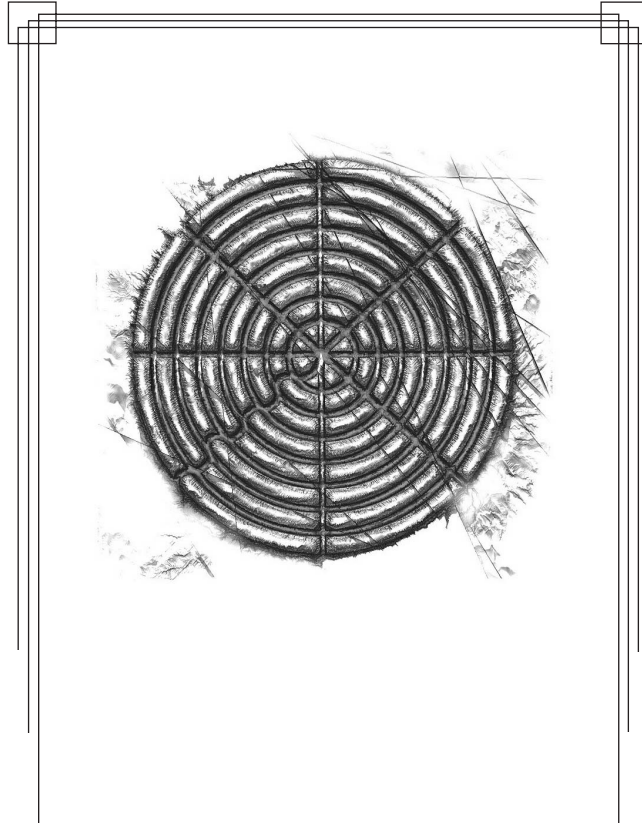


A man in a dark trench coat, bowler hat, and vest stands in a dark, narrow alleyway. He is holding a pair of scissors in his right hand. A single street lamp on the left wall casts a warm, yellow light on the scene. The background is a rough, stone wall.

THE  
CONSEQUENCES  
OF DEBT.



the consequences  
of debt



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# the consequences of debt

The Consequences of Debt (CoD) takes place over three hours of real time. This should give players sufficient spur to keep moving. If you can grab an old style alarm clock (you know, the kind with the bells on top) and have that counting down the minutes, then it's a useful prop to keep the players' attention focused.

## SYNOPSIS

CoD starts with the players ensconced in a stinking public toilet facing the head of a Hohler Gang crew that they owe a rather large amount of money to. The players are petty criminals whose leader has just been shot dead in front of them as a demonstration that the Hohlers are not messing about. They have until the start of the Grand Canal 2000 ekranoplan race (three hours away) to get the money. Luckily, someone nearby owes them almost enough to pay the debt. Unfortunately, this person lives in an area cordoned off by the Provosts for the race. The PCs will have to slip into the area (over roofs, through sewers or by bribing Provosts). Meeting up with the debtor is easy. However, there's a case of mistaken identity (or so the debtor claims). She says her twin sister, who lives across the street is the one they're looking for. If they go across the street to look, the 'sister' will breathlessly arrive a couple of minutes later. She is indeed almost an exact likeness for her 'sister'. In fact it's the same person. The debtor has a split personality disorder and genuinely believes she's her own sister. Once they get the money, the PCs will be jumped by a gang of vicious little killers who slipped their leash and have decided to off the PCs ahead of time in order to get the money. During the fire-fight, the PCs will have an opportunity to save the life of a prominent ekranoplan pilot who happens to be on a walkabout at the time. If they save him, this could help later on. Their final task is to get the money to the big boss before the race starts. All within three hours. Ho ho ho.



## the PCs

### Anastasia Cable, procurer/wheeler

Long-time squeeze of Derrick Meribel, Cable whines and moans a lot, especially when Meribel isn't around. Her constant whinging really gets on people's nerves. However, it has to be admitted that she's pretty good at rustling up stuff, bargaining with fences and generally foraging for stuff. She is a pain in the arse though.

### Oliver Corbel, ghostfighter

The calm, sensible member of the gang, Corbel only joined because he was relatively down on his luck, having allowed a couple of clients he was meant to be guarding to be rather badly beaten by some thugs. He views himself as a cut above the common criminal and is now seriously regretting getting involved with these people.

### Derrick Meribel, robber / mugger / cutpurse

A dour, sullen kind of man, Meribel would like nothing better than to ditch everyone in this

motley crew apart from his long-time girlfriend, Anastasia Cable. Secretly, he's been salting money away in order that he and Cable can start a new life somewhere in The City far way from Underbridge, Corbel and Vredestein.

### Nathaly Underbridge, fence/wheeler/con-artist

De-facto second in command of the gang, Underbridge sees this as the perfect opportunity to take command of the gang and start getting its criminal activities onto a properly organised footing. She's cold, calculating and cynical (to put it mildly) but can be quite charming and even sophisticated when she wants to be.

### Lucillia Vredestein, ex-mikefighter pilot

Youngest member of the gang, Vredestein was slung out onto the streets a few months ago after seven years piloting for Hirplakker. A somewhat vengeful, pissed-off kind of character, she's taken to cutpursing and pickpocketing with gleeful relish.



## Player information

Each character sheet has two sides, with side one giving stats, skills, a portrait of the character and various other bits and pieces. The reverse of the character sheet has a psychological profile for the character and their opinions of the other PCs. When play is about to begin, the players should take it in turn to read the name of their character, their physical description and their quote. Players should not reveal anything else about the character, as other players must be guided by their characters opinions of the other PCs.

## Player handouts

Each player should be given a copy of Player Handout 1, a brief description of The City. Whoever is playing Nathaly Underbridge should be given Player Handout 2, the 'tick' list, at an appropriate point.

## Escapade the first: showdown.

The PCs have been dragged, somewhat unwillingly, into a conference with Kerwyn Broadbarn, top dog in the rather powerful 'Four Fingers' Hohler Gang crew, one of the leading criminal outfits in Folly Hills. They are known as the 'Four Fingers' because they always remove a finger from anyone they kill, maim, or otherwise inconvenience (the removal is prior to any other acts they may commit against the poor unfortunate). Broadbarn is an extreme sociopath and should not be underestimated. Emphasise that the PCs know this man, know his reputation and are in mortal fear of him and his band of thugs.

When the adventure opens, the PCs are clustered, shivering in the stinking, decrepit, disused public toilets of Folly Hills Central railway station, facing Broadbarn and five of his cronies (see Appendix 2: NPCs for a further description of Broadbarn and his men). They have come here at Broadbarn's request, dragged along by their leader, one Merryn Lardner. Now lying in-between both parties is the rapidly cooling (and ever so slightly twitching) body of Lardner, the former self-appointed leader of the PCs motley band of thieves, robbers and cutthroats. Lardner, unfortunately for her, spoke back to Broadbarn and ended up with a pair of scissors embedded deeply in her cranium. This is the kind of thing that Broadbarn does all the time.

Cue a monologue from Broadbarn:

*"Your boss there got off light, know what I mean? You got it worse. You got 'til the race starts to get me my money, otherwise you're in deep trouble, right? Chop bits of you off and send you to Soulsgate, know what I mean? I make it three hours 'til the start. So that's three hours and counting for you to get me my money. I'll be in the HSD VIP stand at the starting line, just get me my money, ok?"*

All of this is delivered in a quiet, well-moderated tone. They will be under no illusions that Broadbarn wishes them to be on their way as soon as possible. If not sooner. During the speech, one of Broadbarn's men will continually and annoyingly open and shut a pair of rusty iron scissors, adding even more of an edge to the situation. By the end of this, the PCs should be thoroughly scared and more than willing to go and get nice Mr Broadbarn his well-deserved money.

The players now have three hours of real time to get the money and get it to Broadbarn before he has them beaten up, mutilated and then, as a kind of sick joke, incarcerated in the fearsome Soulsgate Debtors Prison in Folly Hills.

## Escapade the second: over, under or through?

Luckily for the players, they might just have something of a chance to save their skins...

Whoever is playing Nathaly Underbridge should have a tick list, a note of people who owe them gambling debts (Player Handout 1). The PCs will note that one Hermione Hawksley of Coldbath Fell owes them more than enough to pay off their debt. Lucky for them.

## to Coldbath fell

Coldbath Fell is a new area of The City and is described in Appendix 1.

The quickest way to get to Coldbath Fell from Folly Hills is by the rickety, unreliable tramline that runs directly past Folly Hills Central Station. The tram will be packed with various Folly Hillians on the way to see the Grand Canal 2000. Screaming children, angry parents, boisterous teenagers dodging the fare, all will be adding their own special ambience to the twenty-minute journey. If this isn't enough to irritate the PCs, then the tram suddenly stopping three streets before where they need to be, should.

The reason for the tram halting becomes immediately apparent: the Provosts have set up barricades in all the streets leading to the canal bank, only admitting local residents or those



with valid tickets for the race. The Provosts seem belligerent and on edge, mainly because of the vast crowds of people swarming about screaming, shouting, crying, begging, stealing or attempting to bluff their way in. This chaotic situation essentially presents the PCs with three choices:

## through?

They can, in some fashion, attempt to pass through the barricades. Persuading or bribing the Provosts is a non-starter. They have already been conspicuously bribed and persuaded by the macrocorps and the TCMAA. Any attempts to get through will be met by a firm, unwavering 'No!'. Further attempts will be met with a sharp tap around the head with a billy club. Pickpockets and cutpurses are also rife in the packed crowds, taking this golden opportunity to enrich themselves.

PCs making a Complicated (Visual) Awareness roll will note an even tighter, more clamorous, crowd gathered round a spindly man in an extravagant, but worn, frock coat and green top hat. He clutches a satchel to his side and shouts through a tin megaphone. Alert players will conclude that he is a tout (see Appendix 2 'NPCs') attempting to sell tickets at outrageous prices. Prices which they probably cannot afford. That having been said, they are criminal lowlifes, so thoughts of a spot of thievery will not be far from their minds.

Let the players decide how they want to approach the situation, by attempting to pickpocket the tout, steal his satchel, mug him or accost him in some other fashion. Should they try any overtly violent moves, he does have a small insurance policy in the form of a hired ghostfighter keeping a watch on him from the crowd (see Appendix 2, 'NPCs'). The ghostfighter will spot any overt violence and will make regular Awareness checks (Complicated task) to spot anything else.

## Tasks:

Pickpocket tickets from the touts satchel:

Steal entire satchel:

Drag tout into alleyway:

Mug tout in the open:

Players should, however, role-play the tout encounter to the hilt. Play the tout as the very embodiment of the extravagant salesman, constantly changing the number of children he has to feed, the prices of the tickets, the state of his business and so on.

Overt violence will lead to a bit of a fracas in the crowd, encouraging the Provosts to wade in. Players should use a bit of initiative to create a diversion, like throwing money and tickets in the air. Any tickets they actually manage to get will be of fairly low status, but will be enough to get them through the Provost barrier. Move swiftly on to Escapade The Second!

An alternative method of getting through the barrier is to incite some sort of civic disturbance amongst the substantial, slightly antagonistic, crowds milling about in the streets. Rumours of Provosts being bribed, forged tickets being accepted and suchlike will inflame tensions in a fairly short space of time, leading to a situation where the slightest little thing (like a stray gunshot?) will cause a full-scale charge towards the Provost lines. The Provosts will initially respond with batons and fists but if the situation gets out of control, a few trigger-happy officers will open fire, leading to a fusillade of shots from the riflemen stationed on the roofs. Puffs of smoke will be seen emanating from the long-barrelled sparklocks of the Provost marksmen, creating even more panic, disorder and disarray.

## over

The buildings around here, like most places in The City, are draped in a web of power cables, ziplines, wires and so forth. Fire escapes, ladders and climbable walls are readily available, although sometimes crowded with the aghast citizens of Coldbath Fell. Going over the roofs presents its own set of problems...

The Provosts have placed men at strategic points, planning on just such an eventuality. Getting to the roofs will not only require a bit of ingenuity, but also managing to avoid the watchful gaze of the Provosts. Extensive climbing of walls and fire escapes, shinning down ziplines, scrabbling across tiled roofs will be required in order to facilitate an entrance to Reverie Street.

This is perhaps the most likely way of getting caught and arrested by the Provosts.

## under

Like everywhere else, the ground below Coldbath Fell is riddled with sewers, cellars, old foundations and tunnels. Manhole covers are scattered in street and alley and capillary canals have rusty gridded gates leading into the dark depths. Although there are Provost patrols down in the sewers, they are few and far between as this is an, understandably, rather nasty duty.



The tunnels and sewers are an intestinal tangle of many different sizes and depths of underground passage. In the main, they are ankle deep in watery sewage, with scurfs and bleeders flitting about in greater or lesser numbers, depending on exactly how much you want to repel the players. Getting in to Coldbath Fell is a relatively simple matter of heading in a straight line, but in the darkness of the twisting tangle, keeping a straight line isn't as easy as all that. Players should use the Navigation skill on their own initiative, rather than being prompted to do so. If they don't, they could be wandering around down there for days, who knows what they might meet?

Eventually, the players will debouch into one of the main arterial sewers under Coldbath Fell. This is a substantial construction of damp brick, with an arched roof fifteen feet high and with an overall width of twenty feet. Numerous grids and

Soldiers will respond with violence. In the dim light of the tunnel, with torches waving hither and thither, guns being fired and smoke billowing through the air, actually hitting anyone is a fairly hard task. If things look like they are going badly, one of the Soldiers will light the fuse of the bomb which they have been carrying on a rusty pallet. It's a fairly big bomb (about 250 kilos of various explosives) and has a fuse that has now been shortened to ten seconds. The fizzing, sparking fuse will be immediately obvious, even during the gunfire. PCs may consider it wise to prevent the bomb going off, if only to preserve their own skins.

In order to defuse the bomb, it's just a simple matter of yanking the fuse out, but will the PCs realise this? And will they realise this within ten seconds? Maybe. If the bomb fails to go off, then everything is fine. If it goes off, then there's a good chance people will get hurt. Badly.



entrances line the sides and streams run into the main five-foot wide river of filth which meanders down the centre. If the PCs are being stealthy and perceptive, they will notice a dim light in the distance. If they don't (and they themselves are carrying lights), they may be noticed. The light is emanating from the clockwork torches of a group of Soldiers of Change (see Appendix 2, 'NPCs'). This small group of battle-scarred individuals is planning to plant a bomb under Coldbath Fell and set it off during the race, killing hundreds, maybe even thousands, in the ensuing destruction, panic and chaos.

The Soldiers of Change are a fairly extreme religious sect made up of veterans from the Contested Grounds. If the PCs manage to sneak up on the Soldiers or avoid being seen in some way or if they do happen to make their presence felt, the Soldiers will instantly assume they are The Enemy and take appropriate action. In other words: they'll shoot them. If the Soldiers catch sight of the PCs first, they will make an attempt to capture and interrogate them as enemy spies and infiltrators. Should the PCs resist, the

Once the PCs find an appropriate exit from the sewers, they will find themselves coming up via a manhole in the back court of a three-storey townhouse block. Surrounded on all sides by elegant townhouses, the courtyard is roughly fifteen metres wide by forty metres long. Most of the yard is given over to small plots of vegetables and fruits, sprinkled with water running from hoses attached to collection tanks on the roof. There are numerous doors leading into the houses, the majority of which are locked. The one unlocked back door leads into a short corridor which opens into the well-appointed hallway of a smart, three-storey townhouse. Soft music can be heard tinkling from a nearby room and voices raised in laughter float from the slightly open door. Stairs run up to the upper floors and a large, panelled main door leads out on to the street. At this stage, with thoughts of robbery, theft and other criminal activities springing to mind, PCs should remember their time limit, the way they are dressed (and the way they smell) and get on with the job in hand. That having been said, the house might just provide a good source of acceptable clothing to make the party a little less conspicuous....



## escapade the third: do you know who you are?

After diverse excursions of various kinds, the groups will eventually find themselves on Reverie Street. Due to Meribel's incompetence, they don't actually know which number Ms Hawksley stays at. As usual, there are a number of opportunities available here:

### 1) Grab A Random Punter On The Street

The street is crowded with well-heeled (and some not so well-heeled) ladies and gentlemen heading to view the big race. Attired in their finest clothes, shielded from the light drizzle by gay parasols and voluminous hats, they are totally at odds with the kind of people the PCs normally interact with. The group's Folly Hills accents, scruffy clothes and appalling smell will be enough to concern most of these people. If the PCs have managed to obtain more elegant clothes for themselves, then this may not be so much of a problem.

Actually getting the information will require careful consideration, persuasion and, perhaps, intimidation. Remember that the first thing these people will do if they smell trouble is call for a Provost. Spying the PCs, a Provost is most likely to blow his whistle and get other provosts onto the scene ASAP. In other words, dealing with the people of Coldbath Fell is an operation fraught with uncertainty and random pitfalls

### 2) Ask In Some Shops

They know that Hawksley is a young lady of wealth and taste. They also know that Coldbath Fell has more than its fair share of dressmakers, tailors, boutiques and salons. Therefore, it's not a vast logical leap to surmise that Hawksley might patronise one or more of these businesses.

There are about five dressmakers in total on Reverie Street. Depending on how much time you want to waste (and how much you want to infuriate the players), you can either have them strike it lucky or force them to trawl the shops trying to find the one that Hawksley buys clothes in. Sooner or later, they will step into a small, rather musty shop with two faded mannequins in the window and bolts of cloths stacked against the walls. Behind the imposing counter sits a tiny, wizened old man, scratching furiously in a ledger. This is Mr Darkday, the co-owner (along with Mrs Darkday) of the shop. Darkday is obsequious (he has long since stopped judging by appearances), excruciatingly polite and also very, very slow when dealing with enquiries. He will offer tea and biscuits, a look at cloth samples or perhaps some of the latest patterns his wife has devised. After this rigmarole, he will reveal that a Ms H Hawksley is indeed a valued patron of his business and only recently purchased a very nice full-length gown in finest blue silk. Oh, and her address is 74C Reverie Street.

### 3) Creative Use Of Contacts

Should the PCs come up with particularly creative notions as to why any of their contacts would be able to find out Hawksleys address, then reward such creativity by allowing it to happen. Although, not without appropriate bargaining and time wasting on the part of the contact in question. Oh, and remember that phoning someone can be a calamity in itself.

Once the PCs have the appropriate address, they will no doubt hot-foot it down Reverie Street in an attempt to get their money back. Number 74 is a first floor apartment in a three-story block of elegant, white painted stone. The paint is only slightly faded and peeling and the railings round the front of the block are in good repair. A short flight of four extremely well worn stairs leads up to the locked communal front door. On the right hand side of the front door is an array of brass bell-pulls and a stoppered speaking tube, also in brass. Small plaques under each bell-pull indicate the name of the resident and indeed, 74C is in the name of H Hawksley.

Sadly for the PCs, 74C is where Hawksley lives when she is in the personality of her sister. However, they don't know that. Yet.

### 1) Ringing The Bell

This will elicit, after a moment, a series of thumpings and bangings from the speaking tube, a brief noise along the lines of 'paaaarrrp' and then a soft female voice asking, 'Yes?'.

As a young lady living on her own, the PCs will need to be either very persuasive or offer a particularly good reason for letting them in. Remember: in this personality she has no knowledge of the gambling debt, she will react as any normal person would if faced with a bunch of Folly Hills crooks demanding large amounts of cash.

### 2) Breaking In

The lock on the front door is substantial, but not particularly difficult to pick (a Routine Lockpick roll is required). There is also another door leading from the back court of the block of buildings into the rear of the hallway. This is locked in a similar fashion to the front door, but also has a sliding bolt holding it shut. Unless the small glass window is broken, it is impossible to open this bolt from the outside. An iron staircase also runs up the rear of the building, giving access to the kitchen windows of each apartment.

Once inside (by whatever means they choose to use), the party will find themselves in a faded, but still elegant, hallway. The walls are of cold, greyish stone and, in addition to



the front and rear doors, two substantial doors lead off to either side of the hallway. These doors are marked 74A and 74B. A set of wide, very heavily worn stairs with an iron balustrade lead to a half landing and then up another flight to the first floor. The first floor also has two doors leading off (marked 74C and 74D) and the stair continues up to another half landing and then up to the second floor.

Observant characters will notice that each door has a small spyhole and two keyholes, one a few inches above the other. If anyone choose to stop and listen (Routine AWR), they will hear soft music coming from apartment 74A, and on the second floor, the sounds of conversation (very muted) coming from 74D.

At the door of 74C, they will quite clearly hear the soft sound of running water. Should they choose to pick the locks, they are faced with two Complicated Lockpick rolls. They will also need to be very quiet to avoid alerting the occupant. If they have already spoken to Ms Hawksley through the speaking tube, and she has decided to let them in, she will open the door but keep it secured by a chain, preventing it from being opened more than a few inches. If they have not spoken to her through the speaking tube, she will conduct any conversation through a closed door, keeping a watch on the party through the spyhole. Any overt violence on the part of the PCs will cause her to run for her phone and attempt to contact the Provosts (60% chance that she will actually get through to them). If the provosts are called, they will take 2D10 minutes to arrive due to the business of the day.

Whether or not they choose to bust in, charm their way in, sneak in or whatever method they opt for, the group will eventually be faced by Ms Hawksley. Unfortunately, this is the apartment belonging to her 'sister' (i.e.: the Harriet Hawksley personality, see 'NPCs' for more details on this element). 'Harriet' has no knowledge of Hermiones debt and, as you would expect, will be very frightened of the thugs who have just accosted her. She will cry, beg, plead, etc and generally be a pitiful sight. If the PCs ask (or check her handbag for TCMA Residency Papers), they will find out that she is in fact Harriet Hawksley, rather than Hermione (well, actually, she is Hermione, but currently thinks she's Harriet). Doubtless this will infuriate the PCs and again, should they ask, she will say that her wayward sister Hermione lives across the road at 73B (directly opposite from this apartment).

The group has several options on how to deal with this:

## 1) Leave 'Harriet' With An Apology

This is extremely unlikely given the nature of the PCs, but if they choose to do this, Harriet will leave the apartment short-

ly after them, reverting to the Hermione personality and rushing to her own apartment, arriving a few minutes after the PCs.

## 2) Tie Her Up And Leave Her

This is the most likely route that lowlives such as the PCs will take (they are criminals after all). This will place a lot of stress on 'Harriet' and she will (after the PCs have left) start to revert to the Hermione personality (and have a psychotic episode to boot!). If they leave her tied up alone, she will break her bonds (lacerating her wrists and ankles extremely badly, causing profuse bleeding) and then put on a coat and gloves and head over to her own apartment, arriving shortly after PCs have (presumably) started to ransack the place. If the PCs leave one or more of their number to guard her, she will break her bonds and then attack the PC (s), attempting to knock them unconscious. In her psychotic state, she is a very tough opponent and GMs should contrive things so that she beats the PCs. If more than 2 PCs are left, then her chances of getting all of them are severely lessened. Once she has disposed of the PCs, she will hotfoot it over to her own apartment.

## 3) Take Her With Them

The party may choose to take 'Harriet' with them as something of a bargaining chip or insurance policy. If they leave her fully conscious, as soon as she is out in the street she will scream for the Provosts and start making a scene. There are a lot of well-to-do people in the street, and several gentlemen will rush to the assistance of the distressed young lady. Obviously, the PCs are a bunch of rough ne'erdowells who are up to no good and a variety of chivalrous gents in brocaded waistcoats and frock coats will attempt to detain them until the forces of law and order arrive. This could be a very sticky one for the PCs as, if they are detained, the Provosts will drag them to the cells and it's pretty much game over for them as far as Broadbarn and his debt are concerned. Should they gag or knock unconscious 'Harriet'. They will need to have a plausible excuse as to why they are carrying an insensible young lady across the street (saying that's she's drunk from celebrating the Grand Canal 2000 would be one of the most plausible reasons).

No matter which method above they choose, Hermione will not be at her apartment when they call (for rather obvious reasons). They will need to break in somehow. The task associated with this are exactly the same as those given for 74C ('Harriet's' apartment).

Once they are inside they will find a sparsely furnished, minimalist apartment with few concessions to personality. There are no photographs of family or friends, there are a couple



of daguerreotypes on the walls and the wardrobes in the bedrooms are not exactly filled to bursting. A thorough ransacking of the apartment will take about twenty minutes, resulting in nothing but a few items of moderately expensive jewellery being found.

Depending on how they have handled 'Harriet', Hermione will either run into the apartment as they are wrecking the place or start to regain consciousness as all this is going on. No matter how they have handled it, she will now be in the Hermione personality. A much more forthright, bolshie, self-confident character than 'Harriet'. Hermione views herself as very much the social and intellectual better of the PCs (which is actually pretty true) and will adopt a haughty demeanour. However, threats of violence will start to reveal cracks in her armour and actually causing her harm or looking as if you're about to will cause her to crack completely. She will reveal that the plaster ceiling rose in the living room unscrews and in the hollow space next to the wiring (exposed, try to avoid those electric shocks!) are rolls of TCMMA pounds, a mixture of ten and twenty pound notes. It will take ten to twenty minutes to count them all and it will add up to £4,800. Added to the jewellery, this comes to just over £5,000 which should be enough to appease Broadbarn. Hopefully.

## escapade the fourth: young, but violent.

Just as the PCs emerge from the block which contains Hermione Hawksley's flat, they will be met by a veritable fusillade of gunfire. This is being unleashed at them by Wastrels Lot (see Appendix 2, 'NPCs'), a rather vicious bunch of psychotic child gangers from Mire End. The 'Lot are tooled up and spoiling for a fight. Broadbarn has hired them as an expendable method of getting rid of the PCs if they displease him. However, in their addled state, they have collectively decided that it would be a rather splendid idea to kill the PCs anyway and take the money for themselves, thereby double-crossing Broadbarn. Not a sensible move, but they're not sensible children.

At the moment the 'Lot unleash their fury, Ivan Vassar, well-known ekranoplan pilot is on a brief pre-race walkabout. Surrounded by a substantial crowd, a couple of bodyguards and a few Provosts, he suddenly finds himself embroiled in a shootout.

The PCs have several options:

### 1) Run Away!

Attempting to find a way into the back court of the houses and legging it like mad away from the viciousness of the 'Lot. Of course, the mad kids will chase them for all they are

worth, shooting or knifing anyone who gets in their way. Any chase should be frenetic and fast paced, involving much careering through houses, cellars, side streets and back courts.

### 2) Open Fire!

The PC are, it has to be said, not particularly well-armed. That having been said, they may choose to stand up to the psychotic kids. The one thing that the party have on their side is the fact that the children have absolutely no concept of tactics or self-preservation. They will run around the street, firing wildly, screaming their heads off and generally causing mayhem. The Provosts will be totally taken aback by this and find themselves outgunned and possibly dead. Run the combat in as fast-paced a manner as possible. The Party have the advantage of cover, the kids have the advantage of firepower. If the players choose this tactic, they will have the opportunity to save the life of the aforementioned Ivan Vassar. Particularly aware players will see Vassar having a pistol aimed at his head by one of the 'Lot (not that they know who he is, they're just shooting anyone who comes into their line of sight). Should the PCs save him, he'll give a thumbs up before running as fast as he can back up the street. Ungrateful bastard!

### 3) To The Apartment!

The party may choose to retreat back to the apartment, in which case they are in a much better position to fend off the attentions of the 'Lot. The kids will charge up the stairs with little concern for their personal safety, making easy targets for characters with cool heads and steady aims. There is also a fire escape leading down into the back court of the block, which should provide a suitable route of retreat, should things get a bit too hot to handle.

Whatever the outcome, the Provosts will hotfoot it to the scene in force. The players should consider their options here. Standing about Coldbath Fell (where they quite obviously do not belong) with a large amount of, what is effectively, stolen money, they will doubtless be collared by the Provosts and have confessions beaten out of them in the nearest bunker. Legging it is possibly the best plan of all.

## escapade the fifth: show him the money!

By now, the PCs should be well and truly perspiring with fear. After they have got the money, they will have to make a pell-mell dash through the crowded boulevards and lanes of Coldbath Fell to reach the canal banking where the pitlanes and grandstands have been set up for the race.

The Hirplakker VIP Grandstand is right above the pitlane

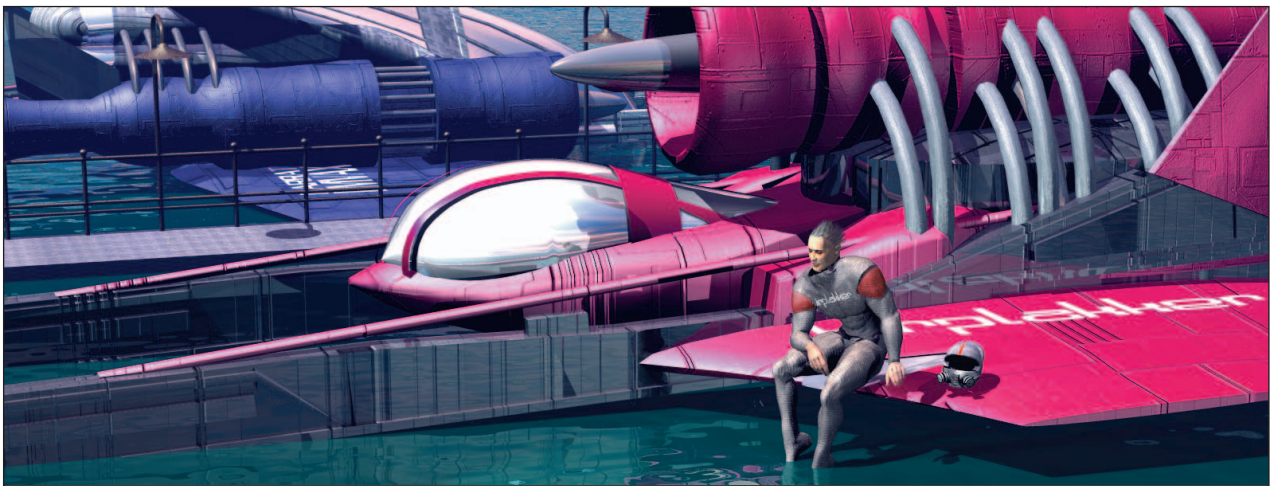


where the massed ranks of ekranoplans are waiting to be towed out to the starting line. It's a leisurely fifteen-minute sprint from Hawksley's apartment and the party will doubtless be in a very sorry state by the time they get there. Temporary iron fencing has been erected around various scaffold grandstands to prevent the hoi polloi from gaining access. Crowds of well dressed (and a few not so well dressed) race-fans are milling about, waving tickets and generally attempting to gain access. A handful of Provosts are scattered around the periphery, watching the scene with detached interest. At a small gateway in the fencing stands a slim, balding young man in a severe black suit and stiff, high-collared white shirt (see 'Macrocorp Flunky in the 'NPCs' section for more details). He is backed up by a couple of very intimidating troopers (see Macrocorp Troopers in the 'NPCs' section for more details).

unless they are suitably attired. If they are lucky or just particularly brazen, reward this by allowing a few close shaves with security as they desperately attempt to find Broadbarn. Eventually, they will espy one of his bowler-hatted thugs exiting a toilet. At last!

### 3) Influential Friends

Should the PCs have managed to save the life of Ivan Vassar in 'Escapade The Fourth', they will espy him wander by in his race suit, his arm round a young lady, obviously having a last stroll prior to the race beginning. If they can attract his attention (in whatever way they can), he will remember their faces, wave and wander over. Rather than the cowardly twit they thought him to be, he is actually very pleasant and orders the gate flunky to let the PCs in (Much to the chagrin of the flunky). He points them in the direction of the grandstand,



### 1) Brazen It Out

The crowd is fairly well behaved (as befits people of their station) but growing slightly fractious as the start of the races approaches. If the PCs have managed to procure decent clothes for themselves (and have tickets of some kind) they could elbow their way to the head of the lines. Adopting an appropriately hectoring tone, they may wish to state boldly to the flunky that they are here as guests of Mr Broadbarn and demand entrance. The flunky will be aghast and look down his nose in the most severe fashion. Rate the players on how they handle this and use Persuasion or Act rolls as appropriate. If they are convincing in the roles of irate, well-heeled race-goers, then the flunky will summon a more junior flunky and order her to take a message to Mr Broadbarn. An interminable wait will follow...

### 2) Up And Over

Climbing the fence is risky at best, as the macrocorp security are keeping a beady eye on everything. Even if they do manage to get in (Climb, Sneak and Hide rolls all being useful here), they will have a hard time blending into the crowd

tells them where to get drinks, shakes their hands and ambles off without further comment. The PCs will be spotted pretty quickly by Broadbarn's thugs and 'escorted' to an appropriate meeting place.

Regardless of how they get in, Broadbarn's thugs will, at some point, escort them to a shady area under the grandstand. The iron scaffold clangs and reverberates with the noise and the sound of powerful engines being revved vibrates the entire area. Even in this bastion of wealth, the grandstand reeks of spilled alcohol, urine, sweat and damp cloth. Eventually, Broadbarn will arrive, accompanied by another four of his thugs. He will make infuriatingly pleasant small talk and hand the bag containing the money to one of his men to count. The thug counts with a practised eye, eventually whispering in Broadbarn's ear. Broadbarn will then ask the most senior gang member (or the one who has been the most obnoxious towards him) to extend his or her hand, holding out their index finger. He will then produce a pair of rather grimy looking iron scissors. This will doubtless panic the group somewhat, as they may have been under the impression they had done things successfully.



"Well, well, well. Who would have thought it? Things often turn out differently from what you imagined, eh? Now [insert first name of character whose hand is currently extended], are you ready?"

As the PCs are currently surround by heavily armed thugs, it's up to them what they do. Starting anything will result in a bloodbath (with numerous dead PCs at the end of it).

Broadbarn slowly puts the scissors back in his pocket, takes the bag of money from his men and hands it to the PC with the extended hand.

"Congratulations. You passed the test. I honestly didn't think you'd make it, but I'm happy to say you did. Welcome to the gang. Now get the fuck out of my grandstand."

After a probable moment of astonishment, the PCs will realise they are now fully paid-up members of the Hohler Gang.

Blimey!

## appendix 1: coldbath fell

(Information on Coldbath Fell is taken from the forthcoming a/state supplement 'Avenues & Alleyways')

### coldbath fell

**Region:** Lat 1, Ring 3  
**Status:** TCMA Burgh  
**Law:** Moderate high  
**Wealth:** Moderate

### overview

Segments of Interview between Myron Booker of the Three Canals Clarion and Burgess Ornelia Jagerhoff (Independent, Coldbath Fell)

Myron Booker: Burgess Jagerhoff, how do you react to recent suggestions in the press that beneath your altruistic activities, their lies a hidden agenda?

Ornelia Jagerhoff: I find such suggestions distasteful, but not entirely unsurprising. There are many vested interests within Coldbath Fell and the Three Canals as a whole who are concerned at the thought of someone such as myself actively campaign for the rights of the common man and woman in the street. These vested interests are...

MB: But how do you react to accusations, for example, that you are a collectivist and supporter of the Red Canals Collectivist Republic?

OJ: I refute such allegations completely! While I firmly believe in social justice and fairness, I disassociate myself from the extremism of the RCCR. Such rumours are merely perpetrated by my detractors in order to further damage my reputation in this community.

MB: However, you appeared as a character witness for a known seditionist, collectivist and anarchist accused of conspiracy to commit acts of terrorism.

OJ: Do you realise the falsity of that statement? How can one be an anarchist AND collectivist? The two concepts are mutually exclusive. Really, Mr Booker, I expected better from you. To answer the question, the person concerned was a close personal friend of my family and, while I do not share his political views, I felt compelled to speak out in favour of his excellent character. The charges against him were trumped up in the extreme.

MB: That as may be, Ms Jagerhoff, but let us turn to the Mire End situation. You have often times spoken out in favour of allowing the benighted burgh of Mire End to join the TCMA and gain the privileges and responsibilities associated with membership. Popular belief is that Mire End is a community of criminals, misfits and ne'erdowells. Do you endorse this belief?

OJ: Indeed I have spoken out in favour of Mire End and no, I do not believe that the majority of the population in that unfortunate area are criminals. They are poor people conspired against by a monolithic system. They should be given opportunities to excel and prove themselves worthy of admission to the TCMA.

MB: Burgess Jagerhoff, thank you for your time.

Nestled between the teeming sprawl of Folly Hills and the eastern bank of the Grand Canal, Coldbath Fell is home to the middle-classes, the moderately well-off, in short, those who would describe themselves as 'comfortable'. The better-preserved western end of Folly Hills segues seamlessly into Coldbath Fell but there is still a perceptible line of demarcation between the two burghs. One of the common questions in the TCMAA is: How did Coldbath Fell get its name? It doesn't sit on a hill and there appears to be no tendency on the part of the residents to bathe in cold water. One popular (most likely apocryphal) story is that just over a century ago,



Burgess Lazenby drowned by falling in a bath of cold water. It is said that the citizens of the area, with rather black humour, voted to rename the burgh Coldbath Fell in his honour.

As one proceeds through Coldbath Fell, the architecture changes gradually, as does the state of repair of the buildings themselves. Eastern Coldbath Fell is similar to Folly Hills, with tenement buildings constructed of brick and stone, albeit in slightly better condition. As you move towards the Grand Canal, the facades become slightly more elegant and better cared for. Porticoed townhouses and substantial three storey apartment blocks of considerable age and former grandeur become more apparent. When the traveller gets within four streets of the Grand Canal bank, the buildings are very well looked after, clad in gay tiles or painted attractive pastel colours. The most elegant and sought after address in the burgh is Reverie Street, a spacious boulevard flagged with smooth, grey, time-worn stones, with a narrow capillary canal running down the centre of the street. The canal is criss-crossed by artfully constructed iron footbridges.

While not the wealthiest or most desirable burgh in the TCMA, Coldbath Fell has a certain cachet which attracts the kind of residents to whom location is important. Successful entrepreneurs, aspiring politicians, businessmen and those of minor inherited wealth all live and occasionally, work here. Industry is almost totally absent, with shops, cafes, bars and small scale bespoke manufacturing providing the majority of employment. Every day the rickety, clanking trams travel up from Folly Hills bearing the workers who keep Coldbath Fell fed, watered and clean. Every night the same workers travel home to their damp, reeking tenements and whining families.

## Security/Military Presence

As a burgh of respectable, solid citizens, Coldbath Fell is, in the eyes of the Provosts, far more deserving of police attention than a stink hole like Folly Hills. Whilst not numerous, Provosts have a presence on the streets, tipping their hats to ladies and saluting gentlemen. Anyone who does not appear to be a resident of the area will be stopped and questioned, their TCMAA residency papers checked and, if necessary, a further interview will be carried out at the local bunker. Provosts are most numerous in the areas of the burgh which abut Folly Hills, acting on a perceived need to protect the good taxpayers of Coldbath Fell from the villainous scum of Folly Hills.

Coldbath Fell is seen as a 'cushy' posting by most Provosts, and competition is rife within the force to be assigned to the burgh. Bribes, blackmail and intimidation are common tactics when attempting to receive a transfer. Hence the reason that not all of the officers in the area are as 'spit and polish' as some residents would like to believe.

## highlighted location

### bowkers dressmakers

**Description:** Bespoke ladies clothing shop

Nestled at the foot of Reverie Street, low doored and musty, Bowkers is one of the finest dressmakers in Coldbath Fell. Indeed, many clients would argue that it is one of the finest dressmakers in the entire city. In their cramped, shabby premises, Mr and Mrs Bowker cut, stitch and weave marvellous creations for the well off ladies of Coldbath Fell. Their clientele is select and invariably wealthy, usually coming from old money. Ladies gather in the shop for whispered conversations, exchanging titbits of salacious gossip and juicy rumour. Then, there is the flipside to Bowkers, a slightly darker side to the laces, silks and fine cloths...

Mr and Mrs Bowker are, unbeknownst to much of Coldbath Fell, drug dealers. They peddle their wares to the refined ladies, desirous of something to give them that little 'edge'. In addition to selling them fine dresses, they also sell paper packets of fine powders, ready to be inhaled, ingested or injected. The clients to whom they deal are carefully selected, vetted and under rigorous instructions never to reveal their sources. It is not known where the old couple obtain their supplies or if they have any connections with some of the more notorious criminal groups. Suffice to say, they are a notable subversive element in the refined surroundings of Coldbath Fell.

## highlighted personality

### BURGESS ORNELIA JAGERHOFF

|                         |                                          |
|-------------------------|------------------------------------------|
| <b>Age:</b>             | 28                                       |
| <b>Height/Build:</b>    | 5' 9"/Slender                            |
| <b>Eye/Hair Colour:</b> | Blue/Black                               |
| <b>Occupation:</b>      | Politician                               |
| <b>Affiliations:</b>    | None, independent of any political party |

Representing the interests of Coldbath Fell in the arena of Three Canals politics, Burgess Jagerhoff is a crusader, a campaigner and a staunch believer in the rights of the ordinary man and woman. Coming from a relatively well-off background in Coldbath Fell itself (her father was proprietor of Jagerhoff Beverage Brewers), she saw first hand the contrasts between the austere wealth of the 'Fell and the poverty of Folly Hills. The workers in her father's factory trudged in every day, rain or shine, to work for a pittance. Young Miss Jagerhoff was inspired to do something to better the lot of the common man and after completing her



remarkably successful studies at Longshore University, she embarked upon a career in politics. Strangely, her own particular brand of social awareness, rampant idealism and fervent honesty caught the attention of the voters of Coldbath Fell, disillusioned after years of corrupt, conniving and self-serving Burgesses. The well spoken, handsome, educated young lady with firm, honest beliefs was elected four years ago in a landslide victory, leaving certain vested interests rather hot under the collar. Not only does she serve the people of Coldbath Fell, she constantly strives for better conditions for the workers of Folly Hills who are continually exploited by the businessmen of the 'Fell. This has had the effect of making her a very popular figure in Folly Hills as well. It is indeed a strange sight to see a well dressed, articulate young lady being paid homage to by the rough and ready denizens of Folly Hills. She is a remarkable young lady, but sinister elements appear to be plotting her downfall...

## appendix 2: npcs

**Kerwyn Broadbarn** - (leader of the Hohler Gang Four Fingers crew)

**Age:** 36  
**Height/Build:** Tall/Elegantly slim  
**Eye/Hair Colour:** Sparkling blue/Brown  
**Occupation:** Gangster  
**Affiliations:** Hohler Gang

A slim, elegant man in well-tailored clothes, Broadbarn affects the air of a cultured, well bred man of leisure. This leads to the question: why is he breaking kneecaps in Folly Hills for a living? Queries like that aside, he is a ruthlessly efficient gangster, and one that the PCs should quite rightly fear.

**AWR:** 65      **AGL:** 45  
**INT:** 50      **DEX:** 55  
**PER:** 60      **HLT:** 40  
**WIL:** 70      **STR:** 45

### Skills:

Armed Combat 50 (Scissors +25), Criminal Culture 70, Persuasion 80, Pistol 60

**Broadbarn's Henchmen** - (thugs in bowler hats)

**Age:** Indeterminate, mid 30's  
**Height/Build:** Uniformly tall/Uniformly well built  
**Eye/Hair Colour:** Varies  
**Occupation:** Low-level gangsters  
**Affiliations:** Hohler Gang, Four Fingers Crew

Clad in uniform, dull grey, padded coats and dusty black bowler hats, Broadbarn's closest henchmen present a pug-nacious, ugly face to the world. Hardened bruisers and musclemen, they will not hesitate to do their boss's bidding, absolute loyalty is their creed.

**AWR:** 55      **AGL:** 50  
**INT:** 45      **DEX:** 50  
**PER:** 30      **HLT:** 50  
**WIL:** 60      **STR:** 65

### Skills:

Armed Combat 60 (Cosh/Club +20), Longarm 60, Pistol 60, Unarmed Combat 60 (Punch +30)

### Gear:

Heavy cartridge revolver, light cartridge revolver, cosh, large knife.

**The Tout** - (conniving salesman)

**Age:** Mid 40's  
**Height/Build:** 5' 11"/Average  
**Eye/Hair Colour:** Green/Black  
**Occupation:** Tout (obviously)  
**Affiliations:** None

Slimy, capricious, but ultimately a good salesman, the tout should be played as a man who desperately wants to help the PCs (he doesn't) but who is also deeply in love with the concept of making money (he is). Always watchful, he's a good deal more intelligent than most people (and probably the PCs) will give him credit for).

**AWR:** 70      **AGL:** 40  
**INT:** 60      **DEX:** 55  
**PER:** 60      **HLT:** 35  
**WIL:** 65      **STR:** 30

### Skills:

Economics 70, Fast Talk 70, Negotiation 70, Persuasion 75

### Gear:

Satchel, moneybelt, and small pocketknife.



### Ghostfighter - (tout's bodyguard)

**Age:** 30  
**Height/Build:** 5' 9"/Wiry  
**Eye/Hair Colour:** Grey/Black  
**Occupation:** Ghostfighter/bodyguard  
**Affiliations:** Currently, the tout

Inconspicuous to the point of invisibility, this is one guy you do not want to cross. Dressed in rough, common clothes, his homespun jacket conceals a hanger (somewhere between a small sword and a very big knife), a collection of knives and a small pepperbox sparklock for emergency backup. He's tough, ruthless and very protective of his employer. Should the PCs kill or incapacitate the tout, the ghostfighter will come after them with a vengeance (it is a matter of pride after all), popping up in the strangest of places...

**AWR:** 70      **AGL:** 65  
**INT:** 45      **DEX:** 60  
**PER:** 30      **HLT:** 50  
**WIL:** 40      **STR:** 55

#### Skills:

Armed Combat 60 (Knife +20), Pistol 50, Sneak 65, Unarmed Combat 60

#### Gear:

Hanger (large knife), 3 smaller knives, sparklock pepperbox pistol, and padded armour.

### Soldiers of Change - (militaristic death cult)

**Age:** Varies, between 20 and 40  
**Height/Build:** Variable  
**Eye/Hair Colour:** Variable  
**Occupation:** Members of militaristic apocalyptic death cult  
**Affiliations:** Soldiers of Change

Deeply traumatised and psychologically scarred by their combat experience, the Soldiers of Change are all veterans of the conflict in the Contested Grounds. Their former affiliations include both of the main combatants, as well as independent merc units, militant organisations and scavenger groups. All share the same high degree of martial discipline and belief in the purifying nature of combat. They have seen madness and horror and come right out of the other side.

**AWR:** 55      **AGL:** 50  
**INT:** 50      **DEX:** 55  
**PER:** 20      **HLT:** 40  
**WIL:** 70      **STR:** 60

#### Skills:

Armed Combat 50 (Bayonet +20), Longarm 60, Tactics 60, Unarmed Combat 50 (Punch +20)

#### Gear:

Single short (bolt-action) cartridge rifles, medium sparklock pistols, bayonets, lotech helmets, makeshift armour.

### Hermione/Harriet Hawksley - (debtor of the gang)

**Age:** 24  
**Height/Build:** 5' 6"/Slender  
**Eye/Hair Colour:** Blue/Dark brown  
**Occupation:** Society girl  
**Affiliations:** None

Up until the age of nine, Hermione lived a happy but secluded life with her family (father, mother and twin sister) in Lucent Heights. Sadly, her sister (Harriet) died in traumatic circumstances, a fact that Hermione has never got over. She was shuttled through a whole series of psychologists, specialists, priests and quacks in an attempt to solve her increasing mental problems. Unfortunately, nothing could divert her from the track she was on. In short, she had developed a radical split personality, one of which was her own, the other was her conception of her dead sister. The Hermione personality became increasingly susceptible to violent psychotic episodes, while the Harriet personality was as charming and disarming as the two sisters had always been. Disturbed by their inability to help their daughter, the family shuffled her off to Coldbath Fell, buying her a flat and ensuring she had plenty of money to live on. Cut off from her family, Hermione's condition grew worse. She rented the flat opposite her own and set it up as the home of Harriet. In essence, she began to lead two lives. The Hermione life was an existence on the edge: gambling, consorting with criminals and raging at the world. The Harriet life was quiet and assuming, with a caring boyfriend and oblivious circle of friends.

Attributes separated by a slash are ones which are different for Hermione and Harriet. The number before the slash is for the Hermione personality, the number after the slash if for the Harriet personality.

**AWR:** 45      **AGL:** 60  
**INT:** 60      **DEX:** 60  
**PER:** 45/65      **HLT:** 55  
**WIL:** 60/40      **STR:** 30\*

\*When undergoing her psychotic episode, Hermione's STR is treated as being 60.

#### Skills:

Criminal Culture 50 (Hermione), Fast-talk 40, Persuasion 50, Unarmed Combat 60 (Hermione)



## Wastrels Lot - (psychotic child streetgang)

**Age:** 8 - 12 years old  
**Height/Build:** As children  
**Eye/Hair Colour:** Varies  
**Occupation:** Psychotic ganger, killer, thief and thug  
**Affiliations:** Hohler Gang, themselves

A bunch of psychotic children operating from the shanty of Redberry Park, Wastrels Lot are something of a youth division of the local Hohler Gang elements, although, if possible, they are even more psychotic and deadly. Ranging in age from seven to twelve years old, Wastrels Lot are the meanest, maddest and just plain evil bunch of kids you are ever likely to come across. Such is their reputation for extreme violence, they are used as something of a hit squad by the Hohler Gang, who sometimes even send them further afield than Mire End to wreak carnage or terminate with extreme prejudice, certain targets. In order to support this posture, the Hohler Gang have generously equipped the 'Lot with firearms and clothing.

Dressed in black dogskin coats and wielding laughably large (for a child) cartridge pistols, the gang presents an almost comic sight. That is, until they lay waste to anything and everything around them. Any statement or even a gesture can be taken as a slight against the gang, leading to the characteristic outbursts of gunfire and brutal beatings. Everyone in Mire End fears the 'Lot and finds them almost impossible to deal with because of their abject madness and ever-changing hierarchy. The Hohler Gang has recently equipped them with a consignment of Nakakatayari Skyline cartridge pistols stolen from a Provost impound yard. The kids were delighted to receive these heavy calibre weapons and immediately set out on a round of random shootings and destructive gunplay.

### Typical Stats & Skills

**AWR:** 40      **AGL:** 60  
**INT:** 35      **DEX:** 55  
**PER:** 20      **HLT:** 25  
**WIL:** 50      **STR:** 15

### Skills:

Armed Combat 30 (Knife +15), Pistol 40, Sneak 50, Unarmed Combat 30.

### Gear:

Long, scruffy, black dogskin coats, 2 Nakakatayari SkyLine cartridge pistols each, and knives.

(Information on Wastrels Lot is taken from the forthcoming a/state supplement 'The Lostfinders Guide To Mire End')

## Typical Provost - (policeman)

**Age:** 30  
**Height/Build:** 5' 10"  
**Eye/Hair Colour:** Varies  
**Occupation:** Police officer  
**Affiliations:** TCMAA Provosts

**AWR:** 60      **AGL:** 50  
**INT:** 55      **DEX:** 50  
**PER:** 40      **HLT:** 50  
**WIL:** 60      **STR:** 60

### Skills

Investigation 60, Pistol 60, Armed Combat, 60, Criminal Culture 50

### Gear:

Heavy sparklock pistol  
 Club  
 Uniform  
 Handcuffs  
 Notepad

## Macrocorp Trooper - (security/bodyguard)

**Age:** 32  
**Height/Build:** 6' 2"  
**Eye/Hair Colour:** Varies  
**Occupation:** Macrocorp security  
**Affiliations:** Employing macrocorp

Cold, impassive and efficient, the Hirplakker troopers guarding the hospitality are a quiet, intimidating presence. Armed and armoured with hitech gear, even the Provosts are slightly scared of them.

**AWR:** 60      **AGL:** 65  
**INT:** 50      **DEX:** 60  
**PER:** 35      **HLT:** 50  
**WIL:** 60      **STR:** 55

### Skills:

Armed combat 50 (Club +25), Longarm 65, Pistol 65, Unarmed Combat 50 (Grapple 25).

### Gear:

Heavy cartridge auto pistol, billy club, hitech armour vest, and hitech helmet.



**Macrocorp Flunky** - (ticket checker/doorman/waiter, etc)

**Age:** 26  
**Height/Build:** 5 8  
**Eye/Hair Colour:** Blue/Black  
**Occupation:** Low-level macrocorp employee  
**Affiliations:** Employing macrocorp

Attired in suit and high-collared shirt, the flunky is helping out at the race hospitality in a blatant attempt to curry favour with his bosses. Supercilious and smug, he's the kind of person who could really rub the PCs up the wrong way.

|                |                |
|----------------|----------------|
| <b>AWR:</b> 55 | <b>AGL:</b> 40 |
| <b>INT:</b> 60 | <b>DEX:</b> 40 |
| <b>PER:</b> 55 | <b>HLT:</b> 60 |
| <b>WIL:</b> 60 | <b>STR:</b> 35 |

**Skills:**

Bribery 50, Negotiation 60, Persuasion 60,

**Gear:**

Clipboard.

## appendix 3: miscellaneous stuff

**Nakakatayari SkyLine Auto Pistol**

Short, ugly and brutal, the SkyLine is not exactly the last word in hitech firearms design. However, what it lacks in aesthetic appeal, it makes up for in firepower. While the big, heavy bullet may be fairly slow, it carries a substantial amount of energy and to unarmoured targets, it's something of a menace. Against hitech armours, this lotech handcannon doesn't really stand a chance, but against the average street ganger, it can provide a very persuasive argument.

**Damage:** 12  
**Penetration:** 6  
**Range:** 10  
**ROF:** 4  
**Reaction Mod:** +5  
**Clip:** 7  
**Weight:** 1.5kg  
**Availability:** Uncommon  
**Cost:** £150



# the characters

## anastasia cable

**Quote:** "Go on. Oh, please. Go on. Go on, go on, go on! Oh come on, you know I can't afford that!"

Being able to wheedle your way into peoples trust, to irritate them enough to get your own way, to get the price down to something you can afford, that's your way of doing things. You may be considered an irritating moaner by almost everyone else in the gang, but you've got two things that they haven't: Meribel and the stash that you've both got hidden away for a better future. One last big wedge of cash would give you enough to get away from this lot and start a new life.

**Origin:** Redundant  
**Upbringing:** Dangerous  
**Age:** 23

### Attributes

| Physical  | Level | Cost |
|-----------|-------|------|
| Agility   | 60    | 60   |
| Dexterity | 60    | 60   |
| Health    | 35    | 35   |
| Strength  |       |      |

### Mental

|                   |    |    |
|-------------------|----|----|
| Awareness (bonus) | 65 | 55 |
| Intelligence      | 55 | 55 |
| Personality       | 45 | 45 |
| Willpower         | 65 | 65 |

### Advantages & Disadvantages

| Advantages      | Level | +/-  |
|-----------------|-------|------|
| Contact (Fence) | Min   | -5AP |

| Disadvantages          | Level | +/-   |
|------------------------|-------|-------|
| Enemy (Provost)        | Min   | +5SP  |
| Enemy (Slum landlord)  | Min   | +5SP  |
| Mental DisAd. (Sullen) | Mod   | +10AP |



### Skills

| Skill                 | Level | Cost |
|-----------------------|-------|------|
| Act                   | 50    | 50   |
| Armed Combat          | 30    | 30   |
| Bribery               | 45    | 45   |
| Common (Read & Write) | 20    | 20   |
| Common (Spoken)       | 77    | n/a  |
| Criminal Culture      | 60    | 50   |
| Disguise              | 40    | 40   |
| Economics             | 50    | 30   |
| Fast-talk             | 60    | 40   |
| Folklore              | 22    | n/a  |
| Persuasion            | 55    | 55   |
| Pistol                | 30    | 30   |
| Sneak                 | 40    | 40   |
| Unarmed Combat        | 50    | 40   |

### Possessions

Small knife  
 Short cosh  
 Small sparklock pistol  
 4 rounds of sparklock ammunition  
 Rough working clothes  
 A few shillings

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# the characters

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## Physical Description

Of average height and build, Cable isn't exactly what you would call pretty, but she has a certain something that some men find alluring. Granted, these are the kind of men who can be found in low bars and conduct their business at the point of a knife, but who's counting anyway? Her lank, shoulder length red hair obscures her face most of the time, forming straggling locks that drape across her brow.

## Psychological Description

Not as pessimistic and sullen as her outward appearance would suggest. Deep down, she's quite optimistic, certainly as regards getting away from the gang and starting new life with Meribel.

## The Other Characters

### Oliver Corbel (ghostfighter)

Corbel fancies himself as a cut above everyone else. He's always making snide comments about his fighting abilities and has no great respect for non-ghostfighters. To be honest, it's not going to be long before he has to put his money where his mouth is and be forced to show off his much vaunted skills against a real opponent.

Bit of snob but could actually be quite skilful underneath it all.

### Derrick Meribel (robber/mugger/cutpurse)

Your long-term squeeze and the only person in The City who really seems to care about you. Not exactly gifted in the brains department, he's at his best when accosting innocents in a dark alley, armed only with a cosh and a vicious streak a mile wide. However, when not conducting 'business', he can be a caring, sensitive soul who looks forward to the day when you and he can give up this life of crime and start afresh.

Not exactly the best brain in The City, but the love of your life.

### Nathaly Underbridge (fence/wheedler/con-artist)

Underbridge is one of the coldest, most calculating women you've ever met. Under her rather grimy exterior lies a mind like a blade and a conscience (or lack thereof) to match. However, when the situation warrants it, she can be quite charming and does scrub up rather well. Her background is something of a mystery, as to what exactly she does with herself when not hanging about with the gang.

Cold, ruthless but at times charming. One to watch.

### Lucillia Vredestein (ex-mikefighter pilot)

Nasty. Just plain nasty. Vredestein is, essentially, an evil little shit with a massive chip on her shoulder. A former mikefighter pilot with Hirplakker, she was slung out on the street a while back and fell in with the gang. She never hesitates to put the boot or the blade in and will steal anything from anyone, anytime, anyplace.

A psychotic little bitch who should be watched at all times.

# the characters

## derrick meribel

**Quote:** "Your money or your kneecaps! Fair enough then, kneecaps it is."

Accosting people and taking their money is, it has to be said, not the easiest way to make a living. And besides, there's only so many times you can break someone's fingers or crack their skull before it starts to get to you. To be honest, the time has come to make changes. That's why you've been salting away a cache of cash, to let you and Anastasia set up home somewhere in The City far away from Underbridge, Vredestein, Corbel and a life living in fear.



**Origin:** Drudge  
**Upbringing:** Criminal  
**Age:** 26

### Attributes

| Physical      | Level | Cost |
|---------------|-------|------|
| Agility       | 40    | 40   |
| Dexterity     | 52    | 52   |
| Health        | 45    | 45   |
| Strength      | 70    | 60   |
| <b>Mental</b> |       |      |
| Awareness     | 40    | 40   |
| Intelligence  | 50    | 50   |
| Personality   | 50    | 50   |
| Willpower     | 45    | 45   |

### Advantages & Disadvantages

| Advantages                | Level | +/-   |
|---------------------------|-------|-------|
| Physical Ad.(strong grip) | Mod   | -8AP  |
| <b>Disadvantages</b>      |       |       |
| Enemy                     | Min   | +5AP  |
| Enemy                     | Min   | +5AP  |
| Enemy                     | Mod   | +10AP |
| Mental DisAd.             | Mod   | +10AP |

### Skills

| Skill            | Level | Cost |
|------------------|-------|------|
| Armed Combat     | 50    | 50   |
| Cosh             | +20   | 10   |
| Climbing         | 40    | 40   |
| Common (Spoken)  | 75    | n/a  |
| Criminal Culture | 50    | 50   |
| Folklore         | 10    | n/a  |
| Hide             | 50    | 50   |
| Longarm          | 30    | 30   |
| Mechanics        | 40    | 40   |
| Persuasion       | 40    | 40   |
| Intimidation     | +20   | 10   |
| Pistol           | 20    | 20   |
| Running          | 40    | 40   |
| Shadow           | 50    | 50   |
| Sneak            | 40    | 40   |
| Thrown Weapon    | 30    | 30   |
| Unarmed Combat   | 70    | 70   |
| Grapple          | +20   | 10   |
| Punch            | +20   | 10   |

### Possessions

Club  
 Medium Sparklock Pistol  
 7 rounds of sparklock ammunition  
 Rough clothes  
 Boots  
 A few shillings

## Physical Description

Not a huge man, Meribel has a certain presence due to his large, callused hands and intimidating stare. Years of brawling on the streets have left him with a talent for the kidney punch, eye gouge and underhand leg-breaker. Many toughs make the mistake of dismissing him due to his lack of stature: this would tend to be a mistake. Tousled, curly brown hair hangs just above his close-set, green eyes, eyes which are set in an unusually expressive, open face.

## Psychological Description

He does what he has to do, but that doesn't mean to say he has to enjoy it. Meribel secretly wants to get away from this life of crime, to settle down with Anastasia and maybe even start a family. Every time he mugs someone these days, it makes him wince.

## The Other Characters

### Anastasia Cable (procurer/wheedler)

Cable whines and moans a lot, but the course of true love never runs smooth anyway. Her constant whinging really gets on everyone's nerves, but you've kind of grown used to it. It has to be admitted that she's pretty good at rustling up stuff, bargaining with fences and generally foraging for stuff. She can be a pain in the arse though.

A moaning whiner, but you love her anyway.

### Oliver Corbel (ghostfighter)

Corbel fancies himself as a cut above everyone else. He's always making snide comments about his fighting abilities and has no great respect for non-ghostfighters. To be honest, it's not going to be long before he has to put his money where his mouth is and be forced to show off his much vaunted skills against a real opponent.

Bit of snob but could actually be quite skilful underneath it all.

### Nathaly Underbridge (fence/wheedler/con-artist)

Underbridge is one of the coldest, most calculating women you've ever met. Under her rather grimy exterior lies a mind like a blade and a conscience (or lack thereof) to match. However, when the situation warrants it, she can be quite charming and does scrub up rather well. Her background is something of a mystery, as to what exactly she does with herself when not hanging about with the gang.

Cold, ruthless but at times charming. One to watch.

### Lucillia Vredestein (ex-mikefighter pilot)

Nasty. Just plain nasty. Vredestein is, essentially, an evil little shit with a massive chip on her shoulder. A former mikefighter pilot with Hirplakker, she was slung out on the street a while back and fell in with the gang. She never hesitates to put the boot or the blade in and will steal anything from anyone, anytime, anyplace.

A psychotic little bitch who should be watched at all times.

# the characters

## Lucillia Uredestein

**Quote:** "Fuck you, you fucking fuck! Just give me the fucking money or I'll fucking have you!"

You're the meanest, nastiest, most ruthless bit of work on the streets. At least, that's what you'd like everyone to believe. Trouble is, most of it's not true. You've got this big façade of being an ex-Hirplakker mikefighter pilot, trouble is, you're not. Sure, you've got some of the old gear, but that was taken from the cooling corpse of pilot who couldn't hack life outside the macrocorp and threw himself from the top of a towerblock. Under the hard-ass attitude, you're a scared little kid from Fogwarren who's in way over her head and doesn't know how to back out.

**Origin:** Dispossessed  
**Upbringing:** Militaristic  
**Age:** 17

### Attributes

| Physical  | Level | Cost |
|-----------|-------|------|
| Agility   | 70    | 70   |
| Dexterity | 60    | 60   |
| Health    | 30    | 30   |
| Strength  | 30    | 30   |

### Mental

|              |    |    |
|--------------|----|----|
| Awareness    | 70 | 60 |
| Intelligence | 50 | 50 |
| Personality  | 42 | 42 |
| Willpower    | 30 | 30 |

### Advantages & Disadvantages

| Advantages                   | Level | +/-  |
|------------------------------|-------|------|
| Contact (Macrocorp Military) | Min   | -5AP |
| Physical Ad. (Good Balance)  | Mod   | -8AP |

| Disadvantages             | Level | +/-   |
|---------------------------|-------|-------|
| Physical DisAd. (Scarred) | Min   | +5AP  |
| Mental DisAd. (Shy)       | Mod   | +10AP |
| Mental DisAd. (Violent)   | Mod   | +10AP |
| Poverty                   | Mod   | +10SP |



### Skills

| Skill                 | Level | Cost |
|-----------------------|-------|------|
| Air Vehicles          | 50    | 50   |
| Mikefighter           | +20   | 10   |
| Armed Combat          | 50    | 50   |
| Knife                 | +20   | 10   |
| Climbing              | 30    | 30   |
| Common (Read & Write) | 50    | 50   |
| Common (Spoken)       | 75    | n/a  |
| Folklore              | 10    | n/a  |
| Hide                  | 50    | 50   |
| Persuasion            | 40    | 40   |
| Pickpocket            | 60    | 60   |
| Pistol                | 30    | 30   |
| Running               | 20    | 20   |
| Shadow                | 50    | 50   |
| Sneak                 | 60    | 60   |
| Unarmed Combat        | 30    | 30   |
| Vehicular Weapons     | 50    | 50   |

### Possessions

Many knives concealed about her person  
 Dogskin coat  
 Headscarf  
 Old pilots jumpsuit  
 Very worn boots, many sizes too big  
 A few pence

## Physical Description

A slim, slight, malnourished looking girl, Vredestein's face is scarred with the after-effects of childhood diseases picked up in the understreets of Fogwarren. Very short, she clutches her collection of knives and assorted blades with a feral ferocity. The knives in question are slung all around her body, on dogskin thongs about her neck, slung under arms and strapped to her thighs and calves. Short, spiky, dirty blond hair projects from the top of a filthy headscarf and her entire frame is swathed in an all enveloping dogskin coat many sizes too big for her.

## Psychological Description

On the surface, she appears to be a psychotic nutcase but under it all she's really rather scared, lacking in confidence and more than a little worried that her lies might be found out.

## The Other Characters

### Anastasia Cable (procurer/wheedler)

Cable whines and moans a lot, especially when Meribel isn't around. Her constant whinging really gets on your nerves. However, it has to be admitted that she's pretty good at rustling up stuff, bargaining with fences and generally foraging for stuff. She is a pain in the arse though.

A moaning whiner, but good at her job.

### Oliver Corbel (ghostfighter)

Corbel fancies himself as a cut above everyone else. He's always making snide comments about his fighting abilities and has no great respect for non-ghostfighters. To be honest, it's not going to be long before he has to put his money where his mouth is and be forced to show off his much vaunted skills against a real opponent.

Bit of snob but could actually be quite skilful underneath it all.

### Derrick Meribel (robber/mugger/cutpurse)

A dour, sullen, depressing kind of chap, Meribel is the long-term squeeze of the equally irritating Anastasia Cable. Not exactly gifted in the brains department, he's at his best when accosting innocents in a dark alley, armed only with a cosh and a vicious streak a mile wide.

Useful to have around, but not exactly the best brain in The City.

### Nathaly Underbridge (fence/wheedler/con-artist)

Underbridge is one of the coldest, most calculating women you've ever met. Under her rather grimy exterior lies a mind like a blade and a conscience (or lack thereof) to match. However, when the situation warrants it, she can be quite charming and does scrub up rather well. Her background is something of a mystery, as to what exactly she does with herself when not hanging about with the gang.

Cold, ruthless but at times charming. One to watch.

# the characters

## OLIVER CORBEL

**Quote:** "Is that meant to alarm me? Come on now, you can do better than that."

Life, it must be admitted, has not treated you well of late. The unfortunate and regrettable deaths of a couple of well-heeled clients has caused your stock amongst the body-guarding community to plummet faster than a suicide victim off of Luminosity Tower. Hence, the rather distasteful situation you find yourself in: hang out with a bunch of, lets face it, rather hopeless petty criminals. Their schemes are laughable, their resources non-existent and their so-called 'contacts' nothing more than a motley collection of misfits, fools and wasters.

**Origin:** Upper Middle Class  
**Upbringing:** Wealthy  
**Age:** 30

### Attributes

| Physical  | Level | Cost |
|-----------|-------|------|
| Agility   | 65    | 65   |
| Dexterity | 60    | 60   |
| Health    | 40    | 40   |
| Strength  | 50    | 50   |

### Mental

|              |    |    |
|--------------|----|----|
| Awareness    | 55 | 55 |
| Intelligence | 52 | 52 |
| Personality  | 30 | 30 |
| Willpower    | 40 | 30 |

### Advantages & Disadvantages

| Advantages             | Level | +/-  |
|------------------------|-------|------|
| Physical Ad. (Balance) | Mod   | -8AP |

| Disadvantages                  | Level | +/-   |
|--------------------------------|-------|-------|
| Enemy (Former Employers)       | Mod   | +10AP |
| Mental DisAd. (Over Confident) | Min   | +5AP  |
| Mental DisAd. (Superior)       | Mod   | +10AP |
| Poverty                        | Min   | +5AP  |



### Skills

| Skill                 | Level | Cost |
|-----------------------|-------|------|
| Armed Combat          | 60    | 60   |
| Knife                 | +20   | 10   |
| Bureaucracy           | 20    | n/a  |
| Climbing              | 50    | 50   |
| Common (Read & Write) | 52    | n/a  |
| Common (Spoken)       | 78    | n/a  |
| Criminal Culture      | 30    | 30   |
| Diplomacy             | 50    | 10   |
| Hide                  | 60    | 60   |
| Negotiation           | 40    | 20   |
| Pistol                | 20    | 20   |
| Shadow                | 60    | 60   |
| Sneak                 | 60    | 60   |
| Tracking              | 30    | 30   |
| Unarmed Combat        | 50    | 50   |
| Kick                  | +20   | 10   |
| Punch                 | +20   | 10   |

### Possessions

2 Fighting Knives  
 Dogskin jacket  
 Breeches  
 Cloth cap  
 Workmans boots  
 A few shillings

## Physical Description

Lithe and wiry, Corbel strenuously tries to live up to the physical ideal of the prototypical ghostfighter. His slim, long fingered hands hold a knife with apparent ease, his movements are economical, with no effort wasted. His brown hair is cropped tight into his skull, making the narrow planes of his pale face seem even more angular.

He dresses in loose, rough workman's trousers and a homespun shirt topped by a grey dogskin jacket and cloth cap.

## Psychological Description

Corbel is a calm, sensible man, always thinking about the ramifications of any given situation. That having been said, he can be ruthless and efficient when called upon to be. Somewhat disappointed at his current situation, he views himself as a cut above the common criminal and is now seriously regretting getting involved with these people.

## The Other Characters

### Anastasia Cable (procurer/wheeler)

Cable whines and moans a lot, especially when Meribel isn't around. Her constant whining really gets on your nerves. However, it has to be admitted that she's pretty good at rustling up stuff, bargaining with fences and generally foraging for stuff. She is a pain in the arse though.

A moaning whiner, but good at her job.

### Derrick Meribel (robber/mugger/cutpurse)

A dour, sullen, depressing kind of chap, Meribel is the long-term squeeze of the equally irritating Anastasia Cable. Not exactly gifted in the brains department, he's at his best when accosting innocents in a dark alley, armed only with a cosh and a vicious streak a mile wide. In a fight, you could easily take him down, as he's nothing more than a back-street brawler, as opposed to your finely honed fighting skills.

Too stupid and narrow-minded to be any kind of threat.

### Nathaly Underbridge (fence/wheeler/con-artist)

Underbridge is one of the coldest, most calculating women you've ever met. Under her rather grimy exterior lies a mind like a blade and a conscience (or lack thereof) to match. However, when the situation warrants it, she can be quite charming and does scrub up rather well (which has led to some rather disturbing and possibly unsavoury thoughts on your part). Her background is something of a mystery, as it's what exactly she does with herself when not hanging about with the gang.

Cold, ruthless but at times charming. One to watch.

### Lucillia Vredestein (ex-mikefighter pilot)

Nasty. Just plain nasty. Vredestein is, essentially, an evil little shit with a massive chip on her shoulder. A former mikefighter pilot with Hirplakker, she was slung out on the street a while back and fell in with this rag-tag bunch. She never hesitates to put the boot or the blade in and will steal anything from anyone, anytime, anyplace.

A psychotic little bitch who should be watched at all times.

# the characters

## nathaly underbridge

**Quote:** "No, you can't buy your way out of this. Yes, we do know where you live. Aaaah, now you're talking sense.."

You're cold, calculating, cynical and somewhat mean. That's not to say you don't realise this. In fact, you've spent years cultivating these very traits. You've also spent years cultivating the other side of your personality; the charming, demure, alluring side of your personality. It's all a matter of circumstance; if cold stares and harshness don't work, then maybe charm and coquettishness might stand a better chance.



**Origin:** Lower Middle Class  
**Upbringing:** Independently Minded  
**Age:** 26

### Attributes

| Physical  | Level | Cost |
|-----------|-------|------|
| Agility   | 40    | 40   |
| Dexterity | 35    | 35   |
| Health    | 40    | 40   |
| Strength  | 30    | 30   |

### Mental

|              |    |    |
|--------------|----|----|
| Awareness    | 60 | 60 |
| Intelligence | 55 | 55 |
| Personality  | 62 | 62 |
| Willpower    | 55 | 45 |

### Advantages & Disadvantages

| Advantages                | Level | +/-  |
|---------------------------|-------|------|
| Contact (Fence)           | Min   | -5AP |
| Physical Ad. (Attractive) | Mod   | -8AP |

| Disadvantages   | Level | +/-   |
|-----------------|-------|-------|
| Enemy (Bookie)  | Mod   | +10SP |
| Enemy (Fence)   | Mod   | +10AP |
| Enemy (Provost) | Mod   | +10AP |

### Skills

| Skill                 | Level | Cost |
|-----------------------|-------|------|
| Act                   | 10    | 10   |
| Armed Combat          | 30    | 30   |
| Bureaucracy           | 50    | 30   |
| Common (Read & Write) | 55    | n/a  |
| Common (Spoken)       | 82    | n/a  |
| Criminal Culture      | 60    | 60   |
| Economics             | 50    | 30   |
| Fast-Talk             | 50    | 50   |
| Hide                  | 20    | 20   |
| Lockpick              | 50    | 50   |
| Negotiation           | 60    | 40   |
| Persuasion            | 60    | 60   |
| Pistol                | 30    | 30   |
| Shadow                | 40    | 40   |
| Sneak                 | 40    | 40   |
| Unarmed Combat        | 40    | 20   |

### Possessions

Dogskin coat  
 Battered hat  
 Pocket knife  
 Lockpick set  
 A few pounds

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# the characters

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## Physical Description

Slim and elegant, this is somewhat wasted by a wardrobe which seems to consist of second hand dogskin coats and battered old hats. Looking through the layers of grime, many men have fallen for Nathaly Underbridge, a mistake which they have made at their cost. Her dark hair is tied back with a strip of dogskin but constantly escapes in wisps around her fine-boned face.

## Psychological Description

As previously discussed, Underbridge can, by turns, be cold and calculating or demure and charming. She constantly tries to turn every situation to her advantage, using feminine wiles or cynical brutality as the situation warrants. It is strongly suspected that she would sell her own mother to deathdealers if she thought it would gain her an advantage. Everyone knows she's trying for a top spot in the Hohler Gang, it's just that they don't mention it through fear of how she might react.

## The Other Characters

### Anastasia Cable (procurer/wheedler)

Cable whines and moans a lot, especially when Meribel isn't around. Her constant whinging really gets on your nerves. However, it has to be admitted that she's pretty good at rustling up stuff, bargaining with fences and generally foraging for stuff. She is a pain in the arse though.

A moaning whiner, but good at her job.

### Oliver Corbel (ghostfighter)

Corbel fancies himself as a cut above everyone else. He's always making snide comments about his fighting abilities and has no great respect for non-ghostfighters. To be honest, it's not going to be long before he has to put his money where his mouth is and be forced to show off his much vaunted skills against a real opponent.

Bit of snob but could actually be quite skilful underneath it all.

### Derrick Meribel (robber/mugger/cutpurse)

A dour, sullen, depressing kind of chap, Meribel is the long-term squeeze of the equally irritating Anastasia Cable. Not exactly gifted in the brains department, he's at his best when accosting innocents in a dark alley, armed only with a cosh and a vicious streak a mile wide.

Useful to have around, but not exactly the best brain in The City.

### Lucillia Vredestein (ex-mikefighter pilot)

Nasty. Just plain nasty. Vredestein is, essentially, an evil little shit with a massive chip on her shoulder. A former mikefighter pilot with Hirplakker, she was slung out on the street a while back and fell in with the gang. She never hesitates to put the boot or the blade in and will steal anything from anyone, anytime, anyplace.

A psychotic little bitch who should be watched at all times.

Welcome to The City. A sepia-toned world lit by guttering gas lamps and the flickering filaments of electric bulbs. A closed world, isolated and alone. Stinking canals radiate out through The City, thick with effluent and the detritus of millions of lives. Dank alleys wind between corroding concrete towerblocks, wide boulevards swarm with peddlers, traders, sellers, buyers, thieves and victims. The City is full of dark places where the lights of knowledge, morality and justice fail to glow.

Welcome to The City. A world of contrasts and contradictions. The citizens live their lives in a tangle of technological obscurity. In crumbling brick tenements, they crowd round dim televisions, sedated by the media output. In the factories, workshops, mills and yards, they toil and strain with rusting, decaying machinery. Above them all, the macrocorps stand like gods, islands of glittering advancement in a sea of black oil, flaking iron and reeking gas.

Welcome to The City. A world of pain, fear, longing and hatred. Where the basest human emotions rise to the surface, where men will cripple each other for a dull shilling. Yet light, life, love and hope manage to raise their voices, occasionally heard above the clamour of darkness. Through all the evil and wreckage, some still manage to retain a sense of decency and honour.

Welcome to The City. A world of superstition, folk tales, wild religion and rampant rumour. The Shift and The Bombardment are apocalyptic legends from the far past, feeding the nightmares and fantasies of current generations. Some pray to God for salvation, others pray to a cold, empty universe. In hidden places, black rites are carried out, for reasons as varied and obscure as The City itself. Folk heroes and villains stalk the streets: Ticktock Man, The Leaper, Iron Lady, all contributing to the second city, the city carried on the tongues and in the minds of its citizens.

Welcome to The City. A world of strangers and beings who do not belong. The Shifted, strange entities, whispered about in pubs and taverns, lest the very mention of their name summon them from the dark. The Ubel, twitching and creaking through the backstreets in their bloodstained rags, chittering incomprehensibly. Lugner, whispering maddening dreams in the night. Drache, as insubstantial as mist, clouds of unreason. Hager, assassins and kidnapers, looming figures cast in black cloth and pale flesh. The Simils, pitied and reviled in equal measure, clanking golems of iron, brass and stone.

Welcome to The City.  
You will never forget The City.  
But The City will forget you.



## The Tick List

*Marius Spedkerry*  
*£18.7s, dog racing & such*  
*(daft old buggr probly protekted by BB)*

*Josef Untermeyer - wotch out for hym - got conehtyions*  
*£123.9s, fytes, races & stuff*  
*(lukes lyke we shownt mess with hym - dodgy punter)*

*Carnelia Pipefitter*  
*£26.11s, dog track*  
*(shes a soft touch, easy too get munny from)*

*Hermione Hawksley - byt of a posh one this*  
*£5,120.17s!!!!!!! Fytes & races*  
*(idiot Meribl dynt get adress! The prat! Sumwher in Coldbath Fell, Reverie Street?)*

*Argent Grubgrind - got gude info, shownt ruf hym up*  
*£34.3s, dog track*  
*(knos what hes doing, smarte guy, valubl)*

*Bellis Kesselryng - tuf nut, fyter - hard!!!!*  
*£56.8s, fytes & dog track*  
*(harde case ryte enuff!!!!!!)*

