

**Misty:**

You used to live the high life. Sure, you were a hooker, but you were a high-class hooker. You dressed in silk and furs, dined in fine restaurants and entertained clients in luxury hotel rooms. CEOs used your services on business trips, and you saw more than a few politicians and highly placed churchmen who appreciated your discretion.

In that life, you're old at 25. You managed to keep a clientele well into your late 20's. You were very lucky. Too soon, you started getting fewer and fewer calls. A few of your regulars kept coming to you, but soon enough even they found younger girls. You couldn't maintain your lifestyle and you had no other skills. Soon enough you wound up out on the streets.

You were too old for the high-class work, but you still looked pretty good compared to the drugged out street hookers. You got a lot of business, and, pretty soon, you got noticed. A pimp named Pretty J started tracking you and threatening you. He said he'd kill you if you worked in his streets without giving him his cut, and that someone owned every street.

At first it wasn't that bad. You gave Pretty J his cut, and he did protect you from the worst of the worst. Pretty soon, you started dragging a bit and he started to hit you. Now you just hide the bruises from the johns and try not to make him mad.

That started a few years ago at this point. Nowadays, you're getting too old even for the street. You barely make ends meet after giving J his cut. You gave up your dingy little room, and you've been sleeping out on the streets when you can't afford a flophouse. It won't be too long before Pretty J decides you're not paying anymore. There are people out there who will pay good money to have a hooker they don't have to give back in one piece. Every day you wonder if the next john Pretty J sends your way will be one of those.

You'd love a way to get off the street, but it's too late for you. You're pushing 40 and you've been doing this since you were 16. You have nowhere to go. Tonight, like many evenings, you'll be at Mel's fire. At Mel's fire you can hear people's stories and eat some stew. You've also heard that your sometimes lover Chris is in town and you're hoping to meet up with Chris at the fire tonight.

There's one other thing that has been worrying you lately. Little Rose disappeared five days ago. She was a teenage whore who you saw on the street everyday. She never told you how she wound up there, but something must have happened to her. Nothing that sweet could've come out of gutter life. She was pretty and delicate, like her street name. She made you remember how you got started, and you tried to convince her to get out while she could. You hope she took your advice, but you expect that she took the wrong john and wound up dead in a gutter. You want to find out what happened so you can warn the other girls.

This is exactly why all these children need to get off the street. There are a couple of teenagers who have been hanging around occasionally because they think the street life is "cool" or "romantic" or "real." Maybe whatever happened to Rose will convince them otherwise.

**Who You Know:**

Chris: You have had an on-again off-again relationship with Chris for years. Chris has

lived on the rails and the streets for years and somehow manages to maintain the delusion that it's romantic. When you're with Chris, though, for a few nights you almost believe in the romance and that you are romantic too. That lasts until you have a screaming fight and Chris leaves town for a few more months. All that said, you're glad to see Chris back in town. Having Chris around should brighten the next week or so.

Hetty: Hetty claims to have been around for hundreds of years. You don't believe that, but she's certainly been around a long time. Hetty was an old woman 15 years ago when you got here. She hasn't changed much.

Sarah: Poor girl. Sarah is too young, too pretty and too helpless. She's just on the edge of giving in and becoming a whore. 20 years from now, she'll be where you are. You would love to help her, but there's really not much you can do besides give her tips to keep her from getting killed.

Alex: Alex is an idiot who thinks the street life is romantic. Alex has a middle-class family and should go home to it before the chance to go back to a good life slips away. Chris has been encouraging Alex. Your fights about Alex have already driven Chris off once.

Manny: War is hell. You have seen too many veterans wind up like this.

Flash: No one has a relationship with Flash. Flash doesn't have a relationship with reality. Nothing Flash says is true.

Cracker Jack: Jack is a type of predator worse than any john. A john will take your body, but Jack's drugs will take your mind.

Corvus: Yet another stupid kid who has a home and should go back to it. You don't know or care whether the magic that Corvus likes to talk about is real. If there is magic, however, no one who had it would be here: they would use it to get away.

Rose: You haven't seen Rose in a while. That's not too unusual on the street, but Rose was very young and you usually saw her nearly every night. You're worried that something has happened to her.

Mel: Mel provides a place to be and a little bit of community down here. There's little enough of that.