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You know what really sucks? EVERY-THING.

It sucks to live in a town named after your family ("Rawlings' Dam"), where half the people you meet want to set you up for a big

fall because of something your granddad said to their grandma.

It sucks to be seventeen and feel like your life's over except for the slow miserable burn until the inevitable flaming detonation. It sucks to screw up a couple times and, as a consequence, be suspected every time something bad happens until the teachers and counselors and social workers and cops have you in such a tight bind that the only options left you can call really call *yours* are to break the rules... just like they expect.

It sucks to find out that your dad's a criminal and that everything he does keeps the fat corrupt sheriff and the dirty hypocritical mayor and the leering bent governor in office. The laws and the crimes are just the right jab and left hook of a society that won't stop punching the poor and the powerless because they might -- not that they *are doing* or *have done*, but *might* -- take a little closer to a fair share of what the powerful and privileged are wasting and wrecking, because they have so much they can't appreciate any of it.

It sucks to be on the side of the oppressor, no matter how hard you try to fight it.

It sucks to have a twin who's everything you despise -- weak and compliant and beloved and successful. Sure, Jesse's blood of your blood, but midnight and noon are both times of day, too. No one gets those confused.

It sucks that your dad put a demon (it's named *Hebesh-Aphoba*) in your mind and that demon -- this evil spirit that wants you do bad stuff and go to Hell -- is your best friend and the only one who understands you.

But you won't give in. You embrace the suck. If you're stuck being a bad guy, at least you won't be a sellout status quo greed-bag like your father. You go by the name Anarko and it's often a coin toss whether you're blowing up cop cars or members of the Damned (as your father's crime syndicate is oh-so-cleverly called).

If you're going to suffer, by God the world is going to suffer with you.

What You Can Do

TERROR: Roll Devious Cruelty. This attack has the range of a handgun. If you pierce the target's defenses (usually Insightful Nurture for normal folks) it completely removes a point of Courage. However, if targeted against someone with zero Courage, it has no effect.

PSYCHIC OBJECTS: Roll Cunning Greed to create an object from nothing. (It's temporary.) It has to be touching you and if it's too heavy for you to hold, has to materialize touching the ground. The size and complexity depend on your Greed rating. **Greed 1:** A small object you could hold easily in one hand. No functioning electronics. **Greed 2-3:** Anything you could lift to waist height with unaugmented strength. Electronics are OK as long as you understand how they work. (In your case... flashlight?) **Greed 4-5:** Anything humans can build, up to the size of a sports car.

FLAWLESS ACTION: If you ask, Hebesh sometimes lets you perform any action perfectly, but Hebesh hates doing it. One die in your pool changes to whatever result you want, after rolling the others, but then one die from the Sinister side of the action's Tactic line transforms into its Virtuous counterpart. Good luck talking Hebesh into *that* bargain.

HORNS: This powerful ability increases the Height of attack rolls by an amount equal to your Sly, but only Hebesh can turn it on... or off. If you ask Hebesh for the horns, you have to pay by sliding a point off a Virtuous Strategy.

WINGS: Another Aspect derived from Hebesh's power, like the horns this is one you can only request, not demand. But with them, you can fly (and look awesome).

MORAL BALANCE: At the end of every scene, you can slide a dot from a Sinister Tactic into its opposite... if you can justify it. It depends on what you want to change.

Greed to Generosity: Explain how you helped someone to whom you owe nothing, and who probably won't reward you.

Espionage to Knowledge: Explain how you came to understand something new and important.

Cruelty to Courage: How did you demonstrate mercy or protect someone else?

Cowardice to Endurance: Lose a conflict.

Corruption to Nurture: Did you admit to wrongdoing and try to make amends?

Deceit to Honesty: Did you tell the truth when doing so injured your interests?

Your Family and Associates

Grandpa Matt: The beard-wagging family patriarch, Dr. Demon-Summoner Ph.D (who now acts like he's holier than everyone else, especially you). The whitest, oldest Old White Guy you've ever met. You're his favorite, probably because you're the only one with the guts to tell him when he's full of it. (Almost always.) Even dad won't do that.

Grandma Jean: The white lamb to granddad's black sheep. She's even holier than her holier-than-thou ex-husband, which means she wrings her hands over the poor starving children overseas while passively accepting the social machinery that keeps them hungry.

Mom: Mom's OK. Her name's Esther, and you can see it hurts her every time Nicole calls her by name instead of "Mom." You've never seen your mom actually do anything to hurt anyone, unless arguing with Dad counts. You don't think it does, since you and him fight all the time but you never really want to make him *sad*.

Dad: Oh Dad, Dad, Dad... what are we going to do with your crime-raddled, demon-summoning carcass? Sometimes you just want to take your father by the face and yell "Is anyone IN THERE?"

Nicole: Your older sister. Stuck up, mopey, snobby and entitled, without a single decent reason for any of them. She graduated from journalism school, came home, and has been a couch potato ever since, except that vodka comes OUT of potatoes. She had some boyfriend at college named Hugo and she is holding a torch for him that could set the world on fire.

Jesse: The goody-two-shoes. You love the knucklehead, of course, but only as much as is required. In your darkest moments, you feel like you might not be such a trainwreck if Jesse hadn't always been there, *always*, sucking out all the oxygen whenever you tried to do anything right. But whatever. "Evil, be thou my good."

The Siamese: If burglary wasn't a sexual fetish before The Siamese came along, it sure as hell is now. She wants to be some kind of wild card player in the Rawlings' Dam criminal underworld. Ripped off a bunch of money some mayoral candidate had raised for Gram's charity, "Water For the World," so that's classy. If you spot her when you're being Anarko, maybe you'll make sure she's not quite so pretty afterwards.

Marilyn Murphy: The hopeless opposition candidate that The Siamese robbed.

Mayor Duke Kenilworth: The current 'law and order' major is Dad's homeslice.

Chief Pierce Dunlee: Dad and Duke laugh at Chief Dunlee a lot. So do you. He's hopeless, and everyone around him gets richer when he's mediocre at his job.