters of paint, some of which spray paint that can change colour at random or in the presence of certain triggers (light, heat, authority etc.).

Anti-Treason Chip[™] (with the same great level of efficient effectiveness that you have come to expect from R&D).

Cough lozenges (for when characters start to cough the word “bollocks” ever time they are told anything, continuing to cough the word “bollocks” is, of course, treason).

Secret compartment.

Little interface arm.

Reaming machine (there is such a thing).

Nailgun.

Large menacing spanner.

One of those anti-treason camera links that players hate so much.

Radio jammer guaranteed by R&D not to interfere with anti-treason camera in any way (loss of anti-treason camera’s signal when jamming Commi-Mutant-Trator’s signals indicates that they must have a jammer and are responding in kind. They must be close).

Attachment for getting stones out of long extinct and probably treasonous animals (the stones were put there by Commi-Mutant-Traitors don’t you know).

Secret compartment.

Flash light.

Night vision (not looking where you are going in the dark is treasonous, although night vision in humans is a sure sign of mutant powers).

A can of oil.

A can of acid.

Spell-Checker (bad grammar is treason).

Magnetic legs for driving up walls.

Staple-gun.

Warning siren.

Flashing lights.

Radiation shielding.

Little sticker that says: “Inspected for Safety” and then a date.



Understandor:

I don't know if this counts but I suppose I'll post this one on behalf of my GM who hates my character.

Star Wars.

Jawa scoundrel techie. Jawa can only speak one language anyone else can understand and no one outside of Tatooine has it.

So he has a protocol droid head chained to his belt that translates for him....
And occasionally begs for help.

"The master says that the repairs will take two days, no less... Please help me."

"The master says that the price is too low for his services... I'm so very cold."

"The master says that it is possible to get these much cheaper, if you know where to look... I... I don't want to go in the box again."

He hates it.

All the other players love it.

Celebrityomnipath:

So, one of mine, a deliberately bad/awesome one.

Damn it, not sure if I've mentioned this somewhere upthread. Remember that superpowered pornstar I mentioned? I know I've mentioned him.

Well, when you have a character as awesome and abusive as that then you want to create an even more horrible one to show to the GM first, to lower his defences and slip the one you really want past him. This is an old strategy. It's just that this particular use of this strategy was a right beauty!

The decoy character in question was called "Doctor A: The World's Most Powerful Abortinist!"

His powers consisted of an Atom Man type belt that let him shrink down, but also let him travel in time and teleport, and the melee skill, and medical knowledge, and the research skill. His response to a major supervillain crisis where a badguy goes on a massive rampage would be to say "Do you know where they are from? Do you have their birthdate? Do you have any other information about them?" then, as debris rained down and innocent people were being splattered left right and centre, he would head down to the local library and calmly sit there reading and figure out when and where he needed to jump back too in order to murder the badguy in the womb!

This was in Silver Age Sentinels, a game that actively discourages killing people and encourages the genre conventions of carting the badguys off to prison/looney bin every week. And where heroism and 4 colour conventions matter more than digging,

and I had created a character who fought crime by engaging foetuses in one-on-one combat...

Also, yes he was a ripoff of Commercial Suicide, but their Doctor A: The World's Most Powerful Abortionist couldn't timetravel could he?

David J Prokopetz: Not to worry - the Complete Book of Humanoids also introduced mongrelfolk as a playable race. If you're not familiar with the term, mongrelfolk in Dungeons & Dragons are the result of taking half-a-dozen races that should probably suffer from mutual **anatomic** incompatibility, to say nothing of romantic incompatibility, tossing them in a metaphorical blender, and seeing what emerges.

Azimer the Mad: I loved Mongrelman Bards. They could only create a negative reaction. Always wanted to play one.

Hurtfulpotato: "Here's a little ditty I wrote called 'Go fuck yourself, smoothskin.' You cretins with your goddamn symmetrical body parts might enjoy it."

Front Toward Anybody:

I made a character who was supposed to be a "guest" when I was popping in for a single session, and ended up killing the campaign. It was a Buffy/Angel game, so I figured I'd make a quirky robot.

He was a robot programmed to work in assisted living for the elderly who was fuelled by cerebro-spinal fluid. The session kind of ran off the rails when in the course of investigated something or other and had to fight some ghouls, I fuelled up in a conspicuous manner after killing them with my flamethrower attachment. I don't recall what all shit happened, but the cops ended up at the PCs base of operations, and somehow I managed to successfully con them into thinking it was the set of an indie film and "I am human actor Tom Selleck in a robot costume."

Yeah.

Mark Hall: Do I want to know why an assisted living robot had a flamethrower attachment?

Front Toward Anybody: One of his directives was "Preserve the dignity of the aged."

He knew when it was time to simultaneously euthanize and cremate old people.

In my defense I am a moderately horrible person, and was encouraged by my friend Hurtfulpotato who is an entirely horrible person, and the effect was synergistic.

HorizonBlue:

I put forward the idea of a awakened Gelatinous Cube with a massive afro wig, a deep voice, and sharpy marker "You say what, sucka?" face. The rest of the party started wanting to make more cube variants.

The GM wasn't pleased.

Brantai: I was going to run a d20 Cthulhu one-shot for Halloween. The game, by-the-by, was set in modern-day New England. The characters:

Danger Ninja - Not his real name. A blind ninja married to an ex-KGB agent. He could still fight because of his "Ninja Sense" (blind-fighting feat). He had a ton of kids. He was really good friends with...

Grizzled Ex-Marine - Also, not his real name. Grizzled Ex-Marine was a retired Marine, also blind for one reason or another. He could still fight, however, because of his "Combat Sense" (blind-fight, once again). He also had a ton of kids. They met in a chatroom for blind people.

I tried to explain that we were playing Cthulhu, to no avail. I've still never run a Cthulhu game to this day.

Wyldcard64: OK, I find these people strangely awesome and feel like using them as NPCs someday.

Celebrityomnipath: They are great. They just speak of being specially designed for one particular background to a ludicrous extent so that it is awesome.

It's liek, I don't know, if someone made a houserule for Cyberpunk that if someone has an epileptic fit while using a gun that it would double the rate of fire because "they pull the trigger a bunch of times when they are fitting" and next week in that game everyone turns up to the table with epileptics who all have chips that control their epilepsy that are linked to their smartlinks so that they have fits when they pull the trigger... Well that's the best analogy I can come up with, but it's obviously worse than that because this isn't some stupid houserule or homemade background, this is diggling to survive inside the head of H P Lovecraft!

It's just a level of stupid optimisation to specific gameworld things.
