FLESH MOUNTAIN

A thematic lens for The Mountain
A game by Joshua J. Jumbles

You're a Dark Scientist trying to banish an otherworldly horror you mistakenly created.
Whoops!
Definitely fighting for your own life. Probably everyone for 100 miles. Maybe the planet.
Yeesh!

As you conclude your dark experiment on the pallid corpse, a violent 'wrongness' floods your senses. You scramble backwards in a frenzy, and in the next moments your entire laboratory explodes into chaos. The spasming corpse gouts viscera like a burst dam, gigantic pulsing organs roiling forth amidst a storm of whipping spinal columns. The cacophony of snapping bones and slopping meat drowns out your mad backpedalling screams until the wall knocks away your breath. With barely 8 feet between you and it, the tidal wave of growth finally crashes, the behemoth mass halting with a spasmodic shudder.

Gripping onto your last shred of sanity, you dispel the animal fear that flooded you moments before. After a minute crawls by silently, it seems the mountain of flesh may be as benign as a pile of giblets. You straighten, eyeing the steaming pile of bone and intestine warily, and begin chuckling at your own panicked surprise. At least, until a set of eyes locks with yours. A gelatinous torso of a man, scythelike ribs protruding from his chest, rises floppily and points his dripping finger bone right at you. No longer chuckling, you observe many such forms rallying amidst the gut froth, burbling murderous intent from their misshapen, translucent throats. This is no laughing matter indeed.

Like a frog spitting its tongue out, a corpse jelly is launched towards you, colliding with the wall in a bone crunching splatter. As it is retracts just as quickly, you stare numbly at your left wrist, now missing a hand. Your bloody rage creates a boiling focus, just what you need for Dark Science. With insane clarity your realize the explosive growth of the mountain created extraneous piles of viscera. Rib bones and shreds of brain matter, slimy tubes and fatty globes, are splattered into the corners of the room, unmotivated and unmoving. You dive into a pile of these giblets as another corpse 'tongue' coils back. Springing up with a mouthful of shredded heartmeat, you hurl a fistful of teeth and skull scraps at the ground. The jellied corpse launches forward, and a massive bear trap of bone is sprung, crushing the threat to oblivion. Your left hand has only partially regenerated, but you spare no time digging with both hands and pulling out more 'ammo'. Now you are charging the monster, gray matter becoming white lightning, bursting intestines becoming wide sprays of acid. As more coiled threats rise from newly exposed depths, you are only certain of one thing.

IT IS SO FUCKING ON!!!!
