

Big Mutherfuckin' Crab Truckers

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OK, Here's The Fuckin' Deal

Big Mutherfuckin' Crab Truckers is a **role-playing game** about Big Mutherfuckin' Crabs. Or Crab-People. Some shit like that. Anyway, they're real fuckin' big. We're talking as big as a big mutherfuckin' trucker, maybe 300 lb, but square, with beady fuckin' eyes, 8 legs and a pair of pincers as heavy as a bag of fuckin' plutonium clawhammers. Yeah, that fuckin' big.

And they truck. Yeah, they drive shit across the desert to please their **Mutherfuckin' Crab Goddess**. And they truck in heavy, chromed trucks with lots of fuckin' wheels, rasping engines and big ol' cabs. The sorts of cabs that could fit 300 lb square, heavy set, big mutherfuckin' crabs in it. And they are the shit.

So, why do they do it? It's in their fuckin' nature. When you're a big fuckin' crab, drivin' a truck all day you get a lot of time to turn things over in your mind. And listen to religious radio too. And it gets you thinkin' about where you fit in on the great wheel of life. And then you get religion. And to a big mutherfuckin' crab, religion don't get much higher than the Mutherfuckin' Crab Goddess who resides on that wonderously beautiful and most sacred place: Crab Mountain. And what she says, goes. Word.

And if that's 3000 wedding dresses to a city you ain't never heard of by tomorrow night? Then that's what it fuckin' is. And you will truck it there, and you will like it, and you will pull an all-day and all-night ride to fuckin' do it. You will fight off the rabid fuckin' cut-throats, thieves, cops and all-other-manner-of-dipshit crazies that line the road. Because those wedding dresses, or whatever the fuck it is that the Crab Goddess said had to get there, got to get there. It's their destiny. And you're a big mutherfuckin' destiny maker, wrapped up in the body of a 300 lb mutherfuckin' crab.

And, Safety Off, Here's The Fuckin' System

Big Mutherfuckin' Crab Truckers uses fuckin' d8s. There's one fuckin' simple reason for this: Myles wants it that way. He says that the Mutherfuckin' Crab Goddess told him it had to be a d8. And you don't fuck with something that the Mutherfuckin' Crab Goddess tells you, y'know? And Myles fuckin' ain't fuckin'.

So, get some fuckin' d8s, you're gonna fuckin' need them.

There are a whole bunch of roles that the truckers need to do to get their shit done. So everyone playing **Big Mutherfuckin' Crab Truckers** gets to pick one of these things. And they fuckin' do it. Then y'all work together to truck the shit despite all the trouble that comes your way. That's the way it's always been for as long as the **Big Mutherfuckin' Crab Truckers** can remember.

"Oh, Mutherfuckin' Crab Goddess.

We're here on sacred Crab

Mountain for you to tell us your will. What we truckin' today?"



Driver. You are the fuckin' driver. You take pride in your drivin' and can pull most any crazy shit with your truck. Your job is to keep the wheels moving and get the truck to its destination.

Drive! and three other fuckin' traits.

Fighter. You are one mean angry Crab Mutherfucker for sure. You have a surly demeanor and a shell full of weapons. Your job is to protect the other truckers and lay the fuckin' shit down. Respect.

Fight! and three other fuckin' traits.

Lifter. You are responsible for liftin' the shit and pickin' it up when it falls out the truck. You have strength that is obscene even for a big crab and you can flip the truck over at a push.

Lift! and three other fuckin' traits.

Something Else. Make some shit up for your crab, or crab-man.

Four fuckin' traits.

So how do you contest shit in **Big Mutherfuckin' Crab Truckers**? Good fuckin' question, junior. Here's fuckin' how.

Contests

When you are describing what your fuckin' Crab is doing and someone says 'No fuckin' way!' then you both roll the dice to see who is fuckin' right. Highest wins. The default roll is 2d8, added together, to give a score between 2 (terrible) and 16 (great).

Traits and Bonus Dice

These are things like Drive!, Fight!, Strong!, Sneaky!, Smart!, Quick!, etc. If you have a relevant trait then roll an extra 'bonus' die for it. Then pick the *highest* two dice to add together.

Complications and Penalty Dice

When there are things to complicate matters they first of all cancel out any bonus dice on a one-for-one basis. So, if there was a lot of smoke making visibility poor it would first of all cancel out a bonus die on a roll to drive the truck. And if the road was slick with oil then that would cancel out another fuckin' bonus die. If there are no more bonus dice to cancel then the complication gives a 'Penalty' die. Roll one more d8 and pick the *lowest* two.

What The GM Rolls

The GM just rolls 2 fuckin' dice every time. That's the rules. So if the GM says 'No fuckin' way' to something they roll 2d8. No bonuses or penalties apply to the GM's dice. That's fuckin' it.

"Oh, Mutherfuckin' Crab Goddess.

We gone and fuckin' done it!"
