

Fedora: the Tipping

A game of ~~suburban misery, hopeless delusion and vain attempts at being mature~~ intellectual superiority, revolutionizing the world and proving the final and inevitable triumph of the white man.

Credits:

- Original idea, creative inspiration: That one anon who did Fedora Masters
- System, genuflection: Mayonnaise Waterfall (P.N.)

Shout-outs:

- New Guy, for the Time-Warp Pregnancy Bullet
- The Amish One, for bad luck with anakim traits
- The Mike, for procuring something that was either a ceiling fan or a candelabra
- Siffer, for min-maxing a Defiler to the tune of "Love Muscle"
- All of Rather Fire on Face, for making this shit possible
- Vlakoff Vodka, for giving us the idea

Introduction

The sheep don't know it, but the world runs on emotional energy.

Emotion, whether good or bad, is the only way to *really* change something on a fundamental level. To put it this way, any idiot can force a square peg into a round hole, but it takes devotion and passion to go to the bother of making the hole round so that the peg will fit. It's fuzzy, but that's the way emotions work.

Sometimes, too, shit spills over. The laws of physics as we know them are basically the way the world works when humans contain and manage their emotions – there's little to no unexpected release of emotional energy, and the little bit that there is can be comfortably dealt with by the inertia of most people's worldview. Because people have structure, therapy, science and other such ways to keep their emotions from going batshit, they can rationalize and deal with their emotions, and the energy inherent in them doesn't spill over. As a side note, that's one of the reasons why we don't have *magic* anymore – did you think it never existed? It did once, but the advent of science let humans rationalize their misfortune instead of raging against the heavens. Instead of something being the fault of an evil sorcerer who must have hexed you, it can now be explained as simple chance and natural law. No, magic as a whole hasn't really existed since the 1600s, as no accumulation of emotional energy has grown great enough to break through the common paradigm.

Well, around 2004, magic came back. Shame is, it came back in a form that would have the wizards of old rotating in their graves.

With the advent of the Internet, mankind found a tool invaluable for business and communication... and for self-insert fanfiction, furry porn, right-wing conspiracies, ineffectual bitch-fights, edgy atheism, deification of Japanese culture, ITG Syndrome, frothing misogyny and head-up-ass pretentiousness. With the Internet comes a generation that can sit behind a screen and circlejerk with the people they agree with, without

regularly having to interact with normal, functioning humans with different opinions. The Internet, as of the current, is crammed to bursting with self-stroking communities existing only to reassure each other in their infantile conviction that they're infallible.

Around 2004, magic started resurfacing in the world, in the form of loose discharges of emotional energy centered on these people. Commonly known as "fedoras", they are unified by one single common conviction: that they deserve something for nothing. No matter what excuse they have, they have that one thing in common – it's always someone else's fault. It might be the *Feminazis* conspiring to rob the white man of his rightful throne, the Koreaboos conspiring to destroy Japanese pop culture, the theist sheeple refusing to accept the fedora's intellectual superiority, the Commie government preventing the true Americans from claiming their dues, or just your *goddamn* parents refusing to stop bothering you.

Whatever the cause is, some fedoras are so pent-up that their emotional energy has grown concentrated enough for them to use "magic" – they seethe in their own juices, constantly froth and rage against all who disagree with them and never actually do anything to discharge it. Their self-reaffirming online communities and incredibly stunted social skills serve as an echo chamber that only intensifies their emotions, giving them no opportunity to discharge them – and this manifests as something very like magical prowess, as the laws of physics and the common paradigm are forced to buckle under the sheer spaghetti-spewing, shrieking tantrums of the fedoras.

It's a shame for the fedoras that their powers are composed of mostly petty wish-fulfillment, fetishy fantasies born out of a childhood stunted by interacting only with cartoon characters and a few derivative attempts at imitating pop culture. From the fedoras' viewpoint, though, they have **TRÛE MÄGYCKE** that will change the world... at some point, when they decide that the time has come. Honest.

Edge

Okay. So as a Fedora Master, you have one source of power – Edge. Edge is the sum of your bitterness, passive-aggression, pent-up sex drive, self-hate and assorted psychosexual fuck-ups. Edge doesn't come for free – a core element of Edge is that you get it through bitterness, passive-aggression and fuck-ups, and as such you gain Edge when something reinforces your fedora nature.

Edge has no upper limit – instead, it's a pool that starts at 7 (every fedora needs some sort of bitterness to embark upon the kind of things that PCs usually do). It is entirely possible, and in fact likely, for characters to gain Edge through the consequences of using an Edge power – Edge is the discharge of one's pent-up emotional energy, but there's nothing preventing the manifestation of that emotional energy from being horribly cringy. Doing cringy things, however, is the *only* way to acquire Edge – the nature of Edge means that it's impossible (and contrary to the worldview of most fedoras at that) to willingly gain Edge, and as such it can only be acquired by being exposed to justified ridicule. As a side note, Edge cannot be acquired from *unjustified* ridicule – the core of the fedora nature is that little bit of realization that what happens to the fedora is their own fault, which in turn is the main reason that fedoras bottle up their emotions instead of dealing with them like normal people. Basically, if a cringy situation can be wholly justified on the fedora's part, the whole thing was exclusively the fault of other people and/or there were no genuine fuck-ups involved on the part of the fedora, no Edge can be gained.

The GM has sole authority on when anyone gets Edge. A list of recommendations follows.

- Give 1 Edge when a character acts the way they're written in a way that makes a difference.
- Give 3 Edge when the actions of a character make you facepalm, exhale deeply in frustration or are otherwise cringy.

- Give 4 Edge when the actions of a character are not only fitting, but also genuinely make you cringe.
- Give 6 Edge when the actions of a character are so cringeworthy that it could make a good copy-pasta. If you'd still think it was cringy in a week, it's at least 6 Edge.
- Give 7 Edge when a character's actions are so horribly cringy that they force you to take a break to get yourself together, or when they hit square in the middle of your own teenage trauma.
- Give 9 Edge when a character's actions are not only cringy enough for 7 Edge, but also of truly life-ruining proportions for the character. If the player risks making the character unplayable in some way, and if the action simultaneously qualifies for 7 Edge, give 9.
- 10 Edge is reserved for the most massive, terrifying cases of cringe that a player can possibly pull off. You'll know it when you see it.

Emotions

There are four kinds of emotions that fuel fedoradom, and some of them are more likely to gain Edge from specific situations. After that, there are five different channels, which show how you manifest your Edge.

- **Self-Doubt.** Are you a manlet? Are you a cuck? Are you a beta? You think so, and that makes you obsessed with your masculinity, and through that, your perceived worth as a human being. You gain one extra Edge from situations in which you feel dominated, humiliated, powerless or "emasculated" in the fedoroid sense of the word. In addition, you gain a single point of Edge whenever you see a woman who's more physically fit than the average man.
- **Narcissism.** If only everyone else would listen to you, you could fix all the problems in society. They aren't listening, and that's why the world is so fucked up. Social studies? No, you flunked that. They don't teach the *real* truth in class anyway – *your* truth. You gain one extra Edge in situations where you're proven wrong, lose a debate, are called out on a logical fallacy or otherwise lose a battle of wits and knowledge. In addition, you gain a single point of Edge if you engage in an unprovoked argument with a stranger or faint acquaintance.
- **Rage.** One of these days, you're gonna snap. Everyone else better mark your words – you're going to go postal. You have a real automatic shotgun at home, and you stole it from **the Army**. No, no one else can see it – the police might find out. Soon, you'll go out and kill all the people who make you angry. Well, maybe in a few months. You gain one extra Edge in situations where you're brought into an ineffectual, embarrassing rage in public. In addition, you gain a single Edge whenever you have a small rage-induced sperg-out in front of normal people, during which you grunt, contort your face theatrically and take twenty seconds to laboriously break something small and fragile.
- **Delusion.** You think that you're something better and more unique than anyone else, for example some kind of otherkin, obscure self-invented gender identity or "übermensch". For now, they all make fun at your cat ears and dragon makeup, but when you transcend this world and don't take them with you, they'll regret it. You swear they'll see. You gain one extra Edge in situations with a severe reality mismatch – an example would be if you're arrested on the station after the furry con for wearing a Gardevoir mask and costume on your pasty 300-pound body, and you can't even explain to the cops what's going on in a way that any normal humans would understand. In addition, you gain a single point of Edge whenever you expound on your beliefs to a single, uncomprehending mundane.

Channels

Where emotions are the fuel for your fedoradom, your true Edge Powers come from how you choose to channel them and give them shape. There are five different channels for your Edge, and each of them allows you to burn Edge for a number of supernatural effects.

- Japanophilia.

Cringe lines:

(Self-Doubt) “Japanese women are still women, you know? They don’t feel that they have to be men, and thus they still know their place.”

(Narcissism) “The Japanese are on a whole another level intellectually. You wouldn’t understand their philosophies – it takes a special caliber of person.”

(Rage) “The katana is the sharpest and sturdiest sword in the world, folded over a million times. I have one at home, and I can cut a horse and rider in half with the blunt side.”

(Delusion) “Nippon is the land of milk and honey – otaku culture is accepted and glorified, sexual norms barely exist, everyone is beautiful and I can get laid there.”

Self-Doubt filtered through Japanophilia manifests in the idea of a society free of “feminist thought police”, “misandry” and “the Jewish agenda”. The fedora feels that Japan is a society in which he gains respect solely through being a white man, without having to work on it himself.

Narcissism filtered through Japanophilia manifests in the perception of Japanese culture as somehow more advanced, artistically acute and intellectually superior to boring Western culture. The fedora uses Japan as a blunt object with which to beat others over the head with, then acts smug when people don’t understand.

Rage filtered through Japanophilia usually manifests as an obsession with Japan’s martial history – bushido, katanas, the Imperial army, samurai, what have you. The fedora imagines that by tapping into a culture that he perceives as honorable or powerful, he automatically takes on those aspects himself.

Delusion filtered through Japanophilia manifests in the belief in Japan as Anime Land. The fedora believes that going to Japan is the only thing he needs to do to escape his boring, workaday existence, and steadfastly refuses to learn about actual Japanese culture out of the subconscious fear that he’ll be proven wrong.

- Misogyny.

Cringe lines:

(Self-Doubt) “We need to stop this herbivore-man nonsense. We need to show the Feminazis who’s always been on top.”

(Narcissism) “As a man, I have superior logical and mathematical thinking, as well as superior physical ability. Women are emotional harpies.”

(Rage) “Carla from shop class once told me I needed to shave my beard, and then she laughed at me. We’ll see how she laughs when I bring my chainsaw to school.”

(Delusion) “By identifying as a “woman”, you’re accepting the fact that you’re weak and subservient to men. Only by accepting my idea of gender identities can you be free.”

Self-Doubt filtered through Misogyny is incredibly common, and archetypal at that. It manifests in the belief that Man is unjustly held down by lowly women, and that any and all social fuck-ups on the fedora’s part is simply a result of feminist manipulation of the mass media. The fedora imagines

that by “asserting” himself, he gains some form of authority over his own life without trying. Narcissism filtered through Misogyny manifests in the idea that men are intellectually and physically superior, and that this absolves the fedora from any need for real self-criticism. The fedora imagines that being a man is enough in itself, and that his superior genetic material means that he never has to face his own failings.

Rage filtered through Misogyny is a simple thing – it’s the result of repeated sexual frustration and failure to release it properly. The fedora believes that his inability to find female affection is due to feminist interference, and he intends to take it by force if he can’t have it handed to him on a silver platter.

Delusion filtered through Misogyny is odd – it’s a special-snowflake grudge against existing “boxes” tempered with a reluctance to criticize one’s own biological gender. It’s quite rare, but it happens. The fedora imagines that by criticizing women and the social norms surrounding them, he can avoid having to address an extremely sore topic.

- Hipsterism.

Cringe lines:

(Self-Doubt) “Everyone else is *normal*. I need to assert my individuality and be something unique.”

(Narcissism) “I’m not a sheep. I’m made of something better, and I can make my own decisions. I won’t be satisfied with the pap they feed the mundanes.”

(Rage) “My English teacher told me that I act strange. Well, fuck her. I don’t care, and I’m going to try extra hard because she wants to crush me.”

(Delusion) “This is an abstract harsh-noise 8-bit tone poem played on a hacked Gameboy. It conveys the idea of body dissociation through the metaphor of Amy from Sonic.”

Self-Doubt filtered through Hipsterism is good and simple. It’s the refusal to be normal and pedestrian, combined with a lack of initiative and ability to actually set oneself apart from others through one’s own achievements. The fedora imagines that partaking of a specific kind of media makes him distinct from others on a deeper level, and all he has to do is pirate it.

Narcissism filtered through Hipsterism is a more artsy form of pseudo-intellectualism – it’s feeling that the media “provided” to others is somehow intellectually inferior. It doesn’t matter whether it’s actually stupid or just popular – the fedora imagines that waving another kind of media in people’s faces makes him intelligent and insightful.

Rage filtered through Hipsterism manifests in trying to shock, offend and creep out other people. As the fedora has none of the social savvy needed to impress others through achievement, they choose to shock and gross out instead. The fedora imagines that shocking others shows both their own intellectual triumph and the intellectual failure of others, while they’re really just snorting Abilify and listening to ICP.

Delusion filtered through Hipsterism is just plain old escapism. It’s the belief that reality is boring and less than one deserves, and thus manifests in partaking in things that are completely out of fucking contact with reality. The fedora imagines that their ability to make a tulpa shows the triumph of their own worldview, while all they’re doing is creating an imaginary little sister who wants to sleep with them.

- Revenge Fantasy.

Cringe lines:

(Self-Doubt) “It’s the duty of any self-respecting male to be able to fight. If you can’t kill your

enemies and win over women, you're just a beta."

(Narcissism) "I have tried and tried, but still they don't understand. If they're not willing to learn from words, they will come to learn from my katana."

(Rage) "The first on my list is Jaden from high school, because he hid my underwear after gym class. The next is Johanna, who rejected me back in grade school."

(Delusion) "They called me a normal kid. I will show them what tapping into my dragon-elf vampire heritage can do."

Self-Doubt filtered through Revenge Fantasy is just good old e-peen compensation. It manifests in crude displays of unfounded aggression and hot-air bluster, carried out to boost the fedora's fragile ego. The fedora imagines that by wanting to avenge himself on others, he becomes a true alpha male, while he's only managing to piss off his parents and get grounded.

Narcissism filtered through Revenge Fantasy is, to put it simply, desperation. If the fedora cannot prove himself through talking to people due to his abominable people skills, he works himself into a fury that leads him to fire off ill-conceived references to the Second Amendment. The fedora imagines this as a righteous crusade of vengeance to convince the unbelievers, while it's really just a sperg-out.

Rage filtered through Revenge Fantasy – well, it's anger. The fedora doesn't just fail to deal with the problem constructively, he never even deals with the problem and instead stews in his own juices while writing revenge lists. The fedora imagines that he's only biding his time before all those who offended him will get payback, but what he's doing is just waffling.

Delusion filtered through Revenge Fantasy is the good old "I'll show them all". It's the spillover of a long teenage period of complete reality disconnect and the frustration of someone whose sexual formative period has been spent solely with Sonic and Pokémon characters. The fedora imagines that everyone else is too narrow-minded and foolish to see the truth, but it has never been true that the fedora is in fact "a female anthropomorphic fox trapped in a man's body".

- Pseudo-Intellectualism.

Cringe lines:

(Self-Doubt) "The evidence is right here, in these scientific papers. The white man is the apex of all human evolution, and quantifiably superior."

(Narcissism) "I am above prostrating myself to an imaginary friend in the clouds when I don't understand something. I am enlightened, and I trust only in myself."

(Rage) "Stand down, nigger. I have thousands of years of genetic purity on my side, and I have an American-made Glock. Your race has been scientifically proven to be apeline."

(Delusion) "There is literally no proof whatsoever that reality is objective and exclusive. In this figment, I am Dirk Pritchard, but in the neighboring reality, I am a rainbow vampire trans-hedgehog dragon wolf."

Self-Doubt filtered through Pseudo-Intellectualism is basically echo-chamber circlejerking. It's using dodgy science and fringe psychology to justify one's own perception of superiority towards, among others, women and non-whites. The fedora imagines that he's simply aiding in the triumph of science, but he's in fact shitting on the very idea of science by prioritizing outdated theories and untested hypotheses over accepted science.

Narcissism filtered through Pseudo-Intellectualism is mainly just edgy atheism. It's rooted in the idea that the fedora is "enlightened" and as such elevated beyond any form of consolation or

supporting philosophies in life. The fedora imagines that he's finally disproven God, while all that he's doing is parroting Dawkins and coming up with meaningless buzzwords like "imaginary cloud-friend".

Rage filtered through Pseudo-Intellectualism is redneck science at its finest. It's based on the idea that science gives one acceptable targets that have been "proven" subhuman by an article in an underground White Pride webzine. The fedora imagines that he's helping with weeding out the weak and the inferior, while it's just giving him an excuse to mime shooting his dad's Glock at his black school bullies.

Delusion filtered through Pseudo-Intellectualism is perhaps the most ineffectual and least tolerable fedora philosophy. It's based around circuitous, smugly verbose logical fallacies wound around each other so many times that people give up trying to follow it, which the fedora takes as having won the argument. The fedora imagines that he's finally proven that his soul belongs to a reincarnation of Amy the Hedgehog, but his reasoning can really be boiled down to "because I said so".

Powers

The Edge of fedoras fuels a vast array of supernatural powers. The pure emotional energy that builds up in someone so alienated, rejected, dysfunctional and completely unwilling to do anything at all about it is so massive that it's capable of changing reality itself.

That's the nice part.

The less heartening part is that fedora powers are almost always incredibly petty and niche. They're wish-fulfillment given form, not powers selected and trained for maximum efficacy. Fedoras are versatile, but their powers often demand a lot of preparation and imagination to use. Everything about them orbits around fulfilling the user's own fantasies, and as such they take a bit of work to use in the same way as one would use spells or other powers in most fiction. The magic is shaped after the user's desires, instead of it being actively shaped by the user, and that's perhaps the biggest difference between fedora powers and "conventional" magic.

Whatever power set you have, you have **three favorite powers and three refused powers**. By default, a fedora has access to all the powers of their power set, but there are always going to be things you like more or less than others. You're free to choose favorite and refused powers as you want – favorite powers cost one less Edge to use (if they normally cost 1 Edge, you just get one free use per day), and refused powers are completely impossible to use.

Japanophilia powers are perhaps the pettiest and most niche of fedora powers. They're exclusively oriented around Japan, and the ridiculous situational nature of many of the powers means that it's a hard channel to use outside of some very specific cases. However, Japanophilia powers can often be useful when there's finally an opening to use them – and since they don't lend themselves well to casual use, the user is often going to have plenty of Edge. They require a lot of imagination to use right, but if one can do that, they lend themselves well to getting aid from unpredictable sources. Japanophilia powers focus on communication, transport and exchange, and they can give a fedora many unexpected allies and aces up their sleeve.

Misogyny powers are both very powerful and very obviously crippled. They're very direct and socially aggressive, specializing in undermining people's social lives, incapacitating them and forcing them to do things they don't want to. They also involve a bit of social deception and utility, and could have been very close to being the unrivaled "best" channel if it wasn't for one obvious weakness. Misogyny powers only

work on women, as they're the exclusive focus of the fedora's Edge-fueled hatred, and their effects won't work on half of the human population, nor Hipsterism users with too much imagination.

Revenge Fantasy powers are extremely straightforward and brutal, and they can seem wildly powerful at first glance. They allow for various powerful attacks and combat maneuvers, and these are backed up with a bit of invisibility and a bit of social warfare. However, they make the user a huge fucking beacon for the police and other people whose responsibility it is to keep law and order, and the greatest danger about the channel is exactly how easy it is to be left high and dry. Revenge Fantasy powers can chew through huge amounts of Edge in a very short time, as many of the acts are very unrealistic and very emotionally satisfying – both drain Edge from the user.

Hipsterism powers are all about being unpredictable. They manipulate chance and the permanency of things, and the channel is almost unmanageably unpredictable, with a lot of chance involved. The channel's powers tend to focus on "being novel and original" as well as some good, old-fashioned attention-whoring – Hipsterism users are masters at blending into social networks, though they're more socially stealthy than the sledgehammer approach of Misogyny. Of course, Hipsterism powers are often unpredictable or niche – while not as hard to use as Japanophilia powers, the goal of Hipsterism powers is more to be unpredictable than consistently effective and relevant.

Pseudo-Intellectualism powers are mostly mental. They focus on calling up knowledge, examining it and detecting threats, spiced up with a few powers mainly involving religion and childish shocking behavior. It's quite versatile within its main field of focus, but it's extremely mental – there aren't many Pseudo-Intellectualism powers that have a real, tangible effect. Pseudo-Intellectualism users tend to have a hard time going solo, since their powers are oriented around gathering knowledge and useless trivia – it's useful to know it and all, but the fedora likely doesn't have the skills to pull all of it off without someone else's help. Ironically, then, while Pseudo-Intellectualism is all about proving one's own superiority, the powers are so smugly mental that the user will likely need backup to actually utilize them.

Inherent Powers

Fedora powers are mainly active, not passive – Edge, after all, is based on bottling up emotions and stewing ineffectually in one's own juices, and thus passive powers are usually antithetical to the very idea behind Edge. There are a few exceptions, though – these are mostly the ways in which the fedora's Edge passively spills over into their surroundings.

Fedoras are inherently unlikable. The aura of Edge spilling off them makes them reek of social ostracism and interpersonal awkwardness, and it's clear as day to any normal people (that is, anyone not possessing Edge) that the fedora is incapable of competently and willingly being a part of normal society. As such, no matter how well fedoras do on a roll, it won't impress normal people – the absolute best that can happen is a kind of grudging, uneasy respect. Whatever a fedora does, even if it's something that would be honestly impressive if done by a normal human, it just seems kind of sad and tryhard. There are two exceptions: first, when a fedora uses Edge, it's the very manifestation of their bottled-up wish to impress, scare and shock other people, and as such it impresses normal people perfectly well. Second, if a fedora succeeds on a Play Normal roll, people will treat them as a reasonably normal human for the next hour or so, though a few hints of social awkwardness remain.

All fedoras can detect Edge. This also carries over to fedoras themselves and the use of Edge powers. If another fedora is within 100 meters, a fedora automatically knows it, though they can't pinpoint who it is unless they can see them. They also only know if there are one or more fedoras – they can distinguish between one and two fedoras in an area, but not two and three. Edge becomes very, very messy and hard

to figure out when it starts overlapping, as it's so emotionally convoluted. If multiple fedoras are gathered in a group, treat them as one fedora for the purpose of this ability – it's easy to sort through the signal chaos when you know who to ignore first.

If anyone uses an Edge power, it alerts all fedoras within a radius equal to 100 meters times the amount of Edge used by the power. They'll know the rough direction of the power's use, as well as how much Edge was used, but nothing else.

Fedora powers can be used on other fedoras, but it's not very reliable. Fedoras have an inherent understanding and mastery of Edge, after all, and find it easy to brush off attempts to affect them with a power that they themselves know inside out. While most fedora powers automatically work on humans, without allowing them any form of saving throw, all that a fedora needs to completely negate any Edge-fueled power used on them is to spend a point of Edge. The power's target must be the fedora – you can't use Edge to avoid an Edge-fueled supernatural attack, since the Edge effect doesn't actually target the victim – it creates some form of attack, which is then used to target the victim. If in doubt, it's up to GM fiat. Any person possessing Edge instinctively knows if someone is trying to use Edge on them – you can't unwittingly affect them. Fedoras, after all, are so intimately familiar with Edge that they can sense each other – sensing someone actually using it is even easier.

Japanophilia Powers:

1 Edge:

- Understand spoken and written Japanese for 30 seconds.
- Summon a single insignificant, **but Japanese**, snack such as Pocky or Ramune out of thin air.
- Gain knowledge of the location, date, entry price and events of all anime cons or other Japan-centric events within a hundred miles. This applies to all of the events, not just the currently ongoing ones. It also gives you an understanding of the types of people there, what types of problems it faces (fandom wars, Koreaboos, Christian picketers) and, conveniently enough, the complete layout and floor plan of the venue.
- Automatically gain the effects of daily Japanese practice for a week, without having to do anything. Immediately discern whether something seemingly Japanese is Japanese or not. This is a yes/no power, and only discerns whether the manufacturer is Japanese or not.

2 Edge:

- Ensure that **anything** traveling from Japan arrives safely, quickly and without any searches. This doesn't even need to be anime goods – it can be smuggled goods or even a group of people.
- Gain supernatural knowledge of one single anime, game or manga for a whole day. All the supplementary materials, all the interviews, all the secret codes. This means *everything* – while it doesn't give you actual skill, your knowledge is complete and total, in excess of what even the creators of the medium intended. If you bother, you can write out a game's source code by hand if you have a few days to devote to it.
- Be let in for free, and with no strings attached, at any Japan-centric con or fan gathering. This applies to everything from a gathering of weeaboos that you don't know, over an ordinary anime con, to a semi-formal scholarly convention on the future of the Japanese economy.

- Transmute any non-Japanese consumer product to an available Japanese variant. A Samsung phone becomes a Sony, a normal Kit-Kat becomes a green tea one, a translated Murakami book becomes the original version, and a box of Thai Pocky becomes the **superior** Nipponese version.
- Gain access to the **Japanese Internet** for a week. This is basically a failsafe, full-speed Japanese VPN without any issues whatsoever, on every computer you use. Your torrent speed will increase to 10 Mb/s, and your Internet connection will never fail.

3 Edge:

- Understand a single episode or volume of Japanese media. You can understand games for up to an hour of play.
- Become able to read Japanese at elementary-school level for a week.
- Gain an intimate knowledge of the Japanese-ness of a single object. You learn everything concerning the origin of the object, including country of manufacture, the ethnicity of everyone who worked on it, owner of the IP rights and whether it's intended as plagiarism or not. This can also be used on a person, in which case you gain knowledge of whether or not they're born in Japan, speak Japanese, are culturally Japanese, respect Japanese culture and/or are ethnically Japanese.
- Destroy any fake Japanese object that you can touch. This includes everything that's intended to appear Japanese, such as OEL manga, Korean idol CDs, Thai Pocky and Chinese cup ramen. The object simply catches fire and burns to ashes in seconds, while Kimigayo can be heard playing in the background. There is no upper limit on the size of the object, though very few objects larger than a car will intentionally be made to appear Japanese. You can still reduce a Kia or Hyundai to a smoldering husk in seconds, though. This power can affect whole batches of fake Japanese objects, though the individual objects must be no more than a foot apart – if you happen to stumble upon a warehouse full of OEL manga, you can torch the whole shit with one use of the power.

4 Edge:

- Hold a single conversation in bog-standard Japanese. No accent, no fuck-ups – but no dialects, no slang and no different politeness levels. You'll sound like an elementary schoolgirl.
- Gain permanent and total understanding of a single piece of Japanese media, such as a game, book, manga or anime DVD – just like the 2-Edge power, but permanent.
- For one week, become able to draw in the style of a Japanese artist of your choosing. You cannot vary the style enough that it doesn't seem derivative, but you also can't get it close enough to convincingly mimic the artist. The drawings will be technically skilled and depict whatever you like, but no matter what, it'll come off as derivative.
- Hide your power level – that is, avoid ridicule caused by being a weeaboo or otherwise a complete freakshow for a whole day. No one will comment on you wearing cosplay in public, the half-naked seven-year-old on your moeshit T-shirt or your constant attempts at shoehorning butchered Japanese into every sentence. This power basically suspends the social-ostracism side effect of having Edge, while still allowing you to use Edge powers – however, it also prevents you from effectively gaining Edge, since the fact that people treat your horribly socially retarded behavior as

normal means that you don't experience the embarrassment and ineffectual frustration that Edge is built upon.

5 Edge:

- Understand anything Japanese, whether text or speech, for a week. If you ever use it to make Japanese media available to anyone but yourself (those EOPs), the effect immediately ends.
- On a single attack on a Korean, a Koreaboo, a Chinese person or a Chinaboo, instead of rolling for damage, automatically deal an amount of damage levels equal to your dice pool. These levels cannot be dodged, parried or soaked up. The fires of Nipponese Yamato-damashii smite the unbelievers.
- Make one of the doors in your shitty pad open into a back-alley door in Tokyo for fifteen seconds. Everyone who can fit through the door and make it in before it closes can follow along. For a week, if you open the door that you came through, it will open back into your apartment for fifteen seconds, then shut (and terminate the effect). When you're back, the effect ends. You can get stuck if you fuck up.
- Make a single Japanese friend. A culturally and ethnically Japanese person who lives within a two-hour drive will meet you at some point, come to like you and want to hang out with you. They will only stop being your friend if you really act up – that is, commit an act that gives you 9 or more total Edge at once. Their level of competence is up to GM fiat, but they're about as competent as a normal person could be expected to be, and they won't be freaked out by Edge powers after their first time seeing them. This is a powerful ability, but rarely used twice – it doesn't necessarily guarantee that the Japanese friend will be interested in anime and manga, or even know that much about it. "Culturally Japanese" is a double-edged sword for most Japanophilia fedoras – on one hand, it's the only solution for the kind of weeaboo who can work themselves into a shrieking hissy-fit when they find out that someone isn't 100% Nipponese, but on the other hand it puts the fedora face-to-face with how Japan and Japanese culture really are.

6 Edge:

- Understand, speak and write any kind of Japanese fluently for a week. This includes literary and cultural references, dialects, slang, polite language and other things a real Japanese-speaker would be able to use. It breaks if you use it to make any Japanese media available to EOPs.
- Look and act exactly like an anime or game character of your choice for 24 hours, clothes included. This, of course, doesn't mean that you will look exactly like the character does in the media they figure in, but that you look and act as close to them as is at all possible while still looking like a halfway normal human. This corollary, of course, is absolutely moot if your character of choice isn't human-looking at all, in which case you'll simply have to deal with the full weight of normal people's disgust and derision. You can move up to 3 dots in your stats from one stat to another, as well as change your Traits, when using the power. The stat change has to be consistent with the character, and no stat can reach a base score of 8 or more – however, your Euphoric Trait is constantly active for the duration of the power, with all that this entails. The power is also a real, physical change (ew). This power, while very useful, is nevertheless used surprisingly rarely, since

seeing a favorite character adapted to the rules of the real world can be too much of a blow for the Animeland fantasies of most Japanophilia fedoras.

- Bring an anime or game character of your choice into existence for 24 hours. You can choose whether or not the character will be used to the real world or not, as well as change small elements about their appearance or behavior (the most vital part is to tweak things so that they like you, something that couldn't otherwise happen). You may choose the exact episode, game or other story passage that the character is duplicated from. The character has no Edge or related powers, but to compensate has a stat spread of 2/4/6 and 10 skill points, as well as their Euphoric Trait always being active. The character can manifest supernatural powers or other such things in cosmetic ways, but cannot actually use them for practical purposes. Everything else about this power is GM fiat, especially how normal people react to something that looks like an oversexualized pink cartoon hedgehog walking around next to a mouth-breathing, sweaty, fedora-clad dweeb making furious fumbling motions underneath his longcoat. The specific appearance of the character is subject to the same rules as the above power – that is, human-looking characters will have their proportions and other such basic traits tweaked in order to look reasonably normal (though weird traits such as wings or freaky hair will still remain). As much as a Japanophilia fedora might think that it gives him Nipponese 4chan cred to like Yotsuba&!, having the power exactly duplicate the manga's art style would turn it into a supernatural fear power, which it isn't.
- Blend into Japan for one week. People will act as if you're fully Japanese, and they will never treat you as a foreigner. You will also be expected to know everything a Japanese person would know, and this effect doesn't keep people from thinking you're just plain stupid if you mess up something basic. You can choose to look Japanese, in which case you'll still vaguely resemble yourself, but still be unrecognizable to most people who know you. This power also allows you to speak, understand and write Japanese, but only in a basic capability – you're incapable of understanding the technicalities of the language, such as historical references, complicated wordplay, dialects, slang or any other politeness levels than casual and casual-polite.

Misogyny Powers:

(wow, this is gonna be terrible)

1 Edge:

- Detect the presence of any women who are sexually attractive, intelligent, strong or otherwise capable enough to put you to shame. This is a radar-ping effect, with a range of 50 yards, and gives you only an immediate realization of the presence, direction and number of such women.
- Detect any pro-female bias in any medium, no matter how well it's concealed. You cannot detect pro-male bias in any way.
- Severely creep out any sexually attractive female you can talk to. You need to say something clingy, offensive or sexually harassing, and the power will do the rest. The woman will be so creeped out and repulsed by you that she'll immediately leave and won't attempt to brush with you again if she can avoid it. She might tell her friends about you, though, and if you approach her again, she's almost guaranteed to call the cops.

- Make a single social gathering that you host into a guaranteed sausage-fest. No women will want to participate, and in fact it'll creep most of them out. There will only be guys, even if you invite women.

2 Edge:

- Cause a minor Freudian slip when a woman is talking about men, romance or relationships. The target will say just enough of her true intentions for you to puzzle them out, but others might not notice.
- Gather 2d2 other fedoroid misogynists at a social gathering. To do this, you need to put out an invitation on Reddit or /r9k/ at least two days in advance, as well as giving a meeting spot that's possible for other people to reach and enter. The fellow fedoroids will be positively inclined towards you and willing to "help your crusade against the Feminazis", but they have no Edge.
- Create an opening for yourself or someone else to white-knight. The target will, within about 15 seconds, drop something on the ground, have one of their high heels break or otherwise experience a tiny mishap that you or someone else can use as an excuse to white-knight.
- Find an Exhibit A. With merely fifteen seconds of searching on Google, you can find a single horrible, farcical example of exaggerated third-wave Tumblr feminism. The source you find will be completely, objectively wrong in any and all ways. You're still committing a strawman fallacy, though.

3 Edge:

- Unerringly find a prostitute within your price range. All women are gold-diggers, after all, but some of them are honest. Right? This power won't fail if you're somewhere far beyond civilization – no matter where you are, it will give you knowledge of the exact distance and direction to a woman who will have sex with you for money.
- Fortify one bottle, glass or other container of drink owned or held by a woman. If the drink is alcoholic, the alcohol content increases by 20% alcohol with no change in the taste; if it's non-alcoholic, it becomes 10% alcohol, but still doesn't taste of booze.
- Make yourself totally immune to sexual advances from women for five hours. No matter what – flirting, groping, promises of sex, being drunk, whatever – you **cannot** be sexually aroused or tempted at all. Not even porn magazines can shake you – no form of sexual arousal works on you, whatsoever. Well, regarding women, at least. Men can still attempt to seduce you if they want.
- Pose as a woman in a single written or typed message. As long as the reader doesn't have any reason to suspect Edge powers being involved, they will think that the letter or mail came from a woman.

4 Edge:

- Instinctively know what, and how much, you need to give to (or do to) a woman in order for her to have sex with you. The power will reveal the easiest way, which is of course rarely going to be easy at all. The best you can hope for is likely "5000 dollars and a restaurant dinner". Usually, it'll end up being something like "take her little brother hostage". It is worth noting, however, that the method

that the power reveals will always work – it might be hard, but the power only reveals the easiest method among the (likely few) ones that are guaranteed to work.

- Negate the effect of any contraceptives currently in effect, or used within the next 24 hours, on any one woman that you touch. Use your imagination.
- Create a heavy, but not toxic, dose of flunitrazepam (that is, Rohypnol) in any one drink belonging to or held by a woman. You pretty much know what it does – no inhibitions, no coordination, en-bloc blackout. There's always Wikipedia.
- Imitate a woman's voice on a single phone call or message. You can choose the specifics, but it will always sound like a woman, in everything from intonation over word choice to speech patterns.

5 Edge:

- Make a woman commit a massive Freudian slip while talking about men or relationships. The slip will be true, but it's still cherry-picking, as it shows no redeeming traits and always comes off as negatively as possible.
- Create movie chloroform. Basically, what you do is touch a rag, spend the Edge and then hold it to a woman's mouth and nose within half an hour. The rag will work like chloroform does in the movies – complete knockout in five seconds, no risk of poisoning and able to be refreshed with multiple uses of the power. One use lasts for five hours.
- Create an actual aphrodisiac. It's not a love drug, but it does massively increase sex drive and lower inhibitions, while causing none of the side effects of alcohol, GHB or Rohypnol. To use it, you must rub your fingers together in an incriminating movement over a glass belonging to a woman.
- "Borrow" the looks and mannerisms of a single woman who you've seen within the last two hours, including the clothes they were wearing at the time. This power lasts for 24 hours, is a real change (ew) and – well, I'll leave the uses to your imagination.

6 Edge:

- Make one single woman live up to your stereotypes for 24 hours. If you see all women as emotional, hysterical harpies, that's what the victim will act like; conversely, if you see them as money-grubbing slags, that's what they'll act like. Their behavior will be as close to their normal behavior as it's still possible.
- Make one single woman date you for one day. This is not guaranteed to be out of love – it only guarantees that for some reason, the target will go out with you (and maybe even put out and save you from virginity) for one day. They'll go through the motions, and then the effect fades – you get one chance.
- Guarantee that one female target will have sex with another person of your choice within the next 24 hours. Again, this guarantees nothing but the very basics. If the two targets aren't able to reach each other through reasonable coincidences within 24 hours, the effect fades. You also can't name yourself as the subject, since it would invalidate all the bitterness that Misogyny powers are based on.
- Create an "alternate identity" which happens to be a woman. It's a real change, and let's not get too deeply into that, but you can detail and customize it as you want. It doesn't have legal ID, but the power makes it easier to obtain. After the first use of the power, you can spend 2 Edge to

activate the alternate identity for as long as you want, and 2 Edge to shut it off. Just remember that since the usual use of this power is to “infiltrate the female conspiracy” and that the identity thus has to be less of a spaghetti reactor than you are, it’ll be hard to gain Edge. In the same fashion, you’re able to customize the personality and behavior of the alternate identity as you want, as well as being able to choose which clothes you create it with (though you’ll have to buy the rest yourself with the money you swiped from your parents’ sock drawer).

Revenge Fantasy Powers:

1 Edge:

- Summon a leather trench coat out of thin air. The color and patterns are up to you, and so is the length (though it has to go past your knees). At will, you can fish a pair of dark sunglasses, a fedora, a scarf and/or a pack of cigarettes and a lighter out from some dark corner of the coat. The coat lasts for as long as a mundane one would – while it doesn’t disappear on its own, it can still be ruined or lost.
- Cut someone with the pure power of your edge. For one fight, everyone you hit with your bare hands gets cut as if with a box cutter (+1).
- Unlock any one self-contained locking mechanism on touch. This includes magnet locks and other electronic mechanisms as long as they aren’t part of a network, as well as almost all kinds of mechanical locks such as padlocks, bicycle chains and normal tumbler locks. It doesn’t, however, work on any remotely operated locks, or those that are part of any kind of network. It doesn’t trigger alarms active on the door or locking mechanism, but also doesn’t deactivate any alarm mechanisms.
- Get the last word in any argument (like you always wished you would). If you spend one Edge, put on your shades and spin around while uttering a one-liner in a gruff Adam Jensen voice, you effectively end the conversation on your terms. It doesn’t matter how hard you’re losing – you can make a cool exit no matter what, and no one will pursue you or shout after you. If you were defeated in the argument, however, people will still remember that perfectly well.

2 Edge:

- Draw a katana from your coat. Alternately, draw a Desert Eagle with a custom finish. The weapon is still subject to technical limitations – the katana can be broken, and the Desert Eagle can both be jammed and run out of ammo. You can always fish out another full magazine, but you need to actually reach in and get it out, then take out the old magazine, put in the new one and load. The weapon disappears after the fight is over – if it’s drawn outside of a fight, it disappears after an hour.
- Take on an aura of menacing grimness. If you’re wearing an Edge-summoned trench coat and any one other item that can be summoned through the coat, you can concentrate on moving very slowly and quietly while looking very brooding. Bystanders will avoid you, children will run away, authority figures will hesitate to intervene in anything you do, and even your old school bullies will be scared. While doing this, you must speak very hoarsely and deeply, as well as walk very slowly and menacingly, or the effect will break.

- Jam your image on security cameras. You will still trigger alarms, but the only visible thing will be a blurry, greyish blotch. This lasts for half an hour.
- Catch up to a single running normal human. You will be able to run up to 50 miles an hour, regardless of stamina or general physical fitness, as long as you focus on a single person you want to catch. As soon as you reach them, the effect ends.

3 Edge:

- Gain the street cred you always wanted. For 24 hours, you will have inherent street cred – criminal types will perceive you as one of their own. If you walk through project housing in the evening in a trench coat and anime T-shirt, you won't get killed – instead, the gang members among the residents will nod approvingly from the doorways and go back to their own business. You can also buy drugs and weapons without making an ass of yourself and getting stabbed.
- Make an area of one mile in diameter grim and dark for three hours, centered where you use the power. The shadows grow longer, rust and dirt become more obvious, concrete seems stained and flaked, the wind howls grimly among the buildings, crows flock to the power lines, it begins to rain – you get it. The GM might add modifiers for darkness or rain, but in the end it just looks cool.
- Seemingly shrug off a single blow or bullet that doesn't kill you. You'll still be near death if someone splits your skull with a fire axe, but using this power, you can stand up with blood streaming down your face, look perfectly okay and fire off a one-liner. If your target doesn't know of this power, your next Mouth (Slimy/Eloquent) + Backstabbing roll against them for the purpose of intimidation gains a number of bonus dice equal to the amount of health levels you've lost from the attack. If you've already lost more health levels, halve the amount (rounded up) and add it to the bonus.
- Make your eyes creepy for up to the length of a conversation. Your imagination is the limit – if the main character in your Sonic/Animaniacs fanfic has red eyes with blue slit pupils with a black upside-down cross inside of them (because he's a half-vampire half-werewolf double unicorn demon), you can have that too. Add 2 to your dice pool for any Backstabbing rolls made for the purpose of intimidation while the power is in effect.

4 Edge:

- Make sure that one single attack hits, regardless of how your opponent is dodging. Completely ignore any dodge attempts that your opponent makes, and calculate the attack normally from there. This usually manifests in some tryhard way, for example appearing right behind an opponent after they roll aside, pointing a gun to the back of their head and muttering "You won't get away that easily" in a bad Adam Jensen imitation.
- Ignore the way weapons normally work for one fight. Guns never run out of ammo, swords don't break, throwing knives ignore the laws of physics and end up back in your hands, and so on. Basically, what this means is that you always have a weapon ready to use, no matter what happens. If something would make your weapon unusable, ignore it.
- Shout louder than humanly possible, and more intimidatingly as well. You can shout up to a half-page speech loud enough for all of Wichita to hear it clear as day, adding 3 dice to your Mouth (Slimy/Eloquent) + Backstabbing pool if you're trying to scare or intimidate anyone. You can

moderate the effect if you so wish, but the only rule is that your voice can be heard in a circular area with a radius of up to 7 miles in diameter.

- Become totally invisible for up to two hours. This is total and absolute invisibility, and under no circumstances whatsoever can you be seen while the power is in effect – but it does absolutely nothing to other senses, and you can still be heard, smelled and touched. If anyone ever becomes conscious that you're there (Mind (Sketchy/Acute) + Sketch – but they have to have been exposed to some other sensory stimulus from you), your invisibility lapses. You need to be alone and out of anyone's field of vision to activate this power.

5 Edge:

- Make a single attack with some grotesquely oversized weapon pulled from your coat. This can be an automatic shotgun, assault rifle, anti-material rifle, battle axe, claymore or another kind of ridiculously over-the-top weapon. Whatever it is, it gives +6 to your Body (Flailing/Mighty) + Freak Out or Body (Skittering/Graceful) + Shoot Guns roll, but it only lasts for a single attack. Why? Because anything more would ruin your katana/Desert Eagle gimmick.
- Ignore a single attack made by someone else. This is rather simple – just ignore it. If anything can penetrate this power, it will be explicitly noted. It always manifests in some extremely self-conscious way – for example your opponent firing an automatic rifle at you in a cloud of powder smoke, before realizing that you just threw your trench coat off as a decoy, and you're now pushing your shades up and chuckling five yards to the right.
- Shut down any and all security systems in a single building. To use this power, you need to touch part of the system to be affected, for example a code panel or a display. After you spend the Edge, the entire security system in the building shuts down gracefully – the power doesn't melt down or crash the system, it just turns it off without any complications as well as keeps it decisively down for 30 minutes. After this, it can be manually or remotely reset. If there's doubt as to what security systems are affected, for example in cases where the building's security system spills over into other buildings, the entire security system (including branches in other buildings) is shut down if the hub is in the affected building. If it isn't, only those parts of the system that are within the building are affected. The power doesn't unlock doors, but it makes it easier to do so undisturbed.

6 Edge:

- Use your special attack. Really, this can be anything from a particularly overdramatic martial-arts move to launching black lightning from your hands – the cosmetic effects are up to you. The only real demand is that it can't be "uncool" – as you're pouring a huge amount of Edge into the effect, it will of course be edgy by nature. This is a nonstandard attack – it has a range of up to 20 yards, and by default deals 10 levels of damage, not including any of your stats. This damage can be either dodged or soaked up, but not both – you choose which when you choose how your special attack manifests.
- Create a "cool" vehicle out of thin air. This can be a huge Harley with flame decals, a black sedan with tinted windows or even a camo-painted smuggling boat. It can't be much larger than a bus or large hobby plane, and the sheer amount of Edge required to overcome the average fedora's lack of comprehension of planes mean that they're pretty hard to pull off. Whatever it is, it gives two

extra dice to all rolls involving Go Fast, as well as two bonus dice to either Vandalize or Sneak rolls made while in the vehicle. If it's a plane, these bonuses are reduced to 1. The vehicle cannot appear in plain sight, and must be conjured somewhere around a corner or otherwise out of the sight of others – this is because it's cooler. The effect lasts for a pretty impressive full week.

- Finally show your bullies. When you use this power, choose one person or group of people who you have gained Edge from over the years – if you're in doubt, assume that an average school bully will have given you about 5 or 6 Edge over the years. The GM is the final authority. For each point of Edge you've gained, you can add one automatic damage **level** to any attack you make against them. This damage ignores all forms of defense or evasion – the only things that can resist it are defensive effects that use Edge. The levels can be spread over any number of attacks, and in case of a group, can be freely distributed over all the members. Once a level has been used, it's permanently consumed – you have to gain Edge from those people again to use it for this power.
- Enter your final form. For up to 24 hours, you can basically choose and customize your own revenge-fantasy appearance, including clothes and weapons. Everything about this form is up to you, and it will likely look nothing like a normal person. The only limitations is that it can't give you any other abilities than two of the following: flight at roughly 20 mph, a weapon with +4 dice to your rolls, complete lack of resemblance to your real form, the ability (however you explain it) to make two weapon attacks each turn with one at a -2 penalty, +3 to Backstabbing rolls for the purpose of intimidation or +2 to any one of your three main stats (as well as the opportunity to change your trait in that stat for the duration of the effect).

Hipsterism Powers:

1 Edge:

- Change the color and/or pattern of the clothes you're wearing.
- Change the song that a music player of any kind is playing. If it's hooked up to the Internet, you can play basically anything on it; if not, you're limited to the songs (or audio files) on the player. You only need to be able to hear the music to use this power.
- Conjure a tip within your pocket. The tip is about \$10, but you can only use this power for the purpose of giving it to someone doing something "hip" – busking, doing performance art, drawing portraits and other such things.
- Bet the universe a tenner. You must throw a \$10 note or the local equivalent over your shoulder when you use this power; the GM then flips a coin. On heads, you stumble across \$20 or the equivalent within an hour; on tails, you lose the money.

2 Edge:

- Create Schrödinger's Gig Bag. As long as you're wearing a gig bag on your back, at any moment within 24 hours you can pull out a guitar, a bass or a ukulele out of it. All of them can be either acoustic or electric (yes, even the ukulele). They're middle-of-the-road instruments, and vanish at the end of the 24 hours. Until you pull out the instrument, it isn't fixed, but when you do, the instrument becomes physical and the gig bag becomes an entirely ordinary one.
- Coincidentally find a fixie somewhere within the next hour. At some point, you'll come across a fixed-gear bike stuck in a hedge, at the bottom of a hill, thrown in a Dumpster, half-submerged in a

pond, whatever. It'll work for 5 hours of riding it, but it'll start breaking down rapidly afterwards (come on, it's a used fixie), and while it's unlocked, you don't have the key.

- Transmute an ordinary consumer product into an “authentic”, more obscure one of the same type. The product cannot rise in value, nor gain any other properties, but everything else is fair game as long as it becomes more obscure. For example, you could turn a bottle of mainstream Jack Daniels (though that one can be ironically hip) into a bottle of some foul Albanian rotgut, or a Red Bull into a can of Megaforce – or, for inspiration, you could even turn an ordinary .45 handgun into a discontinued WWII Italian one. All three fulfill the criteria – the monetary value doesn't rise (collector's value doesn't matter, just the market price from when it last was on sale), the product's general traits remain the same and it increases in hipster value. You could not, however, have turned the gun into an old Soviet one, since it would never have been available as a consumer product. It needs to have been publicly available to be hip and authentic, after all.
- Cause something karmically ironic to happen to a mundane. Choose a victim – who needs to be a “normal person” with reasonably normal beliefs and interests – and roll d10. On a 1-2, nothing happens. On a 3-4, some minor inconvenience (a spatter of rain on a new suit) happens. On a 5-6, some medium-level inconvenience (being 2 bucks short of paying for the new iPad) happens. On a 7-8, something seriously inconvenient happens – the express train ticket being moved down to a delayed economy ticket by a system error. On a 9, something outright dangerous happens – the yuppie who just brushed off your panhandling PC being hit by a 1991 Opel Astra driven by another hipster. On a 10, roll again and apply any results to the user. Another 10 lets you roll again in the normal way.

3 Edge:

- Make a Vespa or similar vintage hipster scooter (or grandpa/fixie bike) go really fast. For half an hour, you can ride it at 85 mph (if it's a scooter) or 50 mph (if it's a bike). Anything complicated demands a Body (Skittering/Graceful) + Go Fast roll, and a failure means that you crash, and it **hurts**.
- Make a statement that *normies* don't understand, by carrying out an artistic trivialization of the concept of brand names. What this basically means is that you can turn any one piece of clothing you're wearing into a brand-name version of the same type of clothing for 24 hours. You must have a specific piece of brand-name clothing to use as a reference, and it must cost at least \$300 or the equivalent. You can *try* to sell it, but you basically have to have worn it already, and washing it is likely to have it turn right back – you can only leave it unattended for up to half an hour before the effect fades.
- Make an ironic statement on the nature of subcultures by showing the ways in which they're defined solely by active choice and not by inherent nature. What this means is that this effect lets you blend into a single subculture or exclusive group. The power must be activated within 30 yards of some subcultural or exclusive gathering – goths, punks, preps, hipsters, you name it. As long as belonging to the group is defined by dress and superficial behavior, it works. Your clothes, and if applicable, hairstyle, change to match the kind of group you're blending into, and any Mouth rolls made to blend in gain 2 extra dice. The power affects nothing but these two things, and lasts for 6 hours or until actively cancelled.
- Gain a sense of all “underground” places within 3 miles. At the moment of using this power, you instinctively come to know the way to all places within 3 miles that are a hangout for some kind of

subculture or in which illicit activities are performed, as well as a rough sense of what kind of people hang out there. The place has to be “underground” and actively held secret – the power will help you find the old cabin in the thicket behind the school where the kids from the special class huff paint thinner, but it won’t tell you shit about any of the goth clubs in town.

4 Edge:

- Gain a total and intimate understanding of the current codes of behavior in a local subculture or exclusive group. You gain an instinctive knowledge of any written rules, any consistent unspoken rules, any people of importance within the group, what things are fashionable, the group’s relationships to others, and the names used within the group for all group members (which might not necessarily be their real names, and which even then are probably just their first names). This understanding is instantaneous – it doesn’t update, but it only fades as fast as a normal memory would.
- Change the color of your eyes, hair or skin. Mundane colors last for as long as you want, while abnormal ones last for 24 hours.
- Make people subconsciously accept your own outlandish idea of gender identity for 12 hours. No longer will people wound your fragile ego by not knowing the password-like 6-syllable pronoun you insist on, nor will they treat you as a man or a woman – they’ll subconsciously adapt to your ridiculous gender identity for the time the power is in effect. This includes knowledge of any arcane pronouns you want used, as well as excluding you from any negative consequences of your real gender – for example, unless you explicitly dictate it, men won’t see you as an acceptable target for macho posturing, and women won’t see you as a social rival. You can still reap the benefits, though – isn’t that the entire point? Of course, this power makes you immune to any Misogyny powers, as they only work on women, and you’re *above* that kind of gender label.
- Change things up a bit – because it’s un-hip to be conventional. This power quite simply allows you to change your trait for a single stat for up to 48 hours. Roll a die when using this power – on a 9 or 10, you must choose another stat to change your trait for. Being predictable is uncool.

5 Edge:

- Switch your scores in two stats for up to 6 hours. All other effects are roleplaying-based. Roll a die when using this power – on a 9 or 10, you must change one of the stats to be switched.
- Change your own looks within reasonable limits for up to 24 hours. You can’t actually change your gender, nor can you gain or lose more than 50 kilos of weight or 30 cm of height, but you can change your facial features, body shape and voice, as well as either your hair, skin or eye color. As with other effects like this, go bananas with your imagination.
- Teleport to somewhere interesting. That’s the most that can be said about this power, really – it’s an instantaneous teleportation that can be carried out at any moment, even in the middle of a fight, but you have no control over where it takes you. It will often be reasonably close, but there’s no guarantee – the only thing that’s set in stone is that it’s an interesting place. This power is completely subject to GM fiat – it’s intentionally a “get out of trouble free” card, but it could drop the user into even more trouble if the GM feels particularly vicious.

- Quite simply, remove any one trendy object from existence. The definition of “trendy” here is “something that’s unnecessarily expensive by virtue of being a status symbol in the mainstream” – the power wouldn’t work on a high-quality model train, since while it’s a status symbol and expensive because of that, it’s sure as hell not mainstream, and model railway fans all possess Edge on top of that (as if you couldn’t guess). It would, of course, work on the newest iPhone or a designer dress. You only need to be able to see the object to use the power. The object simply disappears from existence in an instant – but, of course, the fun part of this power is what comes afterwards.

6 Edge:

- Create a hipster hideout. You know, the kind of place that shows up in hipster fantasies but doesn’t actually exist in real life – for example a small, dusty apartment full of old books at the top of a narrow, winding staircase accessed from an overgrown inner-city courtyard, or a few rooms over a hipster bar accessed from a hatch on the roof. Basically, this power creates a pocket of your own Edge-fueled reality in the middle of whatever city you use it in, in the form of the kind of “unique, authentic” place that you’d never be able to find otherwise. The power creates an apartment of up to 3 rooms, with outdated but functional appliances (because gas stoves and CRT monitors are just cooler) and all the facilities you’d normally expect of a small apartment. It has a TV signal with the main local news channel, the main local entertainment channel and a few old movie channels that are only watched by senile relics of the 1950’s and people like you, and a reasonable wireless connection. The fridge is fully stocked with craft beer and artisanal products after you first use the power (but must be restocked afterwards), and the key is in the lock when you first enter. The power works for as long as you want, but it might attract unwanted attention – it creates something out of nothing, and it doesn’t really obey the laws of physics. The place generally won’t be visible from the street, but the entrance is visible to anyone who comes across it.
- Become someone else for a bit – or multiple people, because being normal is boring. For twelve hours, you can change your shape completely fluidly, as fast or slow as you want, clothes included, and as many times as you want. As long as it’s reasonably humanly possible – no anime hair here, so ask the Japanophilia fedora in your group – you can become basically whoever you want. The catch? Well, being hip is a curse as much as it’s a blessing. While you can change shape instantly, into basically whatever is humanly possible and as many times as you want, you can only do it through fueling the idea of “unpredictability”. Basically, every time you choose to change shape with this power, you state three features that you want to have, for example “male”, “black hair” and “goth”, or “female”, “middle-aged” and “authoritarian”. The rest is up to the whims of the universe, since it’s much cooler that way and better fuels your pseudo-artistic delusions of “authenticity”. What this means is that the GM fills in the blanks, and they’re encouraged to have fun.
- Explore the other corners of the fedora mentality when your normal worldview gets too boring. You must spend at least half an hour getting ready, which will likely involve a lot of over-the-counter drugs and bizarre “mental exercises”. After this, choose whether you want to change your emotion or your channel – changing your emotion doesn’t have as much of an effect as changing your channel, but it also has less of a chance to go horribly wrong. In either case, roll a d6 – 1 means Self-Doubt or Japanophilia, 2 means Narcissism or Misogyny, 3 means Rage or Revenge

Fantasy, 4 means Delusion or Hipsterism, 5 means a free choice of emotion or Pseudo-Intellectualism and 6 means a free choice. The power lasts for a month if you choose to change your emotion, and for 48 hours if you choose to change your channel. Of course, you gain full access to the powers of any channel you change to, while temporarily losing all access to your old ones – you also have to choose favorite and refused powers. Whether you change your emotion or your channel, record all Edge gained during the power's effect *separately* and use this pool instead of your normal Edge pool – it normally doesn't matter, but different kinds of emotions create slightly different kinds of Edge, and it's nigh-impossible to apply edgy experiences from your normal worldview to an altered one, as you aren't being bitter in the same ways for the same reasons.

- Impose your own filter on the world itself. While Edge in itself isn't actually strong enough to change the *world*, only people and things in it, this power comes very close – as a metaphor, putting a piece of red plastic over a photo doesn't make the photo itself red, but it does mean that the photo could as well be red-tinted. You must choose a genre of fiction to emulate – fedora imagination is ultimately derivative, as the fedora nature comes from the desire to co-opt something perceived as bigger and better than oneself. After this, you become surrounded by something that can be called a “genre filter”, one mile in diameter – the ways in which the world acts change subtly to emulate whatever form of fiction that you wish. As an example, we take Wichita High School. If you choose “noir movie”, the place will be dark and gloomy, lit by flickering yellow streetlights that cast unnaturally long shadows, and everything that happens will follow the noir genre's conventions a bit more – for example, you become much less likely to actually get killed, as anyone who tries to is infinitely more likely to get foiled at the last moment and leave with a hissed “I'll get you next time”. If you choose “high-school drama”, the place will become more clear-cut and appear more like a Hollywood high school – the Stars and Stripes will wave with a bit more verve, the jocks and the geeks will be more clearly defined, romantic intrigue will run wild and pretty much no one will ever become seriously injured. This power is almost solely dictated by GM fiat, but the GM is encouraged to be heavy-handed with this power – it is a quite powerful effect that takes a lot of Edge, after all. On top of that, the power applies equally to everyone within the radius – you're no exception. The power's radius moves with you, lasts for six hours or until cancelled and is generally dismissed by most people included in it as just a strange day. It does make people act differently, according to genre conventions, but it never crosses into the realm of mind control or targeted influence. You just press the switch, and the power of your Edge does the rest for you.

Pseudo-Intellectualism Powers

1 Edge:

- Use any household or consumer appliance without issue as long as you can read the manual. You can do everything with it that's described in the manual – for example, if the manual for a power drill only tells you how to use one drill bit, this power allows you to do that without fear of failure, but if it tells you how to switch drill bits and how to optimally bore through different materials, you learn that too. This effect lasts for as long as you're using the tool.
- Read a simple programming language like C++ or Python fluently for half an hour. This does not allow you to write the language, nor will it help you break through intentional obfuscation of the

code, but it will allow you to read it by the book for the duration of the effect.

Instantly home in on the passages of a text that confirm or agree with your opinions. The effect does not tell you whether the arguments are valid, or whether or not there are things within the text that you disagree with, but it allows you to skim a whole book and see how many times the author agrees with you.

- Instinctively know if a means of communication that you are currently using or just about to use is compromised. It's a yes-or-no feeling, and it won't tell you who's doing the surveillance, what they're searching for or even if they're actively monitoring the line at the time – but it does tell you whether or not the chatroom you're just about to use or the phone call you're making is being monitored by anyone else than the owner and the participants.

2 Edge:

- Keep yourself awake for up to 8 hours as long as you're focusing on some sort of research or intellectual exertion – this might be reading, looking for a book in the library, planning out your crusade against the theist sheep or just playing console games. The effect doesn't give you *more* energy or focus, it just allows you to maintain the amount of energy and focus that you had on the task when you used the power. It lasts for either 8 hours or until you stop concentrating on the task at hand. The time spent using this power doesn't tire you out after you cancel it, but it doesn't count as sleep either.
- Conjure any major Abrahamic holy book out of thin air. This means the Bible, the Torah or the Quran. The book will be a generic version, identical to that of the most popular printing in the country in the last 20 years, but lacking a barcode. It can be in any of the official or minority languages of the country you're currently in. It functions as any normal book would, which means that you can set fire to it or use it to roll joints with while feeling like you've won.
- Gain euphoric vision for half an hour. This means that you can distinguish all religious people by a colored aura flaring around them – the stronger the light, the stronger the person's faith. A strong faith with occasional doubts will show as black lines in the aura. Abrahamic religions show in various shades of gold and silver, New-Age religions in purples and pinks, animistic and pagan ones in blues and greens, polytheistic ones as shades of brown and pseudo-religious philosophies such as Taoism show as grey. The aura can be seen as long as the person is in a bird's-flight line of sight – it's visible through solid objects, and since it flares up, it's visible even in pitch darkness.
- Create a sort of study-cum-sanctuary, using your omnipresent fear of being criticized. For five hours, you can shield a small corner of a public area – a McDonalds booth, your car in the corner of the Wal-Mart parking lot, the bench outside the club you were denied entry to, the staff break area behind the supermarket – from other people's attention as long as nothing serious goes on in there. As long as no fights break out and no Edge powers are used, people will generally avoid being interested in the place, and most people (including the cops) will walk right past you even if you're loudly planning to burn down the town church. The power is mind-affecting, and can therefore be resisted with Edge. You can call people into the zone without any problems, as long as they have your approval. Anyone kicked out of the area who can't resist Edge powers will be affected normally by it.

3 Edge:

- Gain an anti-theist aura for two hours. Only theists can detect the aura, but it unsettles them and gives the clear impression that you're "evil" or at the very least extremely antagonistic to their religion. This gives 1 extra die on all rolls involving intimidation. In addition, you can cause small, obviously "unholy" effects to happen on consecrated ground or to consecrated objects – muddying the water in a baptismal font, making flowers in a graveyard wither, extinguishing all the flames in a menorah or turning Sacramental wine into vinegar.
- Pull off something very like a Satanic ritual. Of course, it doesn't actually do anything Satanic, but it's great fun and brings up morale – the Edge just makes sure that it works especially well. By doing a lot of half-researched Satanic screwing around that fits more in a roleplaying session than a real Satanic cabal – pouring chicken blood over goat skulls while burning black candles and smoking Djarum Blacks – you bring up the spirits of any fedoras participating in the ritual. Any people possessing Edge, as well as anyone who's just plain edgy, participating in the ritual gain a 4-die bonus to Body (Persistent/Tough) rolls made to resist pain or severe adversity for the next 12 hours.
- Make a single one of your edgy arguments come off as honestly convincing. The argument must be intended to give people a negative opinion of religion, left-wing politics or minorities. For however long it takes you to present that single argument, you gain +3 to your Expound rolls. In addition, if your Mouth trait is Wheedling/Charming, your Euphoric Trait is activated for no additional cost.
- Instantly gain an intimate knowledge of all theist churches and religious buildings within 3 miles. The information is current at the time of using the power, but it doesn't update unless you use the power again in the same area. The knowledge involves denomination, amount of active employees, approximate congregation size, the name and appearance of any religious relics or artifacts stored there, approximate importance for members of the faith and whether or not the building has any "dirty secrets" (though the exact type isn't revealed, and you have to investigate on your own).

4 Edge:

- Instantly learn the deepest and most fundamental flaw in a religious person's faith. Alternately, detect up to three fundamental logical fallacies in any religious script or speech. This is still cherry-picking, but it can be used on basically anything and anyone. This power does not actually affect the victim's mind, and as such can in no way be resisted.
- Cause any one obviously "unholy" effect to happen. This effect is powerful enough to deface religious buildings and destroy small objects of religious importance – for example, you can split a baptismal font clean down the middle just by scowling so hard at it that you start groaning awkwardly, cause bloody handprints and pentagrams to appear all over a church façade or smash all the windows in a synagogue.
- Call down a fit of "enlightened inspiration". By smoking a joint or taking some other kind of psychoactive drug (of course it has to be illegal – things have to be taboo to be cool) and then going somewhere for half an hour to act weird and make strange noises, you can gain some sort of insight relevant to the current situation. The information gained is determined by the GM, though it will always be somewhat relevant to any issues at hand. It's usually quite convoluted and hard to interpret, though.
- Gain one of three skills that fedoras cannot normally obtain. By reading from one of the Three Edgy Works (Atlas Shrugged, Mein Kampf and the DSM-IV), you obtain a single skill at 4 for two hours. You only have to spend about five minutes reading from the book – the important part is that you

read some of the edgier passages. The skills are Finance (from Atlas Shrugged; it applies when dealing with matters of economy and finance, both theoretical and applied), Politics (from Mein Kampf; it deals with political theory, holding speeches and practical political organization – the speech-holding uses are generally more effective than Expound) and Psychology (from the DSM-IV; it applies when attempting to diagnose others, understand other people’s motivations and help others through hard situations – it’s actually reasonably correct, though no fedora would ever think of using it in socially acceptable ways).

5 Edge:

- For lack of a better expression, shout “SATAN” at a church and have it fuck shit up. To use the power, you must shout something offensive and abrasive at the top of your lungs towards a religious building within 100 meters – and yes, everyone will hear it. The building won’t be ruined utterly, but it’ll immediately suffer the effects of severe vandalism – windows will break, pews will be torn up, the baptismal font will fill with goat blood, satanic prayers will be burnt into the walls, altars will split down the middle, crucifixes will bend and assorted such things. The power creates an infernal fucking racket, and it’s bound to be heard by basically everyone within a mile. Needless to say, the building will be unfit for religious services until it’s properly fixed and re-consecrated – the power doesn’t actually “desecrate” the place on a spiritual level, but very few religions will still consider a place consecrated after receiving this kind of treatment.
- Come forth with one argument that will actually make a person feel bad about their race, gender, sexuality or beliefs. If you succeed on a Mouth (Wheedling/Charming) + Expound roll, the person you’re arguing with will feel genuinely guilty for whatever you’re accusing them of for two hours. A left-winger will be filled with doubt in their political beliefs, a theist will experience a sudden crisis of faith, a woman will feel guilty about trying to be on the same level as men, a black person will suddenly feel that they’re acting like a racial stereotype, and so on. Most people affected by this power will actually try to make up for their guilt by offering to do you some kind of favor, though this favor has to include a hostile act towards whatever you’re making them feel bad for being. Those who can’t do you a favor immediately, or those who the GM judges aren’t likely to do so, will just leave and allow you to do whatever business you were doing.
- Create a forbidden library in some dubious place. You must use this power in a place that’s dark, remote and abandoned – after all, you’re using an extremely edgy power to create something extremely edgy, and it would contradict the fedora mindset if you were to use it in an “uncool” place. The power immediately manifests a bookshelf (which, of course, is grim-looking in some way) filled with books that have at some point been forbidden by the establishment. This is likely to include at least one of each of the following: a heretical theist script, an anti-theist screed written from a reasonably informed viewpoint, a hate-speech-filled rant, a conspiranoid document on avoiding some sort of government interference and a weapons or training manual. There is a 25% chance that any one of the former two will be written in a dead language of some sort. The power is permanent, and if any of the books are destroyed, new and different books will appear in the bookshelf after 24 hours.
- Fluently write, speak and comprehend any three dead or liturgical languages for a week, as well as rudimentarily understand any and all other dead or liturgical languages.

6 Edge:

- Fuel the Edge of someone else, effectively making progress towards them gaining fedora powers. To use this power, you need to be able to make conversation with the target for at least half an hour per use – they don't have to *want* to listen to you, but they do have to do it. Each time you use this power, roll Mouth (Wheedling/Charming) + Expound – every success gives the target one point of pseudo-Edge. This pseudo-Edge is a measure of how much you've managed to convince the target that they're being persecuted and victimized, as well as a measure of how hard you're failing to give them a constructive way to do anything about this. The mundane parts of this power basically consist of making out all the target's problems to be the result of some sort of persecution, but without giving them any way to help it besides stewing in their own juices and hating everyone else. When the person reaches 15 points of pseudo-Edge, they become able to detect Edge at half the range that a fedora can, as well as being able to treat Edge powers as utterly normal without freaking out. When they reach 30, all pseudo-Edge vanishes, and the person gains 7 normal Edge. From then on, they're treated as a fedora for all intents and purposes, and they gain their own Edge-fueling emotion, channel and set of Edge powers. This power is to blame for several of the more unlikely fedoras out there – most fedoras who're not white, male and between 14 and 24 years old are a result of some Pseudo-Intellectualism fedora forcing fedoroid opinions down their throat.
- Create an "anti-authority zone". It's a fancy name, but in the end it's only a secret hideout. The chosen area doesn't necessarily need to be a building – all that it needs is to be dark, foreboding and have some form of shelter, as well as being reasonably infrequently visited by others. The old, burnt-out shed in the abandoned kindergarten near your home works just as well as the far end of an old factory building poking out into the woods, even if the latter is only really a stairwell, two benches and a smoking shelter. In any case, the power can cover an area with a radius of about 10 meters. Unlike the similar Hipsterism power, this power does not provide amenities – instead, it makes the area radiate palpable Edge. It's almost out of the question for theists to enter the zone – a cloying mist of edgy anti-theism hovers over the area, though it might also just be the smell of old clove cigarette butts and Taaka mixed with root beer. People with any kind of authority to throw you out of the area or punish you for anything you're doing there are almost incapable of entering – only those with Normalcy (q.v.) can enter by spending three points of it, and even they have to know that you're there first. The area also scares away mundanes very effectively, though you can still bring them in there – the only people who can reliably get in on their own are people who possess Edge. This power lasts for a month.
- Completely, permanently and utterly wean someone off a specific worldview or opinion. This can be a political leaning, religious faith or just one specific conviction (women being superior to men, atheists being evil). In far the most cases, it won't be enough to turn a hated enemy into a friend, since it only disowns a person of one specific opinion or worldview, and it won't make the person *agree* with the fedora, but it just *works*. The power doesn't actually replace the person's belief with anything else, though most targets of this power will likely try to find something else to replace it – what it does is to give the target a near-religious revelation (funny how ironic things can get) that completely disillusion them from their opinion. A militant feminist suddenly imagines a slideshow of all the things women can possibly do wrong, a religious person instantly realizes that he's never

actually seen proof of God and that there have been plenty of things in his life that a real God would have stopped, the school's conservative principal suddenly realizes how much of a waste of time it has been to keep his students from drinking... the list goes on. This is perhaps one of the most fundamentally wish-fulfilling fedora powers out there, which is exactly why it costs so much Edge – fedoras, most prominently the Pseudo-Intellectualism kind, like to imagine that their logic is flawless and their arguments sound, but it takes a 6-Edge power to actually turn someone off from a worldview that the fedora dislikes. It's not possible to use Edge to actually convince a person of the rightness of the fedora's worldview – that's simply too demanding for Edge to do, no matter how much of it you pour into it.

- Summon the Devil. Well, summon a devil. Well, summon something that very much looks like the pop-cultural image of a devil. To do this, you must pull off a pseudo-Satanic ritual – the factual accuracy of the ritual matters roughly jack, the main demand being that you follow the spirit of the idea. It must take at least 6 hours (terminating after dark) and be performed in some dark place (maybe an abandoned church, maybe just your mom's basement while she's on vacation) – and most importantly, it must involve huge amounts of the things that Pseudo-Intellectualism fedoras tend to think make them “Satanic”. This means that you must sacrifice at least six small animals such as mice or chickens, drink at least two bottles of cheap port wine each, perform at least six acts of blasphemy (likely to be something like mooning a cross or shouting “FUCK JESUS”), all the while listening to blaringly loud shock rock and smoking clove cigarettes lit with black wax candles. At the culmination of the ritual, something that looks like a bad metal album cover will manifest in a cloud of brimstone-smelling smoke and look bemused for just long enough that you can point it towards a specific area. You have no control over this thing whatsoever aside from being able to point it towards a place you want wrecked – it just spurts off in a haze of smoke and goat musk, proceeding to wreak havoc in the general area. The demon-like thing, when it's not busy breathing jets of green flame or manifesting out-of-place goat heads from various parts of the smoke cloud that is its body, will *fuck shit up* – not only does it cause plants to wither, milk to sour, children to cry, sleeping people to have screaming nightmares, church windows to burst into bloody shards and molten hoof prints to appear in the asphalt (all the while making an unholy fucking racket, what with the ghostly howling taken straight off some Slipknot sample), it also smashes things left and right, using a pool of 20 dice instead of a conventional die pool. It has no other skills to speak of – well, if it does, it isn't using them. It's mostly invisible to mundies, who will notice it as a blast of stinking, scorching air and maybe a ghostly braying in the distance, and it won't smash things that a mundie is actively observing – but it'll just move on and smash something else. It rampages for two hours, after which it vanishes and leaves the surrounding area an unholy mess and an object lesson on the phrase “collateral damage”.

Stats

As a Fedora Master, you have three stats. There's Mind, which represents your ability to think quickly, to solve logical problems and to pick up on sensory cues; Body, which measures your ability to run, fight and take a beating; and Mouth, which represents that tiny little inkling of something that once had the

potential to be social savvy. All three are rated from 1 to 7. At character creation, you choose one stat to start at 1, one to start at 3 and one to start at 5.

Each stat has three (or, more accurately, six) **traits**, of which you choose one. A trait is something secondary about the stat that you're especially good at. Normal traits give a +1 bonus to the stat when they apply, and the total sum of the stat cannot exceed 7. You cannot impress normal people with a stat with a normal trait – they simply *won't understand*.

If you spend a point of Edge, however, you can turn one single trait into a Euphoric Trait for fifteen minutes. Euphoric Traits (because it's just that case-sensitive) give a +2 bonus that can make the stat exceed 7 when it applies, as well as being a lot more popular with mundane people. Those fucking sheep.

All characters, regardless of their other stats, have 10 health levels. These are detailed further down, in the section titled "Crunch".

Mind:

- **Dweeby:** You're nerdier than your Mind stat implies, and you've probably remembered all of your favorite fanfictions to the level where you can expound on them for hours. This trait applies when remembering information, solving logical problems or reciting the list of "100 Funniest Anime References in Sonic Slashfic". It also makes you annoying and persistently droning when you use it. The Euphoric version of Dweeby is **Wise**. This gives a +2 bonus when it applies, which it does in much the same cases as Dweeby. It does not, however, make you annoying – instead, it makes you sound genuinely knowledgeable and worldly. You probably still specialize in finding masculinist morals in MLP/Gungrave crossover fanfiction, however.
- **Sketchy:** You're more paranoid than your Mind stat implies. You're probably the type who wears rubber gloves, a balaclava and a holstered gun while picking up brickweed at the skate park, or just the type who downloads TrueCrypt to hide their porn from the omnipresent FBI misandrist thought police. It applies when attempting to find information, sense danger, cover your tracks and set up elaborate ways to figure out whether your parents have been looking at the interracial porn you stashed under your bed. It makes you a fucking pain to be around when you use it, since you can never calm down and constantly freak out. The Euphoric version of Sketchy is **Acute**. This, like all other Euphoric Traits, gives a +2 bonus when it applies. It applies in all situations where Sketchy would otherwise apply, but instead of making you annoying and flaky to be around, it makes you seem careful and aware.
- **Screwed:** Your thinking is more abstract and contorted than your Mind stat implies. You probably jump to freaky conclusions to mundane issues, read too much into other people's actions and write elaborate theses on anti-brony propaganda in modern media. It applies when you need to solve an abstract problem, work with computers, "get behind" people or write a poem about murdering your ex-girlfriend like in *Saw 3*. It makes you fucking weird to be around when you use it, because you never take the logical conclusion to a problem and always analyze it in your own way. The Euphoric version of Screwed is **Unique**. +2 bonus, you know it by now. It makes you seem less fucked in the head and more artistic, insightful and original.

Body:

- **Flailing:** You're better at raw strength than your Body stat implies. It isn't because you can fight, but because you tend to work yourself into a grunting, squealing apoplexy when your adrenaline gets pumping. It applies when you want to vandalize places, break things, hurt people and *finally* break

into that old mental hospital so you can take selfies in your red trench coat. It makes you a pain to be around when you're using it, because you're itching for action and running around like a fucking headless chicken instead of doing something useful.

The Euphoric version of Flailing is Mighty. It manifests as less flailing and screaming, and more focused, disciplined strength. Behind that façade, though, you're probably still so frothingly angry that you have no idea when to stop hitting things and shouting.

- Skittering: You're faster and more dexterous than your Body stat implies. You're probably the skinny little fucker who only avoids getting beat up because he's so hard to hit, or the fat guy whose only athletic achievement is being able to run away really fucking fast through pure inertia. It applies when you want to dodge attacks, squeeze into tight places, climb buildings and try to pick the lock to your grandma's medicine cabinet with the cheap picking set you bought off Amazon. It makes you annoying to be around, because most people get set off by a twitchy little fucker who can't stand still for the life of him and is always tweaking.

The Euphoric version of Skittering is Graceful. It makes you look athletic and practiced instead of skinny and tweaky, but it doesn't change the fact that you still are.

- Persistent: You're tougher and more enduring than your Body stat implies. It's not as much actual toughness as a mix of clueless doggedness, a fear of being made fun of and the edginess needed to imagine that taking a beating makes you cool even if you still lost the fight. It applies when swimming, running, taking punches and attempting to keep on standing after you drank that mix of everything you stole from your parents' liquor cabinet. It makes you annoying for the very simple reason that you don't fucking know when you've lost, and you still keep on hanging on even though you're fucked.

The Euphoric version of Persistent is Tough. It makes you look steadfast, sturdy and hell-bent on victory, but it still doesn't make you a better loser or able to figure out when you've lost.

Mouth:

- Wheedling: You're more persuasive than your Mouth stat implies. It doesn't mean you're nice – it means that you're annoying in just the right way to get people to listen to you instead of ignoring you or punching your face in. It applies when you want to get people to like you (well, tolerate you), hold a speech without melting down, sound persuasive while telling the truth or just rile up a bunch of fellow furries to demonstrate against fursecution and the Furry Holocaust. It makes you annoying on a deeper level – you're still not charming, but you're annoying in a way that makes it harder to shut you out.

The Euphoric version of Wheedling is Charming. It makes you come off as pleasant, open and charismatic, but since it only works for fifteen minutes, you still aren't going to score without spending tons of Edge.

- Slimy: You're better at intriguing and bullshit than your Mouth stat implies. If anything, it makes you an even worse person than you already are. It applies when you want to lie, intimidate, blackmail, twist the truth or manipulate your mentally impaired cousin into signing a marriage agreement with you. It makes you unspeakably fucking horrible to be around if people know you're using it – to use it, you basically have to be a conniving little worm.

The Euphoric version of Slimy is Eloquent. It makes your flawed arguments and outright lies come off as God's honest truth, and even if you're busted, you still come off as intelligent and persuasive.

- Pitiful: You're better at mimicking a semblance of good looks than your Mouth stat implies. You're still not good-looking, but you have something similar to a kicked-puppy look about you that makes some people act like you're attractive out of pure pity. It applies when you want to score (or try to), make a good first impression, look good on camera or send naked pictures to your ex-"girlfriend" from grade school without getting arrested. It makes you annoying to be around because pity is so emotionally draining. Well, it is with you.
The Euphoric version of Pitiful is Attractive. It makes you, for fifteen fleeting minutes, look good. Believe it or not.

Skills

There are not many skills that fedoras tend to master.

Most of the skills in a fedora's life are somehow related to sophistry, looking cool and petty crime – that is, exactly the opposite of what can make you a functioning human being somewhere down the line. Fedoras are dabblers, posers and pretenders, not actual hard workers or honor students, and as such, characters receive only 7 points to spend on skills. This is not much compared to normal humans – most working adults have the equivalent of 20 points in skills, and the cap, both for fedoras and mundanes, is 7. On the bright side, for a given measure of the expression, fedoras have a much more specialized skillset to choose from – they might dabble in a lot of things, but there are only a few select topics that they tend to be able to keep their attention on.

- Go Fast (Body, Skittering/Graceful): This skill applies when riding motorbikes or bicycles, or when driving cars. Trying to look cool is an inherent part of it.
- Freak Out (Body, Flailing/Mighty): This skill applies when wanting to beat someone else up.
- Shoot Guns (Body, Skittering/Graceful): This skill applies when wanting to do just so.
- Vandalize (Mind, Sketchy/Acute **or** Body, Flailing/Mighty): This skill applies when wanting to destroy, sabotage or vandalize something. This includes breaking into buildings.
- Sneak (Body, Skittering/Graceful): This skill applies when wanting to avoid being seen by parents, police and bullies.
- Infodump (Mind, Dweeby/Wise): This skill applies when wanting to recall pure information about an area of obsession. The area is determined by one's channel – Japanophilia gives knowledge about Japan and everything Japanese, Misogyny about social sciences and gender dynamics, Hipsterism about liberal arts and entertainment, Pseudo-Intellectualism about psychology and theology, and Revenge Fantasy about weapons and martial arts.
- Fake It (Mind, Screwed/Unique): This skill applies when wanting to create art, whether it's painting, poetry, prose or Pokémon diaperfur porn.
- Bullshit (Mouth, Slimy/Eloquent): This skill applies when wanting to deliver a straight-faced lie.
- Puppy Eyes (Mouth, Pitiful/Attractive): This skill applies when wanting to beg, compromise, surrender or just guilt-trip people out of hitting you.
- Play Cool (Body, Persistent/Sturdy): This skill applies when wanting to endure pain or injury.
- Sports (Body, Persistent/Sturdy): This skill applies when wanting to run, swim or otherwise physically exert oneself.
- Expound (Mouth, Wheedling/Charming): This skill applies when wanting to get people to like you, convince them to work with you or otherwise not being a complete asshole.

- Sketch (Mind, Sketchy/Acute): This skill applies when wanting to spot danger, notice ulterior motives or keep a lookout for something.
- Book Smarts (Mind, Dweeby/Wise): This skill applies when wanting to use any of the tiny amount of stuff you actually learned in school.
- Hookup (Mind, Screwed/Unique): This skill applies when wanting to find people with drugs, weapons or stolen goods.
- Get Laid (Mouth, Pitiful/Attractive): Good luck.
- Backstabbing (Mouth, Slimy/Eloquent): This skill applies when wanting to intimidate, threaten or blackmail someone else.
- Play Normal (Mouth, Wheedling/Charming): This skill applies when wanting to function in normal society without spilling spaghetti all over the place.

Crunch

Rolls are dice-pool based – one d10 for each point in your relevant stat, plus 1 if you're using your trait (or 2 if you've activated your Euphoric Trait), plus one for each point in the relevant skill. Everything 7 or above is a success. 1 is marginal, 2 is by-the-book, 3 is good, 4 is very good, 5 is amazing and 6 and above are absolutely dazzling. Normal people, however, find all things done by fedoras to be, at the very most, kind of sad, and you cannot impress mundanes with normal rolls unless you activate your Euphoric Trait. Zero successes are a failure, and zero successes with at least one result of 1 are a pathetic failure. Pathetic failures always harm you or your objective in some way, but they very often give Edge, simply because they're so frustrating and embarrassing.

Combat uses nonstandard rolls. Initiative is in descending order of the sum of Body (Skittering/Graceful) plus Mind (Sketchy/Acute). Ties are resolved by the highest roll on a d10.

Attacking is a normal Freak Out or Shoot Guns roll – Freak Out for brawling or melee attacks, Shoot Guns for guns or other projectile weapons (when you've been playing too much Assassin's Creed). Add any bonuses from weapons.

Dodging is Body (Skittering/Graceful) and your highest of Sports, Freak Out or Sketch. Subtract the successes on the defender's dodge roll from the successes on the attacker's roll. This is the amount of damage that the attack deals. After this, the defender can attempt to soak up the last successes through rolling Body (Persistent/Sturdy). Each success negates one level of damage.

Body (Skittering/Graceful) + Freak Out can also be used to parry. To parry, you must be using a melee weapon, and the bonus from this applies to your roll. If, however, the amount of successes on the opponent's roll is equal to your successes, your weapon is knocked out of your hands, and you must spend a turn retrieving it if you want to use it during the same fight. If your opponent's successes exceed your successes on the parry roll, your weapon is broken, and you cannot use it anymore unless another effect explicitly tells you so. If your weapon is broken in this way, the successes you did score on your parry roll negate the opponent's successes on a one-to-one basis.

A character can act normally until they've taken more damage than their Body (Persistent/Tough) + 3. After this, they have to succeed on a Body (Persistent/Tough) + Play Cool roll or writhe in pain on the ground for the rest of the fight, basically being completely helpless.

Weapons give bonus dice to appropriate rolls when used.

Small weapons such as flick knives or sticks give +1.

Actually useful weapons such as baseball bats or .22 pistols give +2.

More business-oriented weapons such as hatchets and 9mm pistols give +3. So do katanas and Desert Eagles summoned by Revenge Fantasy powers.

Large weapons such as fire axes and shotguns give +4.

Seriously overkill weapons such as claymores and assault rifles give +5, but require a Body (Flailing/Mighty) of at least 4.

Normalcy

Most humans are more or less defenseless against Edge powers – the reason that they still serve perfectly well as antagonists is that fedoras only have a limited amount of Edge, and that most of them are thus completely normal humans when they've fired off a few powers. Well, actually less than normal humans – fedoras have fewer skills than normal people, and their aura of social incompetence is bound to cripple them in many social situations. The only thing keeping fedoras firmly above normal human antagonists is Edge, something that's so far beyond normal humans' comprehension that they can't actually form a clear understanding of it, much less resist it.

There are a few humans, however, who're so aggressively opposed to any attempt at changing the normal way of things that this lack of comprehension doesn't matter for them – they don't bother to try to understand what fedoras do or how they do it, they just bulldoze it down with the pure force of their emotional energy. This type of energy is, in rule terms, known as Normalcy – it's a form of anti-Edge, born of a completely uncompromising hate against anything that isn't mundane. Quite a few antagonists – insofar as it's possible to call anyone contributing to the complete extermination of fedoras an "antagonist" – in an average chronicle will possess Normalcy, which makes them perfectly capable of dealing with a few Edge powers before their own frothing hate runs out. School principals, security guards and janitors almost invariably have Normalcy – their careers put them face-to-face with a lot of Edge every single day, and those who don't build up Normalcy inevitably quit their jobs after a short time. Teachers, bus drivers, psychologists and other such people who deal with edgy bullshit on a regular basis also often have Normalcy, but it's far from as ubiquitous, and they tend to have a bit less of it.

People who possess Normalcy can instinctively cancel all Edge powers used directly on them by spending one point of Normalcy if the fedora power cost 1 to 3 points of Edge, two if it cost 4 or 5, and three if it cost 6 – this action is completely reflexive. People with Normalcy are also able to sense Edge exactly like fedoras are, though they're unable to sense Normalcy – they deal in in-groups and out-groups, and being able to sense Normalcy would imply distrust in their in-group. They can also cancel Edge powers in effect on people and places, as well as dispel things created with Edge, by spending as much Normalcy as the fedora used Edge to activate the power. They cannot, however, dispel any Edge effects in effect on fedoras, nor can they affect objects or people that a fedora is currently wearing or touching.

Normalcy is gained when one puts others in their place for violating social norms, for example a principal punishing a student for painting pentagrams on the cafeteria walls or a psychologist telling a kid who diagnosed themselves with Asperger's to stop malingering. Basically, if a person with Normalcy is involved in giving someone Edge, they gain the equivalent amount of Normalcy too – this makes it rather risky for fedoras to milk Edge off of people with Normalcy, as their intents are ultimately the same. Fedoras gain Edge by being embarrassed or ashamed because they can't deal with being at fault; people with Normalcy gain it from embarrassing or shaming others, because it strengthens their own worldview. There are no emotions, channels or powers connected with Normalcy – it draws its power from the desire for a normal, orderly world, and strong emotions, reality disconnects and supernatural stunts are completely antithetical to this. People with Normalcy don't actually use supernatural powers – they just impose the normal

paradigm on others especially hard.

People in positions of serious authority who deal with Edge on a regular basis (for example principals) have a pool of approximately 15 Normalcy. Those who have less authority and/or deal with Edge less frequently, such as janitors, school security guards or particularly zealous teachers, have about 10. Those who deal with Edge just enough to become antagonistic to it, for example bus drivers and natural-born killjoys, have anywhere from 1 to 5 Normalcy.

Sample chronicle: Enlightening Wichita

Year of the Imaginary Cloud-Grandpa 2013.

The sheep have been disproven in their frothing apocalypse fantasies. We knew all along, of course, but did they believe us? No. Whenever we try to speak the truth, they plug their ears and scream at us so that they won't have to deal with the truth we bring. For accepting our truth, for them, means accepting the fact that they are born inferior, and that they have no choice but to accept it. We understand that it can be a hard decision to make, but for the good of the world and all in it, they have to accept that some are on the top and others are on the bottom. That's just how it is. If you'd look at these printouts I have here, they say clearly that this generation of white men can be called the apex of human evolution until now. That's right – we're the ones who'll bring this world into a new age.

We have **powers**. They won't believe it, because it entails accepting the fact that they're uneducated, ignorant drones to militant feminism and the gay agenda who've been living their lives with Oprah Winfrey forced down their throats by the Jewish media. If you can accept feminist, gay-enabling agendas spewed by a black woman on Jewish media, you have lost. But we have powers – not all are as lucky as me, of course, but we have ways in which to show our superiority. We're not going to go to the media – we'll be hunted down by the Jews for being the forerunners of a new age in humanity. We're not going to foolishly expose ourselves and let everyone know we're here.

No, we're going to show them what they did wrong. We'll make them pay for all their mistakes, all their cruelties, all their willful ignorance. We'll make the world pay, and through that we will make it a better place. We are about to make a momentous decision, one that the sheep could not hope to carry out. We are about to take the fate of the world upon our shoulders and risk our very lives.

Yes, that's right.

We're going to fuck up the Wichita High School prom.

- Zeke Lightning, General of the Wichita High School Counterculture Society (**Narcissism/Pseudo-Intellectualism**)

Or to say it another way:

The Wichita High School Counterculture Society is a small, huddled clutch of five hopeless outcasts who've been rejected even by the other losers. Most of them are on the verge of being thrown out for truancy (Mick Papadopoulos, James Kelley), antisocial behavior (Connie Mason, Francis Summers) or just plain horrible grades (Derek Sanders, though this is because he creeps the teachers out), and every one of them has some sort of excuse for it. They spend their days skipping class to fuck around in abandoned buildings, drinking Boone's Farm and smoking brickweed in the tax service parking lot, repeatedly and fruitlessly trying to score coke, watching anime and Sonic fan videos in their leader's basement, interrupting class to

try to debate misandry with the teachers, ordering fake Axis memorabilia off of EBay, occasionally doing Adderall and posting on their own subreddit (MisandryIsAThing). They claim to have authority on the matters of egalitarianism, feminism and misandry through having a female member in their group, but in Connie Manson's case, there really isn't much of a difference. In general, they're friendless, self-absorbed, unhygienic, pseudo-intellectual, bitter, virginal and completely ignorant of all these traits.

The one good thing about being such a horrible mockery of a human being, however, is that one's bitterness has no place to go. After a certain time, the pure emotional energy inherent in one's sad, virginal existence spills over, now powerful enough to change the world like **REAL MÄGYCKE**. Unfortunately, supernatural abilities can quite certainly said to be wasted in the hands of people who only want to use them to relive their favorite clopfigs and look cool in red leather trench coats with "SLAYER" embroidered on the back, but don't tell the Counterculture Society.

Now, though, the prom is coming up. Wichita isn't exactly the center of the universe, but a lot of the locals think so, and the event is being blown up all over the local papers, attracting camera crews, getting security hired and meriting a speech by someone who calls himself the ex-mayor (he was in fact the ex-mayor's second aide who carried out the position for 23 hours while the mayor was getting home from a delayed flight with his main aide). In reality, the prom queen is mostly elected depending on the amount of money she's willing to spend on a beautician, the security guards are so underpaid that they let in anyone who's at least trying to conceal their gallon of Taaka, the party usually ends at 5 in the morning after multiple felonies, at least six cars get ruined on the evening, someone **always** fucking pukes on the snack table and the ones who enjoy it the most are the stoners hotboxing their car outside while watching the show. The Counterculture Society, however, still has such a narrowly provincial worldview that they consider ruining the prom a massive act of vengeance – but at the very least, they have more than a snowball's chance in hell of ruining it. Well, ruining it better than the other guests are already doing.

Characters:

Zeke Lightning, the Leader

Senior Year

Real name: Francis Summers

Narcissism/Pseudo-Intellectualism

Mind 5 (Dweeby/Wise)

Body 3 (Flailing/Mighty)

Mouth 1 (Wheedling/Charming)

Infodump 2

Book Smarts 3

Hookup 1

Expound 1

Zeke is the Counterculture Society's leader, and that says a lot about both of them.

He's not grotesquely overweight, but the little flab he has all sits on his neck, making him look bloated and inelegant. He does get exercise, but it's only bulking training – he simply doesn't have the willpower to really lose weight. He's absurdly obsessed with black clothes, and he usually wears a black cavalry-style greatcoat over a Megadeth T-shirt, black jeans with too many chains and black combat boots. His eyes are

small and beady, sequestered behind a pair of vanity glasses that only make him look dweeby, his greasy, wavy short brown hair is always covered by a black-and-grey pinstriped fedora, and his whole face is covered in an all-consuming thin layer of stubble and acne.

His Freudian excuse for being who he is now is that he grew up to two intellectual parents, but never managed to eclipse his older brother – and as such, he’s completely obsessed with looking intelligent and sophisticated so that he can finally earn his parents’ approval. He’s managed to convince himself that his parents are utterly unrelated to his narcissistic superiority complex, however.

Zeke often reads the DSM-IV, Mein Kampf, Atlas Shrugged, the Communist Manifesto and assorted Richard Dawkins books, but understands only half of them and constantly revises his own personal beliefs as he finds new buzzwords. The one thing at the core of his philosophy is that he is better and more intellectually advanced than everyone else, ever.

Zeke is actually pretty bright, but that’s only pure book knowledge. He excels in facts and factoids, as well as logical puzzles, but makes the mistake of thinking that he’s as good at interpreting facts as he is at remembering them. He’s also not a complete wet noodle – he’s pretty strong, but he has no idea whatsoever of how to fight, and often takes all sorts of overdramatic martial arts stances before starting to flail his arms as hard as he can at people. He is, however, hopelessly unlikable – he’s shrill-voiced and droning, he spits when he talks loudly, he never lets anyone else speak and he uses the first possible excuse to fire off ad-hominem insults. The only reason he’s the leader is that his Pseudo-Intellectualism powers actually allow him to be a lot brighter and more analytical than he normally is when it counts.

Roleplaying Tips:

You know it all. Literally, you know it all. If you just get enough time to explain, in *your* way, you can tell everyone else why they’re wrong and inferior. If they get angry, it’s because they’re unwilling to accept that they’re sheep. If they think you’re crazy, it’s because they’re brainwashed. If they laugh you off, they’re just trying to avoid thinking about what you say. In case someone proves you wrong, you act theatrically disappointed and talk about “internalized logical fallacies” and “hive-mind thinking”. If you just get five hours to talk about why you’re right, and if you get the opportunity to insult and denigrate people without them countering, you can tell everyone why they’re wrong. The only thing they need to do to be right is to listen to everything that you say and accept that they’re inferior to you.

Connie Manson, the Gorilla

Sophomore Year

Real name: Connie Mason

Rage/Hipsterism

Body 5 (Flailing/Mighty)

Mouth 3 (Slimy/Eloquent)

Mind 1 (Sketchy/Acute)

Vandalize 3

Freak Out 2

Go Fast 1

Backstabbing 1

Zeke claims that Connie Manson brings “female emotionality” and “a soft touch” to the Society, as well as providing “knowledge of the feminist agenda”. Even Zeke knows that it’s a fucking lie.

Connie Manson is about as feminine and possessed of as much of a soft touch as a troll covered in sandpaper. Where Zeke is slightly chubby and has a little bit of muscle, Connie is a bulging ogre with way too many muscles hidden below two inches of blubber. Her hair is long, at least – a tangled, split-end-filled mess with a greasy shimmer to it. She’s inelegantly fat-faced and square-jawed, with acne-pockmarked skin the pasty white of Twinkie filling, and her watery blue eyes are slightly crossed. She’s not really tall for a woman, but she’s a goddamn ogre – her diet of Slim Jims, McDonalds and full-fat burger-joint milkshakes combined with the Counterculture Society’s admittedly active lifestyles have combined into an improvised bulking diet.

Connie wants to shock, plain and simple. Her Freudian excuse is that her parents were completely disinterested in her well-being, as she was the result of their families pressing them to have kids, and as such just paid Connie off in pocket money and left it at that. She wants to grab people’s attention and through that show that she’s better and cooler than anyone else, especially her *lame* parents. She listens to different kinds of Satanic, pagan, violence-glorifying, gore-themed, racist, misogynist and generally offensive music at incredibly loud volumes from the DJ headphones around her neck, and she broadcasts it even further with her home-printed black XXL T-shirt (flames, upside-down crosses dripping blood and the slogan “HIDE YOUR WIVES AND CHILDREN”) and her black trench coat embroidered with some cheesy Satanic black metal band’s unreadable logo. She’s the one member of the Society who always pushes others a bit further in trying to offend – she’s always willing to make an animal sacrifice or vandalize a church. The further out it is, the more likely she is to want to do it.

Connie is a goddamn brute. She’s big, she’s mean and she’s too stupid to know when to stop. She’s also quite socially savvy in the way that usually manifests in the form of “be friends with us, or I’ll dissect your pet ferret”. She is not, however, very bright, and her mind usually runs on the equation “more blood is better”.

Roleplaying Tips:

You’re angry. Very angry. You want to smash things to pieces, because then they stop pissing you the **fuck** off. You also like it when things bleed or when they catch fire. If you can hit something that’s bleeding and on fire, you’re happy. Preferably while you’re drunk. It’s pretty simple, really.

Well, that’s what you think to yourself.

In the end, it’s all about attention. Everyone’s gotta look at you, and everyone needs to be scared and disgusted. Shout, swear, set fire to things, draw upside-down crosses all over the place, drink like a sponge (even though you can only get Boone’s Farm) and generally act up when someone isn’t looking at you.

Hunter Steele, the Sneak

Sophomore Year

Real name: Mick Papadopoulos

Self-Doubt/Revenge Fantasy

Body 5 (Skittering/Graceful)

Mind 3 (Sketchy/Acute)

Mouth 1 (Pitiful/Attractive)

Shoot Guns 2

Sketch 2

Sneak 2

Puppy Eyes 1

The only times that Mick Papadopoulos really speaks, it's to remind the others that he wants to be called Hunter Steele.

Steele is tall enough that he could have been on the basketball team – that is, if he had the energy, team spirit or motivation, and he has none of those whatsoever. He's about six feet six, scarecrow-level skinny and with a bony, pasty-white face. He has no beard except for a tiny, sleazy little Mexistache, but on the bright side, he doesn't have much acne. He has a long mane of greasy, badly dyed pitch-black hair that he imagines "cascades down his shoulders", but it really just tangles into a complete nappy, greasy mess somewhere near his collar. The best part about his hair is that it's pretty much impossible to see his face. He chain-smokes Djarum Blacks like his life depended on it – his ego partially hinges on having a cigarette in his mouth at every single moment of the day, lest someone see him when he wasn't actively trying to look cool. His black leather trench coat is basically a part of his body – it's a ridiculously expensive thing of the kind that can only be bought on dodgy German mail-order sites, covered in embroideries and reaching his ankles. He's clumsily pinned a knockoff SS insignia on the collar, and he wears imitation Nazi jackboots that he keeps way too polished.

Steele's Freudian excuse is that he's always been skinny and shy, all knees and elbows since preschool and with all the social savvy of Bucket after 4chan hit it. He is intimidated by basically everyone, especially women (since they remind him of his domineering Greek mother), and the only way out that involves little enough effort for his tastes is to cultivate a miles-long revenge list towards everything and everyone that even vaguely sets him off. Most of the things that set him off do so because they scare him, and women are on top of that list – he can't for the life of him understand how they work, the main woman in his life has been picking on him emotionally since he was born and he has no way in Hell of actually getting laid. Well, unless he uses his supernatural powers. He's a yellow-bellied coward and an omega male who's finally getting the opportunity to check off the people on his revenge list, and he's making a big deal out of playing cool and pretending he isn't about to piss himself.

Steele is actually pretty physically fit – he's stronger and more enduring than you'd imagine, and he's actually very athletic. He's surprisingly bright, though he's hampered by the fact that he's also pretty ignorant, having skipped all the classes he possibly could in the last two years. He's pretty perceptive, though also sketchy and skittish as all get out. He's a complete social trainwreck, bursting into showers of spaghetti as soon as a stranger locks eyes with him, and he regularly messes up interactions with one attractive K-Mart cashier near his home because he constantly overanalyzes her facial expressions and body language.

Roleplaying Tips:

This time you're gonna do it. You chickened out so many times before, but you swear it's gonna be this time. They've all kicked you around for your whole life, but now you're gonna show them that you're the biggest man around. You have a shotgun – no, it's not a lie, it belongs to your dad – but you don't want him to find out that it's missing. No, that can wait for later. After all, you shouldn't be too hasty in anything – gotta plan it all out. You swear you're not chickening out. You're going to shoot up this place at some point,

and they're all gonna regret that they picked on you. You're going to show them that you can fight back. But what if Mom finds out? Better not to think about that.

Doctor Shrike, the Utility Guy

Freshman Year

Real name: Derek Sanders

Delusion/Japanophilia

Mind 5 (Screwed/Unique)

Mouth 3 (Wheedling/Charming)

Body 1 (Persistent/Tough)

Infodump 2

Book Smarts 2

Fake It 2

Expound 1

Derek Sanders is a complete and utter twonk.

He's perhaps the fattest it's possible to be while still being underweight – he has no muscle definition whatsoever, and his skin is more red than it's Twinkie-white simply because he never sees the sun out of his own free will. He's short and unhealthily thin, with short brown hair that he constantly, obsessively pulls when he's nervous, and he sweats like a waterfall as soon as he's just the slightest bit worked up. His face is perhaps one of the least pleasant things in Wichita to look at, and that's saying quite a lot – his teeth stick out in three different directions, his face is completely red and swollen with acne and his bulging, watery eyes are hidden behind a pair of glasses with a strength that basically has to be custom-made. He, as one of the only members of the Counterculture Society, doesn't wear anything black – instead, he wears white jeans, moeshit T-shirts and a pair of scuffed pink hiking shoes that his mother gave him three years ago. Derek – whose nickname "Doctor Shrike" was made up from his initials when none of the other members could pronounce his Japanese handle names – is absolutely and utterly obsessed with everything Japanese. For him, everything Japanese is good simply by virtue of being Japanese – he considers their art visionary, their science cutting-edge and their culture the healthiest on the planet, supporting the most perfect society that mankind has ever seen. He's consistently in awe of all anime and manga, professing his undying love to it in his high-pitched shriek of a voice as soon as the tiniest little opportunity comes up and spattering his declarations of eternal love with plenty of butchered Japanese. Derek, of course, knows absolutely nothing of substance about Japanese culture aside from what he's learnt through anime and manga, and his infatuation with the country is mostly due to his conviction that it's a land of milk and honey which will save him from everything bad in his life, ever.

Derek's Freudian excuse is that his parents were overprotective hypochondriacs. As soon as he was born, they started seeing problems with him, and after a long period of nagging, they got a doctor to diagnose him with childhood autism. They completely shut him away after this, babying him and shuttling him between expensive special schools, and this is his first year whatsoever in a public educational institution. He was the one who insisted – he's planning to take his junior year in Japan, and this is his way of preparing. Derek grew up with mostly anthropomorphic characters and cartoon children through his sexual formative period, and he's never had any opportunity to have any real contact with any females but his mother. As such, he's an unholy ball of fetishes – furry, loli, diaper, incest, unbirth, vore – and also completely unused

to keeping his mouth shut. He's extremely energetic and sunny, but he practically carpet-bombs the whole surrounding area with spaghetti.

Derek is quite sharp and artistic, though in a roundabout and demented way. He's good at reading people who're as strange as he is, but over-interprets everything that normal people say. He's also a popular Sonic fan artist, and his porn commissions combined with the money his parents shower him in make him pretty well off. He's not socially adept, but he's so obviously special-needs that people tend to listen to what he says a little bit more, if nothing else then to avoid being accused of discriminating. He's horribly underweight and about as strong as a wet noodle, though.

Roleplaying Tips:

Japan, Japan, Japan. You're obsessed with everything Japanese – be it music, art, movies or porn, you're so devoted to the very idea of something being **Japanese** that you'll protect it to the grave, no matter if it's obvious commercial garbage. You consider Japan the height of human civilization, and everything Japanese seems inherently beautiful to you.

You're actually pretty nice for a fedora, but if someone insults anything Japanese, all hope is lost. Japan has been basically all of your childhood, and there is no logic at all to your affection for Japan. If anyone else implies in any way whatsoever that something Japanese is not quantifiably superior, start arguing for its "virtues" while getting progressively more worked up and starting to pull at your hair. If no one listens, you end up digging yourself so deep in your attempts to expound on Japan that you move squarely into severe reality mismatch, babbling about things that most people would want you locked up for even thinking about.

Alpha, the Face

Junior Year

Real name: James Kelley

Self-Doubt/Misogyny

Mouth 5 (Slimy/Eloquent)

Mind 3 (Dweeby/Wise)

Body 1 (Skittering/Graceful)

Backstabbing 2

Get Laid 1

Play Normal 1

Bullshit 2

Expound 1

James Kelley is not the kind of guy you'd imagine in the Counterculture Society.

He's actually not bad-looking, and he's not a walking spaghetti reactor. He's tall and broad-shouldered, albeit a little skinny, with short, slightly curly brown hair and brown eyes. He has no horribly disfiguring acne or Coke-bottle glasses, and he doesn't (usually) wear a fedora. He wears T-shirts and dress shirts that normal people would wear, and unlike the other members of the Society, he actually changes his clothes, and every day at that. He's not even grotesquely socially repulsive, so why is he in the Society?

Alpha's Freudian excuse has seen a lot of use over the years – his father is pretty rich from manufacturing mobile homes, and James was brought up with his father's philosophy that money could buy anything. As

such, he never even tried to hide that he was bribing everyone with his father's money, and he managed to make plenty of friends through bribery. The one thing he couldn't get was a girlfriend, though – he's not a virgin, since he's slept with hookers a half-dozen times, but money has never been able to buy him love without strings attached. As such, he's started to doubt his own potency and masculinity, feeling that women might not want him in spite of his money (because half of them take his money and then take a rain check) because he's in some way a beta manlet. He doesn't consciously think this, of course – to him, it just seems like all women are either stuck-up prudes, manipulating gold-diggers or outright whores. He's good-looking and he's rich, so why aren't all the women in the world falling for him?

Alpha is the only member of the group who can talk to people normally, but when it comes to women, he's a spaghetti reactor. He knows nothing about them, treating them as vending machines into which he inserts canned compliments and money to make sex come out the other end, and he gets angry at the female gender as a whole when this doesn't get him laid instantly. He often goes on long rants about how all women are whores and biologically wired to desire him, and that their refusal to do so just signifies a feminist-led society that will doom all of humanity in the future. Everything in Alpha's world is about how women are evil and scheming because they don't want to "follow their biological wiring" and love him for money, and as soon as another woman brushes him off, he starts to doubt his own masculinity. When this happens, he redirects his bitterness into planning how he'll "get back" at the whole female gender through his supernatural powers. At the Society's anime evenings, too, he always puts on a slideshow of various abuse series, and every series that he likes is guaranteed to have women in pain or distress.

Alpha is a good liar, and he has no shame whatsoever. Putting him in a room with a woman is Exhibit A in pathological dishonesty – he lies because he can, makes up big stories about himself, tries to use those to lure the woman into a relationship, then gets angry at women as a whole when he finally stacks the bullshit so high that his stories collapse upon themselves. In his opinion, he's only lying because women are disobeying their natural instincts that tell them they should sleep with him, and if they would just do it, he wouldn't need to lie to them. He's also pretty book-smart, though this mainly manifests in being able to remember at least 100 catchy anti-feminist zingers, some of which don't even hinge on a logical fallacy. He is not, however, very strong or enduring, as he's both lazy and obsessed with the idea of the "social alpha" who's so powerful that everyone else naturally recognizes their own inferiority.

Roleplaying Tips:

You're a victim. You're being unfairly persecuted by a feminist society, which denies you the rights you have as a born alpha male – that is, sex and love. Of course, you deserve everything else for free, but the main thing is that every woman on the planet is **biologically wired** (you love that expression) to want your pingas. You're basically born to be on the top of everything, both genetically and socially, and you want that to compensate for any real exertion on your part. It's not at all because you're afraid of failing and embarrassing yourself, oh no – it's because you, as generous as you are, want to help everyone else with grasping the way the world really works, and that means giving you everything you want without you having to do a thing.