

The Deer is Fucked Up

A group of bad people drive into the night to commit violence, but are intercepted by even more dangerous beings.

A fan-made scenario for KULT: Divinity Lost

Introduction

“The Deer is Fucked Up” is a supernatural survival horror scenario for 3-4 players.

Content warnings: criminal gangs, violence, blood and injury, potential for violent conflict between player characters, being chased alone through the woods. The story is unlikely to end happily.

These notes are unofficial Fan Content for KULT: Divinity Lost, permitted under the Helmgast Fan Content Policy: <https://helmgast.se/meta/fan-content-policy>

“The Deer is Fucked Up” is a work in progress. This is version 4.

If you decide to run this scenario, I encourage you to change anything you feel needs changing, and keep what you like.

Text in *italics* are examples of what the GM might say.

Themes

Some themes that I’d like to get across in this scenario include:

- Hubris. The Leader and the Competitor both think they are badassess on top of the world, who calls shots and take names. They harm others with little hesitation. In the scenario, they are faced with something bigger and badder than them. Will the characters react by doubling down, or by giving in? Through their play, the players answer that question.
- The beauty and cruelty of nature. The location in the Borderlands of Gaia offers many opportunities to show the ineffable beauty and the absolute amorality of the wilderness. Through their play, the players can hash out a relationship to nature.

Alternative setup

The opening of the scenario and the group of characters could really be any events and group of people that would be exposed to something traumatic and have a reason to be in the same car.

This scenario has similarities to another fan-made scenario, “Divided We Run”. It might be possible to play an interesting hybrid version, for example using the setup from Divided and pairing it with events and creatures from Borderlands of Gaia in this scenario.

There are character concepts or fully pre-generated characters that can be used.

The group

The Leader is a small-time crime boss, leader of a small gang, or middle manager of a larger gang. Regardless, they are responsible for business in this arse-end of the territory. They bring a number of their gang members with them, and together they make up the group of players.

The Competitor is the criminal, and also somehow personal, opponent of the Leader. They could simply be the leader of a rival gang, or there could be a history of theft, backstabbing or even a lover scorned.

The safest option for a one-shot game is probably to let the player characters be in the car together and use the Competitor as a non-player character. Whether the gang is successful or not, there will likely be violence, and they will likely end up in a car driving away from there. This allows them to enter the Borderlands of Gaia, and the game to continue.

The Competitor as player character. If you use the Competitor as a player character, you need to be prepared for the possibility that they can be left behind. They are likely to be injured. If they go into pursuit, driving after them, it’s easy—they can just arrive later, to find the destroyed car and blood trails, or whatever. If the Competitor ends up fleeing the house and run into the woods, they might also get there. However, if the Competitor waits for the police and ambulance to arrive, they might be arrested, or the ambulance or police car might crash in the same area and take them to the Borderlands of Gaia.

Supernatural stuff. The scenario is built on external threats, the wilderness of Gaia encroaching on human territory, a nature that cannot be domesticated. Therefore, advantages, disadvantages and relations that reach outside of the player group, draws on networks of contacts or work over time are not going to come into play in full. Heavily supernatural dark secrets, disadvantages, or advantages are not going to play well with the themes. However, advantages that allow the player to see, understand and react to supernatural threats (e.g., Enhanced Awareness, Sixth Sense) might work well.

Character concepts

You are a group of criminals, about to settle a score, south of Stockholm, in October of 2022.

The Leader. You're the boss of this little gang. Of course, you also have a boss and people that you answer to, but you like to pretend that your power is absolute. You are a tyrant of your domain, but at least in your own mind, a benevolent one—whether that self-assessment is mostly accurate or mostly delusional is up to player choice. Your hatred of The Competitor goes beyond mere business, though. You are obsessed with them, and their recent incursion on your territory is the perfect justification to go there personally, scare the shit out of them, and wipe that annoying smirk off their face.

The Muscle. Your job in this operation, any operation really, is to be big, scary and threatening, and to be able to make good on those threats at a moment's notice. And as far as that goes, you're very good your job, playing the part perfectly. It's up to player choice what goes on beyond the surface, whether what you hide in there is a sharp analytical mind, or a heap of neuroses. You have dreams of getting out of here, and you very much don't want this operation to go south.

The Follower. You're the Leader's snivelling sycophant as well as their sneaky collector of information and rumours. In your estimation, you are invaluable to them—you, if anyone, is their right hand. Whether that is true, or if they just keep you around for the entertainment value is up to player choice. At any rate, you wholeheartedly support their almost every decision like the regular cheerleader, and when you don't support them you are clever enough not to show it. Behind the scenes, you have your own designs on how to climb the ladder in this organisation.

The Undercover Cop. Over the last couple of years, you've done the painstaking work of getting close to the Leader, tending to his vanity, and making yourself useful. The ultimate evidence of your success is that you've been brought along to this job. The offer is too good to refuse, but also dangerous; you need to document any serious crime, and also protect innocents from being harmed in the process.

The Partner in Crime. You are a confidence artist and the romantic/prospective business partner of the leader. You have talked yourself into being part of this job, either because it cements your crucial relationship with the Leader, or for the hell of it. You are just a little bit twisted.

The Competitor. You lead another criminal enterprise, based in the neighbouring city, and after years of relatively peaceful coexistence you've decided to make a move. It's up to player choice whether you reciprocate the Leader's obsession, or if this is strictly business for you. A couple of months ago, your people started going into their territory. There have been some skirmishes, some fights, but no big confrontation yet. You certainly have no reason to expect an attack on you in your own home—until the last minute, when they are already on their way, and you get a call.

Character creation

Name, gender and looks are up to you.

Archetypes.

- The Leader: The Criminal.
- The Muscle: The Veteran.
- The Follower: The Seeker.
- The Undercover Cop: The Agent.
- The Partner in Crime: The Deceiver.
- The Competitor: The Fixer.

Dark secret. You are probably guilty of many crimes. Was there one that was particularly dark and traumatising? Or maybe you've seen something unexplainable?

Choose one **disadvantage** and two **advantages** from the archetype. Note that advantages that draw on your criminal connections outside of this group (e.g. Streetwise) won't come into play that much during the game, so you might want to choose combat and social advantages instead. Limit explicitly supernatural options. Avoid disadvantages that are external threats (e.g. Stalker).

Attributes. Assign +2, +1 and +0 to the passive Fortitude, Reflexes and Willpower. Assign +3, +2, +1, +1, +0, -1, and -2 to the other attributes. Any choice you like goes!

Relations. The most important is to choose your level of relation (neutral, meaningful or vital) to the other members of the group. Relations outside the group won't come into play that much during the game, but feel free to add them to flesh out the character.

Equipment. What weapons and other equipment do you carry on your person or in the car for this job? For the Competitor, what do you have ready in your home?

Answer the question: What is your relationship to the forest?

Introductions

It's around eleven o'clock in the evening, a Thursday, the end of October, 2022.

Go around the car and let the characters introduce themselves. Ask about where they are sitting, who is driving, what they are doing, and the significance thereof.

You're in the car. We've already established that you're not going to pop a cap in this guy. So why do you, [The Leader], carry a gun on your person, and a loaded one at that? ... Where do you keep it? ... Are you absolutely sure that the safety's on, though? No risk that you'll blow your balls off (blow a hole in your femoral artery and bleed out like pig) by accidentally discharging in your pocket?

[Heavy], where is your gun? You can't have a sawed-off shotgun in the wind shield while you're driving, can you, or balance it on the steering wheel like some cartoon gangster?

Where did you get it? It's a highly illegal weapon, isn't it?

So, you're the one driving the car. What does that tell you about your role in this operation?

If the Competitor is in play, let them introduce themselves before the meeting, and play out a short scene where they get the phone call warning them that the Leader and their people are on the way.

The confrontation

With the Competitor (Otto Garcia) as a non-player character. Otto lives in a three-storey apartment building in Södertälje, south of Stockholm. It's one of these mid-20th century residential areas, with buildings like shoe boxes. Point out that this is a surprisingly humble living standard for someone in their position. Also point out that in Sweden, forest is never far away.

Getting in. The street is empty this time of day, and in most apartments the blinds are closed. Ask them where they park the car and how they approach the house. Otto's apartment is on the third floor. The blinds are down, and the balcony is empty. If Observing a Situation, let them see silhouettes moving, suggesting that there are more than one person in there.

Inside. The characters may sneak to get into the house unnoticed, and break in if they want an advantage. They may also just ring the doorbell. If the attackers don't initiate the violence, Otto won't either, until reinforcements arrive.

The apartment is sparsely furnished; it doesn't look lived in. Otto is in the living room, sitting on the sofa. He's accompanied by one of his guys, Alex Schön. Both are armed. Otto is unfriendly and condescending, but not hostile. He may even offer the attackers a cup of coffee.

Otto's strategy is to run down the clock until reinforcements arrive—three of his people are on their way in a car, and will arrive after a while. The character closest to the balcony door will likely notice, as Otto's guys can be seen from balcony, leaving the car and entering the building. If the scene hasn't turned violent yet, they will open fire once they get to the apartment. Their goal is to get Otto out of there.

If the Competitor is in play, ask where they live, and let them describe the location. Don't let them be rescued so easily, but you may give them a non-player character for support. Ask who it is, what their relationship are, and what they are doing as they are waiting for the attackers to arrive.

After it goes south

Violence erupts. Any violence has real consequences. Let player characters be injured. Let non-player characters die in player characters' arms.

The police arrive within fifteen minutes after shooting, or any other loud disturbance, starts.

The attackers may to subdue the Competitor, injuring or kidnapping them—or to the attackers running away. It could also become a stand off, where the Competitor and the others go their separate ways before the police arrives.

Leaving. Depending on how the characters react, you might lean into the situation differently, highlighting either how embarrassing this failure is to the Leader, or how this miserable outcome is typical of their luck.

Have you seen a gunshot wound this up close? ... Have you ever been shot? ... What are you going to do now? ... Going to the hospital, yes, that's probably the only way to save [Name's] life. It's also a sure-fire way for you all to get arrested, isn't it?

You didn't really have a plan for this, did you? ... In fact, what was your plan for where to go, had the whole thing gone smoothly? ... Could it be that this whole operation wasn't that well thought out in the first place. In fact, could it be that it was really fucking shoddily planned?

If the Competitor is in play, they may not be in the car. They can be brought into the Borderlands of Gaia either by following in a different car, running into the woods, or being driven in an ambulance or police car.

The Crossing Over

As the characters are driving through the woods—on their way home, to the hospital, or to a secret location for keeping the kidnapped Competitor etc—the veil is thinning, and the woods change.

The lights start to flicker in an erratic pattern. First the streetlights, and then the headlights, the instrument panel on the car. Then they go out. For a moment, you are cruising along the road in darkness, as well as silence, before the engine makes a cutting, grinding sound ...

The driver has to Act Under Pressure to avoid crashing.

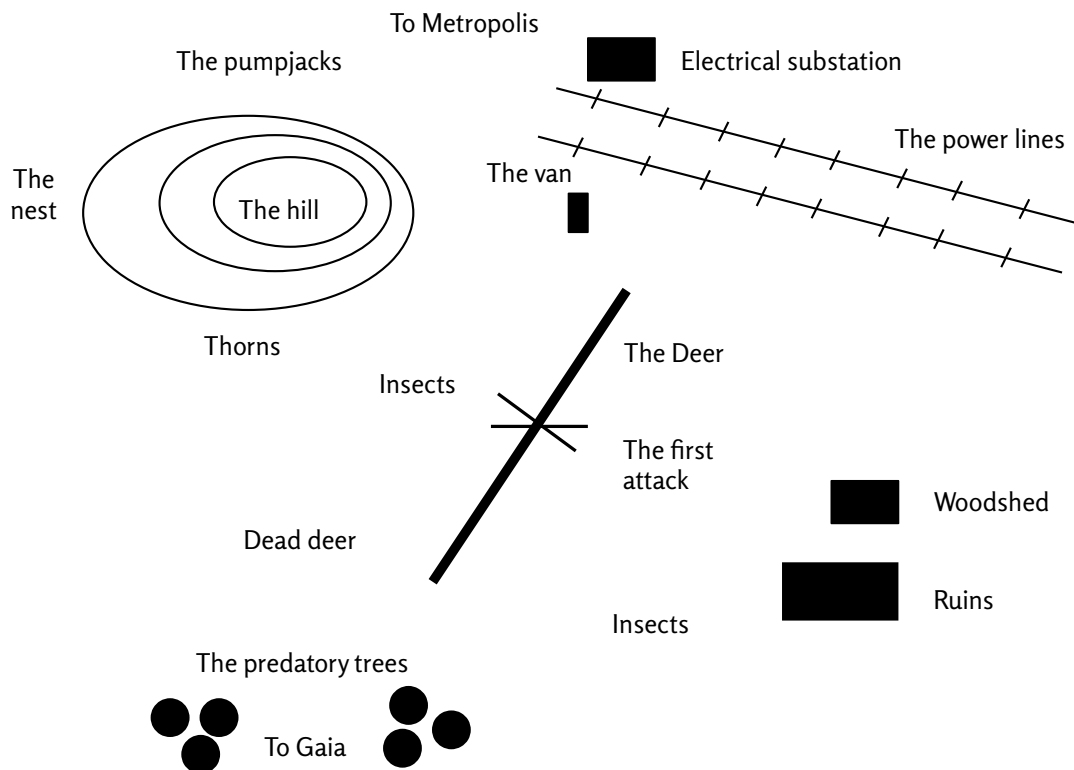
There should be other cars coming, passing you, but there are none. In fact, you don't even hear the sound of any traffic, despite several big roads that should be within earshot. There's not even wind.

However, if you listen carefully, you hear something moving, branches breaking with crunching sounds. Something is coming. For you to hear them through the closed car windows, it must be big.

The first attack. The car gets attacked by a creature of Gaia. This is too big and strong for the characters to easily kill, but they can wound it and make it temporarily retreat into the woods. If they then get out of the car, it returns, potentially scattering them. After the car is abandoned, the creature destroys it off-screen. Anyone left in the car, wounded non-player characters for example, is utterly destroyed.

The Borderlands

The sketch shows this corner of the Borderlands of Gaia. Ask the characters where they are going, in what direction they are running, and so on. Move things around as needed.



Gaia gets closer. When moving deeper into Gaia, the plants become foreign, more like some kind of tropical forest, big leaves, underbrush that is just fallen leaves, the dense plant coverage blocks out the sun. It's becoming warmer. Like that tropical night you never get at this latitude, when it's both dark and warm. You might also see a field of horsetails, these bright green bushy plants, with whorls of needle-like branches. You get the feeling that they are old, older than deciduous trees; maybe older than trees themselves.

Locations

The vehicle. If they come back, the car is empty anyone who remained is dead (or, if a player character, brought to The Nest), a pool of blood (if anyone died) and oil, door that can't be closed, ripped off from one hinge, wires and tubes torn out of the engine compartment, holes in metal from teeth and claws, and a strong musty smell.

The body of anyone left in the car has been eaten, chomped down bit by bit, major long bones broken like you would break a toothpick. The car, however, has been attacked, by someone who just hates its electronic and mechanical guts.

If the creature was killed or scared away, the car may be covered in fast-growing thorns. They also ensnare any dropped human-made objects, such as phones, weapons etc. The thorns are be more vigorous, and in full bloom, if blood has been spilled.

The road ends. Following the road in each direction leads to an end where the last street lights are bent over by a very strong force, and the tarmac breaks up and is taken over by rubble, then underbrush. These paths lead to Gaia eventually. In the direction they were driving, they first reach the electrical substation. In the other direction, they reach the predatory pine trees.

The sky and the ground. Are you the kind of person who looks up at the sky, or down at your boots? Either they see the rich underbrush, reaching halfway up their calves, moving as if teeming with life—or is it just the wind, or they see the sky, with different star constellations than they are used too. So many of them, but no moon.

The crows. A murder of crows flies overhead, making oddly creaking sounds. They look bigger than normal, and you've never seen so many crows together.

The deer carcass. There is a carcass of a deer. It is dead, starting to decompose. The antlers are weirdly asymmetrical. One of them is like a red deer's antler, only very big, and branching wildly like a fractal. The other looks more like a branch of dark wood, with deep red leaves sprouting from it, and part of it bending into the soil and growing white, hairy roots.

The deer. Just like the carcass, the deer mostly looks like a red deer stag, but the antlers are huge, sprawling, and covered in red leaves. The deer watches from a hill.

The parasites. There is a fluttering and buzzing in the dark, a swarm of winged creatures brush against you. They're everywhere, touching your face, arms, getting stuck in your hair. Do you swat them away? Act under Pressure to defend yourself. If you fail, or if doing nothing, they bite, and inject their egg. The character needs to Endure Injury with harm -1. This will swell, become more and more irritated. After a while, the character again needs to Endure Injury with harm -1, becoming feverish and weak. Finally, after a long time, an insect hatches. Again, Endure Injury with harm -2.

The thorns. When climbing up a slope, thorns growing at the base of a rock face start ensnaring their feet. They grow unnaturally quickly. If blood is dripping, they grow faster. Touching them with bare skin causes small cuts and skin irritation. A blade is needed to cut yourself loose without harm. If not, the thorns just keep growing, engulfing the body. Pulling loose with your bare hands results in serious harm—Endure Injury with -1 or -2 depending on how much of the body is ensnared. After fighting themselves free, they can see buds on the thorns breaking into bloom. They look like dog roses, the pale pink rose that often grows wild, or feral from old gardens. But it's flowers are deep red, like fresh blood.

The house. There are some ruins, with the foundation of a house, only the chimney standing. Beyond that, a shed, could be a small old barn or a big woodshed. Maybe it was used by boy scouts or some shit. Now it's abandoned. They can barricade inside, and put logs of firewood in front of the door. There is a rusty axe. It is dark, but stars shine in through the broken roof. If the monster is following, it can be heard outside. If they wait in silence, it goes away.

The house beyond the Illusion. When they See Through the Illusion, the house is falling apart, moonlight is seeping in through cracks through the walls, and the inside is teeming with life, insects and worms are crawling all over the place. Some number of them are bioluminescent, lighting up the house with pulsating red, yellow and green lights.

The electrical substation. The overhead power lines have been torn, one of the metal towers is bent, as if it's been uprooted and torn aside. There are crushed insulator disks on the ground. There's a van, a white Volkswagen Transporter standing among two trees, overgrown with vines and thorns. The back doors are open, and the remains of a service technician is smeared across it, flies buzzing, blood and mulch dried into the mat of the back of the car. There are tools in there, if they want to get them. If they follow the powerlines, they feel that strong smell. There's a beast there, caught in powerlines, like an animal in yarn, still trying to get loose.

The power lines beyond the Illusion. After Seeing Through the Illusion, the power lines look like an ornate metal skeletons with rusted iron leaves. The lines are long since broken and slack to the ground.

The predatory trees. Pines with strangely bifurcated needles. So high that you can't see the treetops other than as shadows hiding the stars. The sap is sweet and enticing, and if you taste it, stabilize all wounds, and regain two stability. You feel the tree lulling you into security. You need to Act Under Pressure to get loose, as sap starts dribbling onto you, and branches close around you.

The pumpjacks. Two dark metal constructs, like the pumpjacks on a Texas oilfield, stand rusted by the edge of the forest, on an open field of tall grass. They can be seen from the hill or from the end of the powerlines. What looks like the beginnings of a pink and purple sunset can be seen in the far distance. Passing them and walking, the grass eventually starts turning yellow and brown and dying, and the sky turns purple. This is a path to Metropolis.

The nest. There is a nest on the other end of the hill. The entrance is hidden behind hazel bushes. There is a strong smell. The player characters who get dragged here end up seriously wounded, but alone. They can escape before the beast gets back, but will be hunted.

The end

Options for ending the scenario:

Defending themselves. They may be capable of defeating one of the beasts, or wound it enough to run away. After the confrontation, the surviving characters can return to Elysium if they manage to stabilize, move away from any remains of monsters, and calm down, as well as avoid any of the paths leading deeper into Gaia or to Metropolis.

Sacrificing someone. If they run, the beasts hunt them, and they do not give up the trail unless they catch someone. A player character on their own is likely crushed. However, by leaving one character behind—leaving them after they get injured, tripping them as they are running, locking them out of the house etc—the other characters can get breathing room. It remains to be seen if they are, after that, composed enough to return to Elysium.

Violence amongst each other. They may end up resolving their violent conflicts in the Borderlands, either by outright violence or by letting the beasts do the job. This likely leads to the death of one or more player characters, and the perpetrators remaining in the Borderlands, or venturing further into Gaia as a result.

Returning to Elysium. By anchoring themselves in who they think they are and what they think is important to them they may hold on to the Illusion and return to Elysium.

Now that you have stabilised the wound (and/or other activities) and taken cover, what are you thinking about? What from your life do you reach for in this surreal frightening moment?

Where they come back depends on where they are in the Borderlands. If they are close to the point where they entered, they can walk back to the car. They find it illuminated by street lights, but still destroyed. Their wounds remain, but the woods look normal, they can see the normal stars, and hear the sound of traffic.

If not broken along the way, their phones work again. They may call friends, family, underlings or for an ambulance. They may hitch-hike or high-jack a car. There is a dodgy veterinary clinic that they can drive to and get their wounds seen to for a hefty wad of cash.

If they have ventured far from the car, they come out in the woods outside Nyköping, some 45 km away. There, they will see a red house with white corners. There is a light on. A family lives in there. They may ask or threaten them to know where they are. Phones, if not broken, also show the location on a map.

Remaining. They can stay in the woods or go deeper into Gaia, by following the paths, or running blindly into the woods. They can see through the Illusion to reveal the wilderness of Gaia. They gradually become beastly, clothes decay and fall off, man-made objects break and are forgotten. They may move in and out of Elysium, but never connect back to humanity. They don't understand them any more.

The Beast

Home: Gaia

Creature type: Creature of the wild

Description: The size and shape of a bear. Brown, thick, luscious fur. Four pairs of eyes, and too many teeth.

Abilities: Can't be influenced or charmed.

Attributes: Combat 4, Influence -, Magic -.

Combat:

Move a considerable distance in a single leap.

Grab hold of and pin someone.

Destroy human-made object in one swipe.

Attacks:

Claw swipe (2). Distance: arm.

Dive attack (2). Distance: field.

Bite (3). Distance: arm. Target is grabbed and must Act Under Pressure to be released.

Wounds: 8 (injured beast from power lines: 4)

Harm moves:

No reaction.

Roars loudly.

Destroys any technical object in the vicinity (torch, phone, part of car)

Oozes blood, the deepest red blood you've seen.

Runs away.

Falls over, panting and growling (Subdued)

Dies.

Fortitude +1	Willpower 0	Reflexes +2
Reasoning +1	Perception 0	Intuition -1
Coolness +2	Charisma +3	Violence +1
	Soul -2	

Stability

X Composed	
Uneasy	-1 disadvantages
Unfocused	
Shaken	-1 Keep it Together
Distressed	-2 disadvantages
Neurotic	
Anxious	-2 Keep it Together
Irrational	-3 disadvantages
Unhinged	+1 See Through the Illusion
Broken	

Wounds

Serious wounds (-1 ongoing) Stabilized

Critical wound (-1 ongoing) Stabilized

Gear

Handgun.
Knife.

Michael Bjerg

he/him

Occupation. The Leader. Middle manager of organised crime.

You're the boss of this little gang. Of course, you also have a boss and people that you answer to, but you like to pretend that your power is absolute. You are a tyrant of your domain, but at least in your own mind, a benevolent one.

Your hatred of The Competitor goes beyond mere business, though. You are obsessed with them, and their recent incursion on your territory is the perfect justification to go there personally, scare the shit out of them, and wipe that annoying smirk off their face.

Appearance. Wiry, tall, seldom smiles. If you dressed your age, you would look like you were running a moderately successful phone repair business.

Dark Secret. Guilty of Crime. The first time is always special, and you'll never forget the first time you seriously hurt someone. It was a drunken dispute about some pointless shit, and you beat him good. You still see him sometimes, driving his wheelchair through town. You look at him, he looks at you, and none of you say anything. You've ruined other people's lives since, in worse ways, but none of them gives you guilt pangs like this.

Advantages: Burglar and Escape Artist.

Fortitude +2	Willpower 0	Reflexes +1
Reasoning 0	Perception +2	Intuition -1
Coolness +1	Charisma -2	Violence +3
	Soul +1	

Stability

X Composed	
Uneasy	-1 disadvantages
Unfocused	
Shaken	-1 Keep it Together
Distressed	-2 disadvantages
Neurotic	
Anxious	-2 Keep it Together
Irrational	-3 disadvantages
Unhinged	+1 See Through the Illusion
Broken	

Wounds

Serious wounds (-1 ongoing)	Stabilized

Critical wound (-1 ongoing)	Stabilized

Gear

Sawed-off shotgun.
Extra ammo.
Leg of a chair.

Haseeb Ali

he/him

Occupation. The Muscle. Criminal enforcer and warehouse worker.

Your job in this operation, any operation really, is to be big, scary and threatening, and to be able to make good on those threats at a moment's notice. And as far as that goes, you're very good your job, playing the part perfectly.

Beyond the surface, you hide keen observing mind and bunch of neuroses. You're not that old, but you've already seen too much, too many lives destroyed by your gang, your business, your product. You have dreams of getting out of here, and you very much don't want this operation to go south.

Appearance. Wide and square, with a buzz cut and a solid black beard.

Dark Secret. Guilty of Crime. You remember that kid's face in school, naive, loud, obnoxious and full of life. You also remember what he looked like after you threw him out of the car, broke, bleeding, his body visibly screaming for drugs he couldn't afford. You saw him and thought: "We did that. I did that."

Advantages: Instinct and Streetfighter.

Fortitude	Willpower	Reflexes
0	+1	+2
Reasoning	Perception	Intuition
+1	0	-1
Coolness	Charisma	Violence
+2	-2	+1
	Soul	
	+3	

Stability

X Composed	
Uneasy	-1 disadvantages
Unfocused	
Shaken	-1 Keep it Together
Distressed	-2 disadvantages
Neurotic	
Anxious	-2 Keep it Together
Irrational	-3 disadvantages
Unhinged	+1 See Through the Illusion
Broken	

Wounds

Serious wounds (-1 ongoing)

Stabilized

Critical wound (-1 ongoing)

Stabilized

Gear

Switchblade knife.

Sam Becker

he/him

Occupation. The Follower. Gang member, part time student.

You're the boss' snivelling sycophant as well as their sneaky collector of information and rumours. In your estimation, you are invaluable to them—you, if anyone, is their right hand. You support their almost every decision like the regular cheerleader; when you don't support them, you are clever enough not to show it.

Behind the scenes, you have your own designs on how to climb the ladder. Not only are you the one who found Otto's address and fed Michael the information that this is a good night to strike. You're also the one sent an anonymous warning to Otto's crew. When the evening unavoidably turns to chaos, you hope to be able to curry favour with whoever won the day. The only problem—you were not planning to be there yourself when it all blows up, but after Jorma was a no-show, you couldn't say no.

Appearance. You look like you never sleep or shower, because you seldom do.

Dark Secret. Occult Experience. You've seen a ghost, literally. Your childhood friend was killed in a shooting in 2019 and ever since, he has visited you periodically. You see his injured face, sagging and falling apart more and more each time, and hear his wheezing voice try to tell you something. You know he doesn't mean to hurt you, but please can someone make it stop?

Advantages. Stubborn and Sneak.

Fortitude 0	Willpower +1	Reflexes +2
Reasoning +2	Perception +1	Intuition +3
Coolness +1	Charisma 0	Violence +1
	Soul -1	

Stability

X Composed	
Uneasy	-1 disadvantages
Unfocused	
Shaken	-1 Keep it Together
Distressed	-2 disadvantages
Neurotic	
Anxious	-2 Keep it Together
Irrational	-3 disadvantages
Unhinged	+1 See Through the Illusion
Broken	

Wounds

Serious wounds (-1 ongoing)	Stabilized

Critical wound (-1 ongoing)	Stabilized

Gear

Handgun.
Utility knife.
Hidden recording equipment.

Amina Lundberg

she/her

Occupation. Undercover police officer.

Over the last couple of years, you've done the painstaking work of getting close to Michael Bjerg, tending to his vanity, and making yourself useful. The ultimate evidence of your success is that you've been brought along to this job. The offer is too good to refuse, but also dangerous; you need to document any serious crime, and also protect innocents from being harmed in the process.

Your real name is Aleena Noor. The man who poses as your estranged husband Konny Lundberg is your police contact.

Appearance. You sport a perfectly curated 'tough cookie' look, and an equally perfectly curated 'small time criminal' outfit.

Dark Secret. Strange Disappearance. When you were eleven, your one-year-older brother suddenly disappeared. He had started hanging out with the wrong kids, starting on what you today recognise as a trajectory towards organised crime. Then one day, he didn't come home. Your parents, seemingly over night, went into a state of selective amnesia. They stopped talking about him, turned his room into storage, and barely acknowledged his existence. You, on the other hand, never let go of your childish dream to find him and heroically bring him home.

Advantages: Field Agent and Battlefield Medicine.

Fortitude +1	Willpower 0	Reflexes +2
Reasoning 0	Perception +1	Intuition +3
Coolness +1	Charisma +2	Violence -2
	Soul -1	

Stability

X Composed	
Uneasy	-1 disadvantages
Unfocused	
Shaken	-1 Keep it Together
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Anxious	-2 Keep it Together
Irrational	-3 disadvantages
Unhinged	+1 See Through the Illusion
Broken	

Wounds

Serious wounds (-1 ongoing)	Stabilized

Critical wound (-1 ongoing)	Stabilized

Gear

Handgun.
Small knife and envelope of 'fuck off money' in cash hidden on your person.

Cassandra "Gee" Dross

she/her

Occupation. Confidence artist and companion of Michael Bjerg.

You are a confidence artist and the romantic/business partner of Michael Bjerg. You've been together for several years, for mutual enjoyment and profit. He knows you're not to be trusted, and you know that he knows. Furthermore, he knows that you know that he knows, and so on. It's a game of chicken, to see who swindles the other first.

You have talked your way into being part of this job, partly because it cements your relationship with Michael, and partly for the hell of it. You are just a little bit twisted.

Appearance. Your look is to die for, but not too unpractical for the street.

Dark Secret. Forbidden Knowledge. Your grandmother 'saw things' her whole life, so did your mother, and so do you. As a child, you tended to wander the streets of suburban Stockholm, slipping through the cracks, and playing among the ruins, and ending up far from where you started. Once you've seen that, you can't care too much about anything or anyone.

Advantages: Backstab and Manipulative.

Fortitude +2	Willpower +1	Reflexes 0
Reasoning -1	Perception +3	Intuition 0
Coolness +1	Charisma +1	Violence +2
	Soul +1	

Stability

X Composed	
Uneasy	-1 disadvantages
Unfocused	
Shaken	-1 Keep it Together
Distressed	-2 disadvantages
Neurotic	
Anxious	-2 Keep it Together
Irrational	-3 disadvantages
Unhinged	+1 See Through the Illusion
Broken	

Wounds

Serious wounds (-1 ongoing) Stabilized

Critical wound (-1 ongoing) Stabilized

Gear

Handgun.
Extra clip.

Otto Garcia

he/him

Occupation. Leader of organised crime.

You lead criminal enterprise, based in the neighbouring city, and after years of relatively peaceful coexistence you've decided to make a move. You know that Michael Bjerg is obsessed with you, but for you, this is strictly business. He's weak, you saw a chance, and you're obviously going to take it.

A couple of months ago, your people started going into their territory. There have been some skirmishes, some fights, but no big confrontation yet. You certainly have no reason to expect an attack in your own home—but you are always vigilant about this sort of thing. And in the last minute, when they are already on their way, you get a call.

Appearance. You look and behave the way a street-level drug dealer expects a rich person to behave. Thankfully, it's not that hard to do on a budget.

Dark Secret. Victim of Crime. Three years ago, during the last gang wars, you were the target of another attack in your home. There was shooting at the windows, attempted arson, and when you made it out through the smoke, you had the good sense to escape on foot ... Because just a minute later, the incendiary device planted in your car went off. Since then, you don't sleep so well, and you do your best to keep your location hidden.

Advantages: Ace Up the Sleeve and Sixth Sense.