

Blood from Black Wattle



Boyne
The Hard Man

God's gold-grey-green religion,
Burned bright on winter's bone.

— 'Wattle Hymn', from the
Notebooks of Cyrus Browne.



FLAW	INNER STRUGGLE	STRENGTH
This is your spotlight flaw		This is your spotlight strength
Boyne's struggles Choose one as your flaw/ strength test for this game Violence / Discipline Considerate / Inhuman Trusting / Lone Wolf	Test 1 (Set Up) Overcome <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> Fail Test 2 (Point of No Return) Overcome <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> Fail Test 3 (Crisis) Triumph <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> Loss	

William Boyne



DULCIE DEAMER
 The queen of Sydney's Bohemia. Outrageous but charming. Artist type. Tough and wise.

IN-GAME CHARACTER CHANGE

One transformation during play. A relationship, an inspiration, an obsession, a sundering, a personality change, an outpouring of emotion either positive or negative. Bring your inner life into gamespace. How does the transformation change you?

SKILLS

- Anything with a Blade.....4
- Anything with a Trigger.....5
- Bushcraft (European).....4
- Cthulhu Mythos.....2
- Dodge.....3
- Hide.....2
- Impress.....2
- Intimidate.....6
- Leave a Nasty Surprise.....4
- Occult.....4
- Pick your Window.....5
- Pub Etiquette.....4
- Pure Hate.....2
- Ride (Horse).....3
- Sentimental.....4
- Paint stripper, phosphate...
BOOM!.....4
- Spot Hidden.....4
- Phobia: Antipodean Biophobia...2
- Phobia: Necrophobia.....4

HEALTH

- Dead as a Maggot (0)
- Carking It (1)
- Crook as Rookwood (2)
- Completely Rooted (3)
- Sick as a Dog (4)
- A Bit Bugged (5)
- Fit as a Malee Bull (6)

SANITY

- Off to Woop Woop (0)
- Full Bunta (1)
- Mad as a Cut Snake (2)
- Off like a Frog in a Sock (3)
- Gone a Bit Troppo (4)
- Loose a Few 'Roos (5)
- The Full Bottle (6)

FEARLESS (DG + 1) [MAX 5]

-

LUCK

-

QUEER

-

SENSUAL

-

MYSTIC

-

Before I left Sydney I ...

(Researched something, purchased something, talked to someone (Flashback)
 Use once if required.



HOPE
 Street muscle type. Keeps to himself. Slow to anger, fearful of society. Evasive and full of lies—just like you.



MERRIN BROOKE
 A bright, bonny lassie, too young to be involved in this sort of shite. Coming into herself. Needs protecting.

BOYNE: THE WOUND, THE SCAR, THE LIE

<p>Boyne's Wound: Responsibility for many deaths</p> <p>Boyne has killed. Boyne has seen many deaths, some innocent, some not. Boyne has blood on his hands.</p> <p>I can never make up for what I did. If I had made better decisions, people would still be alive.</p> <p>Boyd is caught up in PTSD (insomnia, depression, anxiety, etc.) Living off the grid; he largely separates himself from close relationships. He eats impulsively and self-medicates with alcohol.</p>	<p>abusive, direct and insensitive to others feelings, with a savage temper.</p> <p>Boyne's Lie: Emotional invulnerability</p> <p>Boyne half-believes he can survive without emotional support.</p> <p>Associated Emotions</p> <p>Courageous, independent, mission-focused, sentimental, gluttonous, antisocial, cynical, nervous, obsessive.</p> <p>Positive Aspects</p> <p>Boyne speaks with candour. He is not bothered by what others think. He exudes a sense of danger. Some will obey him simply out of fear.</p>	<p>Boyne <i>is concerned for the humane treatment of animals.</i></p> <p>Negative Aspects</p> <p>Boyne is self-centred, with a lack of empathy. He finds it difficult to build healthy relationships. And as violence begets violence, his companions can be placed in danger by his actions.</p> <p>Healing</p> <p>Boyne needs to see how his violence destroys rather than builds. Perhaps after placing someone special in danger, or simply becoming more in tune with life and the value of it.</p> <p>Kindness, love, or a nurturing friendship may break through the hard layers of pain and hurt.</p>
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KENNETH SLESSOR
 A dandy and poet. Stand-offish, but easily provoked. Dulcie's lapdog.

You hate the countryside. And you hate this country. Squatting at the arse-end of the earth, the seasons are wrong, the light is wrong, and the animals and nature itself are strange and perverse as feck.

Leaves that hang vertically. Trees that shed their bark, but not their leaves. Filthy grey-green shades everywhere. And don't get me started on the wildlife. Hoppers, leapers. Birds the wrong colour. Birds that laugh. Weird abominations that lurk in burrows. [Antipodean Biophobia 2]

Usually you have a soft spot for bonny wee animals. Normal creatures, anyway. It always breaks your heart to see an innocent animal suffer. Humans though, usually ya couldn't give a feck.

Truth be known, you fell down the ugly tree at birth, and you didn't miss a branch on the way doon. You are short, balding, scarred, with a pot belly, a sour disposition, and a thick Ulster accent. Hard though. Hard as granite, as iron, as life itself.

William Boyne is a survivor.

That is not your real name, it was chosen to offend. Raised as a middle class Ulster Protestant in Belfast, you learned to hate early, and amongst the many targets of that hatred are rockchoppers, peelers, uniforms, cultists, and whores.

Mostly it's cultists though, and the crawling, writhing obscenities they summon.

The past is another country. You can never go home. During the Troubles, you tortured, murdered and betrayed for both sides, fecked 'em real hard, the IRA, Loyalists, and Black and Tans alike. That was before you stumbled upon the real enemy: the inhuman chaos that threatens all mankind, and the fecked up gobshites that worship it. You now know that the entire world is gone arse about tit.

It's a dangerous jaunt. You know you can't win, but there is a way to lose more slowly. *Feck*.

Sorcerous tattoos of warding adorn your back, giving you that extra bit of protection when it all comes crashing down. Problem is, you need to soak them in fresh blood to activate them. *Any blood*. Animal blood. Bonny wee animals.

The long war is taking its toll. Increasingly, close contact with blood or dead bodies brings on a major panic attack. You try to cover this weakness, but even things like graveyards put you in bits. [Necrophobia 4]

You have another weakness: interludes of sentiment and nostalgia for the past that might be triggered by the simplest things... a tune, a smell, an accent, a young girl's face. The past ravishes you with memories of happiness and joy and peace, of another Boyne before you were called Boyne, Before you were a killer, just a simple boy-man surrounded by people who loved him.

It lasts but a moment, an eternity, but leaves you helpless and crying in the gutter.

Food is perhaps the only remaining link you have to normal life and humanity. Gravy rings, barmbracks, chocolate soldiers, pasties, pies and jam. Work makes you hungry—sometimes you feel you could eat the arse of a baby through the cot bars. And if someone cooks you a decent ham and eggs, your heart might well break in twain.

You're not one who's big on the craic unless you've had a few tubs. You're still drawn to the lassies, but you've gone mostly dead in the jollies department. That makes for a lot of hate.

The drink can send you off, right off. Deeply paranoid, sullen, and aggressive, you're not so much a lit fuse in a dynamite shack as a burning ship on a sea of petroleum. *And when it goes off, it gets really ugly. The sordid truth comes tumbling out.*

You retain the forms of your childhood Protestant faith in the face of mounting horror. The beliefs have long faded, but the outer rituals remain, as stubborn and unbreaking as your people. Kneeling in prayer before battle, sobbing as you clutch the worn leather cover of the good book, voicing wordless prayers to an uncaring god.

You were drawn to this strange country in pursuit of cosmic monstrosity. Here you have found companions in the struggle. At least for a time.

And so to business. A call for help from the countryside. A quick job you hope, then back to the comfort of the smog.

Come on to feck. We've 'nother madwoman's breakfast ta sort.

Game Trigger: Boyne seeing a dead body or blood will elicit a violent physical reaction, including, retching and sheer panic. He is still in denial about this, and tries to keep his affliction secret.

Sorcerous Protection: Ritual tattoos on Boyne's back, which, when activated by contact with a pint or so of fresh mammal (or marsupial?) blood, will absorb significant damage (4+D6) per round.



Blood from Black Wattle by John and Philippa Hughes. This is a playtest version.

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Game page: <https://myth-o-logic.org/convention-modulz/blood-from-black-wattle/>