

Mark Sturvin

“Man is no man, but a wolf.”

-Plautus

When you think about things, you have to admit that you’ve got it pretty good. I mean, you’re kind of popular, an attractive girl is going to the Sock Hop with you, and you’re the richest kid in town. Things are going real well.

If only you could remember what happened last night.

It was a pretty normal night, by all standards. You had been hanging out at Pop’s Malt Shop, talking with friends, laughing about the movie you had seen the night before, reveling in the fact that the school year had just ended. You were having a lot of fun. But Robert was going off to meet J.D. for some sort of mischief, and you knew you weren’t invited. Robert’s part of this gang called “the Killers.” Not that they’ve killed anyone. That you know of. I mean, Robert’s not the kind of guy to kill someone. J.D.; well, you never really thought of him as the violent type. But Robert was talking about some of the things J.D. had been up to recently, and he sounded really scared. And Robert’s the last guy in the world who would be afraid of anything. But still, they seem to have a lot of fun hanging out together. And you’d like to hang out with them.

In any case, Robert had to go, so you went on home. You went up to your room and started working on one of your model airplanes. It’s a B-17 bomber, a beautiful model of the kind you’d like to fly someday. Dad wants you to take over the family businesses when you get out of college, but you’re seriously thinking about joining the Air Force. You’ve been in planes before, and there’s a freedom there; a beauty in knowing that you’re doing something that mankind had always dreamed of doing. Nothing makes you feel more free, so unfettered by troubles. It’s a peace, a serenity. You’d love to spend your whole life working with airplanes.

So you were working on one of your models. Dad had gone out on a business meeting out in Phoenix, so you were alone in the house (Mom having left him years ago). And something happened. You don’t know what. But something big happened. All you remember is the sudden pain throughout your body; it felt like a million volts of electricity surging throughout your veins. And then a feeling like your body was growing, and your skin was ripping apart from the pressure. Then you blacked out.

You woke up the next morning in the construction area where they’re building those new homes. Your clothes were ripped to tatters and barely hanging on to you. And there was blood all over them. And after a quick check of body parts, you came to the chilling conclusion that it wasn’t your blood.

Somehow you managed to get home without anyone seeing you. You climbed the trestle next to your window and snuck into your room (you’ve been using the trestle to get in and out of the house without Dad noticing you for years). You took a shower, put

on new, clean clothes, and stuffed the rags under your bed. You'll have to find a better place to hide them later; the maid might find them when she shows up to clean the house on Monday.

If you knew what had happened, you could deal with it. If you had been overtaken with fumes from the model glue, or just snapped and went into a psychotic frenzy, you could handle it, you could try to fix things, you could try to get on with your life. But you don't know what happened. Not a single clue.

Maybe you could talk to someone about it. Nah, that's pretty unlikely. I mean, who could you talk to? So many of the kids are uncomfortable around you because your father is so rich. They expect you to be sort of stuck-up and concerned about money. And some of them decide to use you as a meal ticket, getting you to pay for things that they can't afford in the name of friendship. Robert's your only real friend in town, the only person who really thinks of you as a real person. That's why you want to join the gang he's in.

Unfortunately, that's easier said than done. J.D. is into pranks and mischief on a serious order. You'd have to convince him that you could do good things for the gang. Sure, you could pay for things. But you don't want to be let into the gang simply because your father is rich. You want to be respected. You want to be part of them.

You came up with a plan to show them that you could pull pranks with the best of them. Edwood High, the only high school in San Inguon, has a Ceremonial Throw Pillow. It's a pillow that the Daughters of the American Revolution made that has the names of all the Edwood High graduates who died in World War I stitched onto it. It's the silliest thing you've ever seen, but a lot of people consider it an item of great respect. You figured that swiping it would gain you immense respect in J.D.'s eyes. So Tuesday before last, you snuck into Edwood High and pried the case open with a steak knife. Unfortunately, in your haste to escape (you were sure that you heard the janitor coming down the hall), you dropped the knife. Still, you had the pillow, and you were sure that J.D. would respect you.

Boy, were you wrong. The next day at school, you were standing behind him and Robert while everyone was in line for annual vaccinations. He was royally pissed. Apparently, everyone assumed that he had stolen it, and people were getting on his case in a serious way. He talked about what he would do to the shmuck who had stolen the pillow if he ever found out who it was. Not good. Not good at all.

So, after school, you went out to the part of the mesas where you had stashed the pillow. You figured that if you surreptitiously returned it, no one would be the wiser. Unfortunately, it wasn't there. You searched for two hours to no avail. Someone must have found it and stolen it for themselves. You've been waiting for nearly two weeks, but still no one has returned the pillow. So much for that plan.

You've got a new plan, though. You were talking to Timmy Carroll about what kind of projects you could do for physics class. Timmy's a bit of a geek, but he knows more about everything than anyone else. He started talking about oscillating wires, and went into depth about radio wave transmissions. It almost put you to sleep. But just before you nodded off, it sparked an idea in your head. There are air-raid sirens all over town. They're all hooked up through wires to a single outpost in Ft. Lucas Rita, the military base / research lab outside of town. If you could patch into those wires, you could send a message through those sirens. With a little work, you found a place just outside of the base where all of the wires connect. You've hooked a record player to them, and have a copy of "The Flying Saucer" ready to play. It should scare everybody silly- until they realize it's just a joke. J.D. should love it. And if he doesn't find out that you stole the pillow, it should get you into the gang.

And if you can get into the gang today, it'll make today the best day of your life. Because not only will you have gotten into the Killers, but you'll go out on a date with one of the most attractive girls in all of Edwood High. Margaret Smith. You've had a crush on her for the last two years. She's incredibly attractive, she was a wonderful personality, and she's incredibly intelligent. Oh, sure, she acts like a bubblehead at times. But that's just an act. And you understand why she does it. Intelligence is sort of like money; it puts a barrier between people. People feel insecure and jealous around you because you have so much money. People probably felt the same way around her because she was so much smarter than them. She can hide her intelligence, though. You can't hide your money.

Anyway, for two years you had a crush on her. You used to dream about her getting to know you, falling in love with you, running off to California where no one knew who you were so that you could just be yourselves, that sort of thing. But you never really acted on it. I mean, she was so wonderful. She could have gone out with anyone in the school. Why would she bother with you? Actually, she never really bothered with anyone. You think you're the first person that she's gone out with. You hope so, at least, because you've never been on a date before and have no clue what you should do. You're supposed to meet her just before the Sock Hop and go to the Sock Hop together; then probably go down to Pop's Malt Shop for burgers and ice cream floats. But you're not real sure. You probably should have set things down a little firmer, or maybe talked to friends who have been dating to get a feel for what you're supposed to do. But after Mayor Cunningham announced the Sock Hop, you just knew that it was now or never. If you didn't ask her right away, someone else would. And you'd never get a chance to find out whether your fantasies would come true.

Stock quote: "Hey, that sounds like fun. Count me in."

Mannerisms: Mark is your typical teenager, balancing a life of hedonism and angst. At least, he's trying to be a normal teenager, but it's hard when your father is the richest man in all of Arizona.

Special Note: What Mark does not know is that he is a teenage werewolf. Tonight is a full moon, so at some point during the game he will undergo a.. uh... sudden change in temperament, if you get my drift. If you bring a costume for his... er... new look, feel free to leave it with the GMs, who will bring it back to you when sundown arrives.

People You Know:

J.D. Koln: A real daredevil. Full of pranks and mischief. You want nothing more than to be part of his gang.

Nick Kerensky: One of the members of The Killers. Really big and really strong. Not the kind of guy you want to cross.

Robert Sherman: Your best friend. He's the other member of The Killers. He's the only person who really doesn't care that you're wealthy.

James Daniels: Class valedictorian, quarterback, and captain of the football team. The all-around perfect kid. He looks down on J.D. and Robert, and has started his own gang to prevent mischief. Making him look bad would make J.D. respect you more.

Timmy Carroll: Class geek. Not a bad guy at heart, but he'll talk you to sleep if you ask him anything about science.

Tony Turelli: Class clown. A lot of fun to hang around, but he hangs around James Daniels a bit too much.

Mary Jenkins: J.D.'s girlfriend. Shy and quiet. Robert has a major crush on her. Needless to say, it would be bad if J.D. found that out.

Theresa Kerensky: Nick's younger sister. She's really cute and fun to hang around. Nick, however, distrusts any guys he sees around her. When Nick distrusts you, he shows it by beating you up. Therefore, hanging around Theresa would be hazardous to your health.

Catherine Thomas: She keeps to herself a lot. You really don't know her that well.

Margaret Smith: The love of your life. You're still amazed that you actually managed to ask her out, and that she agreed. Wow.

Laura Fetner: Head cheerleader at Edwood. She's going out with James Daniels.

Wendy Mitchell: A bit of a gossip, she seems to have found her niche writing for the class newspaper. She's a wonderful source of information. You worry sometimes about what she might know about you.

Mayor Edward Cunningham: A good friend of your father. He's not really a bad guy, but he's a bit too preoccupied with election for your taste. If you ever ran for anything, you'd be open and honest.

Sheriff Ward Barnes: Another friend of your father. He's actually a fun guy to listen too; he has a lot of great stories about some of the criminals (competent and incompetent) that have crossed his path. Of course, he doesn't really look too kindly upon some of the stunts that J.D. pulls.

Adele Siegelski: Principal of Edwood High. Some of the kids call her "Siegheilski" for how strict she runs the school. Not a person to cross if you can possibly avoid it. After all, you've got to go back to Edwood in the fall.

Harold Sturvin: Your father. One of the richest men in Arizona. You really don't know him that well; he's always off on one business trip or another. He's got a lot of plans

for you, things he wants you to do when you get out of school. What you really want to do is try and get away from him. It's not that you don't like him. I mean, he is your father. It's just that he's supported you for so long with so much money that sometimes you worry that you won't be able to make it on your own. And sometimes you think that he wants you to do things not because you'll like to do them, but because he would have liked to do them when he was a kid.

Darla Hotchkins: School nurse. She's a bit of a flake, but she always helped you out when you had a cold.

Goals:

1. Find out what the heck happened last night. You really can't tell people that something's wrong; Dad would just get worried sick, Robert might distance himself from you, Wendy would write it up in the school paper, and Margaret... you definitely don't want to let Margaret know that something's wrong. Just keep your eyes and ears open and see if anyone saw you last night. **[GM to Player note:** Yes, last night was a full moon. We know what happened. But poor Mark doesn't.]

2. Get into The Killers. You've got a neat prank all set up. Just make sure that it works and doesn't backfire like the pillow incident. Meanwhile, try to get into J.D.'s good graces. **[GM to Player note:** (last one, I promise) Just let the GMs know when you want to do this. We've got everything ready.]

3. Try to find the pillow and return it. Otherwise, the Sheriff will look into the matter, and it'll only be a matter of time before you're discovered. If you can return the pillow, though, hopefully the Sheriff will just close the case.

4. Make your date with Margaret a success. Find out what you're supposed to do on a date, then do it.