**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

<table>
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<tr>
<th>Character</th>
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<th>What I want from them</th>
<th>What they want from me</th>
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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:

- Astral Travel
- Absolution
- Brain Whispers
- Fortune Telling
- Storm Sheltering
- Unearthing
- Shared Dreams
- Memory Harvesting
- Lucky Guesses
- Ghost Echoes
- Unearthing

MY LOOK IS A:

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

WITH

- calculating eyes
- dead eyes
- wet eyes
- arresting eyes
- caring eyes
- pale eyes

MY GENDER IS:

- androgyne
- emerging
- ice femme
- void
- gargoyle

MY WARDROBE STYLES ARE (2):

- formal attire
- leather
- casual wear
- ceremonial garb
- medical wear
- bondage gear
- hoods and robes
- never washed
- a slender weapon carefully concealed

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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.

**THE HAWKER**

**MY NAME IS:**
Angler, Cookie, Devraj, Chief, Jackbird, Sugar, Esme, Proper, Proust, Lafferty, Waters, Fancy, Zachariah, Zola

**MORE THAN ANYTHING, I WANT:**

**I PROVIDE 3 THINGS:**
- a venue
- easy food
- luxury food
- liquor
- coffee
- fantasy
- nostalgia
- barter
- work-trade
- fawning adoration
- something weirder

**I TAKE 2 KINDS OF CURRENCY:**
- cash up front
- lingering debts
- whispered secrets
- protection
- dependency
- surveillance
- companionship
- enforcement
- deliveries
- body-guarding
- expertise
- guns and ammo

**MY LOOK IS A:**
- pinched face
- warm face
- tired face
- honest face
- scarred-up face
- friendly face
- flawless face
- art
- a thriving social scene
- lodgings
- tobacco
- smut
- hard drugs
- whatever people are chasing at the time

**WITH**
- quick hands
- precise hands
- tattooed hands
- calloused hands
- slight hands
- fresh manicure

**MY GENDER IS:**
- high femme
- genderfluid
- dagger daddy
- stud
- raven

**MY WARDROBE STYLES ARE (2):**
- immaculate whites
- street wear
- a stained apron
- scrounge-ups
- vintage formal
- a signature color
- leather
- flawless makeup
- gold chains
- stilettos

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

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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.

**THE STITCHER**

**MY NAME IS:**

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

**MORE THAN ANYTHING, I WANT:**

**MY WORKSHOP PROVIDES 2 FUNCTIONS:**
- vehicle repair
- bicycle repair
- art space
- infirmary
- firearms
- tech assembly
- hydroponics
- broadcasting
- brewing + preserving
- body upkeep
- metalworking
- hacking
- recycling
- psionics
- chemistry
- 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.

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

**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):**
- scrounge-ups
- duck canvas
- fucked-up hair
- oil stains
- countless pockets
- a repurposed uniform
- visible tech
- scrubs
- overalls
- minimalist chic
- symbiotes

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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:**

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

**MY GANG HAS 2 DISTINCTIVE THINGS:**
- motorcycles
- bicycles
- guns
- riot gear
- a safehouse
- medical supplies
- clean drugs
- chains + rusty pipes
- slingshots + baseball bats
- megaphones + banners

**MY LOOK IS A:**
- scarred face
- baby face
- pretty face
- weathered face
- tattooed face
- masked face
- tough face
- narrow face

**MY GENDER IS:**
- hard femme
- butch queen
- two-spirit
- masc
- gargoyle

**MY GANG HAS 2 DISTINCTIVE THINGS:**
- motorcycles
- bicycles
- guns
- riot gear
- a safehouse
- 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.

**MY GENDER IS:**
- hard femme
- butch queen
- two-spirit
- masc
- gargoyle

**MY WARDROBE STYLES ARE (2):**
- leather
- velour
- scrounge-ups
- militant wear
- armor
- tailored suits
- breathable athletics
- flashy acquisitions
- a gang logo back patch
- neon hair
- black bloc attire

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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.

**THE TORCH**

**MY NAME IS:**
Hope, Noni, Lucia, Dian, Chester, Always, Wynn, Cass, Vase, Eita, Rabbit, Rhyme, Sibyl, Sissy, Mischa, Spoke

**MORE THAN ANYTHING, I WANT:**

**I LEAD 2 RITUALS:**
- Boiling the Bones
- Letting the Blood
- Street Wards
- Close Reading of the Holy Texts
- Glitter Bombing
- Rites of Passage

**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):**
- tattered vestments
- scrounge-ups
- fetish wear
- robes
- beautiful fabrics
- coarse fibers
- striking colors
- traditional garb
- drawn sigils
- rave wear
- witch chic

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

**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.

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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.

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MY NAME IS:
Burton, Audi, Yeong, Bishop, Deshaun, Lark, Rutger, Kayla, Jordan, Tahani, Javier, Fai, Maria, Dremmer

MORE THAN ANYTHING, I WANT:

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

MY GENDER IS:
- ambiguous
- transitioning
- man
- woman
- tomboy

MY WARDROBE STYLes ARE (2):
- standard issue
- scrounge-ups
- rumpled suits
- scrubs
- hiking gear
- long sleeves
- shoplifted club clothes
- my old uniform
- prison jumpsuit
- bloodstains

I BROUGHT 2 THINGS WITH ME WHEN I FLED:
- an old pistol
- a water purifier
- my inhaler
- a concealed knife
- a truck
- photo albums
- a phone that’s still got service
- a holy book
- stockpiles of food
- my dog
- stolen money

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

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