

Blood from Black Wattle

A man with dark hair and a serious expression stands in a field of black wattle. He is wearing a grey long-sleeved shirt under dark denim overalls. The wattle plants are illuminated with bright green lights, creating a dramatic, high-contrast scene. The background is dark, making the glowing plants and the man stand out.

Hope
The Shaper

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

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



Hope

FLAW	 INNER STRUGGLE	STRENGTH
<small>This is your spotlight flaw</small>		<small>This is your spotlight strength</small>
Hope's struggles Choose one as your flaw/ strength test for this game Alone / Social Angry / Calm Defensive / Accepting	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	



DULCIE DEAMER
 The Queen of Bohemia'. Insightful. A leader. A friend? People look to her.

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

- Bushcraft (Australian)..... 0
- Can't Put it Into Words 4
- Cthulhu Mythos..... 1
- Deflect Attention / Mind Your Own
- Bloody Business 3
- Dodge 2
- Double Life..... 4
- Hide 2
- Intimidate 4
- Pub Etiquette..... 5
- Pull a Ging /Shanghai..... 4
- Quiet Put Down..... 3
- Razor Slash..... 4
- Ride (Horse)..... 2
- Say What You Think 3
- Sculpt idea..... 3
- Sculptor's Touch..... 4
- Spot Hidden 4
- Survive Pub Crawl 5
- Yeah... Naah..... 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 (DB +1) (MAX 5)

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LUCK

-

QUEER

-

SENSUAL

-

MYSTIC

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Before I left Sydney I ...
 (Researched something, purchased something, talked to someone (Flashback)
 Use once if required.



WILLIAM BOYNE
 Violent. Deadly. Irish. Filled with secrets. He makes me angry.



MERRIN BROOKE
 Young and beautiful. Still naive. Can be manipulative towards men, which is dangerous.

HOPE: THE WOUND, THE SCAR, THE LIE

<p>Hope's Wound: Difference I am different. I have always been different. I have to hide the truth of what I am. I am a stranger to myself.</p> <p>Hope's Scar: Avoidance Avoiding close relationships, bitterness, paranoia, living a false life.</p> <p>Hope's Lie: Disgust Society rejects me. I do not know who or what I am. I must pretend</p>	<p>to be what I am not, lest I be revealed.</p> <p>Associated Attitudes Jumping to conclusions, defensiveness, depression, rage, fear of social interaction, always having a reason to explain one's behaviour, becoming easily angered over little things.</p> <p>Positive Aspects Hope is a person of great personal strength and courage. They are loyal to their friends and do not forget even the smallest kindness. They do not tolerate abuse of themselves or others.</p>	<p>Negative Aspects Fear of intimacy, paranoia, social isolation. Bitterness, envy of others' happiness. Being a stranger in one's own body.</p> <p>Healing Love and friendship might slowly heal the deep divide society has created within. As an artist, Hope might find freedom through the creation of a great work that transcends their wound. Or a great experience. Or building deep and trusting friendships.</p>
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KENNETH SLESSOR
 A dandy, a journalist, a poet. A decent drinking companion. In thrall to Dulcie.

*'So be easy and free when you're drinking with me,
I'm a man you don't meet every day.'*

Call me Hope. Call me 'mate'. Call me 'cobber'. We can share the good times for a few quiet minutes. Or you can fuck off.

I've had more than a few names over the last few years. More than a few scares. More than a few jobs. I can read, but words hurt me if I let them. I have to fight them to keep reading. I'd rather watch people, and listen. I love people's eyes.

Sometimes, sound too. I worked once at a print works, but the sound of the press made strange shapes in my mind. They were not good shapes, so I left. The music was bad.

You know, I sort of see with my hands. Touching things. Textures speak, curves sing chorales, sharp angles tingle like a Mozart symphony. Touching creates shapes and forms and sculptures. I don't have the talent to make those forms real. Not yet.

Even the blade of the cut-throat razor I carry tingles with icy epiphany, glass bells and trembling cymbals.

Touch evokes order and possibility, beautiful and impossible form that I will one day render in stone and iron. Sculpture is my obsession, my life, my salvation.

The world is uncarved form. Aching to reveal itself, the beauty hidden within. *And I, the carver be.*

Words aren't really my thing. I like short sentences, short conversations. Words are often empty. When I talk I've got something to say.

In pubs, men glare. Sometimes they'll say things and laugh to each other. Most times I ignore them. Sometimes I leave. And sometimes, they regret it.

I usually drink alone. At my kip. Alone. But I've been alone too long.

So I've found friends. Not easily, but when I do I'm loyal till it all goes to shit. And it always goes to shit.

I feel that if things don't change, I'll go mad. I'll spill the secret of who I am. Who I am not. I'll be found out. Driven out by people who fear me. *Worse.*

The male doctors at the Lighthouse home said I was deformed, twisted in body and in brain. The bearded surgeons said they would fix me when I was old enough. Before they could, I escaped to Sydney, to the Big Smoke.

I learned to run. I learned to hide. I learned to disguise what I was. I learned to live on the streets. I became who I really was.

You want to know more? Mind your own fucking business!

It's complicated. I'm different to other people. Different in ways I can't talk about. Different in ways that make people upset. That make people angry. That can make people violent.

Fuck them. I'm living the only way I can. I'm learning to sculpt life.

In time, I found a sort of peace. The Big Smoke toughened me. I saw others who were also hiding, some for the same reason as I. We ignored each other mostly, but we knew.

In time I found a room, found ways to money, even found a sort of love. Love in the dark.

I'll never be married with two kids. I'm no bloody sailor either.

Working on the docks, I toughened up physically. It broke so many, but I endured. I learned about socialism and hope for a better world. In meetings, when the big words sounded, I learned to distinguish wisdom from noise.

And when the strike-breakers came, I learned to fight.

I took jobs as an SP bookie's bagman. I worked protection at a caphouse. I worked as a dunny man. Living in the 'Loo, I saw what a razor could do to a man. . . or a woman.

I saw far too much of emptiness and squalor. But I saw good things, too. I saw miracles. I chose a new name . . .

Then came the strangeness, the horror. Impossible monstrosity. Human evil. Finding companions to fight against the madness afflicting the city. Everything I believed proved false. Death stalked us.

And now, a few days' escape. I don't much like going bush. This trip though, a chance to heal, maybe to help. A girl has gone missing.

I'm just a little different. I'm not a monster. I'm a person. I am my own creation. I can find friendship. I can make art. I can fit in.

I'm a man you don't meet every day.



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/>