

DUDES OF LEGEND

the World of Darkness



Credits

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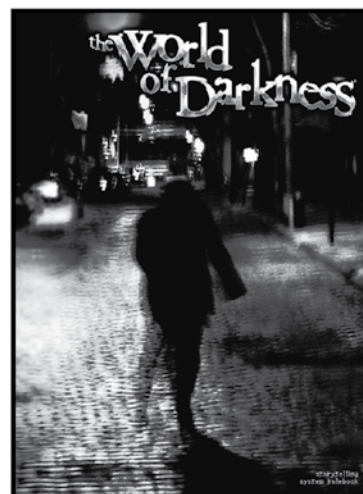
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the World of
Darkness® Rulebook



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DUIDES OF LEGEND

How to Be
Fucking Awesome



Chuck Wendig

Preface

I begged to do this. (*Editor's Note: He really did. See the attached picture.*) I was born to write this preface.

Well, that may not be true. I was probably born for other things, but thanks to adopting the path of a Slack-ing Game Writer, the hopes and dreams of my parents were dashed on the rocks of the River Disappointment.

I may not have been the West Point grad-turned-aerospace engineer and astronaut I set out to be, but I became so much more.

I became a bad-ass hero Gangrel vampire, twin katanas strapped across my black pleather-clad back, twin Colt revolvers (silver bullets loaded, of course) at my hips, striking fear in my enemies and lust in the fishnet-wearing would-be huntress who fell for my brooding charms.

Pardon my departure from my usual writing style, but this must be said. Fuck your pussy, emo, angsting, inner-demon wrestling child of the night. Your Roman-era politicians, your secret-society schemers, your social magistrates – they're all a bunch of god-damned asshats!

I remember when vampires were mother-fucking superheroes of the shadows. OK, most of them were of the 90's, kill-everything anti-hero types, carrying more hardware and explosives than the typical Marine Expeditionary Force. Body counts were points scored, local governments were the bitches of the HMVIC (the Head Mother-Fucking Vampire In Charge, AKA the Prince, AKA the one who ate your daddy and told you to sit and watch), and breaking the Masquerade only happened if you actually left any witnesses alive.

I wasn't one of those guys. Most of my friends were, but I went that other way. I would be Nick Knight, working the night streets and saving humans from the monsters that hunted them. But I'd be far, far badder – Neo and Blade double-teamed Buffy, mingled their sperm, and she popped out the bullet-time martial arts killing machine that was my heroic fang boy.

I think he lasted, like, three sessions before the other leeches beat him down like a Manilow fan at a Poison concert. Something about the HMVIC



not enjoying having his top enforcers cut down at a social function celebrating vampire uberness, or something.

So my next masterpiece? Skald-warrior Brujah, bitches! Leather jacket, curb-stomping boots, spiked shoulder pads and bracers, a giant silvered great axe on his back and dual shotguns strapped to his thighs. He spouted poetry as he chopped werewolf heads off, told Toreadors they were pussy-little poseurs while he

drug their women onto the dance floor, and imagined the HMVIC wet his coffin every night in fear of the day Gunther Thorsbrood would claim his throne.

Seriously, what are you artsy twats doing to this game? What happened to the black, shiny clothes, the incessant machine gun firing, the super-speed battles atop subway trains? Where are the hot chicks, thrusting their boobs out along with their lower lips, taunting and teasing you into ultimate sin? The angst was

just supposed to be an excuse for the hot goth fashions; we all reveled in the power and the violence, the sex without consequences, and a life immortal where little humans danced to our tunes.

Put all the other books away, boys and girls. This is all you really need. Discover what it REALLY means to be a right and proper bloodsucker.

Oh, and yeah, don't forget your Super Soaker full of holy water. Man, I LOVED that trick!

– **Sean Patrick Fannon**, author, *The Fantasy Role-playing Gamer's Bible* and *Shaintar: Legends Unleashed*, gamer with a lot of repressed... something.

Dudes of Legend: How to Be FUCKING AWESOME

"Even though I was theatrically trained, learning to develop a character was an awesome experience."

— Corin Nemec, AKA Parker Lewis from Parker Lewis Can't Lose

No, no, I get it. You think we're joking.

I hear you: "Meh-ha-hee-ha, oh, trenchcoats and strippers, it's an April Fool's Day thing from those wacky White Wolf guys again. They're probably drunk on mezcal, or high on the dust ground from the bones of a long-lost subterranean humanoid race."

Drunk? Yes. High on the bone dust of a fallen hobbit species? Duh.

But we're not fucking around. You put that out of your head. You put it out of your head, or we'll kick it out. With boots. With fat, clunky steel-toe construction boots.

Yeah, keep on giggling.

See, you think whatever you want, but strippers? Awesome. Lesbian strippers? Double-awesome. Lesbian strippers whipping off their trenchcoats only to reveal a katana tucked delicately in a garter or g-string? That is a face full of awesome. Your face will be dripping with awesome. The sauce of awesome will give you a nasal enema.

Oh, don't you turn your nose down at me. Or is it, look down your nose and turn up your nose? It has to be, right? It can't be look up your nose, because that's disgusting. Especially after that whole "nasal enema" thing. Wait. Where were we? What's happening? Why am I wearing this rabbit costume with the ass cut out?

All right. Shake it off. Shake it off. Get back in the game. Refocus. Laser precision. Forget about what Mommy said. Forget her. You don't need her anymore.

Ah. Yes. That's right. Here we go.

Don't you condescend to me, man. You're trapped in your little up-pity world where vampires are merely conveyances for personal horror, where Frankensteins are just lumbering vehicles for existential dread. You're locked in a little box of morality and meaning, and somewhere along the way you forgot how to have fun. That's right. I'm talking to you, emo-boy. With your Flock of Seagulls haircut and your poofy shirt. Why so serious? You've got to get shut of that shit, son. Or lady. Or ladyboy. Or whatever gender conglomeration you happen to be. We're screaming it so the cheap seats can hear. We're delivering a gospel—gospel means "good news," remember—of raw unbridled bad-ass motherfucking awesome to your soul.

We're going to teach you how to have fun again.


Gone with the gloomy-gus mope-mask, people.

It's time to rock out with your cock out.

Or, for the ladies, time to jam out with your clam out.

Or, for the gender ambiguous, it's time to... drop curtain... on your... uhh, uncertain? It's time to do the serious funk out with your, ummm, mysterious junk out? Hrm. I'm just not feeling that one. I tried. I really tried.

Shut up.



Seriously, We're Serious. Or Half-Serious. Or Something.

We're well aware that this product is ridiculous. The idea is itself a kind of joke, yes, but believe me—we're actually trying to give you some material you can use. Kind of. Sure, it's fairly rules-light, but you might actually want to plug-and-play this stuff into one of your World of Darkness games. Why? Why in God's Unpronounceable Nomenclature would you dare to invoke such madness in your story? Isn't this stuff just for a laugh?

Two reasons you might want to use this product in a serious way.

One: Parody can work at the game table. Listen, half the time a game session with friends devolves into a whirlwind of jokes and side-stories. With the horror bent of the World of Darkness, that's not exactly useful—so, you can use these rules to take some time off from the uber-seriousness of your current game and play a session using these system hacks. It'll maybe help get the shits-and-giggles out. Parody and satire have a place at the game table in limited quantity—or, if everybody loves it, in unlimited quantity. Fun is fun, and if this gives you that, run with it.

Two: One or two of these rules might actually be useful. Sure, each character hack is loaded with satirical pretense, but the rules themselves might be something you can grab and use. Looking forward to the upcoming release, *World of Darkness: Mirrors*, this isn't entirely inappropriate. That book is all about dissecting both system and setting to build the type of game you want to play. This is that, just in a more... over-the-top manner. And maybe "over-the-top" is what you want. You want to ape crazy ideas and monstrous stereotypes for a truly batshit game experience? There's nothing wrong with that. The rules here may help you to achieve that over-the-top experience at your game table.

All that being said? Yes, we're being offensive. Yes, we're being ludicrous. No, we're not seriously trying to insult you or waste your time. Make you laugh, yes. Offer you a gonzo World of Darkness game, sure. Beg you to write us letters about how offended you are? Mmm. No.



Features: How This Shit Works

Okay, here's how this nonsense works. These are full-on character-based system hacks. They don't have dots. They're not Merits. They don't require

namby-pamby experience point costs, because experience points require counting and math and other "I'm-too-tired-and-drunk-on-the-misery-of-others-and-also-Southern-Comfort-to-care" issues. Plus, with experience points, you have to have a pencil with an eraser, and I don't have one of those. Really, erasers are kind of bullshit anyway. They always tear a hole in the paper, and then you look like some kind of hobo at the game table. Nobody wants to look like a hobo. I mean, maybe you want to look like a hobo, but that's just weird. Don't even get me started on pens with erasers. Does that shit ever work? I don't think so. I think they're just designed to torment me. So, no experience point costs, and no pencils with erasers. Or pens with erasers. You're just going to have to suck it up, Sweet Molly.

Anyway. You have a couple-few ways of instituting these particular feature hacks:

- **The Storyteller** allows each player to select a predetermined number of hacks for those players' characters. We suggest between one and three. But really, we just suggest three. Why? I'll tell you why. Because you get to mix-and-match. It's like a recipe. A recipe for total mega-crazy marvelousness, like a goddamn pterodactyl riding a jet ski. Actually, since we're all post-modern and whatever, I guess the word is "mashup." You can "mashup" a handful of character hacks for your character, combining them in some kind of madhouse alchemy: "I will play a homoerotic glitter werewolf who happens to have robot parts." Done and done. That story writes itself. Or plays itself. Or plays with itself. One of those.

- **The Storyteller** says the same thing as above, except this time, he snatches choice from the players like a coked-up seagull. What he does instead is write a bunch of the character hacks on little slips of paper, stick them in a cup (not an athletic protector cup, but the kind you drink out of—unless you drink out of athletic protectors, then that's your business, buddy) and let everybody pick one to three for their characters. That way, it's totally randomized. And secret awesomeness will occur secretly.

- **The Storyteller** institutes a series of character hacks not just for the player characters, but for all characters of a given monster-type. "All Frankensteins are homoerotic," he might state. He might further add stipulations connected to other monster types, too: "Werewolves are fishmalks, even though that only makes a little bit of sense, and every mage can dodge bullets." And finally, the Storyteller might add, "Whoever keeps replacing my 10-sided dice with rabbit turds will find their character murdered and buried in a flower bed. I'm serious about this. You guys don't respect me."

- **The Storyteller** institutes a series of character hacks for every character in the game, including all Storyteller characters. This is funny, but stupid as shit. Sure, it's not a bad idea that Herr Doktor Dracula the

Prince of Schenectady is a katana-wielding Priapic bad-ass, but does that really need to be true of Vasily, the heavily chest-haired cab driver, or Jenny, the girl who fills your prescriptions at the pharmacy counter? Sure, there exists a delightful image when everybody's running around with samurai swords and throbbing erections, but remember: when everybody is special, nobody is special.

Hey, Here's the Actual Hacks

Bare Thy Chest to Conquer All

A bared chest equals awesome power. It's like that werewolf dude from that movie, played by... Tyler Labine or Turbine Loudermilk or whatever his name is (what am I, a 12-year-old girl?).

A bared chest offers the character two benefits: first, the character gains +1 Armor, and second, the character gains +3 to all Persuasion rolls. Not just for acts of seduction, either. If the character wants to buy a used car or convince the old lady next door to sweep his walkway, a bared chest goes a long way.

And yes, this works for ladies as it does lads. A pair of swinging mammaries will aid in Persuasion, and further can equally work to take the impact of bullets or camping hatchets. I read that in Popular Science.

The Beast-Rider Cometh

You know what the World of Darkness needs? More creatures you can ride. Hey, the kids get all excited about that in that game where you play orcs and elves of the night and whatever—"Oh, I've got my new mount," which frankly sounds like you're hoping to mate with a pegasus or something. And frankly, who wouldn't? If I were to—right now—mate with a pegasus, the resultant child would be half-human, half-horse, and have wings. That to me smells like "flying centaur baby." And that, my friends, is the smell of money. Carnies around the world would be shitting their diapers trying to get a hold of my little flying centaur baby. That little freakshow would be a bottomless bucket of cash. Plus, circus folk also cook meth. It's true. I read it on Wikipedia. Who doesn't love meth?

Since it seems like I won't be breeding with a pegasus anytime soon, the next best thing is to have a creature you can ride through the World of Darkness.

To make this work, you need information that marries the animal rules (p. 202, World of Darkness Rulebook) with the vehicle rules (p. 141, World of Darkness Rulebook). I know, you're saying that somewhere, someone came up with rules for how to ride a horse. I don't give a shit. Did anybody come up with

rules on how to ride a grizzly bear? No. No, they did not. That's what you get in this product. We're taking it to a whole other level, and as such, you need Very Special Rules. So shut up about it already.

The skill test to ride a beast is Dexterity + Animal Ken + the Handling rating of the critter in question.

The animal doesn't have Durability, because that's just dumb. The beast does have an Armor rating, however. Same basic idea applies. No Structure, but Health instead. Duh.

We have three beasts for you today, but you're welcome to come up with more. You do what you want. It's your life. (Unless I steal it to fuel my undead power web. Don't make me.)

Grizzly Bear

Attributes: Intelligence 2, Wits 2, Resolve 5, Strength 5, Dexterity 2, Stamina 5, Presence 3, Manipulation 1, Composure 3

Skills: Athletics 2, Brawl (Maul) 3, Survival 3

Willpower: 8

Initiative: 5

Defense: 2

Size: 7

Health: 12

Armor: 2

Acceleration: 5

Safe Speed: 25 (about 17 MPH)

Maximum Speed: 50 (about 35 MPH)

Handling: 1

Attacks: Claws, 3(L); Chompy Bite, 2(L)

Pterodactyl

Attributes: Intelligence 1, Wits 4, Resolve 2, Strength 3, Dexterity 5, Stamina 3, Presence 2, Manipulation 1, Composure 2

Skills: Athletics (Flight) 3, Brawl 2, Stealth 1, Survival 2

Willpower: 4

Initiative: 7

Defense: 4

Size: 6

Health: 9

Armor: 3

Acceleration: 15

Safe Speed: 44 (30 MPH)

Maximum Speed: 75 (50 MPH)

Handling: 2

Attacks: Claws, 1(L); Shriek Attack, 2(L)

Unicorn

Attributes: Intelligence 5, Wits 5, Resolve 3, Strength 3, Dexterity 5, Stamina 3, Presence 5, Manipulation 5, Composure 5

Skills: Athletics (Gallop) 3, Brawl (Hornstab) 5, Empathy (Marriage counseling) 5, Medicine (Unicorn spit) 2, Persuasion (Seduction) 4, Socialize (Party games) 3, Streetwise (Gang signs) 2

Willpower: 8
Initiative: 10
Defense: 5
Size: 7
Health: 10
Armor: 2
Acceleration: 10
Safe Speed: 75 (50 MPH)
Maximum Speed: 103 (70 MPH)
Handling: 5
Attacks: Hornstab, 2(L)

Bullets Ain't Got Nothing On You

You know what cool characters do? They dodge bullets. They duck them. They sidestep them. They lean back as the bullet parts their goatee. Bullets go in one direction. Step out of that one direction and wham—a slick move, and no inconvenient lung perforations.

Players whose characters possess this graceful gift can dodge bullets by making a reflexive Dexterity + Athletics roll. Successes on this roll subtract from the successes gained on the attack roll by the gun-toting foe. If the successes on the “bullets can suck my balls” roll match or exceed the “I want to shoot you in your balls” roll, then the character has successfully dodged the bullet. If those successes are lesser, then at least the attack roll’s damage has been minimized, so that’s something about which you can write home to Mommy.

Fearful Priapism

You hear those dick pill ads, and they’re all like, “If you have an erection lasting for more than four hours, consult a doctor.” It should read: “If you have an erection lasting for more than four hours, consult a bunch of sexy ladies and high-five your penis!”

You ever read mythology? Look back at those old gods and you’ll see ‘em sporting dangerous, unholy wood. Their cocks are basically baseball bats studded with thorns and snaked with vines and tipped with antlers—it’s erectile divinity. We could all only aspire to have that in real life.

Well, in the World of Darkness, you can. You can be a werewolf with a giant mythic erection. You can be a vampire with a majestic pale pillar of undead man-meat. You can be a Promethean with a hundred turgid wangs stitched together to create an uber-wang crackling with nascent electricity.

Your tumescence is legendary.

Your newly deified penis offers a few cool benefits.

First, you can use it as a weapon. It counts as a 2(B) weapon. It gains the Knockdown feature (p. 168, World of Darkness Rulebook).

Second, the penis can hold two extra points of Willpower, thus increasing your Willpower pool by two dots.

Third, roll a d10 at the time you create the character or gain this benefit. The number rolled equals the number of worshippers (“cock acolytes” or “cockolytes” for short) that venerate your rigid man-spear. These worshippers count as one-dot Retainers (Merit found on p. 116 of the World of Darkness Rulebook). If they’re killed, well, too fucking bad. Shit happens. Better perform some miracles with that thing if you want new followers, you dig?

Now, let me ask the question you want to ask me: isn’t this sexist? Can’t a lady’s parts be sacred, too? Yes, absolutely. But that’s a whole different bonus, isn’t it? A vagina isn’t a penis. That’s basic anatomy. What you’re looking for is Sacred Vagina. That’s found later in this product (p. 14).

Fuck Falling

You know what’s easily as cool as some chick who can dodge bullets? Some chick who jumps off like, a super-tall building and lands on a car or some pavement or an old lady and is totally unharmed.

That’s some Catwoman shit, that’s what that is.

It’s all like—whoosh, flutter, fwip-fwip-fwip—and the hair is crazy and the clothes are rippling and then—whambo! Car dented in! Pavement cracked! Old lady explodes like a balloon filled with viscera!

This one’s easy, system-wise: the character takes no damage from falling. Ever. Though, to land all cool-like, the character must succeed on a Dexterity + Expression roll with a penalty of -1 die per 100 feet fallen (maximum -5 penalty). Why Expression? Because landing on an old lady in a really cool way is poetry, man. Poetry.

Glitter Is for Vampires and Strippers

This one’s pretty easy. You glimmer and shimmer, like you’re covered in glitter. It’s pretty awesome. It gives you +3 to all Socialize rolls, because who doesn’t want to talk to some dude or chick whose flesh twinkles with cosmic glitter?

If your character is a vampire, you gain double-extra-awesomeness in that you also get to walk around in the sunlight. When you do, though, you’re fey and frail, suffering a -3 to all Physical dice pools. Further, all Physical-based dice rolls lose the 10-Again quality. Everyone also thinks you’re a little gay.

Herr Doktor Mister Tight Pants

You know why ancient vampires and superheroes wear tight leather pants? Because the tightness focuses their internal awesomeness and squeezes it up into the upper torso and head where it can be utilized by heart and mind. That’s a true fact. That’s science. They studied that shit in a bunker somewhere with a



bunch of white rats in tiny pairs of dark leather pants. I know. I was there. It was the 60s. It was free love. It was lots of LSD.

So, mock those in leather pants all you'd like, but you're poking a sleeping bear with that one. You never know when the be-leathered individual will harness his inner chi and punt your head off your neck and into a third story window somewhere.

In game system terms, if your character has this feature, then once per game session he can take five points of bashing damage, two points of lethal, or one point of aggravated damage. Doing so grants him the following extra dice to spend on actions:

- Gaining five bashing earns the character three extra dice that can be added to rolls during this game session.
- Gaining two points of lethal damage earns the character five extra dice that can be added to rolls during this game session.
- Gaining one point of aggravated damage earns the character seven extra dice that can be added to rolls during this game session.

These dice don't need to be spent on a single roll.

This feature has a downside, though: any character bearing this feature, male or female, may never have children. If the character already has children before harnessing the powerful focus of the tight pants, then those children do not merely die but wink out of existence. Poof. Blink. Gone. They probably go to some weird Children's Dimension where all the spurned adolescents gather in a nebulous void, plotting their revenge against the material world of asshole adulthood. You can have that story seed for free. That one's on me. You only have to come clean the dog vomit up out of my carpet. See you this afternoon. Wear gloves. The dog likes to eat jizz tissues.

Homoeroticism Equals Secret Power

Once in a blue moon, you might pick up a book for an, erm, "generic vampire-based roleplaying game" and you might see, eh, a cover depicting some vampire ladies getting down with other vampire ladies. You might want to condemn the company that does so. That's your right. Except—except!—you'd be a fool to do so, because the truth is that said anonymous game company (that might be called something like El Lupo Blanco) is onto a very real, very truthful truth.

Fact: Homoeroticism is magic.

Why do you think you get so many lipstick lesbian vampires locking lips and nuzzling each other for blood? Why do you think the Greeks lauded the mystical bond between two sexy dudes greased up with olive oil? Did the Sumerians hold homosexuality to be sacred? Yes. Did the Mayans? Sure. Did the ancient Moon People in their Distant Lunar Arcologies? You bet your crap-can. Why do you think that homosexuality is often repressed by mainstream religion? Because they don't want anybody engaging in same-sex relationships to have all that delicious magic.

This is totally true. You can find it on the Internet. Of course, you can also find videos on the Internet where people eat their own poo, so you kind of have to weigh the positives and negatives. But still. Still!

It's magic.

As such, characters in the World of Darkness who engage in same-sex pairings—whether as a serious relationship or as a college "experiment"—gain access to magic. That character can access one ghost- or spirit-based Numen (found in the World of Darkness Rulebook starting on page... do I really have to look this up? Yes? Goddamnit. Starting on page—hold on, I almost found it—page 210). You aren't restricted to the Numina in that book, and you'll find such powers scattered across... well, a lot of other books. No, I won't list them here. Use the Internet to look it up. Right after you're done with all those poo-eater videos.

Since most characters do not possess Essence or a Power + Finesse dice pool, the player should instead use the character's Willpower to fuel the Numen, and a Strength + Wits roll to perform the ability.

Why? Because I said so. I'm not drunk. You're drunk! Shut up.

John Woo Two-Gun Mojo

This one's super-easy. You know how in John Woo movies, everybody's jumping around like monkeys with firecrackers up their asses, firing from two guns like it ain't no thing but a chicken wing? This is that.

A character with this feature needs no Merit to fire two guns at the same time. He can take two separate attacks in a given turn—one for each firearm—without an issue. Further, he can run or jump reflexively

(Athletics roll probably required, what do I know?) without concern.

Finally, incoming firearm attacks suffer a -1 penalty due to all the goddamn white doves flying around. It's hard to get a bead on your character with all those feathers flying.

Mad Ninja Skillz

You're a ninja.

How cool is that?

I mean, nobody's actually a ninja anymore. It's a dumb idea. The guy who thinks he's a ninja is probably actually a dude who just throws shuriken at the mail carrier from his attic window. He probably hunts people with a kitchen knife (his katana) and a Snuggie spraypainted black (his ninja outfit).

But fuck it, this is the World of Darkness. It's a game. You can be whatever you want to be. So that means it's time to be a ninja, because being a ninja in a fictional world beats all other options. In the face. With a nail-studded toilet seat.

Now, actual ninjas had all sorts of... historical gobbledygook to consider, but that would require reading and effort and I'm just not down with that level of investment. They're not even paying me for this job. Any payment I get will have to be taken out of Eddy Webb's hide. With a lemon zester.

So, instead of focusing on lengthy factual and accurate historical portrayals, let's just get straight to the juicy cuts of meat: the sweet, sweet fictions.

If you choose to have Mad Ninja Skillz, you can have one of the following super-slick shinobi powers (or make up your own, you lazy-ass bastard!):

Disappear in Shadow: Anytime there's a shadow as big as a person (which includes the very big shadow often known as "night time"), you can hide in it. You can literally become a two-dimensional flattened version of yourself. This costs one Willpower. If another character makes a concerted effort to spot you, that character must succeed on a Wits + Investigation roll, and that roll suffers a penalty equal to the ninja character's Dexterity dots. The ninja can jump out and be all "Boo! Now I stab your rectum!"—which in game terms means he might be able to surprise the victim.

Knife Skillz: Any bladed weapon you hold is deadly in your hands. Anybody battling you is down -3 Defense because you're just too super-fast for words. Shing-shing! Slice-slice! One downside to this: you can't use guns. Any attempt to use a gun defaults that attack roll to a chance die. Why? Ninjas don't use guns, dumbass. If they did, they wouldn't be ninjas. You can find that on p. 74 of the World of Ninjas Rulebook.

Pain Is an Illusion Like Those Magic Eye Paintings of Unicorns: The ninja is not affected by wound penalties when he spends a Willpower point. He's not numb to it; he is simply unfazed, because ninjas are rad as shit. The effect of painlessness lasts for one hour. They call this "The Shinobi Hour."

Walk on Water: It's that easy. You can walk on water. And not just when it freezes, either. You're just like Jesus (except with a darker robe). You can run, tip-toe, walk, whatever, right across the surface of said fluid. Why? Because you're a ninja. Durr.

Wire Fu: I believe ninjas can fly. I believe ninjas can touch the sky. I think about it every night and day. Spread ninja wings and fly away. Ahem. Okay, no, ninjas can't really fly, but they can act like they have wires attached to them so they can whip through their air like crazy acrobatic howler monkeys. Check out the jumping rules on p. 66 (World of Darkness Ru13b00|<). Now take those jumping distances and triple them for your character. Always. No cost necessary. I know, some of the other ones have cost. And you're all like, "Game balance, game balance!" And I'm all like, "Wipe the sand out of your vaginas. Game balance is a myth, like yetis and unicorns and trustworthy politicians. Now pass me the porn and another jelly jar of that bathtub gin, slave!"

Murder Systems

You know what happens when you kill a goblin in every fantasy game ever? You get experience points and phat loot.

You know what happens when you stab a taxi driver in the World of Darkness? You probably get a derangement and a carload of cops on your ass, and you probably also pissed off that taxi driver's vampire master (fact: all taxi drivers are blood-drunk ghouls) and now everything sucks. Good job. Jerk.

Some of those things we can't erase: the cops, the vampire master. But, let's make murder more fun. I mean, hell, we're all miscreants and deviants anyway. We play these games to explore expressions of violence and to direct our repressed gamer rage! (Er, that's why I play these games. Don't you? What's wrong with you?)

Time to bridge the gap.

Every time you kill somebody in the World of Darkness, you gain experience.

How much?

Just to give it some glimmer of moral responsibility, let's base it off of the victim's Morality (or equivalent score like Humanity, Harmony, Arete, Faustability, Pants Size, or Viscosity). Check the following chart:

Morality Score	Experience Gained
8-10	1
5-7	2
2-4	3
0-1	4

If the character killed is a police officer, then double the experience gained. No, we're not condoning the murder of real, actual cops. We're condoning the murder of imaginary "peace officers" in the World

of Darkness! (Let's be honest, you're probably going to do it in the game anyway.)

Further, feel free to roll on a Phat Loot chart any time you execute somebody:

Roll Result (d10)	Phat Loot Gained
1	An extra dot in Resources for the remainder of the day
2	A cat
3	A katana, like one of the ones listed below
4	A double dildo, like the one in the sidebar on p. 17
5	A Sony Walkman (the original cassette version, obviously)
6	A flux capacitor
7	A trained monkey (serves as a one-dot Retainer)
8	A Wii
9	A little robot who punches you in the genitals
10	A bag of chocolate coins that, when eaten in total, give you a Willpower point

The Myth of the Magic Katana Is No Myth At All

Man, as soon as we put a katana in one of the books, the cackling chorus rises anew: "Katanas are not that awesome! Katanas are terrible weapons! They cause blisters! And syphilis! Only a samurai that suffered a debilitating brain parasite would ever use a katana!"

Eff that ess, hombre. Katanas are fucking cool as shit. That's why you see them at flea markets sold by shady dudes in camo pants. Those guys know what's up.

So, in an effort to bring katanas more in line with reality, anybody who chooses a katana as a masterful weapon can further choose one Awesome Katana Feature to attach to said katana. Choose one. Not two. Unless your Storyteller says, "choose two," at which point, you choose two, because the Storyteller is in control of things. Then again, maybe your Storyteller's a real dick, at which point, do what you want. He can't stop you.

Awesome Katana Features:

- **Armor Ain't Got Shit Against This Blade:** You know what a katana does to armor? It cuts it like a hot dick through ice cream. Because katanas are king shit. A katana with this feature gains Armor Piercing 3 (p. 167, World of Darkness Rulebook).

- **The Blade of Bulletproofness:** The weapon has a Durability of 4. Further, a character wielding such a katana might get shot at, because people always shoot at sexy dudes or hot chicks with katanas—duh, because they want that katana. But if the blade has this feature, then the player can roll a reflexive Defense + Weaponry roll whenever an adversary shoots a firearm at the character. Success means that the bullet is deflected,

but of course those successes must be compared to the Durability of the blade before damage to the sword is officially determined. This won't work on attacks made by shotguns, by the way, at least if those shotguns are using shotshells rather than slugs. I mean, c'mon, the character can't deflect a dozen tiny little BB's. Katanas are awesome, not divinely-crafted. Pshhh.

- **The Katana of Narcissus:** The blade of a katana is a beautiful mirror. Anybody wielding a katana with this super-slick feature can hold up the weapon not to attack, but as a reflection in which an opponent can get totally lost, for the opponent sees a perfect version of himself in the mirrored blade. The player rolls Presence + Weaponry + the katana's damage rating. The opponent must counter with a Wits + Composure roll. If the player gets more successes, then the foe is hypnotized by his sweet-ass reflection in the sweet-ass katana for a number of turns equal to successes gained by the player over the opponent's own roll (minimum of one). The character cannot attack at that time, or that'll fuck this whole thing up. So don't do that.

- **The Sexy Katana:** Anybody wielding a katana looks super-hot. A katana's all steel-sexy, all gleam and reflection, all Zenfucker delicious. Am I right? You just want to bang the shine right off a katana, and you would, if the process wouldn't slice up your pink parts and leave you with something that looks like a plate of tuna tartare. Still, the person holding the katana becomes the vortex of lust. Assume that someone holding a katana automatically gains the Striking Looks Merit (p. 117, World of Darkness Rulebook) at four dots. If the character already possesses the Merit at that level, well, too fuckin' bad. Go cry to Grandma. See if she'll give you some candy to soothe your aching rear.

- **The Super Slice-Slice Machine:** The biggest, coolest thing a katana should be able to do is cut the unmerciful hell out of everything it meets. It should be like the Devil's own thorn-studded cock – swinging wildly and brashly about, knocking over furniture, stabbing foes in the soul, bisecting oncoming vehicles, all that. Take this feature, and the katana now gains the 7-Again quality. Yes, that's right. The 7-Again quality. Which means, in retrospect, rolling a '7' counts as a success on the attack roll. That's called "reverse engineering." Suck it.

On Vile-Bodied Feculence and Moral Degeneration

A brief story: a friend used to always play total freakazoid characters. We're talking unmercifully foul incarnations of fiction, here. A tall blue vampire in S&M gear that got a sexual thrill from throwing people down stairs? Sure. A werewolf with an unhealed, smashed-in skull (that was home to the werewolf's own soup pot) and a stench so foul that others had to make rolls not to throw up if he got to close? Yep.

Some people just like to play deep, deep mutants. So, here's the feature to allow them that very pleasure.

You want to play someone just super fucking bizarre or crazy holy shit disgusting, that's your business. The system for just such a character is that you may choose one of three effects as a permanent feature for your character:

- Like with the aforementioned werewolf character, when people get near you, they might want to throw up. You're just too goddamn nasty. Maybe you have a dick for a nose. Or maybe your nipples constantly secrete a fishy oil like what comes out of a pug dog's anal glands. You have a radius around your character equal to 10 minus your character's Presence dots in feet. If anybody enters that verboten circle, they must succeed on a Stamina + Composure roll. Failing that roll, they vomit.

- You're a moral degenerate. A superfreak of unholy proportions. Your very existence sends the moral compasses of those you know into a wild, chaotic spin. Anytime any character within eyesight of you is the subject of a degeneration roll, that player suffers -1 die to that roll.

- Every other player's character must take a mild derangement while your character remains living (or, in the case of vampires and other dead-ish critters, "existing").

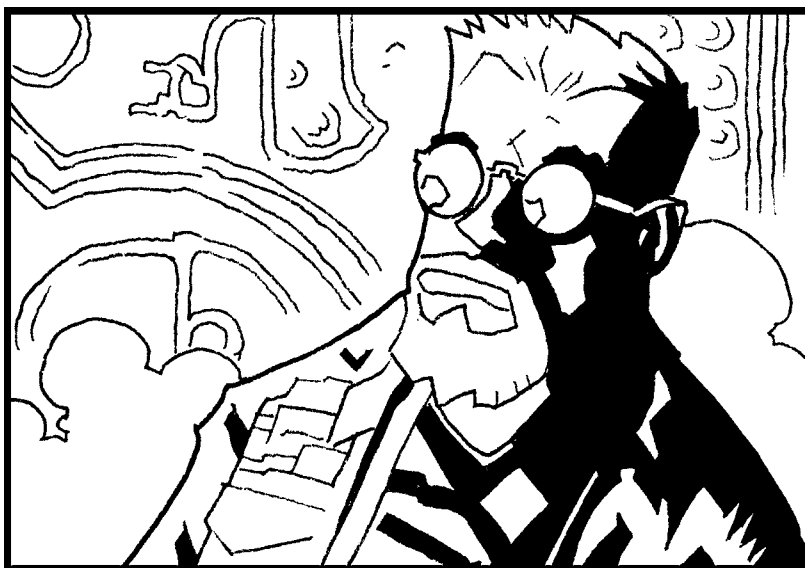
The Really Good Monster and the Teachable Moment

Everybody always wants to play the "good" vampire or the "noble" werewolf or Harry Potter or some shit. Blah blah blah "honorable" blah blah "redemption" snore wheeze masturbate. Hey, you want to play that way? I'm not here to get in your way. I'm here to empower you, like sticking a battery up your ass. Bzzt.

The rules for this are very simple:

If you choose to be a Good Monster, you gain +2 dice on any roll made to resist degeneration. Of course, the bigger they are, the harder they fall—if you still manage to suffer degeneration, you automatically gain a severe derangement. Do not pass go, do not collect your syphilis medication, go straight to Crazy Jail.

Also, anytime your character invokes a "teachable moment" (also known as a lesson), you gain an experience point. Teachable moments might include any narrative event that reinforces a moral theme: "Having sex makes you turn into an evil vampire," "Eating the flesh of humans is a no-no," "Don't do drugs," "Stay in school," "Milk does a body good." Warm, cuddly stuff like that.



Robot Parts

I dunno about you, but I really just want some robot parts. How cool would that be? Dude! Like a big robot fist that helps me open stuck jars, or a bulky metal jaw that lets me chew through trees and doors and my stupid neighbors. Sweet Jabbering Jesus, I want that so bad my loins ache!

Anyway, robot parts are so cool, I could write a whole supplement called World of Darkness: Super Cyborg Stuff. In fact, I keep sending in pitches for that, but they won't hire me for it. Actually, they didn't hire me for this job, either. I'm just tired of waiting. I'm writing it anyway, fuck those guys. I've already hired a gang of hacker thugs to crack the White Wolf / CCP website so I can just post this without their approval. It's fine. They're totally going to love it. Eddy Webb's a sucker for this stuff. He has a whole calendar on his cubicle wall of Deadly Lesbian Schoolgirls Featuring Robot Parts. I've seen it. I know, because I sleep under his cubicle at his feet when he's not paying attention. His shoes smell like fear. Shhh.

Point is, I could give you like, 25 billion words on robot parts, but I don't have 25 billion words, so I'm just going to give you a handful of words and an easy system to go along with it. Ready? Hunker down, because here it comes.

Tie a desired robot part to a single Attribute. You determine what that means, but some examples might be a steel vocoder stapled to your neck that makes your voice bad-ass and booming (Presence), a whirring hard drive jacked into the cozy space between the hemispheres of your brain-meats (Intelligence), or an exoskeleton made of robot bones or the secret vampire metal known as Bloodtanium (Stamina).

You buy the robot part with Merit dots. The part costs as many dots as you want that governing Attribute boosted by. Or, "The part costs as many dots as by which you want that governing Attribute

boosted.” I think I’m not supposed to end a sentence with a preposition. Though, I’m still allowed to end a sentence with a smiley-face, right? :) Or a threat to your family I WILL KILL YOUR MOTHER?

Relax, I’m not going to kill your mother. She’s too good in bed.

Zing!

Where were we? Right. Robot part equals Merit dots. The Attribute boosted gains a bonus equal to the dots purchased for that robot part. So, if you buy Brain-Based Hard Drive (Intelligence), you gain +3 to all Intelligence dice pools. That’s easy like Sunday morning is what it is. Winner winner chicken dinner.

With robot parts come a downside, though:

You have lost some of your humanity, and as such, you lose touch with your mortal Willpower. (Why? I dunno. I’m making this shit up as I go. You try to write a game supplement while high on angel dust, and we’ll see how well you do, asshole. Even Hunter S. Thompson wouldn’t touch this shit.) Your Willpower pool now comprises only your Composure or your Resolve dots, and remain unmodified by any robot part that affects either Attribute. You choose which Attribute governs your Willpower score. That’s on you. You pick. Leave me out of it.

Sacred Vagina

(This is the counterpart to “Fearful Priapism,” found on p. 9. And just as a reminder to you anatomy-addled folks out there: the penis is not the vagina, nor is the vagina the penis. Okay? Okay.)

Anytime I’m on an archaeological expedition, I’m always digging up ancient goddess statutes, and dang if they don’t have some sacred vaginas. Sometimes they’re huge, like hungry mouths. Other times, the statues have like, five or seven different yonis. See, the ancient goddesses had magical vaginas (alternate names: va-jay-jays, vagooha’s, vajimmies, or the Socialist Republic of vaChina). From those wombs, other gods and goddesses were born. Sometimes, whole seas or swaths of darkness emerged from that lady crevasse. Doesn’t matter. I bang ‘em all.

A character with this benefit has a sacred vagina. It’s really that simple. It’s magic. It does tricks. It’s divine.

The divine hoo-ha offers the character a handful of benefits:

First, the character can hide one Size 5 (or smaller) object up inside. No roll necessary—just a spread and tuck, and the object is concealed. It cannot be seen. It cannot be read by any gauges or devices.

Second, the character gains the Disarm Merit (p. 110, World of Darkness Rulebook) for free. The sacred vagina is the “weapon” that disarms an opponent.

Third, the vagina serves as a five-dot Mentor (p. 115, same book, never again known as TWODRB, or “two-derb”). The character is, as described, pivotal

to the vagina’s agenda. For one additional experience point, say “vagina’s agenda” 25 times in a row, really-fast. Go ahead. I’ll wait.

Fourth, any children born from that womb is a monster. Roll a d10, and the result on that die is the type of monster born:

Die Result	Monster Type
1	Vampire
2	Werewolf
3	Mage
4	Changeling
5	Promethean
6	Lucifuge Hunter
7	Sin-Eater
8	Ghost
9	Demon-Possessed
10	A Unicorn

Strippers Make the Bestest Characters Ever

Do not judge the humble stripper, for the stripper is queen. (Or “king”—male strippers are subject to the same gris-gris, by and large.) You want to be the coolest character in the history of all World of Darkness characters? Go stripper. Go stripper right now.

Why, you ask? Let me count the ways.

First, strippers be super-athletic. You ever see one wrap herself around that gleaming pole? She whirls around the top of that thing like the blade in a blender. Holy bendy straw, Batman. Back arched, legs kicking, hair whipping around so hard and fast it’ll choke you if you get too close. That there tells us that a stripper gains a free Athletics Specialty per dot of Athletics purchased.

Second, strippers be violent. Because of that uber-athleticism, the stripper can kick your ass so hard it’ll split you in twain right at the asshole. This isn’t just roleplaying game stuff. This is real. This is truth. I’ve seen it happen. One hard kick and whoosh: it’s an evacuation of feces and viscera. They have to have that in their arsenal of abilities, because all too often some asshat gets grabby and the bouncer is off sucking blow from a toilet seat, so it’s up to the stripper to whoop some shit. Thus, any stripper character gains +3 to any Brawl rolls.

Third, strippers be rich. You might be the funkiest, nastiest stripper working the stage—we’re talking loose teeth, nipple sores, some kind of donkey syphilis—and you’ll still bring home some nice cash at the end of the night. (You’ll probably gather a flock of guys who are basically worshippers of donkey syphilis; they consider it some kind of sacred superorganism on par with a low-ranking god or demon.) Stripper characters start the game with two dots in Resources.

Fourth and finally, strippers be crazy. It’s just another weapon in a stripper’s arsenal. A stripper character automatically gains a mild derangement.

The Trenchcoat of Hotness and Holding

A bunch of dickheads wore trenchcoats when they waded into their high school, killing people, and that somehow demonized the trenchcoat. Well, that's just a flaming hunk of garbage—it's not like the trenchcoats themselves killed people. The trenchcoats did not whisper psychic entreaties of pain and nightmare into the ears of the killers (though this is the World of Darkness, so I just gave you a story seed—use it or lose it).

Nay, trenchcoats are in fact the bee's pajamas and the cat's knees.

British soldiers and officers in WWI and WWII used the trenchcoat precisely because it is a bad-ass coat. All the little rings and strappies (not a word) are great for holding map tubes, knives, hand grenades, iPhones, whatever. Plus, you know who else wore the trenchcoat? Rick from Casablanca. And Dick Tracy. And Inspector Clouseau.

Functional, and looks cool. What more do you need?

Game stats, that's what.

All trenchcoats in the game can hold an alarming wealth of the character's inventory. The character can conceal materials whose Size scores equal up to 10 – so, he could carry ten flashlights (each Size 1), or he could carry one rifle and one great ax (each Size 5),

or he could even carry and conceal a single sports car (Size 10).

Further, the player can choose the color of the trenchcoat, and the color chosen provides its own added bonus:

- **Black.** Black trenchcoats are the trenchcoats of bad-asses. A black trenchcoat provides a +3 bonus to the wearer's Intimidation rolls.

- **Brown.** Brown trenchcoats are the trenchcoats of detectives. It's true. Look it up. As such, a character wearing just such a coat gains +3 to all Investigation rolls.

- **Gray.** Gray trenchcoats are the trenchcoats of artists and writers and other weirdos. Those wearing a gray trenchcoat gain +3 to all Expression rolls.

- **White.** Listen, anybody who wears a white trenchcoat is probably some kind of evil wizard—or maybe the Devil himself. So, white trenchcoat = +3 bonus to all Occult rolls.

- **Some Vibrant Color.** Trenchcoats of other colors—pink, lime green, mauve—are pretty dang freakshow. In fact, such a trenchcoat provides no added bonus, but instead offers the wearer a curse: a temporary derangement (mild) that affects the character while the coat is worn.

The Truth About Desert Eagles

Somewhere along the way, somebody saw the big hand cannon known as the “Desert Eagle” and heard the name “Desert Eagle” and was all like, “I’m too lazy to look at other guns and their cool names.” Nobody talks about the Beretta Cheetah. Or what about the Springfield MC Operator, which sounds like some DJing assassin who will scratch a phat beat before planting two .45 slugs in your lung-beef? Let’s not forget the Ruger Freakshow Fistcock, a .50 caliber fully-auto machine pistol. (Okay, let’s forget that one, since I just made it up.)

Fine, fine, you want the Desert Eagle to be totally bad-ass and live up to the reputation it has been given, let’s do that. Let’s amp this fucker up.

Here are the new Desert Eagle rules. The gun still works like a big booming handgun (see Heavy Pistol, p. 169, World of Darkness Rulebook, though the Desert Eagle may also get some word count in either of the Armory books—I’m too lazy to look, plus I’m covered in Cheeto dust and don’t want to grease up the pages with snack pollen). So, the gun could still blow a hole in somebody. Or, it could blow a glory hole in a bathroom stall wall, if you know what I mean. You know. I know you know.

Ah, but the new Desert Eagle rules gives it an advantage over other guns.



Before firing the weapon, the Storyteller should roll a magical, reflexive die – a single d10. If that die comes up as a success (8, 9, 10), then in addition to firing a bullet, the gun also fires an actual screeching eagle from the barrel. This eagle will attack the target, and when that target is dispatched (meaning, fucking dead), the eagle will fly away. (Which means that somewhere, there lurks a colony of pistol-spawned eagles with glinty, steely eyes and a hunger for hot lead.)

The Real Desert Eagle

The eagle spawned by the gun has the following stats:

Attributes: Intelligence 1, Wits 4, Resolve 3, Strength 2, Dexterity 4, Stamina 3, Presence 3, Manipulation 1, Composure 2

Skills: Athletics 3, Brawl 3, Intimidation 2, Survival 4

Willpower: 5

Initiative: 6

Defense: 4

Speed: 13 (flight only; species factor 10)

Size: 3

Weapons/Attacks: Vicious Eagle Talons, 1(L)

* You might be asking yourself, “Why the hell does a stupid eagle have Composure? Or Manipulation? Does that mean that the eagle can manage to not look like an asshole in a social situation? Or that he might, on a good dice roll, be able to sell me a used car? Yes. It means both of those things. Now lie back and think of England.

The Wacky Fishmalk Is King

Mental illness is serious business. And that’s why we’re not going to touch it with a 10-foot-pole. We’re playing a game, goddamnit. “Game” and “serious examination of mental disorders” do not go hand-in-hand. Lawn darts, that’s a game. So’s BATTLESHP. It’s time to bring the “fun” back into the “functionally insane.” Ah, but where’d the term come from?

In Ye Olden Times, there existed a type of vampire known as a “Malkavian,” and an Ancient Tapestry depicted a Malkavian knight in his man-panties

standing near some crazy dude making out with a fish. Hence the term, “fishmalk.”

A fishmalk assumes that crazy equals funny. Instead of a guy who sits in the corner and cuts himself because the angels told him to, you might envision some freak-a-palooza in a mining helmet running around town, beating people to death with a double dildo.

The first instance? Neither fun, nor funny.

The second? Hilarious! And fun-to-play!

Madcap madness should thusly be rewarded.

For every derangement gained during play, the character gains a dot of Wits, but loses a dot of Resolve, Composure, or Intelligence. Further, any time the player plays up one of the character’s derangements for entertainment purposes rather than “serious, brooding blah-blah-blah,” the player gains an experience point. The experience point should only be rewarded if the player made somebody laugh, snort, clap, or gibber. Should the player annoy the holy fuck out someone, no experience point should be rewarded, and someone might consider spitting on that player’s dice, or eating his snacks.

We’re Gonna Mary Sue This Motherfucker

Concept: the Mary Sue character. Heard of it? Basically, it’s the idea that some characters are essentially over-perfect mirror images of their creators. They have no flaws. They don’t even have a lot of personality. They’re predominantly

passive; things happen to them rather than things happening because of them. The author favors the character and keeps them out of conflict because, duh, the authors sees herself in that char-



Double Dildo As Weapon

Wow, as soon as we put in “beating people to death with a double dildo,” we got an alarming flurry of emails into the ol’ inbox asking for weapon stats on a double dildo.

Okay, that’s a lie. But we anticipate the stuffing of said inbox. Shut up. This is probably the coolest sidebar in the history of White Wolf Game Studios, and you should be proud to witness it.

So, weapon stats. Double dildo. Here goes.

Damage: 2(B)

Size: 2 when “unfurled,” but you could probably horseshoe that sonofabitch and shrink it down to Size 1.

Cost: • (It’s not like they’re lacquered in gold leaf, c’mon.)

Special: Knockout (p. 168 of *World of Darkness Rulebook*), but suffers -1 Durability

acter. The Mary Sue character can’t be in a bus accident, because the author doesn’t want to be in a bus accident, and the Mary Sue character is only a thinly veiled doppelganger of the author and so on, and so forth.

You want to play a Mary Sue?

You got it. Time to throw yourself into the game.

The rules for this are:

First, your character’s name is your own name.

Second, your character has no Vice. She (or he, don’t be fooled the gender-specific girl’s name) only has a Virtue. She can regain Willpower through Virtue the way one does normally through Vice—anytime she expresses her Virtue, she can regain one point of Willpower. If she expresses Virtue in a big way, sacrificing something to do so, she can regain all lost Willpower.

Third, the character is super-precious. She gains +3 to all Social rolls.

Fourth, other characters love to help her. Any time a character performs a roll on her behalf (they do it so she doesn’t have to), that character gains a +3 to that roll.

One downside to the Mary Sue phenomenon: at the beginning of every game session, the Storyteller gets to roll a single ten-sided die. If that die comes up a ‘1,’ then the Mary Sue character dies a horrible death at some point during that game session. We’re talking unmercifully grisly: a wood chipper, a syphilitic sewer monster, a 50 lb. breeding ball of tapeworms in the innards, something just downright awful. This is the universe counterbalancing the Mary Sue situation. Because the universe gets its due.

You Are a Deadly Schoolgirl

What’s not to love about a teenaged girl in a school uniform (plaid skirt, blue sweater?) who happens to be whipping around a dangerous manriki-gusari at her foes?

Deadly schoolgirls are so cool, I just want to fill a room with them and roll around on top of them. Not in a sexual way. And they can be of age, if that freaks you out. They can be 18-year-old should’ve-already-graduated seniors. Or maybe they’re college students. Hell, they could be 40-year-old housewives as long as they get the uniform and the deadliness right.

What were we talking about? What is this product, again? Oh. Shit. Right. Game supplement. Got it. You need game systems. Fine. Calm down. Here, take this handful of dick pills and Ambien. It’ll chill you out real nice.

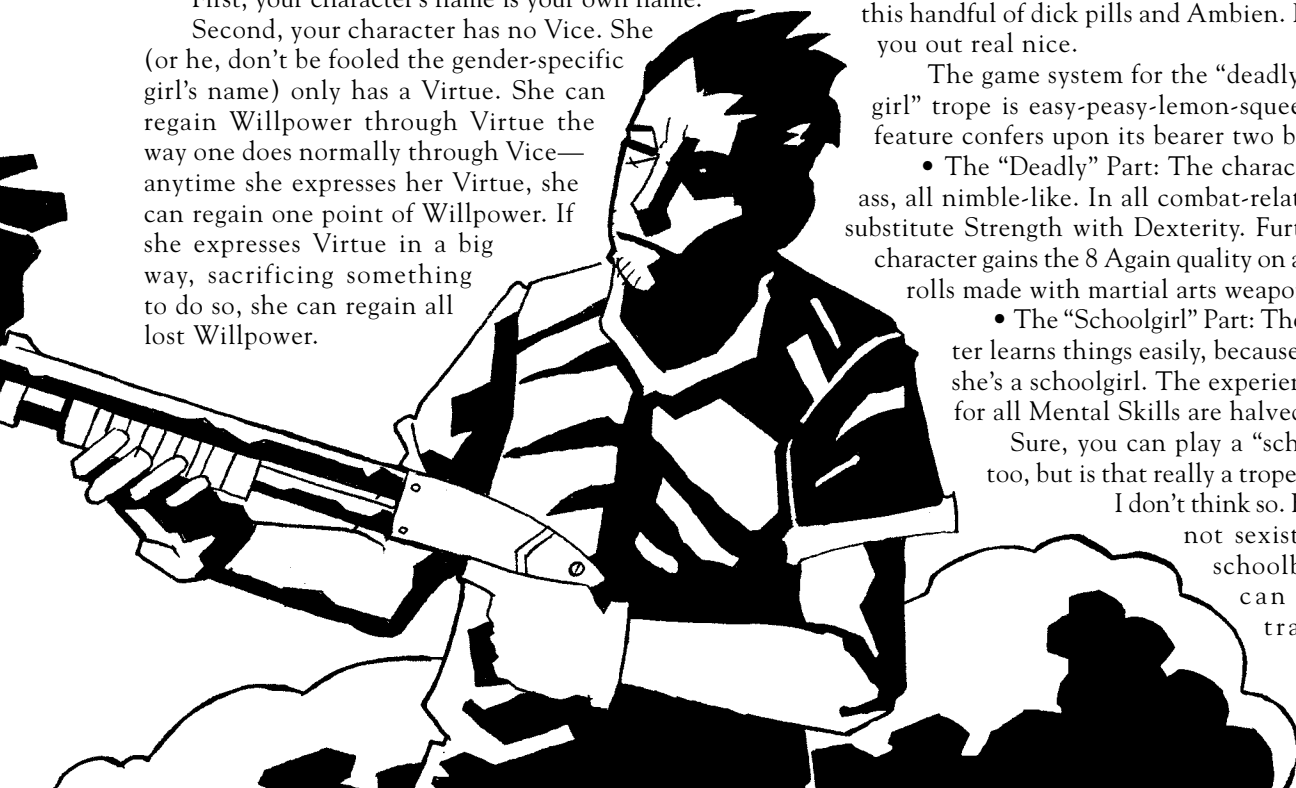
The game system for the “deadly schoolgirl” trope is easy-peasy-lemon-squeezy. This feature confers upon its bearer two benefits:

- The “Deadly” Part: The character kicks ass, all nimble-like. In all combat-related rolls, substitute Strength with Dexterity. Further, the character gains the 8 Again quality on all attack rolls made with martial arts weapons.

- The “Schoolgirl” Part: The character learns things easily, because, dangit, she’s a schoolgirl. The experience costs for all Mental Skills are halved.

Sure, you can play a “schoolboy,” too, but is that really a trope? Really?

I don’t think so. But we’re not sexist. Play a schoolboy. You can play a transgen-



dered dolphin as long as you stuff your beak and blowhole into a schoolgirl's costume and stick a pair of nun-chuks in those sexy flippers. Do what thou wilt is the whole of this alternative publishing product.

You Might As Well Jump

If you took *The Matrix* and made it have sex with *The Crow*, the resultant film-baby would be the finest movie that ever existed.

Alternately, if you took any of the *Matrix* sequels, and had them mate with any of the *Crow* sequels, you'd create a legion of half-aborted monster babies that would wriggle and slough off poisonous skin and they'd eventually swarm our cities and use our children for fuel.

So don't do that. But that's really neither here nor there.

Still, in the first of each series, one of the baddest-assed things is how the characters can leap willy-nilly between buildings. Doesn't matter how far apart they are. They just can. Eric Draven runs and leaps. Neo does the same. It's a ballet of building-leaping.

With this element in place, you can do that. You just can. No roll necessary. Just do it. I mean, you can spend a Willpower if you feel guilty, but that's kind of silly. Okay, fine, fine, you want a restriction? The buildings have to be next to one another. They can't be like, a thousand miles apart. That's stupid that you'd even think you could do that. Why would you think that? Were you mule-kicked? I was mule-kicked. That fucked me up for like, years. Any time I do something stressful, I smell mule hooves. It's in my nose right now, because writing this is totally freaking me out. That's probably also the peyote.

Mash It Up For Maximum Supremacy

As noted earlier, if you take three random feature hacks from this project and smash them together like two greasy boogers, you are almost certain to obtain some level of transcendent genius. I'm not fucking with you. It'll elevate your game. You will see things you've never seen before. Your eyes will roll back in your head. Your toes will curl. Your blood will turn to fire, and your tears will taste of ecstasy. It'll be like getting a handjob from an angel, or a blumpy from a demon.

Don't believe me? Let's mash up some of shiznit, and see what we get.

Gregor "The Bear" Piznewski

Features: Homoeroticism Equals Secret Power, Strippers Make the Bestest Characters Ever, The Trenchcoat of Hotness and Holding

This guy's awesome. Let's picture it together: red lights, some sexy thump-thumpin' club music, a

"Blumpy"

A blumpy, if you don't know, is a portmanteau of the word "blowjob" and "dump." Uhh, with a "y" tacked on at the end because it sounds cute, I guess.

So, in other words, if you were to receive, ahem, oral favors while sitting on the toilet and taking out your, erm, biological trash, that would be a "blumpy."

This is a game supplement, so I guess you need rules? Or something? Fine.

Here's the system: if your character can convince another character to provide him with a blumpy, your character gets to re-roll one failed roll in that game session. Why? I dunno. I'm just making this shit up. That's all game systems are, man. It's someone just inventing a bunch of nonsense and duct taping rules to it. Hey, you're the deviant who demanded game rules for a blumpy. That's on you. You're going to Hell, not me.

Oh, speaking of Hell—if you do as mentioned and receive a blumpy from a demon, you get three re-rolls, and those re-rolls aren't limited to that game session. You can save them and cherish them the way a hamster saves food in his cheek pouches.

gleaming golden pole. Out on the stage strolls a big lumbering barrel of a dude. He's got mutton chops on his face you just want to eat with a little barbecue sauce, but that ain't nothing compared to the swishing shadow that is his totally excellent black-as-night trenchcoat. He whirls around. He pulls out fistfuls of candies and throws them to his adoring audience. He lets them stuff fat wads of cash into it—and since it holds a near endless supply of stuff, that trenchcoat can take a heckuva lot of green. Then! Pow! He whips the trenchcoat off and it's him in his hairy, undulating glory—his audience, composed largely of oiled-up dudes, bow and worship and jabber prayers to him, and The Bear can feel his secret power growing. It pulses within. So when the *Somalian vampire pirates* break down the door and come in, AK-47s chattering, The Bear knows it's on. He channels his Numen (Telekinesis!) and with his mind withdraws a Kawasaki motorbike out of his trenchcoat. He leaps atop it, revs its engine, and lurches the bike forward into the throng of attacking blood-hungry pirates. Freeze frame. Heavy metal chord. Yes.

Yuki and Her Unicorn (Timothy Sprinkles McVengeance)

Features: The Beast-Rider Cometh, Murder Systems, You Are a Deadly Schoolgirl

All she remembers is blood and asphalt—she doesn't fully recall that day when, on the way home from school, she was attacked by a roving band of postal clerks driven mad from gonorrhea. She doesn't remember how they bludgeoned her with Priority Mail boxes filled with rocks. She doesn't remember how she died, only that she did. Thankfully, a magic unicorn felt her pain from across the membrane separating worlds, and he came, hungry to sup on her newfound need for revenge. Now, Yuki is once more alive, infused with the magic breath and healing spit of Timothy Sprinkles McVengeance, her pet unicorn. She rides on his majestic white back down the halls of her prep school, her plaid skirt stained with the blood of those who dared bully her. Any who stand in the way of her finding out the truth about her death

find themselves on the deadly end of a unicorn horn or a whirling chain—and as they fall, reaped by her need for justice, she gains deeper power, a *rich-ching* of experience points racking up on her character sheet. One day soon she may learn the truth about her attackers. Or maybe she'll learn why all unicorns have three names. Who knows? And really, who even cares? She's a bad-ass little schoolgirl on the back of a unicorn and covered in blood. What more do you people want from me? I give and I give, and all you do is take and take. You're a gaggle of needy, selfish jerks. That's right. I said it. I'm throwing pearls before swine, but the pearls go clattering into the heating vents while you pigs snort and rut and hump the pillows with your mud-covered pork parts. I don't even know why I bother, honestly.



How to Be Fucking Awesome

Strippers?

Awesome.

Lesbian strippers?

Double awesome.

Lesbian strippers whipping off their trenchcoats only to reveal a katana tucked delicately in a garter or g-string?

That is a face
full of awesome.

Your face will be

dripping

with awesome.

The sauce of awesome will
give you a nasal enema.

This book includes:

- New rules for your World of Darkness game.
- More awesome than you can possibly handle.
- Also, it's pretty dirty.

For use with the
World of Darkness Rulebook



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of Darkness®