

Clyde Williams, Ex-Convict Looking for a Fresh Start

Your life feels like it's just been one lousy downward spiral. It started when you were born - your momma died giving birth, and your pop never let you forget it.

He was never outright abusive, but he missed the beautiful wife who you'd seen only in pictures, and a lean ill-disciplined kid was never going to replace her. You weren't exactly born into an environment rich with opportunity either. You grew up in a crappy little logging town in Montana, called Winslow. The only decent jobs in Winslow were at the local sawmill, which is where your dad spent his time when he wasn't at the local bar or ignoring you.

When you were fifteen, your dad spent a little too much time at the bar before a shift, and lost his right hand to a buzzsaw. You had to drop out of school, where you weren't exactly excelling, to take care of him. Your already lousy life got that little bit worse, since now you were spending your days looking after your crippled dad, both of you hating every minute of it, barely getting by on your pop's workman's compensation - at least what little you could stop him from drinking away.

The local mill manager offered you your dad's old job to help make ends meet, but there was no way you were going to end up like him. You took advantage of your relative freedom compared to most kids your age, who still had to go to school and had parents keeping an eye on them, and started making money on the side with petty theft and dealing weed to your former classmates.

As the school councilor would have said, you "fell in with a bad crowd". Still you figured, it was better than working at the old man's job and coming home to a house that stank of booze and bitterness. And it was, at least until you and a buddy stole a car for a joyride and ended up putting a sheriff's deputy in the hospital. It wasn't your fault - you were trying to outrun him and the deputy lost control of his squad car - you never even touched him. But no one was going to see it that way. Your buddy still had two parents, both of whom gave a damn, and they were going to stitch you up as the "bad seed" who led their son astray. And your dad? He would probably just agree. If you went to juvie, it would be more money left over for his booze and at least you wouldn't have to see each other.

So you took off. Left your crappy home town behind and hitched your way across America. After the first few tense nights "on the run", you realised that it wasn't like the FBI was going to hunt down some teenage kid over a stolen car. For the first time in your life, you were really free.

Of course, you were dirt broke, too. You eventually settled down in Chicago and "fell in with a bad crowd" again. What were you gonna do? No family, no high school diploma and no money. You did some minor package running for a crime syndicate and graduated to low-level violent crime. The occasional mugging or store robbery, nothing too heavy. You didn't like hurting people, you just wanted to make enough to get by.

Of course, that sentiment turned against you, when you got caught up in a liquor store robbery and one of your partners shot a clerk with a gun that wasn't even supposed to be loaded. Your partners ran, but somehow, you couldn't. The clerk was bleeding out, and it just hit you. This was more than this just

petty crime. If you left this guy to die, you were basically an outright capital-M Murderer. This wasn't just getting by.

So you stayed to help the poor schmuck. He lived, and you went to jail for fifteen years. Of freakin' course. Your time inside was hardly roses. You were big enough that no one really went for you or tried to make you turn sissy, but you spent more time than you'd like in solitary after fights to protect your virtue, so to speak. You still don't like to ride in elevators or be in other confined spaces.

You were parolled two months ago. You've taken what little money you have left, and left Chicago. You just want to go somewhere isolated and get your head right. You don't have the mettle to be a serious criminal, and you don't want to be. But you have almost no legal skills, and you just don't know what to do with your life. The Sunshine Falls Wilderness Retreat sounds like a good place to get it together. Cheap, anyway.

Other Characters

None

Roleplaying Tips:

Clyde can look scary if he wants to. He's a big black guy, who's nose has been broken more than once. But despite his bruiser appearance, he's actually a really gentle soul. His experience with the store clerk and the prison scared him a lot more than he likes to admit.

But he honestly has no idea how to go about putting his life back together.

Obsession: Staying out of trouble with the law. Clyde doesn't want to go back to jail. He's not sure if he wants to go straight yet, but he definitely doesn't want to get caught again.

Rage Stimulus: Predators. Clyde has been exposed to some really nasty people inside prison walls and he hates the human animals who prey on weaker members of the pack.

Fear Stimulus: Confined spaces. After some stays in solitary as a result of a few prison fights (which he didn't start), Clyde is fairly claustrophobic.

Noble Stimulus: Pacifism, oddly enough. Clyde has been in a few nasty brawls, but he is deeply uncomfortable with violence - he's seen enough of it to know how ugly it really is. This gentle streak was the reason he got caught, unfortunately. He can fight if he has to, but he's never the first to throw a punch.

His Obsession skill is "Crime 101". Clyde was never exactly a master criminal, but he's picked up a useful grab-bag of illegal skills both inside and outside prison. He can pick a lock or hot-wire a car, and he knows the five fastest ways to make a shiv in a hurry.

Body: 70 "Scary Black Man"

Prison Brawl (Struggle): 50

Prison Work-Out (General Ath): 50

Speed: 50 "Fleeing the Scene"

Dodge: 25

Crime 101: 50

Drive: 20

Mind: 45 "Should have stayed in school"

Drop-Out (General Education): 15

Lie Low (Conceal): 45

Notice: 30

Soul: 55 "Unlucky"

Unintentionally Intimidating: 30

Not me, Officer (Lie): 35

Karmic Butt-Monkey: 30

Notes on Skills:

Karmic Butt-Monkey: Clyde is a genuinely unlucky guy. To bring that into the system a bit - whenever something bad is happening to someone else nearby, Clyde can roll Karmic Butt-Monkey to make something bad happen to him instead. Obviously, Clyde doesn't consciously control it, so it's down to you as the player to use as you feel appropriate.

For example, the injured store clerk in Clyde's backstory. He was probably going to die, but Clyde succeeded on Karmic Butt-Monkey. The clerk lived, but Clyde got busted. Not every outcome needs to be that bad, of course!

Violence: 3H 1F

Isolation: 1H 2F

Self: 1H 1F

Helplessness: 1H 0F

Unnatural: 0H 0F