



**THE
ENVIRONMENTAL
ACTIVIST**

—
ULRIKA

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Welcome to Travellers!

This booklet contains everything you need to know about your character. The rest is up to you to create as long as it agrees with the story.

Except for your character, there are a lot of minor characters that are vaguely described on purpose. They may or may not correspond to things that will occur during play. You may choose to interpret this information pretty much any way you like, but read everything through several times before running away to get that last cup of coffee before you start playing. More important than remembering exactly what is described on these pages is remembering the general feeling so that when the game masters suddenly tell you that *you will now be playing a shop clerk*, you remember that there was something written with regard to that in your character booklet, and you can quickly look it up if you don't remember it exactly. Of course, the less you look things up, the fewer interruptions and pauses in the game. Your game master will either instruct you to read the entire character booklet through from the beginning, or she will tell you to read the characters as they come into play.

There will undoubtedly be paragraphs in your characters that you do not understand. Different things will hopefully become clearer as the story evolves.

Playing Travellers

In this scenario, you will not be playing a group of people that know each other. You will perhaps not even like each other, and most probably have different goals in life and have trouble agreeing on various subjects. There will be no quests, other than a few "meta-quests"—instructions from the game master to do certain things at certain times, not necessarily telling you why.

Style of play

I will briefly push for a way of playing that I think suits Travellers. You are likely to have your own style of playing which will probably work as well as what I am about to describe, but nevertheless, I encourage you to try this. This is probably not new to you anyway.

Make it a goal to be almost 100% in character all the time. Do not talk as a player to another. Do not ask the game master any questions. Instead, try to act everything out as you would in live action roleplaying. Do not use a table, but rather construct a car of four chairs etc. Imagine there is a door to the car and open it to get out. If you are new to this style of play, try to give voice to your thoughts as common in theatre or film so that the other

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players understand what is going on. This makes the game more agile and avoids breaks to communicate player-to-player.

Say, "What shall we do with the knife?" holding a pen in your hand—now the pen is a knife, and placed on the table, whoever takes the pen has the knife.

There will be no lists of equipment, stats, skills or die rolls in this game. There should be no or few situations where that would improve the story. Instead, you or the game master decide if you succeed in doing something or not. If the game master suddenly tells you that a tree falls down on you, she probably has got something in mind for the story, and thus, you decide that the tree hits you. But this game is not about performing actions, but about acting as your characters. Most of the situations are situations in ordinary life (albeit under unusual circumstances perhaps) and you will mostly talk—this is how you play Travellers. There are no lists of equipment—you decide to carry or not to carry something when the need arises. You may flesh out your character the same way; anything not explicitly stated may be changed to fit the situation and the way you play Travellers. Improvise and let all improvisation be guided by a very simple

goal: does it improve the story? If it does, and does not break anything else, go for it.

This can make the gaming very agile—you do not need to ask the game master whether the door is locked or not, you simply act as if you try to open it, you might even say to yourself, "I wonder whether it is locked", and the game master will indicate to you if it is or isn't. Small gestures, nods and subtle signals are very powerful tools that you can use to improve the play. The goal of the game is to create the best story possible, not to collect experience, or even survive.

Now, the game master will introduce you to the setting, somewhere along Highway 118 to Eternity in northern Sweden during the mid 80's. He will tell you about jumps in time and space and about playing multiple characters and doing voice-overs. Then the game is afoot.

Enjoy!

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Ulrika

I get involved too much. In too much. My old boyfriend, Sam, Samuel really, used to say that a lot. So what if I'm vegetarian, pacifist and green peace activist. I have so much energy that I won't let go to waste. That's just who I am.

Most people are so damn shallow. Even though they may have the most fantastic dresses or paint their jackets with anarchist symbols, they have no bloody idea of anything. They don't really care. There is some kind of weird notion of being in the hip by looking the part but their minds are just an empty void. Being anti is not fashion—it is a state of mind.

I do know what I'm talking about. When I was seventeen, I had long, yellow hair in braids. Then I shaved it all off. I'm happy to say that for some reason, it isn't growing back. I was

being slowly suffocated by the Swedish ideology of the nation as a family. All that damn dullness and safety and pre-packed answers to everything. All that damn short-sightedness and prejudice. The entire Swedish society is going down the drain.

Twenty years ago, socialism meant warm blood, worker mentality and solidarity. Today, the same word has lost its meaning and is a shallow home to red-eyed, fat old men with gray suits and ugly ties that seem to be stuck in every position of society blocking any kind of progress as effectively as tampons in sewer pipe. When they finally shot Palme in February I thought that things were finally going to change, but no. Sweden seems permanently paralysed.

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their reluctance to join the movement on the “fact” that the individual’s possibility to change society died with the 70’s. That’s making it easy for yourself. When the rebels got to the age when it was time for them to have kids, they teamed up in convenient heterosexual couples, quieted down and settled down. Universities became an extension of the brain washing school system effectively wearing down all rough edges of any nonconformist.

Changing society is easy. All it takes is guts.

I belong to the small minority that won’t die that easily. We will continue to occupy school buildings and military installations. We will continue to sabotage police vehicles and write on the walls.

They won’t subjugate us! They send the cops to catch us, but we beat up the cops. We won’t fall in line, we refuse to adapt and be moulded into obedient Swedish citizens. We assert our individuality. We are all alike—all unique!

Sorry for ranting. I didn’t mean to, but it happens so easily. It is hard not to be upset by the state of things. I mean, just look at how immigrants or homosexuals are being treated in “one of the most civilised countries in the world.” I feel sick.

We need to give them our support. Trying once or twice doesn’t make me a homosexual. And I’m not an immigrant either. The average guy needs to stand up for the rights of the less average. Sorry, there I go again.

Sam never got that, and that’s probably why it didn’t work out in the end. He could never see things from my side and I could never see them from his. We could never adapt to each other. But that’s a low price for being an individual.

Men are even more shallow than most women, don’t you think? They are only interested in your appearance whereas you want them to be interested in who you are. Just because my tongue and nipples are pierced and I have tattoos all over my body, I am interesting. Men love to undress me and just look at me, touch my skin and play with the little metal studs. But they never want to talk to me. Going to a bar or to a party to find a man is useless. All women wear as little as possible and all men have the same uniform. And they are all afraid to stand out. I mean, they want to look unique, but would never have different opinions than the next guy. I hope you are not like that.

I’m on my way to a political manifestation against the construction of a series of dams up north. I met a guy who was going there and I hope to meet him again. I have my small trusty backpack and trust things to happen when I get there. I’ve slept in parks before. That’s called living, by the way. As far from eight-hour workdays and four week vacations as far as possible. I’d rather they’d shoot me or put me behind bars than give me a job by a damn conveyor belt.

Of course I want kids at some point. Just not now. When Sweden is back on track again. I don’t want to have a lot of kids if there isn’t a good country to raise them in. I actually want to have a lot of kids. Six or eight, like. In a collective on the country side. Close to nature, animals and all that kids need. I’ll breast-feed them all myself, or we women will share them all. No powder milk for my babies. As I was saying: the whole society is going down the drain.

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"Hi, I'm Ulrika, play me"

Why does staying too long in one place feel like dying?

Have you ever made love to an ugly person?

*Just because I so want to change so many things, does it have to mean
that I don't know anything about them?*

*Just because I love and hate men at the same time, must you read me
as a confused little girl?*

Why does this game have to be about me?

Don't some of these scenes make you a little horny?

Judge me, or my writer?

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"Tell me about your first sexual experience!"

BEFORE

7

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You are the storyteller. Use this power. You decide when to end the scene. End by telling how your father shot himself with a gun, just like the one the man with the gun has. That's how you know the brand. He was a capitalist, supporting nuclear energy. He was everything you are not. Even though you tried to escape, you find you are defining yourself in terms of him, even if it is the converse.

Hi. My name is Ulrika. I'm 14 years old and this week, I had my second period. I love my mother and father. I'm a dirty whore.

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**THE
HANDCUFFED
MAN**

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Robert

I was apprehended sooner than I had anticipated. I guess I was tired and cold and hungry, whereas the cops were well-rested, well-fed, locked and loaded. But for some reason I feel like smiling.

I know these two pigs. The driver is Johansson and the big guy is Palmgren, the man who managed to be married to the village whore for four years without picking up the scent. Rumour has, she divorced him. Whether this makes him the village idiot or a ticking bomb is hard to tell, but I have a feeling I'm going to find out.

I'm going to play this guy like a fucking fiddle. You're an underpaid pig, and I'm a pro. Might as well roll over. Good doggie.

When the car stops and the cops leave to investigate, you will notice that Johansson has forgotten his keys in the car. They have slipped out of his pocket and are hidden in the fold in the seat. Unlocking yourself and retrieving your confiscated handgun from the trunk will be a piece of cake. When the game master announces you, you will rop the cops, make Palmgren strip and take his uniform. Then kill them, change into your new gear and be off. Best of luck!

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