

kill puppies for satan
an unfunny roleplaying game

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kill puppies for satan

yes every puppy you kill its innocent little soul goes straight to doggy heaven with all the pretty doggy angels. fortunately satan doesn't give a fuck.

character creation

take a piece of paper and write in big letters across the top: i kill puppies for satan. that's your character sheet. next write: my name is and put your character's name. you get four stats, so write them next in a little column: cold, fucked up, mean, and relentless. the scale is 1 to 5, with 1 being normal and 5 being diabolical. leave a little space and then write: evil. killing puppies (and other animals) gives you evil, which you then get to spend on doing supernatural evil things. now leave a big space and write: this many people hate me. this is where you keep track of how many people hate you.

so there's your character sheet. you get 11 points to spend on your four stats. yes, 11. just give each one a number from 1 to 5 and make sure they add up to 11. remember that satan likes cheaters but the gm doesn't.

here's what's up with the stats.

cold - this is how heartless and calculating a motherfucker you are. make cold rolls whenever you do something that requires exactness, patience, knowledge, or great care, like disarming a security system or reading a book. cold corresponds to intelligence in a normal game. a regular person has a cold of 1, and hannibal lecter has a cold of 5.

fucked up - this is how devious, deviant and weird a motherfucker you are. make fucked up rolls whenever you do something that requires paranoia, edginess, quick wits, or sneakiness, like hiding under a bridge or noticing that somebody's disturbed your freezer unit. fucked up corresponds to perception and stealth in a normal game. a regular person has a fucked up of 1, and that guy from se7en has a fucked up of 5.

mean - this is how violent and ruthless a motherfucker you are. make mean rolls whenever you do something that requires strength, viciousness, rage, or brutality, like pulling a trigger or snapping handcuffs. mean corresponds to strength and skill in a normal game. a regular person has a mean of 1, and mickey and mallory from natural born killers have a mean of 5.

and finally relentless - this is how gutsy and powerful a motherfucker you are. make relentless rolls whenever you do something that requires endurance, discipline, tenacity, or the will to carry on, like swimming underwater or chewing through leather straps. relentless corresponds to stamina in a normal game. a regular person has a relentless of 1, and jason has a relentless of 5.

now if you absolutely must cheat, fine, take the points, satan's proud of you. but the gm's gonna fuckin' make you pay.

you also get to start out with some evil points. roll a d6 and consult the following table.

i cheated on points	you get -1 starting evil, you cheating bastard. guess <u>you stepped on a roach</u> .
i rolled a 1	you get 0 starting evil. tough shit. shoulda rolled better.
i rolled a 2 or a 3	you get 1 starting evil. choose a +1 animal and a +0 way to kill it. that's what you did.
i rolled a 4 or a 5	you get 2 starting evil. choose a +1 animal and a +1 way to kill it. that's what you did.
i rolled a 6	you get 3 starting evil. choose a +2 animal and a +1 way to kill it. that's what you did.

and you also have to start out with some people who hate you. roll a d6 and consult the following table.

i cheated on points and starting evil	fuck off, you know you're gonna cheat on this roll too. you might as well just go ahead and write down that 0 people hate you. it's a lie though. the gm hates you.
i rolled a 1	ooh, harsh. 3 people hate you. you must be one mean cold fucked up relentless motherfucker.
i rolled a 2 or a 3	2 people hate you. one of them's your mother.
i rolled a 4, a 5, or a 6	only 1 person hates you. better get a move on, satan don't want no lily-livered girly-ass puppykillers in his hell.

game mechanics

now let's see, oh yeah mechanics. here they are: roll a d6 and add your stat. if they add up to at least a 7 you succeed. if you're doing something easy, gm's call, they only have to add up to at least a 6 to succeed. if you and somebody else are both trying to do something, and only one of you can do it, whoever rolls higher wins.

the combat system is, if you're fighting with somebody, if you roll higher you hit them, and if they roll higher they hit you. if you tie then i guess you block each other or some shit.

if somebody hits you, a. make a relentless roll or fall over, and b. subtract 1 from your relentless. it doesn't matter what they hit you with, their fist, their purse, a .45, who gives a fuck. you can stand up again when the gm says so, and the gm can feel totally free to give you whatever penalties and grief seem warranted. you get the relentless point back when you've totally recovered and healed from the hit, and the gm decides when that is too. shoulda thought of that before you cheated, shouldn't you?

the gm can also have you make relentless rolls and/or lose relentless points for shock, blood loss, trauma, exposure to radiation, looking directly at the sun during an eclipse, whatever. if your relentless ever goes below zero, well there it is. better hope that a. you have a kick-ass doctor or b. hell isn't as bad as they say.

when you try to do something that requires you to interact in a positive way with normal people, like getting a library card or walking into an airport, the more people hate you the harder it is. this is the most complicated mechanic in the game, so pay attention. roll a d6 and don't add anything. you're trying to roll over the number of people who hate you. if you succeed, you're fine, carry on. if you fail, the gm can do shit to you, including but not limited to: giving you penalties to relevant rolls; making the customer service people rude, hostile and suspicious; and subjecting you to petty annoyances like background checks, lame delays, and body cavity searches.

on the other hand, sometimes you might want to seem loathsome, creepy, disgusting, sleazy or untrustworthy. on those occasions, you can go ahead and roll a d6, and try to roll equal to or less than the number of people who hate you. if you succeed, you get a bonus to your picking scabs roll or whatever. fucking weirdo.

oh one more thing, just so you know. some npcs have different stats than you do. so like if you're in a fistfight with good-hearted and upright cops, for instance, you'll be rolling mean and the cops will be rolling brave. if you hit them, they'll make a dedicated roll to avoid falling over. no biggie, i just didn't want to catch you off guard with it. (they probably keep track of how many people admire them too or some shit. fucking saps.)

what to kill

now of course satan doesn't want you to kill only puppies. satan wants you to kill all kinds of animals, but a. the cuter and b. the more beloved the better.

dogs

- puppies, +1 evil.
- loyal beloved old dogs, +1 evil.
- seeing eye dogs, +2 evil.
- mean cranky old dogs, +0 evil.
- guard dogs, +0 evil.
- police dogs, +1 evil.

cats

- kittens, +1 evil.
- mean evil old cats who when they die you know they're going to kitty hell anyway, +0 evil.

other_pets

- bunnies, +1 evil.
- parakeets, +1 evil.
- mean vulgar neurotic parrots, +1 evil.
- nice parrots, +2 evil (good luck finding one).
- goldfish, +0 evil.
- nice fish, +1 evil.
- rare beautiful tropical fish in somebody's home aquarium, +2 evil.
- rare beautiful tropical fish in like the dentist's office, +1 evil.
- ferrets, +0 evil.
- tarantulas or scorpions, +1 evil.
- hamsters, gerbils and other rodents, +1 evil.
- boas, pythons, garter snakes etc, don't fuck with them, they're satan's kind of people.

wild_animals

- squirrels, woodchucks, chipmunks, field mice, whatever, +0 evil.
- random bugs like ants and earthworms and spiders, +0 evil.
- butterflies, +1 evil.
- songbirds or other everyday birds, +0 evil.
- owls, +1 evil.
- feral or wild cats, +1 evil.
- mountain lions, +2 evil.
- coyotes, +1 evil.
- dolphins, +2 evil.
- whales, +2 evil.
- baby seals, +2 evil.
- bears, +1 evil.
- sharks, +1 evil.

food_animals

- if you eat it, +0 evil.
- if you don't eat it, +1 evil.

vermin

satan hates it when you kill vermin, because when they die they go to hell, and then he has to pay exterminator bills.

- cockroaches, -1 evil.
- rats, -1 evil.
- mosquitoes, -1 evil.
- fucking little yappy dogs, -1 evil.
- ticks, -1 evil.
- flies, -1 evil.
- lice, -1 evil.
- hornets, -1 evil.

how to kill it

+0_ways_to_kill_it

- put it in a sack with a couple of rocks and toss it in the reservoir.
- shoot it with a gun of roughly the appropriate caliber.
- brain it with a rock.
- hit it with your car.
- behead it on a stump with a cleaver.
- flush it.

+1_ways_to_kill_it

- with your bare hands. (except bugs.)
- hold its head underwater/hold it out of the water by the tail until it suffocates.
- bash it by the hind legs into a brick wall.
- shoot it with a gun of a radically too-high caliber or with an automatic.
- lock it in a cedar chest with no food and check on it every day.

+2_ways_to_kill_it

- eat it live. (except goldfish.)
- with a red-hot poker.
- mutilate it first.
- ceremonially, with special accursed tools and chanting the names of satan.
- with bottle rockets.

well, that should be enough to fuel your imagination, you sick puppy you. come up with your own ways to kill it and the gm will no doubt reward your innovations with extra evil. unless you fucking cheated.

why to kill it

things_that_cost_1_evil

- re-roll a die. keep re-rolling until it comes up at least a 4.
- ignore a hit even though you failed your relentless roll.
- automatically pass the people who hate you roll when you try to get a library card or something. you don't creep them out.
- press your ear up against a door. you can hear everything that's going on on the other side, no matter how quiet.
- put a sock over the telephone mouthpiece. until the end of the phone call, your voice sounds exactly like another person's, whoever you want.
- jump out of a window. you'll be fine when you land, no matter how far you fall.
- hide in a good shadow or under something. nobody can find you until you move, unless they happen to touch you.
- force somebody you just hit to re-roll their relentless (or whatever) roll.
- turn any one piece of music, performed or recorded, into a muzak cover of hey jude. guaranteed to piss off the band.
- lie still. until you move, anybody who examines you will think you're dead.
- say something or make some noise. people will think it came from somewhere else, wherever you want.
- short out any one electrical device.
- cast a first degree spell out of a satanic spellbook.

things_that_cost_2_evil

- re-roll a die. keep re-rolling until it comes up a 5 or a 6.
- take telepathic control of a nearby vermin. you can see through its little beady eyes and control what it does.
- add 1 to any stat for the next half hour game time.
- get back all the relentless points you've lost. you're healed instantly.
- this only works if you're wearing a big coat and somebody hits you. instead of making a relentless roll, your coat falls open and you're one big swarming mass of your favorite kind of vermin. you lose control of yourself but regroup later at a convenient place nearby.

- spit or blow your nose on something. your snot is fire, about as hot and as long lasting as a corresponding amount of that canned fuel sterno stuff. plenty enough to start a campfire anyway.
- jump up onto the roof of a house or to like a third story window.
- jump horizontally over like a four lane divided road.
- sprint up to 50 miles per hour.
- call satan on the phone. you'll probably get his machine, but he's pretty good about returning calls.
- hold your breath underwater for up to twenty minutes.
- whistle a tune and while you're whistling, you're invisible. you can walk around and do stuff and nobody can see you until you stop whistling. eerie.
- drive a car from the back seat.
- cast a second degree spell out of a satanic spellbook.

things that cost 3 evil

- walk through a wall.
- hide inside some solid inanimate object. it has to be big enough, like a futon or a piano, but while you're in there you're pretty much unfindable. you can still see and hear what's going on, but you can't move yourself around.
- tell somebody to do something (the simpler and more concrete the better). they have to do it. if it's dangerous, complicated, or long-term the gm can let them make rolls to resist.
- make a dozen or so specimens of your favorite vermin appear in your cupped hands.
- make a specimen or three of your favorite vermin appear anywhere you want. consider people's mouths or ears or in their pockets with their car keys.
- take on the exact likeness of an animal you've recently killed, for as long as you want. while you're transformed, you can at will a. make your eyes glow a hellish red-orange, b. speak in a tortured inhuman voice, c. leave scorching hot pawprints (/hoofprints/flipperprints/what the fuck ever) melted into the carpet, and d. have your reflection and shadow do different things than your actual self is doing. perfect for loyal beloved old dogs.
- light a fire just by staring hard.
- grow fangs, claws, proboscises, a tail, compound eyes, scales, fur, or whatever other animal feature you want.
- fly, about as fast and as far as you can run.
- trip the circuit breakers of an apartment building or all the houses on a whole block.
- cast a third degree spell out of a satanic spellbook.

things that cost 4 evil

- make a car or a living room or a dumpster explode in flames, the kind of explosion you only get from action flicks and trash bags full of gasoline.
- summon a huge swarm of your favorite vermin, hundreds or maybe thousands of specimens. they act more or less as you direct, but gradually revert to their natural behavior.
- desecrate a church or holy place. you don't need to fuck up the like decor or anything (though of course feel free), just now it's not holy ground. presumably there's some kind of anti-evil thing that religious fanatics can do to put it right, but meanwhile it's kind of a kick.
- telekinetically control vast quantities of shit, sewage, compost, muck, and litter. you can direct its flow, lift it into the air, even throw it. back up the pipes and flood out a whole city block, the fun never stops.
- transform yourself into oily, foul-smelling smoke. float near the ceiling or seep under the door, and turn back into yourself when you feel like it.
- create a spell or ritual and write it into a satanic spellbook. you design the effect and stuff and the gm decides what degree it is.
- cast a lesser ritual from a satanic spellbook.

things that cost 5 evil

- make one clean, attractive and healthy normal person consider for one second having sex with you.
- add twenty years to your own life expectancy. (yeah, like you're gonna die of old age, i'm fucking sure.)
- add 1 permanently to one of your stats.

- dedicate yourself to a particular animal (don't choose a vermin). whenever you kill one, using at least a +1 way to kill it, you get an extra point of evil. pays for itself.
- cast a greater ritual out of a satanic spellbook.

and that's that.

satan

so satan's actually a pretty nice guy. set aside for a minute the fact that he's cold, fucked up, mean and relentless all at 10, he has starting evil in the triple digits, and three point six billion people worldwide hate him. underneath he's just this regularish guy who watches pro wrestling and cspan. (and sure, rules hell and so on.) but i mean he's not like the other guy, he's approachable. he's not full of himself, he doesn't bogart the joint just because he's the fucking fallen morningstar, the first person ever with the balls to spit in god's coffee. (which you gotta fucking admit.)

but even so, if you want to hang with him, you gotta follow a couple rules. they aren't commandments exactly, because he's willing to overlook a few infractions, you know, out of neighborliness. not like that other prick. just keep 'em in mind is all he asks.

satan's guidelines

- don't kill people if you can help it. if they're bad people, satan would rather have them out doing evil in the world. if they're good people, they go to heaven and nobody wants that.
- if you must fuck with people, better to make them say "why god why?" than "god help me." real torture leads people to find their inner strength and shit, petty meanness makes people lose faith in each other. better to hit their dog with your car and drive away laughing.
- don't try to make the world a better place. i know this is a no-brainer but you'd be surprised the kind of goody two shoes want to be satan's buds. don't give money to amnesty international or the nra or even the fucking kiwanis club. keep your cash for yourself, spend it on cigs and porn, put it in stocks bonds and iras, who gives a shit. anyway the world is pretty much just how satan likes it, and if he wants it different he'll tell you.
- don't try to tempt people to sin. it's a union thing, and believe me you don't want to scab on demons. just kill puppies and leave the rest to the professionals.
- oh, and don't get caught, asshole. you definitely won't do satan any favors from a padded cell in willard.

so great, you're ready to play, right? terrific. now unless you're the gm, fuck off.

gm shit

so it's like mad magazine, remember, the lighter side of, only let's call it:

the evil fucked up side of...

...npcs

two kinds of npcs, right? kind number one: regular people. here's a character sheet for a regular person.

```
i don't kill puppies for satan but sometimes i yell at my dog
who gives a rat's ass what my name is
cold 1
fucked up 1
mean 1
relentless 1
evil 0
this many people have ever noticed me as a human being, not just another sad
ground-down face in the crowd: 4
```

your pcs pretty much don't need to sweat this kind of npc. apply satan's guidelines to them as you see fit and fuck 'em.

kind number two: people your pcs have to be scared of. without this kind, the game would be dull as all fuck. fortunately there are a wide variety. mix and match!

heroes

you know how when you and your crew kick into a bank and wave your shotguns around and the people are all like weeping and shielding their kids with their bodies and shit and you say all right, people, nobody be a hero, somebody always fucking does? that's this guy.

- heroes have different stats than your pcs do. instead of cold, they're thoughtful; instead of fucked up, they're astute; instead of mean, they're brave; and instead of relentless, they're dedicated. use them for basically the same things, although obviously enough you can't make brave rolls to pull the wings off a butterfly.
- they don't have anything corresponding to evil, i mean they don't like do good deeds and then cash them in to set things on fire or whatever. however, they do get special benefits when other people are in danger. count the number of normal people the hero is trying to protect/rescue/help across the street/what the fuck ever. as long as there's at least one, whenever the hero rolls a die and it comes up a 1, she gets to re-roll. (or he does, you know.) so that's cool for them but it sucks ass for your pcs, which naturally is what you want.
- if you feel like it, you can have your heroes keep track of how many people admire them, like i said before, but i wouldn't fucking bother.
- you may feel some pressure to make heroes' stats add up to 11, same as pcs'. that's the stupidity talking. fuck that.
- here's character sheet for a random hero.

```
i'm not a hero, i'm just willing to do what needs to be done
my name is liz macreedy
thoughtful 2
astute 2
brave 4
dedicated 4
when i'm helping people out i get to re-roll 1s
this many people admire me: 6
```

religious fanatics

you know how when you manage to plant the satanic artifact in the antique shop and the district attorney's daughter thinks it's charming and buys it and wears it home pinned to her coat and later is possessed, naturally, and the demons are having all kinds of fun hanging out in her nubile young body, but then eventually somehow a fucking congregationalist finds out and comes and rings the bell and recites the prayer and does the thing with the host and all the demons have to leave her alone and possess the fucking pigeons on the windowsill instead? that's this guy.

- religious fanatics have different stats too. instead of cold, they're pious; instead of fucked up, they're wise; instead of mean, they're righteous; and instead of relentless, they're devoted. same deal though.

- instead of evil, they get miracles. fuckers. miracles work the opposite way than evil, though. god gives credit. first you get the miracle, then you pay for it with prayers and devotions and doing good and calling sinners to repentance and other lame shit. (god decides when your account's paid off of course, and he's a notorious hard-on. plus he'll do all this underhanded entrapment shit like giving you a miracle you didn't ask for and putting it on your account anyway. it's just fucking glorified mail fraud.)

- religious fanatics keep track of how many people rely on them for spiritual succor. that number is their credit limit. if 3 people rely on you for spiritual succor then god will give you up to 3 points' worth of miracles before you have to pay him back. there's a short list of miracles coming after the character sheet.

- again, don't limit religious fanatics to 11 points for stats.

- here's a character sheet for a random religious fanatic.

jesus wants me for a sunbeam my name is elder ezeziel quackenbush pious 3 wise 1 righteous 4 devoted 3 i owe god for this many points of miracles: 0 this many people depend upon me for spiritual succor: 3

here are some miracles.

- the miracle of walking across like a piddly little stream, 1 point.
- the miracle of walking across a pond or lake or river or whatever, 2 points.
- the miracle of turning water into wine, 1 point.
- the miracle of turning oregano into pot, 2 points.
- the miracle of turning saline into smack, 3 points.
- the miracle of the bottomless happy meal, 2 point.
- the miracle of the all you can eat seafood bar, 3 points.
- the miracle of parting the traffic on the pike, 1 point.
- the miracle of making something holy so demons etc don't like it, 1 point.
- the miracle of making a sinner roll a d4 instead of a d6, 1 point for two.
- the miracle of defeating a satanic spell, however many points of evil the spell costs to cast.
- the miracle of thwarting somebody who's spent evil to do something, however many points of evil they spent.
- the miracle of protecting a particular individual from a particular demon, however many points of evil the demon costs to summon.
- the miracle of sending a particular demon back to hell where it belongs, however many points of evil the demon costs to summon + 1.
- the miracle of making a sinner feel really guilty and low and have to go lie down for a while or get shitfaced, points equal to the sinner's relentless.

i'm such an asshole. not all religious fanatics are christians, though you wouldn't know it from reading my list of miracles. there are plenty of fanatical jews, muslims, buddhists, confucianists, hindus, neopagans, scientologists, shintoists, taoists, tribal animists, et fucking c. knock yourself out.

vigilantes

you know how when you sit down at last after a long day in the meat locker and you put your feet up and set your drink on the coffee table and turn on cspan and some asshole with a beer gut and a 12-gauge comes in through your plate-glass window and bellows something about you're a slippery sumbitch he's been tracking you for eight months and this is for what you did to little flossie you sick fuck and starts blasting away? that's this guy.

- instead of cold, vigilantes are thorough; instead of fucked up, they're survivors; instead of mean, they're vengeful; and instead of relentless, they're driven.
- they don't have evil or anything, and they don't keep track of how many people they've kicked the asses of. they do, however, have fucking arsenals full of big-ass guns.
- here's a character sheet for a random vigilante.

revenge is a dish best served right the fuck now my name is jimmy-john giles thorough 1 survivor 4 vengeful 4 driven 3 i have a fucking arsenal full of big-ass guns and a l.a.r.g.o. bumper sticker
--

space aliens

you know how when you're sneaking across the field on a pitch black night and you slip under the live fence and belly-hump your way through the cowshit and your heart is thud-thudding with anticipation at the thought of farmer wylie's new heifer and there's a weird light over there and you lift your head and they've got these horrible tools and they're slowly and methodically pulling sweet bessie inside out and laying her ribs in starburst patterns? that's this guy.

- instead of cold, space aliens are calculating; instead of fucked up, they're mysterious; instead of mean, they're inquisitive; and instead of relentless, they're inscrutable.
- instead of evil, they have cosmic rays, which power their sinister technology. any given alien will have a cosmoprotonic battery holding 3 cosmic rays, which they can use and then recharge back at their flying saucer. each alien tool uses up 1 cosmic ray per application.
- i mention space aliens at all because they're pretty much your pcs' only competition in the cattle mutilation department. if you want to bring in the men in black and even give fucking whiny-butt fox mulder a guest spot, that's your can of worms.
- here's a character sheet for a random space alien.

i like to administer anal probes my name is x-j447 calculating 3 mysterious 4 inquisitive 4 inscrutable 3 cosmic rays 3 i have a thought-form assimilator and an omnikey

here are some alien tools.

- a thought-form assimilator makes you think the space alien is something else, like an owl or a teddy bear.
- a stasis applicator radically slows your metabolism and body functions. you're still awake and alive, but an hour could pass while you blink your eyes.
- an omnikey unlocks any mechanical or electronic lock.
- an e-field disruptor disables any electrical device that comes within range. it doesn't affect devices powered by cosmic rays (think about it).
- a thought-state disruptor makes you forget what happened to you.
- a levitron makes you weightless.
- a semantic impulsor projects words into your brain.

sorcerers

you know how when you break at night into the holy trinity college library and jimmy the service elevator so it'll take you up to the forbidden archives on the thirteenth floor and you make your way by flashlight to shelf 444 (two thirds of the beast) and you look under diablos, christophe, 1701-1767, and instead of a book there's a fucking empty slot, and you look around and somebody's reading over in one of the nooks, illuminated by a flickering orb of blue witchlight? that's this guy.

- instead of cold, sorcerers are learned; instead of fucked up, they're insightful; instead of mean, they're fierce, and instead of relentless, they're resolute.

- instead of evil, sorcerers have potency. they accumulate potency by observing celestial and otherworldly events, and by ritually calling up the primal forces of creation. they use their potency to cast spells.

- usually they cast spells from their own sorcerous spellbooks, but they can also cast spells from satanic spellbooks with no especial difficulty. the reverse is not true, your pcs will be totally baffled by a sorcerous spellbook.

- they also do a whole stack of other wizardly kinds of things, like take familiars (you'll have to make up stats for them yourself, but it shouldn't be that fucking difficult) and brew magic potions and fuck, i dunno what else. wizardly shit.

- here's a character sheet for a random sorcerer.

i am a master of forces occult and obscure
my name is julietta summers
learned 5
insightful 3
fierce 1
resolute 4
potency 6
my familiar is a small to middling spirit-jackal named chakr the red-tooth.

here are some sorcerous spells.

- summoning the storm winds, 1 potency - a fierce and concentrated wind whips and shrieks around you. everybody else has to make a relentless (or whatever) roll or fall down (but nobody loses any points, it's not like when you fall down from a hit).

- fist of the storm, 2 potency - lighting falls from the sky and strikes whomever you want. the strike counts as two consecutive hits for purposes of rolling to stay standing and losing points of relentless (or whatever).

- coat of shadows, 2 potency - you are invisible until natural light (sun-, moon-, star-, or fire-) falls on you.

- word of loosening, 2 potency - whoever hears you speak the word, everything on and about their person is loosed. ties, zippers, laces, braids, all come undone, and they also piss and shit themselves, slobber, weep, and leak snot out their noses. buttons and snaps aren't affected.

- sword of the sun, 1 potency - cast on any weapon and until dawn the weapon will hurt demons, spirits, vampires, ghosts, and whatever other weird freaky shit it happens to connect with. you can cast it on a bullet if you want, but casting it on the gun itself is pretty much a waste.

- world of crystal, 1 potency - every nonliving thing around you becomes to you (not to everybody) as transparent as glass. this lasts until you've blinked three times.

- fire of the sun, 2 potency - cast on a magical item, a holy object, a satanic spellbook, an accursed thingy, or any such kinda thing. whatever magic exists in it burns out in a flash of occult flame. (if it's a spellbook, it leaves the ravings alone but consumes every word of the spells.)

so no spells above the second degree. more work for you i guess. life's a bitch.

demons

you know how when you make and execute a genius plan to get close to the undersecretary to the vice president in charge of requisitions' prizewinning afghan hound and you're there with the dog and the baling wire and the drano and you're just waiting for the moon to come through the clouds and instead it never fails a fucking fiend from the pits of hell comes and tells you to piss off but leave the dog 'cause it's hungry? that's this guy.

- demons have the same stats your pcs do, namely cold, fucked up, mean, and relentless, in case your brain fell out. however, demon's stats go from 2 to 10 instead of 1 to 5. yes, that means that some demons have to roll a -4 on a d6 to fail a roll. you got a problem with that?
- demons have evil, too. they use it for the same kinds of things that pcs do, although they have many more options. they have to work for it too, and they're pissed because they have to actually accomplish things, not just kill a bunch of stupid puppies. sometimes they'll fuck with your pcs just for that.
- don't bother keeping track, though. you can basically assume that any given demon will have a dozen points of evil squirreled away for just this very occasion, and i'm not even gonna fucking list all the things they can use it for. if it sounds good, hell, go for it. what are your players gonna do about it, whine? that'd be new.
- demons keep count of how many people they've tempted to sin and thus condemned to eternal torment, and you can too if you want.
- you can't just punch or shoot a demon until it goes away, they just laugh that shit off. you gotta use magic or evil or holy water or something. good luck.
- hell isn't organized like heaven is. demons don't follow like some ineffable plan, except when satan can bribe them to. if for some random reason a powerful old big-ass demon decides that she's going to grind your pcs up and feed them to her hellhounds, satan's not likely to interfere. unless they can talk him into it or buy his interest somehow or something.
- oh, and let's say that a piddly-ass demon is one with stats that add up to 12 or less, a small to middling demon is one with stats that add up to 16 or less, and a big ol' demon is one with stats that add up to 17 or more. see the satanic spellbooks section below for stuff about summoning and binding demons.
- here's a character sheet for a random demon.

i'll have the filet of soul, rare if you please my name is qazach, the duchess of head lice cold 3 fucked up 5 mean 3 relentless 3 evil plenty i've tempted this many people to sin and thus condemned them to eternal torment: 8,677

now there's one demon in particular that maybe i'll talk about, and that's the man himself, el diablo, his infernal majesty, satan, the fallen archangel of light. put your hands together, he's one hell of a guy.

particularly i want to give you some advice for playing the fucker as an npc, which is kind of intimidating, and face it you're gonna have to, what with the pcs calling him on the telephone all the damn time. so here goes.

- choose somebody from your life. make it somebody friendly, interesting, kind of complicated but easy to like, someone who makes you smile when you think of them and who you maybe wish you'd known better. for me it's ms drummond, my tenth grade english teacher (who i'm certain would be appalled). that's your satan. you'll be able to go for a while on just that person's charm alone.
- pay attention to eye contact. satan looks everybody in the eye, but he's not intimidating and he's not in your face. he's just easygoing and self assured.

- when it comes up, remember that simply nothing can piss satan off, and nothing can frighten him. the very absolute fuckinest bad thing that can happen to him at this point is that he'll have to wait a few years until everybody involved dies, and then most of them he'll get to personally torture until he gets bored of listening to them whimper. seriously, no pc (or anybody) can ever do anything worse to him than that, and it's just not that bad. he can live with it. he's got no worries.

- at the same time, there's no reason for him to ever put up with anything once it becomes more irritating than it is interesting. if you bug him, he can arrange for his various loyal toadies to kill, cripple, maim, and destroy the lives of you, your family, your friends, your pet, everybody who's ever shaken your hand, and everybody near you in the phone book (just for good measure). it doesn't often come to that.

- and here's the trick to top it off. satan got the ever loving blue eyed shit kicked out of him, and there's no possible way for him to ever even begin to get even. he's fucking shit outta luck. the only way he could possibly deal with it is to get a sense of humor. so that's it. when you're playing satan, don't take anything seriously. to a guy like that, nothing is serious. (well, one thing is serious, but man it's old fucking news.)

and finally other random weird freaky shit

you know how when you've been chasing this damn dog all over town and back and you just can't seem to catch up with it and it's acting like it knows you're there and it's onto you and you start to wonder precisely who's chasing whom and then it surprises you by jumping out of a garbage can and sinking its teeth into your arm and before you know it it's turned into some guy, i mean some fucking guy with a mouthful of your meat? that's this guy.

- vampires, werewolves, ghouls, skinchangers, undead, the whole goddamn freakshow, it's all out there if you know where to look. or if you don't know which side of the fucking tracks to stay on, puppy boy.

- they all have their own stats and i'm not really inclined to make them all up. you've got the pattern by now surely. knock yourself out. i'll do one to get you started. it'll be your fave and mine, vampires.

- instead of cold, vampires are cultured; instead of fucked up, they're cunning; instead of mean, they're bloodthirsty; and instead of relentless, they're immortal.

- instead of evil, vampires keep track of how hungry they are. when they use their powers, they get hungrier, when they drink blood, they get less hungry.

- whenever they make a bloodthirsty roll, they add their hungry. whenever they make a cultured or cunning roll, they subtract their hungry.

- only stakes through the heart, burning, beheading, magic, and garlic can reduce their immortal. they fall down when they get hit and fail the immortal roll, but unless it's one of those things they don't subtract one from their immortal, and they can pretty much hop right back up.

- their powers can include turning into a bat or a wolf or mist, mesmerizing people, moving superfast, being superstrong, you know, the whole damn list from that other fucking game. i know you own it.

- here's a character sheet for a random vampire.

a monster i am, lest a monster i wankety wankety wank
my name is elias dumond iii
cultured 5
cunning 3
bloodthirsty 3
immortal 4
hungry 1
i can transform myself into the bat and transfix the ladies with my sinister yet compelling dark eyes, nyorm nyorm.

so that's npcs. make your pcs piss their puppy-killing pants.

the evil fucked up side of...
...satanic spellbooks

now some of your pcs aren't going to be motivated by spellbooks. you'll set up a great storyline about a corrupt and heretical sect of congregationalists who were rooted out and (secretly) burned at the stake back in the late forties, but their blasphemous grimoire survived in the reference section of the utica public library, guarded by a reference librarian who is actually the ancient demon-god baal shebub, who'll give it only to one worthy and steeped in the blood of many many puppies indeed, and you'll start dropping hints into the flights of locusts and the gibberings of npcs and the entrails of little kids' hamsters, and some of your pcs will be all like whatever, let's go blow shit up. well fuck them. they don't deserve spellbooks. fuck, their enemies deserve spellbooks. kick their lame asses.

first degree spells

- good for misleading pursuit - for the next full mile you walk, any footprints you happen to leave will point backwards instead of forwards. this spell takes less than a minute to cast and is only a teeny bit painful.
- good for souring milk - summon up a piddly-ass demon and tell it to do something. probably it'll obey, especially if you tell it to do something really really easy. this spell takes a good ten minutes to cast and is kind of pricey, like about as much as a dinner out.
- good for keeping track of the parson - draw a circle on a map. if anybody who hates you is inside the circle, you'll know it immediately (though you won't know precisely who). this spell takes a minute or so to cast is all, but the smoke sure stings your eyes.
- good for avoiding debtors' prison - create a fat greasy wad of twenties. spend them quick, though, because at dawn they'll turn into a fowl smell and maggots. plus you can't use them (directly) for any magical purpose. this spell takes ten minutes or so and you'll want to floss your teeth afterward. listerine helps some too.
- good for avoiding the mob - write a word on a piece of paper, it has to be a real word, and stick it in your pocket. next time you say that word, you transform into an ugly and ragged but serviceable seagull, and you stay that way until sundown. it takes twenty minutes to cast this spell, and it hurts like a sumbitch.

second degree spells

- good for securing a measure of privacy - pace off a circle about the size of a vacant lot (or whatever shape, who gives a rat's ass). anybody who crosses into your circle before dawn smells something really really funky, and it gets worse with every passing second. only people who kinda like that smell can take more than a few steps. anybody who started out inside the circle is immune. this spell takes maybe ten minutes to cast, plus pacing the circle, and is more tiring than you'd expect.
- good for having back at your ungrateful relations - write a person's full name on a piece of paper and wrap it around a rock. within a week, some kind of unpleasant demon, devil, or ghoul will visit that person. this spell takes a half hour to cast and requires you to spend the twelve hours on either side stone cold fucking sober.
- good for turning a wallet of tobacco into cowshit - summon up a small to middling demon and tell it to do something. probably it'll obey, especially if you tell it to do something nasty. tell it to do something extra nasty and it might even try to take credit for the idea. don't bother unless you've got at least a half hour and a couple three four twenties to burn.

third degree spells

- good for doing away with the constabulary - write the name of a cop and the name of a disease on the same piece of paper. the one inexplicably catches the other. only works on cops, including fbi and atf agents but not including private detectives or rentacops. this spell takes almost eight hours to cast (though it can be spread out over a week or so if it's more convenient for you that way) and the last hour will make you dizzy from blood loss.
- also good for doing away with the constabulary - make a car (preferably one you're not in) swerve wildly out of control. this spell only takes a second or two to cast, but god damn the hangover.
- good for having your revenge upon the landlord - summon up a big ol' demon and tell it to do something. probably it'll obey you or be wicked pissed that you disturbed it for something so trivial. anyway it'll take you an hour to cast and set you back a pretty penny, sometimes up to a couple hundred bucks.

lesser rituals

- good for securing notoriety - summon and bind a piddly-ass or small to middling demon. they don't like being bound so much, but it makes them a. hang around until you're ready to give them their instructions, b. obey you without fail, c. hang around after they've completed your instructions to see if there's anything else they can do for you, and d. not try to rip open your ribcage and eat your beating heart. just in case. this spell takes an hour or more to cast and costs a couple grand.
- good for taking footpads by surprise - choose a first or second degree spell from a satanic spellbook and brand it into your brain. from now on you can cast that spell without hauling out the ol' spellbook and chanting the names of satan and slicing yourself with razorblades and so on. you still have to spend the evil of course but it's less hassle. this spell takes a couple hours to cast and mm, scorched flesh.
- good for lending verity to the contemplation of your eternal fate - visit hell. you and one lucky guest. and, uh, don't misplace your return tickets. this spell takes a few minutes to cast and doesn't require anything you won't find lying around the house.

greater rituals

- good for securing your prominence in earthly affairs - summon and bind a big ol' demon. and you thought that little demons were pissed when you bound 'em. you better not end up in this guy's care after you kack. this spell takes a month to cast and will bankrupt you, plus you'll never sleep through the night again.

so any given satanic spellbook is going to be hundreds and hundreds of pages of ravings and contain three or four spells at most. many have only one. they usually have descriptions about as good as those above, but once in a while you'll get one that says something like i used this one to get into goody halford's basement and then launch into which names of satan to chant and how many drams of quicklime to moisten with lamb's blood and where to put it. what the spell actually does is for you to know and your players to find out. (if they're ever so desperate or whacked that they'll try it, that is.)

oh and if you feel like being a real fucker you can give them spells whose descriptions are just lies. good for getting out of a jam it says and then what it does is emblazon a big-ass glowing bull's eye on their foreheads, that kinda shit.

so that's good.

the evil fucked up side of...
...guns

there are no good gun mechanics in roleplaying. probably there can't be because it's just too complicated. set up the shot, pull the trigger, and who the fuck knows? even supposing you hit, bullets spin and tumble and bounce, they roll around your ribs and out the other side, they mushroom or shatter into bits, the physics of bullets is fucking crazy. one guy lives through ten rounds in the torso, the next guy kills himself with an air pistol. so i'm not going to bother. i'll give you some advice, but don't even expect any mechanics out of me. if you need gun mechanics, go play squad leader or millenium's_end or whatever the fuck.

so here's my advice.

- the whole point is to kill. a gun that won't kill somebody in one shot isn't worth selling to children, right? so absolutely every single time somebody pulls a trigger, somebody might die. you, me, random strangers, the downstairs neighbor, there's always a chance. make sure your pcs know it.

- on the other hand, there's no such thing as a sure kill. i know it's a special case, but jfk's brains were on the fucking trunk of the lincoln and they didn't declare him until four hours later. people get shot in the head and fall down and stop breathing and go on anyway to live normal happy lives. not most of the time, not much of the time, very rarely in fact, but it does happen. if your pcs want to be 100%, make them use a fuckload of bullets.

- nobody knows what's going on in a firefight, and accuracy in the real world is for shit. take this poor diallo guy. those cops shot 41 bullets at him, he was standing in a for fuck sake doorway, and a. they only hit him with 19 or something and b. they thought he was shooting back. nothing like flying bullets to make you stupid. you don't know where you hit that guy, you just know he fell down. you don't know where the shots are coming from. don't give your pcs tactical information, tell them what they see and hear and make them fucking sort it out.

- every bullet goes somewhere. roll the shot, miss, shit happens, but do you know where that bullet is now? in a stone wall? through a window and in old mrs merrihew's toaster oven? lodged against the rib of a passing dogwalker? make your pcs remember to ask what's going on on the far side of their targets.

- bullets don't kill you by magic, they kill you by tearing big pieces out of you. they splatter blood, they blow off fingers, they unhinge jaws and elbows, they make you puke your shredded guts out your mouth and nose. there's no such thing as a clean kill. make your pcs gag.

- dying sucks. sometimes you pass out and never wake up, sometimes you scream for an hour, sometimes you piss yourself with pain until fucking tomorrow. you shit yourself. sometimes a lateral headshot will make your brain swell up and cut off its own circulation and leave your brainstem alive, heart beating, breathing in and out, perfect for organ donation but dead fucking dead. your best bet whatever happens is to get to the hospital, but who knows. make your pcs scared to fucking death of death. (let alone that they're going straight to hell, and demons are going to piss lye into their eyesockets for the rest of time.)

- different guns are good for shooting people under different conditions. a glock 19 is good for shooting people under normal, reasonable shooting people conditions like when the fucking jocks have been pushing you around for four nightmarish years and you can't fucking take it anymore, plus they're wicked reliable. a pump shotgun is good for making that noise before you shoot people in fucking half. a colt 9mm submachinegun is good for when you want to kill everybody in the room but you don't really want to kill the people in the next apartment, while an m16 is good for when you don't care who the fuck you kill. make your pcs use approximately the right gun for the job (but definitely don't expect them all to be gun geeks).

- oh, and if your pcs don't want guns or want them only to use on animals not people, they're super cool (remember satan's guidelines). tell them right on from me.

the evil fucked up side of...

...character advancement

if by some terrible mischance you end up playing a kill puppies for satan campaign instead of just a one night stand as it were, your players will probably want some way to improve their characters. well fuck them. it costs five points of evil to improve a stat, let them save up like everybody else. whiny butts.

you may want to compromise, however. if you're a softy. here's a way to do it and yet keep a few pathetic shreds of your dignity. at the end of every session, choose some or all of the following.

- figure out which pc did the fucked uppest individual thing. you can just decide, or you can give everybody a vote, or you can ask for cash bribes. however you decide, give that person a point of character evil. (character evil isn't the same as regular evil, which you get from killing puppies. i'll explain in a sec, just jesus christ hold your horses would you?)
- figure out which pc was the fucked uppest overall. give that person a point of character evil. if this is the same pc as did the fucked uppest individual thing, only give one point of character evil for both, unless they were truly fucked up above and beyond the call.
- figure out which pc best followed satan's guidelines. give that person a point of character evil.
- figure out which pc got the most new people to hate them. give that person a point of character evil. in case of a tie, decide on the basis of how powerful their new enemies are.
- figure out which pc was most helpful to your fiendish plans. give that person a point of character evil.
- now divvy a couple three more points of character evil among the pcs whose players didn't piss you off. (this is another great opportunity to pay back cheaters.)
- customize the numbers to how many players you have. two points average per session seems generous to me.
- the deal with character evil is it's exactly the same as regular evil except they can't spend it during play. naturally they'll want to spend it on something lasting, like improving their stats or inventing spells, since otherwise it's a waste. (just in case it's not obvious a. they can keep it from session to session same as always, and b. at the end of the session they can supplement it with regular evil if they happen to have some left.)

that should make them shut up for once.

the evil fucked up side of...

...hell

you noticed the lesser satanic ritual that lets you and a guest visit hell? that's big fun. you should get your pcs to cast it sometime if you can.

the evil fucked up side of...

...god

frankly i'd skip it. free will and all, remember? it's not that god doesn't care what your pcs do, it's not that he wouldn't rather they knocked it the fuck off, it's just that he's decided to let them (and everybody) make their own bed. but if you find you've got to roleplay him, i'd just go ahead and make him a joyless judgmental goon-squad fuck, a glorified orrin hatch (r-utah). patron of woman-haters, anti-choicers and homophobes (but not of racists, i mean what kind of sense would that make?). plus he expects you to kiss his ass. plus since a sense of humor is a way to deal constructively with being wrong, stupid, and weak, he hasn't got one.

but like i said, i'd skip it if i could.

the evil fucked up side of...
...money

most people who kill puppies for satan have lousy lame menial jobs, if they can keep a job at all. they don't have a lot of disposable income, right? hand to mouth. so don't let your pcs buy shit unless they can come up with the cash in play. fortunately, this game isn't really about the cool gadgets, so most of them will deal okay.

however, if your pcs want to be all independently wealthy and shit, ask them why they're killing puppies for satan (small fucking potatoes) instead of gutting cities, murdering the poor, and raping the developing world like good little industrialists. shit, those guys are satan's real toadies.

the evil fucked up side of...
...that first session

you gotta break the ice and get the stupid pcs to work together. it's the plague of roleplaying and fuck if most of the time we don't just have them meet in a bar instead. you can go ahead and just do it that way if you want, i mean hell it's your game, but maybe try this.

have everybody make their characters. you know how in some games it says you must draw your character, to connect with the right parts of your brain or whatever? in this game, you absolutely must write i kill puppies for satan at the top of your character sheet. if you don't do it, you're clearly not in the spirit of the game and you might as well fuck off. tell your players that. tell 'em i said so.

turn to your first player. have her introduce her character. hi, my name's morton and i kill puppies for satan. hi morton. please say something about yourself.

if you're gonna run the kick in the head starting adventure that's coming up, say how do you know gerald stebbins? why did he invite you to his birthday party? no, come on, it's gotta be better than that, he only invited like eight people and one of them's you. are you like his friend or what? (everybody and their fucking dog compares roleplaying to improv theater. make your players work for it!)

now your next player. hi, my name's joanie and i kill puppies for satan. hi joanie. my mother abandoned me in the dumpster behind a post office, i was raised by a postal worker who muttered and mowed his lawn every damn day, christmas, easter, rain, snow, the fuckin' ice storm of '97, he didn't miss a single day, out there with his mower grinding away at twenty two inches of solid frozen ice, i mean fuck, man. thanks for sharing that, joanie. (what about you and gerald stebbins? what gift do you get him?)

here it is: and how do you and morton know each other?

then sit there and don't say anything until they work it out. (if it's clear that they're not gonna work it out, lazy fuckers, do something mean to them. okay, well, you were internet pen pals, you were both posing as fifteen year old virgin girls, you decided to meet at the mall, and there you were. now you're friends, with occasional benefits. suck it up.)

now your third player, hi my name's scooter and i kill puppies for satan. yes i was named after the character on the muppet show. hi scooter. gerald stebbins blah blah blah. and how do you know joanie and morton?

so by the end of this you'll have inter-character stuff going on, just what you wanted, characters talking, getting to know each other, spilling beer on each others' sofas and dropping butts in each others' potted plants. never fails. i guarantee it or your money back. tell the guy at the counter i said so.

springing gerald, the kick in the head starting adventure

gerald stebbins is a ghoul. ghouls eat corpses, that's pretty much their whole deal, and they are the lowest of the fucking low. in the great cosmological pecking order, right, it starts with the big pecker himself on the top, then our man satan, then like the other angels and demons and shit, then the rest of us fuckups and lowlifes, vampires and space aliens and the whole like i said the whole freakshow, and then regular people, then vermin, then shit, then the nasty fucked up bloody puss that comes out of festering sores, then ghouls.

when we kill puppies, right, some of it's for fun and some of it's for getting in good with the boss, and most of it's for the power. not so with ghouls. ghouls get some sort of cheap supernatural charge out of eating corpses, but it can't even touch the power we get, and it leaves them weak and crazed and craving more. ghouls are the desperate needle-sharing ass-peddling heroin addicts of our world.

so that's gerald stebbins and let's face it, the guy is not a charmer. he's funny looking, weasely, he's got no dignity, and his breath is for fuck all. but like pretty much everybody, even ghouls, he's got a few friends (including your pcs). they're people who maybe just feel sorry for him, or maybe owe him one from back in the day, or hell maybe actually kind of like the guy. i mean it takes all kinds, right?

and he's not a bad friend, not at all. sure he calls you for help, and says he'll make it up to you and never does, but he's always so genuinely grateful that it's hard to hold a grudge. he's loyal and he won't make excuses when you ask him for stuff, if he can he will and if he can't he really feels bad about it. he won't fuck you up the ass with a sharpened screwdriver as soon as you bend over, not like some people. you could do worse.

anyway, he's having his thirtieth birthday party and he's inviting all his friends. it's like eight people and he's having it on a thursday night so it won't conflict with anybody's weekend. he's saved up and booked the banquet hall at the motel 6 off the pike, you know he's been planning it for a while because he doesn't have much to spare. (he has a job sweeping up at feeney's funeral parlor, of course). he's borrowed a cd player (maybe from one of your pcs) and checked some cds out of the public library. he's even shoplifted a box of little girls' birthday party invitations and carefully written in his name and the time and place.

your pcs will break his pathetic ghoul heart if they don't go. plus god damn it how many friends do they have, that they can just blow one off?

at the motel 6

there's a buffet with fried chicken, meatloaf, mashed potatoes, corn, peas, lime jello, squares of carrot cake with a candle in each, carafes of 7-up down at the end. real 7-up in jewel-cut plastic pitchers, not some store brand left in the three liter bottles it came in. no, this is a class establishment, just like gerald wanted. he'd be so thrilled, where the hell is he?

let the guests mingle. this is a great chance to start the set up of some other future adventure, introduce npcs who might show up again later, either ones that i've provided below or your own if you've thought about it. be sure to mention rosalie even if she doesn't talk to the pcs (just in case), and have somebody make the obvious joke about the meatloaf.

before it gets dull, in comes franklin breszny. he's kind of out of his element, he wasn't sure he was going to come but he has to deliver the news.

he stands just inside the doorway and like clears his throat. if there are lots of conversations going on he waits a little and then says um, excuse me. gerald's not coming. he, uh. he. they. he's at willard. willard state mental hospital. so, uh, he's not going to make it.

poor franklin. everybody looking at him isn't doing him much good. so, uh, i'm sure he'd be glad you all came, he says. uh.

he tries to get out without explaining any more but if somebody stops him and asks him he'll tell his whole stupid story.

franklin breszny's whole stupid story

(i'm going to tell it in third person, franklin this, franklin that, but it's your job as a gm to act it out. don't slack off, here. if your game sucks i'm sure as shit not gonna take the fall for it.)

so franklin breszny once helped gerald stebbins fill out an application for a scan saver card down at the stop & shop. franklin thought it was just his random good deed for the week, but ever since then gerald has called him for help whenever he has some official document or process to deal with. he looks over gerald's taxes (gerald always files even though he never has to pay). he helped gerald buy a used car. he even periodically has to explain to gerald's prospective employers when they call that no, he's never worked with gerald, he can't offer them any information about gerald, gerald just puts him down on every form he fills out. yes, gerald's a little strange. no, i'm not saying that you shouldn't hire him. for all i know he could be an excellent worker.

anyway, so franklin gets a call night before last. would he please come down to willard and pick gerald up?

well, he went down to willard all right, but when he got there he found out that they didn't mean pick gerald up and drive him somewhere, they meant release gerald into franklin's custody. which franklin was not about to do. so instead they made him sign some kind of form and he feels kind of bad about it but he left him there.

oh, but why was gerald in willard in the first place? seems feeney jr came into the funeral parlor late, he forgot something or something, and he walked in on gerald, and gerald was chewing on old mrs merrihew's dearly departed remains. (this was a surprise to franklin, a big surprise, but it totally shouldn't be a surprise to your pcs.) feeney jr just went ahead and called the police, and by the time they got there gerald was done with one of mrs merrihew's hands. he must have put up a fight or something because when franklin saw him at willard his face was all bashed up.

and like franklin says, he feels kind of bad about it, because as they were leading gerald back through the big barred gates, franklin can't be positive but he thinks he heard the orderly say, come on now, the needle torture isn't that bad, it's for science.

here's a character sheet for franklin breszny.

i don't kill puppies for satan but sometimes i yell at my dog
my name is franklin breszny
cold 1
fucked up 1
mean 1
relentless 1
evil 0
this many people have ever noticed me as a human being, not just another sad ground-down face in the crowd: 4, but one of them was gerald stebbins.
i'm the associate manager at big russ's wholesale club.

so now unless your pcs are totally heartless pieces of shit, not just cold fucked up mean relentless motherfuckers, they'll go spring gerald. if they don't seem inclined, the unfriendly bastards, a. make them feel like the lowdown abandoning lousy friends they are and b. sic rosalie on 'em.

rosalie towler

rosalie's been listening in. at first she was trying to be discreet, just you know kind of hovering near the conversation, but by the end she's standing there with her mouth hanging open and her fists clenched. when franklin says the bit about the needle torture she steps decisively into the conversation.

you fucker, she says, you just left him there you piece of shit? she's little but it should be clear to anybody that she's way meaner than he is. he doesn't have the stomach for this, poor guy, and she chases him out into the parking lot. call yourself his friend you asshole! she shouts and that's it for franklin breszny. she spits at his car and he leaves rubber on the pavement.

rosalie comes back inside with a fierce old gleam in her eye. so who's with me?

here's a character sheet for rosalie.

i am a master of forces occult and obscure
my name is rosalie towler
learned 2
insightful 3
fierce 4
resolute 4
potency 3
i get 3 potency every time i get a new piercing.
i kick ass, but i'm not the kind of sorcerer who goes around battling occult villains, i'm the kind of sorcerer who likes to fuck with people. make up some good stealth/illusion/psych out spells for me, okay?

now if your pcs don't suck, feel free to skip rosalie altogether. unless you think she's cool and want her along for the hell of it, in which case draw her in at any convenient point. whatever, it's your game.

willard state mental hospital

if your pcs want to stop off and kill a puppy or two on the way, i'd go ahead and let them. that's what the game's about after all. just keep a move on, don't turn it into like a big production.

but so for willard the way i see it there are three ways you could go. way one: one or more of your pcs have been inside willard in the past and you can lead them through it directly. easiest, least hassle, maybe least fun, an okay detail for a pc's background. way two: somebody else at the party (or someone your pcs can call) has been inside willard and can go along as a guide. also very easy, a good way to include rosalie or some other npc, but it can take decision making and direction out of the hands of the pcs, which is naturally not so good. way three: nobody's been inside willard before, your poor sad pcs are winging it, good luck to their asses. big fun but kind of a pain, and if your players are anything like mine they'll turn it into this like tactical fucking situation, which is yawn. way three is my preference but you gotta kill that tactical instinct and get them to jump on in.

anyway, your call. on to willard.

sometimes i think that i'm the fucked up one in my life, but then my partner will come up with just the perfect thing and it leaves me wondering. this is one of those.

willard is your high school. shut your eyes and imagine it. you go in, there's that lobby place or whatever, instead of a trophy case there's a case displaying the art/craft or vocational projects of the inmates. off to one side there are the administrative offices, and then past into the facility proper. the security is much tighter, of course, the guards inside have stun guns and those big ass flashlights, and the guards outside have handguns and tranquilizer rifles, which odds are your high school didn't. but the layout works like a (bad) dream.

all the like auditoriums, cafeterias, kitchens, gymnasiums, locker rooms, and libraries stay, of course, and so do the grounds, with the same high chain fences (although now topped with inward-slanting barbed wire) and the track around the softball field and the cruddy old four-square courts and shit. even the same parking arrangement, with the drop-off circle in front of the door and designated parking places, and throw in a day-trip bus or two for added verity.

inside, the history and english departments are both low security, the parts that're most like a hospital. there are nurse/guard stations in the teachers' lounges, and the rooms are full size, four to ten residents per, each with a little curtained area for a personal space.

the science department is the torture wing, with all the labs and arcane equipment and shit. chemistry for drugs, biology for surgery, physics for the needle torture and the firehose torture and electroshock, earth science for group therapy and phobia encounter labs. the little greenhouse for growing plants.

the theater department is vocational skills and the art department is arts/crafts. the thought of gerald stebbins doing macrame about makes me pee my pants.

shop class can stay exactly and perfectly the same. same equipment, same arrangement, same teacher, same students. sweet lovely shop class.

and your destination: the math department is high security, with those guard-controlled airlock doors at the ends of the hallways and the classrooms broken up into individual padded cells. gerald stebbins is in one of them. (mr halligan's room to be precise, in my willard.)

cool, huh?

now the most important the single most crucial part of this whole very cool very fucked up thing, the most important is do not absolutely for god sake do not let your players know that it's your high school. describe the lighting, the long tiled hallways, the little numbers over the doors, the sounds their feet make and the smell of the disinfectant/floor wax, ask them to turn right or left and let them wander around to your creepy little heart's content, but no matter fucking what never say the words "like a high school." you'll be bursting to share the joke but come on, you don't want to ruin it. savor it like the dirty little secret it is and if you must you can let them in on it after they've been and gone.

i think you can see how easy it'll be to make npcs for the place too. i'm including a couple but you know they're just people from my high school and it'll be more fun to feature your own.

but like I said willard has tighter security than your high school did. let's see.

there's one of those little cement buildings by the road as you drive onto the grounds, it has a couple of guards in it with guns and they control the big chain link gate. the sidewalk goes on the other side and they control the lock on that gate too. they have guns, handguns and if there are maybe six shotguns in the whole place, two of them are here.

there are no like prison camp gun towers or anything, but maybe there's a bell tower or a cupola you can put a spotlight and a guy with a rifle in.

every hour during the night, somebody walks around the inside perimeter of the fence, with a big ass flashlight and a handgun and a tazer, so that's good. if it appeals to you, you can have the fence electrified during the night too, or maybe it has wires running through it that when you cut them an alarm lights up somewhere.

inside, the guards don't carry guns, just flashlights and stun guns and walkie talkies. at night they do rounds or wander around or whatever, but during the day they more stay put unless something's going on.

the nurses' stations and shit don't have much for security at all, just maybe a big old cattle prod in a charger under the counter and a silent alarm button and a noisy alarm button too, why not? i can see where either might come in handy.

during the night, they close the doors between the hallways of course, and you need to swipe your id card and sometimes enter a passcode to get in. probably they keep the doors to the science wing closed all the time.

i already mentioned the airlock-style doors into the math department. the deal with those is that the guards look at you and your little id card through a bulletproof window, and if they like the looks of you they buzz you into the airlock, and once you're in if they still like the looks of you they buzz you out the other side. presumably there's a way to open both doors at once, like in case of a fire or whatever, but probably it's never happened and there's a mouse living happily under the switch.

oh and somewhere there's a security center, with lockers and camera screens and a dispatcher and things. in the administrative offices probably. that's where the other four shotguns and the gas masks and the tear gas are.

springing gerald

if your pcs have a brain among them, they won't try to fight their way in. not because they can't, but because then they'll have to a. find gerald's room while people are lobbing tear gas at them and b. fight their way back out again, after the swat team and snipers have arrived. you might remind them of this.

so that leaves sneaking and lying, both of which are possible. maybe the chewbacca gambit, with one of them acting gonzo and the others acting like authority figures? an oldie but goodie. just remember that if they want people to believe them they have to make those how many people hate you rolls.

anyway whatever they do, your job as gm is to make them work for it. your pcs are gonna succeed, i know it, you know it, they know it. the question is a. how do they do it and b. how much does it cost them? the answer should be a. barely and b. a fuckload. use the imagination god gave you and satan perverted to his own cold and corrupt ends.

curves

so that's pretty simple. find a way in past the guards and stuff, find gerald's room, somehow get poor gerald back out with you. enough to fill a session maybe, if you make getting in and out challenging. but you might want to take it further, you know, jazz it up a bit. throw a curve or two. here are a few suggestions to get you started.

- the vacant room

gerald's not in his cell! where the fuck is he? cafeteria? gymnasium? macrame class? getting screwed stupid by doctor skippy? you decide!

- the vacant stare

gerald's not in his head! he's been drugged into a loose floppy incontinent sack of meat. go on and on about how fun it isn't to lug a deadweight person around with you. (especially one that occasionally piddles on you.)

- the familiar face

what if miss faith baroak was one of your pcs' childhood therapists? what if somebody famous is in low security? got a cool recurring npc? did one of the guards used to have a very sweet little spaniel named daisy duke who whined like the song of angels? add depth to an existing relationship.

- the boiler room

what could be going on in its steaming hissing bowels? same for the laundry.

- love at first sight

hey, it happens. have one of your pcs fall terribly for a guard, a resident, an orderly, a lunatic, a janitor, doctor skippy, whomever! don't let the pc blow it off. make it mutual for twice the fucked upness.

- supernatural security

maybe the scientists who rule the place don't know it, but willard's security system was designed to keep occult crazies in too. the on-duty security detail always includes a sorcerer, and the cameras and key doorways in the building are enchanted. (makes you wonder who's in there, dunnit?)

- the parasite

to really up the cheese factor, make willard the hunting ground of a vampire. ham it up! hold your arm over your face for a cape and do your fingers like fangs. byah, byah! i want to suck your blood! (or if you prefer you could play it straight and make your pcs fucking weep with fear.)

- porky's

well, you're here, might as well stop off at the locker room peepholes. say hi to doctor skippy when you see him.

- the wisdom of the damned

can there be any doubt that there are satanic spellbooks tucked away in willard's library? naturally there's at least one accomplished (but unfortunate) sorcerer among the inmates of high security. and don't forget the doorway to hell in the locked closet in the macrame room!

- ministering angels

i know it's hard to imagine, but what if willard is actually a place of peace and healing? would your pcs even be able to tell? how would they react to a person of serene carriage and unearthly beauty in gerald's cell? do angels have internal organs?

- the random emergency

fire! flood! blackout! tornado! earthquake! stuck inside for fuck sake willard state mental hospital while the world might be ending out there!

anyway that's enough, fuck that. have fun.

like the man says, it ain't over till it's over

now the first thing is that gerald is in no state. he hasn't eaten in a couple of days and he was pretty damn hungry even then. maybe an animal corpse or two would take the edge off, just until he can find something more substantial?

ghouls don't usually like their meat still warm, but maybe gerald's desperate enough to make an exception. i wouldn't turn your back on him just now.

it's a real shame that he lost his job at feeney's though. now he's going to have to do the ghoul-on-the-street thing, getting his earthly remains where he can find them. it's grim. (but less grim than torture and starvation in willard, of course.)

plus the cops are gonna be looking for him. maybe he can crash at your place.

anyway, while your pcs are patting each other on the back and wondering what to do with gerald now, let them go ahead and forget that the cops are gonna be looking for them too. several sessions from now you can have a swat team show up at one of their dismal little homes to deliver an arrest warrant, and they'll be all like what the fuck? until they figure out that this is about the willard break in. fingerprints, dna evidence, their likenesses caught by the security cameras, freelance occult detectives, play it right and you can make them keep paying for this until (like satan) you get bored of listening to them whimper.

npcs

gerald stebbin's friends

franklin breszny, rosalie towler, and lizzie wire, plus your pcs, plus:

i don't kill puppies for satan but sometimes i yell at my dog
my name is junkie bob teabag
cold 1
fucked up 1
mean 1
relentless 1
evil 0
this many people have ever noticed me as a human being, not just another sad
ground-down face in the crowd: 2
my life sucks shit but at least i'm not a fuckin' ghoul.

i don't kill puppies for satan but sometimes i yell at my goldfish
my name is mitchell norler
cold 1
fucked up 1
mean 1
relentless 1
evil 0
this many people have ever noticed me as a human being, not just another sad
ground-down face in the crowd: 5, but 4 of them were therapists.
i like things just so. particularly, in alphabetical order.

my tortured soul wanders the earth looking for surcease
in life my name was the right reverend paul greengage
in touch with the times 2
psychologically whole 3
tangible 5
recurrent 3
unquiet 4
this many people know i'm a ghost: 3 (none of whom are at gerald stebbins'
party).
yeah, i know i'm springing this on you. wing it.

staff_at_willard

doctors fred "coach" weinel, miss faith baroak, skippy jensen, and delar ford,
plus:

i don't kill puppies for satan but sometimes i yell at my dog
my name is stew, i'm a nurse
cold 1
fucked up 1
mean 1
relentless 1
evil 0
this many people have ever noticed me as a human being, not just another sad
ground-down face in the crowd: 3
i was a medic in the service, now i'm a nurse at willard.

i don't kill puppies for satan but sometimes i yell at my dog
my name is alan tyrell, i'm a clerk in admitting
cold 1
fucked up 1
mean 1
relentless 1
evil 0
this many people have ever noticed me as a human being, not just another sad
ground-down face in the crowd: 4
shit but man i like to smoke pot.

i don't kill puppies for satan but sometimes i yell at my cat
my name is cocoa wells, i'm the macrame teacher
cold 1
fucked up 1
mean 1
relentless 1
evil 0
this many people have ever noticed me as a human being, not just another sad
ground-down face in the crowd: 6
i'm just doing this part time until the record deal comes through.

i'm not a hero, i'm just willing to do what needs to be done
my name is donna sherlock, i'm a clerk in maintenance
thoughtful 4
astute 4
brave 2
dedicated 3
when i'm helping people out i get to re-roll 1s
this many people admire me: 8
all the inmates know that i'll give them free condoms no questions asked.

jesus wants me for a sunbeam
my name is dewey rensberger, i'm the chaplain
pious 4
wise 1
righteous 1
devoted 2
i owe god for this many points of miracles: 0
this many people depend upon me for spiritual succor: 0 it used to be 1 but
she hanged herself some weeks ago. now i'm getting desperate and whiny and
i'm a big pest.

security_at_willard

i don't kill puppies for satan but sometimes i kick my dog
my name is bill tansey, i'm a security chief
cold 1
fucked up 1
mean 1
relentless 1
evil 0
this many people have ever noticed me as a human being, not just another
brutish powermongering thug: 0
if i had to choose i'd go with the stun gun but clocking inmates with the
flashlight is a close second.

i don't kill puppies for satan but sometimes i yell at my dog
my name is mikey simmons, i'm a security guard
cold 1
fucked up 1
mean 1
relentless 1
evil 0
this many people have ever noticed me as a human being, not just another sad
ground-down face in the crowd: 3
walking the grounds at night with my gun out makes me feel like i have a
penis.

i'm not a hero, i'm just willing to do what needs to be done
my name is carl reho, i'm a security guard
thoughtful 3
astute 5
brave 4
dedicated 4
when i'm helping people out i get to re-roll 1s
this many people admire me: 3
skinny smelly junkies can spit on my face and i don't lose my cool. i'm kind
of a misogynist though.

bear wants me for a sunbeam
my name is nick travers, i'm a security guard
pious 2
wise 3
righteous 5
devoted 5
i owe bear for this many points of miracles: 0
this many people depend upon me for spiritual succor: 6
bear has made me a healthier influence on the patients here than the doctors
are. one day i'm going to beat doctor skippy to death with a baseball bat.

revenge is a dish best served right the fuck now
my name is beth moriarty, i'm a security guard
thorough 3
survivor 3
vengeful 4
driven 4
i have a fucking arsenal full of big-ass guns, many of which i bring
illegally to work with me.

inmates_at_willard
gerald stebbins, plus:

i don't kill puppies for satan but sometimes i chew on them
my name is warren garner, i'm whacked
cold 1
fucked up 1
mean 1
relentless 1
evil 0
this many people have ever noticed me as a human being, not just another sad
ground-down face in the crowd: 5
i'll eat anything.

i don't kill puppies for satan but sometimes i yell at my invisible friends
my name is alice metier, i'm whacked
cold 1
fucked up 1
mean 1
relentless 1
evil 0
this many people have ever noticed me as a human being, not just another sad
ground-down face in the crowd: 6
i had a really weird day and killed eight people.

i don't kill puppies for satan but sometimes i set my dog on fire
my name is standon waide iii, i'm whacked
cold 1
fucked up 1
mean 1
relentless 1
evil 0
this many people have ever noticed me as a human being, not just another
cackling howling psychopath: 3
i think i can set fire with my eyes but really it's a zippo.

i am a master of forces occult and obscure
my name is elena moon, i'm pretending to be whacked
learned 3
insightful 4
fierce 2
resolute 3
potency 8
i get 2 potency every time i finish a prescription of thorazine.
i'm starting to wonder about myself.

jesus wants me for a sunbeam or ruthless agent of his destroying vengeance
my name is katy gregory, i'm whacked
pious 2
wise 4
righteous 5
devoted 3
i owe god for this many points of miracles: 0
this many people depend upon me for spiritual succor: 1, my roommate, who is
(shall we say) easily led.

i'd like to finish off the npc section of our program with two new character types, ghouls and scientists, both of whom feature in our little story. snork.

the evil fucked up side of... ...ghouls

- instead of cold, ghouls are calm; instead of fucked up, they're reasonable; instead of mean, they're ferocious; and instead of relentless, they're together.
- instead of evil, ghouls have hungry. it works like vampires, whenever they use a power their hungry goes up by 1, whenever they feed it goes down.
- every morning when they wake up, they add 1 to their hungry.
- whenever they make a ferocious roll, they add their hungry. whenever they make a calm, reasonable, or together roll, they subtract their hungry.
- when their hungry goes over 5 or 6, they totally freak out and they can't use any of their powers until they feed.
- they don't keep track of how many people hate them, since pretty much everybody does. instead they keep track of how many people can stand them. it doesn't do them any good, though, since they automatically fail all of their how many people hate them rolls.
- here are character sheets for gerald stebbins and a friend of his.

hey, pass the ketchup, would ya?
my name is gerald stebbins
calm 2
reasonable 3
ferocious 3
together 2
hungry 7
this many people can stand me: 8
in the kill puppies for satan movie, i'm played by steve buscemi circa fargo.

hey, pass the ketchup, would ya?
my name is lizzie wire
calm 2
reasonable 1
ferocious 4
together 2
hungry 2
this many people can stand me: 2
in the kill puppies for satan movie, i'm played by calista flockhart with
filed teeth and mismatched contact lenses.

here are ghouls' powers.

- sinking your teeth in and not letting go - when you make a together roll, ignore the die and just add 6 instead.
- getting the fuck outta there - kick open a door or pull the bars out of a window without bothering to make a roll.
- running like a motherfucker - sprint at about forty miles an hour for a few minutes.
- scaring the shit outta somebody - your teeth grow long and sharp, your fingernails grow into talons, your back hunches, your arms lengthen, and your eyes become staring dead corpse eyes. you also get +1 to your ferocious.
- being happy - nothing compares to the bliss and satisfaction of a corpse well digested. it's almost as good as good sex, about as good as pretty good sex, which is way better than your average ghoul has ever had. too bad it's so fleeting.

the evil fucked up side of...
...scientists

- instead of cold, scientists are cutting edge; instead of fucked up, they're mad; instead of mean, they're curious; and instead of relentless, they're objective.
- yes this means that if you get into a fistfight with a scientist, they'll roll on their curious to hit you. ("fascinating the noise you make when i apply force to your solar plexus. i wonder if it's reproducible.")
- instead of evil, scientists accumulate publishable material. they may spend a point of publishable material to a. publish an article or b. be immune to a point's worth of any supernatural effect. it's a little tricky, the effect still happens and it affects everybody else same as always, but the scientist can't see or perceive the effect at all and isn't touched by it in any way. make sense?
- they accumulate publishable material by conducting research in their particular study area, of course.
- here are character sheets for some scientists you might bump into at willard.

i serve the cold blind nameless god of science
my name is doctor fred weinel but everyone calls me coach
cutting edge 2
mad 3
curious 5
objective 3
publishable material 2
i'm researching the effects of physical duress on sufferers of certain psychosocial disorders.

i serve the cold blind nameless god of science
my name is doctor miss faith baroak
cutting edge 1
mad 5
curious 2
objective 2
publishable material 4
i'm researching the responses of phobics to intimate contact with trigger stimuli.

i serve the cold blind nameless god of science
my name is doctor skippy jensen
cutting edge 4
mad 4
curious 4
objective 3
publishable material 3
i'm researching the electrical activity in the brains of social deviants in consensual and nonconsensual sexual contexts.

i serve the cold blind nameless god of science
my name is doctor delar ford
cutting edge 1
mad 5
curious 3
objective 4
publishable material 2
i lead the willard residents' choir. i'm researching the effectiveness of simple pavlovian conditioning in producing vocalizations of consistent quality.

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if you liked kill puppies for satan, be sure to look out for the first supplement, cockroach souffle. coming soon, unless i find something useful to do with my time.

things that cost 1 evil

- re-roll a die until it comes up a 4+
- ignore a hit
- pass the people who hate you roll
- hear through a door
- disguise your phone voice
- jump out a window and be fine
- hide in a shadow
- force someone to re-roll relentless
- turn music into hey jude
- play dead
- throw your voice
- short out an electrical device
- cast a first degree spell

things that cost 2 evil

- re-roll a die until it comes up a 5+
- control a nearby vermin
- add 1 to a stat for half an hour
- heal yourself
- become a coat full of vermin
- blow flaming snot out your nose
- jump up three stories
- jump over a four-lane road
- sprint at 50 mph
- call satan on the phone
- hold your breath for 20 minutes
- whistle and become invisible
- drive a car from the back seat
- cast a second degree spell

things that cost 3 evil

- walk through a wall
- hide inside something
- compel somebody to do something
- make a dozen vermin in your hands
- make a couple vermin anywhere
- take the form of an animal you killed
- light a fire by staring
- grow animal features
- fly
- trip the circuits of a city block
- cast a third degree spell

things that cost 4 evil

- make something explode
- summon a swarm of vermin
- desecrate a holy place
- control vast amounts of shit
- transform yourself into smoke
- create a spell or ritual
- cast a lesser ritual

things that cost 5 evil

- make one person want you for one second
- add 20 years to your life expectancy
- add 1 to a stat forever
- dedicate yourself to an animal
- cast a greater ritual

see pages 4-6 for details

things that cost 1 evil

- re-roll a die until it comes up a 4+
- ignore a hit
- pass the people who hate you roll
- hear through a door
- disguise your phone voice
- jump out a window and be fine
- hide in a shadow
- force someone to re-roll relentless
- turn music into hey jude
- play dead
- throw your voice
- short out an electrical device
- cast a first degree spell

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if you photocopy this page (or tear it out, hell, you don't need the index sinners to zippo) and cut it in half and put it on the table, your players will have an easier time remembering what they can do. this obviously has upsides and downsides. i leave the decision to you.