

GEEZERPUNKS

You have been here before, my friend. Once again, turbulent spirits are taking up the fight, the fight that your generation lost.

You were born after the second world war, part of a generation called the “Baby Boomers.” Your mother and father had lived through the war to end all wars and had come to an inexorable decision: they wanted peace and prosperity for their children. Never again the turbulence of war, never again the horrors of tyranny and injustice. They raised you up to have values, and maybe they spoiled you a little, and yeah, maybe they sold out to make the American Dream a reality, but from your point of view, they couldn’t help it. They didn’t know any better.

Your childhood in the fifties was idyllic and naive. Cities were smaller then, the air was purer, the earth was greener. But the seed of corruption was germinating beneath the surface. The Korean War, McCarthyism, the Hydrogen Bomb, the Cuban Missile Crisis. You lived in fear of a faceless enemy called Communism. And that fear was the effluvia that fed the growing taint that was spreading throughout the country. You didn’t care, though. Ed Sullivan, Elvis and The Beatles soothed your mind.

The Sixties were your heyday, an age of idealism and the time when you made your stand. You can still remember where you were when you heard that Kennedy had been shot. Martin Luther King Jr. called upon you to embrace tolerance and stand up for equality. Timothy Leary beckoned you in to tune in, turn on and drop out. Abbie Hoffman exhorted you to F**k the System. And Jimi, Jim, and Janice serenaded you as you dreamed hallucinogenic dreams of utopia. But peace and love were trampled amid gunshots and the haze of tear gas. Maybe you were dragged kicking and screaming to the jungles of Vietnam to be a pawn in the chess game of world corruption, maybe you sought refuge in the halls of higher education or across the northern border, and maybe the worst possible scenario occurred and you were ignored completely. The Sixties were your fight, your revolution... And they resounded with your utter defeat.

The Seventies came and you found yourself slowly being integrated into the system. You married, had children, maybe you got divorced. Free love became casual sex and somewhere

along the line, the purple haze parted to make way for the dancing queen. You traded in your tie-dyes and jeans for a suit and a tie. You sold out. And in so doing, you became your own worst nightmare. You were just like your parents.

The Eighties saw you becoming more and more of a cog within the system as the world became a mockery of your utopia. You built up your 401k and stock options while snorting coke and your children took up colors and guns while smoking crack. They called your children Generation X - a generation without an identity. Probably because you’d ruined everything for them. The drug culture of the Sixties was now a vicious beast run by organized crime. Free Love became a game of Russian Roulette with a brace of incurable, deadly STD’s loaded in the chamber. Your children struggled to find meaning and identity, and you couldn’t help them, because you’d lost your own somewhere along the way.

The Nineties came and the United States once again laced up its boots and went to war. Only this time, the protesters went completely unheard. The crash came, and the United States fell, but you weathered the storm, watching everything you worked for crumble like sand between your fingers. You went back to work like you always did, working to rebuild while the world around you seemed bound and determined to tear itself apart at the seams.

The Millennium brought more unsettling times. Violence at home and abroad troubled your thoughts, even as emergent technologies offered you the hope that maybe someone might invent something to cure humans of their violent tendencies. Your children were parents now, and their children were growing up in a time when the line between man and machine was beginning to blur. And for you, time was beginning to blur.

The Teens came along before you even knew they were there. The world around you was changing so much that you could no longer keep track of it. You’d worked for nearly five decades of your life, and retirement loomed before you now. Your grandchildren were coming of age in cities of cold, hard plastic and steel, serenaded by screaming guitars and the staccato percussion of gunfire.

The Twenties came, and your grandchildren were called to their own revolution; soldiers of chrome and silicon about to be baptized in gunsmoke and blood. You were given a golden watch for your years of service and were shuffled off to a retirement community. You were expected to just die quietly, but medical science has done some amazing things. Nanotechnology can rejuvenate your old muscles and bones. Cloned organs ensure that you have the heart (and bladder) of a thirty year old. Nano-assisted injections of cloned stem cells and infusions of CSF keep your mind functioning as sharply as ever. And your retirement benefits pay for it all.

And now it's 2027. You're in the seventh or eighth decade of your life now, and you see the pattern repeating. Your great-grandchildren are beginning their own revolution; dreaming their own utopian dream. You've been silent for so long. How much longer can you afford to stand by quietly while the children rise and fall? You're in the twilight of your life now, will you go silently into that goodnight, or will you rage against the dying of the light?

HOW TO CREATE YOUR GEEZERPUNK

(Quick and Dirty Generation Rules).

Stats: You have 50 points to divide up between the 9 stats: INT, REF, COOL, TECH, MOVE, LUCK, BODY, EMP, and ATT. You may not have any stat lower than 2 or higher than 8.

Skills: You have 45 points to divide up between the 11 skills. If a skill is followed by a bracketed note, it means that that particular skill is only half as effective against the bracketed Edgerunner skill. Your skills may not exceed 8 at character generation.

Blend (REF): The same as the Yoganger skill of the same name. [Stealth]

GoGo (REF): The same as the Yoganger skill of the same name. [Motorcycle, Driving]

Get Off My Lawn! (EMP): This is your ability to lead and command others and actually have them do what you want them to do.

Fossil (INT or TECH): Some of the technology, slang, music and other bells and whistles today

seem to go right over your head. This is your ability to figure out high-tech devices (Computers and home electronics), decypher today's music and slang and the like.

Jockstuff (REF): The same as the Yoganger skill of the same name.

Keeness (INT): A measure of your perceptiveness, awareness of your surroundings, ability to pick up on nuances of behaviour and the like.

Metriculation (INT): A measure of how well-educated you are, how well-versed you are on current events, and how well you're able to file away new information.

Streetfighting (REF): The same as the Yoganger skill of the same name. [Handgun, SMG, Rifle, Martial Arts, Dodge/Escape, Brawling/Fencing]

Thief Stuff (REF): The same as the Yoganger skill of the same name. [Pick Lock, Pick Pocket]

Wisdom (INT): This is how street-smart you are. You know the places in your neighborhood that are best avoided, you can tell the drug-dealers by sight, and you usually know what's going on in the community.

Venerable One (EMP): Sort of like the opposite of the Yoganger skill Little Angel, you can use your age as a crutch to persuade others. You can make them think you're senile, hard of hearing, and the like, and also con them into disregarding the things you do and say as the actions of a senility-demented old timer.

(Mini-FAQlet: Some of the skills allotted to Geezerpunks are not trumped by Edgerunner skills. This reflects that fact that the Geezerpunks have had many years to perfect these skills and techniques. At the same time, Geezerpunk skills do not trump the skills of Yogangers. Can Geezerpunks upgrade to Edgerunner skills? Yes. Same rules as juveangers.)

CRACKPOTS

"Necessity may be the mother of invention, but laziness and insecurity are its godparents."

"If I had a dime for every brilliant idea I've had that someone else took credit for, I could buy a large coffee at Starbucks."

They call you a nerd. A spaz. A geek. And yet, they haul around stuff you've invented like a cargo cult idolizing crap tossed out of an airplane. That should make you at least an archangel in their idolatry, but somehow, you tend to be overlooked. Maybe it's because you're a nerd, and you've devoted your life to creating things for the betterment (or the destruction) of human life. Unfortunately, like many innovators, you've had creativity and brilliance on your side, but not a lot of business acumen or legal knowledge. Most of what you've created was stolen from you and claimed by people with ambition. Sure, it's something that has disappointed and deterred you at several points in your life, but it never stopped your urge to create. You still come up with the occasional brilliant idea or three, you just keep them to yourself and wait until the time is right to release them.

WHAT YOU LOOK LIKE

You're not a fashion plate by any means, that's for sure. You wear glasses in an age where they've become obsolete. You never could bring yourself to get contacts, eye correction surgery or even cybernetic replacements. Your true badge of honor, however, is your lab coat. It is the symbol of your authority in the lab and your achievements in your field. And when you're out among normal people, you wear it to set you apart from the crowd. If you live in a particularly violent part of town, you might have even had it armored up. How you dress underneath the labcoat isn't really important. You could wear the ubiquitous coveralls of a techie, a meticulous shirt, tie and slacks, corduroy flood-pants that rub together noisily and a flannel shirt, or maybe just your pajamas.

BACKGROUND

Crackpots have a long and illustrious history of being ignored, pushed aside, dismissed and ripped off. The most notorious case of this is

Nicola Tesla, many of whose works were credited to the more savvy and cunning Thomas Edison. You and those like you have contributed a great deal to science and the improvement of the human condition, but have been completely screwed over by big business. Not only did they take everything you had to offer, but occasionally, they'd turn it into some new and unique way of taking human life.

Now you're somewhat gun-shy about showing others your creations. Over the years, you and your peers have formed loose ties to one another, and occasionally, you'll collaborate together, and show each other your inventions, but you're still pretty much a loner.

Because of this, there has never been much of a Crackpot community, per se. You're all fairly solitary and autonomous from one another. Some Crackpots have been known to come together and collaborate for the creation of something new and special, but it's rare for you to seek the company of your own kind. Geniuses of your calibre are generally erratic and rarely sociable. But Crackpots do recognize their own kind and acknowledge them as fellow Crackpots. And even if they don't gather regularly with one another, they do take comfort in knowing that they aren't alone, and that others of their own kind do exist.

SELLING OUT

If you've sold out, you worked in the R&D department of a Megacorp with other scientists and inventors, set to work on projects the corp wanted you to pursue and meekly allowing them to take the best of your ideas and develop them in ways that you never envisioned. You were considered a valuable employee, though, and a corporate asset. Which meant that other corporations wanted you to work for them and occasionally extracted you at gunpoint to get you to work for them. You were able to make quite a bit of money and amass some corporate clout before you retired.

ASSOCIATIONS

Although you've kept to yourself, you probably have dealt with some folks who are now Retirees. Maybe you knew some Hippies, True Believers and DeeJays back when you were in college together. You don't think too much about EZ Riders or Grifters, as they're much too

shiftless and non-productive for your tastes. The rest are so far away from the circles that you travel in that you probably aren't aware they even exist. You get along great with Hackers because you understand each other on many levels.

GEEZERPUNK SKILL: MAD SCIENTIST

You are a creator, an architect, an inventor. To you, there is no greater thrill than to see your dreams made manifest through the diligent pursuit of your scientific passion. You have a specific field of interest, one that you have followed for many years. The available fields include: Vehicular Engineering, Cybernetic Engineering, Genetic Engineering, Weapons Engineering, Biochemical Engineering, Electronics Engineering and Computer Engineering. In any case, it is this narrow field in which you have the bulk of your experience.

Specializations

Inventor = +2 to Invention

Mr. Wizard = +2 to Scientific Mastery

Tinkerer = +2 to Technical Pursuit

Invention: This is the process by which you design new innovations. This is strictly the drafting process where you put your ideas into a coherent framework like a blueprint or computer draft. With this skill, you can reverse-engineer devices (or drugs or genetic templates) you've never seen before (Medium), map out existing designs you understand (Easy), create improvements or modifications of existing designs (Difficult), discover new ways of adapting existing technology to serve different purposes (V. Difficult), and creating next-stage inventions that are a step up from current technology (GM's discretion, N. Impossible).

Scientific Mastery: You are very knowledgeable of the sciences that are inherent in the pursuit of your field. For instance, a Crackpot who specializes in Genetic Engineering would know biology, some chemistry, biochemistry and genetics, while a Crackpot who specializes in Weapons Engineering would study some chemistry, physics, and engineering. All Crackpots know advanced mathematics.

Technical Pursuit: You are very good at fabricating and assembling things that fall into your specific field of research. If your specialty

is in making vehicles, it's a cinch that you've mastered the mechanics needed to make them run, as well as the electronics to optimize their operation. If your focus is on cybernetics, you will have had to master basic mechanics and electronics.

IF YOU'RE A CRACKPOT:

- 1) Tell me your name, age and sex.
- 2) Describe what you look like.
- 3) What is your field of expertise?
- 4) Besides your V-trodes, pick four different things from the list below that you own or are currently carrying:
 - VMW Cohort (small car)
 - Tech Tool Kit
 - Techscanner
 - Drug Analyzer
 - Medscanner
 - Apple Deckpack Computer
 - Retirement benefits totaling \$200 a month after rent
- 5) Where do you live? (Choose one)
 - Single-wide trailer in a small over-50 trailer park.
 - Apartment in assisted-living community.
- 6) Did you sell out? If so, you also get the following:
 - Upgrade your housing to a small house.
 - A home laboratory with lots of corporate equipment given to you by your employers while you were working for them. Add +2 to all Mad Scientist skills.
 - Additional retirement benefits totaling \$500 a month.
 - Corporate stock portfolio worth \$10,000 (half value if liquidated).

DAMN VETS

*"The government treated me like a hooker. They got what they wanted out of me, gave me a few bucks and left me totally f**ked."*

"At least I get to park in the handicapped spot."

You were one of the unlucky ones, one of the ones that got sent off to war. You spent far too much time in a steaming dungheap of a jungle, fighting an enemy that was nearly invisible. And the only reason that you didn't die there was because you ended up getting mangled by a landmine, shot by one of theirs or one of your own, crippled in a helicopter crash or some other gruesome fate that befalls soldiers on the field. You ended up going home in a stretcher or a wheelchair, and that's when your own personal war began.

WHAT YOU LOOK LIKE

Well, you look just like everyone else, except for the fact that there are a few pieces missing. Maybe you're missing an arm or leg and have to get around with some sort of prosthetic. Maybe you were paralyzed and you got stuck in a chair. Maybe you lost an eye and had to have a glass replacement stuck in the empty eye-socket.

BACKGROUND

Vietnam was hell, and the very fact that you didn't make it out in one piece is testament to how bad some of the fighting could be. You were sent home with a medical discharge and the world around you turned monochrome with your despair. You were disabled, and there was nothing anyone could do to turn back the clock.

You soon learned that the world isn't made for disabled people. Most of the businesses and homes back then didn't come with wheelchair ramps, low cabinets and other comforts designed to make life easier. You struggled through physical therapy, what little of it the VA would allow you, and you struggled with Post Traumatic Stress Disorder. But, more than that, you had to fight to regain any semblance of a life. Most people treated you as if they wished you'd just disappear and stop reminding them that there had been a war in Vietnam.

Well, you didn't go away; as much as that inconvenienced everyone else. Eventually, they were forced to face facts. The Eighties rolled around and people were dragged into Vietnam with you through the movies and other popular media. They finally woke up to the fact that you'd been mistreated and ignored for fifteen years and were still being treated like second class citizens. Things improved a little, but not a lot.

Then the Nineties came and America went back to war. The Veteran's Administration tightened its belt and became even stingier, screwing over these new veterans and tightening the screws on your generation's vets. And then the VA ceased to be, along with the rest of the US government, and you were totally screwed.

The next decades were a struggle for you. Maybe you managed to hold your own, or maybe you were made homeless by the crash. Either way, you managed to survive. When the cybernetics craze rolled around, you saved up your money, hoping to buy some cyberware and finally undo the damage done to you by the war. But, ironically, you were now too old to receive cyberware, or your nerves had atrophied too much for corrective surgery.

That's when you and your buddies decided to take matters into your own hands. Yeah, you might not be able to get cybernetic implants, but there was no reason you couldn't use the improvements in modern technology to help yourselves get around. Why have a wheelchair when you could have a hover fan or tank tracks built onto it? Why settle for a hook when you could affix a more modern prosthetic to your stump? Why settle for walking around with a blind-man's cane when you can now use Virtuality to get around?

SELLING OUT

Ok, maybe you decided to work for the Corps in the last couple of decades, but let's face it, you weren't doing anything really important. Maybe some security guard work or maybe you were a greeter at MallMart.

ASSOCIATIONS

Well, you're not too fond of the spit-in-your-face Hippies, protest-singing Woodstockers, or their peace-loving ilk. You've probably cultivated a

relationship with a Sawbones or two because of your medical problems. You don't mind the Retirees, Old Badges or EZ Riders, maybe because lots of them served, too. You didn't have much call to deal with the rest, though.

GEEZERPUNK SKILL: COMPENSATION

You lost a lot in the war, but you adapted. You discovered ways to work around your disabilities, and you also discovered new ways to improve your quality of life, thanks to new technology and old-fashioned ingenuity.

Specializations

Rig it = +2 to Fabrication

Old Soldier = +2 to Skirmish

Brotherhood = +2 to Mobilization

Fabrication: You know how to offset your disabilities through the inventive use of hardware. You can adapt Virtuality to offset blindness or deafness (Easy), or adapt a battle glove to serve as a prosthesis (Medium), you can build a really fast wheelchair or scooter chair or leg prosthetics with an extra kick (Difficult), a scooter-chair with tracks that can climb stairs (V. Difficult) or even a hover chair incorporating spinner technology (N. Impossible).

Skirmish: You're not as fast as you were back in the old days, but you remember how to use a rifle, and this specialization reflects your ability to do so.

Mobilization: You can call on other veterans that you've met and befriended over the years. Although they're not in the best of straits financially, they can help you by giving you a place to stay, food, maybe some mechanical assistance and other aid. In your home state, you may call on 10 veterans per each point in this specialization. In other states, you can call on one veteran per each point in this specialization.

IF YOU'RE A DAMN VET:

- 1) Tell me your name, age and sex.
- 2) Describe what you look like.
- 3) Describe the manner in which you are disabled and the circumstances surrounding your injury.
- 4) Besides your V-trodes, pick four different things from the list below that you own or are currently carrying:

- AR-15 Semi-automatic rifle (Civilian version of the M-16) (RIF +2 N C DC6 30 2 ST)
- 20 year old Van (Only if you're NOT blind)
- Assistant animal (A dog or a monkey)
- Telectronics Techscanner
- Tech toolkit
- Retirement benefits totaling \$200 a month after rent

5) What type of device do you use to counteract your disability

Blindness

- V-trodes and a set of cameras wired into them

Deafness

- V-trodes and a series of microphones wired into them

Paraplegic

- High Speed Motorized Wheelchair (Top speed: 40mph SDP: 6)
- Scooter with Tank-Tracks (Top speed: 25mph SDP: 10)
- Wheelchair with mounted spinner motor (Top speed: 40 mph SDP: 10)

Amputee

- Arm Prosthetic with battleglove (DC 5 Crush DC 4 Punch and DC 6 Wolverers)
- Leg Prosthetic with hydraulic ram leap assist (DC 6 kick, adds 15 feet to jump)

6) Where do you live? (Choose one)

- Moderate-zone apartment complex
- Double-wide trailer in an over-50 trailer park

7) Did you sell out? If so, you also get the following:

- Upgrade housing to an assisted living housing complex
- upgrade to Cadence Industries Wanderer Van
- Additional retirement benefits totaling \$250 a month

DEEJAYS

“Stay tuned, we’re about to blast out your cracks with some killer tracks from our stacks of wax.”

“Gooooood Mooooorning Night City!”

You grew up, like most kids your age, listening to the radio. Back in those days, you didn’t need TV or virtuality; radio was the theater of the mind, and they played to your fertile imagination. You remember playing along with “Let’s Pretend,” chortling at the antics of “Amos and Andy” and “Fibber McGee and Molly” and thrilling to the adventures of “The Lone Ranger” and “The Green Hornet.” Unfortunately, radio dramas died out with the coming of television, but you still loved the radio. Wolfman Jack and Alan Freed came along to replace your childhood heroes; rebel DeeJays who dared to play “black” music on the air in the sixties. From that point on, you knew that you wanted to be like them; a radio renegade, spinning tunes and having your voice be heard.

WHAT YOU LOOK LIKE

There’s an old saying in the radio business about having a face for radio. Usually, it was a term for being ugly, but the true fact of the matter is that most people never found out what you looked like. It was the voice that mattered, and not the looks. You look and dress just like most other “normal” people in the world. Only behind the microphone do you truly come out and shine.

BACKGROUND

Well, back in your day, anyone could be on the radio. All you had to do was have a decent voice and pronunciation, and they stuck you behind the microphone. You started off on a little AM radio station that operated out of an old trailer or storefront, playing jazz, blues and moldy oldies while trying to contain your boredom. And then college rolled around and you got a job working for the college radio station. Now that was your scene. You found yourself becoming a de facto leader of the free speech movement by virtue of being the guy behind the microphone.

The sixties came and went, and onward came the seventies. You moved to a pop radio station and had a front row seat to watch as the revolution died a slow and agonizing death, replaced by

sappy bubblegum music and the dreaded spectre of Disco. You kept working, though; you still had your voice. Onward into the eighties and beyond; whole genres of music came and went, and yet you remained on the air. Video threatened to shoot you down, but you maintained a tenacious hold on your audience. You moved to a classics radio station, one that still played the music from your era. Lots of your fellow DeeJays were shuffled off the air and replaced with computers that were little more than automated jukeboxes. Later, they would reclassify your music as oldies, another kick to the dead horse.

Now you and your fellow DeeJays are an almost-extinct breed. They replaced DeeJays with automation, watered down the power of AM and FM radio with the advent of Satellite and Net-broadcast radio, and made DeeJays obsolete by giving the listeners the ability to hear whatever they want the moment they want to hear it. You retired, of course, but you’re not dead yet. As long as you have a voice, you’ll find a way.

SELLING OUT

Back in the sixties, DeeJays would sell out all the time. For dental care, for sex, and for piles and piles of cash. In exchange, they’d promote a certain company’s products without the Station’s approval. This was called “Payola.” Selling out to the Corps was like taking Payola; you got stuff that you really liked, but you essentially became their voice-puppet and you always felt a little dirty afterward.

ASSOCIATIONS

You have a sort of love/hate relationship with Woodstockers. You love their music, but you hated having to be the one to tell them they just weren’t relevant any more. You get along well with Hippies and EZ Riders, and to some extent with True Believers. You understand Grifters, but that doesn’t mean you’ll let them pick your pockets. You also understand Retirees, and can’t really blame them for selling out.

GEEZERPUNK SKILL: SPIN DOCTOR

Although some believe that DeeJays had the easiest jobs in the world, there was more to what you did than playing music and being charming over the air. Most DeeJays from your era served

many different roles in their radio stations. From maintaining the transmitter and broadcast equipment to selling airtime to sponsors and the constant demands of promotions; you were constantly at work for your station.

Specializations:

And Now the News = +2 to Agenda Setting
Spinning = +2 to Station Operations
Popularity Barometer = +2 to Trend Recognition

Agenda Setting: This is the subtle ability of a person in the media to direct the listener's attention to certain events, occurrences, causes and the like. Basically, calling attention to these issues makes the listener think about them and discuss them with the people in their lives. While this is by no means a way of persuading the audience to share your views, it does give you the means to make them think about it. You can call attention to major scandals (Easy), rank corporate misdeeds (Medium), environmental threats or major health hazards (Difficult), behind-the-scenes political maneuvering (V. Difficult) or even special interest items that might normally be of interest only to the fringes of society (N. Impossible)

Station Operations: You know how to operate the equipment of the radio station, but you also know how to fix and maintain that equipment. You can handle day-to-day operations and preventative maintenance (Easy), make minor repairs to the mixing board, amplifiers and transmitter (Medium), do remote-operations with the station's promotions van (Difficult), cobble together a pirate radio station out of mail-order parts and stuff from Radio Shack (V. Difficult) and give the station's equipment a major overhaul (N. Impossible).

Trend Recognition: You're very saavy to the tastes of the masses. You can tell if performers have star potential (Easy), if new consumer products will be popular (Difficult), or if new genres of music will become "the next new thing" or an underground favorite (Medium). You can also advise performers on ways for them to increase their popularity (V. Difficult) and predict, to within six months, when a fad will die (N. Impossible).

IF YOU'RE A DEEJAY:

- 1) Tell me your name, age and sex.
- 2) Describe what you look like.
- 3) Besides your V-trodes, pick four different things from the list below that you own or are currently carrying:

- A collection of your favorite music
- A VMW Cohort
- Cell phone
- Your own Pirate radio station (1000 watts. See Media Front for details. About the size of a suitcase)
- Retirement benefits totaling \$250 a month after rent.

- 4) Where do you live? (Choose one)

- Medium apartment in the moderate zone
- Small loft in the good side of town

- 5) Did you sell out? If so, you also get the following:

- Upgrade your transportation to a Toyo-Chrysler Omega.
- Upgrade your housing to a large-sized suburban house
- Additional retirement benefits totaling \$500 a month
- Legitimate ownership of your own small FM radio station.

EZ RIDERS

"Shut up, Juve. I been riding since before the better part of you ran down yer mamma's leg."

"Out here in the wilderness, fighting Megacorps and BuReloc's on every side.."

For you, it was all about the odyssey. The open road was your home, your bike was your livelihood, your leathers were your badge of honor. You've been everywhere now, and you still haven't seen all there is to see. You've pissed on stop signs from Maine to Mexico, ridden from Florida to Alaska, cooked roadkill on a spit, gotten drunk on moonshine, smoked loco-weed, been hunted by the law and the lawless alike, and yet you lived to tell the tale. Before the collapse, you were outlaws, warriors who owned the road. After the collapse, you were just another of the faceless dispossessed who wandered the crumbling asphalt between the urban metropolises. Now, you're just a drifting oldtimer hoping to stretch out the miles beneath your wheels as you ride into the twilight. Maybe you're hoping for one last adventure before you crash head-on into death.

WHAT YOU LOOK LIKE

You wear leather, and a lot of it. Leather jackets, maybe with your old biker-gang colors flying proudly next to Old Glory. Leather chaps to keep the road-dust off of your jeans. Leather boots, too, for resting on the riding pegs. Yeah, your leathers have seen almost as many miles as you have, have saved you from nasty road-rash on more than a few occasions, and are now so broken in that they feel like a cozy cotton sweater. Maybe you have a helmet, too, but only to keep the bugs out of your hair and teeth. And then there are your tattoos. You wear them like badges of honor. Most of them were given to you by some guy with a needle, a fifth of whiskey and an ink pen, and then your fellow gangers gladly pounded them into your skin..

BACKGROUND

Biker gangs were born in the wake of World War II, formed by war veterans turned outlaws, they converted motorcycle-riding gentlemen's clubs into a culture of the vicious. The most notorious of these gangs, the Hell's Angels, came into

being in 1957, the creation of a teenage hellion named Sonny Barger. As they grew, their history of violence, brutality and drugs grew, as well. It was the Hell's Angels who popped the cherry of the 60's Hippie naivete by brutally stabbing an 18 year old black man to death at a Rolling Stones concert at the Altamonte Speedway in 1969. Biker gangs were major crime syndicates in their own right, committing murder, assault, kidnaping, drug trafficking, white slavery, and every other manner of violent crime. While mainstream America lived in fear of them, the bikers themselves were firmly convinced that they were the last truly free people in America.

Joining a biker gang was a straightforward and vicious affair. You had to endure beatings and you had to dish them out. You had to raise hell and commit random acts of brutality. And you had to be able to ride your bike. When you made it, you were initiated. This ritual in and of itself was particularly violent.. Maybe you were bathed in your own blood or doused in gasoline and lit on fire; the possibilities are endless... At the end, you wore their leathers and you became one of them.

Your gang didn't survive long into the new millennium. Age and other factors began taking their toll, and the new bike gangs, well, they made you and your buddies look like choir boys. You still rode, sometimes with the Nomads who lived on the highways and biways of America, and sometimes on your own. The road is your life.

SELLING OUT

If you sold out and joined the corps, you probably didn't end up with a position of great importance. Maybe you were a security guard or an outrider for corporate supply convoys. You certainly weren't as wise in investing your time or money as others might have been. You became a weekend warrior biker, going to poker runs and bike shows on the weekend and trying hard to avoid being ridiculed for selling out.

ASSOCIATIONS

You used to be semi-friendly with Hippies, back when they were still fun to party with. You never had much use for Retirees, Grifters or Crackpots. You respect the Tribal Elders and Venerable Masters, since they know what it's like to follow

a path. Yours was a road, theirs were their tribe or martial art. You like DeeJays and Woodstockers, especially if you can convince them to play songs you like. You try to look out for the Damn Vets because you respect them. You hate Old Badges and are wary of Gray Brigadiers.

GEEZERPUNK SKILL: ELECTRA GLIDE

You may not be able to stunt like the kiddies, but it's never been about stunts for you. You live the odyssey. Your bike isn't just some piece of disposable plastic crap that you ride to death and leave in the gutter, it's a handcrafted masterpiece like a Swiss watch, and it's the very centerpiece of your livelihood and it takes you to places that a punk juve would never dream of.

Specializations:

Live to ride = +2 to Chopper

Brawler = +2 to Rumble

Wanderer = +2 to Open Road

Chopper: This is your ability to ride and maintain your motorcycle. You can pop wheelies (Medium) and spin your wheels to leave smoking circles of burnt rubber on the road (Difficult) but you prefer not to abuse your machine. You can fix flat tires (Easy), convert your bike from Avgas to CHOOH2 by switching out the fuel injection system (Difficult), overhaul the engine (V. Difficult) and even rebuild it if you have access to a good garage and parts (N. Impossible).

Rumble: You may not be as spry as you used to be, but you still know how to fight down and dirty, like they did in the old days. Back then, it was up close and personal. You used your fists, or maybe a knife or chain to work over your enemies.

Open Road: You know your way around the highways and byways. You know how to scrounge up some food (Medium), cook up a tasty meal of fresh roadkill (Easy), navigate a cross-country ride to some place you've never been (N. Impossible), find the local biker hangouts in a new city (Difficult), and spot a speedtrap a mile away (V. Difficult)

IF YOU'RE AN EZ RIDER.

1) Tell me your name, age and sex.

2) Describe what you look like.

3) Besides your V-trodes, pick three different things from the list below that you own or are currently carrying:

- Sleeping Bag
- Leathers (SP 5)
- Kendachi Monoknife (2d6)
- A Medium Autopistol
- Toolkit

4) Where do you live? (Choose one)

- Scuzzy single-wide trailer in a trailer park
- Tenement apartment

5) Choose the motorcycle you own:

- Harley Davidson Thundergod (Top speed: 140 mph, SDP: 35, SP: 0, Manuverability: 0)
- Harley Davidson Darkwing (Top speed: 100 mph, SDP: 35, SP: 0 Manuverability: +3 offroad)
- Delta Motors Bermuda (Top speed: 155 mph, SDP: 40, SP: 0, Manuverability: +2 all rolls)

6) Did you sell out? If so, you also get the following:

- Upgrade your housing to a New American Motors Drifter RV, situated in an over-50 RV park.
- Retirement benefits totaling \$250 a month
- Medium Armor Clothing (16 SP)

GRAY BRIGADIER

"Life begins after 60. But yours might end in a minute."

"We may not get Medicare or Social Security, but I'll be damned if we'll be denied our respect."

The old ways don't work anymore. The elderly are neglected and preyed upon from every quarter. Corporate retirement benefits are a joke, lack of adequate medical care is rampant, and you're more likely to be the victim of a violent crime than to get a visit from your children or grandchildren. Unless they want a loan or something. And God help you if you're an elderly person in the care of a state nursing home.

WHAT YOU LOOK LIKE

You don't have a lot of money, so you dress in stuff they pull off the rack at MallMart. The only thing that separates you from everyone else is the gray beret you wear. You wear it when you're in public to let people know who you are. When you're on patrol, you also carry a police baton or taser to let people know you mean business.

BACKGROUND

For you, life really did begin at 60. You became less and less useful to the corp you worked for, and they began putting you in a phased retirement plan. At first, it was pretty sweet. An extra hour off every day, you got home before Rush Hour really began and still made enough money to get by. You had your 401k and your corporate stock portfolio. You were set.

And then it happened. Maybe you lost your spouse, or the corp's CEO ran off to Brazil after raiding the corporate retirement fund. Whatever the case, you weren't prepared to have to get by on the pittance you were now earning.

That's when you joined the Grey Brigade.

What is the Grey Brigade? It's a loose coalition of people over 62, formed from the smoking remains of AARP, the Grey Panthers and other associations that lobbied for the well-being of the Elderly. But there was a different edge to the Grey Brigade. They have incorporated many ideas from the Guardian Angels organization,

including patrolling their own communities. While rich folk like the Retirees live in exclusive gated communities with Corporate Security, you and your ilk just can't afford the same luxuries. But that doesn't mean you're going to be easy victims.

It's not uncommon to see Gray Brigade members patrolling around their Over-50 apartment complexes in golf carts or city cars with police lights mounted on top. It's also not uncommon for them to stage raids on state nursing homes, freeing their brethren who have been committed against their wills so that their children can raid their assets (State nursing homes are much like BuReloc camps for the elderly, where they are braindanced, drugged, neglected and malnourished into submission. The average lifespan of an elderly person in a state nursing home is less than a year, and is easily paid for with the remainder of their retirement benefits).

SELLING OUT

Well, it's a bit late to sell out, but maybe you found yourself a job as a Greeter at MallMart or some other demeaning position to supplement your income.

ASSOCIATIONS

The Grey Brigade has contacts with almost any elderly person who might need their help. They don't discriminate (not even against Retirees or Grifters) and are considered to be the advocates of the elderly, both on the street and in the halls of power. As such, they also tend to have very few enemies. Only the lawless (EZ Riders and Grifters) tend to give them any trouble.

GEEZERPUNK SKILL: HARDLINER

You are the watchdogs of the elderly, the guardians of the golden years. You take a proactive approach to security, to issues involving senior citizens and the to the preservation of the quality of life of the people who are under your care.

Specializations

Watchdog = +2 to Patrolling
Network = +2 to Party Line
Trustee = +2 to Public Trust

Patrolling: You know all about your neighborhood, and you know how to protect it. This skill relates to your ability to use your nightstick or taser in combat, as well as how aware you are of your surroundings while you're on patrol of an area you're very familiar with.

- Upgrade housing to a double-wide trailer in an over-50 apartment complex
- Additional retirement benefits totaling \$150 a month

Party Line: As a member of a nationwide organization of people who used to work for the Corps, you have access to one of the best intelligence networks out there. If you ever need information, you can always put out a call for it on the network, and you can expect to receive loads of information that is pertinent, if a little out of date. You can find out the dirt on who slept with whom (Easy), Corporate policies (Medium), Dirty little secrets that haunt a company (Difficult), Evidence of wrongdoings on the part of a corporation or its executives (V. Difficult), and even information that can disgrace and get an executive fired (N. Impossible).

Public Trust: The public trusts and respects you. This reflects your ability to call on the public for help. With preparation, you can call on 25 volunteers per each point you have in this specialization for a patrolling posse or other activity.

IF YOU'RE A GRAY BRIGADIER:

- 1) Tell me your name, age and sex.
- 2) Describe what you look like.
- 3) Besides your V-trodes, pick five different things from the list below that you own or are currently carrying:

- CityCar (Top Speed: 50mph SDP: 10)
- Silver Fox Golf Cart (An armored golf cart, considered street legal in retirement communities -- Top Speed: 35 mph SDP: 20)
- Police Baton (DC 5)
- Zapman Taser (Stun)
- Armored jacket (AR 5)
- Retirement benefits totaling \$150 a month after rent
- Spike-strip (tears up the tires of a car that drives over them)

- 4) Where do you live? (Choose one)

- Moderate-zone Over-50 apartment complex
- Single-wide trailer in an over-50 trailer park

- 5) Did you sell out? If so, you also get the following:

GRIFTERS

“Trust me.”

“There’s nothing like the feeling of scamming someone with ten dollars in their wallet out of a five dollar bill.”

Sly, cunning and perhaps too smart for your own good... That’s you. When you were growing up, you always had a scam running. A fool and their allowance were all-too-easily parted thanks to your wily manipulations and easy manner. You could easily take advantage of the trusting, and it was even easier to screw over the greedy. All you had to do was put up a few dollars of your own money, talk someone else into doing the same, and then leave them holding a sack full of shredded newspaper.

BACKGROUND

Just because you were hot stuff in the dinky little hometown you came from doesn’t mean that you could continue scamming all of your life. Eventually, you got sent to jail, and that’s where your true education began. You hooked up with the con men in prison and began to learn the true tricks of your trade, tricks that have existed in one form or another since the middle ages.

When you and your mentors got out of prison, you learned to shill for them and become their able accomplice. You ran scams on the telephone, door to door and every place in between. Eventually, you graduated to running things on your own and pursuing your own schemes. Maybe it’s a great thrill to you to scam others out of their hard-earned cash. Maybe it’s just something you do because you’d rather not have to actually work for a living. But it isn’t an easy life. You have to put in a lot of work to pull off a really good scam, and then you have to skip town before anyone suspects that things aren’t what they seem.

And that’s how you spent most of your life. You moved up from three card monte and the pigeon drop in the 70’s, to telephone and pyramid schemes in the 80’s and e-mail and net scams in the 90’s. After the turn of the century, you swindled stock-market investors and the dispossessed alike, and in the teens you conned those who would move up to the orbitals. You’ve always had an eye for where the money

was and which fools could most easily be separated from it.

SELLING OUT

Well, maybe you got tired of always being on the road, running away from the law. So you settled in and became a salesperson. It wasn’t that much different from being a Grifter, really. You made some pretty large profits, and all of them were legal.

ASSOCIATIONS

You’ve been on the road a lot because of your vocation. Most people don’t like you because of your vocation and because of the fact that you look at almost everyone as a potential mark. You know lots EZ Riders, Hackers, Hippies and Woodstockers, but you couldn’t honestly call any of them your friends. Retirees are your prime victims. Old Badges and Gray Crackpots are a bit too obtuse to con. You’ve encountered Tribal Elders here and there, but never really got to know them.

GEEZERPUNK SKILL: CONFIDENCE

You are a master at gaining people’s confidence. You know how to approach them, gauge their reactions, feed them your line with the appropriate body language and facial expressions and get them to buy into your con hook, line and sinker.

Specializations

Worm = +2 to Sleazing

Shell Gamer = +2 to Bait and Switch

Swindler = +2 to Con Game

Sleazing: This is your ability to fool people into having confidence in you. You roll this versus their EMP + Human Perception or Get A Clue to see if they’ll believe you and be fooled into shelling out their money to you.

Bait and Switch: This is a combination of pickpocketing and sleight of hand that allows you to switch cards, bags of money or other props. It functions versus their INT + Awareness/Notice or Get a Clue.

Con Game: This is the ability to set up a con job. It’s the art of making the con convincing,

believable and yet keeping it from looking too good to be true. It can be something as simple as a street-swindle to get someone to give you twenty dollars (Easy), a pool-hustling scheme to take unwitting players for hundreds (Medium) a fake charity to get people to donate thousands (Difficult), or a stockholder swindle to bilk investors out of thousands (V. Difficult).

IF YOU'RE A GRIFTER:

- 1) Tell me your name, age and sex.
- 2) Describe what you look like.
- 3) Besides your V-trodes, pick four different things from the list below that you own or are currently carrying:

- Props for your con jobs, including business cards, 3 sets of fake ID's and some legal-looking documents.
- A New American Motors Nautilus mini-road home.
- cell phone
- Zapman Taser Pistol
- Credit chip with \$1500 balance

- 4) Where do you live? (Choose one)

- In your motor home
- Scuzzy motel room (paid by the week)

- 5) Did you sell out? If so, you also get the following:

- Upgrade your housing to a medium-sized suburban apartment
- Retirement benefits totaling \$500 a month
- Corporate stock portfolio worth \$10,000 (half value if liquidated)

HACKERS

"Occasionally I'll meet some kid in a Chinese restaurant who is ordering sweet and sour bitter melon on April first, and it's then that I start to really wax nostalgic."

"It was never about stealing or personal gain. For me, it was all about exploring the system."

You were the ones who started it all; the ones who brought it all home. You were the hobbyists who tinkered with computers, with the phone system, with amateur radio and all things electronic. You experimented, programmed, studied systems and eventually learned to make them jump through hoops for you. And eventually, you were the ones who took the computers out of the temples and away from their self-appointed high priests and helped to put them into nearly every home in America.

WHAT YOU LOOK LIKE

Scruffy. Let's face it, most Hackers place little importance on personal appearance and hygiene. There's always something more important to do than spending your time making sure you're wearing matching socks and clean underwear.

BACKGROUND

The first Hackers were actually a bunch of model railroad hobbyists at MIT who took an interest in the large mainframe computer in the computer lab. By dint of application, these Hackers learned to operate these mainframes and make them do things that their creators and staff programmers never imagined; they used them to create music, art, games and the basis for Artificial Intelligence. These ragged pioneers created an ethic of hands-on experimentation, free exchange of ideas and the belief that technology could improve people's lives; and they called this the Hacker Ethic.

Those railroad hobbyists were your forebearers, and they set the wheels in motion for your ascent. As electronics got smaller, faster and smarter, you took up the yoke and pushed them to the edge of their envelopes, creating new computer languages, exploring new frequencies and surfing through architectures.

The Seventies and Eighties saw the death of the huge vacuum-tube dinosaurs and the rise of transistorized home electronics and microchips. It was your heyday; the birth of home computing, wild innovation, unrestrained optimism and dreams made manifest by machines of loving grace.

Unfortunately, the world of free exchange of information was not to be. Most computer companies began going bankrupt, and only the monolithic IBM and its largest competitor, Apple, were left standing. The rest quickly toed the line that IBM drew, falling into its shadow like obedient sheep. And then America fell apart.

The Hacker Ethic fell by the wayside, forgotten in the scrabble as huge wars were waged between corporations. Wars that were fought with computers that were wired into the brains of their operators. Hot electric death was written into code and stabbed brutally into the brains of those who inherited the computer revolution from your generation.

It's not what you intended, but it's what you're stuck with.

SELLING OUT

If you sold out, you gave yourself over to the graces of one of the monoliths of the computing industry. You became one of their pet programmers or systems analysts. At the beginning, this would have been extremely profitable, but as the company learned more and more about screwing over its programmers, your profits began diminishing. By the time America fell, you were probably confined to a cubicle and mostly forgotten.

ASSOCIATIONS

Your best friends are Crackpots, if only because they're the only ones that you really understand and who really understand you. Hippies dig your Hacker Ethic, but they're nowhere near as technically oriented as you are. You have probably rubbed elbows with lots of Retirees, and you might have helped a DeeJay assemble a pirate radio station, but mostly, you keep to yourself.

GEEZERPUNK SKILL: HACKING

You are one of the original hackers who broke new ground and opened up possibilities to everyone else. Technology is your preoccupation and your avocation, and even though you might be a little outdated, you still know the basics.

Specializations

Cap'n Crunch = +2 to Phreaking

Hobbyist = +2 to Kluge

Woz = +2 to Programming

Phreaking: You're a master of learning the ins and outs of how a technological system functions, and can easily figure out ways to utilize, alter or crash the system. You know how to get free cell-phone service and long distance phone calls (Easy), free electricity and cable TV (Medium), Figure out the architecture and layout of the Net and Virtuality in your local area (Difficult), disrupt any of the above services to a building or a city block (V. Difficult) and even figure out how to cut off an entire city from the above services (N. Impossible).

Kluge: This is your skill at building electronics. Although somewhat out of date and far from being in a Techie or Netrunner's league, you can use this skill for building or repairing Electronics.

Programming: You may not be in the same league as some hotshot Netrunner or Wizard, and you certainly don't have the chops (or chips, for that matter) to go Netrunning yourself, but you do know how to punch code. Back in your day, you had to do it all with a slide rule, or so you tell the young punks.

IF YOU'RE A HACKER:

- 1) Tell me your name, age and sex.
- 2) Describe what you look like.
- 3) Besides your V-trodes, pick five different things from the list below that you own or are currently carrying:

- City Car (small car)
- Netlink Wrangler Codegun
- Smart Decryptor
- Raven Microcyb Data Tap
- Telectronics Techscanner
- Snoopboxx Personal Intrusion Sensor
- Silicon Graphics Iris Cyberdeck
- Retirement benefits totaling \$200 a month after rent

- 4) Where do you live? (Choose one)

- small house in the nicer part of town.
- medium apartment in the nicer part of town.

- 5) Did you sell out? If so, you also get the following:

- You automatically get all of the possessions listed under section 3.
- Upgrade your housing to a medium house or large apartment.
- Additional retirement benefits totaling \$500 a month.
- Corporate stock portfolio worth \$15,000 (half value if liquidated).

HIPPIES

"Free Speech is the right to shout 'Theatre' in a crowded fire."

"Old hippies don't die, they just lie low until the laughter stops and their time comes round again."

They called you Flower Children, because you refused to pick up weapons to make a stand. Instead, you picked up a flower, planted it in the barrel of the rifles carried by the National Guardsmen who came out to bust up your protests. You struggled for freedom and peace, and found yourselves rebuffed for your idealism. When the Draft Board came looking for, you dodged it and hid, seeking sanctuary across the northern border and living in a commune where everything was shared, including love. You returned when the heat died down, but the country had already forgotten you and moved on. And the dream of freedom and peace had been forgotten, as well. But you've never forgotten it; you've held onto the dream that people can live in peace.

WHAT YOU LOOK LIKE

You dress in the height of hippie chic. You wear tie-dyes, denim jeans, homespun hemp clothes, beads, long hair, Lennon sunglasses and occasionally, nothing at all. If you're a lady, you burned your bra ages ago and haven't found a replacement since. You also refuse to shave your legs and armpits unless it's a special occasion.

BACKGROUND

It didn't take much to be a Hippie, all you really had to do was show up and believe. At first, they were mildly suspicious of you, maybe for the first fifteen minutes before you dropped windowpane with them. But once they found out you were a groovy cat, you were one of them. And you found acceptance among the other hippies, no matter what color, gender or religion you were. Free love? Yeah, you found that, too, much to your delight. Drugs? There was a never-ending supply of them floating around for a time. What you didn't find, however, was the love of property, material things and status symbols that your parents were so fond of.

You found yourself immersed in a peaceful revolution against the corruption that had rooted itself deep in the heart of society. And you did lay the groundwork for some changes to begin filtering their way into the American psyche, but never as quickly as you could have hoped for.

Keeping your ideals has been a grueling affair. Maybe you were part of a commune for a while, growing your own food, making your own clothes, raising the children communally and selling weed to make ends meet. But commune life is hard, egos flare up, possessiveness and jealousy take their toll. Most communes created in the sixties and seventies were gone within five years of being created. When the United States finally fell apart, communes once again sprung up as millions of homeless Americans flooded the heartland in search of shelter, but now they faced new challenges, like Megacorp buyouts and evictions, and the occasional raids by hungry Nomads.

SELLING OUT

Ok, so maybe you lost your ideals somewhere along the way. You went to work, and set about creating a future for yourself and your families. You became a young urban professional, otherwise known as a Yuppie. You worked 50 - 60 hours a week to set up your investment portfolio, your retirement fund and your future economic security. There wasn't much shame in it, everyone else was doing it, too.

ASSOCIATIONS

Depending on whether you sold out or not, you probably know many Retirees. You're friends with True Believers, Woodstockers and DeeJays, and you admire the Venerable Masters and Tribal Elders for their wisdom. You don't care much for Grifters, but who does? And while you understand the EZ Riders, you're not so sure you'd like to have them visit you on a regular basis. You try to avoid Damn Vets, they really don't like you.

GEEZERPUNK SKILL: COMMUNE

You've learned a lot from living in a commune. You learned how to live at a slower, more primitive pace, you learned to make the most of the wealth of the land, and you learned to expand your consciousness and mind.

Specializations

Home and Hearth: +2 to Crafting

Herbalist: +2 to Herbalism

New Ager: +2 to Grok

Crafting: Living in the commune is almost like living with the Amish. It's a slower pace of life, that's not without benefit, but it requires dedication and toil. Crafting is basically a handyman type of skill. You learn how to make small repairs to your home (Easy), build elementary wooden furniture and tools (Difficult), build cabins and houses out of logs and adobe (V. Difficult), make nails and other simple metal smithing tasks (Medium), weave homespun cloth for garments (Difficult) and even build complicated tools like looms, spinning wheels and a smithy forge (N. Impossible).

Herbalist: You are an accomplished gardener, homeopath and farmer. You can start up, tend and harvest a field of crops (Easy), cross-pollinate plants to produce durable hybrids (Medium), produce medicinal teas and herbal poultices to keep your fellow commune members healthy as well as brewing up the occasional batch of eyedropper, windowpane and blotter (Difficult), produce medicines to kill pain, sedate a patient, fend off infection and accelerate the healing process (*2) (V. Difficult), or devise a course of treatment to restore health back to a patient who is normally considered terminally ill.

Grok: The term "Grok" means to suddenly achieve a deep and profound understanding of something. Through years of using psychedelic drugs, transcendental meditation and other mind expansion techniques, you've found yourself able to tune in to others as they work and achieve quantum leaps in understanding. The upshot of this is that, after observing them work and talking with them for a while, you can lend them the benefit of a sudden fit of brilliance, adding your Grok score to any roll they have to make with INT, EMP or COOL. If this is done in a casual setting where the timetable is relaxed, it's Easy. Under time constraint (Medium) or in a stressful situation (Difficult) makes it harder. It's even harder if the person you're trying to help isn't receptive to your advice (Easy, Medium or Difficult + their COOL stat [applied to ignoring you]).

IF YOU'RE A HIPPIE:

- 1) Tell me your name, age and sex.
- 2) Describe what you look like.
- 3) Besides your V-trodes, pick four different things from the list below that you own or are currently carrying:

- Enough pot and other drugs to get you a felony possession charge (\$1000 worth)
- Herbalist kit loaded down with dried herbs and medicines
- beaten-up, 20 year old Mini-Bus (runs on CHOOH2)
- Environmental Analyzer
- Drug analyzer

- 4) Where do you live? (Choose one)

- Old warehouse turned communal loft, shared with lots and lots of others.
- Large 3-bedroom apartment shared with two small families

- 5) Did you sell out? If so, you also get the following:

- Upgrade your old mini-bus to a New American Motors Drifter RV.
- Upgrade your housing to a medium-sized suburban townhouse
- Retirement benefits totaling \$750 a month
- Corporate stock portfolio worth \$20,000 (half value if liquidated)

HOBOS

"Cop yourself a piece of sidewalk."

"You gonna eat that?"

You've been homeless for as long as you can remember. You've been drifting from place to place for so long that you can't remember any other kind of life. It's not like you actually wanted to be homeless, you just ended up that way. You're happiest when people ignore you; it's far nicer than when they stare down their noses at you, and much more desirable than when some youths who are out for some kicks come along and find you in an alley on "their turf."

WHAT YOU LOOK LIKE

You don't exactly look like a bum, but you definitely dress like you're on the lower end of the earning curve. Your face is so deeply tanned that it has taken on a leathery appearance, and it has more creases in it than a pair of cryo-max slacks. Your clothes are shabby and threadbare. Your hair is perpetually dirty, stringy, and somewhat mangy-looking.

BACKGROUND

It's not a particularly interesting story of how you became homeless. You've been that way for quite some time now. Maybe you lost it all in the seventies, and were never really noticed by the "me" generation. Maybe you went broke in the eighties, when everyone was so busily working on their own upward momentum. Maybe you lost in the nineties, either to an S&L, or the crash that sounded mainstream America's end. Or maybe you lost it in the beginning of the new millennium when the corporate wars raged. Whatever the case, you found yourself on the street.

You don't know how you've managed to survive this long. By all rights, you should have been dead of alcohol poisoning, dehydration, malnutrition, plague or some other natural or not-so-natural cause. But you're still alive and kicking. You're still fast enough to catch a ride on the trains that still criss-cross the nation's heartlands, and you're still strong enough to haul yourself up to the dumpster buffet.

Most people consider you a blight on society, and you're pretty sure that the thin streak of samaritanism that has allowed you to survive this long is rapidly drying up as the ISA asserts its control over the country. You get by as best you can, using your many years of experience to evade the death that stalks you in the guise of the few remaining violent gangs, the growing tide of religious fanatics, the iron fist of the government and the hard leather boots of the sadistic.

SELLING OUT

Who you gonna sell out to, cho?

ASSOCIATIONS

Yeah, a Hippie might give you a handout, a Damn Vet might have pity on you, or a Grifter might share the same space on a train outta town, but most folks think you're pond scum, and you're inclined to agree.

GEEZERPUNK SKILL: COCKROACH

You know how to survive in the urban jungle. You're almost immortal in that nobody can seem to get rid of you. Back in the eighties and nineties, it was all they could do to stick you on a greyhound bus and send you off to be a burden on another city.

Specializations

Wino = +2 to **Zymurgy**

Derelict = +2 to **Dumpster Diving**

Tramp = +2 to **Freeloading**

Zymurgy: You know how to get good and trashed. Whether it's with a bottle of bum wine or through straining radiator fluid through bread and flavoring it with Kool-Aid (Average roll to avoid poisoning yourself). Whenever you do this, you can ignore all stun/shock rolls, having become numb to pain. You can also use alcohol to avoid the worst effects of exposure to cold weather (Difficult).

Dumpster Diving: You're a master of rooting around in the garbage, and you know the best places to do it. You can find edible food (Easy), wearable clothes (Average), salvagable electronics (Difficult), small weapons (V. Difficult) and even blackmail material (N. Impossible).

Freeloading: Sure, you can dumpster dive for everything, but why bother when you know how to get things without paying for them? You can find nearly anything, be it a free ride from town to town on a cargo train or automated truck convoy (Easy), free perishable food from markets, slaughterhouses, restaurants and the like (Difficult), a free shower and laundry (Average), free clothes from the unclaimed boxes at the dry cleaners (Difficult), free lodging in shelters, abandoned buildings and the like (Average), free money from plasma donor centers and from pharmaceutical companies that use you to try out medications (V. Difficult) and even free medical care (N. Impossible).

IF YOU'RE A HOBO:

- 1) Tell me your name, age and sex.
- 2) Describe what you look like.
- 3) Besides your V-trodes, pick four different things from the list below that you own or are currently carrying:

- A ten speed bicycle
- Sleeping bag
- Shopping cart filled with recyclable goods
- Medium Autopistol
- Extendable claw (for picking through dumpsters)
- a bottle of your favorite bum wine (MD 20/20, Cisco, Night Train, Wild Irish Rose or Thunderbird).

- 4) Where do you live? (Choose one)

- Parking garage
- Abandoned building
- City park

OLD BADGE

"I've seen it all, I've heard it all, and I've done it all. Nothing you can do or say is going to impress me, son."

"Drop it, son, and let's talk this over."

While the other teenagers in your generation were sporting long hair, muttonchop sideburns and tie-dyes, you were crewcutting your hair and sweating it out on the obstacle course at the Police Academy. While they were lighting up bongos, you were a rookie cop chasing down perps. That was ages ago. Now you're a fossil, an old badge who managed to survive to retirement. You've been in a lot of tough spots and have a lot of old "War Stories" to tell, but not many people to tell them to. Today's cops have it much worse than you did, CorpSec cops are too arrogant and mindless to listen, and most of your peers are dead or have moved on.

WHAT YOU LOOK LIKE

You dress like any other retired person, if a bit more casually. But the way you carry yourself is what really sets you apart. You still stand up proud and tall, you still have that thousand mile stare that can freeze a perp in their tracks, and you're still neat and proper most of the time. What you never tell anyone is that, sometimes, you really miss the feel of a starch-stiff uniform, bulky kevlar vest and the weight of a belt loaded down with your gun, nightstick, handcuffs, and other tools of the trade.

BACKGROUND

You joined the Police Force as soon as you were old enough, and shouldered what would be a lifetime's worth of responsibility. When you joined, the Miranda Rights were still so new that most of the older cops tended to forget them unless they read them off of a card, but you were forced to memorize them in the Academy, and took to them pretty easily.

Being a cop has always been a dangerous field, but you always seemed to get by with your wits, a calm and easy manner, and a quiet demeanor that demanded respect. Back in the day, you could go for months, or even years, without having to draw your gun. Things really began to change when the drug trade heated up in the late

seventies. Organized crime took over the drug trade, and their agents and couriers were usually armed to the teeth. The eighties saw an even greater escalation of arms as street gangs brought assault weaponry to bear on one another.

You rose in the ranks, moving from a beat to a cruiser patrol and then into the detective ranks. The streets got meaner, and you got to see the worst of it. And then the whole country crashed, and lawlessness prevailed. Cops like you were often the thin blue line between society and its decline into utter chaos and anarchy.

In the end, it wasn't an assailant's bullet that took you off the streets, it was your age. You weren't able to compete with the rising tide of cyber-psychotics, gangs, drugs and heavy armaments out on the street. At least you were able to retire with a pension and not on permanent disability.

SELLING OUT

If you sold out, it was to organized crime. You became a cop on the take, turning a blind eye to the wrongdoings of certain powerful individuals and syndicates. It was profitable in the short run, but it also left you marked as a corrupt cop.

ASSOCIATIONS

You're one of the few people who really gets along well with Retirees. Perhaps because few others would have anything to do with you. Hippies disrespected you, EZ Riders thumbed their noses at you, Grifters loathe you, even if they did make the best snitches. You reserve your most virulent hatred for True Believers who got your most hard-won busts out of jail five minutes after you tossed them into their cells.

GEEZERPUNK SKILL: CONSTABLE

You were an officer of the law, and your decades of experience have taught you to do many things above and beyond the call of duty.

Specializations

Peace Officer = +2 to Shield

SWAT = +2 to Tactical

Trooper = +2 to Patrol

Shield: Somewhat different from the Authority ability of CorpSec and younger Cops, as well as

being different from the Guardians' "Good Guy" skill. You didn't have to get into people's faces and intimidate them, you were more subtle than that, like the Robert Duvall character from the movie "Colors." This is your ability to calmly resolve conflict and defuse violent situations, as well as the ability to persuade people to give you information and elicit confessions out of people through conversation.

Tactical: You may not have had to throw down or shoot people all that often, but that doesn't mean that you were unable to do so. This specialization addresses your ability to subdue a perp hand-to-hand and with a police baton, as well as your ability to use a pistol.

Patrol: You know how to drive a cruiser or patrol motorcycle (choose one). You also know the streets where you used to patrol. You know where the gangs define their territory (Easy), where drug deals are made (Medium), which places to avoid (Difficult), where illegal arms are dealt (V. Difficult), and where the worst perps and scumbags live and hang out (N. Impossible).

IF YOU'RE AN OLD BADGE:

- 1) Tell me your name, age and sex.
- 2) Describe what you look like.
- 3) Besides your V-trodes, pick four different things from the list below that you own or are currently carrying:

- Harley Davidson Blue Knight (10 year old decommissioned police motorcycle - Top Speed: 140 mph, SDP: 36, Tires SDP: 15, AR: 6, Manuverability: 0)
- BMW 500 (15 year old decomissioned Police Cruiser - Top speed: 120 mph, SDP: 50, Tires SDP: 15, AR: 6, Manuverability: +1)
- Medium armor clothing (AR: 5)
- Your old service pistol from the 70's. Choose one:
 - Smith & Wesson Combat Magnum (P +1 J C DC5(.357 Magnum) 6 2 VR)
 - Ruger Security-Six (P +2 J C DC5(.357 Magnum) 6 2 VR)
 - Colt .38 Detective (P 1 J C DC4(.38 special) 6 1 VR)
 - Colt M1911A (P 1 J C DC5(.45 ACP) 7 1 ST)
- Boostergogg Smartgoggles
- Retirement benefits totalling \$500 a month after rent

- 4) Where do you live? (Choose one)

- Small house in the nice part of town
- Medium house in the moderate zone

5) Did you sell out? If so, you also get the following:

- Upgrade your housing to a medium house in the nice part of town
- Additional retirement benefits totaling \$500 a month.

RETIREES

“Did I sell out? Maybe. But that’s why I’m living in an estate and you’re a greeter at MallMart.”

“I worked hard for everything I have. I regret nothing.”

You were always the responsible one. When you were a kid, you mowed lawns; stuffing every hard-earned nickle and dime away in your piggy bank to save for a rainy day. When you were old enough, you bought yourself a suit and went to work. While your peers were out smoking dope and making love, you were toiling away in the mail room of the local big business. While they were burning their draft cards, you were signing the enlistment papers at your local recruiter’s office. You went to Vietnam and you fought in a war that your country hated, only to be spat upon when you finally returned home. You never forgot that. You started over, working harder than before, as if driven to do so by some terrible personal demon. You rose through the ranks, distinguishing yourself through your dedication and immaculate work ethic. Through upheavals, disasters and changing times, you remained steady and reliable, and when the time came for you to retire, you did so knowing that your work in this world was complete.

WHAT YOU LOOK LIKE

You always dress professionally, whether in a suit and tie for formal occasions, or a polo shirt and sweater for casual affairs and golfing, your look and the way you carry yourself exudes a quiet air of self-assurance. Likewise, you will always be meticulously groomed, even down to your meticulously-clean fingernails.

BACKGROUND

You and your fellow “sell outs” were a rare breed. You were the ones who got things done, leaving the idealistic dreaming to the others of your era. You recognized each other through your work ethic and your willingness to go that extra mile. You didn’t buy into the delusion of free love; you got married and started a family. When the eighties came, you pushed yourselves even harder, snorting cocaine to give you the edge as you expanded your influence into the stock market.

You began to congregate at country clubs and golf courses, networking with others and making connections. You bought cheap, sold dear and built up your net worth. When everything came crashing down in the nineties, you gritted your teeth, and pulled yourself up by your bootstraps like those of a century and a half before.

Now that you’ve all retired, you’ve begun to socialize more openly with your fellow Retirees. And now that you get special Senior discounts at the golf courses, as well as at restaurants, pubs, resorts and casinos, life is really good. Sure, you miss it sometimes; having the drive, the sense of purpose and the security of being in the corp, but you’re allowed to enjoy life and live for yourself for once.

SELLING OUT

You already sold out. Who else are you going to sell out to?

ASSOCIATIONS

Ordinarily, you don’t deal with most people unless they’ve sold out. You especially enjoy lording your condescension over Hippies who have sold out, if only to prove to yourself that you were right all along. You may have done business with DeeJays, Crackpots or the occasional True Believer, but mostly, these folks stay outside your social circles, and you stay outside of theirs.

GEEZERPUNK SKILL: GOLDEN YEARS

You’re retired, but that doesn’t mean that you’ve forgotten everything you learned. You know enough about the way the stock market and the Megacorps run to maintain your comfortable existence for as long as the medtechs can keep your body running.

Specializations

Marketeer = +2 to Trading
Paper pusher = +2 to Bureaucracy
Insider = +2 to Influence

Trading: This is the ability to gamble your money on the volatile stock market and make a profit. You can make a 25% profit without even trying (Medium), 50% with a little more effort (Difficult) and can even double (V. Difficult) or

triple your investment (N. Impossible) if you put your mind to it. You can also “test the waters” by researching current market trends (Easy) for volatility.

Bureaucracy: You know the way the Corps work. You can make a flowchart of a corporation’s operations (Easy) and track down their dummy corporations (Medium). Using this knowledge and your keen insight into interdepartmental policies and politics, you can create snags with just a few phone calls (Difficult), halt projects with red-tape (V. Difficult) and completely disrupt daily operations with a few turns of the screws (N. Impossible).

Influence: You may not be on the board of directors for a Megacorp, but you can certainly network with other stockholders. With this ability, you can become privy to rumors concerning the Corp’s operation (Easy), start detrimental rumors of your own (Medium), move to create new policies (Difficult), put the kibosh on some company policies (V. Difficult) and even get the Board to hand the Corp’s president his walking papers (if he doesn’t own more than 50.1% of the stocks) (N. Impossible).

IF YOU’RE A RETIREE:

- 1) Tell me your name, age and sex.
- 2) Describe what you look like.
- 3) Besides your V-trodes, pick six different things from the list below that you own or are currently carrying:

- LongDrive SpinnerCart (A fly-by-wire aerial golf cart. Two fans. Holds two passengers and their golf clubs. [Top Speed 170 mph, SDP: 25, SP: 10, Maneuverability: +1] \$15,000 value)
- An exquisite gold retirement watch
- Custom golf clubs
- Apple V-term
- Retirement benefits totaling \$1500 a month
- Corporate stock portfolio worth \$50,000 (half value if liquidated)
- Membership in a posh country club, which includes access to a real golf course

- 4) Where do you live? (Choose one)

- A large, posh house in an exclusive corporate retirement villa.
- A penthouse apartment with a private heliport.

SAWBONES

"I'm here to treat patients with real emergencies, lady. Giving you a facial sculpt isn't an emergency no matter how many wrinkles you find."

"I was sick the day the Wasting Plague broke out at the hospital. Imagine that, being saved by the flu."

First and foremost, you're a doctor. You refuse to call yourself a Med Tech. You had to sweat out the Liberal Arts, Philosophy and Literature classes that Med Techs were allowed to skip when they went through their hotshot medical schools. Back in your day, people weren't willing to trust their well-being into the hands of a doctor who wasn't well-educated. You were expected to adhere to impossibly high standards because you literally hold people's lives in your hands.

WHAT YOU LOOK LIKE

On the job, you dress professionally. If you're not wearing a nice shirt, tie and slacks under your lab coat, then you're wearing scrubs. Off duty is a different story, of course, but after a few years of hard wear, those scrubs sure do get comfortable. And you wouldn't believe the respect that you get when wearing your lab coat. It's like a badge of honor that everyone recognizes.

BACKGROUND

You didn't have time for the free speech movement or the radical politics of the sixties, you were already beginning your studies at college. They kept you overloaded with homework, reading assignments and tests. After all, they wanted to make or break you. And you didn't break, no matter how much work they piled up on top of you, or how many 72 hour shifts you had to pull during your internship. You earned the right to be called Doctor.

The decades that followed would bring with them many trials and tribulations. Stuff you never see in the vids, like the fact that you were laboring under a massive student loan debt that you never really shook until your mid-thirties. You were expected to publish or perish. And, of

course, you ended up losing your share of patients in the OR.

When the United States cracked and fell apart, you were almost constantly at work, patching up the people injured in wars, riots and natural disasters. It was this type of work that took its greatest toll on you. On the plus side, however, the destruction of the government meant less regulation by government authorities, and you were able to adapt new techniques into your work. Cybernetics, cloning, orbital-manufactured medicines, nanotech... The medical field was expanding in ways that it never had before without the AMA or the FDA to hold it back. Unfortunately, the very innovations that made your life easier began to lend themselves to abuses that no one had ever expected.

The Cyber craze hit big, and suddenly, you were chopping off perfectly healthy limbs from your patients and replacing them with the hookups for cybernetics. New street drugs surfaced that made Crack and Heroin look like milk and cookies by comparison. And street violence kept the hospital flooded with patients. You were nearing the hospital's mandatory retirement age, but you weren't ready to call it quits just yet.

You opened up your own Clinic with a few other doctors and med techs. It was your way to serve the community and fulfill your Hippocratic Oath in your twilight years. You're mostly retired, but as long as you're still able to maintain your board certification, you plan to be there to help those in need.

SELLING OUT

If you decided to sell out, you could make a whole lot more money than you did. And there were so many ways to sell out. You could become a Corporation's pet doctor, or a Body Sculptor catering to the rich and vain, or even a Ripperdoc in the latter days of your practice. It all depends on how little your integrity and the Hippocratic Oath mattered to you.

ASSOCIATIONS

You are the neutral ground in the Geezerpunk community. You don't choose who to treat and who not to treat; you treat everyone who needs it. Other Geezerpunks will always have need of your services, and you wouldn't even consider not treating them. Socially, you have the most in

common with Retirees. They golf at the same courses you do.

GEEZERPUNK SKILL: DOCTOR

You are a highly trained, experienced professional in the field of conventional medicine. You have spend decades improving and perfecting your craft, and while you cannot save every life that crosses your operating room, you are often the best hope for the sick and injured in your community.

Specializations

General Practitioner = +2 to Allopathy

Pathology = +2 to Diagnose

Resident = +2 to Rotation

Allopathy: You are able to treat wounds and diseases. To treat a patient, you roll 1d10, add this score and your TECH stat against a difficulty of 15 plus the number of wounds the patient has received.

Diagnose: You're able to diagnose diseases, wounds and other conditions by running diagnostic tests on the patient. You can diagnose diseases and conditions with readily apparent symptoms (Easy), those with some ambiguous symptoms (Medium), those that manifest subtle or extremely mild symptoms (Difficult), conditions that only reveal themselves through anomalies in blood tests (V. Difficult) and those that are so subtle that they're even ambiguous to blood tests (N. Impossible).

Rotation: You're well-versed in every aspect of the medical field. From the bureaucracy of the front office to requesting payment from insurance plans and the like. You are also able to teach others what you've learned (helpful for training MedTechs and MASHers). You know how to "turf out" a patient to keep the hospital administration from discharging them (Medium), requisition supplies (Easy), Get the hospital to approve experimental (Difficult) or expensive (V. Difficult) procedures on patients who haven't got the money to pay for it, and can even figure out a way to get their procedures done for free by cooking the books (N. Impossible).

IF YOU'RE A SAWBONES:

- 1) Tell me your name, age and sex.
- 2) Describe what you look like.

3) Besides your V-trodes, pick four different things from the list below that you own or are currently carrying:

- Mitsuzuki Bushi (sports car)
- Surgical kit
- Drug analyzer
- Medscanner (+2 to Diagnose)
- EBM V-term with extensive medical library and cute virtual nurse
- Part ownership of a Medical Clinic in the moderate zone
- Retirement benefits totaling \$2000 a month after rent

4) Where do you live? (Choose one)

- Medium house in the nice part of town.
- Loft apartment in the nice part of town.

5) Did you sell out? If so, you also get the following:

- Upgrade housing to a large house in nice part of town
- Upgrade to full ownership of a Medical Clinic in the moderate zone.
- Additional retirement benefits totaling \$2000 a month.

TRIBAL ELDERS

“The Carbon Plague? I am convinced that Coyote created it and sent it to the world on Raven’s wings.”

“Now, more than ever, the Government cannot be trusted.”

You were born on one of the many Indian Reservations that dot the landscape of America. You lived in abject poverty and were constantly being screwed over by the Bureau of Indian Affairs, the FBI and other government agencies. When you were old enough, you joined the political landscape, hoping that the era of sweeping change might somehow apply to Native Americans, as well. You and your tribe worked to reclaim traditional values, fair non-Eurocentric public education on the reservations, sovereignty of the Indian nations, restoration of lands that were seized from the reservations, restoration of rights to Native citizens, religious freedom without persecution and other rights that seemed only basic. Unfortunately, the Government just didn’t see it that way.

BACKGROUND

There has been a secret and violent war being fought between the American Government and the various Native American nations ever since the Native Americans were conquered, subjugated and forced onto reservations. It is a war of clandestine murder, police brutality, overt political corruption, covert movement to poison and starve the Reservations, callous re-education and disenfranchisement of Native American youth. To fight against this, you joined AIM, the American Indian Movement, and you worked and protested for change. But the powers that be resisted change.

In 1969, a force of Native Americans from various tribes peacefully occupied Alcatraz Island to demand respect for their nations. It was an occupation that lasted for nearly 18 months and became the first of many such occupations. But in 1973, a similar peaceful occupation of Wounded Knee turned into a shootout with armed Government aggressors. The happenings at Wounded Knee would result in a three year reign of governmental terror against the natives that would see 64 unsolved murders, hundreds of beatings and cases of harassment, hundreds of false arrests that ended without conviction. Other

misdeeds occurred as well, like the shootout at Pine Ridge Reservation and hundreds of other undocumented outrages throughout the 80’s and 90’s.

When the United States collapsed, the Native Americans found themselves in an odd position. You and your tribe were able to reclaim a lot of your land, culture and sovereignty, but you found yourselves at war with greedy corporations and Nomad packs. Some Nomads joined the Indian Nations and others raided them. Native Americans returned to having to fight for their lands and their way of life.

And now the ISA is running things, and they make the BIA and FBI look like choir boys. They don’t recognize the treaties made by the USA, and it’s only a matter of time before they come onto tribal lands, looking to consolidate their holdings, strip-mine your resources and displace the Indian Nations once more.

SELLING OUT

There weren’t many opportunities to sell out on the Rez. Maybe you sold yourself to the casinos that brought gambling revenues to your tribe. Or, much worse, you threw your lot in with the profiteering miners who strip-mined the mountains, poisoned the rivers and farmlands and caused sickness and birth defects among your tribe.

ASSOCIATIONS

You know lots of EZ Riders, Hippies, Woodstockers and True Believers. As long as they respected you, you respected them. You know lots of Grifters, too, and as long as they don’t scam anyone on your land, you adopt a live and let live policy. You don’t get to see too many other folk, living as you do on tribal lands, but maybe you encounter them on your infrequent trips into the city.

GEEZERPUNK SKILL: MEDICINE WARRIOR

Not only have you been a stalwart warrior for your tribe, but you’ve also become wise in the ways of the world.

Specializations

Warrior = +2 to Weaponry

Rider = +2 to War Pony
Wise Old One = +2 to Sage Advice

Weaponry: The Tribal Elder can choose to be proficient in the use of two of the following four weapons: Longbow, Rifle, Coup Stick or Tomahawk.

War Pony: You can ride motorcycles and horses. You may not be able to show off like EZ Riders and GoGangers, nor repair your bike, but at least you can get it running.

Sage Advice: You are able to give others the benefit of the wisdom you have gained through sweat-lodging, storytelling, vision-quests and other traditional tools. This allows you to add your Sage Advice score to one EMP, INT, or COOL-based roll that the seeker makes when following your advice. The difficulty in advising someone is determined by how applicable your wisdom is to the matter they're pursuing. You're good at giving advice on everyday tribal matters (Easy), matters of the heart (Medium) and how to settle disputes peacefully (Difficult) but you're less able to give advice on politics, business and city life (V. Difficult) or matters of a highly technical matter (N. Impossible).

IF YOU'RE A TRIBAL ELDER:

- 1) Tell me your name, age and sex.
- 2) Describe what you look like.
- 3) Tell me what tribe you are a part of.
- 4) Besides your V-trodes (Which you were given by a younger tribal as a gift), pick four different things from the list below that you own or are currently carrying:

- Apache Cyberbike
- Cougar Longbow (5d6)
- Coup Stick (stun)
- Tomahawk (3d6)
- Winchester 1894 .30-30 lever-action rifle (5d6)
- Tent and Sleeping Bag
- Credit chip with \$500 value

- 5) Where do you live? (Choose one)

- A house on the reservation
- Wherever you rest your head

- 5) Did you sell out? If so, you also get the following:

- Upgrade your housing to a small-sized suburban townhouse
- Retirement benefits totaling \$250 a month
- Corporate stock portfolio worth \$5,000 (half value if liquidated)

TRUE BELIEVERS

“Yes, I’m a card-carrying member of the ACLU. Some of us still stand by our convictions.”

“There are still some things in this world worth fighting for.”

You always had a strong sense of duty, even as a young child. When you’d see kids picking on one another in school, you’d immediately jump in and fight for the underdogs. This was what defined your life: the defense of the weak, the downtrodden and the helpless. You protested nukes, rallied against wars, fought to save the whales and called for a stop to pollution... But it was not enough. Finally, you knew what you needed to do. You became a lawyer and took the fight to them.

WHAT YOU LOOK LIKE

Well, you’re a lawyer, and that means you have to dress a cut above presentable. It was expected of you to dress neatly and professionally when you were still conducting business, and now that you’ve retired, you find yourself staying well within the old parameters. Of course, now that you’re (mostly) retired, you occasionally dress in a manner that is marginally less formal. Maybe you leave the suit-jacket at home and go with a sweater instead from time to time.

BACKGROUND

You didn’t have to do much more than show up to be an activist and protestor. They needed warm bodies and you fit that general description. You’d show up, get hauled away by the police, spend a while rapping with the other protestors while you sat behind bars, and the next morning you were out on the streets again.

But you wanted more. You modeled yourself after crusaders like Bobby Kennedy and the ACLU team that brought *Brown Vs. The Board of Education* to the Supreme Court. You went to law school, passed the bar, and started pleading your case to the world. You’ve worked for organizations that try to make a difference, like Greenpeace and Amnesty International, but you’ve also done work for the smaller fish, too. A great deal of your work was pro bono, but there were some rainmakers, as well.

You continued on your battles, into the 70’s, 80’s and 90’s. You pushed on as the world fell apart, and the only thing that gave you pause was the angry purging of lawyers at the beginning of the new millennium. You narrowly avoided your own lynching, but things changed after that. Justice became more brutal, and more short-sighted than ever. Trying to make changes in this day and age was like trying to stack cards on a fault line.

So you retired. But just because you’re out of the game doesn’t mean you’ve lost your old skills. And maybe you have one or two more fights left in you.

SELLING OUT

If you sold out, it was to join the sharks in the feeding frenzy, back when the smell of blood was strongest in the water. You joined a high-powered firm and fought for causes that were far less noble than before. Personal injury lawsuits, defending those you believed to be guilty, and other pursuits you found to be distasteful. You prostituted your skills to those who would pay for them, and you made money hand over fist.

ASSOCIATIONS

You like the Hippies, even if you didn’t always see eye to eye on how to get things done. You also tend to get along well with DeeJays and Woodstockers. But you despise Retirees and Grifters with all that you are, because they represent everything that you see to be wrong with the world today.

GEEZERPUNK SKILL: CRUSADER

Like many before you, you see the law as your sword and shield; you carried it into battle time and again. But you’re not above using other tactics, as well. You know how to protest and how to make your voice be heard.

Specializations

Silkwood = +2 to Law

Brockovitch = +2 to Research

Gandhi = +2 to Protest

Law: You’re a lawyer, and a pretty slick one, at that. You know how to file motions, appeals and other trial maneuvering (Easy), Build a case

(Medium), Get a judge to restrain a corporation's actions temporarily (Difficult) or indefinitely (V. Difficult) and how to take your cases to trial (Your Silkwood score against the opposing council's INT + Law or Silkwood skill).

Research: You're a whiz at digging up dirt that the Powers That Be would rather see buried. You can uncover evidence of small misdeeds (Easy), criminal negligence (Medium), felonies (Difficult), the dirty laundry of powerful individuals (V. Difficult) or even illegal corporate Black Ops (N. Impossible).

Protest: You know how to effectively run a non-violent protest. For every point you have in this specialty, you are able to gather 25 picketers to protest a corporate or government misdeed.

IF YOU'RE A TRUE BELIEVER:

- 1) Tell me your name, age and sex.
- 2) Describe what you look like.
- 3) Besides your V-trodes, pick four different things from the list below that you own or are currently carrying:

- EBM Mainframe V-term with law library and virtual paralegal
- Toyo-Chrysler Omega
- Infiniti Spinnerbike
- Retirement benefits totaling \$500 a month
- Light armored clothing
- Zapman Taser pistol

- 4) Where do you live? (Choose one)

- Small loft apartment in the moderate part of town
- Small house in the suburbs

- 5) Did you sell out? If so, you also get the following:

- Upgrade your housing to a large loft in the good side of town.
- You get to have both the Toyo-Chrysler Omega AND the Infiniti Spinnerbike
- Additional retirement benefits totaling \$1000 a month
- Corporate stock portfolio worth \$25,000 (half value if liquidated)

VENERABLE MASTERS

“Outer strength can move boulders, but true inner strength can move mountains.”

“No, we don’t call anyone ‘Grasshopper’ in this Dojo.”

You began learning the martial arts in an age when it was still a new concept to Americans. Once a secret and forbidden art, it had only begun becoming accessible and popular in the early sixties, when pioneers like Jhoon Rhee and Bruce Lee, as well as American enthusiasts like Chuck Norris began opening dojos and instructing Americans in the oriental fighting arts. Soon after, the first of many martial arts crazes began to sweep America. You were one of the first to begin instruction in these arts, and you found that not only did you excel in them, but you also loved the discipline and philosophy that they taught you. And so you dedicated your life to learning them.

WHAT YOU LOOK LIKE

Well, when you’re not dressed in your dojo-gear, you look just like everyone else. But when you’re in the dojo, you dress with distinction. Your Gi is a little bit finer than the ones that your students wear, belted with a black belt and embroidered with your dojo’s emblem on the back. You are also entitled to wear a Hakama (a large, pleated, skirt-like set of pants) as well.

BACKGROUND

Not many people can dedicate their lives to the pursuit and study of the martial arts, but it is what you have done. You’ve spent countless hours in the dojo, learning whatever they could teach you. You’ve competed in tournaments and even branched out to other martial arts to learn what they could teach you. After earning your black belt (or 6th dan or whatever), you were accepted as a serious scholar.

Years passed, but you continued your pursuit. You started working at the dojo and teaching other students, as well. After thirty or so years, you found a new sensei, one who had been a student of the martial arts for more than six decades, and he began to show you things you never knew. They weren’t “secret techniques” as such, but rather, a deeper initiation into the

mysteries of the martial arts. Your sensei was well into his eighties, but still able to do astounding things; like combating multiple opponents with an effortless grace that belied his age and apparent frailty.

You eventually opened a dojo of your own, taking with you your newfound teachings. Along the way, you’ve discovered that you are not alone; that others have followed similar paths to the one you followed and received the higher-order teachings of their martial arts. These newfound peers also run dojos, and your dojo often holds tournaments against theirs as a way to improve your students’ skills.

SELLING OUT

Your skills are extremely valuable, and if you sold out, you probably found yourself running a dojo to train corporate soldiers and solos. While this would mean higher profits for you, you wouldn’t have the same freedom you have now.

ASSOCIATIONS

You are spiritually in-tune with the ideals of freedom and peace that the Hippies preach, but you find their approach to be rather odd. EZ Riders and Woodstockers lack discipline, as do DeeJays and Grifters. You really like Tribal Elders; they have achieved a state of enlightenment that you admire. You understand and approve of True Believers for their dedication to fight for what’s right.

GEEZERPUNK SKILL: ONENESS

Your long years of martial arts training have served you well, forging a union of mind, body and spirit that allows you to flow through the movements of your art. While you haven’t mastered everything there is to know of your art, you know many of its higher teachings.

Specializations:

Sensei = +2 to Martial Arts Mastery
Tools of Ill Omen = +2 to Weapon Mastery
Centeredness = +2 to Iron Defense

Martial Arts Mastery: Not only are you a notable and skilled practitioner of a martial art or your choice, but you can also teach that martial

art to others, as well, with this skill as the basis for your teaching ability.

Weapon Mastery: You are also a master in the use of one martial arts weapon of your choice, and can train others in its use, as well.

Iron Defense: If you have the initiative during a round, you may choose to give up that initiative in favor of invoking Iron Defense. If you do this, you are allowed to do some amazing things. You can dodge bullets by sidestepping them, capture sword blades with your bare hands, throw your enemy or put them in a submission hold or nerve lock. To do this, you need only exceed their attack roll by 1 point. This reflects the fact that you allowed them to attack you and turned their attack around on them.

IF YOU'RE A VENERABLE MASTER:

- 1) Tell me your name, age and sex.
- 2) Describe what you look like.
- 3) Besides your V-trodes, pick five different things from the list below that you own or are currently carrying:
 - Your Dojo – a small office in a strip mall that you use to teach the martial arts.
 - Light armored clothing (for the lessons where you let the students throw you)
 - Your weapon of choice
 - Earnings of \$250 a month from your Dojo (after rent and expenses)
 - Toyo-Chrysler Omega
 - EBM V-term programmed with different training programs and virtual sparring partners
- 4) Where do you live? (Choose one)
 - A loft above your Dojo
 - An apartment in the moderate zone
- 5) Did you sell out? If so, you also get the following:
 - Upgrade your Dojo to a large corporate gymnasium/training facility
 - Upgrade your housing to a medium-sized suburban townhouse
 - Retirement benefits totaling \$500 a month
 - Corporate stock portfolio worth \$10,000 (half value if liquidated)

WOODSTOCKER

“You never know true fear until you play a gig at a bar with chicken wire around the stage.”

“Never hit people with your guitar. It messes up the tuning.”

Every generation has a sound; a unique blend of music and social conscience given voice through the poetry and musical musings of the artists who step forward into the spotlight. For a time, you were part of your generation’s sound, one of many voices raised in the spirit of freedom, peace and social conscience. The curse of the musician is obsolescence. Your time in the spotlight flashed by faster than the time it takes for a carton of milk to go bad, and after your promised fifteen minutes of fame had passed, a long and impenetrable silence settled over you. You still sang, but your voice was drowned out and ultimately ignored.

WHAT YOU LOOK LIKE

Your style of dress is fairly unremarkable. You don’t dress in sequined jumpsuits or gold lame; that’s for the musicians who focused on style over substance. You dress like everyone else because you’re the voice of the everyman. If they need clues to figure out that you’re a musician and fail to somehow notice the huge instrument case that you lug around everywhere with you, then they obviously need to buy a clue or two.

BACKGROUND

First you had to have the sound. You spent ages whittling your fingers to the bone against the strings or keys, singing yourself hoarse, pouring your heart out over sheets of music and otherwise perfecting your craft, but that was only the beginning. Then you had to put yourself out there and pay your dues. You sang and played to whoever would stop long enough to listen to you, spilling your guts out to them and facing derision and rejection for your efforts. Maybe you started or joined a band, or perhaps you decided to stay solo; whatever the case, you constantly found yourself as the small fish in the big fish bowl.

Only after you’d busted your chops for a while did the other musicians accept you as one of their own. After that, life became a haze of gigs,

parties and the struggle of maintaining a day job while pursuing your dreams. And then, just as suddenly as you found yourself becoming accepted, the winds of change began to blow once more. Altamonte Speedway was your wake-up call, the first tell-tale sign that the songs of peace and love could not calm the turbulent spirits of your generation, nor feed the hungry ghosts that lingered on.

After that, you and your fellow Woodstockers found yourselves becoming less and less relevant. You struggled with it, but you lacked the moving charisma of Jim Morrison, the endurance of Jefferson Airplane, the sheer tenacity of Fleetwood Mac. You still played, but it was never the same as before. Your time was over, and the country was content to sweep their social conscience under the rug.

You took to the road and played any gig you could, you always kept playing and you never stopped chasing your ever-elusive dream.

SELLING OUT

If you sold out, it was to the record companies and their mass-market mentalities. You became a puppet, parroting out the hollow cadences of their shallow bubblegum music. You lobotomized your poetic soul and turned out disco music for the masses. Eventually, you became a producer, got your own label, and produced albums for the artists that you felt showed promise, but you also pandered to the masses to keep your backers happy. So it’s not really like you truly sold out, is it? Only the nagging shred of conscience that flings accusations at you in the form of all your old songs seems to think so.

ASSOCIATIONS

You get on well with Hippies, they were always your fans. DeeJays are among your best friends. You like Bikers, you just won’t let them handle your security. Retirees, Crackpots and True Believers are a bore, they’re too wrapped up in themselves to listen to you. You have hung out with Grifters from time to time; they’re always entertaining to watch. You don’t travel in the circles that Tribal Elders or Venerable Masters do, but you respect them.

GEEZERPUNK SKILL: MUSICIAN

You are the consummate musician, an artist of voice, instrument and song writing. Your music is your message, your voice.

Specializations

Poet = +2 to Song Writing

Harper = +2 to Instrument

Balladeer = +2 to Singing

Song Writing: You write songs; complex compositions of musical notes, rhythms and lyrics to produce a pleasing finished product. You can write anything from catchy pop tunes (Easy) to complex rock operas (V. Difficult).

Instrument: You play an instrument; any single instrument of your choice. You'd probably do well to choose a non-wind instrument if you want to sing along, though.

Singing: You can sing and do so in a manner that is pleasing to hear.

IF YOU'RE A WOODSTOCKER:

1) Tell me your name, age and sex.
2) Describe what you look like.
3) Besides your V-trodes, pick four different things from the list below that you own or are currently carrying:

- Your instrument, microphone and portable amp
- A collection of self-produced albums to sell at your concerts
- A beaten-up 15 year old van with a mattress in the back
- cell phone
- Zapman Taser Pistol

4) Where do you live? (Choose one)

- In the back of your van
- Single-wide trailer in a scuzzy trailer park

5) Did you sell out? If so, you also get the following:

- Upgrade your old mini-bus to a custom tour bus.
- Upgrade your housing to a large-sized suburban house
- Royalty checks totaling \$500 a month
- Your own private recording studio.