

Violence

THE roleplaying game of egregious and repulsive BLOODSHED

**Not Recommended
For Readers or
Players Under
the Age of 18**

**Actually, We're
Not Sure It's
Recommended
For Anyone**



BY

Designer X

sex
and
drugs
and

lock
and
load



In **VIOLENCE™**, award-winning designer (Designer X) has combined the style of classic dungeon-bashing RPGs with modern-day fire-power and a gritty urban setting to produce the ultimate bleeding-edge game of non-stop mayhem and gore. **VIOLENCE™** leads you to the charred heart of contemporary culture and shows you the true horror that lies within. Something like that. Or alternatively you can just kill things and steal their treasure, like gamers usually do.

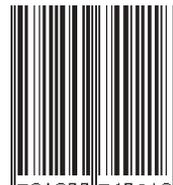
Let's not mess around. This is not a nice game. It's bloody. It's brutal. It's dark and evil, with a twisted sense of humour. It uses rude words. "Excessive" is not enough to describe **VIOLENCE™**. "Bad taste" doesn't even get close. This is role-playing's answer to the snuff movie. It is not for sensitive people. If you feel you might ever fly into a psychotic rage and kill all your co-workers with an AK-47, then put it down and walk away. Please. We don't need that kind of publicity.

VIOLENCE™ comes with 10 free **VIOLENCE™** Experience Point Certificates, kick-ass art by Clint Langley, and the darkest sense of humour of any RPG since **Paranoia™**. It does not include dice, pencils, character sheets or anything even vaguely resembling morality or good taste. Consider yourself warned.

~~VIOLENCE~~
OFFICIAL
experience
point
certificate

**NEW
STYLE**

VIOLENCE™: the RPG of egregious and repulsive bloodshed by (Designer X) was part of Hogshead Publishing's award-nominated 'NEW STYLE' range of mind-bending RPGs. Other titles included two-in-one game *Puppetland/Power Kill* by John Tynes, *Pantheon* by Robin D. Laws, and *The Extraordinary Adventures of Baron Munchausen* by James Wallis. Print edition originally released in 1999. 9



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Violence

THE ROLEPLAYING game of egregious and repulsive BLOODSHED

Game Credits

Design: Designer X

Editing: James Wallis

Art: Clint Langley

Playtesting: Surely you jest

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YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED!



Welcome to Violence™ You Degraded Turd

After many years of laboring in the vineyards of game design, holding aloft the Platonic ideal of what the *Ars Ludorum* can achieve, and working for the time when game design shall achieve its place among the pantheon of Muses—that fabled 21st-century day when games shall be universally acknowledged as the premier form of the age, as the 20th century acknowledged film and the 19th century the novel—I have come to an unutterably grim and depressing realization.

You puerile adolescent- and post-adolescent scum don't give a tinker's cuss. Berg was right, when he told me, lo these many years ago, that there's no point in trying to write a good set of rules because you idiots can't tell the difference between a good set and a bad set anyway. Actually, one is better off writing a bad set of rules, because it will take you lot longer to figure out that the game itself is an unutterable gobbler.

Dunnigan had the industry dead to rights when he said that games that sold were always about NATO, Nukes, or Nazis. Or rather, he was wrong only because he was talking about wargaming; the basic sensibility remains.

Games are about violence. Oh, not Go, say, or Bridge, but the kind of games that fly in the dog's vomit we gaily call the Gaming Industry. From *D&D*® to *Mortal Kombat*® to *Quake*® to *Metal Gear Solid*®; from the electronically-roaring arcade to the blaring TV speakers of the console gamer, from the tabletops of FRP to the snow-draped forests of paint-ball, from the hooligan-crowded stadiums of English football to the smash-ups of NASCAR racing, from the PKers of online gaming to the hyperkinetic spasms of real-time strategy, it's what really cleans your clock, isn't it? What gets your blood moving? What elicits voyeuristic glee? The spray of blood, the intestines spilling spaghetti-like onto the ground, the coarse death-rattle of your foes.

You're all a bunch of perverted little Attilas, without the guts to pull a knife or shoot down that son of a bitch across the hall in reality. And so you get your jollies through 'interaction,' the simulation of what you long to do but haven't the *cojones*.

Am I right? Or am I right? Enough with this high-falutin' crap about playing a role or telling a story. Enough with the demands of strategy, the pitting of mind-to-mind, the modelling of reality. There's no future in that, is there?

No, let's get down in the muck and wallow with the pigs. Away, sweet Muse; what profits me your inspiration? I see it clearly now; the route to success lies through the charnel house. Henceforth, I listen to other voices.

Here, vile reader, you shall find what you desire. Violence of the most degraded kind. Suppurating wounds, whimpering innocents pleading vainly for mercy, torture and rapine and cannibalism. Reality in its rawest and most repulsive form. Here, you will find the tools you need to sate your blood lust....

Are you nauseated yet?

As Yoda says... You *will* be.

we're embracing puerile, degrading game design here

What Is Violence™?

Violence™ is a lot like *Dungeons & Dragons*® by that other company. You and your friends play characters in an imaginary world. You wander about a maze, kicking down doors, killing whatever you find on the other side, and taking its possessions. The main difference is this: The world isn't some third-rate fantasy writer's drivel about elves and dwarves and magic spells, but the world of today. The doors you kick down aren't those of a subterranean dungeon—unless you're in the subway—but those of decent, honest, hard-working people who merely want to live their lives. The things you kill aren't cardboard “monsters” whom the game defines as okay to kill because, well, they're *monsters*—but fellow human beings, with families and friends and hopes and fears and highly developed senses of morality—far better people than you, in fact. And the things you steal aren't “magic items” and “gold pieces” but stereos, computers, jewellery, and whatever other items of value you can lift.

Indeed, you yourself are a monster: a monster in the true sense, not the ‘fantasy’ one. You are a degraded, bloodthirsty savage, the product of the savage streets, a Jeffrey Dahmer, a droog, a character out of Brett Easton Ellis. You delight in pain and blood and mayhem. You won't live long, I promise you, but you'll leave a trail of mangled corpses in your wake.

What Is a Roleplaying Game?

Brother, if you don't know, this is not the place to start.

What You Need to Play

Here's what you need to play Violence™:

1. This book.
2. Each and every Violence™ accessory and follow-on product, plus all Violence™ logo products, including but not limited to Violence™ t-shirts, Violence™ faux vomit and blood packets, Violence™ miniatures and paint sets, Violence™ CDs and tapes, Violence™ collectible cards, Violence™ POGs and action figures, Violence™ blood-colored soda pop, and Violence™ salty snacks, all purchased at full retail price, preferably by mail order directly from the publisher, Hogshead Publishing Ltd, 18-20 Bromell's Road, London SW4 0BG, Great Britain. Oh, we suppose you can actually play without all this crap, but please be assured, your enjoyment will be infinitely improved by sending us every penny, pfennig, or lira you possess.
3. You will need some Violence™ logo dice, which differ from normal dice by the presence of the Violence™ logo and their substantially higher price. We have used six-, eight-, ten-, twelve- and twenty-sided dice with gay abandon throughout the rules to ensure that you purchase the complete Violence™ dice set, and also because we can't be bothered to standardize. If it was good enough for Gygax, it's good enough for me.
4. You will need some character sheets. You can photocopy the one at the back of this book. No! I take it back! Permission to photocopy the character sheet at the back of this book is *specifically denied!* Doing so is a copyright violation, and will bring the wrath of our law-

yers down on your head! No, you must purchase the Violence™ Character Sheet Pack™ from Hogshead for the very reasonable price of, oh, ten or twelve times what it costs us to print them, we'll figure it out later.

5. You will need some pencils. At some future time, you will need Violence™ pencils, and no substitutes will be permissible, but we haven't found a licensee for the pencil rights yet.
6. A variety of salty and sugary snacks, accompanied by fattening dips, plus high-calorie sodas and/or beer. Actually, you'd be much better off avoiding snacks between meals and spending thirty minutes a day in intensive aerobic exercise, but I mean, you're a bloody gamer, so I guess that's a lost cause.
7. Finally, and most importantly: You will need an imagination!

Oh, damn. I *knew* something was missing.

Character Creation

Gad, I'm actually going to have to write this drivel? I promised the wretched swine a game, I suppose I must deliver. Let's see. What's the easiest, dumbest system I can possibly get away with? I mean, there's no point actually spending any time working on this crap... Ah, yes, of course.

Right.

Here's how you create a character:

1. Take a character sheet. There's one at the back of the rules you can photocopy. Or maybe there is, I mean, I haven't done it yet; possibly I'll get around to it. Actually, you needn't bother, if you don't want. Christ almighty, man, isn't scratch paper good enough for you?

2. Write a name at the top of the sheet. It almost doesn't matter what. Character X, jake by me; I mean, we're not looking for depth of characterization here. Or choose some ridiculous, self-aggrandizing name; Mack the Knife. Lord Magenta. Judy the Ripper. Something the tabloids can run in 72 point type when the SWAT team finally guns you down. *Cops Get Mackie. 41 Bullets Found in Corpse of Famous Mass-Murderer.*

3. Choose a gender. In reality, scum like you are almost always male, but go ahead, play a female character. One with big boobs, no doubt. Female characters popular among male players almost always have big boobs. If you don't believe me, play *Tomb Raider*. Or *Trespasser*; have you looked at that one? Your life meter is a tattoo on your left tit, to check to see how close you are to dying you have to look down at your cleavage. Talk about puerile, degrading game design.... But I digress. We're *embracing* puerile, degrading game design. Choose a gender. How fucking difficult can that be? Flip a coin if you can't decide.

You mean you're a female *player*? Christ almighty, why do you want to play this game? For the love of God, find something decent to play. And ditch the assholes who got you into this; there have to be better gaming groups out there.

4. Okay, name and gender. With me so far? Right. Now we need characteristics. Roll 3D6. You know, the little cubes

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with the dots on them? They're called *dice*. Yes, that's right, you remember, very good. Dice, good boy, have a potato chip. Take three of them. You *can* count to three, can't you? Roll them, add up the little spots on the sides that face upward. If you can't add, just count them, starting from 1.

Okay, write the number you rolled on your character sheet next to your first characteristic. Damn, now I have to figure out what the characteristics are. No point in most of the D&D crap, let's see. Hmm.

Strength: A measure of how strong you are. Three means you have trouble carrying the groceries home. Eighteen means you can lift the front end of a truck. Well, a small truck. All right, a Sport Utility Vehicle.

Threshold of Pain: Affects how much pain you can take before you start whimpering and agreeing to do whatever they ask, or pass out. Three means a slap will do it. Eighteen means they'll have to flay most of the flesh off your legs first. With tent pegs.

Constitution: Affects how much damage you can take before you die. Three means if someone punches you hard, you'll be pushing up daisies. Eighteen means someone can shoot you ten or twelve times in the head and neck with a .38 and you'll still keep on coming.

Intimidation: How scary you look. Three means you look completely harmless (but they'll find out different). Eighteen means that stevedores and truck drivers will cross the street to avoid you.

Everything Else: This is like, a kludge. Just in case we need to roll against something and none of the other characteristics seem appropriate.

So you roll for each characteristic, right? And write it down.

5. Naturally, a bunch of whiney little turds like you will moan and whimper if you roll a bunch of bad numbers, and no amount of assurance about how it's a challenge to roleplay a character with all 3s and 4s is going to pacify you. So here's a rule:

a. Calculate a "reroll number." If the total of all your characteristics is less than the reroll number, you can reroll any or all of your characteristics until the total is greater than or equal to the reroll number. **Example:** Your reroll number is 50. Your characteristic total is 48. You point to any characteristic, say "I wanna reroll this one," and you do so. If the characteristic total is now 50 or more, you're stuck with the character, unless you do something to increase your reroll number.

b. So what is your reroll number? It starts off at 40, but here's what you can do to increase it:

+1 for every \$1¹ you pay the gamemaster.

+2 per dollar that you place in an envelope and, while

the gamemaster watches, address to Designer X, c/o Hogshead Publishing Ltd, 18-20 Bromell's Road, London SW4 0BG, Great Britain. You must then stamp the envelope and take it out and mail it immediately. And don't you dare open my fan mail, Wallis, you scoundrel.²

+1 if you agree to map.

+3 if you agree that you must speak in a falsetto, with a lisp, or in some other embarrassing fashion while playing Violence™, so long as you continue playing this character. Or how about this one: You agree to maintain a ratio between non-obscenities and obscenities of no less than three to one, that is, one out of every three words used while speaking as your character must be an obscenity. Like "Fuck you, you fucking pussy-whipped shithead" The use of an obscenity as an infix transforms the modified word into an obscenity for the purpose of this rule, e.g., "in-fuckin-credible" is treated as an obscenity.

+3 if you agree that your character has a severe addiction to a dangerous, illegal drug such as crack, heroin, or angeldust.

+1 (to a maximum of +3) for each warrant outstanding for your character charging him with a felony of violence +1 additional if at least one such warrant charges him with a crime for which the death penalty is enforced in the state where this campaign is set.

+1 if your character has a sexually-transmitted disease

+1 additional if your character has recently appeared on *America's Most Wanted*, and is therefore likely to be recognized by random passers-by on the street

+10 for cleaning the gamemaster's shoes with your tongue. Particularly if the other players get to watch.

6. Good, we're through with characteristics. Do I need skills? Could just have them roll against stats. Hmm. But we need to pad this thing out to 15,000 words or so, and skill descriptions always devour space. Righto, you have, hmm, 100, that's a good round number, you have 100 skill points to spend. There's a section on the character sheet that lists all the skills in the game. They all start out at a value of 3, right, the minimum for stats. You can't raise any skill above a value of 18. Spend 1 point to raise a skill by one. Good, that's simple enough, even if it's dumb as hell.

7. Mumble mumble. Any thing else? Oh, yeah, we need hit points. And pain points. Actually, I could just use the stats, but that would be too simple. Right. Look up your Constitution on this here chart. Below it is a die code. You know, D4 means a four-sided die, D6 means a six sider, and like that. Roll the indicated die type. Actually, casually roll it behind your hand, and if you like the result, lift your hand and use that number. Otherwise, roll two or three times, pretending you're just, you know, rolling casually and didn't really *mean* that first roll, then when

¹ I was going to say "or 50p for you Brits" here, but then my esteemed publisher pointed out the pointlessness and stupidity of that. I mean, why should we cater to a bunch of drunken obnoxious louts whose idea of a good time is stomping the crap out of anyone with the temerity to support a different football team, then going out for Indian and several quarts of ale so they can puke in technicolor? I mean, I'm in London for maybe five minutes, waiting at the cabstand, and chatting up this cute black, I mean African-British girl, and adoring the accent coming out of that svelte form (incongruity is the source of most amusement), when this wretched old bastard in ragged, greasy tweeds comes up and starts bellowing at her that she's the scum of the Earth and should go back where she came from, the nigger slut. Five minutes, all it takes. Cool Britannia my ass.

² Hard U.S. currency, mind! I don't want gaily-colored lire, Deutschemarks, reals or any other such ridiculous funny-money, either. I mean, what am I going to do, run down to the bank every few days and pay them some ridiculous surcharge to turn a bunch of small foreign change into real money? It ain't worth it. Although come to think of it, Deutschemark coins are about size of a quarter and will probably work in the laundry machines. Of course, they're worth rather more than a quarter, but the laundry is kind of piling up. Might be able to get away with a 10p coin, too, which is more cost-effective.

one out of every three words must be an obscenity. Like “fuck you, you fucking pussy-whipped shithead”

you get a number you like, proudly announce that *this* is your hit point roll. Don’t try to roll more than three times; I mean, that’s cheating to an egregious level. The gamemaster will start to get suspicious.

Anyway, the number you roll is the number of Hit Points you start with.

Repeat the process, only find your Pain Threshold on the table instead of your Constitution; the result is your Pain Points.

Write your Hit Points and your Pain Points on the character sheet in the space indicated.

Characteristic:

3-6 7-9 10-11 12-13 14-15 16 17 18

Dice:

D3 D4 D6 D8 D10 D12 D16 D20

Duh, How Kin I Roll a D16? Good Christ, man, how long have you been playing these games? You roll a D8, with me so far? Then you roll a D6. If the six-sider rolls a 1, 2 or 3, the number on the D8 is what you use. If the six-sider rolls a 4, 5, or 6, you add 8 to the roll on the D8. And if you can’t figure out how to roll a D3, I give up.

8. You need to buy some equipment. Roll 1D6x\$100. (I bet you can figure out what that means. If not, go buy a real game.) Yeah, you don’t got a lot of money, but face it, your characters are all a bunch of deranged, psychotic losers. If you’re an addict, you *must* purchase at least one dose of your drug of choice as part of your starting equipment. Incidentally, I’m not going to worry about weight or carrying capacity or any of that crap—if you’re walking

around the streets armed for bear and staggering under the weight of 50 kilos of crack in a large plastic bag cradled in your arms, I suspect many nice uniformed gentlemen will want to engage you in a conversation. It’s up to the damned GM to spot these things and deal with them; who wants to tot up a bunch of numbers anyway? And what gamemaster would put up with players who say “but says here I can carry 100 kilograms”. Sure you can. But it’s not a good idea, is it?

Guns

item	price	hide factor
Saturday night special	\$100	1
police revolver (.38)	\$100	3
automatic (.38)	\$200	3
.45 automatic	\$250	4
.454 automatic	\$500	5
Uzi-equivalent	\$1000	5
sawed-off shotgun (pump)	\$200	5
AK47-equivalent	\$1000	10
ammo clip for handgun	\$20	1
ammo clip for shotgun	\$20	1
ammo clip for machine-gun	\$50	2
Teflon bullets ³	x5	same

Not that I have any idea what the street prices of this stuff is, anyway, but then, if any of my players *do* have a clear idea of street prices for hot guns, I really don’t want to know about it anyway.

³ Armor-piercing ammo, in other words; “cop-killer” bullets designed to pierce Kevlar vests. You can buy this for any type of ammo clip; the cost is 5 times what that ammo would normally cost.



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Other Weapons

item	price	hide factor
little knife	\$20	1
mean-looking knife	\$50	2
big motherfucking knife	\$100	3
throwing knife	\$20	1
piano wire and a brick	\$5	1
box cutter	\$3	1
ice pick or awl	\$5	1
mace (chemical, you idiot, this isn't the middle ages)	\$5	1
sock full of quarters	\$5	1 ⁴
cosh	\$10	1
brass knuckles	\$20	1
handful of rings	\$100	0

Hard, Addictive, Illegal Drugs

1 dose (choose your poison)	\$20	1
12 doses	\$200	3
needle set-up	\$10	1
crack pipe & paraphernalia	\$10	1
methamphetamine production lab	\$10,000	you ain't carrying it around, pal

Clothing

Sneakers that'll make your homies sneer	\$20	0
Reasonably def sneakers	\$80	0
Truly phat sneakers	\$150	0
Doc Martens	\$100	-1
bizarre-looking Skechers	\$100	0
hand-tooled Italian loafers	\$250	0
hiking boots	\$80	-1
shitkicker boots ⁵	\$200	-1
army boots at Canal Jeans	\$30	-1
jeans or other casual pants	\$30	-1
baggy pants with loads of zippers and pockets and shit	\$40	-3
Reasonably fly pants that won't make the girls look at you with glassy eyes when you attempt to engage them in casual conversation in your typically foul-mouthed and inarticulate fashion	\$100	-1
ragged promotional t-shirt ⁶	\$4	0
clean promotional t-shirt ⁷	\$10	0
t-shirt devoid of logos	\$15	0
an actual shirt	\$25	0
cheap leather jacket	\$50	-2

item	price	hide factor
expensive leather jacket	\$200	-2
trenchcoat	\$150	-4
leather trench coat	\$300	-4
wool army coat from the Salvation Army	\$20	-4
big puffy black down coat	\$200	-2
winter coat with the label currently most desired on the street (probably FUBU at the moment, but you'll look like an idiot in it if you aren't black)	\$400	-2
army-surplus flack jacket	\$30	-1
Kevlar vest	\$100	0
business suit	\$300	-4 ⁸
underwear (optional)	\$2	0
socks (optional)	\$1	0
one of those stupid hat things that looks like a piece of nylon stocking	\$5	0
knit cap	\$5	0
baseball cap	\$10	-1
fedora ⁹	\$100	-1

Stuff to Carry Things In

plastic or paper bag	\$0	-1
cheap knapsack	\$30	-2
Manhattan Portage bag	\$70	-3
leather backpack	\$100	-3

Fashion Accessories

Cheap watch	\$10	0
Fake expensive watch	\$50	0
Walkman	\$30	0
1 CD	\$15	0
carrying case with plastic slip-covers for CDs and a couple of dozen CDs	\$350	0
Gameboy	\$70	0
beeper	\$10	0
cellphone	\$100	0
piercing or tattoo ¹⁰	\$0	0
handcuffs	\$30	1
car ¹¹	\$0	5
16 oz can of malt liquor	\$1.50	1
flask of booze	\$10	1
pack of cigs	\$3.50	0
a couple of reefers	\$5	1
cordless drill	\$20	1
crowbar	\$25	2
can of spray paint	\$10	1
glass cutter	\$5	0

⁴ 0 (zero) if you carry the sock and quarters separately, but then (a) it takes you a little while to assemble your weapon, and (b) you'll jingle a lot.

⁵ You know, the kind of crap they wear in Texas.

⁶ The gamemaster gets to choose the logo, e.g., he can stick you with a Zima shirt, or a Gay Men's Health Crisis shirt, or a Spice Girls shirt—whatever he thinks you'll find most humiliating.

⁷ You get to choose your own logo.... so choose something cool. Or something your depraved character might think was cool, anyway, which probably limits you to shirts for Gangsta rappers, street-fighter arcade games, or the kind of irritating, dumbass shirt you find in sleazoid souvenir shops, e.g., "My Daddy mac went to Rikers and all I got was this stupid shirt and a dose of chlamydia."

⁸ Its high 'hide' value is not because you can hide lots of stuff under a business suit but because you look like a civilian instead of the murderous scum that you are, and therefore the bulge of your semiautomatic weapon is less likely to be noted and remarked upon.

⁹ What is this, some kind of retro thing? You been watching too many movies about the mob. Or listening to too much neoswing. Next you'll want a zoot suit.

¹⁰ We're giving this to you free, but write down *where* you're pierced and tattooed. Keep in mind it's another distinguishing mark for witnesses to recognize you by.

¹¹ Why does it cost nothing? Cause it's hot. Why does it have such a hide value? Cause it's hot. And no, you can't conceal it in your trenchcoat, so the negative hide value of clothing does nothing to conceal this. Of course, you can throw shit in the truck or glove box. This is one reason you'd rather be a thug in New York where they have subways like a decent city, and you don't have to boost wheels before going off on your murderous rampage.



A Note About Guns

So, like, I'm not a gun nut and don't actually know that much about firearms. So I figure that this modest list of weapons—.38 revolver, .38 automatic, .45 and .454, plus Uzis and AK-47s, will suffice. I mean, yeah, there are guns of different calibers, and unquestionably there are fine distinctions between different makes, and there are plenty of machine pistols other than Uzis and SMGs other than AK-47s, but how different are they really?

And I can't be bothered to do the research, I don't even what to discuss what my fucking advance is, and I'm knocking this out between projects that actually have a chance of paying my rent for the month. So if you really give a crap about this stuff, feel free to modify the game, and stick in all kinds of ridiculous detailed rules about actual ammo clip sizes and the effect of different kinds of stocks and the stopping power of different calibers of ammunition and all that kind of shit.

Actually, tell you what, if you wanna do a supplement with a million different kind of guns, it's probably the kind of crap that the deranged players of this despicable game would eat up. So why don't you write Wallis and tell him you wanna write *Madmen & Magnums™*, the gun supplement for *Violence™*, and he'll pay you some absurdly low royalty and I'll get a piece of it and you and me and the kind of wankers who read *Gun Lust* magazine will all be happy, or at least happier than we'd otherwise be.

Carrying Concealed Weapons (And Other Shit That'll Land You In Jail)

So your characters being what they are, they're going to be carrying around a lot of shit they shouldn't be. Like

guns, large serrated knives, huge quantities of narcotics, severed heads, and hot stereo equipment. They'll want to stroll down the street without having people see what they've got and flee for shelter, screaming for the cops.

So here's how it works. Every piece of equipment has a Hide value. Positive Hide means you want to hide the fucking thing. Negative Hide means it helps you hide shit.

If the Hide values of the crap a character carries is zero or less, everything is, under normal circumstances, reasonably well concealed. Players should take this into account when selecting equipment—I mean, if you're gonna walk around with an AK-47 and enough ammunition to supply a Serbian battalion, maybe you should think about a nice trench coat.

So then what?

Okay—when a character (or group of characters) encounters the cops—like, they're cruising down the street in one of those shitass police cars, or stopping in at the same joint as the PCs for a donut—calculate a Police Harassment Number. This is:

- + characters' *Hide* values, if positive. (Add 'em all up, if multiple characters present, but my negative Hide doesn't help cover the face that you've got the handle of a .45 sticking out of your belt.)
- +1 for each warrant outstanding for these bozos.
- +2 if any have recently appeared on America's Most Wanted
- +5 if a crime has recently been committed in the area, but the cops don't have a good ID on the perps.
- +10 if a crime has recently been committed in the area, and the cops have positive ID on the perps, who happen to be *these motherfuckers*

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- +1 per black or Hispanic character (who are inherently likelier to be fucked with because, well, welcome to America)
- 2 if it's close to the end of the shift and the cops would rather not have to spend the next two hours doing all the fucking paperwork involved if they actually have to arrest these idiots

Then roll a die, and if the number rolled is less than or equal to the hide value, the cops get interested.

Um... What kind of die? How about this:

Time Spent in Close Proximity to Scum	Die to Roll
mere seconds	1D100
enough time to get a good look	1D20
1-5 minutes	1D10
5-10 minutes	1D8
10-30 minutes	1D6
30+ minutes	1D4

If the gamemaster wants, he can make the same kind of roll when the PCs encounter non-cops, but should shift down one row on the table, because civilians, being inattentive sheep, are less likely to notice crap even than Our Boys in Blue, hard as that may be to believe. If they notice that Something is Wrong (by rolling under the Police Harassment Number), it's up to the gamemaster whether they cross the street to avoid the PCs, run screaming in terror, or dial 911. Whatever makes sense in context.

Oh, yeah—if the Police Harassment Number is greater than zero, the PCs' chances of hailing a cab are zero. Always. Cabbies have a healthy sense of self-preservation.

Skills

Skill Use

In fact—what the fuck, let's generalize that system.

When a character tries to do something, roll a die. If the player rolls less than or equal to his character's skill, he succeeds. If he rolls higher, he fails.

What kinda die? For actions of 'normal' difficulty, like say trying to shoot someone standing still 30 feet away, you roll 1D20. You roll dice with fewer sides if it's easier than 'normal', more sides if harder. Like this:

Skill	Difficulty Table (SDT)
1D3:	Any pussy can do <i>that</i>
1D4:	No problemo
1D6:	Simple as hell
1D8:	Easier
1D10:	Easy
1D12:	Should be able to do it
1D16:	Not too tough
1D20:	Normal
1D30:	Hard
1D40:	Harder
1D60:	Really Hard
1D80:	Harder Than You'd Really Care to Contemplate
1D100:	Fucking Hard
1D1000:	Fucking Impossible

Now, if this was a real game, I'd henceforth classify all tasks as Fucking Hard or Any Pussy Can Do That, or what-not. Then you'd have to spend a lot of time tracking this table down in the rulebook to figure out what that meant, increasing your willingness to spend additional bucks on an otherwise useless gamemaster's screen, and providing the illusion that there's some kind of non-arbitrary, Carefully Balanced, Professionally Designed *System* behind this roleplaying shit. But in fact, that would be completely bogus. So instead, when I feel like it, I'll mention an actual die code, so you don't have to rack your brains trying to remember whether Really Hard is 1D40, 1D60, or *what*. Moreover, I'll feel no compunction about sticking to those particular dice—I mean, if I feel like using a D50 or some fucking thing, I will. And you know what? *So should you*.

I mean, use your judgment, goddamn it. Do I have to do all the work for you?

And How Do I Roll a D60 Again?

Do we really have to go over this shit? I mean, godalmighty, when I started doing games, you had to write rules like this:

(3.0) GENERATING RANDOM NUMBERS USING THE SPI CASE SYSTEM

General Rule: When the players are required in the course of the game to generate a random number, the number and type of dice to be used shall be indicated through the use of a *die code*.

Cases:

(3.1) Die Codes

(3.11) Each die code is of the form **nDx** [+/- **y**]. The number before the "D" (**n**, in this example), indicates the number of dice to be rolled. **Example:** 2D6 means that two dice are rolled.

(3.12) The number immediately following the "D" in the dice code (**x** in this example—see case 3.11) indicates the number of "sides" on the dice. Thus, for example, 2D6 indicates that two *six-sided* dice are to be used.

(3.13) In some cases, the dice code is followed by a plus (+) or minus (-) sign and an additional number (**y** in this example—see case 3.11 above). That means that the indicated number shall be added or subtracted from the number generated by the dice, subsequent to summation of the rolls (see 3.2 below). **Example:** 2D6+3 means that two six-sided dice shall be rolled, and the numbers generated thereby summed; subsequently, three shall be added to produce the final result.

(3.14) Note that when a number is added or subtracted from the die-roll, it is added or subtracted *after* summing any rolls on individual dice, not from the result generated on each die individually.

(3.2) Types of Dice

(3.21) Due to a variety of circumstances (cheapness, the incompetence of our production manager, the variable cost of petroleum products, etc.), no dice are actually included with this product. However, dice of a variety of shapes and sizes are commonly available at better hobby shops everywhere.

(3.22) The most common die is the traditional six-sided cube (in our terms, a D6). Unlike other dice, numbers on these dice are indicated by the presence of dots. To determine the number generated by an individual die, count the dots present on the face-up side subsequent to rolling. **Example:** In the illustration to the right, the face-up side of the die bears five dots (sometimes called "spots"). This indicates the number "5" has been generated through the roll of this die.



(3.23) Other commonly-available dice include four- (D4), eight- (D8), twelve- (D12), and twenty-sided (D20) dice. For most of these dice, the number rolled is determined by examining the uppermost face of the die subsequent to rolling. Players with an interest in mathematics may note that these dice, together with the six-sided cube, constitute the full panoply of Platonic solids.

(3.24) An exception is required for the four-sided pyramidal die; it has no uppermost face. Instead, the number appearing on the *bottom-most* face is used. The roller may need to lift the die to examine the face; alternatively, some four-sided dice are manufactured with small numbers along each edge. The number along the bottom-most edge is used in this case.

(3.25) The rules also frequently require players to roll ten-sided (D10) dice. Two sorts are manufactured; some are actually D20s, with each of the digits from zero (0) to nine (9) appearing twice on faces of the die. Others are actually ten-sided polyhedra (pentangular bipyramids), but are not Platonic solids. These are sometimes numbered 0 to 9 rather than 1 to 10; the number "0" should be considered equivalent to "10".

(3.26) As an alternative to the use of the D20, players may wish to mount an English-style

no, we don't have a fucking dodge skill. nobody dodges bullets except in john wu movies

dartboard on a wall in their gaming area. The gamemaster may then generate more-or-less random number between 1 and 20 by tossing a dart toward the board. Some gamemasters enjoy the intimidating “think” sound this makes. If feeling generous, gamemasters may allow their players to throw their own darts, although in such case, the gamemaster should impose an appropriate house rule, e.g., the player may stand no closer than ten feet to the dartboard when throwing.

(3.27) When the rules call for a D40 (forty-sided die), instead roll a D4 and a D10 simultaneously; the number appearing on the D10 shall constitute the “ones” digit of the required number. Subtract 1 from the D4 roll to generate the “tens” digit. A roll of “00” shall be equivalent to “40”. **Example:** A “1” appears on the D4, and an “8” on the D10. Subtracting “1” from the D4 roll produces “0”; consequently, the numerical result is “08”, or just “8”.

(3.28) Similarly, when the rules call for a D60 roll, use a D6 and D10 simultaneously; for a D80 roll, a D8 and D10; and for a D100 roll, two D10s.

(3.29) D30 die-rolls can be generated in two ways. One is to roll a D6 and D10 simultaneously; the D6 roll needs to be halved (rounding up), with one subtracted from the result to produce the tens digit. Alternatively, it is possible to purchase thirty-sided dice, albeit they are less commonly available than most polyhedral dice.

So let me put in this way. I sure don't want to write this shit. And *you* sure don't want to read it. So you're gonna have to work with me a little, you understand? I mean, if you want this thing to be an entertaining read (and god knows why else you'd buy it), we're going to have to be a little more loosey-goosey about the rules, okay? If you don't *get* something, well hell, make it up yourself. I mean, I'm just pulling this crap out of my ass anyway; do ye likewise.

About the Skills

The skills below largely assume that the characters are badly educated, inner-city scum. But of course, not all psychotic monsters come from abusive homes in inner-city areas where gunfire is a nightly occurrence—it's just more *likely* that that's where they come from. So if one of the players wants to play a lawyer who just happens to like raping, killing, and eating the flesh of women after the workday's done, that's fine, although you'll have to come up with some rationale for how he hooks up with the rest of our merry band of psychos. The point here, though is that the gamemaster should feel free to flesh this out with other skills as necessary.

Combat Skills

Unarmed Combat: Whacking people with fists and feet. If you want to get this skill at a level higher than 15 initially, you gotta spend \$100 per point above 15 for training at a dojo or boxing gym—skill at that level requires professional training. And choose your variety of martial art: aikido, karate, judo, tae kwon do, kung fu, capoeira—or my favorite, qu fon shuan, the Way of the Barhouse Fists, lots of roundhouse punches, learning to fall across tables covered with beer steins, and training in the art of correctly breaking bottles to make for the most effective weapon. Yes, I'm making this up.

Handgun: This covers not only the ability to fire handguns and control them with decent accuracy, but also the ability to unjam them, reload swiftly, and so forth. General gun care and use, in other words. *No player character may take this at more than 10 initially*, at least without a good explanation and the gamemaster's permission. These guys aren't exactly Idaho rednecks who go hunting every fall, you got me? They're inner-city, urban scum. They don't get a lot of chance to practise with handguns, except when they're actually shooting

at somebody. Come to think of it, that's the most frightening aspect of all this. It's not merely that high-powered, deadly weapons are so easily available; nor that they're in the possession of evil psychotic scumbags; but that these assholes barely know how to use them. A whole lotta dead innocent bystanders, eh?

Machine Weapons: Covers the use of rapid-fire weapons, like Uzis and AK-47s and the like. Again, nobody can take this at a skill level of 10 without a good rap as to how they gained this skill. (A stint in the army would do, but if you claim this, the gamemaster should feel free gleefully to stick you with some consequence, e.g., the Russian mob loathes you because of what you did in Kosovo, or you caught a dose of the clap in Manila. Or that dishonorable discharge after they caught you with a twelve year-old girl in Okinawa.) You can't just set up a row of tin cans on a rooftop in South LA and start plinking away, you know? Not unless you want to attract a SWAT team, police choppers, and the Eyewitness News van.

Knife-fighting: Players can take this skill initially at any level they want, but if they try for more than 15, the gamemaster should tell them they've got a scar or two.

Knife-throwing: A more esoteric skill; maximum of 10 initially, unless a player explains how he learned it better. And that assumes you've got actual throwing knives, which are designed and balanced for the purpose; knock the players up to the next harder die type when they're using anything else.

The Cosh: Not really a combat skill *per se*; essentially, the ability to knock somebody unconscious with a swift blow to the head. You get one shot, and if you fail, the guy may take damage from the weapon, but then he's going to be mad as hell. I'm willing to grant that maybe the PCs have had some practice doing this. Do roll for damage even if you succeed in knocking the bastard unconscious; the difference in pressure between knocking someone out and killing him is fairly slight.

Dodge: No, we don't have a fucking dodge skill. Nobody dodges bullets, except in John Wu movies.

Basic Skills

Reading: So 20% of the American population is functionally illiterate, right? And our PCs aren't exactly from a portion of the population that tends to do real well on their SATs. So yeah, if they want to be able to read something more than a Stop sign, we're going to make them spend skill points to do so.

Writing: Ditto here.

Arithmetic: And likewise.

Driving: If you're feeling generous and the campaign is set somewhere other than New York or Boston, that is, in a city where cars are necessary for survival, you could give them this skill at a reasonable level (say 10) for free. In a *civilized* city with reasonable public transport, they'll have to use some of their initial skill points, because you can get along just fine without a car. And don't make them make skill rolls for normal, everyday driving. Any idiot can stop at a red light (although knowing our PCs, they probably won't).

Cooking: A lost art in these times. A normal difficulty roll for preparing a full, hot, edible meal; boiling an egg is easier. Maybe even Easier, if you take my drift.

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Street Knowledge

Graffiti: Ability to identify tags (particularly important in gang-ridden areas), and to create new, attractive graffiti of your own.

Gang Lore: Knowledge of gang colors, symbols, tags, locations, and membership. If taken at a skill level above 15, the character must belong to a gang (otherwise he couldn't have such comprehensive knowledge) which, of course, has its advantages (readily available NPCs for cannon-fodder) as well as its drawbacks (likely to get attacked by rival gangs when in the wrong area of town).

Underworld Lore: Similar to 'gang lore,' in a way, but this covers knowledge of underworld syndicates and independent professionals. E.g., a character with a decent Underworld Lore skill will be able to find a fence when he needs to offload some stolen goods. He'll know that the guy in the charcoal suit is not some office dweeb who's easy prey because he's in the wrong part of town, but actually a soldier for the Russian mob. And he'll know enough about Mafia ritual not to piss them off when he wanders into the wrong after-hours club.

Drug Lore: Knowledge of the use and effects of various restricted pharmaceuticals; also allows the character to find a connection when he wishes to buy a fix (for himself or others). Addicted characters are strongly advised to take a substantial Drug Lore skill, both to avoid going through withdrawal too often and so they'll know enough not to, e.g., use a contaminated needle. At high enough skill levels (or rather, with sufficiently difficult skill rolls), it allows PCs to, e.g., manufacture crystal meth from appropriate chemicals.

Sports Lore: Knowledge of various sports teams, current scores, sports trivia, etc. This may seem fairly useless on the face of it, but if nothing else, it allows you to engage in small talk with other men. Which, given that these guys probably don't have much to talk about other than the commission of various felonies, is no bad thing.

Music Lore: Knowledge of pop music—ability to recognize tunes, sing them (more or less badly), find clubs and venues, and identify musicians. At skill level 15 or above, the character must choose a particular pop music genre as his or her area of specialization: rap, house, fife & drum, ambient, swing, the blues—or even some form of that archaic category known as 'rock'. At a high enough level, this might allow you to form a group and land a recording contract, at which point you can find out what it's like to be legally fucked over by *professionals*.

Videogames: Knowledge of arcade games, mostly, although perhaps some console titles as well. We're talking about twitch crap, here; deratiocinated gaming drivel for people with no skills other than fine motor coordination. Confers the ability to walk into a blaring arcade and (with successful skill rolls) impress the pimply adolescents there with your prowess, then to engrave your name, well, three letters anyway, on the fabled Board of High Score, blazing there for all the world to see, for all time to come—or at least until the arcade owner resets the damn thing. What this does for you I couldn't say, although if you believe that asshole censor wannabe Lt. Col. David Grossman, arcade games are training for murder, so maybe there's some feedback effect to your Handgun skill—but nah; even videogames with pistol-grip controls don't have recoil.

Law: When you run into the cops a lot, you tend to pick up at least the rudiments. Like, shut up and admit nothing until you get a lawyer. At a high enough level, this might let you negotiate a recording contract without making a complete ass of yourself. PCs can't take the skill at more than 15 initially, unless they can explain to the gamemaster precisely how they managed to get into law school, or at a minimum, how their Reading of 3 permitted them to spend hours poring over dry legal tomes in the public library.

Spanish: The easiest language (other than English) to pick up on the streets.

Other Languages: Other languages are less likely, as we assume these characters aren't much for academic study. However, it's certainly feasible for, e.g., a character of Chinese extraction to know Cantonese quite well.

Goofy Woowoo Shit: Knowledge and understanding of voodun, santeria, spiritualism, Wiccan practice, crystal healing, and other goofy woowoo crap. None of this actually *does* anything, mind you, but it may help you interpret what that dead chicken lying on the landing in front of your apartment means.

Torture: Can only be used against a subject that basically can't resist. You're either using a weapon (or something of the sort, e.g., an orbital sander) or your hands. In either case, if you use the skill successfully, you roll damage and pain dice for whatever it is you're using—only you knock the damage roll down by one die size (e.g., from D8 to D6) while knocking the pain roll *up* by one die size (e.g., from D8 to D10). If you fail your skill roll, you roll damage and pain normally.

Physical Skills

Basketball: The sport most likely to have been learned in the city. Lets you run around a small concrete court and toss a ball through a hoop. I can't imagine what utility this is, unless you're over 6'6" (in which case maybe you can have a career as a professional), but people waste time on all kinds of things as kids.

Swimming: It's certainly possible to learn to swim growing up in the city—enough over-chlorinated public pools around. But it's by no means a foregone conclusion.

Other Sport: If they particularly want, let 'em choose one. I have a hard time believing 'acrobatics' or anything else remotely useful, though.

Locksmithing: The ability to get through locks. I mean, any dweeb can learn to drill out a lock using a cordless drill, possibly the greatest single boon to car thieves since the dawn of time. Of course, this doesn't help too much if it's a deadbolt. Consequently, players can't take this skill at more than 10 unless they have a good rap for how they managed to get apprenticed as a locksmith somewhere or the like. When using the skill, use a 1D10 roll for a car door lock, 1D20 for a normal apartment door deadbolt, 1D40 for a Medeco lock. Others at the GM's judgment, and note that most apartments in cities are going to have more than a single lock on the door.

What To Do When a Skill Doesn't Apply

Sometimes, some scum-sucking player will try to do some inane thing I hadn't anticipated and provided a nice skill

for, so you can't just say, Uh huh, that's normal difficulty, roll 1D20 against your pathetic skill rating of 2, you nin-compoop. In this case, I suggest you choose one of his characteristics—like, if he tries to lift something really heavy, Strength works pretty well. Roll 1D20 against that for normal difficulty.

None of the characteristics apply? That's why we got a characteristic called Everything Else, right?

Using Everything Else seems too lame? Then you're stuck with the *Lord of the Dice* rules.

Lord of the Dice works like this: Choose some dice. Roll 'em. If you roll real low, you succeed (low is good in this game, right?). If you roll real high, you fail. If you roll in between, the gamemaster decides what happens. If the gamemaster can't decide, roll some more until you get a roll that makes him happy.

I mean, Christ, that's what all these games amount to anyway, don't they?

Combat

Ranged Combat

So this is fundamentally very simple. Make a skill roll. Succeed, you hit the target. Fail, you don't.

Of course, as with any other skill use, the nature of the die you roll depends on the difficulty. Basically, assume 1D20 for anyone between 10 and 30 feet away. Increase the difficulty with distance. Knock the difficulty down a level if the target's closer—maybe two levels if I've got one hand on you and a gun in the other. Maybe make it extremely simple if I've got an arm around your neck and the barrel of my pistol in your mouth.

Also: If the target is prone, the difficulty goes up by one notch. If the target is moving, another notch. Increase it by one or several notches if they have some cover—crouching behind a wall, say. And increase it a notch if someone is shooting at *you*, which does rather tend to affect your aim.

Sound plausible?

Feh, I suppose to make it look like Official Rules, I gotta give you a chart.

Ranged Combat Table

what's going on	change in die from 1D20
target 10-30 feet away	—
target 30-50 feet away	1 size higher (e.g., 1D30)
target 50-100 feet away	2 sizes higher (e.g., 1D40)
target 100+ feet away	use your fucking judgment
target 5-10 feet away	1 size lower (e.g., 1D16)
target 0 feet away	2 sizes lower (e.g., 1D12)
holding target	3 sizes lower (e.g., 1D10)
pressing the gun to target's fucking head	4 sizes lower (e.g., 1D8)
target is prone	1 size higher (e.g., 1D30)
target is moving	1 size higher (e.g., 1D30)
target has some cover	1 size higher (e.g., 1D30)
target has more cover	2 sizes higher (e.g., 1D40)
target has lotsa cover	3 sizes higher (e.g., 1D60)
even more cover than that	use your judgment, goddamn it
someone's shooting at you	1 size higher (e.g., 1D30)
you're moving	1 size higher (e.g., 1D30)



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By the way, for the illiterates among you, “e.g.” means “exempli gratia”, or “for example.” It says “e.g.” up there instead of “i.e.” (“id est,” meaning “that is”) because these are *examples*.

All of this stuff is cumulative, e.g., if you’re shooting at someone who’s got some cover and is 40’ away while running yourself and being shot at, the dice size increase is 4, meaning we go from 1D20 to 1D30 to 1D40 to 1D60 to 1D80. Okay?

Damage and Pain

Each weapon does *damage* and *pain*. Look at the Weapon Chart below; there’s a different die code for each. Roll the damage dice, then the pain dice. Subtract damage from the character’s hit points. Subtract pain from his pain threshold.

If a character suffers more hit points than he’s got, he’s dead.

If he suffers more pain points than he’s got, he falls down and rolls around screaming or (if very brave or with an over-inflated sense of heroism) biting his lip and whimpering quietly. Anyway, the point is, he’s not doing anything active, like shooting back.

Hand-to-Hand Combat

If you’re fighting only one person, each of you makes a skill roll. Difficulty is normally ‘normal’ unless one of you is drunk or something. If you both succeed, you’ve each parried or dodged the other’s blow. If only one succeeds, he does hit and pain damage to the other (see weapon descriptions under combat). If you both fail, well, there it is. If you’re fighting multiple opponents, choose how many you want to worry about; the others will hit you if they succeed in their rolls, no chance for dodge or parry. Knock the die up by one ‘size’ per opponent after the first (e.g., if fighting three, from D20 to D30 to D40) and make your roll. If you succeed and at least one opponent also succeeds, everybody’s dodged or parried. If you succeed and *no* other opponent succeeds, you hit one, choose which. Simple enough?

If you’re using a club or a rolling pin or whatnot, you just use the unarmed combat rules, only you do more damage when you hit.

Kicking

If you want, in any combat round, you can say you’re kicking. In this case, the die you roll gets knocked up a size

Weapon Tables

weapon	damage	pain	weapon	damage	pain
<i>fists</i>	1D3	1D3	<i>AK-47 equivalent</i>	1D30	1D10
<i>w/ lotsa rings</i>	1D4	1D3	<i>fencing foil</i> ¹⁵	1D8	1D6
<i>w/ brass knuckles</i>	1D5	1D4	<i>sword cane</i>	1D8	1D6
<i>kick</i>	1D5	1D4	<i>fencing saber</i>	1D10	1D8
<i>w/ heavy boots</i>	1D6	1D4	<i>big stick or cane</i>	1D6	1D4
<i>w/ steel-toed boots</i>	1D8	1D6	<i>night-stick</i>	1D6	1D4
<i>knife, little</i>	1D6	1D4	<i>can-opener</i>	1D4	1D3
<i>knife, mean-looking</i>	1D8	1D6	<i>steak knife</i>	1D5	1D4
<i>knife, big motherfucking</i>	1D10	1D8	<i>carving knife</i>	1D8	1D6
<i>knife, throwing</i>	1D6	1D4	<i>blender</i> ¹⁶	1D3	1D4
<i>box cutter</i>	1D6	1D3	<i>iron</i>	1D2	1D6
<i>piano wire and a brick</i> ¹²	special (see footnote)		<i>handheld drill</i>	1D4	1D5
<i>ice pick or awl</i>	1D5	1D4	<i>hammer</i>	1D6	1D6
<i>sock full of quarters</i>	1D5	1D3	<i>orbital sander</i>	1D3	1D10
<i>cosh</i>	1D6	1D4	<i>belt sander</i>	1D6	1D16
<i>broken bottle</i>	1D8	1D6	<i>jigsaw</i> ¹⁷	1D8	1D6
<i>Saturday night special</i>	1D6	1D4	<i>circular saw</i> ¹⁸	1D12	1D8
<i>police revolver</i> ¹³	1D8	1D4	<i>staple gun</i>	1D3	1D6
<i>automatic (.38)</i> ¹⁴	1D8	1D4	<i>nail gun</i>	1D5	1D8
<i>automatic, .45</i>	1D10	1D6	<i>electric wires</i> ¹⁹	1D3	1D6
<i>automatic, .45A</i>	1D12	1D8	<i>culinary blowtorch</i> ²⁰	1D4	1D8
<i>Uzi-equivalent</i>	1D20	1D10	<i>mace</i>	0	1D6
<i>sawed-off shotgun</i>	1D20	1D10	<i>lye in the face</i>	1D4	1D12

¹² Consider it hand-to-hand combat, knock the skill roll down a couple of die sizes and, if he actually succeeds, he’s got the loop around the target’s neck, and can decapitate the target on the next combat round. Otherwise, no damage.

¹³ Six-shooter.

¹⁴ Typical ammo clip has a dozen bullets.

¹⁵ Point guard removed, sharpened.

¹⁶ Glass jar broken off, e.g., using the spinning little blades on someone.

¹⁷ If the target can’t resist (cause your buddies are sitting on her, say), you can sever a finger, if you want, on any hit. Harder to cut off much else, cause the blade isn’t too long.

¹⁸ With this one, you can cut off limbs pretty easy, if you want. Actually severing the head is harder; these days, circular saws have guards that prevent you from exposing more than a couple inches of blade. So you have to kind of work your way around the neck while your victim screams horribly and blood spurts all over you and your power tools from the severed veins and arteries.

¹⁹ So you take an extension cord or a cut-off cord to a lamp. You split the wires, strip the ends, and touch them (live) to the subject. More useful in torture than as a weapon, but hey, desperate people will improvise, and there’s gonna be a lot of desperate NPCs in this game.

²⁰ Or aerosol can and a match.

and I suppose you swine will want another table, to lend that atmosphere of faux-authenticity

(cause it's harder to get off a good kick than a good punch). You'll do a bit more damage if you hit, of course (see the weapon tables).

Knife-Fighting

Okay, when you're knife-fighting, you use more or less the same rules as for unarmed combat, except that the weapons do more damage. When your opponent *doesn't* have a knife, he uses his unarmed combat skill, but rolls a die with more sides than normal, cause it's harder to parry a knife without getting it stuck in your arm.

Armor

Okay, let's not go overboard here, this isn't the fucking middle ages. Still, cops do run around with Kevlar vests, and there's a reason thugs like leather jackets.

Leather Jacket: Reduces both damage and pain from hand-to-hand combat, knives, clubs, etc., by 1 point each time damage is received (e.g., if I've got a jacket on, and I suffer 4 damage and 3 pain in one round of combat from a knife, I instead only suffer 3 damage and 2 pain). Has no effect on firearms.

Kevlar Vest: When you get hit by a firearm, knock the damage and pain dice down by one level each before damage is rolled. E.g., you get hit by a .38, which normally does 1D8 damage and 1D4 pain; instead, suffer 1D6 damage and 1D3 pain. Has the same effect on hand-to-hand combat damage as a leather jacket. *Note:* Has no effect if the bad guys are using Teflon bullets.

SWAT Armor: Basically the equivalent of a Kevlar vest, but a little butch-er and covering more of the body. Knock damage and pain dice down by 1 level, as for a Kevlar vest—and, in addition, subtract 2 from damage and pain. E.g., if hit by a .38, instead of 1D8 damage and 1D3 pain, you suffer 1D6-2 damage and 1D3-2 pain. Has the same effect on hand-to-hand combat damage as a leather jacket. Again, has no effect if the bad guys are using Teflon bullets.

Helmet & Riot Shield: This stuff is pretty effective against fists and clubs and stuff, but isn't really designed to stop bullets. Knock damage and pain dice from hand-to-hand combat down by one level (e.g., from D6 to D4), no effect on firearms.

Bulletproof Car: Knock damage and pain dice from both sorts of combat down by one level; also, treat as Some Cover, that is, makes the target harder to hit in the first instance.

Sigh. And I suppose you swine will want another table, to lend that atmosphere of faux-authenticity.

Innocent Bystanders

So picture this. You're in a four-storey walk-up, you just crowbarred open the door to granny's apartment cause you heard she's got a stash of cash in her mattress, it turns out granny has a gun, so you blow her away with your Uzi. She got off a coupla shots, hit nothing, you fired maybe ten or twenty in a couple of short bursts, of which maybe three bullets actually hit her. The building itself is prewar, brick exterior, but it's been renovated several times over the years, to divide up what used to be nice large family apartments into a warren of tiny little fleabag flats in order to maximize the landlord's rent rolls. The original interior walls were lath-and-plaster, but the newer walls are basically nothing but wallboard over some cheap metal studs.

Where'd your bullets go? Not to mention hers?

Let's say granny had a police .38, firing the usual lead bullets that cops use. Lead is good for stopping bad guys; it's soft, it spreads out at the moment of impact, makes a nice big hole going in. That's why cops like it. It's also against the Geneva convention, by the way, which is why your Uzi uses copper-jacketed military ammunition (which leaves nice, neat holes that combat medics can treat more easily—and usually exits clean through the body, so they don't have to dig around to try to get the bullet out).

If granny's bullets hit brick, they probably got stopped. If they hit one of the old lath-and-plaster walls, they probably didn't penetrate into the next apartment. If they hit that wallboard shit, you can probably look through the hole they left into the next apartment over, where twelve illegal immigrants from Guatemala are living in a three-room flat because that's all they can afford while they work in a sweatshop garment factory on the Lower East Side. With that many bodies in the room, granny probably hit somebody. So through the wall, you can see a bunch of spics jumping up and down and screaming while some little Guatemalan honey looks in shock at what's left of her lower arm, realizing she ain't gonna be operating a sewing machine any time soon.

Meanwhile, half your bullets went through the apartment window, blowing it to smithereens, the glass falling and lacerating the face and upper body of a bike messenger who happened to be (illegally) riding his bike on the sidewalk downstairs. He's now lying on the cement, screaming bloody murder, which is sure to attract someone's attention.

The glass didn't stop the bullets, but the bricks of the building across the street did—not before they tunneled half-way through them, and the bricks sufficed only be-

Armor Table

armor type	hand-to-hand		firearms	
	damage	pain	damage	pain
leather jacket	-1 pt	-1 pt	—	—
Kevlar vest	-1 pt	-1 pt	die down 1 size	die down 1 size
SWAT armor	-1 pt	-1 pt	-2 pts, die down 1 size	-2 pts, die down 1 size
helmet & riot shield	die down 1 size	die down 1 size	—	—
bulletproof car	die down 1 size	die down 1 size	die down 1 size, and to-hit die up 1 size	die down 1 size, and to-hit die up 1 size



cause the bullets had lost enough energy to glass and the air between here and there. You can shoot through a layer of brick with military-grade ammo.

A couple of stray shots, however, went through a window across the way, grazing the head of a grey tomcat sleeping on the window sill, who is now bleeding copiously and caterwauling piteously from beneath the couch of the personal trainer who lives over there, who is himself now prone on the floor, screaming into his cellphone at some gormless 911 operator.

And let's not even talk about if you're using Teflon bullets.

The point is this: You start shooting in a crowded city, and God knows who's going to get hit. Bullets carry an impressive amount of energy and, yes, can penetrate brick, and can ricochet around, too, so you can't even assume that if it's not in a straight line it's safe. There's a reason why, when the boys at Tre Mafiosi down on Sullivan Street have a little *contretemps* over their *linguini con vongole*, the paramedics carry a lot of bodies out, not all of them with Italian surnames.

Do we really need a rule for this? I suppose so; how about this? If you blow your to-hit roll—rolling either the highest you can on the die you're using, or more than 5 points above your skill, either way—the gamemaster should assume that the bullet hits something you'd really rather not hit. What *that* is depends, of course, on whether you're having a firefight in a nice deserted warehouse (hot damn, you just hit the gas line, and propane is invisibly beginning to spray into the area at the northeast of the building, up by the roof, creating a nice fuel-air mixture that's sure to explode messily sometime soon) or a crowded club (oops, there goes the bartender, leaving that fat tip was pretty damn pointless I guess).

The gamemaster should keep in mind, though, that a bullet that doesn't hit goes *somewhere*. And we're not exactly playing in the vastness of the Northwest Territories here. Well, not unless something really weird has happened in your campaign.

Combat Movement

Let's say each combat round is about 3 seconds. Flat out, your average joe can run about 25 feet in that time, maybe 35 or 40 if he's running for his life. But mostly, we're dodging furniture in an apartment or running for the nearest doorway to get some cover.

Most of the time, you're not going to bother with actual movement calculations in combat. You're going to describe what you're going to try to the gamemaster, and if it's reasonable, he'll say yea or nay, or have you make a skill roll or something of the kind.

But sometimes, it may be important to figure out exactly how far you can get. Here's some basic rules:

Walking: You can walk 10 feet in a combat round. Because you're moving, if you try to shoot at the same time, you roll a die one size bigger than otherwise.

Running, First Round: If you want to run, and you didn't run on the previous round, roll 1D20+10 to see how many feet you get. Yeah, that's a big range, but there are a lot of variables involved, like furniture in the way, and whether you stumble, and how quickly you get moving, and so on,

possibly the most flagrantly money-grubbing aspect of any role-playing game ever published

so actually, this kind of randomness is at least arguably more reasonable than establishing a flat movement rate. You can still try to shoot, but knock the to-hit die up by *two* sizes (e.g., from 1D20 past 1D30 to 1D40).

Running, Panicky: If you're being shot at and trying to avoid being hit, on subsequent rounds you keep rolling to see how far you get, as above, and you get the benefit of being a moving target (someone else's to-hit roll also gets knocked up by one die size).

Running, No Worries: If you're just jogging along, trying to cover ground, not worrying about obstacles or a hail of lead from the pigs, you can cover a steady 25 feet a combat round.

Sprinting: Or you can sprint for your life at 40 feet a combat round. You can't shoot or do anything else, and you don't get any protection from being shot at, because you're moving steadily and not that hard to follow. Do this for more than a few rounds and, unless you're in superb shape, you're going to be gasping for breath.

The gamemaster should feel free to modify this crap at whim, e.g., a character who looks like Jabba the Hutt isn't going to be covering any 40 feet a combat round.

Pain and Torture

So in combat, a character's pain points are used to determine when he gets incapacitated, essentially—if his pain points are exceeded by pain damage, he can't keep fighting, but doesn't die unless his hit points are exceeded by regular damage.

Pain points are also used to determine when the subject of torture "breaks." Basically, do enough pain damage to exceed his pain points, and he or she will do whatever you want, tell you his ATM passcode, or suck your cock, or whatever. Of course, if they scream a lot, the neighbors may call 911, but hey.

Experience

The Violence™ Experience Point System™

So one of the most annoying aspects of roleplaying games is that people can buy your rules and play for *decades*, with dozens of other people, and never pay you a dime ever again. I mean, one lousy rule book gives them *man-years* of entertainment, and all I get is a lousy 5% of \$6.95, call it thirty-five cents, *if I'm lucky*, I mean, standard royalties in this fucking industry are 2½-3%. Which is patently ridiculous on the face of it; I mean, *real* publishers typically pay 10% on hardcovers and 8% on paperbacks, and their unit sales tend to be a *lot* higher, too. So I'm left wondering how to pay my fucking rent, while you bastards go off and have the time of your life exploiting *my* intellectual property! You pigs.

Luckily, most of you are too fucking stupid to realize what a sweet deal you've got, and willingly lay out additional bucks for lame adventures and supplements and crap, because you don't have the brains to come up with your own ideas, but still. The basic transaction here sucks.

Hence the Violence™ Experience Point System™, possibly the most flagrantly money-grubbing aspect of any

roleplaying game ever published! Now there's a something worthy of note—I mean, we got a lot of competition for that particular claim.

Here's how it works. Published below are postage-stamp-sized certificates, each worth One Official Violence™ Experience Point™—print these in non-repro blue, Wallis, so the bastards can't just photocopy them! You, Mr. Gamemaster, get these free just for purchasing this fine gaming product. Use them with your own adventures, distributing them to your players upon successful completion of a game.

Publisher's Note: *If "X" thinks I'm paying to print this crap in a second ink, he's off his nut. This is an extraordinarily dubious idea, anyway. But—if you want them, they're on the back.*

Each published Violence™ adventure will contain additional Violence™ Experience Point™ certificates, enough to be distributed as rewards for completing the adventure contained therein.

Gamemasters who wish to run their own adventures may become Official Registered Violence™ Gamemasters™ by signing up for the Violence™ Roleplaying Gamemasters Association™ (hereinafter the VRPGA™) for the modest price of, oh, we'll figure it out in a bit, maybe \$10 a year. As a member of the VRPGA™ you get a) a newsletter, maybe, if and when we feel like publishing it, no guarantees here, and b) the opportunity to purchase additional Official Violence™ Experience Points™ at the rate of \$5 per six certificates.

When a player shows up with a character, the gamemaster should demand *proof* that the character is entitled to have all the skills and shit that the character sheet claims he does. To provide proof, the player must produce Official Violence™ Experience Point™ certificates showing that he is indeed entitled to have so powerful a character.

Gamemasters are *specifically prohibited*, by the RULES, says so RIGHT HERE, IN BLACK AND WHITE, HAHAAAAHAH, from preventing *any* character, no *matter* how powerful, from participating in play, so long as the player has the relevant Official Violence™ Experience Point™ certificates. (And yeah, I realize players can sign up for the VRPGA™ and buy as many certificates as they want in order to cheat, but this is *jake* by me, since I'll have their money.)

Furthermore, at all tournaments run by Hogshead Publishing Ltd. or approved by the VRPGA™, players may bring in whatever characters they want, so long as they got enough Official Violence™ Experience Point™ certificates. And if you don't show up with official certificates, no amount of whining will help, buddy, you'll be stuck with a new character with shit skills.

God, I'm a genius.

*My sister sells dozens of condoms
She punctures the end with a pin
My brother does illegal abortions
My God, how the money rolls in.*

Using Experience Points

Simple as pie. The gamemaster gives you, say, three experience points, spend 'em to increase your skill levels. One skill level per experience points. Spend all three to

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bump a skill rating by 3, or to increase three different skills by one each, or, well, you can figure it out, I guess.

If the gamemaster feels like being a pain, he can prevent you from increasing any skill above 15 without “training”. Training can either consist of some other player with the skill at a higher level than you spending some time teaching you shit, or it can involve finding someone to train you and spending time and bucks.

Awarding Experience Points

Basically, as gamemaster, when you come up with an adventure, you should decide how many experience points you’re going to give people for finishing the adventure—maybe a small quantity if they fuck up, and a somewhat larger quantity if they’re incredibly successful. I suggest 2 points, on average, per player, for a typical adventure. More if it’s long and tough, less if it’s a 15 minute kill-em-and-roll-em special. But I don’t really care that much; give ‘em more or less, if you want a high-powered campaign or a low-skill one. It’s all the same to me, particularly if you paid for the Official Violence™ Experience Point™ certificates.

I also suggest giving everybody a point or two just for being a warm body (and surviving), and allocate the rest on the basis of merit, meaning extra bennies for doing cool or particularly vile and offensive things, or whatever.

One thing, though. Try not to give points to assholes. If the bastard has spend the entire game getting on your nerves and picking fights with the other players, well, who needs that crap?

Drugs

Just Say, Upon Careful Consideration of the Facts, Taking the Evident Pleasures to be Gained Thereby, Together with the Obvious Dangers and Legal Ramifications, I’ve Concluded That I’d Rather Not, If It’s All the Same to You—Although, Be My Guest, Indulge, It’s Really None of My (or the fucking state’s) Business.

Heh.

Some years ago, I worked on a supplement to *Paranoia* that included rules for drugs in the *Paranoia* universe. Despite the fact that those drugs were entirely imaginary (and goofily so), the publisher started getting nervous about the reaction of “the public” (or, actually, of certain asshole distributors who shall remain nameless), and wanted to pull the piece entirely. I made a counter-proposal; instead of deleting the article, I’d just go through it and change the word “drug” throughout to “marsupial.” And I’d give each of the drugs the name of a marsupial (koala, kangaroo, and so on). Then, we could have little computer monitors sprinkled through the text saying things like “Hey, kid... Wanna score some marsupials?”

I thought this was kind of funny, but the publisher had an attack of common sense, and decided to run the piece as is, sticking a thing at the front saying “We Don’t Condone the Use of Drugs.”

Well, shit. This product isn’t supposed to be sold to kids anyway. And I mean, we got rules for cutting people’s heads off with circular saws, torture, and violent rape. I mean given that, you’re gonna get hot under the collar about discussion of illegal recreational pharmaceuticals?

Still, I suppose some sort of comment is due here.

What Is The Designer’s Attitude Toward Drugs?

1. They can be fun.
2. Most of them are fucking illegal, and you really don’t want to spend the next several years in the Big House as the homosexual fuckslave of a large, tattooed gentleman named Bruno.
3. No, the police have no sense of humor about this.
4. Most illegal drugs are addictive to a greater or lesser degree. Being addicted to an expensive, highly illegal substance with deleterious health effects does not strike me as desirable.
5. By and large, it isn’t fucking worth it. Stick with alcohol. It’s quite as dangerous, and as pleasurable, as any other drug I’ve tried, and it has the great advantage of being legal, reasonably cheap, and readily available.
6. Plus, it hasn’t been cut with boric acid, and you’re not going to catch a dose of AIDS from a dirty pint glass.
7. No, I’m *not* going to say “Just Say No.” Educate yourself and make an informed decision.

A Pharmacopia

Actually, the hell with it. It’s not like this is the 50s or even the 70s: information on every kind of mind-screwing substances is no longer hidden away behind scare-stories that one ‘drag’ on a ‘reefer’ will addict you for life; names, street terms and descriptions of effects are given out on the evening news like some kind of commercial for the stuff. Alcohol, dope, grass, hash, blow cocaine, crack, speed, whiz, meth, crystal meth, heroin, morphine, ecstasy... You either know what most of them do, or you think you do—which, given that this is meant to be a roleplaying game and not a catalog, boils down to pretty much the same thing. All that matters is that this game is meant to be set in the real world, so PCs can do what people really do with drugs: either get out of their addled skulls on them or sell them. (However, there are no rules for game-money giving you experience points. As we’ve said, in Violence™ that takes *real* money.)

But no: we will say a small word about Methamphetamine. Not exactly fashionable these days but still: meth is *highly* addictive, more so than heroin. When on meth, you’re active and up and have little appetite, meaning you’re consuming body reserves; when you crash, you tend to be depressed, lethargic, and extremely hungry. Habitual users tend to neglect diet and health. Heavy users risk damaged blood vessels and heart failure (a real problem for people who already have high blood pressure or heart trouble); heart attacks and strokes are likelier if the drug is used during strenuous exercise (e.g., dancing at a rave). Regular users who take high doses may develop delusions, hallucinations and feelings of paranoia. These can develop into to model cases of paranoid psychosis from which it may take many months to recover or which may be permanent.

In other words, meth can give you a stroke or heart attack, and even drive you literally insane. Cool, huh? Sounds like the drug of choice for our merry psycho band.

Finding Drugs

This is not particularly difficult. If a character wants to find drugs, make a Drug Lore skill roll. You may wish to modify it for neighborhood, e.g., finding drugs in South



LA is going to be a lot easier than finding them in Beverly Hills. Not that drugs aren't readily available in Beverly Hills, mind you, it's just that you aren't likely to stumble across people on the street who mutter "Smoke, smoke" at you as you pass.

You should make the roll yourself, someplace the player doesn't see. If he really blows the roll—maximum roll on the die, or a roll at least 5 above his skill level—something nasty happens. What that means is up to the gamemaster; he might buy stuff that isn't actually a drug (oregano in place of pot, milk sugar in place of smack), or maybe it's cut until it might as well be oregano or milk sugar, or maybe it's cut with something nasty—or maybe the deal is a set-up, and the dealer is actually a narc.

PCs, if they have any sense, will use drugs in reasonably private locations, like the kitchen of somebody they've just murdered. If blatantly using drugs in public (like, setting up to inject yourself or smoking reefer), increase the Police Harassment number by 5. And when high, increase the Police Harassment number by 1 to 3, depending on how obviously fucked up they are.

Effects on Skills and Combat

Meth and coke actually improve your reaction time; let the character use a die one level better than normal in combat, or for other skills that are based on reaction time when high (unless completely zonked, of course).

Alcohol, pot, MDMA, and smack degrade your reaction time; make the character use a die one level worse for such things. Maybe more, if they're really flying.

Alcohol dulls the reaction to pain; consequently, when a character is seriously dull, use a die one level smaller when rolling for pain damage.

When crashing from a meth, coke, or MDMA high (or hungover), make *all* skill usage one die worse. Maybe even more than that, if they were really fucked up. Similarly, withdrawal will degrade your skill use if addicted.

Addiction and Withdrawal

Even for highly addictive drugs like meth, a single use isn't going to cause addiction. It's got to be sustained over a period of time. Some characters begin play addicted; it's up to the gamemaster's judgment when a PC starts to feel withdrawal upon lack of drug use.

Withdrawal symptoms can include lethargy, irritability, anxiety, hyperkinetic activity, sweats, shakes, severe craving, insomnia, a crawling sensation on the skin, hallucinations, and even actual physical pain. The intensity of withdrawal symptoms depends on the degree of addiction, the level of drugs remaining in the blood stream and, of course, individual biology. A couple of weeks "clean" is normally sufficient to eliminate physical craving, but (a) the ability to feel pleasure can be affected for years afterward, and (b) the user may still feel a strong desire for the drug in question.

I'll leave specifics up to you.

Roleplaying Effects

Players are, of course, encouraged to roleplay the effects of drugs and/or withdrawal symptoms in their characters;

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this section provides, I believe, enough information to allow them to do so.

Fucking

Okay, so let's think about this. What kind of sex are we talking about? We sure as hell aren't talking about romantic tumbles on the beach or amid satin sheets, photographed through a gel lens to give it all that warm, fuzzy, erotic look. We're talking about characters who are degraded, abusive monsters. So we're talking about rape. Sexual enslavement. Erotic torture. It's an ugly picture.

Indeed, the image of a bunch of overweight, undersexed, unbathed gamers sitting around, drooling while they tell themselves what they're doing to the 'bitch' is equally repulsive. Homoerotic, in a way, yes? Getting each other hot and bothered while imagining some poor woman being tortured and raped. I'm not at all sure I want to encourage this kind of crap. Actually, I'm absolutely positive that I don't. But then we're supposed to be wallowing in the muck, aren't we? Catering to these repulsive adolescent fantasies. If we must, we must.

But... Wait. There's so much material here. Bondage and discipline. Sadoomasochism. Dominance and submission. Power exchange. Public exposure. Verbal humiliation. Tit and clit torture. Cock and ball torture, for that matter. Hot oil, wax, ice. Spanking, flogging, crops and canes. Erotic cutting. Watersports. Animals. Orgasm control. Body modification. Hand-cuffs, ties, spreader bars... Nipple clamps... I mean, my god, there's enough stuff for a whole game here. I mean, think of the equipment those BDSM assholes use; there are *catalogs* of this stuff. As a friend of mine who used to work as managing editor for a porn publisher says, "Sadoomasochists are the technologists of the porn world." More than enough stuff to fill a game's equipment list. Hell, enough to spawn whole equipment book supplements.

In fact—what a great idea! A BDSM roleplaying game. We could call it... Heh. I have it: *Dungeons & Discipline*. Better™ that. Whips and chains and hand-cuffs, oh my. Those drooling idiots will lap it up.

And hey, if *Vampire* can find a cross-over audience among Goths, why can't I among the BDSM crowd? There probably aren't as many of them as there are Goths... but you never know; Goths tend to be pretty public about their interests, but BDSM people tend to be a lot more private, for damned good reason.

And the research could be entertaining, heh heh. Not many people can write *that* off as a tax deduction. Although come to think of it, I don't really want to try to explain to the nice man from the IRS that yes, all those credit card receipts from The Pleasure Chest and my repeated visits to La Maison du Sade and The Vault are indeed legitimate business expenses....

I've long said that sex games never sell, because games are, by and large, fantasies that allow you to explore something you *don't* really want to do in real life. I mean, playing a game on the Battle of Waterloo can be fun, but you assuredly would prefer not to have to walk straight into withering cannon fire in a tight-packed formation with a bunch of your best buds. Fantasy RPGs can be fun, but if you ever find yourself face-to-face with some bastard in chainmail who's attempting to stick a large, sharpened

piece of metal into your gut, well, you won't find it as entertaining as a session of *AD&D*®. Contrariwise, you'd actually rather get laid than play some stupid game *about* getting laid. But BDSM... For the vast majority of the population, it's something more interesting to fantasize about than experience; it takes a particular kink actually to experience pain as erotic. Or for that matter, to juggle affection and aggression in a way that both parties find the results appealing. Ergo, unlike most other forms of sex, a BDSM roleplaying game probably *would* find a market.

So... In that case, why should I include all that stuff here? Christ, man, I can sell you another product! Besides which, it's a long and dishonorable tradition to save important game features for supplements the little bastards then feel compelled to run out and buy. Thus:

Coming Soon!
from Hogshead Publishing Ltd.
Dungeons & Discipline™
The BDSM Roleplaying Game
by Designer X
compatible with Violence™: The Roleplaying
Game of Egregious and Repulsive Bloodshed

And no, I'm not actually committing to design the fucking thing. Just goofing on the dweebs here. Although you know—it *would* sell.... If you could get anyone to stock it.

Blood

It's red. It carries oxygen to your body. There are several quarts of gore in a person. It tends to leak out when you cut holes in people. It clots into a gooey, disgusting mess. You can make blood sausage out of it. Direct blood-to-blood contact is a primary vector of AIDS. You're going to see a lot of it in this game. What more do you want to know?

Decent, Law-Abiding Citizens

Multiple choice question:

Is the purpose of this rules section to:

- a) Provide things for the characters to kill, in the time-honored fashion of roleplaying games everywhere;
- b) Provide people for you depraved bastards to degrade, torture, and murder, allowing you to get your rocks off through vicarious violence, thereby pandering to your basest and most despicable desires;
- c) Bring you face to face with the moral implications of your actions, hoping against hope that somehow you will understand how nauseating this all is, while despondently realizing that in all likelihood you'll miss the point entirely and merely go "hurr hurr hurr" in imitation of those doyens of inane jocularity (for it surely can't be termed humor), *Beavis & Butthead*;
- or d) All of the above?

Correct Answer: (d)

Descriptions

Obviously, there are 8 million stories in the naked city, and 15 mil in the LA basin alone. So the handful of de-

it's a long and dishonorable tradition to save important game features for supplements

scriptions here are totally inadequate to explore the vast variety of human existence in this, the most varied of centuries and this, the most varied of nations. But it'll get you started. What I'm trying to do, of course, is provide a sense of the interior life of these people—to show that their senseless murder is a tragic waste of human potential. When inventing your own NPCs, do likewise.

Country Girl

She's just out of college. She came to the big city full of hope and dreams for her future. She daydreams of meeting the right guy (or, less frequently, the right woman) and experiencing the kind of deep, romantic love she's only read about (certainly her bickering parents didn't ever share such a thing). She waits tables or does mind-deadening HTML hackwork or copyedits manuscripts while waiting for her big break as an actress/writer/rock 'n' roll singer. She's just so tickled pink to be living in the city that it hasn't yet occurred to her that she's pay way too much to live in a roach-infested hovel and that the odds of achieving even a tenth of what she dreams of are only marginally greater here than in the shitass hickville she finally managed to escape. She lives alone, or with one or two other women in essentially identical circumstances. She's beautiful, she's sweet, she's charming, and she's doomed to disappointment, and anyone other than you loathsome fuckheads would be touched. But I imagine you'll gangrape her until she bleeds, then steal her pathetic little stash of cheap jewellery.

Characteristics: It hardly matters.

Skills:

Sing Along with the Radio: 15

Blush Prettily: 15

Smile Though Her Heart is Breaking: 15

Wait On Table: 8 (no wonder the tips are lousy)

Slop the Hogs: 15

Handgun: 12 (yes, Daddy taught her how to shoot a gun. Too bad she doesn't have one.)

Dinks

That's "double-income, no kids," right? They're in the 20s or 30s, they both have high-paying jobs that require them to don business dress every morning, they live in a large apartment that's decorated in some interior decorator's expensive taste, and they spend the bulk of their income on meals out, shows, and frequent vacations abroad. They're essentially frivolous and take very little seriously, and it will take them a while to understand that they can't negotiate or buy their way out of *this* particular nightmare. They are, of course, reasonably toned, spending several hours a week at an expensive health club, but have no real experience with actual combat. The own lots of stuff, so looting their apartment is really worthwhile; of course, they also live in a doorman building, so getting in is non-trivial.

Characteristics:

Strength: 14

Threshold of Pain: 8

Constitution: 14

Intimidation: 10

Everything Else: 12



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Skills:

Obtain Reservation at 4-Star Restaurant: 18
Locate Charming B&B: 16
Ski: 15
Stock Market Lore: 12
Film & TV Lore: 15
Business Management: 12
Hand-to-Hand Combat: 3

Illegals

They come from the Dominican Republic or Somalia or Russia or Guangdong province. They work in garment factories or as bus-boys or messengers or take-out delivery men. They live six to a room in a lousy area of town in order to save on the rent. They send the bulk of their income back home to people who live in even more squalid poverty than they, hard as this is to believe. They hope one day to earn enough money that they can return home and live in reasonable comfort and marry someone nice, but in fact, they will spend their lives here, working at shit jobs, with no hope for advancement without a green card, until they get too old or Immigration catches up with them or they accidentally slice off a hand on the cutting machine. In another age, they would be considered to exemplify the nobility of the working man, but in our age, they're considered dangerous aliens who take jobs away from Americans and should be forcibly repatriated to their native land, never mind that they do shit jobs no American really wants. They have damn-all worth stealing, but will that stop our fuckhead player-characters?

Characteristics: Roll 3D6-2 for each (the minus is because of poor nutrition in childhood).

Skills:

Gabble Incomprehensibly in Foreign Tongue: 20
English: 4
Slice Pizza/Operate Sewing Machine/Bus Tables: 15
Evade Immigration: 15
Drive Cab: 6
Hand-to-Hand Combat (men only): 12

I mean, if they had any skills worth speaking of, they wouldn't be in this fix in the first place.

A Member of the Hipeousie

He's got a shaven head and eyebrow rings and a Celtic-pattern tattoo about his upper arm. The walls of his room are stacked with books—he never bothered to get shelves. He sleeps on a filthy futon on the floor. He wears black, or baggy jeans and a highly-colored t-shirt in the techno fashion. He's got a small TV and a Playstation console and a Stratocaster. He works as a bartender or HTML hack or freelance web journalist to bring in enough bucks to pay the rent and the tab at the bar, but his real interest is in his rock band or the *roman-à-clef* he's writing or the computer game he works on in his spare time. His bathroom is beyond filthy, the toilet bowl covered with grime, the mold on the walls beginning to get furry. His apartment contains a diverse ecology—at least six distinct species of cockroach and waterbug, plus mice and the occasional rat. He subsists largely on takeout chinese and cheap Ukrainian. He gets laid a lot more often than you do. Within three years, he'll either have achieved some kind of modest cult success, in which case he'll still be like this twenty

years from now, or he'll get tired of living this way, clean himself up, and wind up as an investment banker. He won't be entirely surprised that people like the PCs exist, since he's cynical and depressed as a life-style choice, but as he has no great familiarity with violence, will do his best to escape, abandoning his shit, which doesn't amount to much anyway.

Characteristics: So roll.

Skills:

Electric Guitar: 12
Drug Lore: 14
Tend Bar: 14
Write/Music Composition/C++ Programming: 14
Housework: 1

Grandma

She was lucky; she survived, when the rest of her family perished in the deathcamps. The tattoo is still there, on her upper arm, though as her flesh has wrinkled with age, it has become less readable. She came to the States, she married (her husband died some years ago), she lived a reasonably happy life—a bonus life, a life she had no right to expect, a life for which she is very grateful. She lives in her little apartment now, holding on though it's increasingly hard for her to get about, for she has no desire to go to one of those warehouses for the dying, those old age "homes". She's tiny, white-haired, and frail; her apartment is filled with ancient furniture, the arms covered with antimacassars, bric-a-brac on every available surface. She misses her grandchildren, who are old enough to be in or out of college now, and the high point of her existence is when one of them calls or visits. She doesn't have that many years left to live, but she never considered that it would end at the hands of people who might as well be Nazis.

Characteristics:

Strength: 3
Threshold of Pain: 18 (it takes some effort to inflict pain that's worse than her arthritis, which she deals with every day)
Constitution: 6
Intimidation: 16
Everything Else: 12

Skills:

Mah-Jongg: 16
Cooking: 25
Obscure Mid-20th Century Left-Wing Political Lore: 15
Housework: 20
Make Offspring Feel Guilty: 25

Bin Laden Cell

We have to give the PCs a nasty surprise every once in a while. Externally, this looks like just another hovel, a cramped apartment where a dozen or so immigrants live. And it is, more or less, except that *these* immigrants have an enormous stash of firearms, rocket launchers, grenades, hand-held surface-to-air missiles, improvised poison gas munitions (never mix chlorine bleach and ammonia), and explosives. Their rooms are extremely neat; each bunk has a prayer mat beneath it, and framed, calligraphed quotations from the Koran are on every wall—except for the wall where the blueprints from the

we have to give the pcs a nasty surprise every once in a while

World Trade Center/Hollywood Bowl/Sears Tower/Washington Monument/whatever are mounted.

Roll 3D6 to see how many of the soldiers of Allah are present; they all have high-powered firearms to hand, and are extremely displeased that the privacy of their sanctum has been violated, because they're going to have to transport all this crap to a new location. They would far rather kill minions of the Great Satan than these assholes, but they're also quite certain they don't want *anyone* to know what they're up to, and will do their best to ensure that the PCs die. They are heavily armed, reasonably well trained, and perfectly willing to die since they are assured of immortality in Paradise, so they've got a pretty good chance of achieving their objective.

Characteristics:

Varies, of course; roll.

Skills:

Islamic Lore: 25

Machine Weapons: 18

Handgun: 16

Unarmed Combat: 12

Torture: 10

Cook (Halal meats only): 12

Fuck Pad

The guy who lives here is mid-20s and got rich quickly—an investment banker or rap musician or web entrepreneur. He's a cocky bastard, and has modified this large, expensive one-bedroom apartment into his own personal erotic fantasy. The bedroom is one single huge sunken bed; the walls and ceiling are mirrored. He's installed a wet-bar in the living room. Instead of a conventional couch, he has a 8' x 8' x 3' piece of foam rubber that's had indentations and armrests carved into it, to make a huge couch-like object where a half dozen people can lounge about in various positions; the rubber is draped with silk parachute fabric. (This is directly modelled on a couch Andy Warhol had at the Silver Factory.) In short, any sensible woman entering this apartment would giggle and leave, but he manages to find a surprising number of women devoid of sense.

There will be a considerable stash of coke, perhaps with a little pot, somewhere about. It would be like the guy to have a pistol somewhere, too, particularly if he's a rapper. In fact, a rapper might have more impressive armament. The apartment is actually pretty bare—he doesn't spend much time here, except to sleep or fuck—but he does have an impressively expensive home entertainment system. The fridge is empty except for a bottle of champagne and a lone jar of mustard.

Characteristics:

Strength: 14 (he works out)

Threshold of Pain: 7 (fundamentally, he's a wuss)

Constitution: 12

Intimidation: 16 (part of his stock-in-trade, in business)

Everything Else: 12

Skills:

Sports Lore: 18

Pick Up Bimbo: 16

Drug Lore: 10

Financial Analysis/Music Composition/Web Technology: 16

Fly Fishing/Basketball/Bicycling: 15

Handgun: 6, but 12 for the rapper.

A Yuppie of an Unexpected Kind

Another potentially nasty surprise for the PCs... Unless you know him well, you'd think he was just another yup, a PERL programmer perhaps, or a publicist for a film studio. Maybe you'd note he's a little more buff than your average geek. You might see him skating away from his apartment building, sometime, with a long cylindrical case on his back—and not realize that he's carrying his saber and épée, he's been fencing for years and trains daily at Tiger Schulman karate. He runs and inline skates and skis; he's a jock, but not a jock of the team sports kind. And he's quite capable of calmly breaking your arm, or running you through with his foil. His apartment isn't in the best area of town; it's conveniently placed for a commute, and reasonably cheap, so breaking in is certainly feasible.

Characteristics:

Strength: 18

Threshold of Pain: 14

Constitution: 16

Intimidation: 10

Everything Else: 12

Skills:

Sword-Fighting: 25

Hand-to-Hand Combat: 25

Skating: 20

Skiing: 18

Knife-Fighting: 12

Web Technology/Public Relations/Whatever: 18

Mom with Small Children

She's in her early 30s, she's rather tired because her youngest still doesn't sleep through the night reliably. She stays at home to take care of the kids, because she can't quite bring herself to trust the darlings to a stranger, even though she and her husband could dearly use the additional income, and she sorely misses the satisfaction of her work. She is prone to fits of depression, for she is here, with the kids, most of the day, and has little opportunity for contact with adults. Those she does see are largely parents like herself, their conversations center on the children, and she is basically bored out of her skull most of the time. Yet she loves the little sweeties, and if she must sacrifice some years of her life to bring them up properly, to ensure that they have the love and attention they need at this critical stage in their growth, she is willing to make that sacrifice. She's reasonably attractive, although she wears plain, comfortable clothes, and lack of sleep has not improved her looks. Her race is immaterial.

Her two small children—one aged three, the other aged six—are cute, trusting, and bouncy. They are quite old enough to understand that you're hurting mommy, that mommy is bleeding, that mommy is dying, that you are very bad men, that you are going to hurt them, that the world is, contrary to their entire life experience to date, a cruel, vicious, Satanic place filled with evil monsters who laugh maniacally while performing deeds of unimaginable horror. Assuming they survive meeting you, their entire lives from this date forward will be warped in unforeseeable ways by this unspeakably vile encounter.

Characteristics: Whatever.

Skills:

Kiss Ouchie And Make It Better: 15

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Sing Sweet Little Songs: 15

Imaginative Play: 15

Cuddling: 15

Fight Like a Tigress to Defend Her Offspring: 10 (unfortunately, no higher, sigh)

Accountancy, Public Relations, Financial Analysis, or some other useful job-related skill she can't, for obvious reasons, use effectively at present: 15

Orcs

Now—before you put this away, either “hurr hurr”ing like an asshole, or feeling vaguely disturbed, I want to ask you



a question. That orc—you know, the orc in that room in the dungeon, you open the door, there's an orc there. He looks up, a bunch of heavily armed human motherfuckers are charging into the room waving weapons. What's he supposed to do? Smile broadly and say “Hey, mi casa es su casa, amigos!”? No, he whimpers with fear, pulls out his pigsticker, and prepares to meet his doom. I wanna know about his childhood. Are you telling me he doesn't have friends who are going to miss him? That he didn't have hopes and fears and aspirations of his own? That you aren't a bunch of fucking degraded monsters for wasting him without a second thought?

You're playing a fucking role, okay, you're supposed to act like a real character in this world. And yet you saunter around, killing intelligent creatures like they're just another widget, a bunch of pixels to blow away, a mechanism for obtaining experience points and treasure.

That isn't roleplaying. Not as I understand it.

Here's what I want to do. I want to go into a *Quake*® deathmatch. And I want to strip down to a loincloth, sit down on the floor with a begging bowl, and call after the lunatics with the plasma guns as they flee past me, saying, “It is all *samsara*, it is all illusion, my friend” — for truly it is, pixels on a screen. “Reject the fleeting temptations here, what profiteth you another kill? There is another path.”

And I want him to turn, think twice—and then I will smile benevolently as he tosses a rocket my way, blows me to my reincarnation as my peaceful self—and he runs on, and kills and kills again, quad damage, armor, another clip, heal and heal and blammo to the floor—until finally he turns, lays down his gun, and sits by me, asking me to teach. And then one by one, the players shall gather by me, sitting, assuming the lotus position, touching the ground in the earth-witness gesture, letting their thoughts still, contemplating that strange *Quake* sky as it streams overhead, peaceful, in unity, transforming this one, small, cyberrealm of unending war and mayhem into harmony.

Sigh.

Right.

I wanna be a shooter *bhoddisatva*, baby.

Man, I am so full of shit.

The Pigs

Mostly, the people the PCs meet don't put up much opposition. They're normal people. They aren't prepared to encounter brutal sadistic monsters. They exist, from the PCs' perspective, to be brutalized, raped, and killed for the experience points, just like in *D&D*®. Oh, every once in a while they'll run up some guy with a gun, or a veteran with weapons, or something of the kind; but most of the time, their main opposition is the police.

In a crowded city, there are many eyes. All it takes is one of them to see the PCs doing something vile, and decide to pick up the phone.

Know Thy Enemy

Let's start with the Police Worldview.

To the Enforcers of Public Order, there are four categories of people:

Scum

That is to say, perps. All of your PCs, for instance, but a large proportion of the population in certain neighborhoods as well. The police know full well that their main job is to catch Scum in the act of doing something illegal, then to seize them, preferably applying some Judicious Force in the process, and ensuring that they have a nice, long stay in publically-provided rest facilities. Scum are scum, and anything you can get away with in the process of catching them is justifiable, albeit you do have to keep the Ethical Control Officers and suchlike in mind.

Potential Scum

These are people who appear to be scum, but since the world is unjust, must be treated like citizens until you've got a reasonable justification for treating them otherwise. Potential scum include anyone who falls into these categories:

- Black people
- Hispanic people
- Goths
- Punks
- Ravers
- Teenagers in general (cute girls exempted)
- Fags and Dykes
- Anyone wearing a black leather jacket (suede exempted) unless they look notably collegiate
- Anyone with unusual piercings or tattoos
- Anyone wearing a t-shirt advertising: rap, heavy metal, or techno musicians; a videogame; a comic book; an unusual sexual preference; or an illegal substance

In other words, 'potential scum' is a large and encompassing category, comprising the majority of the population in some neighborhoods.

Please note that the Police *Weltanschauung* is all-encompassing, and quickly adopted even by cops who fall into one of these categories, e.g., a black policeman may be *marginally* less likely to assume that all black people are potential scum, but only marginally.

Potential scum are subject to random questioning by the police and, if the police have anything they can remotely justify as 'probable cause,' to random search as well.

Citizens

Citizens are people who pay taxes. They probably know who their city councilperson is. If you stop and question them, they are likely to take your damned badge number and file a complaint with someone. They are, of course, stupid sheep, but it is a cop's job to protect them from Scum. Citizens include (a) people who look like white, blue- or white-collar suburbanites, the kind of people who might live down the street from the cop himself, or (b) people in business dress. Business dress will pretty much automatically promote you into the 'citizen' category, which is why you see so many well-dressed black people on the streets. It's about the only way to protect themselves from arbitrary police harassment.

Cops

Then, of course, there are cops. Cops are Of Our Tribe. They are Good. They must be protected at all costs, even at the expense of the sheep, I mean, the Citizens. They must be protected even if they do something that's a re-

grettable and understandable little violation of normal police procedures like, say, shooting an unarmed and defenseless man 41 times in "self-defense", or shoving a nightstick up some perp's rectum, resulting in massive internal bleeding and the need for immediate medical attention. Indeed, to *fail* to protect a fellow cop under such circumstances will result in your ostracism from the community of Law Enforcement Officers, and such failure is deemed understandable only if the alternative is dire, e.g., you'll be jailed for perjury if you don't testify.

A subcategory of Cop is Bad Cop. A Bad Cop is not someone who shoves his nightstick up the rectum of a Scum, or shoots an unarmed suspect 41 times. That kind of thing is merely indicative of a natural excess of enthusiasm, which will surely be tempered by experience. No, a Bad Cop is someone who lets Scum perpetrate crimes in exchange for money (or sex, or some other inducement). Bad Cops are, of course, still *Cops*, and must be protected, but if you are a Good Cop, you do your best not to be teamed with these guys, or to get them transferred to another precinct so you don't have to deal with them.

Types of Pigs

We generally needn't bother too much about the interior life of cops; they're a lot likelier to be shooting at our perps than chatting with them. So some simple rules to generate cops are advisable.

General-Issue Pig

Cops tend to be selected for the characteristics we've chosen as important in the game. So:

Characteristics: Strength: 3D6+2; Threshold of Pain: 3D6+2; Constitution: 3D6+2; Intimidation: 3D6+2; Everything Else: 2D6

Skills: Handgun: 10+1D10; Unarmed Combat: 10+1D6; the Cosh: 10+1D6; 3Rs: 10+1D10; Driving: 10+1D10; Sports Lore: 15+1D6; Law: 10+1D10; Underworld Lore: 10+1D6

Equipment: Police .38 automatic, nightstick, mace, walkie-talkie unless in a squad car (in which case there's a police radio in the car). Uniform, of course; often a Kevlar vest (although some cops don't like it and will "forget" it at times). *Number Appearing:* They mostly travel in pairs, although I've seen single cops walking a beat at times.

Behavior: Cop cars are usually over-engined Chevy Caprices. Typically, three or four other cars can show up as backup within a few minutes, and the longer you wait, the more backup you can get. Might take a few days for the mayor to persuade the governor to call up the National Guard, though, but I can't imagine the PCs being clever enough to get it to that level. Now, forget all those goddamn cop shows you've watched on TV. These guys are not clever crime-solving detectives, pitting themselves in a war of wits against the underworld. They're basically a bunch of lower middle-class, barely literate morons. I mean, you don't tend to get a lot of Harvard grads in the force. There are exceptions, certainly, like my high school buddy, hmm, better not use his name, actually, I'm sure he'd really prefer not to be associated with this product in any way, but he got a degree in classics at Columbia, then decided he wanted to join the NYPD. They rejected him on psycho grounds, initially, I think because they figured that any Ivy League grad who wanted to be a

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cop was obviously fucking nuts, but he appealed and got in. He's probably the only cop on the force who can write a parking ticket in Babylonian cuneiform. But I digress. Anyway, the point is, don't expect really bright behavior from these guys (and gals). Thankfully, most criminals are fucking idiots, too, or they'd find a better way to make a living. Remind me to tell you about the cretin who held me at gunpoint in the offices of a game publisher, sometime.

Gender: Roll 1D10; 1-8 = male, 9-10 = female, but if one of a pair is female, there's a 50% chance that her partner is female too.

Race: This depends on the composition of your local force, but if you want a table:

1D100 roll	race
01-75	white
76-85	black
86-95	Latino/a
96-99	Asian
00	other (Native American, Pacific Islander, etc.)

If Latino/a, you should assume some Spanish skill.

Chopper Copper

Same as above, but add:

Skills: Motorcycle: 10+1D10

Equipment: Motorcycle, helmet, leather jacket.

Number Appearing: Frequently travel by their lonesome.

Bike Pig

Not all cities have these. Same as General-Issue Pig, but add:

Characteristics: Make Strength 4D6, cause these guys get a lot of exercise.

Skills: Bicycle: 10+1D10

Equipment: Bike, bike helmet, that stupid tight-fighting bike clothing, air pump, some basic tools.

Behavior: Usually travel in pairs. Among other things, they're trained to throw their bike at a perp, if necessary, to knock him down. Most often found in parks.

Horse Pig

Most towns don't have these any more, but New York does. They're actually pretty useful in crowd and riot control. As per General Issue Pig, but:

Skills: Horse Riding: 10+1D10

Equipment: Horse; saddle, bridle, and all that equine shit. I suspect their nightsticks are longer than usual, too, so they can more easily reach down and club defenseless protesters.

Gender: I suspect that there are a higher proportion of sows (female pig, get it, get it, okay, you're right, it's fucking lame) here, given the well-known enthusiasm for horses felt by many girls. I mean, learning to control a large, dumb animal will come in handy after you get married.

Undercover Pig

We assume these guys are slightly more on the ball, or why would they be assigned to this duty? As per GI Pig, but:

Characteristics: Everything Else: 3D6

Skills: Handgun: 15+1D6; Unarmed Combat: 10+1D10; Law:

15+1D6; Underworld Lore: 15+1D6; Acting & Disguise: 15+1D6

Equipment: Police .38 automatic (in a shoulder-holster, concealed under a jacket or shirt)—usually, but sometimes even that is dispensed with for the sake of authenticity. Civilian dress. Sometimes outfitted for a sting (like, lying drunkenly in a train with disheveled clothes, in the hope that someone will try to roll you). Most other equipment is dispensed with as being too obvious, but they *do* carry a badge, because otherwise how can you expect perps to believe that you actually are a cop when you try to arrest them? Or to have other cops believe you actually are what you claim when something nasty happens.

Behavior: A single undercover cop may appear alone, but he never is. There's someone around for backup—maybe another undercover cop, maybe a uniformed cop, maybe people he can summon quickly via a cellphone.

Race: A higher proportion of blacks and Hispanics. I suppose you'll want another table, goddamn it; you know, I'm just making this stuff up, why can't you? Or did you actually think I did any *research*?

1D100 roll	race
01-60	white
61-77	black
78-94	Latino/a
95-99	Asian
00	other (Native American, Pacific Islander, etc.)

Narc

A member of the narcotics squad. Normal cops'll certainly arrest people on drug charges, when possible, but these guys are specifically charged with uncovering drug shipments and sales. As a result, they tend to be the most corrupt cops on the force, since they have ready access to people who have a strong incentive to bribe them and will earn enormous profits if the cops just leave them alone. Stats are basically identical to GI Pigs, except they have readier access to heavier weapons, e.g., sub-machineguns.

Auxiliary Pigs

These are the cop equivalent of the Guard and Reserve. They aren't actually cops, they put on a uniform and wander streets and parks, usually on the weekends but sometimes at other times, too. They receive a little training, but not much. They're supposed to call for real cops if anything real happens, but you have to look pretty close at the uniform (or notice that they aren't carrying guns) to realize they aren't the real thing. Some of them are actually into it; some join for goofy reasons (like my friend Kim-the-artist, who joined the horse police auxiliary so she could ride for free in Central Park).

Characteristics: 3D6 for everything, like a normal person, which they are.

Skills: Whatever you want.

Equipment: Nightstick, uniform, badge. *No* gun.

Everything else is same as for GI Pigs.

Pig Lieutenant

A little older, a little smarter, a little more knowledgeable. As per GI pig, but:



Characteristics: Everything at 3D6—the strength and such is no longer higher on average, cause they’re older. And ‘everything else’ gets three full dice cause they’re a little smarter.

Skills: Handgun: 12+1D10; Unarmed Combat: 12+1D6; The Cosh: 10+1D6; 3Rs: 15+1D10; Driving: 15+1D10; Sports Lore: 15+1D6; Law: 15+1D10; Underworld Lore: 15+1D6; Gang Lore: 15+1D6. And toss in a few extra skills for purposes of differentiation.

Equipment: Civilian clothes of the “dowdy suit” variety. Gun in shoulder-holster. No nightstick or mace. Probably no kevlar vest, unless walking into a “situation.” Car with no markings and a little portable red gumball thing you can stick on the roof.

Behavior: The main thing is that the other pigs will do what he (or rarely she) says, so they’ll co-ordinate a bit better.

SWAT Teams

Killing people like the PCs is precisely what SWAT teams are for, so the PCs are likely to see a lot of them, especially if they try to take hostages. They’re butch-er and better trained than your average pig, they have access to incredibly powerful weaponry, and they operate in substantial teams with decent leadership.

Number Appearing: 1D12.

Characteristics: 4D6 for everything, except for Everything Else, which is 2D6+1.

Skills: Handgun: 12+1D10; Machine Weapons: 15+1D10; Rocket Launcher: 10+1D10; Sniper Rifle: 15+1D10; Explosive Munitions: 10+1D10; Unarmed Combat: 15+1D6; The

Cosh: 15+1D6; 3Rs: 10+1D10; Driving: 15+1D10; Sports Lore: 15+1D6; Law: 10+1D10; Underworld Lore: 10+1D6

Equipment: Hey, whaddaya know, the Times actually ran a piece about SWAT teams today, so I can tell you, for real, what they carry. Each SWAT pig has a ballistic vest or body armor; Kevlar helmet; fire-retardant jump-suit and gloves; boots, kneepads, and elbow pads; 9mm semiautomatic handgun; shoulder-fired submachinegun like Heckler & Koch MP-5 (treat as Uzi-equivalent); light attachments for both guns; gas mask; radio headset; climbing and rappelling gear.

They tool around the streets in an armored van (though some cities have APCs as well), which contains ballistic shields, high-intensity lamps, sledgehammer, battering rams, halligan tools—I have no idea what that is—a hydraulic jamb-spreader, a firefighter’s chain saw, exothermic cutting torches, chemical grenades, baton or “beanbag” rounds and dedicated launchers, and flash-bang grenades.

I have to assume they can bring up extra equipment and specialists when necessary and there’s available time, e.g., sharpshooters with sniper rifles.

Behavior: One of the team is its commander; they co-ordinate well. They’re gung-ho nutcases who’re just itching to use some of the cool stuff in the van. They’re aware they aren’t supposed to blow up civilians, but so long as they can justify their actions, they’re keen on blowing things up real good, shooting off a lot of rounds, and ensuring that the perps don’t escape. They often show up with a negotiator, who’s supposed to talk to the perps

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and get them to surrender (or, possibly, make some kind of deal with them, although this isn't too likely), so they get to play good-cop bad-cop with the negotiator. Like "I don't know if I can hold the SWAT team off much longer, they're just itching to use these new sniper rifles with the infrared scopes they got, claim they can kill you clean and quick with no danger to the hostages. So be nice boys and come out with your hands up, and we'll plea-bargain it down to second-degree murder."

Treasure

Hey, just like in D&D®! Bring me my +5 vorpal sub-machinegun with the dragon scope and mithril ammunition, page.

Wandering Victim Tables

Okay, so they whack someone on the street, what's he or she got? That's what this table is for, *capice?*

Wandering Victim Treasure

And here's what they got:

Bum: \$1D6 in cash. 20% chance of drugs worth \$1D100. Maybe a bottle of Night Train.

Poor Person: \$2D100 in cash (they tend to carry a fair bit of cash, because they tend not to have bank accounts or credit cards). 10% chance of ATM card. 20% chance of 1D2 credit cards. 50% chance of jewellery worth \$1D100. 10% chance of drugs worth \$1D100. 10% chance of 1 portable electronic item. 10% chance of a handgun. 30% chance of mace.

Blue Collar Person: \$1D100 in cash. 50% chance of ATM card. 75% chance of 1D3 credit cards. Flip a coin to determine gender: men have 50% chance of jewellery worth \$1D50, women have jewellery worth \$2D100. 10% chance of drugs worth \$1D100. 40% chance of 1 portable electronic item. 10% chance of a handgun. 40% chance of mace.

White Collar Person: \$1D100 in cash. ATM card. 1D4 credit cards. Men have 50% chance of jewellery worth \$1D100; women have jewellery worth \$1D1000 (a typical wedding ring alone can be worth that, right?). 10% chance of drugs worth \$1D100. 50% chance of 1D2 portable electronics. 5% chance of a handgun. 20% chance of mace.

Executive: \$1D100 in cash. ATM card. 1D6 credit cards. Men have jewellery worth \$3D100; women have jewellery worth \$2D1000. 10% chance of drugs worth \$1D100. 75% chance of 1D4 portable electronic items. 2% chance of a handgun, 5% chance of mace.

Rich Person: \$1D100 in cash. ATM card. 1D12 credit cards. Men have jewellery worth \$1D1000; women have jewellery worth \$3D1000. 10% chance of drugs worth \$1D500. 40% chance of 1D3 portable electronic items. 2% chance of a handgun, 5% chance of mace.

Criminal: For cash, roll 1D100: 01-10, \$1D50,000, and he's obviously in organized crime and boy is the syndicate going to be pissed; 11-20, \$1D10,000; 21-50, \$3D1000; 51-75, \$1D1000; 76-00, \$1D100. 1D10 credit cards (none of them his). No jewellery. 50% chance of drugs worth \$1D10,000. 1 portable electronic item (probably a beeper). 75% chance of a handgun. 50% chance of a knife. 50% chance of some other weapon, at GM's discretion.

Treasure Explanation

Cash is obvious.

ATM cards are worthless, unless you can torture the passcode out of the person, or they're stupid enough to write it on the back of the card or something. Even then, you gotta get to the cash machine before they cancel the card, and you can't extract more than a few hundred bucks a day, and a hidden camera will take your picture while you do.

Credit Cards: Oh boy, an opportunity for another table.

Credit Card Table

01-25	Visa
26-40	MasterCard
51-55	American Express
56-60	Optima
61-67	Discover
68-69	Carte Blanche/Diners Club
70	JCB/Other Foreign
71-90	Department store
91-00	Gas

You gotta use it before it gets cancelled, and hope you get a sales clerk who doesn't bother to check the signature (or else you need to forge the signature reasonably well). Of course, if you murdered the owner, you may be able to use it for some time, if you don't overdo it, before the issuer gets suspicious and cancels it.

Jewellery: We're including watches as "jewellery," which is why the numbers for men are as high as they are. Wedding rings are also, obviously, prime targets. Other than that, it's random stuff—additional rings, necklaces, earrings and such. The value is the purchase price; you'll be lucky to get 25% of that on the street.

Wandering Victim Table

	Slum	Lower-middle class	Middle class	Ritzy area	Retail area	Hipster center	Business
Victim type							
<i>bum</i>	01-20	01-10	01-05	01-02	01-05	01-10	01-05
<i>poor person</i>	21-73	11-40	06-26	03-10	06-17	11-40	06-18
<i>blue collar</i>	74-83	41-80	27-66	11-20	18-47	41-60	19-38
<i>white collar</i>	84-88	81-88	67-86	21-50	48-77	61-80	39-68
<i>executive</i>	89	89-90	87-90	51-80	78-87	81-90	69-88
<i>rich person</i>	90	91-94	91-96	81-97	88-97	91-96	89-98
<i>criminal</i>	91-98	95-99	97-99	98-99	98-99	97-99	99
<i>undercover cop</i>	99-00	00	00	00	00	99-00	00

i mean, this was puerile when gygax & arneson did it

Drugs are easily salable (or you can take ‘em yourself), but of course you run the risk of pissing off whomever owns this territory for drug sales, unless you sell the drugs to them, probably for 50% of the retail price.

Portable electronic items include beepers, cellphones, Walkmen, Gameboys, and Palms or other electronic organizers. If you’re really lucky, you might get a laptop.

Weapons: If they got ‘em, you can expect they’ll use ‘em. I mean, what are they carrying them around for if not to defend themselves from the likes of you? If the campaign is set somewhere like, say, Texas, the gamemaster should boost these percentages by a lot. These numbers assume the campaign is someplace civilized.

Apartment Treasure

Man, I’m having flashbacks. I mean, this was puerile when Gygax & Arneson did it, and it still is. I mean, how lame: generate your gameworld at random and stock it equally randomly. You really ought to give some thought to the experience you want to impart and the story you want to tell, right?

Well, on second thought, save that shit for a better game. I mean, all your fucking players wanna do is kill, anyway? Does it even matter what? Everything just another bunch of stats.

Okay.

Here, we figure out what stuff is lying around an apartment. This is just stuff you’ll find if you break in; if the residents are present, each of them’ll be carrying stuff, too—treat ‘em as if they’re Wandering Victims (see above).

Residents

First, determine the nature of the building, then roll. (Obviously bums, or “homeless people” if you want to be polite, which I don’t, have no apartments.)

Poor People

\$2D100 in cash. 50% chance of jewellery worth \$2D100. 10% chance of drugs worth \$1D100. 10% chance of a handgun. 1D3 pieces of electronic equipment. 20% chance of other stuff worth \$1D500.

Blue Collar

For each unmarried female resident over the age of 18, \$2D100 in jewellery; for each married female resident, \$1D1000 jewellery. 10% chance of drugs worth \$1D100. 1D6 pieces of electronic equipment. 10% chance of a handgun. Other stuff worth \$1D1000.

White Collar

For each unmarried female resident over the age of 18, \$1D1000 in jewellery; for each married female resident, \$2D1000 jewellery. 10% chance of drugs worth \$1D200. 1D8 pieces of electronic equipment. 10% chance of a handgun. Other stuff worth \$2D1000.

Executive

For each unmarried female resident over the age of 18, \$2D1000 in jewellery; for each married female resident, \$1D10,000. 10% chance of drugs worth \$1D1000. 1D10 pieces of electronic equipment. 10% chance of a handgun. Other stuff worth \$1D10,000. 1% chance of gold or negotiable instruments worth \$1D100,000.

Rich People

For each unmarried female resident over the age of 18, \$3D1000 in jewellery; for each married female resident, \$1D100,000. 10% chance of drugs worth \$1D1000. 1D12 pieces of electronic equipment. 10% chance of a handgun. Other stuff worth \$1D50,000. 10% chance of gold or negotiable instruments worth \$1D100,000 (almost certainly in a safe).

Criminal

The gamemaster should decide on the crook’s business—drugs, stolen goods, credit card scams, breaking & entering—and outfit the apartment accordingly. E.g., if he’s a dealer, you can expect \$3D10,000 in drugs. The scale of the criminal’s armament will be directly related to the value of the crap he’s got—you can expect anything and everything up through machineguns and deadly traps. If you stumble on something really impressive—like a meth lab—you can expect multiple armed felons, too, ready and willing to axe you to protect it. In other words, this can be a treasure trove, but is vastly more likely to be well defended than stuff owned by civilians. Normal criminals will shy away from confrontations like this. With a bunch of psycho nut-hatches like your PCs, anything is possible.

Treasure Types

Most of the types of treasure listed here are the same as for Wandering Victims, with these differences:

Electronic Equipment: TVs, compact stereos, computers, home entertainment systems, videogame consoles, VCRs, DVD players, projection TVs, HDTVs, etc. A component stereo system is considered to be several individual pieces of electronic equipment, that is, a system consisting of an amplifier, a CD player, and a decent set of speakers is three pieces of electronic equipment.

Other Stuff: Of course, it’s likely that there’s other valuable stuff, too—it’s just that the characters won’t notice.

Resident Table

Type of housing	poor people	blue collar	white collar	executive	rich people	criminal
row house (bad area)	01-80	81-95	96-98	—	—	99-00
tenement	01-60	61-80	81-96	97	98	99-00
project	01-90	91-97	98	—	—	99-00
walk-up	01-30	31-70	71-95	96-98	99	00
elevator building, no doorman	00-15	16-60	61-90	91-98	99	00
luxury apartment building	00	01-10	11-60	61-90	91-99	00
brown-stone	—	—	01-05	06-50	51-99	00

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For example, if someone breaks into my apartment, I'd expect them to take the stereo and the four computers. I don't have a TV, of course. But I wouldn't expect them to realize that the Cabell first editions, the Gregg Press hardcovers, and the original Muth and George Pratt illustrations are probably worth more than all the electronic equipment put together. And even if they did—well, fencing an amplifier is straightforward. Finding a buyer who'll give you anything like market for stolen rare books is another matter.

So that's what this category is for. You roll, they got 'other stuff,' and here's its ostensible value. But unless one of the characters has some kind of relevant knowledge—like, he's got Music Lore at 15, if he makes a skill roll maybe he'll notice that those old vinyl 45s are Billie Holliday original pressings and worth a fortune if unscratched. But otherwise, forgeddaboutit. Except maybe to taunt the players afterward. "So, remember that cheesy painting of Marilyn Monroe? No, it wasn't a 42nd Street black-velvet special. We're talking Warhol original, acrylic-and-diamond-dust over photography, high five figures at a minimum, you fuckheads."

Random Apartment Complex Generation Tables

Hey, mapping on graph paper. Just like the old times.

So take your pad. We'll use that old stand-by scale, ten feet per square. This means all rooms will wind up in unrealistic multiples of ten feet, but who cares. Figure a typical block frontage is 200' long (that's a short New York City block—about 400' between the avenues). Not all buildings run the whole length of a block, of course. Anyway, start by drawing the outlines of the building.

We'll do residential floors first; the ground floor will be last, and should be done differently. In most cases, residential floors are identical; that's a much simpler way to construct stuff, right? The main differences are a) floors with laundry rooms or other service facilities, which are going to differ a bit; b) older buildings that have been renovated in funky ways, in which case the floors may vary; or c) apartment buildings where upper floors are purposefully laid out with larger and more expensive apartments for richer people. Use your own judgment when you want one of these to apply.

Determine the nature of the building, using the Random Building Table:

Row House: A brick structure, generally three or four stories in height, with street frontage ranging from 12 to 24 feet. Originally constructed as housing for middle class families, one family per house, with space for an servant girl. Typically in excess of 100 years in age. Usually subdivided into three or four apartments—sometimes one per floor, but for large buildings, often two. Apartments tend to be quite small; depending on area and the wealth of the inhabitants, these can be in very good shape or close to collapse.

Tenement: Typically, a single structure with a street frontage of 20 to 60 feet, ranging from 4 to 7 stories. Built originally as housing for the poor, these consist of a warren of tiny apartments accessible off an open stairwell. In New York City, "old law" tenements have small airshafts running down the middle of the building that provide air and (some) light to interior rooms. (Pre the "Old Law", it was legal to build tenements with no interior light or ventilation, and the conditions in some of these buildings was truly horrific.) "New Law" tenements have interior courtyards that provide more real light. Usually, a tenant must buzz you in the front door; in some cases, there's no intercom system, and you must call from a pay phone and have them come down to let you in. Most tenements are in poor shape, over-run with roaches, and inhabited mainly by poor people, the lower middle class, and Bohemians. In some areas, they have been renovated recently and are more pleasant, but the apartments will still be tiny. Essentially, tenements were shit housing when they were built, and still are.

Project: A large, ugly, elevator building set in a "green" courtyard that's mostly mud and weeds with no retail establishments on the ground floor to provide some kind of street life. Built in the 30s-40s as housing for lower-income people by well-meaning city governments who thought they were doing the poor a favor by getting them out of slums, they provide none of the sense of community or active streetlife that slums provide and, instead, are among the most horrible places to live. Crime is rife in the corridors, drugs are omnipresent, and the overall atmosphere is of desperation and despair.

Walk-Up: A four-to-seven story building with a central stairwell and no elevator. Many of these are indistinguishable from tenements, but some were designed for somewhat wealthier inhabitants, and offer large and more attractively laid-out apartments.

Elevator Building, No Doorman: Generally no more than 12 stories in height, some of these were constructed as middle-income housing and have decent-sized apartments. Others are renovated industrial build with loft-style

	Slum	lower-middle class area	middle class area	ritzy area	hipster area	business center
row house	01-30	01-30	01-20	01-10	01-20	—
tene-ment	31-60	31-60	21-50	—	21-50	01-20
proj-ect	61-90	61-70	51-55	—	51-60	—
walk-up	91-99	71-90	56-85	11-20	61-80	21-40
elev bldg, no doorman	00	91-98	86-95	21-40	81-90	41-60
luxury apt bldg	—	99	96-98	41-80	91-00	61-00
brown-stone	—	00	99-00	81-00	—	—



Apartment Table	studio	one bedroom	two bedroom	three bedroom	classic six	really big
row house	01-20	21-60	61-90	91-95	—	96-00
tenement	01-20	21-45	46-70	71-97	—	98-00
project	01-15	16-45	46-70	71-95	—	96-00
walk-up	01-20	21-60	61-80	81-95	96-97	98-00
elev bldg, no doorman	01-10	11-50	51-75	76-90	91-98	99-00
luxury, prewar	—	01-20	21-50	51-60	61-85	86-00
luxury, postwar	01-20	21-55	56-75	76-90	—	91-00
brown-stone	01-10	11-40	41-60	61-70	—	71-00

flats. Depending on the size of the building, there will be one or two elevators. Visitors are buzzed in by intercom.

Luxury Apartment Building: Typically post-war, these are generally 25-40 stories in height and often take up a substantial part of the block. A large foyer on the first floor houses a doorman who has a phone to summon help from the super or police if necessary, and access to a number of closed-circuit television monitors of other areas of the ground floor. There are generally four to six elevators, in one or two banks, plus one or two freight elevators. Apartments range from tiny to enormous, depending on rent; most have small balconies. Others are pre-war, with larger apartments, typically six rooms and, usually, two banks of elevators. Pre-war luxury buildings are rarely more than 20 stories, and 12 is the norm. Walls are thick lath-and-plaster, and pretty well sound-proofed (more modern buildings have wallboard and shitty soundproofing).

Brownstones: Brownstones are a form of row-house, but are larger, more elegant, and generally in a better state of preservation. Some are still single-family residences, others renovated as a two-family (one owns the building and rents the other apartment out), some as four or more apartments. Some neighborhoods consist mainly of brownstones and row houses; row houses in such areas tend to be much better preserved. They usually have stoops leading to the second floor; the bottom floor (“English cellar”) is at or slightly below ground-level, and in single-family dwellings, contains the kitchen. The second (“parlor floor”) is traditionally for the dining and living room; higher floors contain bedrooms.

Mapping Buildings

If it’s an elevator building, start by figuring out where the elevator shafts are located. Better figure at least one elevator per 8 floors (e.g., an older pre-war building with an elevator may well have a single elevator). With modern luxury buildings, figure there’s got to be at least one freight elevator, too, and while it may exist in the same central area as the passenger elevators, the entrance will be on the opposite side.

So block out the elevator shafts, and indicate where the elevators open.

Then figure out where the stairwells are. If it’s a smaller, older, building, there will be one central, open stairwell. Open stairwells are illegal for new construction, because they provide unrestricted airflow and an easy way for fires to spread. All buildings (except for small one-to-three family structures) are required to have some means of fire

escape; this means either an interior, enclosed stairwell, or fire escapes (or both). Modern buildings generally have two different enclosed stairwells, so that even if one is blocked by smoke, the other may still be usable. (Note that fire escapes are a great way to break in to a building.)

Once you’ve blocked out the stairwells, figure where the corridors will run. If it’s a smaller building, there may simply be one large-ish area in front of the elevator and/or stairs, with apartment doors off the landing. With larger buildings, there will be corridors to break up the space.

Modern buildings will also have garbage chutes, with access to a corridor. Older luxury residences may have dumbwaiter chutes, which will be closed up now, but originally opened directly into apartments; if you know about this, it’s another cool way to break in, since you can climb up the shaft and break through the wall.

Then determine the nature of the first apartment on the Apartment Table, above:

Studio: An apartment with one, one and a half, or at most two rooms (bedroom plus eat-in-kitchen). Designed for a single person. Normally tiny, although in a luxury building or a loft, it can be substantial in size. Sleeping area is also the living room.

One bedroom: Normally three rooms—bedroom, living room, kitchen (or kitchenette). Sometimes there’s a den that’s too small to call a second bedroom. Range from cramped to quite roomy.

Two bedroom: As above, but a second bedroom, usually a little smaller than the ‘master’ bedroom. Designed for a small family, or for roommates to share.

Three bedroom: Three bedrooms, living room, kitchen (often eat-in). Usually two bathrooms. Occasionally an extra room (den or living room), often with no exterior windows.

Classic six: Three bedrooms, living room, dining room, full kitchen. Classic pre-war family apartment. Usually quite large in size, and very expensive.

Really big: For a row-house or brownstone, this means the building is single-family, and they have the run of the whole house. For others, it means a 4-bedroom or larger apartment, or an enormous loft.

Okay, you’ve determined the size of the apartment. Map it. In low-grade housing, most rooms will be one or at most two squares in size. Even in luxury buildings, you’ll rarely have anything larger than a 2x3, except in a loft. For the sake of simplicity, assume all bathrooms are 10’ square.

it does imply that you could run a campaign of this piece of shit, which i'm not sure I want to encourage

If there's room on the floor, roll for the next apartment size. If not, add the remaining few squares to existing apartments.

You can assume that all floors except the first have essentially identical lay-outs.

To map the first, you need to block out the lobby. You may want to stick in a super's office or storage area. In fact, there *will* be a storage area, unless they use the basement. Gotta stick the garbage somewhere until collection day. Mailboxes go somewhere too. Anything left over is filled with apartments.

Who Lives Here

Then, decide who lives in each apartment. Options are:

Single Person: Usually the case in studios, often the case in single bedrooms. Sometimes in larger apartments, but usually that means the person has recently gotten divorced or otherwise ended a relationship.

Couple: Often the case in 1 bedrooms; sometimes true in 2 bedrooms (particularly if one works at home). Sometimes true in larger apartments, but this usually implies an older couple whose children have moved away.

Roomies: Multiple bed-room apartments will often have several single people. Usually, each gets his or her own bedroom (although to save on money, people will sometimes take a fold-out couch in the living room or the like). Also, illegal immigrants often sleep several to a room.

Family: Often the case in two bedrooms and above, almost always the case in classic sixes. Sometimes each child has its own bedroom, although they're sometimes forced to double (or triple) up, particularly among lower-income groups.

Once you've done that, roll on the Wandering Victim Table to determine the economic status of the inhabitants. Roll only once for the whole family or couple; for individual room-mates, roll separately.

Simple enough? Repeat ad infinitum to generate a completely boring apartment complex. Or actually use your imagination, and stock the building with a diverse group of people with histories and interests and peculiarities of their own. Just like real life.

Of course, that would require work on your part. Easier just to roll out the old D100, eh? Well, no problems, then. I've given you these fucking tables, haven't I? Why don't you write a simple program, could do it in fucking JavaScript for all I care, to generate this shit for you. Easier than actually spending some time planning to entertain your friends. And hey, easy and stupid is what this game is about. (If you don't know JavaScript, you should learn it. It's the BASIC of the modern era. You can't actually do anything useful it in, but you can write stupid little die-rolling exercises easily enough. See <http://www.costik.com/frpdice.html>.)

“Adventure”, If You Can Call It That, Ideas

I mean, this seems like an obligatory section these days. Maybe I should can it, though; it does kind of imply that you probably could run an actual campaign of this piece of shit, which I'm not sure I want to encourage.

Copycat

After a particularly notorious gang rape-and-murder by the PCs hits the headlines in the local tabloids, some stupid copycat starts raping and killing people using the PCs' own M.O. Never mind the fact that if they got caught they're going to be charged with a bunch of crimes they didn't actually commit; someone is violating their intellectual property, man. They gotta track this asshole down.

It Came from Cali

Robbing what appears to be a upper middle-class apartment, the PCs discover an enormous cache of drugs and a huge number of \$100 bills. They are, of course, ecstatic. However, the apartment is, in fact, owned by a prominent member of one of the Cali drug families, and soon dozens of deranged South American gangsters are looking for our psycho scum.

Mother Fucking Theresa

She just seemed like another middle aged chick in an apartment in a not-so-good area, so they did the usual. She didn't have much worth stealing, though. Unfortunately, it turns out she was some kind of fucking saint, the founder of a do-good organization to help the homeless and unemployed and like that. After her tortured and raped body was found, a nightmare of protests began, with people marching in the streets and besieging city hall, demanding that the cops find the depraved swine who killed this chick.

The PCs basically got a choice: (a) Go down in a hail of bullets after the cops get on their tale, (b) Move to a different city right quick, or (c) frame somebody else. After all, the cops are under a lot of pressure to find the culprit, so they maybe won't be as careful and concerned about finding the right scumbag as they otherwise would.

That's Where the Money Is

As a chance from the usual dungeon, I mean, apartment-complex crawling, why not try to knock off a bank? That's where the money is.

Actually, it isn't, or not that much, any more. Most funds transfers are electronic, and they empty the vault except for some petty cash for the next day's business every night. But they might get away with a few tens or hundreds of thousands.

Dope Will Get You Through Times of No Money Better Than Money Will Get You Through Times of No Dope

For some reason, the supply of whatever drug one or more of your PCs is addicted to has dried up. They're starting to get the shakes, and really really need a fix. Turns out the problem is that the Feds made a big local bust recently and got virtually the entire distribution chain for the local retailers. So: Do the PCs try to bust their suppliers out of jail? Or decide that this is a sterling opportunity to take over the territory themselves, and fly to Colombia to make a connection (and I'd really like to see these guys dealing with airport security)? Or what?

In the Groove

Astonishingly, one of the PCs gets a recording contract,

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and his first single actually charts. Suddenly, there's money to spare, and he hires his buddies as bodyguards. Although rap stars get a certain amount of leeway, actual murder is rather frowned upon. How long can the PCs restrain their natural impulses before this whole sweet deal blows up messily?

Raving Maniacs

Wandering around a warehouse district in the wee hours of the morning, looking to make a few things fall off the back of trucks, the PCs come across a warehouse that's far from dead—indeed, it's hopping. The relentless beat of electronica practically shakes the street, and inside's a rave. At first, the PCs think they've died and gone to heaven (at least after they get past the guy with the metal detector at the front door, who doesn't want to let people with heavy weapons through). I mean, readily available drugs, and hordes of hot little teenage chicks hopped out of their minds on ecstasy. But then the cops show up and try to shut the rave down—a bummer, but ravers aren't exactly violent types, so nobody's expecting a big problem. Except that the PCs do kind of stand out like sore thumbs in this crowd, and they sure look like scum to the cops, and they probably have warrants outstanding....

Conan Shows Up Looking for a Fight

On second thought... nah.

That's All She Wrote

Holy crap, I managed to get 25,000 words out of this. Shows how much drivel you can produce if you set your mind to it.

Hope you got a chuckle... And it made you think. In the meantime, go find a decent game. And if you actually run this thing.... I don't want to know about it, okay? Your money is enough.

About the Author

Greg Costikyan sent us this text:

"Violence™: The Game of Egregious and Repulsive Bloodshed is designed by 'Designer X,' the creator of more than two dozen commercially-published paper and computer games, many of them winners of prestigious awards. He is bitterly ashamed to be associated in any way with this vile product. He lives nowhere. With no one. Do not try to find him, or it will go ill with you."

Hah hah. We promised him we wouldn't actually use his name on this game, but we're not fools. It's bound to sell a few extra copies if we slap his name on it, anyway. He designed Paranoia™, Toon™ and Star Wars: The Roleplaying Game®, okay?

Boy, is he going to be steamed, though. Best not ask him to sign your copy.

