

DREAM ASKEW



EARN DRAMA TOKENS BY:

- GRANTING A PETITION
- HAVING YOUR PETITION REFUSED

USE DRAMA TOKENS TO:

- DUCK A SCENE
- RUSH A SCENE THE CALLER DOESN'T WANT YOU IN
- FORCE A CONCESSION (2 TOKENS)
- CANCEL A FORCE (3 TOKENS)
- CONTRIBUTE TO A FORCE, IF YOUR CHARACTER IS PRESENT AND HELPING



CHARACTER	RELATIONSHIP	WHAT I WANT FROM THEM	WHAT THEY WANT FROM ME

THE IRIS

The psychic maelstrom touches us all, but the Iris has been indelibly marked and changed. Their gifts are unprecedented and unexplainable, but may hold the secret to our healing. What is everyone so afraid of? The Iris is an unnerving individual. Their power is mysterious, ephemeral, and unprecedented.

MY NAME IS:

Shadow, Lively, Smith, Pallor, Azure, Damson, Raksha, Kite, Monsoon, Micaela, Burroughs, Tion, Pity, Brace

MORE THAN ANYTHING, I WANT:

INSIDE, I'M IN CONFLICT—TORN BETWEEN 2 OPPOSITE POLES:

MY 2 PSYCHIC GIFTS

ARE:

- | | |
|--------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Shared Dreams | <input type="checkbox"/> Astral Travel |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Memory Harvesting | <input type="checkbox"/> Absolution |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Lucky Guesses | <input type="checkbox"/> Brain Whispers |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Ghost Echoes | <input type="checkbox"/> Fortune Telling |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Unearthing | <input type="checkbox"/> Storm Sheltering |

MY LOOK IS A:

- ☐ slim frame
- ☐ angular frame
- ☐ disfigured frame
- ☐ soft frame
- ☐ steely frame
- ☐ willowy frame

WITH

- | | |
|-------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> calculating eyes | <input type="checkbox"/> luminous eyes |
| <input type="checkbox"/> dead eyes | <input type="checkbox"/> ruined eyes |
| <input type="checkbox"/> wet eyes | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> arresting eyes | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> caring eyes | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> pale eyes | |

THE WORLD'S PSYCHIC MAELSTROM TOLD ME:

- ☐ That it needed me for a higher purpose.
- ☐ That it would shelter me from any repercussions.
- ☐ That I could swallow their pain away.
- ☐ How and when I would die.
- ☐ That love is the only salvation.
- ☐ That power is the only salvation.

MY GENDER

IS:

- ☐ androgyne
- ☐ emerging
- ☐ ice femme
- ☐ void
- ☐ gargoye

MY WARDROBE STYLES ARE (2):

- | | |
|------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> formal attire | <input type="checkbox"/> medical wear |
| <input type="checkbox"/> leather | <input type="checkbox"/> bondage gear |
| <input type="checkbox"/> casual wear | <input type="checkbox"/> hoods and robes |
| <input type="checkbox"/> ceremonial garb | <input type="checkbox"/> never washed |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> a slender weapon carefully concealed |



THE HAWKER

The market failed. The shops and restaurants and factories closed their doors. And into that void stepped the Hawker, hustling and working odd jobs, pulling a livelihood out of the rubble of apocalypse. The Hawker is an industrious individual. Their power is material, social, and contingent.

MY NAME IS:

Angler, Cookie, Devraj, Chief, Jackbird, Sugar, Esme, Proper, Proust, Lafferty, Waters, Fancy, Zachariah, Zola

MORE THAN ANYTHING, I WANT:

INSIDE, I'M IN CONFLICT—TORN BETWEEN 2 OPPOSITE POLES:

I PROVIDE 3 THINGS:

- | | | |
|--------------------------------------|----------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> a venue | <input type="checkbox"/> surveillance | <input type="checkbox"/> art |
| <input type="checkbox"/> easy food | <input type="checkbox"/> companionship | <input type="checkbox"/> a thriving social scene |
| <input type="checkbox"/> luxury food | <input type="checkbox"/> enforcement | <input type="checkbox"/> lodgings |
| <input type="checkbox"/> liquor | <input type="checkbox"/> deliveries | <input type="checkbox"/> tobacco |
| <input type="checkbox"/> coffee | <input type="checkbox"/> body-guarding | <input type="checkbox"/> smut |
| <input type="checkbox"/> fantasy | <input type="checkbox"/> expertise | <input type="checkbox"/> hard drugs |
| <input type="checkbox"/> nostalgia | <input type="checkbox"/> guns and ammo | <input type="checkbox"/> whatever people are chasing at the time |

MY LOOK IS A:

- ☐ pinched face
- ☐ warm face
- ☐ tired face
- ☐ honest face
- ☐ scarred-up face
- ☐ friendly face
- ☐ flawless face

WITH

- ☐ quick hands
- ☐ precise hands
- ☐ tattooed hands
- ☐ calloused hands
- ☐ slight hands
- ☐ fresh manicure

I TAKE 2 KINDS OF CURRENCY:

- | | |
|--------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> cash up front | <input type="checkbox"/> barter |
| <input type="checkbox"/> lingering debts | <input type="checkbox"/> work-trade |
| <input type="checkbox"/> whispered secrets | <input type="checkbox"/> fawning adoration |
| <input type="checkbox"/> protection | <input type="checkbox"/> something weirder |
| <input type="checkbox"/> dependency | |

MY GENDER IS:

- ☐ high femme
- ☐ genderfluid
- ☐ dagger daddy
- ☐ stud
- ☐ raven

MY WARDROBE STYLES ARE (2):

- | | |
|--------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> immaculate whites | <input type="checkbox"/> street wear |
| <input type="checkbox"/> a stained apron | <input type="checkbox"/> scrounge-ups |
| <input type="checkbox"/> vintage formal | <input type="checkbox"/> a signature color |
| <input type="checkbox"/> leather | <input type="checkbox"/> flawless makeup |
| <input type="checkbox"/> gold chains | <input type="checkbox"/> stilettos |

THE STITCHER

Things break. Supplies run out. Bodies get wounded. The Stitcher is there - fixing, mending, making, re-purposing. They have a workshop and an uncanny intuition. The Stitcher is a resourceful individual. Their power is technical, material, and reactive.

MY NAME IS:

Nils, Tai, Spector, Lemieux, Dremmer, Sander, Spook, Grip, Corey, Robyn, Depot, Jane, Garon, Aiden, Knots

MORE THAN ANYTHING, I WANT:

INSIDE, I'M IN CONFLICT—TORN BETWEEN 2 OPPOSITE POLES:

MY WORKSHOP PROVIDES 2 FUNCTIONS:

- | | |
|-----------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> vehicle repair | <input type="checkbox"/> brewing + preserving |
| <input type="checkbox"/> bicycle repair | <input type="checkbox"/> body upkeep |
| <input type="checkbox"/> art space | <input type="checkbox"/> metalworking |
| <input type="checkbox"/> infirmary | <input type="checkbox"/> hacking |
| <input type="checkbox"/> firearms | <input type="checkbox"/> recycling |
| <input type="checkbox"/> tech assembly | <input type="checkbox"/> psionics |
| <input type="checkbox"/> hydroponics | <input type="checkbox"/> chemistry |
| <input type="checkbox"/> broadcasting | <input type="checkbox"/> woodworking |

WHERE DO I GET THE BULK OF MY SUPPLIES?

- ☐ I scavenge ruined buildings in abandoned districts.
- ☐ I barter with those still living in the society intact.
- ☐ People bring me the weirdest shit.
- ☐ I take apart the old to furnish the new.
- ☐ I have access to a partially-excavated landfill.
- ☐ I steal what I need.

MY LOOK IS:

- ☐ knowing eyes
- ☐ appraising eyes
- ☐ skittish eyes
- ☐ covered eyes
- ☐ modified eyes
- ☐ red eyes

WITH

- ☐ scarred hands
- ☐ clean hands
- ☐ greasy hands,
- ☐ gloved hands
- ☐ worn hands
- ☐ busy hands

MY GENDER IS:

- ☐ bigender
- ☐ agender
- ☐ cyber dyke
- ☐ transgressing
- ☐ raven

MY WARDROBE STYLES ARE (2):

- | | |
|--------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> scrounge-ups | <input type="checkbox"/> a repurposed uniform |
| <input type="checkbox"/> duck canvas | <input type="checkbox"/> visible tech |
| <input type="checkbox"/> fucked-up hair | <input type="checkbox"/> scrubs |
| <input type="checkbox"/> oil stains | <input type="checkbox"/> overalls |
| <input type="checkbox"/> countless pockets | <input type="checkbox"/> minimalist chic |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> symbiotes |

THE TIGER

The police fled the neighborhood. Things were scary for a while. Now, the Tiger and their gang own the streets around here. Is that ownership still contested? The Tiger is a wicked fierce individual. Their power is social, violent, and hard-won.

MY NAME IS:

Domino, Tyrus, Blues, Keegan, Smith, Duke, Tawny, Cheshire, Vigo, Boston, Impala, Diesel, Mia, Aadita

MORE THAN ANYTHING, I WANT:

MY GANG HAS 2 DISTINCTIVE THINGS:

- | | |
|-------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> motorcycles | <input type="checkbox"/> clean drugs |
| <input type="checkbox"/> bicycles | <input type="checkbox"/> chains + rusty pipes |
| <input type="checkbox"/> guns | <input type="checkbox"/> slingshots + baseball bats |
| <input type="checkbox"/> riot gear | <input type="checkbox"/> megaphones + banners |
| <input type="checkbox"/> a safehouse | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> medical supplies | |

OUR BIG FLAW IS THAT:

- ☐ We owe a lot of debts that we can't pay.
- ☐ Since that unsettling murder, I've lost some trust.
- ☐ The enclave isn't entirely on board with our vision.
- ☐ The gang is addicted to something dangerous.
- ☐ Our actions bleed psychic instability into the area.
- ☐ The gang is agitating to become an autonomous collective, but it's not clear how to make that work.

INSIDE, I'M IN CONFLICT—TORN BETWEEN 2 OPPOSITE POLES:

MY LOOK IS A:

- ☐ scarred face
- ☐ baby face
- ☐ pretty face
- ☐ weathered face
- ☐ tattooed face
- ☐ masked face
- ☐ tough face
- ☐ narrow face

WITH

- ☐ slender arms
- ☐ burned arms
- ☐ jacked arms
- ☐ solid arms
- ☐ tattooed arms
- ☐ shot-up arms
- ☐ a busted arm

MY GENDER IS:

- ☐ hard femme
- ☐ butch queen
- ☐ two-spirit
- ☐ masc
- ☐ gargoyle

MY WARDROBE STYLES ARE (2):

- | | |
|-----------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> leather | <input type="checkbox"/> breathable athletics |
| <input type="checkbox"/> velour | <input type="checkbox"/> flashy acquisitions |
| <input type="checkbox"/> scrounge-ups | <input type="checkbox"/> a gang logo back patch |
| <input type="checkbox"/> militant wear | <input type="checkbox"/> neon hair |
| <input type="checkbox"/> armor | <input type="checkbox"/> black bloc attire |
| <input type="checkbox"/> tailored suits | |

THE TORCH

All routines and mundane knowledges crumble under the weight of apocalypse. But the Torch has answers. Are they ancient teachings, ecstatic fantasy, or a new faith dawning? Followers draw near to their warm glow. The Torch is a compelling individual. Their power is spiritual, social, and mystical.

MY NAME IS:

Hope, Noni, Lucia, Dian, Chester, Always, Wynn, Cass, Vase, Eita, Rabbit, Rhyme, Sibyl, Sissy, Mischa, Spoke

MORE THAN ANYTHING, I WANT:

INSIDE, I'M IN CONFLICT—TORN BETWEEN 2 OPPOSITE POLES:

I LEAD 2 RITUALS:

- | | |
|-------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Boiling the Bones | <input type="checkbox"/> Tea Ceremony |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Letting the Blood | <input type="checkbox"/> Augury |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Street Wards | <input type="checkbox"/> Bacchanal |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Close Reading of
the Holy Texts | <input type="checkbox"/> Tripping the Circuit |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Glitter Bombing | <input type="checkbox"/> Dirty Flutter |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Rites of Passage | <input type="checkbox"/> Handfasting |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> Truth |

ONLY I UNDERSTAND THE LOOMING THREAT:

- ☐ Our souls have begun to rot inside our bodies.
- ☐ The psychic maelstrom sends wolves to devour us.
- ☐ We're replicating the oppressions of our old society.
- ☐ Hope and mischief are fires that we must keep ever-burning, or we will face eternal darkness.
- ☐ When we abandon our historical rites and bonds, evil things grow in the empty spaces left behind.

MY LOOK IS:

- ☐ calm eyes
- ☐ faraway eyes
- ☐ forgiving eyes
- ☐ mournful eyes
- ☐ blotted eyes
- ☐ flickering eyes
- ☐ dilated eyes
- ☐ fiery eyes

WITH

- ☐ open face
- ☐ covered face
- ☐ sober face
- ☐ wrinkled face
- ☐ gentle face
- ☐ ashen face
- ☐ unwashed face
- ☐ marked face

MY GENDER IS:

- ☐ predestined
- ☐ transgressing
- ☐ femme
- ☐ goddess
- ☐ warrior

MY WARDROBE STYLES ARE (2):

- | | |
|---------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> tattered vestments | <input type="checkbox"/> striking colors |
| <input type="checkbox"/> scrounge-ups | <input type="checkbox"/> traditional garb |
| <input type="checkbox"/> fetish wear | <input type="checkbox"/> drawn sigils |
| <input type="checkbox"/> robes | <input type="checkbox"/> rave wear |
| <input type="checkbox"/> beautiful fabrics | <input type="checkbox"/> witch chic |
| <input type="checkbox"/> coarse fibers | |

THE ARRIVAL

When society shoves you out, you don't really have time to process. You need food, shelter, friends. The Arrival found their way to the enclave. Can they barter a measure of amnesty into a permanent home? The Arrival is an individual in flux. Their power is contingent, technical, and suspect.

MY NAME IS:

Burton, Audi, Yeong, Bishop, Deshaun, Lark, Rutger, Kayla, Jordan, Tahani, Javier, Fai, Maria, Dremmer

MORE THAN ANYTHING, I WANT:

INSIDE, I'M IN CONFLICT—TORN BETWEEN 2 OPPOSITE POLES:

I KNEW THE ENCLAVE EXISTED BECAUSE:

- ☐ I used to drive an armored grocery truck through the area every week.
- ☐ I used to be a cop, policing the borders of society.
- ☐ I was a scavenger, living alone before injury forced me to seek out a bigger community.
- ☐ I used to come out here for the epic parties.
- ☐ My daughter has been living here for a few years.

MY LOOK IS A:

- ☐ tired frame
- ☐ starved frame
- ☐ sturdy frame
- ☐ plump frame
- ☐ muscular frame
- ☐ hunched frame
- ☐ bandaged frame

WITH

- ☐ calloused hands
- ☐ polished hands
- ☐ gloved hands
- ☐ scabby hands
- ☐ capable hands
- ☐ trembling hands

I BROUGHT 2 THINGS WITH ME WHEN I FLED:

- | | |
|--------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> an old pistol | <input type="checkbox"/> photo albums |
| <input type="checkbox"/> a water purifier | <input type="checkbox"/> a phone that's still got service |
| <input type="checkbox"/> my inhaler | <input type="checkbox"/> a holy book |
| <input type="checkbox"/> a concealed knife | <input type="checkbox"/> stockpiles of food |
| <input type="checkbox"/> a truck | <input type="checkbox"/> my dog |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> stolen money |

MY GENDER IS:

- ☐ ambiguous
- ☐ transitioning
- ☐ man
- ☐ woman
- ☐ tomboy

MY WARDROBE STYLES ARE (2):

- | | |
|-----------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> standard issue | <input type="checkbox"/> shoplifted club clothes |
| <input type="checkbox"/> scrounge-ups | <input type="checkbox"/> my old uniform |
| <input type="checkbox"/> rumpled suits | <input type="checkbox"/> prison jumpsuit |
| <input type="checkbox"/> scrubs | <input type="checkbox"/> bloodstains |
| <input type="checkbox"/> hiking gear | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> long sleeves | |