



UCO GAPLOPSHEGANK

A down-on-his-luck alien, Uco took on a job as an intergalactic valet driver. On the first day of his job, he was tasked with parking the Metacosmic on a distant planet. Unaware of how to operate the ship's defenses, he was quickly shot down by the bounty hunter Talon. He must now scramble to rectify his situation to try and keep his new job.

Race start:

“Ugh, why in Gorb’s name did I take this job...”

“You damn dirty apes, get your stinking paws off my spaceship!”

“Well Uco, you got your blorgle into this mess, looks like you gotta get yourself out!”

First place in points:

“Ha, haa! This is why Bopernopps are the superior species!”

“I’ll be off this rock before you primitives can count to Hork!”

“Uco, you keep going like this and you’ll be able to afford that Gloppernorp in no time!”

Loses first place in points:

“Uh oh... they’ll kill me back on Mogg if I have to phone home about this...”

“Okay, Uco, looks like you gotta start Phase 1 of Plan B... make Plan A work!”

“Step it up Uco! You’ll have to move to Alpha Centauri if you can’t pay rent before the end of this Torbin!”

Entering Nexus:

“Oh Gorb, this place is a mess... but at least there’s less fire now...”

“Gordangit, Dorble Transports is gonna fine me out the blorgle for this mess..”

“Yes! I made it to the command... oh Gorb that’s so fargled.”

Boosting:

“Warp Drive Engaged!”

“I’m running at 13 parsecs a second!”

Winning race:

“Uco you son of a Norp, you did it after all! Maybe Dorble Transports will give me a promotion for this... I mean probably not, but a Boppennopp can dream can’t he?”

Losing race:

“Oh man I’m so fargled. Dorbo is gonna have my head for this... or at least my eyeball... oh Gorb...”



TALON

Being a greedy and eccentric bounty hunter, Talon has a thing for rare gems and other expensive things. After finding a lead on a rare space crystal, she found that it was being used to power a massive space ship, the Metacosmic. After the ship was briefly entrusted to Uco, she quickly shot it down, and must now gather as many fragments as possible to collect her bounty.

Race start:

“And I thought shooting down the ship was the hard part!”

“Looks like this is turning into a good old fashioned treasure hunt... my favorite!”

“Oooo this is becoming more of a challenge then I thought it'd be... perfect!”

First place in points:

“Wahaha! All the world's gems are mine to keep!”

“Hehe, you suckers don't stand a chance. Don't you know I'm the best hunter there's ever been!”

Loses first place in points:

“Why can't I hold all these crystals...”

“Hey drop those jewel, that's my hard earned loot!”

“Gah, I'm getting too distracted by all the shinies,.. gotta focus!”

Entering Nexus:

“Ahhh, I love the smell of burnt flight controls in the morning...”

“Hehe, I suppose this is my handiwork... ya know, it looks better this way!”

Boosting:

“Gotta go fast!”

“Yeehhawwww”

“Buhbyyyee babbies!”

Winning race:

“This may just be the biggest haul I’ve ever pulled! I’m gonna be rich enough to buy my own private island! No... my own private PLANET!”

“Woooooowooo yeah! I’m making out like a queen on this one! I won’t have to pull another job for years! Unless I get bored of course...”

Losing race:

“Ugh all that, and I’m gonna end up with nothing... what a waste of my time and rockets!”

“I’m done with this spaceship jacking business. Too much work. Maybe I’ll blow up a bank next time, at least banks don’t crash...”



CUSTARD CREME

A no-nonsense CIA agent, Custard Cream was the lead on covering up Area 51, and was subsequently permanently stationed in New Mexico. After the Metacosmic crashes, Custard is the first responder on the scene, tasked with evaluating the situation and determining the government's next course of action.

Race start:

“Roswell, We have a big problem. This won’t be as simple as the last one.”

“Agent Creme, onsite. I’ll handle this mess with the standard protocol. Secure. Contain. Protect.”

“Send a report to HQ. There’s witnesses and a Code Green. We’re gonna need 2 neuralyzers and a sonic harness...”

First place in points:

“Anomalous objects in my possession. Tell HQ we are gonna need a big containment room for all of these.”

“Creme to Roswell, prepare the Tunguska protocol. There’s a lot of power in these UO’s and we need to keep them under control.”

Loses first place in points:

“Headquarters is counting on me... I’ve got to get this situation under control!”

“Hey! This is a quarantined zone! Drop those unidentifiable objects!”

“Those crystals have dangerous energy levels. Unless we contain them, the country is in jeopardy!”

Entering Nexus:

“Roswell come in. I’m looking at some of the most advanced tech I’ve ever seen. Once the perimeter is secured we need to send in the lab rats to study this.”

“This is Agent Creme. Escalate the operation to Level 5. There’s salvageable tech here that we can repurpose.”

Boosting:

“I’m hitting the Red button!”

“Gggrrrrraahhhh!”

“Nothing gets in my way!”

Winning race:

“Custard Creme, reporting a successful operation. I am in control of the ship and the perimeter is secure. Roswell, lower threat level to Orange, and start phase 2 of the containment protocol. This ship is property of the US government now...”

“Agent Creme here, I have reached the command station and am in control of the ship. Send in the techs and cleanup crew. *radioclick* *exhale* Looks like another job well done Custard...”

Losing race:

“This is Agent Creme. I’ve failed this mission. Elevate Voluspa Level to Red... we’re all in big trouble now...”

“Agent Creme here. I could not secure the package. The mission is FUBAR. Reccommend activating Protocol 7 and starting global damage control.”



THALIA BALLESTEROS

Stuck in Generic, New Mexico, Thalia hasn't had a good lead in years. Lazily sipping on coffee in Merfsoe's diner, her solemn day is interrupted by the Metacosmic crashing from the sky. Determined to get a story before any of the truth can be obscured, she races to the scene.

Race start:

“This is Thalia Ballesteros, reporting live from Generic, New Mexico, and boy-o-boy do I have an out of this world scoop for you!”

“Thalia Ballesteros here, bringing you breaking news! Space ships and aliens in New Mexico! More updates coming your way!”

First place in points:

“As you can see by the point lead, we’ve a hurricane rolling in from the south... Me! Ha ha!”

“And Thalia takes the lead! Only the best news reporters could bring you this kind of coverage!”

“The government can never hide a story this big from the world, at least not with Thalia, ace reporter on the job!”

Loses first place in points:

“Hmm... without evidence people won’t believe me... I’ve gotta grab more crystals! My credibility is on the line!”

“Freaking fracking crud nuggets, I’m falling behind! Wait, don’t record that! Oh, but I’ve got the camera. Crap.”

Entering Nexus:

“This just in: Thalia Ballesteros here, and I am INSIDE the alien spaceship! You couldn’t make up news like this!”

“Breaking News! Aliens exist, spaceships are real, and after this footage gets out, I am gonna be famous!”

Boosting:

“Woohohoooo!”

“Thalia Ballestros, blasting off!”

“This reporter is rollin’!”

Winning race:

“And that’s today’s report! Alien spaceships, government cover-ups, and a fantastic breakthrough for this reporter! I’m Thalia Ballesteros, and that’s the way the spaceship rumbles. Back to you Tom!”

Losing race:

“Well, I may not have won the race, but I got a terrific story here... and I never hit the record button... Thalia you numbskull...”

“What a fantastic scoop! The people are gonna love this... wait... what happened to the recording!? Did the crystals disrupt the video? No! My big break! What happened!?”