



strange glass
PORTFOLIO 2023

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**HUNT
YOUR
OWN.**

Hunt Your Own (Prose Example)

George was bone tired when the radio DJ interrupted Billy Crash Craddock harmonizing “Rub It In”. Billy and his backup singers were bellowing *Rub it Innnnn, Rub it Innnnn* when the DJ cut their tune short to warn him that the state of Kentucky was about to be hit by a series of tornadoes so bad, it would forever be known as the Super Outbreak of 1974. The man on WHAS AM 840 didn’t know it, but Kentucky was about to be smashed by over 30 tornadoes in the space of 24 hours. George had just noticed that his gas warning light had come on. ‘Dammit’ he spat under his breath. His wife, Cathy, turned to him in the front seat ‘What?’. ‘We need gas’. Cathy studied the rain as it started to pound over the windshield of their station wagon. She shot a nervous glance into the rear-view mirror and checked on their teenage girls, asleep in the back seat. ‘Cain’t we just go on? Maybe we have enough?’. George was already pulling over into the shoulder of the road, the glow of a tiny gas station looming up into their horizon. ‘We don’t.’ He grunted. The rain was coming down in heavy white sheets, rattling the side of the car not fully covered by the meagre gas station’s roof. Like Cathy before him, George checked in on the girls. And like Cathy, he really wanted to get the girls out of this rain if that radio man was right and they were about to be hit with a big fucken storm.

‘They’re fine, I got ‘em’ Cathy reassured him, and George popped the driver’s door open and stepped out into the rain. He jogged around to the bowser and started to fill the car with gas. All the while, he scanned the tiny convenience store attached to the gas station and he couldn’t see a thing. There’s just no one there. The gas station’s sign was an eerie orange glow in the rain (cleverly all it says is GAS, rural Kentucky wasn’t Madison Avenue). George tops the tank off, the bowser chiming when he was done. He waits a moment for an attendant, anybody, to poke their head out. No one. ‘Hello?’. Nada. George leans into the wagon. ‘You want anything?’ Cathy thinks on this a moment. ‘Moon pies and cigarettes?’ George nods and steps away into the convenience store. Just as he’s stepped inside, the overhead GAS sign is joined by another that lights up alongside it. Bright green, the neon light now says GAS TO GO. George sees none of this, but Cathy does and she thinks it’s odd how they came on like that. For what it’s worth, it’s one of the last things she ever wonders.

George stops as he enters the store. It looks like it hasn't seen a customer in over a decade. Everything about it appears out-of-date and otherworldly. Like a tableau or some cheap high school theatre musical set. There's posters for products (all local) by companies long dead. Brands of cigarettes no one smokes anymore, alongside posters of missing kids so yellowed the writing illegible. A tattered and faded cutout of a beaver exclaims some kind of plucky ad slogan, but it's so old and beat-up George can't make out a damn thing. Standing next to the beaver cutout, is a tiny middle-aged woman.

'I thought no one was here' George stammers, looking back and forth between the woman and the giant beaver cutout. 'Just little old me' she smiles. She's wearing huge thick glasses and an apron, all immaculate, which is in bizarre contrast to the nastiness of the store. Under the apron is a smock, splotted with yellow sunflowers. The tiny woman moves behind the counter, a pile of rotting newspapers nearby. George shoots a look outside the window, Cathy and girls are now chatting in the wagon, they pay him no mind. 'I wanted to pay for the gas. Do you have moon pies? I'll have a couple packs of Marlboros, too'. George hands the woman a 20 and she begins to fuss with his purchases. She carefully places down the moon pies and packs of cigarettes onto the counter. 'Ya'll from Kentucky?' the woman asks. George shakes his head 'Tennessee'. 'Oh, that's a shame. Passing through?' she replies. George stuffs the cigarettes and moon pies into his jacket, 'Uh-huh. Trying to stay ahead of the storm'. Nodding, the little woman drops George's change onto the counter 'Storm's already here'. He looks down at the change a moment and then begins to scoop it up, as he does so, the woman brings down the hunting knife into the back of his hand. The knife is so heavy and so sharp it passes right through his palm and pins his right hand to the counter.

Blood jets out from under his palm and he screams, all the while thinking *How could she be so damn fast?* The pain begins now as George tries to pull the knife out, but he can feel the blade grinding against the bone of his hand, his tendons severed. Outside, Cathy and the girls begin to scream too. Men are dragging them out of the car. They kick and buck, but it's no use. George is screaming his wife's name as a baseball bat crack sends him into the black.

DEATH RATTLE



Death Rattle (Screenplay Example)

OPENING - SOMEWHERE

A WOMAN is blindfolded with a lace cloth. The intricate cloth is placed over her face from behind.

RED HANDS search amongst ENTRAILS.

The FACELESS SKULL of a goat stares back at us.

A WHITE BOOK wrapped in porcelain-like lace and filled with brilliant RED TEXT is studied.

A RED HAND rises from a pool of BLACK BLOOD.

A RED CERAMIC CROWN is placed on the woman's head.

Below the soundtrack, BALTIC VOICES chant over a searing SYNTH pad.

A STACK of limbs BLEED in an ornate BASKET.

A person's ARM is now reaching out of the BLACK BLOOD.

The singing CONTINUES, deeper, echoing.

The RED HANDS continue digging in the entrails,
SEARCHING.

A WOMAN'S HEAD now begins to rise out of the BLACK
BLOOD.

Her pupils an empty void.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

A MOP HEAD dives into a bucket of murky enzyme solvent
and water. BRYCE (20's) fills the bucket. He's an
intense looking kid with sad eyes and swept-back brown
hair.

He stares into the bucket as it fills.

BRYCE is wearing a YELLOW PLASTIC HAZMAT SUIT, a face
mask hanging by his chin.

Bryce's friend, KURT (20's), pokes his head into the
bathroom. He's the opposite of Bryce; tall with thick
glasses and a well groomed afro.

KURT

We need that water, man.

Bryce pulls up his face mask.

BRYCE

Coming.

They exit together.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Kurt, also dressed in a yellow hazmat suit, leads Bryce into the kitchen.

Their boss, CLIVE (50's), stares down at the floor of the kitchen.

Clive is fat and sweaty, with mean little pig eyes.

The entire kitchen floor is covered in OLD BLACK BLOOD.

In the background we can hear the sound of a fogger and ozone machine.

Clive checks his watch.

CLIVE
Two hours.

Clive exits.

Kurt and Bryce share a look and start to mop.
Their mops do little good in bringing up the old
crusty blood.

BRYCE
This one's worse than the last.

KURT
Poor dude bled like a pig.

BRYCE
What was it?

KURT
Home invasion. Guy got stabbed right here in kitchen.
Died on the way to hospital.

BRYCE
Bad luck.

KURT

No shit.

EXT. APARTMENT BLOCK - FRONT YARD - DAY

Kurt and Bryce exit the apartment block, cleaning gear in hand.

The city seethes around them. A filthy sun washes down from a tobacco sky.

Kurt pulls open the door to their little yellow cleaning van.

Bryce stops.

MAUREEN, (40's) sits sobbing in the garden outside the block.

Bryce throws his gear into the van and heads toward her.

Kurt hisses at him, but Bryce ignores him.

The woman sits in a lawn chair, attempting to light a cigarette.

Her face is swollen from crying. Bryce hesitantly approaches her.

BRYCE

Is there someone you can stay with?

The woman doesn't look up. She just keeps *click-click* - *clicking* her lighter.

MAUREEN

This is my home. I want to be here.

Bryce leans in and lights the woman's cigarette. She nods her thanks and takes a long drag.

Her hands are shaking as she smokes.

BRYCE

You should give it 20 minutes. It'll be dry then.

She blows smoke and nods again.

MAUREEN

They never tell you about all the paperwork. I must of spent hours fucking around this morning. With the police. At the morgue.

Bryce looks over at Kurt who is anxiously motioning for him to join him.

The woman looks up at Bryce.

MAUREEN (CONT'D)
Does it smell? In there?

Bryce shakes his head.

BRYCE
No. We used lots of deodorant. It doesn't smell like much of anything now.

MAUREEN
He hated things being messy. Or smelly.

She chokes back a sob and regains herself.

Bryce stands with her a moment longer.

BRYCE
I gotta go. Sorry.

The woman wipes her eyes and takes another drag from her cigarette.

Bryce takes one last look at the woman and climbs into the van beside Kurt.

She watches the van pull away and disappear out of sight.

THE BLACK WASTES

COMPATIBLE WITH
**CY
BORNS**



The Black Wastes is an Old School Pen and Paper RPG using the Cy_BORG ruleset. What follows is a small sample of the game world, it's characters and it's places. *The Black Wastes* is a Post Apocalyptic monster filled nightmare, set in a ruined earth. Have fun!

Listen to these tracks whilst reading these rules 🎵

A Trader's Life by Mark Morgan (Fallout 1, 1997)

All Clear Signal by Mark Morgan (Fallout 2, 1998)

Mortuary by Mark Morgan (Planescape: Torment, 1999)


Clues in the Darkness by Inon Zur (Fallout 3, 2008)

Beneath the Streets by Inon Zur (Fallout: New Vegas, 2010)

Streets of Karnaca by Daniel Licht (Dishonored 2, 2016)

Lab by Textere Oris (Insomnia: The Ark, 2018)

And just about anything that is exotic, funky, weird, and scary.



The world we knew is gone.

Years ago, a fissure in reality spilled horrific creatures into our world. An entire ecosystem of flora and fauna escaped onto the earth, spreading terror and madness in their wake.

What remains now is the chattering of toxin-laced teeth, the crunching of bone and The Black Wastes.

You are a Whisperer, a wandering freak, connected at the biological level to these monstrosities. Hunted and feared for your incredible link to these beings, you're marked until the end of your days.

SKOURGE CRITTERS

After a fracture in the void between realities, otherworldly flora and fauna leaked into our universe.

These animals were called *Skourge Critters*. Named for their genetic imprint using 9 specific markers like that of a medieval scourge whip.

These things come in every shape, size and variety. They can be as big as skyscrapers or as small as tadpoles.

They're undoubtedly dangerous, but exhibit incredible intelligence and personality. Skourge Critters impact every aspect of life in The Black Wastes.

They are cultures and industries unto themselves, they are friend and foe and feast.

Their impact on this world, will last forever.



WHISPERER

As a child, you were different. Sickly, tormented, reviled.

Whilst everyone was terrified of these creatures, you understood them. The cells in your body *speak* to them. Need them. A language without words. Tendrils extend from your body when they're nearby, aching for contact.

Not only do these creatures eat and feast on human flesh, they express psychedelic toxins, warping and rotting the minds of everyone around them. They do what you want - for a price.

Influencing a Skourge Critter is an exchange of psychological and chemical compounds. It leaves both the Whisperer and the creature vulnerable and exhausted. Toxin cells exchange between the two, melding and changing one another. A dance between two minds alien to one another.

You are gifted and cursed with influencing the most powerful and dangerous creatures on the planet.

The question is, what do you want to do with it?



TORMENTED PLAGUE CASTER

Why use traditional weapons when you can spray your enemies with poisoned slugs and explosive wasp's eggs? Harness the power of bile and black powder by making poison and disease your horrific allies. They may have shunned you in the streets, but now this city will fear you. Spread your will with bile and filth, but remember – it all comes at a price.

HP: +7, d6 Sickness FX

BODY OF FILTH

Roll 3d6+1 for Strength and Presence

ARCANE KNOWLEDGE

Roll 3d6+2 for Knowledge

Hidden beneath your filthy robes is a (d6)

1. **Toxin Laced Skourge Critter's Spine (d8)** This sharpened spine was taken from a long dead Critter that looked like a scorpion mixed with a huge nasty moth. You sometimes prick yourself with it accidentally, but it feels pretty good.
2. **Wasp Egg Shotgun (d10)** This isn't just any kind of shotgun, this scattergun fires red-hot Wasp Eggs that explode and drive infantile mutant wasps into your enemies. It hurts. A lot.
3. **Slug Gun (d8)** This custom made revolver has 6 chambers, each filled with a Piranha Slug. The range isn't good, but if you land a shot with this thing, your target is going to have a very hungry slug burrowing into their body. Just don't drop it, as they'll be on you before you can scream.
4. **Poisonous Flamer (d10)** This small hand-held flamer shoots bursts of green flame using acrid stinking bio fuel. Whatever it doesn't torch, begins to blister and scab over shortly.
5. **Attack Rat (d8)** Well, at least you think it was a rat. It has too many eyes and legs to be a rat now, but it does seem to do what you ask it. It does bite you a lot, but the sores normally go away after a few days.
6. **Eye Bombs (d8)** These pickled Skourge Critter eyeballs have been left in the sun after being pickled in gasoline, piss and vinegar. They're going to give someone a really bad day. They do taste great in a curry, however.

What's growing out of your chest today? (d6)

1. Boils filled with small flying insects that do as you command.
2. Poison dripping thorns you can replant and grow into vicious trees.
3. Grey plates of armor, that acts as a bullet proof vest.
4. Small purple tentacles that sing beautiful choral chimes.
5. Large green warts, that when cut off can be thrown like a gas grenade.
6. A singular hand that does nothing but flip people the bird.





PACK LEADER

You don't just speak with Skourge Critters, you commune with them.

You hone your ability to influence a wide range of Skourge Critters, big and small. Fight alongside a small army of spitting, hissing and ravenous beasts, that do the bidding of you and you alone. There's a fine line where your mind ends and theirs begins. You are one and the same, human being and beast – out for blood.

HP: +4, d6 Madness FX

BEAST OF BURDEN

Roll 3d6+2 for Strength and Presence

STREETS NOT SO SMART

Roll 3d6-2 for Knowledge

They found you as a child: (d6)

1. In a pit of vicious Vine Vipers. These half plant/half snake creatures had killed your parents, but adopted you as one of your own. You intermittently hiss when annoyed.
2. Swimming along the Jagged Coast with a pod of huge Mono Whales. Who knows how they came to accept you, but you could swim as fast and as deep as they could. Still to this day, you dream of the black inky sea.
3. Locked in a cage in the basement of a research lab. Feral, terrified and beastly they thought you'd never make it. But you showed them. Now you live your life in search of the Cosmic Science Cult that created you.
4. Deep in the barren of a dead Ghost Bear's cave. Ghost Bears are enormous mutated bears with crystal eyes and fur streaked with bizarre jeweled cysts. No one knows how it died and you survived.
5. Asleep high up in the nest of an Asiatic Albatross's nest. You had eaten all the eggs and passed out. Most think she had fed the eggs to you. Others think you stole the eggs. It's still a matter of debate.
6. Trapped in the web of a nest of Cycloid Arachnids. Luckily the rescue team was able to burn the nest without taking you with it. From time to time you wonder if that was the safest you ever felt.

What's strapped to your back in a snake-skin bandolier? (d6)

1. **A long Vine Viper Flute (d8)** Made from a literal Vine Viper, this flute will call any Vine Vipers to your aide. The sound it makes it a mesmerizing howling. Can also be used as a nasty cudgel.
2. **A sack of rancid Flesh Bait (d8)** You use this as a lure for numerous types of Skourge Critters, and even eat some of the meat yourself. The sack is heavy and packs a mean wallop.
3. **A Claw Trap (d10)** This huge razor sharp trap can be used as a weapon and as a tool to capture Skourge Critters (primarily for food, given the effect of the trap). It's made from ungodly alloy, that shines despite being encrusted with mud and blood.
4. **Chain Axe (d10)** This chainsaw axe is powered by a small radium battery that you really hope doesn't start leaking radiation anytime soon. You've replaced the teeth of the saw with literal teeth from a range of frightening critters.
5. **Single Shot Rifle (d8)** Slow to load, but effective at range, this ancient rifle was designed and built by a forgotten arms manufacturer. You spend more time building ammo for the thing, than actually firing it.
6. **Bone Harpoon (d8)** Wrapped in netting and stinking of the sea, this Harpoon has gotten you out of more jams that you can remember. Hard to clean, given the bone seems to really soak up blood.



RUIN

Once a coastal empire for the rich and famous, Ruin is now a pit of disease, filth, and terror. Anything goes in Ruin. Nothing is off limits, anyone can be bought, anyone can be crushed. Except that is, for the Mirrored Cabal and their personal protectors - Gore Patrol.



GORE PATROL

"If the Gore Patrol is here, you'd may as well stick a gun in your mouth now. You're already dead."

The Gore Patrol are both the police and standing military for Ruin.

Huge slabs of genetically altered and drug-fuelled meat poured into ceramic-steel armour, Gore Patrol are man-made monsters serving every whim of The Mirrored Cabal.

Some members stand nearly 7 feet tall, decked out with electronic fusion weapons or machetes made from ancient helicopter rotors. Their skin is mottled and rotting, covered in black veins. Sometimes they adorn themselves in bones and markings, or the skin and viscera of past victims. They rarely speak, but if they do, it's in a tongue only they and the Mirrored Cabal understand.

The Gore Patrol are only a few hundred members throughout the entire city, but a single unit can police an entire city block. They may be big, but they are fast, ruthless and inhumanly strong. Their armour is installed with ancient barrier technology, that can throw up an electronic shield that can withstand a missile round at point-black range. Most members wear helmets covered in blood and mud, a complex breathing apparatus ensuring they can breath anything, whether it's gas or radioactive dust.

They worship the Cabal as gods and have a natural affinity for Skourge Critters, but can only manage them through brutality and fear - unlike Whisperers, they cannot communicate with them. Once called the City Police, they were renamed the Gore Patrol, because that's all they leave in their wake.

THE MIRRORED CABAL

The Mirrored Cabal are the most debauched and decadent survivors of the Old World. Ageless, their blood is filled with chems and toxins outside our realm of understanding. Rumoured to be skinless, they deck themselves out in gaudy mirrored robes and masks. Their appetite for torment endless.

Very little is known about The Cabal, except that they waged war against the first City Tribes of Ruin and wiped them out in the process. They use The Gore Patrol as their private army, killing anyone or anything that stands in their way. Each member of The Cabal has a section of the city to themselves, and never meet in public. They apparently stink of herbs and spice, used to mask their true scent. What little can be seen of them under their glimmering robes is putrid red skinless flesh.

One of the most intriguing things about the Cabal, is that their rule is so severe that Gangs that take part in open warfare all must pay The Cabal for the privilege. Any gang that doesn't pay is wiped out. There isn't an organisation, pleasure den or outfit that doesn't pay the Cabal in some way.

The very implication of their wrath steadies the hand of even the most maniacal of flesh peddlers and chem fiends. Each member of The Cabal has their own palace, huge church-like structures covered in gravity defying architecture and surrounded by vicious Skourge Critters.



CASSIDY JULES

"Cassidy Jules, a man who's seen it all. A veteran of the Cabal Wars, where he made a name for himself as a ruthless mercenary. But now, he's found a new purpose, running the most notorious bar in the city of Ruin, The Splattering Eye. Ain't no one who can match Cassidy when it comes to strong drinks and mean women.

People say he's the meanest motherfucker this side of the Jagged Coast, and they ain't far off. Cassidy don't take kindly to trouble in his establishment and he ain't above killing someone if they cause it. But, despite his reputation, Cassidy's got a code. He's fiercely loyal to his friends and will go to great lengths to protect them, even if it means breaking his own rules.

Cassidy's a man who lives for the thrill of the moment, whether it's a good brawl or a new challenge. And he ain't one to shy away from a fight, in or out of the bar. He's a man who's seen it all and come out the other side with his wits, his strength and his sense of humor all intact.

So, if you ever find yourself in the city of Ruin, and you got a hankering for a strong drink and a good fight, head on over to The Splattering Eye, where Cassidy will be happy to oblige. Just don't get on his bad side, or you might not live to regret it."

STR: 14
CON: 12
DEX: 10
INT: 8
WIS: 6
CHA: 4

Skills:

Fighting: +3
Intimidation:
+2
Survival: +1
Negotiation: -
1
Healing: -2
Knowledge
(Cabal Wars):

+1
Armor:
Leather armor
(body, arms,
legs)

"Mean
Motherfucker
": +1 to
Fighting rolls
when
outnumbered
"Killer
Instinct": +1
to Fighting
rolls in tight
spaces.

"The
Splattering
Eye": +1 to
Intimidation
rolls in and
around his
bar.

Weaknesses:
"Alcoholism":
-1 to all rolls
when sober.
"Short
Temper": -1 to
all rolls when
calm.
"Soft Spot for

Strong
Women": -1
to all rolls
when resisting
their charms.



CASSIDY JULES BARK EXAMPLES

INTRODUCTION

"Have a drink and take a seat, but keep your hands where I can see them."

"You look like you've seen better days. Let me pour you a stiff one."

"Come on in, I've got just the thing to take the edge off."

"You've got a bit of a rough look about you. I like that in a customer."

"Don't mind the bloodstains, just a little bit of redecorating. What can I get for you?"

"You're not from around here, are you? That's okay, nobody is."

"I've got drinks, I've got stories, and I've got a mean streak a mile wide. What's your poison?"

"Step into my joint, and I'll give you a taste of the finer things in life. Or what passes for it in Ruin."

"I've seen some things out there, stranger. But nothing quite like the look in your eye. What's your story?"

"The Splattering Eye ain't no fancy joint, but it'll do the trick. What can I get for you, chief?"

TALKING ABOUT HOW HE GOT HIS BAR

1. "I fought my way up the ranks, took what I wanted. It just happens I wanted this bar."
2. "I earned The Splattering Eye through blood, sweat, and broken bones. It's mine, fair and square."
3. "I took The Splattering Eye from the last fool who thought they could run it. It's been mine ever since."
4. "I've been around the block a few times. I know how to survive. This bar is proof of that."
5. "I've seen the worst of the Jagged Coast, and I've come out on top. This place is my reward."
6. "I've been in the game a long time. I know how to play the angles. The Eye is just another card in my deck."
7. "I've been through hell and back, and The Eye is the prize I claimed for my troubles."
8. "I've been around the Jagged Coast long enough to know how to get what I want."
9. "I've killed for less than The Eye. It's mine, and I'll kill to keep it."
10. "I've lived by the gun, and I'll die by the gun. The Eye is mine, and I'll defend it to the death."



WHAT'S ON THE MENU?

"Mutant Rat Goulash" - This meal is made from mutant rat that have been caught in the black wastes. It has a gamey taste and is high in protein, but it also causes mutations in the consumer's DNA. It costs 1 gold piece.

"Nuclear Nachos" - These nachos are made with irradiated corn chips, and covered in a radioactive cheese sauce. They have a unique copper aftertaste, and are known to enhance night vision and resistance to radiation sickness, but also cause hair loss. They cost 2 gold pieces.

"Canned Cockroaches" - These are canned goods made from cockroaches that have been caught the city sewers. They are high in protein and are known to help with the immune system, but their texture and taste is quite revolting. They cost 3 silver pieces.

"Goo-Stew" - This is a thick, viscous stew made from a variety of meat-like ingredients, including mutated vegetables and unknown substances fluids found in the bone markets. It has a strange and indescribable taste, and its effects on the human body are also unknown, but it is believed to be a powerful hallucinogen. It costs 4 gold pieces.

"Fried Brain" - This dish is made from the brains of humanoid mutants that have been killed in the Jagged Coast hinterlands. It has a rich, buttery taste, and is known to enhance memory and intelligence, but also causes headaches and nightmares. It costs 5 gold pieces.

"Moth Beast Burger" - A hamburger made from the huge beetle-like Moth-Beast. This reeking stinking burger builds muscle like nothing else, but the dry mouth it causes afterwards is no joke. 3 Gold pieces.



RAVIUS TAN

Ravius Tan, the best Skourge Critter fighter in all of Ruin. Born and raised on the Jagged Coast, she's been rearing Mono Hawks her whole life. Used to run a Skiff Crew a long time ago, before things went really bad. Her tactics in the pit are calculated and brutal, using her hawk's razor sharp talons and beak to tear apart her opponents.

When not in the pit, she's constantly training and conditioning her birds, pushing them to be the strongest and deadliest fighters. She's also a skilled pilot and mechanic, using her speeder skiff to scout for potential Skourge Critter hunting grounds.

Despite her tough exterior, she has a soft spot for her birds and takes great care in their well-being. Rumours say she's with Cassidy, but no one's sure.

STR: 10
DEX: 14
CON: 12
INT: 14
WIS: 8
CHA: 12

Special Abilities

Mono Hawk
Companion: Ravius has a trained Mono Hawk that fights alongside

her in battle. It adds +2 to her attack rolls and +1 to her defense.

Skiff Tactics: Ravius is a skilled skiff pilot and can manoeuvre her skiff in battle to gain advantage on her opponents.

Poison Immunity: Ravius has built up immunity to the poison

she uses on her Mono Hawk's feathers and blades.

Weakness

Mono Hawk
Dependence: Ravius has grown very attached to her Mono Hawk, and if it were to die in battle, she would suffer a -2 penalty to all rolls until it is replaced.



RAVIUS TAN BARK EXAMPLES

INTRODUCTION

1. "You look like you're ready for a fight. You better be."
2. "Don't let my Hawks scare you, they're just my little friends."
3. "I've been fighting in the Meat Grinder for years. It's made me who I am."
4. "I don't trust folks easily, but maybe we can work together."
5. "You've got a good head on your shoulders. That'll come in handy in the Meat Grinder."
6. "I've seen alotta death in the Meat Grinder. I hope you're ready for it."
7. "I've been training Mono Hawks my whole life. They're the best damn fighters you'll ever see."
8. "I'm not one for small talk, so let's just get down to it."
9. "You're either brave or stupid to come to the Meat Grinder. I hope it's the former."
10. "I don't have time for games. If you want to survive the Meat Grinder, you'll need to be better than I am. And trust me - you're not"

TALKING ABOUT HER PAST

"We was runnin' a tight line, my crew and I. Hittin' merchants along the Jagged Coast, makin' good coin. One day, we hit the wrong shipment. We thought it was just another haul of goods headed to the city, but it was a shipment of Grease, bound for the Cabal. They sent in Gore Patrol.

We fought hard, but they wiped us out. My friends, my family, all dead. I was the only one who made it out. I was left with nothin', no crew, no purpose. I was lost, until I came back to my Hawks. They pulled me through, gave me a reason to keep goin'. But I'll never forget my crew. They haunt me, a reminder of the cost of greed and the price of mistakes."



MONO HAWK

The Mono Hawk, also known as the razor bird, is a species of avian creature found along the Jagged Coast. These birds are known for their massive size and sharp feathers, which are as hard and dangerous as razor blades. They are used in fighting pits all along the Jagged Coast, where they are trained to fight against other creatures in killing pits.

The Mono Hawk is an incredibly territorial creature, fiercely defending its nest from any perceived threat. They are also highly aggressive, making them difficult to train and handle. In the wild, they are known to hunt and eat a variety of large animals, such as deer, boar, and even small carnivores.

The Mono Hawk has a unique breeding and hatching cycle. The females lay a single egg, which takes approximately six months to hatch. The chicks are born with fully developed razor feathers and are able to fly within a few days of hatching. They reach full maturity within a year, and can live for up to 20 years in captivity.

Due to the dangerous nature of the Mono Hawk, they are illegal in many regions, and their breeding and training are tightly regulated. Despite this, they remain a popular attraction in the fighting pits, drawing crowds from all over the Black Wastes to witness their deadly bouts.

