VeloCITY
The Wind in Your Hair

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<u>Welcome to Velo City!</u>

"Yoooooo, w'sup w'sup w'sup w'suuuuuuup. Good mooooornin', Velo City!

"The sun is up, and you're listenin' to Sun Jump Radio*, Velo's number one pirate radio station, podcast and streaming website. This ya main man, DJ DK -- no, I'm not the ape with the neat tie -- comin' to you live from St. Altitude's Archives, spinnin' only the greatest tracks for my beloved listeners. All my rudies and daredevils out there: you give this city life where there is none, so I do this all for you. To all our continuous listeners, you're an honor and a blessing to us, and we hope you continue to stay tuned. If you're new to the city and are just tuning in for the first time, welcome welcome welcome. I know we got some listeners and fresh blood still on the plane or on the boat on their way here, so listen up.*

*"This city, Velo City, ain't like **no other city** in the world. They had to make a whole artificial island out in the middle of the Pacific just for us. They wanted to make the next megacity, the next New York or Tokyo. Yo, needless to say, Velo blew up. Now **everyone's** here. Big-time suits in Big Town, big-time hustlers in the Wards, rudies, tricksters, daredevils. Basically, everyone who wants to be someone ends up here in Velo at least once. This place is one big ol' melting pot. We got flavors and cultures from all over the world comin' here to leave they mark on Velo; I mean, just look at Chinatown in Old Velo and Chibi Japan's 'Mizu no Machi' in Little Venice, both with some of the best food you'll ever have – shoutouts to Imperial Court and Abe's Hideaway, man. 'Xièxiè' and 'arigatou' to you both!*

"Nice place, though if you ask me, it could use some redecorating here and there, if you catch my drift.

*"Those of you who've been here as long as I have – an' I've been here a while – know how this city works. This a funky place with plenty of funky people if you know where to look or who to ask. Everyone, and I mean **everyone**, has a story to tell. Anyone who says they're 'no one' is a damn liar: everyone is someone. If you exist, then you someone. Even if you ain't got a penthouse suite in Big Town and a seven-figure income, you still someone, and no one, not even God, can take that from you. He gave you the gift of life, and that gift alone automatically makes you someone. Don't you **ever** forget that, even if you livin' in tha gutter with not a penny to your name, mang. Never, never forget that you are someone, no matter what anyone else says.*

"Hah, listen to me. You'll forgive this old dog from the barrio for getting' a little philosophical, y'know? S'all good. Sun Jump keeps it real like no one else.

*"As I said, Velo City ain't like **no** city. Forget everything you thought you knew about how to survive in the metro. Sit tight, and after the break, I'll teach you everything you need to make it in Velo. And when you get to the top, and you look down from the heavens on high to survey yo' domain, don't forget everyone chasing the same dream as you, and don't forget those who helped you get there.*

"Keep it locked right here on S-J-R*, let's get it!"*

Introduction

      VeloCITY: The Wind in Your Hair is a homebrew tabletop pen-and-paper roleplaying game that evokes the color and freedom and wild action of franchises like Jet Set Radio – the game's primary inspiration – and Air Gear. In short, the game is all about freedom of movement, oodles of style, colorful characters and several varieties of sticking it to the man. The primary focus of the game, unlike many other games like it, is not necessarily combat or intrigue, although those are still important and key to the experience, but rather, it is about movement and action.

      The emphasis of the game experience is on human-powered movement and adventures in a (primarily) urban playground. The core setting of the game is Velo City, a modern-day metropolis built on an artificial island the size of a county out in the Pacific Ocean, in a bid for entrepreneurs to build the next great cityscape. It became a victim of its own success, growing too big too fast, and now the city and island are working to expand and make space for those that live there and those still coming to the city, be they corporate suits with agendas in mind and money to make, or daredevils and urban explorers and, quite frankly, "punk kids" not about to turn away from an opportunity to call a place their own or mark their territory or start their legend. What makes Velo City so conducive to being a playground is not just the proliferation of urban trailblazers and their ilk, but also that due to the rapid expansion of the city, highways and roads are always busy. People still struggle to commute to work and get places in cars and trucks, and even public transportation, while reasonable, still follows the same rules. People still try, but those who know better realize that motorized travel is, at best, unreliable. Thus, human-powered movement is what makes the rudies so adaptable in Velo City.

      Conflict as a rudie in Velo City can come from all sorts of sources. This includes the Velo Police Department, those officers of the law that (attempt to) enforce order. There's the corporate world, where everyone steps on everyone to get ahead, and corporate security can deal with anyone that tries to make a move on corporate assets. Of course, rudies are often challenged by other rudies, be it for territory or even bragging rights. In a more abstract manner, all rudies battle against a drab, fake black-and-white world that sees to conformity and attempts to kill the adventurous spirit. In a gray cityscape, one must become a paintbrush coated in the brightest of colors. In a way, a rudie's greatest enemy is atrophy, apathy, and the death of the soul.

      In most game systems, most problems are solved with either words or fisticuffs. In *VeloCITY*, you can afford to be far more creative in your problem-solving. Ostensibly, you could fight or talk all your problems away, but it can be far more interesting and dynamic to have a showdown between crews and have a barreling race down a sloped street or host a king-of-the-hill competition and hold points in a particular map for a period of time while others try to reach you and knock you off. That aside, *VeloCITY* permits for a wide range of tones and styles to your game, from the colorfully comedic to the deathly serious and everything in between.

      This rules document will teach you everything you need to run a proper game of *VeloCITY*. Beyond some method of keeping track of statistics, such as a computer word processor or some pencils and paper, the only things you truly need to run this game are these rules, a few friends or acquaintances (or even strangers, if you're into that sort of thing), and a handful of d10s (10-sided dice). One of said friends should agree to be Game Master (GM), alternately known as the **DJ**.

      The first chapter discusses the ins-and-outs of a character, from stats and substats to perks to movement styles and equipment. The second chapter goes into the meat of the system and discusses

the core mechanics: how the dice work, tests and challenges, subsystems like Momentum and Style, items and gear, movement, conflict resolution and character progression. The third chapter describes the default setting of Velo City: local gangs, points of interest, and games and challenges.

Enjoy the ride, and have fun in the world of *VeloCITY: The Wind in Your Hair*!

"Auditions"

An open grass lot in Sky High lay strangely untended at midday, save for the stray pieces of construction equipment kept there, no doubt to be used at another site nearby in the district. I-beams, large pipes stacked in a small pyramid, and other "odds-and-ends" sit neatly organized and cordoned off by naught but a "No Trespassing" sign, like that meant anything. Two young men sit amongst themselves atop one of the pipes. One was large and bulky, white skin with spiked blond hair to match, a muscular figure dressed in a muscle shirt and cargo pants; a polished red bike sits nearby. The other is thinner and a bit more angular with a darker, more olive skintone – though you could hardly tell beneath the work jacket, work pants and beanie covering half his head. A duffel bag sits between the two, and a skateboard rests beneath his feet, rolling back and forth in the dusty dirt. They appear to be waiting for some time.

"Remind me how you said someone wanted to roll wit' us, Panzer?" the smaller of the two asks with a light Hispanic accent.

"I told you, Rat," 'Panzer' replies with a sigh, a naturally authoritative sound to his voice. "I got a note in my locker saying they know we roll, and they wanna join up. Said to meet here around noon today."

"Well it's noon now, and it's friggin' hot out." 'Rat' pulls at his collar.

"Yeah, well I'm not the one wearing a beanie and a full work suit."

"Pssssh." Rat lightly swats at Panzer's large shoulder. "They said they good?"

"One of the best in the area I KNOW...what you're gonna say, Rat." Panzer preemptively cuts off Rat with a raised hand; Rat only opens and shuts his mouth."And I don't buy it either. Friggin' everyone says they're the best and thinks they can ramp themselves to the moon or some crap."

"Shoooot, if they're one o' tha best, they'd be a Spicer, and they definitely wouldn't be messin' with no piece-o'-crap two-bit outfit like us." Panzer arches an eyebrow. "Hey, I never said I didn't LIKE our piece-o'-crap two-bit outfit."

"Maybe so, but it still makes you wonder how they heard about US and why they'd want to deal with US. We're no High Fliers."

"Well, they left the note in YOUR locker at Sky Double High, so we know they're at least local, and they know who you are." Rat eyes Panzer up and down (as well as a guy whose eyes are hidden under a beanie can manage). "Mr. varsity football cornerback."

"Exactly. I'm just the cornerback. I'm in the trenches with my head down in the grass making sure the super-stud quarterback throws all those dragons, wins all the MVP awards and gets the number of every girl in the school."

"A thankless job."

"Ain't they all?"

"But it's the varsity team, ain't it? You're, like, gods among men where high school is involved."

Panzer slumps. "Like that means anything. It's only the ones who put their faces out there, who make the monster plays, who are the real characters. Those are the ones with high-school fame. Me, I'm no better than the garbage man, the steel worker or the computer programmer. An unnoticed yet ever-crucial person whom no one acknowledges or recognizes for their hard work and dedication, except when something breaks and it's blamed on them. They shoulder a burden like no one else, because it's the most necessary burden, the heaviest burden. And yet, it's the burden no one realizes

exists, the one people take for granted. Just 'cuz you bust your ass to make sure everything works and that you do your best that it's done right doesn't mean people are going to thank you for it. Y'know?"

A momentary silences passes as a slight breeze passes through. Rat stares at Panzer, dumbfounded.

"...What?" Panzer remarks to break the tension.

"Dude, you're varsity football, and you know how to say THAT?" Rat eventually asks.

"I've had a thing for philosophy since sixth grade, man. The mind is a terrible thing to waste."

"Holy damn, dude. You're blowin' my mind when you say turbonerd stuff like that." Both take a breath, as Rat reaches into his duffel bag and pulls out a Gatorade to uncork.

"...Shakespeare's my homeboy," Panzer mutters to no one in particular. Rat simultaneously snorts and spits into his drink.

"What?!"

"What?"

"Dude, you did not just unironically say that Shakespeare's your homie, did you?"

Panzer rises up off the piping and stands upright, reminding Rat just how much larger he is than him. "You wanna make somethin' of it?"

"Hah, relax dude. Chill." Rat puts his hands up in surrender. "I'm messin' with ya."

"I know you are," Panzer retorts with a knowing grin before sitting back down again. Rat returns to his drink. A brief moment passes as Panzer steals a look at Rat's duffel bag.

"For real, though, dawg," Rat pipes up between drinks. "I didn't know you had the mind of a real thinker."

"No one does, 'cept my family, mostly." Panzer shrugs, glancing at the bag again. "Anything about you I should know about, you ruler of the barrio, you?"

"Hell naw," Rat proclaims with a shake of his head. "You know I play soccer and that I don't take shit from NO ONE."

"Is that a fact? Let's double-check." Panzer proceeds to stick a hand in the bag and start rifling through it. Rat hums negatively into his drink immediately before setting it aside and trying to pry the football player's meaty arms out of his bag in a futile gesture. Rat seems desperate to get him to stop, begging him even, while Panzer is spurred on and continues rifling through the deepest depths of the bag until finally, out of the very back corner of the bag, Panzer proudly drags out and displays to the world Rat's undoing.

Grasped in Panzer's fingers is a cloth headband with a metal plate on the front and a stylized leaf emblem etched into it. Rat visibly deflates. Panzer's awestruck grin of wonder and amazement grows with each agonizingly silent second.

"Okay--" Rat starts.

"OHHH--" Panzer intones.

"--now hold on--"

"--MYYYY--"

"--I can explain--"

"--FUCKING--"

"--yo, dawg--"

"--GOD, DUDE. I-is this what I think it is?"

Rat grasps at words and gestures helplessly before he slumps his shoulders and looks to the ground, defeated. He rubs the bridge of his nose as Panzer looks the item over in his hands. "This is one of those ninja head bands from that, what, anime, right?"

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"YES," Rat snaps as he comes back up. "Yes. Yeah, it is." He pauses as he tries to find the proper pose to take to explain himself. "I--...ugh, fine. You wanna know why I got that? Fine." He sighs, notably irritated. "You know that big anime and comics convention goin' on in Midtown?"

"Heard about it, yeah."

"I--" Rat pauses again as he forcefully wills himself to confess. "I do cosplay, okay? After this 'meeting,' I was gonna head over and check it out, maybe get some stuff. I was...I was gonna cosplay as a favorite character of mine. I like the show, I like the character, okay?"

"...And you said **I** was the turbonerd," Panzer retorts with a grin.

"You would never have known I go to anime conventions."

"And you would never have known I study philosophy. Guess that makes us even."

"Oh we will be once you give that back." Rat starts trying to climb on top of Panzer to reach for the headband.

"Nah, I think I'll keep this for a little bit," Panzer jokes. "Maybe I'll try it on myself."

"Bro, cut it out!"

"**Um--!**"

The two boys stop pushing at each other at the sound of a girl's voice trying to catch their attention. Their eyes turn to a mousy teenage girl, about their age, wearing a flowery blouse and a skirt with sandals. She was definitely smaller than both of them and didn't stand out very much. A pair of sneakers tied at the shoelaces dangles from one hand, while a duffel bag of her own sits hanging on her opposite shoulder. She looks to be beet red and staring at the ground, as if mortally embarrassed to be there. Long, silent seconds pass as the two look at her quizzically. Eventually, after stealing a look at the duo before returning her sight to the ground, the girl slowly undoes the top zipper of her duffel bag with a methodical yet hesitant touch, reaching into the back corner and rooting for something. She stops and lets another few seconds pass, her blush intensifying before she slowly pulls out an item in a shaking hand and displays it proudly and openly like a battle standard for all to behold.

It's that same ninja headband Rat owns, with that same stylized leaf emblem.

"Th--" The girl halts on her words before beginning again. "The worst thing in the world to ever experience in life is...is not to be killed, but...but to be forgotten. Everyone hopes that they leave this world knowing that...that they left an impact on someone. That way, they are never forgotten and...and they live on forever!" Another moment passes. "The note was mine. I left...I left it in your locker, Ryan Hofmann, because I saw the way you two ride around and I wanted to be...to be a part of that. Al—also..." She takes another breath, longer and deeper this time. "Also I'm your biggest fan and think you're really really cool!" After her outburst, the girl turns her head away while she bites her lip and squeezes her eyes shut, not even risking to look at those whom she just bared her soul to.

Panzer and Rat turn their heads to look at each other. A second later, they turn back.

"You're in," they say in unison. Her face slowly lights up.

Characters: Be Who You Wanna Be

Before we go any further and discuss the core mechanics of the system, we should first understand what makes a character a character. By knowing who a player character (PC) is and how well he or she can perform actions, we can better appreciate how things work.

Concept

It's highly advised that before you even start putting numbers to paper, you should first have a strong idea in mind of who, exactly, your character will be.

"Who is he?" "What does he want?" "Where is he going?"

Questions like those are critical to piecing together the character's portrait. By having a strong idea in mind, you can far more easily build your character's Stats and define your character's Perks when it comes time for it than you would otherwise. A colorful world ought to have colorful characters that would fit into and bring out the best in a setting. A character is more than just numbers on a page; he or she is a living, breathing person with ideals, ambitions and convictions, and that should be reflected in the game.

The most straightforward way of building a character's basis is to first come up with a **High Concept**. This should be a short, concise phrase that best encapsulates his/her core being, particularly in a way that acknowledges at least some of the most vital pieces of his/her identity. Self-explanatory examples include "Fun-Loving Wild Child," "Spoiled Rich Girl," "Runaway Fugitive," "Hard-Boiled Ex-Cop," "Anarchic Rebel Without A Clue," and "Corporate Brat."

Once you have your main concept in mind, you can start fitting details together that paint a more complete image. You can piece together tangential ideas and details about the character, perhaps even writing out a full history of their life. You might find that as you start filling in your Stats and designing your Perks that you painted a side of your picture you hadn't even considered before, like your spoiled rich girl having an exceptional talent for the arts – maybe she practiced ballet and the piano. Revelations like these shouldn't be discarded, but rather, they could be answering questions you never thought to ask.

When it comes to designing a character's basis, you should also keep in mind the setting and overall tone of your game. Dissonance in tone between setting and character can make for tough times for everyone involved. If the game is lighthearted and colorful, playing a grizzled fugitive of the law previously convicted for manslaughter might not gel with everyone else. Conversely, playing a thirteen-year-old skater who still believes in the power of friendship may stand out (for better or for worse) in a game filled with intense interpersonal high school drama. Talk to your GM about what sort of game you're playing; if you're the GM in question, it's good to outline the general structure and theme of the game ahead of time so players can build more appropriate characters.

While not strictly a required part of building a character, having a concept can make the rest of the process easier, not to mention it never hurts to do it if you get the chance.

Stats, Substats & Power Level

Now it's time to put numbers to paper, so to speak. In this game, there are four core **Stats** that establish your character's fundamentals and part of what makes them unique to others. From burly bruisers to clever rogues to brainy bookworms to colorful free spirits, these Stats best mechanically

reflect those ideas. In addition, every Stat has four unique **Substats**, alternately known as **skills**. These are more specialized details that project a more comprehensive picture of how a person's Stats can be represented, as well as degrees of professional training or otherwise in-born talent. Think of it this way: your Stats represent your character's innate ability, and your Substats represent specific training, talent or knowhow to actually unlock that ability.

Body: Body is an overall measure of holistic physical health and capability, including power, durability and sustainability. A person with low Body may be obese/underweight, fragile, easily exhausted after strenuous activity, or suffer from longstanding health issues. Conversely, a person with high Body is muscular, sturdy, physically appealing or imposing, or, ultimately, physically fit.
Strength: Strength represents the body's quick, explosive power of the muscles, singular exertions more than continuous work. It applies to melee damage and jumping/vaulting, among other things.
Stamina: Stamina represents the body's overall efficiency and sustainability over time, including metabolism, air circulation, cardiovascular health, endurance and generally making every ounce of energy count. It also covers constitution and internal strength, such as that of the immune system. This substat covers energy efficiency and damage resistance.
Grit: Grit represents the body's capability and sustainability towards continuous work, as opposed to Strength's one-time jolt of power. This stat is about sustained exertion and is meant to contrast Strength; it shouldn't be confused with Stamina and how it represents constitution. Tasks such as climbing, pushing/pulling, and lifting objects fall under this substat.
Coordination: Coordination represents the body's control and execution of fine tasks at short range. It also includes judging short distances. To follow a basketball metaphor, it's less a free throw and more a lay-up or dunk. The most straightforward application is towards hitting or touching in melee range.

Speed: Speed is the representation of dexterity, coordination, reaction time and, yes, speed and quickness. A person with low Speed is clumsy, uncoordinated, shaky or lacking in overall motor control. Alternately, a person with high Speed has quick reflexes, is graceful, composed or flexible.
Agility: Agility represents flexibility, dexterity and gross motor control. Acrobatics (aerial or otherwise), contortion and overall maneuverability fall under its domain.
Reaction: Reaction represents a character's reflexes and reaction time. Gaining initiative, dodging attacks, and interrupting others are reflected by Reaction.
Balance: Balance represents the body's equilibrium and stability, particularly in staying upright and level, whether stationary or in motion. Common uses include grinding, resisting opposing forces, and maintaining control at high speeds and in precarious positions without falling over or losing footing.
Aim: Aim represents the character's ability to accurately judge distances and trajectories, most often applied towards ranged interactions, be it throwing objects or other manners of ranged combat.

Mind: Mind is the domain of the cerebral, governing intelligence, knowledge and acumen. A person with low Mind is scatterbrained, dim-witted, slow on the uptake, or just doesn't think all that much. By comparison, a person with high Mind is clever, quick to understand, logical or knowledgeable.
Academics: Academics represents knowledge of topics of an academic, scholastic or otherwise literary nature. Essentially, it covers book smarts and the presumed application thereof, from the scientific and mathematical to the literary and philosophical to even the medical and mechanical.
Streetwise: Streetwise represents street smarts, as opposed to Academics' book smarts. Knowledge of

street politics, territories and locations, and "street etiquette" are included, as well as connections of both a social and "commercial" nature.

Acumen: Acumen represents the timeliness and accuracy of the logical and reasonable thought process. In other words, it stands for how quickly and how accurately a character can piece together details into coherent thoughts, pull apart inconsistencies, and put together a plan of action in short order. It also covers memory, including correctly recalling past details. Any sort of investigator or team organizer/leader would do well to invest in Acumen.

Craft: Craft represents the design, creation and application of practical items. Alongside all manner of technical and engineering prowess, this includes jury-rigging spontaneous contraptions. This includes cooking, although that depends on the practicality and artistic merit of the dish in question. Craft also includes appraising items of their value and quality. If investing in Craft, be sure to specify any particular specialty (or specialties), such as mechanical, electrical, chemical, and so on.

<u>Soul:</u> Soul, the most abstract of the Stats, represents well-being and nature on a spiritual and interconnected level. That is to say, in a metaphorical sense, it represents how "alive" and "real" a person is. In a world of black-and-white, Soul stands for how colorful the person's, well, soul is. It involves human connection, ideals and morals, freedom and self-confidence, strength of the spirit, awareness of the world and where one stands in it, and the projection (including willingness and ability therein) of all those facets upon the world around oneself. In another respect, where Mind is intelligence, Soul is wisdom. A person with low Soul is unsympathetic, callous, unaware, listless, colorless or can be identified as a "drone" of sorts. In direct opposition, a character with high Soul is wise, creative, likable, self-confident, colorful, strong of will, charismatic and, ultimately, a shining beacon of the human spirit.

Art: Art represents the creation and expression of unique works that can be classified as beautiful, appealing and possessing of aesthetic and abstract principles. Put another away, where Craft is the creation of the practical, Art is the creation of the abstract. Drawing, making music (including singing, playing instruments and conducting), dancing, sculpting, spoken word and all other expressions of creativity classify as Art.

Awareness: Awareness represents presence of mind and the perception of the world around oneself, on a physical and abstract level. Picking out distinct details in the world and of other people, reading the atmosphere of a room, and perceiving the truth in all things are the marks of a truly aware individual. Awareness utilizes all five human senses as well as intuition.

Charisma: Charisma represents force of personality and presence, especially among others. It reflects natural appeal, skill with words and actions, impressing oneself upon another, force of will, or a commanding presence. Whether it is used for good or for ill, for truthful or false intentions, is up to the user. Charisma takes many forms, from seduction to intimidation to affability.

Willpower: Willpower represents spiritual grit and resilience in the face of adversity. When the world bears down with all its weight upon a character, this stands for pushing back the world, weathering the storm, and a "never say die" attitude. A strong will can resist the charisma of another, push a character beyond his/her normal limits, fight down fear, and even contest against death itself.

Power Level

An average human's Stats are measured on the scale of 1-5, with 2 or 3 being the universal average. 1 and 2 are considered "low" stats, while 4 and 5 are considered "high" stats by human

standards. Substats are similarly measured on a scale of 0-5. Note that a value of 0 does not mean the person is incapable of performing actions related to that Substat, but rather, it represents the overall baseline or being otherwise untrained in that skill. However, it should be noted that stats can go all the way up to 9, maybe beyond. In fact, what level these Stats and Substats are at is the most direct way to dictate the overall **power level** of a *VeloCITY* campaign.

- A **low-tier** game, otherwise known as a **realistic** game, is in the 1-5 stat range and is still grounded in reality. Extraordinary acts, while doable, are the exception more often than the rule. Examples of settings and franchises that exhibit a low-tier experience include the Tony Hawk's Pro Skater game franchise (as well as all its knockoffs, like Dave Mirra's Freestyle BMX, Aggressive Inline, etc.) and the freerunning game Mirror's Edge. Reality helps, too.
- A **mid-tier** game, measured with stats in the 4-7 range, is when things start getting ridiculous. Reality still has some amount of say on what occurs, but the rule of cool begins to take fierce effect. From grinding up vertical poles and along power lines to making wild jumps to very flashy and colorful characters, the mid tier is a wild place. A prime example of a mid-tier game is the Jet Set Radio game franchise (JSR and its sequel, JSRFuture).
- A **high-tier** game, measured at the 7-9 range and beyond, is when all the rules are thrown out the window. Kick reality to the curb, because things only get crazier from here. With riding up the side of a building, flashy attacks only seen in manga spreads, and fashion the likes of which the world isn't quite ready for, a high-tier game loses all pretense of subtlety and shoots for the moon. The go-to example of a high-tier game is Air Gear, the manga and anime franchise about over-the-top competitive skating.

Character Creation

VeloCITY uses a point-buy system when it comes to stat distribution, instead of random rolls. At character generation, all four core Stats start at 1 and are capped at a maximum of 5 points per Stat. You have a spread total of thirteen (13) points to distribute among your Stats as you see fit. Common statistical spreads include the following: **5 5 2 1 / 5 4 3 1 / 5 3 3 2 / 4 4 3 2 / 4 3 3 3**

The Substats follow a similar process. Initially, all sixteen (16) Substats start at a minimum rating of 0 and, like Stats, are also capped at a maximum of 5 apiece. You have twenty-five (25) points to spend among the Substats as you see fit. You do not need to buy every single Substat; indeed, you only need to mark down the Substats you actually put ranks into for easier bookkeeping. Just because you have a 0 in a Substat does not mean you are incapable of making tests with it.

If you wish to start your game at a higher power level than the default low-tier, that's no problem. For a mid-tier game, you have a spread of 18 Stat points and 35 Substat points, with a maximum cap of seven (7) ranks for both. For a high-tier game, those values become 23 Stat points and 45 Substat points, with a cap of nine (9) ranks each.

Health & Energy

Health measures your character's vitality and endurance; when depleted, bad things may start to happen. It is calculated as your Body score multiplied by twenty (20).

Energy measures your character's vigor and drive, as well as surges of adrenaline; it can be spent to improve rolls and activate bonuses, plus it serves as a secondary health pool should your Health be depleted. It is calculated as the sum of your Body and Soul scores multiplied by ten (10).

Health and Energy will be further elaborated on in the Core Mechanics section. For now, calculating your Health and Energy pools is enough.

Perks

There is more to a character's stats and ideals that makes that individual unique or extraordinary in the world. Oftentimes, what separates them are those unmentionables, that extra something, a certain *je ne sais quoi* that sets a person apart. It can come from their skillset, their past history, or just manifest from their latent talent.

In *VeloCITY*, these are known as **perks**: qualities or feats that further distinguish a character from his or her peers. Most of the time, these perks are bonuses to stats or rolls – specifically, a dicepool bonus – that occur under specific conditions or as unique abilities that can be triggered for extra boons. The best part about perks is that you get to make your own! You can create your own personal touches, even naming your perks yourself. Perks are designed to provide extra flavor to the character while offering mechanical bonuses to codify it in an appreciable way. After all, it's one thing to say your character has professional fencing training, but it's another to have it serialized in a perk called *"[P] 'En garde, s'il vous plaît!': +1 Coordination and +1 Reaction (parrying) towards direct combat checks when wielding a light melee weapon; increase to +2 when wielding an actual rapier"*.

There are two kinds of perks in *VeloCITY*: **passive perks** and **active perks**.

- Passive perks are latent bonuses that are always a part of your character and can trigger when the situation it applies to is pertinent. These usually reflect a latent, inherent part of a character that doesn't come up until it's relevant, such as history or a skill specialty. They are usually minor in nature.
- Active perks are dynamic bonuses that can be directly triggered by the player to apply a bonus at any time; they can usually be stacked. These are generally surges of effort in a particular manner that lend towards improved performance, and they have a more direct and profound impact on your capabilities. However, these cost Energy to trigger each instance.

At character generation, your character may start with three Perks, regardless of power level, in any mix of passive or active you please. Make sure to denote whether a perk is passive or active. Coordinating with your GM on perk creation is advised, as it's the easiest way to create perks that can be approved ahead of time. It's up to GM discretion whether a perk is overpowered or underpowered, never mind acceptable. A rule of thumb is that perks should neither be expected to come up too regularly, nor should they be formulated in a way that is inherently exploitable, such as making a perk intentionally vague or too broad so as to be easily invoked, or designed such that a player will intentionally go out of their way to invoke their perk as quickly and repeatedly as possible. Common sense and courtesy rule the day.

The following are recommended guidelines for perk generation, along with examples of both passive and active perks (denoted with [P] or [A, Energy cost], respectively). Unless specifically mentioned, assume any bonus listed applies to the dicepool.

- **Small bonus to an action-related (combat, dynamic, etc.) test**: These bonuses should require a specific condition (or conditions) to be met. That is to say, these should avoid being universal bonuses that apply at all times. For example, bonuses to dodge, defend or otherwise resist damage should apply under particular circumstances.
  - [P] *I Like These Odds:* +1 to direct combat/competition rolls when outnumbered 2:1 or

more
- [P] *Drift King:* when skating/boarding/biking, +1 on the handling test when attempting to take a turn at speed
- [A, 5 EN] *Super Mario:* when running, +1 to jump checks when clearing notably treacherous gaps, such as between buildings or over canals
- [A, 10 EN] *Keep the Pace:* during an active non-combat scene, if you score 2+ degrees of success on a test, add a free degree of success (5 points) to a score stored in Momentum
- **Stat/Substat bonus towards a specialty or skill:** These perks are generally applied in non-dynamic scenes, notably scenes without "combat." These are the closest thing to skill bonuses than anything else.
  - [P] *First Impressions:* +1 Charisma when meeting someone for the first time
  - [P] *"Know you? Shit, who* doesn't *know you?":* +1 Streetwise when identifying a specific individual
  - [A, 5 EN] *Mr. Atlas:* +1 Grit when moving (pushing/pulling/carrying) heavy objects
  - [A, 5 EN] *Nothing Moves the Blob:* +1 Balance when resisting an active opposing force
- **Moderate bonus in specific, infrequent circumstances:** These perks are miscellaneous and almost wholly trade-based in nature. These most directly represent your character's hobbies, career, or some past history. Whether a student, handyman or even professional clown, these perks highlight that.
  - [P] *I'm a Medic:* +2 Academics for the purposes of medical and healing tests
  - [P] *Queen of the Opera:* +2 to mesmerize an audience during and to subsequent social rolls after a singing performance
  - [A, 5 EN] *Duct Tape and Elbow Grease:* +2 to repair an item if using secondhand materials or improvising
  - [A, 5 EN] *The Man Can't Keep Me Down:* +2 bonus when escaping binds or cuffs

Being a Mover

VeloCITY is a game about human-powered movement. Motorized travel, while somewhat possible, is generally eschewed for moving on foot, at least by those who know better. While there are many different variations on methods of transportation, and while any given person could count on multiple types of travel, **movers** are conveniently classified into four different types. It is designated by the type of movement employed, and each different method has its strengths and weaknesses. Do not confuse types of movers as "classes," as that term is far too narrow for what takes place here; rudies can dabble in multiple types of movement and even combine them regularly for extra versatility. Note that people can call these types of movers whatever they choose, but these are the "universal" labels everyone agrees on so there's no confusion.

Before you move on to the last step of character generation, Equipment, you should consider what sort of mover your character should be in the beginning, as it will determine what starting gear you will begin with. As well, what style you pick also impacts your proficiency with the other methods of movement; just because you can run doesn't mean you won't fall off a skateboard the moment you step on. When you pick your native style, all other styles incur a -2 dicepool "proficiency penalty" when attempting to perform an "intensive" test involving said style, such as a biker trying to grind with rollerblades. In the off-chance you were to lay claim to two styles at once, the other two would be at a -3 penalty. You can buyout these penalties over time if you want to expand your boundaries;

the Character Progression section of <u>Core Mechanics</u> will go into more detail on this.

Runners are movers that are known for being on foot all the time. *Parkour,* invented in France, is "the art of movement," the ability to master one's environment and to utilize it to its fullest potential; practitioners are properly called *traceurs* (masculine; feminine *traceuse*), but "runner" is the commonly accepted shorthand, since it also covers *freerunning*, which is generally more showy and ostentatious. Either way, beyond a comfortable pair of sneakers, the only tool a runner relies on is the one that God gave them: the human body itself. Using the full range of motion, the runner is able to clear obstacles and get where he wants to go by, again, mastering his environment more than just running from point A to point B as quickly as possible. Grabbing for handholds, vaulting obstacles, and generally cutting as many corners as possible makes the runner relatively efficient in his movement, even though he doesn't have a set of wheels.

The runner is the best because he is the most versatile of all the movers. With enough persistence, absolutely nothing is out of his reach, meaning that he enjoys unprecedented freedom. He has the single shortest path from A to B than the others. He doesn't rely on extra equipment. He can turn on a dime, accelerate easily and has more traction at his disposal for fine-tuned movement.

The runner is the worst because he has the single slowest land speed of all the movers. There's not as much room in the way of tricking compared to the others (unless he's clever or rather flexible). Because the runner has nothing to rely on but his body, running is the most physically taxing method to employ; to be a strong runner almost necessitates a strong body.

Skaters are movers that rely on *rollerskates* or *rollerblades*: shoes with wheels on the bottom. Because of the employment of rollerblades, an alternate name is the **blader**. A common sight cruising along the beach or tearing up and down half-pipes, skaters enjoy the full range of motion that runners use while having the luxury of wheels for faster land travel. With enough speed, skaters can get sick airtime and bust out some wild tricks. They also enjoy a fair bit of notoriety-by-proxy, as a number of the most legendary rudies in the world were skaters themselves.

The skater is the best because she is the trickmaster. She tends to show off more than others. She can grind on nearly anything if she's stubborn enough, and she can get some of the wildest air. Because her skates are attached to her feet, she enjoys a runner's range of motion without risk of losing her gear.

The skater is the worst because she is arguably the most inefficient of the movers: runners are efficient by design, and the other two movers either are faster or can afford to coast more easily, letting them conserve their strength. In this way, the skater is possibly the most energy-intensive of the movers; if she's not careful, she can tire herself out before she knows it's happening. Having wheels on her feet doesn't allow her the purchase and traction on surfaces that runners enjoy.

Boarders are movers that ride on top of a board with wheels on it; it's virtually always assumed to be a *skateboard*, but it also encompasses *longboards*, *surfboards, snowboards* and others. Boarders can be seen cruising down sidewalks, grinding on park benches, throwing out some cool tricks when they get some air or even just riding down the street, and generally wiping out rather spectacularly if they bail. Boards also make for a decent impromptu weapon should the need ever arise.

The boarder is the best because she is arguably the most well-rounded of all the movers. Decent speed, decent air, decent acceleration, decent control, decent everything, not to mention jumping off

the board if necessary to run around, makes the boarder a jack-of-all-trades.

The boarder is the worst because she can lose her board completely, at which point she stops being a boarder. For comparison, a runner's sneakers and a skater's rollerskates are attached to them, and it's hard to lose something as large as a bike. Whether snapping it in a tantrum or losing it in the gutter or to security, the boarder needs to treasure her board.

Bikers are movers that most often employ *bicycles*: two-wheeled machines a person can sit on, propel with pedals using their feet, and steer with a handle at the front. Bikes come in all shapes and sizes, from fat beach cruisers to thin track bikes to the kind more commonly employed by rudies: BMX bikes, which are a tad smaller and have metal bars that stick out of the axles on both the front and back. Their relatively small size compared to other bikes is more conducive to aerial tricks, while the bars permit grinding on a surface. Bikes also make for an impromptu (and romantic, depending on who you ask) passenger vehicle if the users situate themselves just right.

The biker is the best because he is the hands-down fastest of all the movers on land, followed by skaters/boarders and leaving runners in the dust. With ramps in place and mighty speed built up, they can clear the most perilous of horizontal gaps. A biker's path is always direct, and once he knows where he's going, it's hard to stop him. He can do all this while still pulling off some neat tricks.

The biker is the worst because he is arguably the least maneuverable of all the movers. At speed, it's harder to control, turn and maintain speed. Also, bikes are generally the least subtle, at least compared to skates or boards; a biker is almost always assured people won't let him take his bike inside anywhere with him. Lack of control combined with a large profile means the biker will usually have the most roundabout route of the movers; he'll need his top speed to make up the difference.

Starting Equipment & Final Touches

The last step to character generation before setting off into the wild blue yonder is handling starting gear and equipment, and fortunately, that's the most straightforward of all the steps.

The first step is deciding what type of mover you want to be out of the gate, whether a runner, skater, boarder or biker. Whatever the case, *VeloCITY* gives you a freebie and provides you out-of-the-gate with a free baseline set of rollerskates/rollerblades (be sure to specify which, for clarification's sake), skateboard or BMX bicycle, no questions asked. It's very plain and nondescript with no decals or unique colors, though, and provides nothing beyond the situational modifiers a mover's rig would provide you anyway, which will be elaborated on more in the **Items, Equipment & Money** section of the Core Mechanics. Whether you modify it or trade it in out of the gate is your business from here on.

Having a set of wheels alone isn't enough, so in addition, every character gets to go on a pre-existential shopping spree. You have a budget of $350 USD that you can immediately spend before the end of character generation to further outfit your character and stock their inventory. Protective gear, spray cans, food, a Gibson guitar: anything goes. Assume current, real-world prices. Buying it means you own it, not necessarily that you need to actually carry it all the time. For the sake of formality, unless explicitly specified, assume every character has a working, capable smartphone. Whatever you don't spend, your character automatically pockets as spare cash before the game begins. You can outfit your character to the nines, but don't forget to save enough money for a burger when the game starts.

Every player can determine their character's initial style without having to actually purchase

any clothes. Whether baggy cargo pants or an elegant, frilly skirt, each player should narrate their stylistic choice to paint a clear picture of what they look like as the game begins. Each character at least has a couple spare changes of clothes in a similar style. As the game wears on, they can use their money to purchase new clothes, which might have situational modifiers and affect your overall style. You are what you wear, after all.

By this point, your character is effectively done and ready to adventure in the world of *VeloCITY.* Last minute touches should be added to the character to paint a more complete picture, such as their name (whether their real name, *street name* or both), age, height, weight, blood type, or anything else a player deems pertinent to the overall image of the character. Once everything is in place and approved, you're ready to begin!

Sample Characters

The following characters are examples of what a fully-completed low-tier character looks like, complete with pictures and some additional details about them, including backstory and similar. You can always add more personal and specific notes about the character, like miscellaneous facts, but for the most part, these provide a strong basis for the sorts of characters you'll normally see and can build in VeloCITY. With the exception of Jessie "Tomahawk" Rhames, all characters are credited to Ryx.

SARAH "ANGEL" KLEINWALD
MEDIA-DARLING SKATER IDOL
BLADER

HEALTH: 60
ENERGY: 80
MOMENTUM:
STYLE:

Body — 3
- Strength — 3
- Stamina — 0
- Grit — 0
- Coordination — 3

Speed — 4
- Agility — 4
- Reaction — 3
- Balance — 2
- Aim — 0

Mind — 2
- Academics — 0
- Streetwise — 1
- Acumen — 2
- Craft — 0

Soul — 4
- Art — 2
- Awareness — 1
- Charisma — 4
- Willpower — 0

PERKS:
Almost Famous – [P] +1 to Charisma tests when interacting with fans.
Grind Queen - [A,5EN] +1 to Agility tests made to grind.
Leap of Faith - [A,5EN] +1 to Agility or Strength tests made to clear major gaps.

INVENTORY:
Collapsable Baton, Spray Paint, Pepper Spray, Smartphone, Rollerblades, $220

SARAH "ANGEL" KLEINWALD
MEDIA-DARLING SKATER IDOL
BLADER

Gender: Female
Karma:
Age: 17
Height: 5'2"
Weight: 112lbs
Blood: Type O-
Hair: Dirty Blonde
Eyes: Hazel
Skin: Rose
Marks: No known birthmarks, tattoos, scars or other flaws.

Tag: Cutesy angel wings sprouting from the hilt of a sword.

Style: Favors cute and stylish clothes. Her extensive wardrobe allows her to match outfits to any given situation.

Bio:
Angel was born and bred to be the latest generation of bland, mass-produced pop idol. She was perfectly suited for the role and even enjoyed all of the fame and attention up until her manager told her she needed to choose between her career and her silly little rollerblading hobby. In a move that shocked her handlers, she chose the freedom of the streets and hasn't looked back since.

CRAIG "ATLAS" STEVENSON

CLOSET-NERD PUNK BODYBUILDER
BOARDER

HEALTH: 80
ENERGY: 70
MOMENTUM:
STYLE:

Body 4
- Strength 3
- Stamina 3
- Grit 2
- Coordination 1

Speed 3
- Agility 3
- Reaction 0
- Balance 1
- Aim 3

Mind 3
- Academics 3
- Streetwise 2
- Acumen 3
- Craft 0

Soul 3
- Art 0
- Awareness 0
- Charisma 0
- Willpower 1

PERKS:

Not As Dumb As He Looks - [P] +1 to Academics tests concerning advanced topics.
Charles Atlas Approved - [A,5EN] +1 to Grit tests when pushing, pulling or carrying.
Throw Anything - [A,5EN] +1 to Aim tests when throwing poorly weighted objects.

INVENTORY:

Pocket full of Interesting Rocks, Map of City, Smartphone, Skateboard, $320

CRAIG "ATLAS" STEVENSON
CLOSET-NERD PUNK BODYBUILDER
BOARDER

Gender: Male
Karma:
Age: 20
Height: 5'8"
Weight: 220lbs
Blood: Type A-
Hair: Red
Eyes: Brown
Skin: Tanned

Marks: Numerous body and facial peircings, Tattoos on arms, chest and back.

Tag: Atlas hoisting a flaming globe on his back.

Style: Worn, torn, loose clothing which shows off his numerous scars, tattoos, and piercings.

Bio:

As a child, Atlas was a 97 pound weakling, always getting sand kicked in his face. After a brutal beating left him covered in scars, he vowed to become stronger. A careful regime of excercise, diet and image managment has since ensured that he's become one of the toughest guys in the room. Now he lives in constant fear that someone will one day discover that that deep down he's still just a huge nerd at heart.

REBECCA "CAT" WATANABE
PARKOUR NINJA CAT BURGLER
RUNNER

HEALTH: 60
ENERGY: 60
MOMENTUM:
STYLE:

Body — 3
- Strength — 3
- Stamina — 1
- Grit — 2
- Coordination — 0

Speed — 5
- Agility — 5
- Reaction — 3
- Balance — 2
- Aim — 3

Mind — 2
- Academics — 0
- Streetwise — 2
- Acumen — 0
- Craft — 0

Soul — 3
- Art — 0
- Awareness — 2
- Charisma — 2
- Willpower — 0

PERKS:
Cat-like Gait - [P] +1 to Agility tests when trying to move silently.
About The Town - [A,5EN] +1 to Grit tests when climbing or balancing on ledges.
No Safety Net - [A,10EN] When falling, may make an Agility test to catch onto support.

INVENTORY:
6 Throwing Knives, Goggles, Grip Gloves, Smartphone, Parkour Shoes, $200

REBECCA "CAT" WATANABE
PARKOUR NINJA CAT BURGLER
RUNNER

Gender: Female

Karma:

Age: 22

Height: 5'4"

Weight: 130lbs

Blood: Type AB+

Hair: Brown

Eyes: Green

Skin: Olive

Marks: Tattoo along lower back. Faint 'whisker' scars on each cheek.

Tag: Demonic kitten playing with a ball of yarn.

Style: Unassuming blacks underneath of flashy layers which can be easily disposed of in case of an emergency.

Bio:

If Cat was good at computers, she'd be a hacker - making sure that all the secrets of those who rule wind up all over the net for everyone to see. She's not though, so she goes about it the old fashioned way - by sneaking into secure locations and making off with all kinds of interesting confidential paperwork. And hey, if a few priceless jewels go missing along the way, that's just the way life goes, right?

MICHAEL "GEAR" CARTER
TRAVELING KNOW-IT-ALL LIBRARIAN
RUNNER

HEALTH: 40
ENERGY: 50
MOMENTUM:
STYLE:

Body 2
- Strength 2
- Stamina 0
- Grit 0
- Coordination 0

Speed 3
- Agility 3
- Reaction 3
- Balance 0
- Aim 2

Mind 5
- Academics 5
- Streetwise 0
- Acumen 3
- Craft 2

Soul 3
- Art 3
- Awareness 1
- Charisma 1
- Willpower 0

PERKS:
Skilled Linguist - [P] +2 to Academics tests when translating foreign languages.
"Oh! I've read about this!" - [A,5EN] +1 to Academics tests when identifying things.
"I can fix that!" - [A,5EN] +1 to Craft tests when repairing items.

INVENTORY:
Slingshot, Bag of Ball Bearings, Old Books, Smartphone, Parkour Shoes, $320

MICHAEL "GEAR" CARTER
TRAVELING KNOW-IT-ALL LIBRARIAN
RUNNER

Gender: Male
Karma:
Age: 16
Height: 5'10"
Weight: 130lbs
Blood: Type B-
Hair: Red
Eyes: Blue
Skin: Pale

Marks: Tattoos along right arm and back. Scars across back of neck.

Tag: A series of interconnected gears.

Style: Fitted sleevless clothing in darker reds and blacks. Hides prescriptive lenses in shaded goggles.

Bio:
Abandoned on the steps of the Bibliotheque as a child, Gear was practically raised by books. His poor health and fragile nature generally kept him indoors, a situation which just fueled his envy of the rudies who would frequent his home, rudies he would one day run away to imitate. Now, while he lacks the stamina and power of most of his peers, his keen mind nonethelss makes him a valuable asset.

KANUNU "THE GIANT" HALE
TERRIFYING TRANQUIL TRIBAL TITAN
BLADER

HEALTH: 100
ENERGY: 80
MOMENTUM:
STYLE:

Body 5
- Strength 5
- Stamina 2
- Grit 4
- Coordination 3

Speed 2
- Agility 2
- Reaction 0
- Balance 1
- Aim 0

Mind 3
- Academics 2
- Streetwise 0
- Acumen 1
- Craft 0

Soul 3
- Art 0
- Awareness 1
- Charisma 1
- Willpower 3

PERKS:

Big Guy - [A, 5EN] May use Strength instead of Charisma when intimidating.
Judo Master - [A, 5EN] +1 to Coordination and Grit tests made to grapple.
Unmovable - [A, 5EN] +1 to Balance tests to resist being knocked down.

INVENTORY:

Brass Goggles, Tribal Necklace, Smartphone, Rollerblades, $300

KANUNU "THE GIANT" HALE
TERRIFYING TRANQUIL TRIBAL TITAN
BLADER

Gender: Male
Karma:
Age: 22
Height: 6'8"
Weight: 320lbs
Blood: Type B
Hair: Brown
Eyes: Brown
Skin: Bronze

Marks: Intricate Neo-Tribal patterning all along body and across face.

Tag: A large green hand holding a small golden goose.

Style: Tends towards a neo-tribal fashion aesthetic that shows off as much of his tattoo as he can get away with.

Bio:
Always the biggest in the room, The Giant learned early in life that people are going to expect violence of him no matter what he says or does. Despite this - or perhaps because of it - he's persued the path of a pacifist, only fighting when it's absolutely necessary and doing his best to try not to hurt anyone. This has done nothing however to stop his friends from bringing him along whenever they need some muscle.

"SUPER" HIRO DAIMARU
HIGH-SPEED, HIGH-STAKES BIKE COURIER
BIKER

HEALTH: 60
ENERGY: 60
MOMENTUM:
STYLE:

Body 3
- Strength 3
- Stamina 3
- Grit 2
- Coordination 1

Speed 4
- Agility 3
- Reaction 2
- Balance 2
- Aim 3

Mind 3
- Academics 0
- Streetwise 2
- Acumen 0
- Craft 0

Soul 3
- Art 0
- Awareness 1
- Charisma 1
- Willpower 2

PERKS:

Greased Lightning - [A, 5EN] +1 to Aim rolls when using electroshock weapons.
In a Single Bound - [A, 5EN] +1 to Strength tests made to jump or gain air.
"The Mail Gets Through!" - [A, 10EN] +2 to tests made to directly protect a package.

INVENTORY:

Taser Gun, Smartphone, Courier Bike, $150

"SUPER" HIRO DAIMARU
HIGH-SPEED, HIGH-STAKES BIKE COURIER
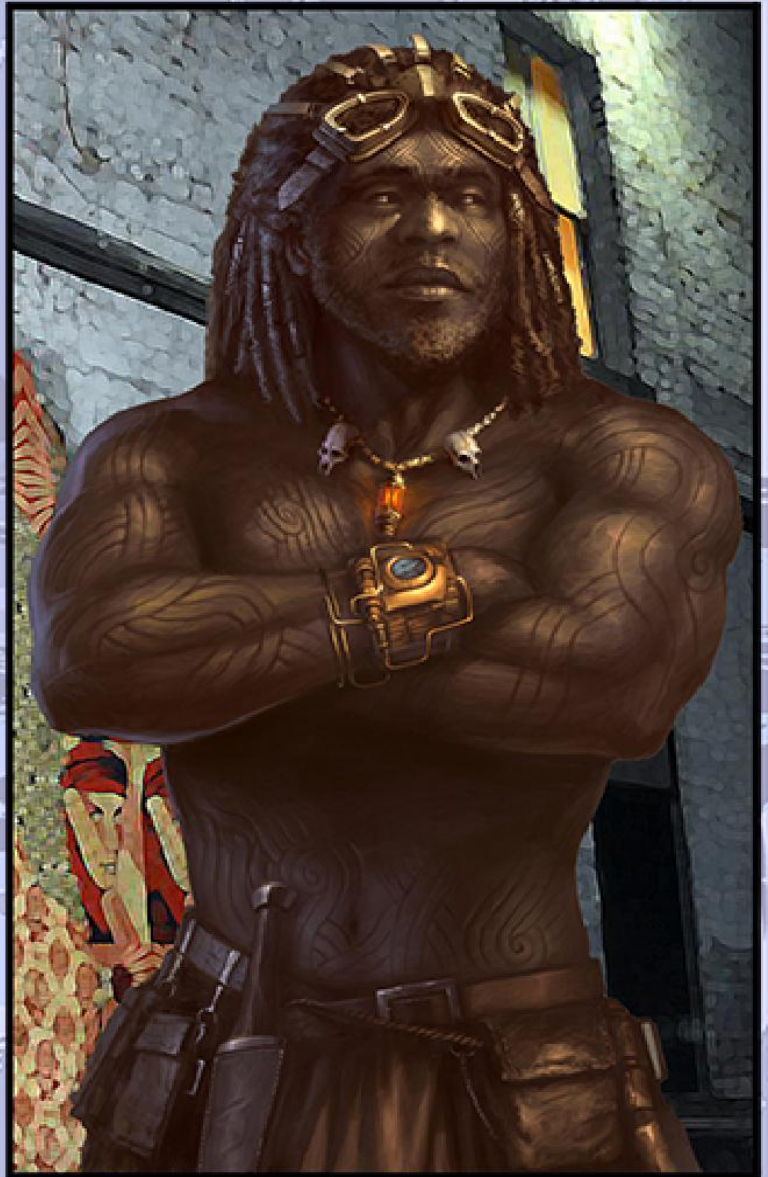## BIKER

Gender: Male

Karma:

Age: 16

Height: 5'9"

Weight: 151lbs

Blood: Type A-

Hair: Black

Eyes: Brown

Skin: Ochre

Marks: Tribal pattern on right bicep. Birthmark on right leg in shape of Italy

Tag: Superman crest with a wrapped present inside.

Style: Sticks to fairly inconspicious and utilitarian outfits in an attempt to blend in. Fond of signature jacket.

Bio:

A Japanese-born refugee orphaned on the mean streets of Hong Kong, Hiro believes that he is destined for bigger and better things - he's just got to work his way up to them first. While he's done his share of petty jobs and crimes, it's as a bike courier that Hiro really made his mark, taking on jobs that no one else would even touch. Now he's come to Velo City intent on cutting out a piece of turf for himself.

JOHNNY "ROCK" RITCHIE
RETRO-ANARCHIST GUITAR GOD
BLADER

HEALTH: 80
ENERGY: 90
MOMENTUM:
STYLE:

Body 4
- Strength 3
- Stamina 3
- Grit 2
- Coordination 2

Speed 2
- Agility 2
- Reaction 0
- Balance 1
- Aim 0

Mind 2
- Academics 0
- Streetwise 3
- Acumen 0
- Craft 0

Soul 5
- Art 4
- Awareness 0
- Charisma 3
- Willpower 2

PERKS:

Kicking Guitar Solo - [A, 5EN] +1 to Art tests when playing guitar.
Smashing Pumpkins - [A, 5EN] +1 to Coordination tests made to hit things with a guitar.
"There will be no encore!" - [A,10EN] +1 to maximum Speed rank when fleeing.

INVENTORY:

Guitar, Cheap Leather Jacket, Smartphone, Rollerblades, $150

JOHNNY "ROCK" RITCHIE
RETRO-ANARCHIST GUITAR GOD
BLADER

Gender: Male
Karma:
Age: 21
Height: 5'5"
Weight: 143lbs
Blood: Type 0-
Hair: Red
Eyes: Brown
Skin: Ruddy

Marks: Union Jack tattooed along back. Barcode tattoo over heart.

Tag: A flaming guitar wreathed in a tattered flag.

Style: Tends towards retro-punk fashions and brit-punk iconography. Fondness for band patches.

Bio:
Though born in Ireland, Johnny Rock spent his youth bouncing around the UK, falling in with bad crowd after bad crowd, narrowly avoiding prison on numerous accounts. An expert on nothing but being angry, Johnny translated that frustration into the guitar and his band, The Black Rats. Their big break however ended in disaster, forcing Johnny to flee the country to avoid charges of Arson, Treason, and Regicide

ANNA "LONGBOW" MCKENZIE
HOT BLOODED LONE-WOLF ARCHER
BIKER

HEALTH: 80
ENERGY: 70
MOMENTUM:
STYLE:

Body 4
- Strength 3
- Stamina 3
- Grit 3
- Coordination 0

Speed 5
- Agility 2
- Reaction 0
- Balance 3
- Aim 5

Mind 1
- Academics 1
- Streetwise 0
- Acumen 0
- Craft 1

Soul 3
- Art 1
- Awareness 3
- Charisma 1
- Willpower 0

PERKS:
Eagle Eye - [P] +1 to Awareness tests when viewing something from a great distance.
"Sure, I Can Probably Hit That." - [A,10EN] +1 to Aim tests when at extreme ranges.
"No, You Move." - [A,5EN] +1 to Balance tests when resisting an active opposing force.

INVENTORY:
Sporting Bow, Aluminium Arrows (6), Binoculars, Smartphone, BMX Bike, $153
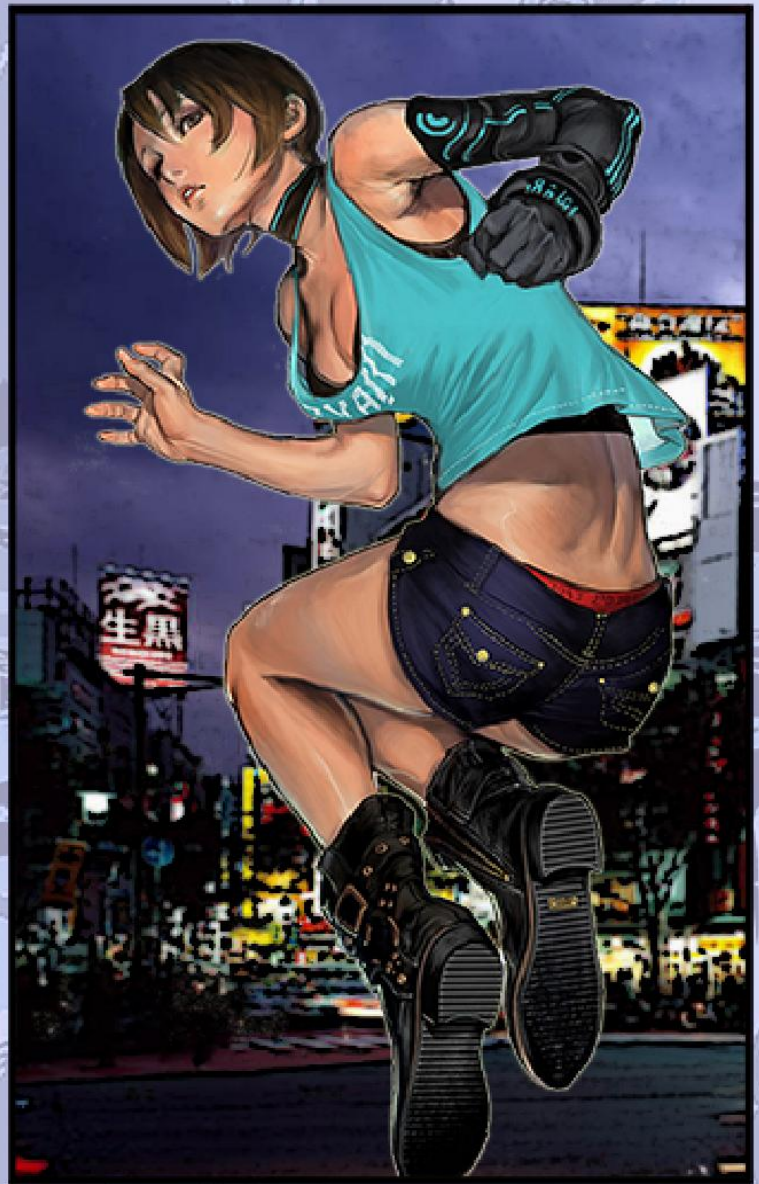
ANNA "LONGBOW" MCKENZIE
HOT BLOODED LONE-WOLF ARCHER
BIKER

Gender: Female
Karma:
Age: 23
Height: 4'8"
Weight: 90lbs
Blood: Type B-
Hair: Brown
Eyes: Brown
Skin: Peach

Marks: Missing right eye, Severe scarring along right forearm and neck.

Tag: An emerald dragon coiled around a fletched arrow.

Style: Fitted, functional, and breathable. Wears exotic gloves and colars to cover up scarring on arm and neck.

Bio:

A tiny ball of rage, Longbow lost her eye and her parents during a bout of police brutality in her youth. Since then she's spent her life rebelling against authority, sticking it to the man whenever she can. Only really comfortable when she's on the run, Longbow learned early on that the best way in life is to strike fast, strike from afar, and get the hell out of dodge before the pigs get a chance to nab you.

JACKIE "MAD JACK" JACKSON
DEVIL-MAY-CARE HIGH-FLYING URBAN ARTIST
BOARDER

HEALTH: 60
ENERGY: 70
MOMENTUM:
STYLE:

Body — 3
- Strength — 2
- Stamina — 0
- Grit — 1
- Coordination — 3

Speed — 3
- Agility — 3
- Reaction — 3
- Balance — 2
- Aim — 0

Mind — 3
- Academics — 2
- Streetwise — 2
- Acumen — 0
- Craft — 0

Soul — 4
- Art — 4
- Awareness — 0
- Charisma — 2
- Willpower — 1

PERKS:
Insane Inspiration - [P] +1 to Art tests when in precarious situations.
Mad as a Hatter - [A,5EN] +1 to Agility and Willpower tests during suicidal stunts.
Faceboard - [A,5EN] +1 to Combat tests made when hitting people with a skateboard.

INVENTORY:
Bandolier of spray-paint cans, Pads, Helmet, Smartphone, Skateboard, $150

JACKIE "MAD JACK" JACKSON
DEVIL-MAY-CARE HIGH-FLYING URBAN ARTIST
BOARDER

Gender: Female

Karma:

Age: 17

Height: 5'4"

Weight: 110lbs

Blood: Type AB-

Hair: Brown

Eyes: Brown

Skin: Olive

Marks: Numerous tongue piercings, Tattoos of flowers on arms and lower back.

Tag: A spike-toothed Jack-in-the-box devouring a globe.

Style: Loose, ill-fitted and generally shabby clothes worn to show off a killer bod. Paint stains are common.

Bio:

Mad Jack doesn't talk about her past. What matters, she says, is what lies ahead. Since her arrival in the city, Mad Jack has already started to earn a repuation as an artist to look out for. Few other people would dare to try and spray-up such impossible to reach locations. For Mad Jack though, nothing in life can compare to the thrill of creating beauty in the middle of a life or death situation.
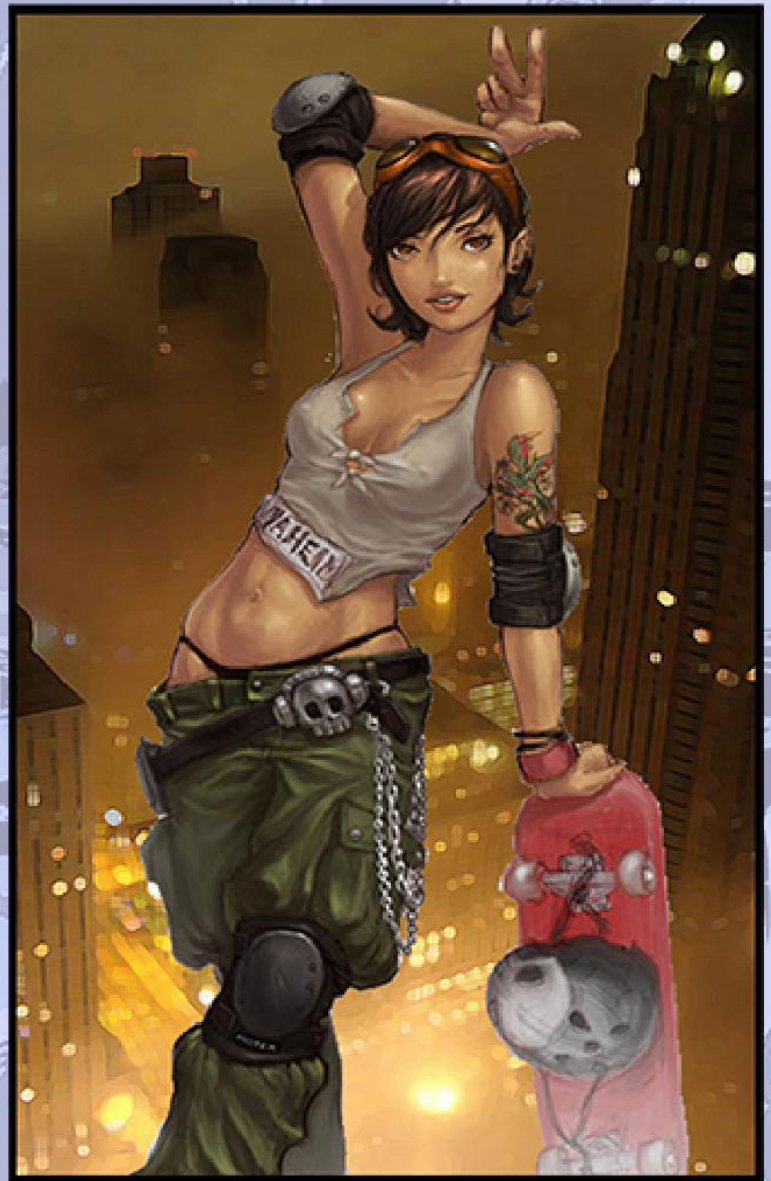
MAPLE "SUGAR" SPOONER
CANADIAN SWEETHEART SNOWBOARDER
BOARDER

HEALTH: 80
ENERGY: 70
MOMENTUM:
STYLE:

Body — 4
- Strength — 3
- Stamina — 2
- Grit — 2
- Coordination — 3

Speed — 4
- Agility — 4
- Reaction — 1
- Balance — 3
- Aim — 0

Mind — 2
- Academics — 1
- Streetwise — 0
- Acumen — 2
- Craft — 0

Soul — 3
- Art — 0
- Awareness — 1
- Charisma — 3
- Willpower — 0

PERKS:
Easier on Ice - [P] +1 to Handling tests made on slippery terrain.
Slap Shot - [A, 10EN] May use Coordination to attack at range by shooting with a stick.
Sweet as Sugar - [A, 5EN] +1 to Charisma tests made to know proper ettiquette.

INVENTORY:
Hockey Stick, Cold-Weather Gear, Smartphone, Converted Snow/Snakeboard, $150

MAPLE "SUGAR" SPOONER
CANADIAN SWEETHEART SNOWBOARDER
BOARDER

Gender: Female

Karma:

Age: 17

Height: 5'4"

Weight: 138lbs

Blood: Type 0+

Hair: Brown

Eyes: Green

Skin: Fair

Marks: Canadian flag tattoo over heart. Birthmark on lower back.

Tag: A cartoon beaver eating a stack of pancakes.

Style: Prefers to dress in loose, warm clothes, regardless of current temp. Favors reds and whites.

Bio:
Born and raised on the icy slopes of British Columbia, Sugar has been snowboarding since before she could walk. A one-time Olympic hopeful, her dreams of gold were dashed when a coprorate restructuring forced her family to move to Velo City. Now she roams the heights and slopes of the metropolis looking to recapture with a skateboard the thrill of her frozen homeland.

REGINALD "RED" KING
KNIGHT IN SHINING BMX PADS
BIKER

HEALTH: 100
ENERGY: 80
MOMENTUM:
STYLE:

Body — 5
- Strength — 4
- Stamina — 3
- Grit — 2
- Coordination — 3

Speed — 3
- Agility — 2
- Reaction — 1
- Balance — 3
- Aim — 0

Mind — 2
- Academics — 1
- Streetwise — 1 2
- Acumen — 2
- Craft — 0

Soul — 3
- Art — 0
- Awareness — 0 1
- Charisma — 3
- Willpower — 3

PERKS:
Knightly Courage - [P] +1 to Willpower tests when resisting fear or despair.
"I'm Always Willing to Lend a Hand!" - [A,5EN] +1 to Physical Teamwork tests.
Joust - [A,10EN] +1 to Combat tests made when biking at speed.

INVENTORY:
Baseball bat, BMX Pads, Baseball Helmet, Smartphone, Mountain Bike, $150

REGINALD "RED" KING

KNIGHT IN SHINING BMX PADS

BIKER

Gender: Male

Karma:

Age: 19

Height: 6'2"

Weight: 208lbs

Blood: Type A+

Hair: Red

Eyes: Green

Skin: Tanned

Marks: Diamond-shaped birthmark on leg, Surgical scars down back.

Tag: Red crown hanging off of a baseball bat.

Style: Big baggy and loosely attached layers overtop of tighter layers. Fondness for Baseball imagery.

Bio:

Having much of his childhood in the hospital suffering from a crippling spine disease, Red's rolemodels were the knightly heroes from the stories read to him by his nurses. Now older and significantly healthier, he fancies himself a modern day Don Quixote, ready to bring the ideals of chivalry, honor and justice back to the world. Red also has a deep and abiding love of baseball, but is secretly terrible at it.

JESSIE "TOMAHAWK" RHAMES
MILITARY-TRAINED PUNK REVOLUTIONARY
RUNNER

HEALTH: 80
ENERGY: 70
MOMENTUM:
STYLE:

Body 4
- Strength 1
- Stamina 3
- Grit 1
- Coordination 3

Speed 3
- Agility 2
- Reaction 3
- Balance 0
- Aim 3

Mind 2
- Academics 0
- Streetwise 0
- Acumen 2
- Craft 0

Soul 3
- Art 1
- Awareness 3
- Charisma 1
- Willpower 2

PERKS:

"Bullshit!" - [P] +1 to Acumen tests when picking apart someone else's arguments.
Dad's Firearm Training- [A,5EN] +1 to Aim tests when using personal firearms.
Dad's CQC Training - [A,5EN] +1 to Coordination and Grit tests when fighting unarmed.

INVENTORY:

Airsoft Pistol + Ammo, Paintball Gun, Paintball Mask, Kneepads, Parkour Shoes, $170
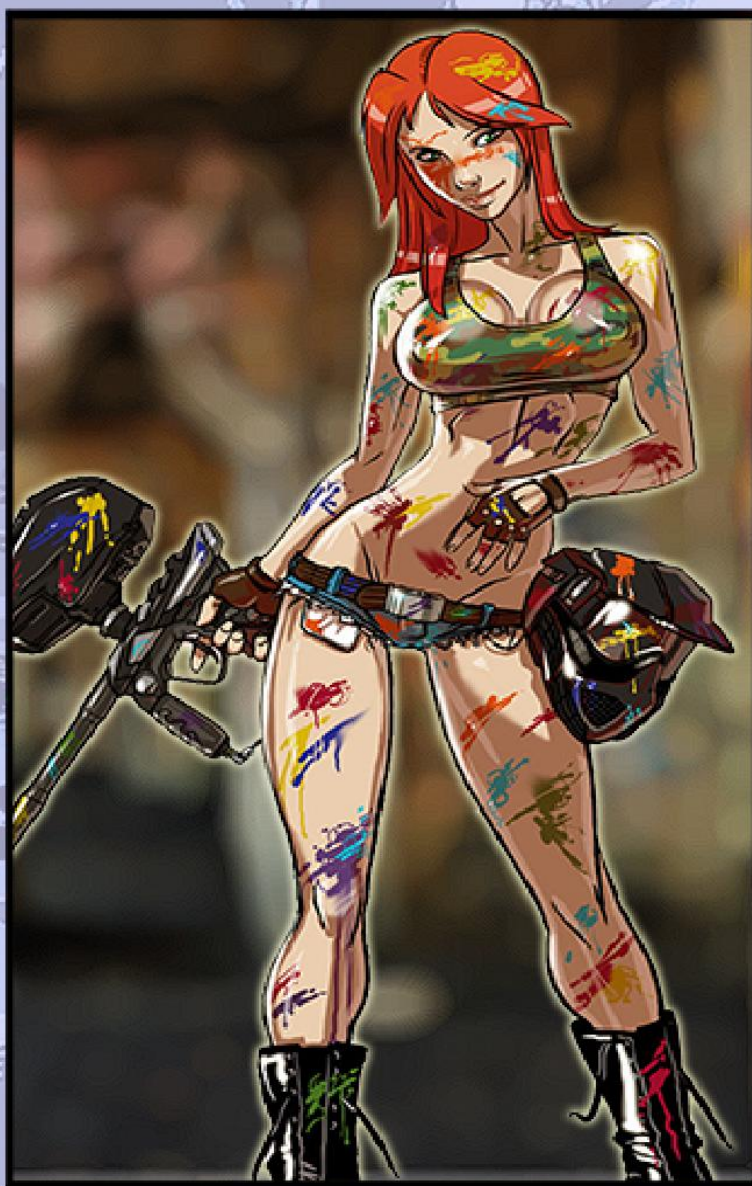
JESSIE "TOMAHAWK" RHAMES
MILITARY-TRAINED PUNK REVOLUTIONARY
RUNNER

Gender: Female
Karma:
Age: 18
Height: 5'9"
Weight: 165lbs
Blood: Type O+
Hair: Red
Eyes: Green
Skin: Honey

Marks: Numerous faded scuffs and scars all along body from training.

Tag: A fist holding aloft a feathered tomahawk.

Style: Typically wears loose, casual masculine clothes. Avoids anything that would make her look too "girly"

Bio:
Tomahawk comes from a family of revolutionaries and soldiers and embodies both the rebelious will of the former and the military discipline of the latter. A tomboy and friend of justice since childhood, she's spent years venting her agression through airsoft and paintball, hobbies which would inevitably introduce her the rudie subculture that she now finds herself fighting in support of.
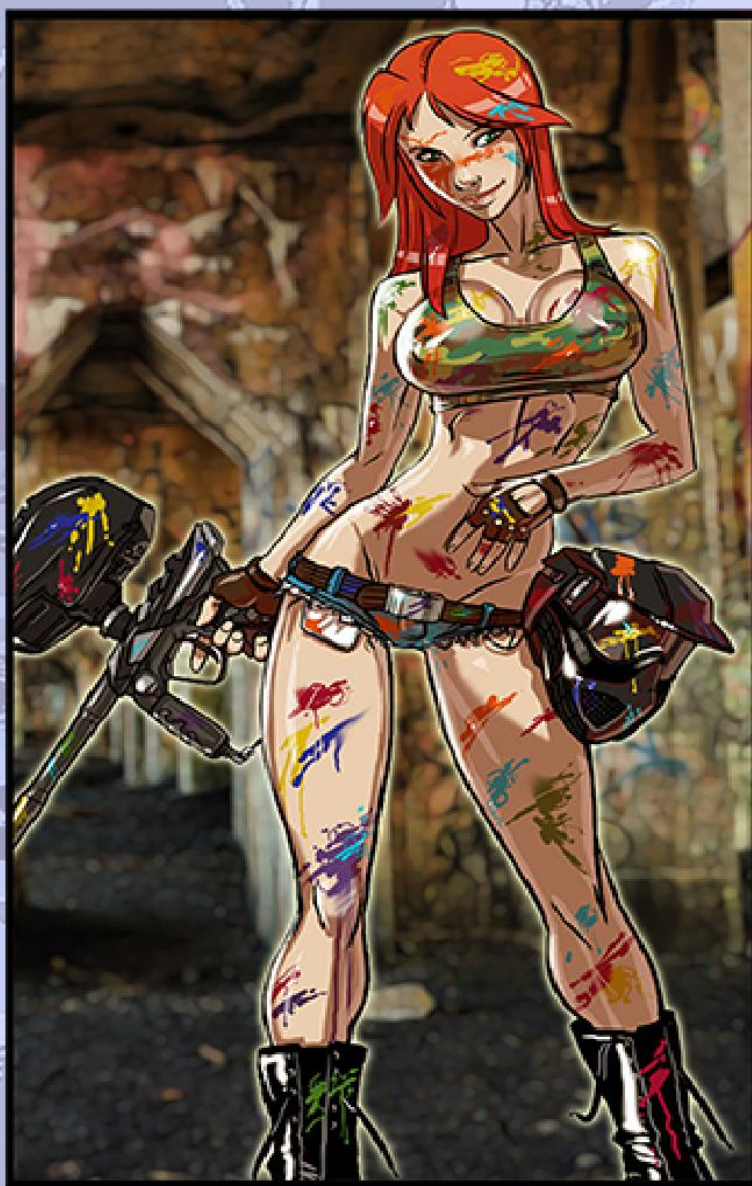
"Errand"

When you're a courier in New York City, weaving in and out of traffic on a bike on slick street roads can be a harrowing job. You need resolve and courage to stand up to those cars who would run you off the road, all for a paycheck.

Here in Velo City, it's a little different.

It's more unique.

More varied.

More dangerous.

More exhilarating.

A simple job, he says. We meet on the roof of his apartment complex in New Velo, a stone's throw from the local college campus. He's a college boy, old as me, thick-rimmed glasses and a flannel jacket covering a desk jockey's build. My money's on a journalism major. ("How'd you know?" Lucky guess.) A small parcel: a cylinder package, no bigger than my forearm, cardboard, sealed, light and hollow. Sounds like a piece of paper and something else sliding around. He looks on nervously, as if I'll break it. If he could see past the tuft of black hair in front of my eye, he'd see me arching an eyebrow at him.

"It's not a bomb, if that's what your wondering."

"I wasn't. Should I?" I need to work on my inflection.

"...Never mind."

"Wasn't planning on it." It slips into my satchel backpack before I pull it flush tight against my back, the strap in front squeezing my bust slightly. Today is a black tanktop with gray urban camo pants tied at the ankles, and my trusty yellow-and-black ninja slipper shoes. The tanktop stops just above my navel. He notices. I'm glad he does.

He clears his throat. "She'll be waiting for you on--"

"She?"

"Yeah. She's...an acquaintance." He looks at his feet before coming back up. "Anyway, she'll be on her family's penthouse veranda. Huge, open-air, bigger than my place. Can't miss it. Just give it to her and tell her to open it immediately. It's on the top floor of the Fólkvangr Estate."

"Fólkvangr. The peaceful meadow ruled by the Norse goddess and queen of the Valkyries Freya, where she takes half of those who die in battle into her tender and loving embrace." I'm already looking up the location on my smartphone.

"Wow, you know your stuff."

"I should hope so. Who am I looking for?"

"...Her name's Freya."

"...How apt." The app zooms in from an overview of the city towards the building itself. I'm already plotting a course to get to the top. My brow furrows when I finally realize it. "This is in Big Town."

"Huh? Oh, yeah."

"You didn't say this was Big Town."

"So?"

"You know they don't like my...type there."

"...Um."

"What?"

"Did I mention that Freya's family also owns the immediately surrounding buildings, and they'll probably have security posted in them?" I glower silently at him. "Sorry. I didn't mean to drop that on you. Y-you can always back out if you don--"

"Who said I was?"

"Huh?"

I told you: it's different here in Velo City.

The Amtrak train pulls into the station without incident. The wind on my skin is refreshing and helps focus my mind. I could've rode the subway into Big Town, but having Big Town eyes on someone like me the whole ride there wouldn't help my case any. I slip off the roof of the train onto the nearby overhang before flipping down and joining the sea of people filing out of the station towards one of the main thoroughfares of the district. Everyone's looking down at their phone or newspaper, anyway, so no one notices.

Poor saps. They're so busy looking down that they never stop to look up and truly enjoy the view the world is giving them. "And I'm not talking about myself" is what I'd say if I were a bit more vain.

Big Town is rich town. The go-getters and bloodseekers. Modern-day Yukon golddiggers hoping to strike paydirt. Ruthless and savage amongst their kind. Sharks on land. I'd be careful not to drown. Security is tighter in this district: people are very protective of their material goods and think their own private police force makes them an almighty god of their domain.

Think, mind you.

Blending into the crowd, even looking as I am (I'm sure people can see my butterfly tattoo on the back of my neck), is the easy part. I've already got my route plotted. All I need to do is get to high ground. A narrow alley presents itself between two condominiums, strangely clean despite the dumpster at the end and assorted trash cans, fire escapes along the sides of both buildings. I slip out of the sea of sharks and finally catch my breath. Let's not be seen by too many people. I wait around against a wall, flipping through my phone and checking for messages from my fellow couriers (quiet today), stretching my legs until the sidewalk next to me finally lightens in traffic to a trickle – likely a red light up the street.

I become a jaguar. Dash, leap atop a trashcan onto the dumpster in the back, veer back, jump and kick off the wall next to me, short wall-run. I snatch one of the rails to the fire escape and immediately hoist myself up and over onto the platform. The trachcan rattled, and the rail dinged slightly when I snatched it, but otherwise, I was never there. I instinctively glance at the sidewalk.

A young girl, must be six or seven, in her Sunday best. She stares at me doe-eyed, mouth open. A breathless "Wooooooow" escapes her. I smile at her and wave. She waves back emphatically and grins the most innocent grin. Her mother comes back and yanks on her arm, pulling her out of sight.

One more for the cause. Today is a good day.

A flight of metal stairs later, and I'm atop the apartment complex. The wind buffets me again, and I feel refreshed. This building is only five floors high, but it won't be hard to scale the rest. I already have eyes on the Fólkvangr Estate building and that penthouse porch twenty stories off the ground a block away. My route will take me up eventually as I make my way across a path of buildings in a small circle around the destination itself, like a miniature Central Climb. That's how runners like me move: A

to B in the most efficient way possible. I instinctively reach back to make sure my satchel is still in place.

"Be careful," he said. "It's fragile and could get crushed." I slide the satchel so it's underneath my right armpit. Now it won't get crushed when I take a roll. Some couriers never think that far ahead, and they're surprised when the package gets compromised. I check my gloves – fingerless, black with a red highlight around the thumb – and tap the toes of my feet on the roof. A quick sign of the cross, and we're off.

From building to building I leap, clearing alleyways and slowly scaling buildings either with fire escapes or the old-fashioned free-climbing way before I'm fifteen stories up and looking across at one of the buildings directly next to my destination – south of it, specifically. The patio looks to the west, overlooking the rest of the district. To get to the penthouse, I'll have to head inside this next building through a service entrance on the lower-level roof in front of me, push up onto the roof above, and make one last jump. I move to leap from the scaffolding I'm on before I stop myself.

A couple of security guards patrol the destination: rent-a-cops with a protective jacket and not much else. No gun, but they have stun batons, and radios. They're both slightly bigger than me, to boot.

He did promise there would be security. Other couriers would curse their luck at a painless milk run being not-so-painless.

I guess I'm not other couriers.

Without a sound, I land on the roof and promptly tuck myself behind a row of industrial air conditioning units. One guard is directly next to the door and wanders a little my way to look over the side to the street below (there are fences so no one falls over). The other shuffles around a little further away, inspecting another aimless corner of the sub-roof. The row of A/C units covers my crouching advance towards the door. The two guards chatter amongst themselves a bit (something about their choice of soccer team in the World Cup) before guard B drags his feet away again to grab a smoke. I sit quietly and spy for an opportunity. Sure enough, A shuffles towards me to take another look down at the street below, oblivious to anything else.

I tap his shoulder. He turns absent-mindedly.

"Boo."

Palm strike to the nose, and I hear a pop. Front snap kick to the groin, and he doubles over. Inside knife-hand chop to the front of the neck to stifle any sound he would've made. By now, he's gasping for air as he futiley snapped on the stun baton and desperately swings wide with a haymaker, so much so he spins himself around and slightly off-balance. Quick duck, short side kick to the back of the knee to force him to buckle. Snatch his neck in my arm, fall backwards behind the A/C units onto my back into a rear naked choke, lock my feet around his torso. Any lack of air he was getting is cut off. He struggles a bit before finally going limp. I hold the headlock a second long before releasing him and pulling him further behind the row of units. I check his pulse right as he begins snoring.

Never stood a chance against me. He wishes he had the training I have. Poor guy just trying to pay the bills. At least you'll get workers' comp, right?

I slip inside the door before his partner notices. A long white featureless hallway, with a stairwell at the end along one of the walls. I jog for the stairs when another guard – fat, squatty, black, bowlegged walk – turns the corner from the hall opposite the stairwell and looks straight at me. My teeth clench at the thought of exposure, and I immediately sprint full-tilt towards him.

"Whoa, damn!" He sputters before fumbling to grab his radio and click it on. He sounds fat, too. "Yo, this is Terrence in service hall 15-C. I got--" I feel his face smush and warp beneath my foot as

my flying jump back kick blasts him backwards. He staggers, and I hear his head hits the concrete wall behind him with a dull thunk before he flops forward onto his face, unconscious. The voice on the other end of the radio keeps asking Terrence to repeat his message. I've disappeared up the stairwell.

Notice to disappearance in no more than three seconds.

"Are you Freya?"

She certainly looks like the goddess herself, looking over the edge of the patio out over the rest of the city, with flowing long blonde hair raised slightly in the open air, dressed in an elegant blouse and frilled skirt, about the same age as me. She looks every bit the part of one raised in money. She jumps with a start as I pull myself around from the ledge on the side of the building onto the veranda itself. She looks around confused. No one else appears to be inside.

"Who are you?" she promptly asks with as graceful and lilting a voice as can be expected, nothing like mine. I feel impotent in front of this radiance.

"No one special," I remark without thought. "Just a friendly messenger bird with a package for you." I unzip the satchel and pull out the cardboard tube, undamaged. I hold it out, and she hesitates before taking it. "He said to open it immediately."

"He?"

"Yes, he."

She looks around again, a bit more of a shifty look in her eye, before she pops off one of the ends of the tube.

A yellow-and-white daffodil, in perfect condition, and a small piece of paper.

"'Freya,'" she reads aloud. I shift my weight a little. "'In the face of all the black, white and gray this city tries to surround us with, may your radiance, like this flower, forever be the color that brightens my world.' Signed, Carl." She chuckles a little and sighs as she fits the daffodil in her hair behind her ear.

A fitting message, and not just because we need more color in the world.

"He always was a master at the written word," Freya swoons. "Quite a bit more awkward in person, but that's part of his charm."

"I would never have guessed." If that was sarcasm, she never noticed.

"But he truly is a good man with a kind and honest heart, and that is why I love him." She sighs again as she turns to me. "Do you know love, miss courier?"

"No," I state matter-of-factly. "No one would love me, anyway. No one does." She stares at me, aghast.

"No, absolutely impossible," she responds resolutely. "There is always someone who loves you in this world. Your friends who give you life, and your family who brought you into this world – they give you unending love. And to know romantic love, to know the touch and affection of another, is without compare." I rub my arm nervously. "You must open your heart, so that you may see the love that showers you. And if you keep your heart open, you will find that romantic love that makes you more complete than you ever thought possible. You may not have found it yet, but it is most definitely out there, and your heart must be open and ready to accept it!" She beams like an angel.

I look down at my feet, hiding my face from her. "...But it hurts when I do," I mutter. Why am I opening up like this?

"It is another trial in life," Freya admits, "but I assure you, it is a trial worth suffering through, as it gives you the most bountiful of rewards ever granted in life. You certainly appear strong of body. So too must you become strong of heart."

We're both silent for a moment. I'm squeezing my arm so hard, I may as well draw blood.

She's right.

Dammit, this goddess is right.

"Thank you very much for delivering this package to me," Freya finally says. I appreciate the distraction. "Would you like to stay a moment, refresh yourself?"

"I'm not welcome here, in more ways than one." I look around the veranda and beyond the glass windows inside the magnifient penthouse suite. I shouldn't be here. "I don't belong here."

"Oh, stop that. You've come this far. The least you can do is rest your feet for a while."

"I wouldn't want you to get in trouble with your folks."

"Nonsense. They're gone for the day and won't be back until late, again." A sad look. "Please, I insist. You must tell me more about yourself." There is a pause. She looks at me with anticipation.

"...Sure, I guess." Can't say no to a face like that.

"Fantastic." Her hand lands on my shoulder and she guides me inside. "Ehm, I don't believe I ever actually caught your name."

"...Friends call me 'Zephyr' on the street."

I said it once, and I'll say it again: it's different here in Velo City.

Core Mechanics: Do What You Wanna Do

Now it's time to get into the real meat of the system. This chapter will show you everything you need to jump into action, from the dice system and related mechanics to handling modifiers, movement, items and combat. Once you figure things out, the system is rather straightforward and moves fast, a important trait to have in a game about, well, moving fast.

Core Dice Mechanic

VeloCITY uses a dicepool system as opposed to rolling one or two dice to determine overall success. When rolling any sort of test, roll Xd10, where X is the size of the dicepool determined from stats and substats. Most of the time, X is calculated as *the most pertinent substat to the task at hand, adding or subtracting any circumstantial modifiers, as well as adding one extra **talent die** if the attached core stat is greater than or equal to the substat in question*. Other tests may ask for a different dicepool, such as the core stat itself with modifiers, or some other unique test.

Roll the pool of d10s, and note the numbers that come up. The number that comes up on any given die is the *ones* digit of the final result. The number of dice in the pool that match that number is the *tens* digit. Combined, this is one of the final results of that dice roll. There will most likely be multiple results in a given diceroll, so make sure to note each individual result; generally, it is assumed you will be using the highest value rolled on the test.

For example, Esmeralda (a.k.a. "Emerald") is trying to weasel her way past the bouncer of an exclusive nightclub using her charm. This will be a Charisma test; her Charisma is 3 and her attached core stat, Soul, is at 5. It's also helped by the fact that she has a perk that gives her two extra dice when ingratiating herself to someone. Her dicepool is [3 Charisma + 1 talent (Soul) + 2 from perk]d10, which comes out to 6d10. She rolls and ends up with the following result:

8 3 4 1 8 4

From here, she notes the unique numbers rolled in that test and counts the dice that match (or don't) as unique results. Her results are:

8 3 4 **1** 8 4 = one 1 = 11
8 **3** 4 1 8 4 = one 3 = 13
8 3 **4** 1 8 **4** = two 4s = 24
8 3 4 1 **8** 4 = two 8s = 28

So the results of that roll are 11, 13, 24, and 28. Naturally, Emerald will want to use the highest available roll, so she chooses to use the 28 as her final result.

Types of Tests

There are three kinds of tests in *VeloCITY:* a **success test** (otherwise known as a **static test**), a **dynamic test**, and an **extended test**. All three tests use the above dice mechanic.

Success Test

A success test is used when dealing with static obstacles as opposed to something that actively hinders you. It involves rolling a single test and using the result to meet or beat the **difficulty challenge (DC)** of the test; this DC is usually hidden by the GM, and the player won't know if she passed or not until after the roll.

A DC 10 test is considered an "Easy" test: unless your character is crippled or otherwise handicapped, there's no discernible way she could fail this test. DC 15 makes for an "Average" challenge: a regular human will generally succeed at this test more than half of the time. A DC 20 test is a "Hard" test, meaning that, while doable, an average person will more-than-likely struggle with the task at hand and probably not succeed. As a rule of thumb, for an average person, 10-20 is considered a "mundane" test, above 20 is a challenge for a skilled individual, and above 30 is exceedingly difficult.

Dynamic Test

A dynamic test (or opposed test) is used when a character's roll is actively opposed by another, usually other people of note. In this test, both sides of the conflict roll their own test and compare the results; the higher value wins the contest. For example, going back to Emerald schmoozing her way into the club, the bouncer would resist the woman's Charisma with his own Willpower. With 2 Soul and 4 Willpower, he rolls 4d10 and ends up with:

4 6 **3 3**

As the bold numbers note, the bouncer's best result is a 23. It's not a bad result, but it's not enough compared to Esmeralda's 28. The bouncer melts beneath the rudie's charm and lets her into the club to party the night away.

When the conditions for a dynamic test are given, the test only notes what each side of the conflict rolls, usually by the measure of "offense vs. defense". In the previous example, the test would be noted as Charisma vs. Willpower.

Extended Test

An extended test is used when an action is completed over a period of time rather than at once, usually for long projects like repairing an item, for tasks that require a bit of work before the payoff, such as picking a lock, or for any sort of extended action like grinding. An extended test is effectively a series of tests in sequence. Just like a success test, an extended test has a DC that must be met; however, this type of DC is measured in number of successes. Every roll that is made represents an interval of time passing; passing the given DC of a test (usually either DC 10 or no DC) counts as a success, with every degree of success counting as an extra success. When another test is rolled, the result of the next test is added to all previous tests for a total number of successes. The test is completed when either the success threshold is passed, or the GM calls for the end of the test. Some tests require passing a threshold, while others are just building up successes for a particular task.

When the conditions for an extended test are given, the test notes the number of successes required, the DC needed to pass to accrue successes, and the interval of time that passes with each individual roll. Common intervals include 3 seconds (1 turn), 30 seconds, 1 minute, 1 hour, 2 hours, 6 hours, a day, and a month.

Degrees of Success

Often in *VeloCITY*, it's important to keep track of not just whether or not you succeed at a task, but by how well you succeeded at it. This is measured in **degrees of success** (or **levels of success**, alternately), which is defined as every five (5) points above the threshold that the test passed. The greater the degree of success, the more profound the success, whether it be a matter of flair, efficiency or any other measure. For example, in the previous dynamic test example, Esmeralda's 28 on her Charisma beat the bouncer's 23 on his Willpower. Since she beat the test by 5 points, it's a full degree of success in her favor. Degrees of success can lend themselves to extra damage in combat or outperforming someone in a contest of skill and technique.

Beware: just as there are degrees of success, there are also **degrees of failure** (or **levels of failure**, by another name), and they function in much the same way as their counterpart. A degree of failure occurs at every five (5) points the final result is beneath the DC of a test. The more degrees of failure, the more profound or hassling the failure in question.

Momentum & Style

Momentum and **Style** are two key sub-systems in *VeloCITY* tied to the dice mechanics. These help maintain the speed of the game as well as offer more options towards success.

Momentum

As you can tell, you can have multiple results in a single test, and some results are impressive enough that it would be a shame to lose them and never see them again. That's where Momentum comes in.

Momentum lets you store one result from a test for use later in the scene. At any time a test is called for, even after you make the roll, you may spend your Momentum and use the stored result instead; this will empty the Momentum and allow a new set to be stored. At any time, you may choose to dump your Momentum so that it may be filled with another result later.

Momentum must be empty if you wish to save a set; you cannot overwrite an existing set. Also, you cannot both dump a set and save a set in the same action. Furthermore, Momentum does not carry over between scenes; it only applies to the current scene and empties itself at the end, so use it or lose it. If you wipe out, you lose your Momentum.

Style

In a given routine, an individual can bust out several great tricks, and as time goes on, they slowly work themselves into their own groove, their flow becoming evident as time goes on. Finally, at some point near the end, they bust out this monstrous trick in an explosion of energy and style that makes everyone's jaw drop and incites the crowd into a frenzy. It is, after all, "the hypest shit." This is represented as Style, and it relies on degrees of success.

When you pass a given test and score at least one degree of success, you have two options: either *use* the success as given on the test at hand, or *save* the degrees of success by not applying the success to the test at hand, but rather converting it into Style, effectively bankrolling the degree of success to be used later. A degree is worth 5 points spent to improve a roll, since a degree of success is measured by 5. This Style is stored and continues to accrue for every degree saved into it. Style can be generated from most anything as long as the GM figures there is flair to be had; the most common source is from pulling off tricks, but Style can come from anywhere, such as stylish dancing, stylish

writing, even stylish cooking or stylish eating.

When you're satisfied with the amount of Style you have and want to put it to use, activate your Style on any given test, and you'll use your pent-up style all at once, adding all the saved degrees of success to the test's result. At that point, your Style is empty, and you can start to refill it again.

There are a few conditions when it comes to Style. Like Momentum, Style only lasts for the current scene and runs out at the end of it, so don't let it go to waste. Similarly, if you wipe out, all your Style is lost, and you'll have to start over. You cannot use only some of your Style when you choose to use it, since Style is considered to be a crescendo of flair that builds over time and explodes in a single shining moment of brilliance; if you pop your Style, you must use *all of your Style*.

Furthermore, when it comes to competition, you're not the only one competing for the spotlight. Your rivals can force you to compete for Style or outright steal your Style. If you both perform an action at the same time, treat the contest as a dynamic test, with the winner taking all the degrees of success for his own Style, assuming he doesn't just use the degrees on the current test. Also, if your rival scores degrees of success on his test, he can choose to either save it for himself or directly steal that many degrees of success from your Style pool. Fortunately, turnabout is fair play, as you can also steal your rival's Style in the same manner. All's fair in love, war, and hype, after all. Keep in mind that Style can only be stolen if the opposing party has Style to give.

Health & Energy

Health represents your vitality and resilience and is reduced by the actions of those outside you. If you take damage from someone or something, usually either through combat or taking a nasty spill, you suffer damage to your health. Health is recovered more slowly than energy, representing tending to wounds and aches. By default, Health naturally recovers at a rate of [2 x Body] points between scenes. Dedicated rest or eating will speed up the rate of recovery. If you suffer a particular injury like a broken bone or similar, this can reduce the hard limit of your health before you fully heal. If you run out of health, you'll be placed in a precarious situation.

Energy, on the other hand, represents your character's vigor, drive and adrenaline, and it is impacted through actions that you perform rather than the world acting upon you. Beyond triggering active perks and other uses, the primary use of Energy is to supplement the result of a dice roll, on a 1:1 basis. One point of Energy would equate to one point added to the final result. For example, on a DC 20 check, if your result is 17, you could spend three Energy to bring it up to 20 and pass the test. Initially, you can only spend a maximum of 10 Energy in this way per turn, but as time goes on, you can spend more; in a mid-tier game, you can spend up to 15 Energy, and in a high-tier game, it's 20 Energy. Energy recovers much more quickly than health, usually at the end of a scene or after a minute remaining idle. Certain consumable items, like energy drinks, can augment your Energy reserves.

A very important distinction to make is how to treat spending Energy in your campaign, as this can greatly shift the overall style of the game. As GM, you have to decide whether a user is able to spend energy **before a test** or **after a test**. If a player is only able to spend energy before a test, then they must effectively wager some energy in order to improve on an impending test, win or lose; they would not be able to spend energy after the test, so what they roll is what they get. On the other hand, if the player is able to spend Energy after a test's roll, they can better ensure potentially passing a test and continuing the action without any hangups, especially since they know how much energy to spend to pass or improve on a test. In short, you should choose to have Energy be spent before a test

if you want more risk in your games, or after a test if you want your players to feel more awesome on the whole by more consistently passing tests.

Damage

Whether taking a direct hit from a rival in combat or as a result of a nasty spill, your character may suffer damage. To resist damage, roll a Stamina test against the incoming damage. In the case of falling damage from a vertical height, the Stamina roll opposes [height of the fall (in m) x 3]. In the case of wiping out at speed, resist against [Speed rank at time of fall x 5]. If both fall damage and wipeout damage are applicable, use both; you'll know a nasty fall when you see (or feel) one. Direct combat will be explained more in the combat section of the rules. Either way, whatever damage value is left over after subtracting the result of the Stamina roll is applied directly to your Health first; if there is no Health left or Health runs out in the middle of applying damage, then the remaining damage applies to your Energy instead.

Fear not, however! Just because you're out of Health doesn't mean you're out of action just yet. As long as you have Energy to spare, you can still function in the scene to a degree. Your Energy becomes your secondary health pool, and you can still perform all your actions, but you will be at a persistent -1 dicepool penalty to all tests. This is represented as running on fumes, or your body continuing to function only because your spirit refuses to let you fall. The same applies in reverse: if you run out of Energy but still have Health to spare, you can still function but still suffer the -1 modifier to all checks. This is represented as your character being totally gassed and exhausted.

If you run out of both Health and Energy, only then is your character out for the rest of the scene, having either passed out from exhaustion, fallen unconscious or otherwise been incapacitated for the remainder of the scene.

Complications

If you suffer at least half your maximum Health's worth of damage in a single blow, then bad things happen. These "bad things" are referred to as **complications**, and they can range anywhere from getting knocked loopy to breaking a bone or busting your gear somehow or some other thing that is no fun. Depending on the source of the damage, either the GM or your rival determines what may happen to you. It can mean anything, but generally speaking, there are three kinds of complications:

- *Stun:* Your character is stunned and generally unresponsive for a little bit. You got the wind knocked out of you, you can see little birdies floating around your head, you took a spill into a pile of garbage in an alley, and so on. A stunned character loses his next available action, which effectively means he misses his next turn. Stun doesn't stack.
- *Impairment:* Your character suffers a debilitation that affects their performance. You suffered a significant injury (broke a bone, pulled a muscle, suffered a concussion, etc.), lost your train of thought or generally can't think straight, or suffered some other impediment. You suffer a -1 dicepool modifier to all actions for the remainder of the scene. Further damage may exacerbate any impediments, and depending on the nature of it, the condition may linger after the scene is over.
- *Trouble:* Something unique or specific about your character comes back to bite you. For example, if your character is known to have a short temper, he may fly into a rage and be harder to control. Your gear might break, such as your skateboard snapping, one of the

wheels of your rollerblades popping off, or the frame of your bike getting warped. These complications are more varied and not as clear-cut, as they apply on an individual basis.

Modifiers & DCs

Modifiers to a given test can come from most anywhere if it makes sense in the context of the scene and the test and serves as a reasonable variable to affect the test. From the presence of ramps and current speed towards the height of your jump, to rain and snow towards your control and handling, to the availability of tools, a workspace and directions towards fixing an object, all of these can be considered reasonable modifiers, to say nothing of perks and the particulars of one's equipment. The potential variables that could exist are far too varied to list here, but there are easy rules of thumb for a GM to keep in mind when considering situational modifiers.

It must first be clarified, before anything else, that unless a particular rule or instance overtly says otherwise, the term "modifier" universally refers to bonus or penalty dice to a given dicepool. It does not refer to an explicit bonus or penalty to the actual result of a roll.

The rule of thumb is very straightforward. If a circumstance provides a favorable bonus, or if the character is at a slight advantage, add a +1 circumstance bonus to the dicepool. Alternately, if a circumstance provides a major bonus, or if the character is placed at a major advantage, add a +2 bonus to the dicepool. To reiterate:

- **A minor bonus grants +1 to the dicepool.**
- **A major bonus grants +2 to the dicepool.**

The nature of applying modifiers ultimately depends on the GM's playstyle, but usually, modifiers are cumulative. Multiple circumstances can affect a scenario in their own way, and considering these varied modifiers cumulatively can result in a net bonus on the overall test. For example, hopping up on a box to better jump up and grab a pole hanging overhead would be a +1 bonus, plus there is another +1 bonus because the jumper has springs in the soles of his shoes, giving him extra height; this results in a net +2 bonus.

Of course, not everything will always be going a player's way; a character may not be at a distinct advantage in a situation, or the fates may conspire against him to make his life harder. Depending on the sort of test involved, enhanced difficulty can be expressed in two ways: an **enhanced DC** or **penalty dice**.

In *VeloCITY,* the most forward and direct way to represent an increase in difficulty or complexity is to alter the DC of the test. After all, the DC represents overall difficulty of the task at hand, so presumably, a more difficult task necessitates a higher DC, or it may even change the nature of the test altogether. These difficulties can come up voluntarily or involuntarily. How to visualize the enhanced DC is to first consider the *base DC* of a given task, such as a Strength 15 check to perform an ollie or nollie (the basic jump on a skateboard or bike). If the player wants to change the ollie into a kickflip, that would not only add 5 to the DC of the test, but it would also change from a Strength test to an Agility test, since the kickflip is a more technical maneuver that involves more than just leg strength. If he wants to do a 180 Kickflip, which is adding an extra half-a-spin to the maneuver, that's another additional 5 DC to the test, making it an Agility 25 test now. If, at that point, the player both makes the test and has degrees of success to spare, then not only does he successfully pull off the 180 Kickflip he intended, but he can add an extra or two to the trick and make it even flashier than he planned for.

To recap:

1. Consider the DC of what the base action would be in a given test.
2. If outside circumstances or added complexity to the task would make it conceivably harder, change the DC accordingly, in much the same way as adding bonuses:
   - +1-5 DC for a minor difficulty
   - +6-10 DC for a major difficulty

Similarly to bonus dice to a dicepool, there can also be penalties to the dicepool. Rather than represent a circumstantial negative that makes a task inherently harder ala enhanced DC, penalty dice more represent changes in personal performance and details inherent to the character and his gear rather than the external situation. Common examples include the -1 fatigue penalty if either your Health or Energy pool is depleted before the other, as well as a situational penalty if a downside to your equipment comes up, such as a heavier bike frame lending to lower horizontal jumps. These are more directly apparent in dynamic tests, but they can still have an effect in a regular success test. Penalty dice can be discerned in a way roughly the same as with bonus dice:

- **A minor penalty grants -1 to the dicepool.**
- **A major penalty grants -2 to the dicepool.**

Example DCs

Apart from the rule-of-thumb DC values outlined previously in the **Success Test** section of Types of Tests, the following is a short list of example DC values as they mostly apply to tricks. This is to set a general benchmark for tests of this nature and to better envision the difficulty of certain actions. GMs are welcome to alter these values as they see fit to make the game easier or more difficult.

- **Jump/Ollie (universal):** Strength 15
- **Grind (universal) (e.g. 50-50, Mako, Soul, etc.):** Extended Balance 20, special
  - Grinding requires a rail or equivalent (bench, street curb, etc.).
  - Every individual degree of success (including passing the initial test) can either be applied normally, banked for Style, or used to increase speed by one rank (see **Speed** in Movement) apiece.
  - Add all degrees of success (including passing the initial test) to the DC of the grind next turn.
  - You may voluntarily break the grind at any time by jumping off or scooting off the rail.
- **Aerial Spin (180°) / Aerial Flip (one axis) / Aerial Grab (universal):** Agility 25
  - +1 DC for each additional spin in a single move
- **Wall-run/wall-ride (universal):** Balance 30
- **Aerial Pose (universal):** Agility 20
- **Boardflip (kickflip/heelflip; skateboard only):** Agility 25
- **Manual (skateboard) / Wheelie (rollerskates, bike):** Extended Balance 20, special
  - Similar to grinding, add all degrees of success (including passing the initial test) to the DC of the manual/wheelie next turn.
- **Vault (running):** Agility 20
- **Climb (running):** Extended Grit 20
- **Safety Roll (running):** Agility 20
  - Reduces fall damage by ½

Items, Equipment & Money

Items and equipment are many and varied in *VeloCITY*, and all have their place. From the gear you use to move, to energy drinks, to toolkits to help with repairs, to even the clothes on your back, all these items help make life easier one way or another. Naturally, these things can cost money or favors, but it's usually worth it in the end.

Equipment

Rudies are a clever sort known for thinking outside the box, so there's no hard way to define what exactly their equipment can do until it's actually used in a given manner. The most that can be initially done is to at least understand the core differences between what rollerskates, skateboards and bikes are capable of; this way, with a relative understanding, a mover's method of transportation is more easily understood. The bulk of these differences can be assumed from the Being a Mover section up in the Character rules. On top of that, there are several observations to be made that influence equipment performance in different situations, details to keep in mind when determining how to modify equipment or make rulings on performance in a particular situation. In a nutshell:

- Bikes have the highest overall top speed, followed by boards and skates, with runners bringing up the rear.
- Conversely, runners have the highest maneuverability and control, followed by boards and skates, with bikes having the most unwieldy handling.
- The faster you go, the harder it is to both maintain control and to slow down or stop. Better brakes (or learning how to bail out safely) can make a difference.
- The heavier your gear, the greater your speed and stability, but the less likely you'll be able to get airtime unless you're already at speed. Alternately, the lighter your gear, the more airtime, aerial control and acceleration you have.
- Better traction lends to better control. If the soles of a runner's shoes or the treads on a bike's wheels are flat as a pancake, it may be time to get them replaced. Gripping the road is key to overall control and handling on the ground.
- Every mover accelerates differently. Runners can choose their run speed at the drop of a hat. Skaters improve and maintain their stride to increase their speed. Skateboarders get a burst of speed every time they kick off the ground, but they can bleed speed depending on how level the ground is; a boarder coasts more often than he accelerates. Bikes require a strong initial effort to get started, but once they start, it's hard to stop them, and acceleration gets easier over time. Since a turn lasts three seconds, assume that unless there are averse conditions (moving up a hill, etc.), any mover can accelerate to their speed of choice within that three seconds.
- On the other hand, there are multiple ways for movers to come to a stop. Runners can slow down quicker than the others, coming to a stop when their momentum runs out. Skaters, boarders and bikers can skid to a stop in an emergency by twisting their wheels to bleed speed quickly. Bikes (and many rollerblades) have the courtesy of proper brakes to slow down, while boarders can skid their accelerating foot on the ground to slow down safely. It goes without saying that hitting an obstacle will stop you sooner.
- Runners have the lowest profile of all the movers, followed by skaters and boarders. Bikers have the highest profile, meaning their bikes may not go everywhere and may not be permitted indoors. There are collapsible variants of bikes (and some boards and skates) for

an even lower profile and improved portability.

Keeping these and other observations in mind are critical when it comes to eyeballing overall performance of a piece of gear. That said, there is an easy way to keep track of differences in similar gear, to compare benchmarks. The beginning gear every character receives at the start of the game is baseline in all mannerisms unique to that equipment (skates act like stereotypical skates, boards like boards and bikes like bikes), along with all the previous observations made between them. From a mechanical perspective, it is a +0 pair of sneakers/rollerblades/skateboard/bike in all respects. To make a modification to gear, such as replacing the treads on a bike's wheels with a stronger, heavy-duty design, adds a bonus in particular circumstances, not unlike Perks. In the previous example, the improved treads would add a +1 bonus to all handling tests on the bike, since improved traction leads to improved controls. There are also more esoteric modifications, like adding rockets to your skates or a hang glider to the back of your bike, but that's its own can of worms.

Note that some modifications may have trade-offs in other places. For example, lightening the frame may shorten your acceleration time, but it may make the frame more fragile and more prone to damage and warping if you take a severe knock. Buying a particular piece of equipment may have some of these modifications built in, as it's an overall higher quality than comparable pieces. Alternately, modifying your gear yourself also improves the overall quality of the equipment as well. Also note that there will be gear out there that is notably inferior to your own, be it produced of low-quality materials, shoddy workmanship, or damaged beyond repair.

Naturally, modifying gear yourself will require the right tools and materials, as well as knowledge of the modification in question. That, or you can take the gear to someone who knows how to do the work and can do it himself, but it may cost money or services for him to take the job. If gear is damaged beyond repair, you may as well buy a replacement.

Of course, there's other equipment outside of what you use to move around, generally extra tools to make life a little easier out in the field. Naturally, wearing safety equipment (helmet, knee/elbow pads, arm guards, etc.) protect you from damage by boosting your resistance to it; a full suit of safety gear is +2 to the Stamina test for damage resistance, while an incomplete set is +1. A runner may be wearing gecko gloves, gloves with strong adhesive technology that lets them climb objects more easily than when they would by themselves. A crowbar is good for busting open crates if you need other supplies, to say nothing of serving as a melee weapon. Grappling hooks help you catch onto a higher-elevated surface and pull yourself up. MP3 players or smartphones play your favorite music and help keep you in touch with others, respectively.

Consumables

Beyond equipment that has a more permanent place on your character's person, there are also **consumables**, items that are consumed or triggered once and then discarded afterwards. This includes food (recovers Energy and some Health), energy drinks (increases your Energy reserves before a scene but leads to a "crash" afterwards in the next scene, where you have even less energy than you did previously for a short while), maintenance oil (helps maintain your gear during downtime), and paint (mostly cans of spray-paint, used to paint your masterpieces out in the world). These items are one-and-done, so if you have a habit of using these items repeatedly, make sure you stock up on them ahead of time.

You can also find consumables out in the field on occasion as **power-ups**, and depending on the power-up, you might receive a particular bonus to certain actions or statuses, like improved speed, improved power, improved jump height and so on. Treat these as extra bonuses that last for a

set number of turns before they wear off. If you're playing a more arcade-style game, consider strewing power-ups here and there. The same can apply to other items, like cans of paint or health pickups that either trigger instantly or go into your inventory for the scene.

Money

The official currency of *VeloCITY* is the **dollar ($)**, not unlike United States Dollars (USD). Velo City is a community with a global presence, but most have the courtesy to employ a common currency. That said, most everything bought in the city can be valued at real world prices. When in doubt, look it up online. That said, here are some prices for common items useful to a rudie. For items with fluctuating prices, assume the baseline model of the item, assume the whole thing is fully assembled, and assume that the higher the price, the better the quality.

- Sneakers: $25-75+
- Rollerblades: $50-100+
- Skateboard: $100-150+
- Bicycle (beach cruiser): $200+
- Bicycle (BMX): $225+
- Fast food meal: $5+
- Energy drink: $3
- Can of spray paint: $1-5
- Toolkit: $40-50+
- Safety gear (helmet): $20-40+
- Safety gear (pads): $20+

When modifying a piece of equipment or buying an improved piece of hardware, add a fraction of the price to the base value of the item, usually one-fourth (¼) the value per upgrade. Reselling an item is usually worth only half the original price.

Movement

Getting around in the world of *VeloCITY* is designed to be fluid and freeform. There are countless ways to get from point A to point B, and there's plenty to look at along the way. How you get where you want to go is up to you. It goes without saying that it helps to know what's around you and what you have to work with.

A particular scene or piece of a scene can occur in a geographical section, sometimes called **zones** or something similar. Zones can be as large or as small as narrative necessitates, allowing for varied granularity. It can be from a small stretch of street to an entire rooftop to a steep sloping hill to a long stretch of sewer piping. These zones are attached to each other one way or another and flow into each other. That is, there is a common detail between zones that allows a way to commute between those zones, such as a road, sidewalk, a pipe to grind on, stairs, a half-pipe, walls, and so on. These connections between zones are often referred to as **lines**. By using these lines, one can transition between zones.

It falls to the GM to describe these zones as fully as possible, as any particular detail can be exploited by a clever enough player. Apart from sounds and sights, the description should go over notable set pieces, like the storefront of a trendy women's fashion store or the statue of a faithful dog in the center of a pavilion. Further, these set pieces can serve as obstacles or landmarks, which may require a check to navigate around or use. For example, a bustling street-side grocer's market with

numerous stalls is a common hallmark in chase scenes; they can be navigated around, vaulted over or through, or just plain knocked to the side while barreling past. You could throw crates of fruit in the road and force others to navigate around them or jump over them.

All in all, a zone should be notable for its set pieces and points of entry and exit, no matter how obscure. If a player is clever, he can make his own exit whether by climbing to the roof of a building or clearing a particular gap.

Speed

Rather than keep track of hard numbers like miles-per-hour or a general score to track speed, acceleration, handling and so on, *VeloCITY* handles things relatively. That is, rather than a hard speed value, your character's speed at any given time is measured on a relative 0-10 scale, each number representing roughly the equivalent speed. There is variance therein of what can qualify as a particular speed rank, but these are suggested guidelines.

Making Speed applicable to the overall game mechanics is optional, but straightforward. For any particular action you perform, there is an optimal Speed at which the action can be performed most efficiently while remaining safe, a "par Speed." For example, taking a sharp 90° turn on foot probably has a par Speed of 4. Depending on the test, taking the test at a Speed rank above or below that par Speed will affect the DC of the test by ±5/rank. So, if taking that turn is par 4, but you're walking along at speed rank 1, that's -15 to the DC of the test to take that turn. Then again, you probably wouldn't be making a test like that at a speed that slow, would you?

	Running	Skating	Boarding	Biking
0	Stationary; no movement			
1	Slow walk	Slow roll, next to no power		
2	Brisk walk	Easy roll/stride	Easy roll, coasting	Easy roll, slowest pedal
3	Power walk/jogging	Modest roll, casual stride	Modest roll, odd kick	Modest roll, light pedal
4	Running (50%)	Moderate roll/stride	Moderate roll, kicks	Moderate roll, pedal
5	Running (75%)	Strong stride	Strong kicks	Semi-casual pedal
6	Sprinting (100%)	Full stride	Full kicks	Brisk pedal
7	---	Sprinting stride	Repeated full kicks	Strong pedal
8	---	---	---	Full pedal
9	---	---	---	Sprinting pedal

Dynamic Action

Getting to the action itself is very straightforward in *VeloCITY*: just go out and do it. Run around with your friends, start busting out tricks, and just get where you want to go, assuming you have a place to go at all. You'll usually have to make checks to get around, all of which are previously elaborated on, but in a scene without any pressure, you have all the time in the world to work on your tricks and moving. The system is meant to ease in and out of action scenes rather seamlessly as well as accommodate various actions. That said, direct competition or combat is sometimes inevitable, so on top of the standard actions you perform in any other action scene, there are a few regulations that outline a dynamic scene.

Turns & Actions

When time becomes relevant, the pace of the game is measured by turns. A **turn**, otherwise known as a **beat**, is the standard by how the game measures passage of time for the purpose of actions. A turn lasts three seconds, give or take, so when considering actions to perform in a turn, consider how much you can do within the span of three seconds.

There are three kinds of actions that can be performed in a turn. A **standard action** is a significant, complex action; these include tricks, spraying (at least part of) a tag, attacking, using complex objects, and other similarly complex actions. A **move action** is a simple, light-weight action that often, as the name implies, has to do with movement or other actions that take a similar amount of time; a move action can involve moving around within a zone, moving between zones, making an action test specifically as part of a movement action, changing your speed whether accelerating or braking, standing up, drawing/stowing items, picking up an object, and other similar actions. A **free action** is an action that takes next to no effort and has an overall minor impact on the events of a turn; a free action can be talking, dropping an item, dropping prone and similar actions.

A normal turn has one of every action, that is, one standard action, one move action, and one free action. The standard action can be traded out for a move action, meaning you may have two move actions and a free action instead. Standard and move actions can normally only be used during your turn, but your free action can be used at any time, even when it's not your turn. You may also trade move actions in for free actions if you choose.

In addition, you may also act in direct reaction to another's action, known as a **reaction**. For example, if someone places a hand on your character's shoulder without warning, you can take a reaction to pull a textbook *seoi nage* (judo shoulder throw) and dump the other guy on his back; if a partner tosses you a spare can of paint, you can use your reaction to catch it. As the name assumes, you can only use a reaction as a direct answer to another action made elsewhere that is within reason for you to act upon; usually, this can be ruled as an action equivalent to the action being reacted upon. A reaction can apply to actions that both do and do not directly interact with you. You only have one reaction per turn, but depending on how dynamic you want the game to be, you can have as many reactions as your game desires, such as based on the number of people in a given scene or zone.

Team Tests

Independence and freedom are cornerstones to the life of a rudie, but to many, friendship and camaraderie are just as important. If you wish to assist another with an action or test, or if you'd like to combine forces for a tandem attack or team tricks and techniques, then you'll want to use a **team test**, alternately known as an *aid another* action or an *assistance test*.

First, designate the primary individual in the team effort; he will make the test normally. Meanwhile, the other members of the team make the exact same test except at a DC 15 instead of whatever the DC or opposed value would be. All the degrees of success, including passing the test, from each helper is totaled together. Passing the test nets the primary actor +1 die to his dicepool for the test. Three or more total degrees of success afterwards grants +2 dice instead of +1. Every successive two degrees of success after that add an extra die to the primary actor's pool.

For example, if two people are helping someone pull open the giant shutter to a warehouse, the primary actor would be chosen to roll the Grit 22 test as normal. Meanwhile, his two partners roll Grit tests as well, except the helpers' tests are at DC 15 instead of the DC 22 of the original test. One helper rolls a 20, while the other rolls a 25. Since at least one helper passed the DC 15 test, the

primary actor gets the +1 dicepool bonus from the help. All other passed tests and degrees of success are totaled together. Since the first helper had one degree, and the other helper had two degrees plus passing the test, the helpers generate a supplemental net total of (1+3) = 4 degrees, which is good for another bonus die to the primary's pool but not enough for one more. Now the primary actor has two extra dice to help make his Grit 22 check, making this a Team Grit 22 test.

Opposition & Combat

In the event that it becomes relevant that characters perform actions relative to each other, **initiative** should be rolled. Rolling initiative is a Reaction test, with the best scores going first and working their way down from there. If there is a tie, then those characters act simultaneously. From there, the game progresses by turns, with each player acting in the initiative order. A player may choose to delay his turn until a time of his choosing; he will be moved down the initiative order accordingly. From there, the game proceeds on a turn-by-turn basis, following the rules for actions laid out previously, but otherwise similarly to any other point in the game.

Direct combat in *VeloCITY* is no different from any other series of tests, except there's a particular order to the tests. In an action scene, combat can be entered and broken seamlessly. This can often be pictured as sweeping in low to tackle someone from the side or racing neck-and-neck with someone and throwing a punch in mid-stride to throw off the other. Spontaneous combat is known as a **skirmish**. Protracted combat among multiple individuals is truthfully not much more than a series of skirmishes where initiative is rolled ahead of time if it hasn't already, with the extra rule that for every successive defense action a person takes over the course of a single turn, that is, if a person is attacked multiple times before his next turn, the defender suffers a -1 cumulative modifier to defense tests (not damage resistance tests) for each defense after the first.

A skirmish is composed of two parts, both of which are dynamic tests: the **attack test** and the **damage test**. When skirmishing, the aggressor rolls her attack stat of choice to first hit the enemy; this is almost always either Coordination for melee attacks or Aim for ranged attacks. Apply any to-hit bonuses at this point. If, assuming a courtesy Awareness test is failed, he doesn't know the attack is coming – at which point it counts as a **surprise attack** – the defender cannot choose how to defend himself. On the other hand, if he does know it's coming, the defender can choose to defend against the attack in one of three ways (four if you count "do nothing"): *guard*, *dodge* and *counter*.

- A defender who chooses to **guard** against the attack attempts to tank the blow as best he can, either by putting his guard up or maneuvering to absorb the blow elsewhere. The defender doesn't roll during the attack test, but he gets a guard bonus during the damage test equal to half his Body rounded up.
- A defender who chooses to **dodge** the attack tries to avoid the attack altogether, be it by breaking off the skirmish, ducking and weaving to slip around it, or any other relatively tricky maneuver to sidestep the attack; dodging also includes parrying attacks. He rolls Reaction in the attack test, and if he succeeds, the attack whiffs completely for no damage. If he fails, he resists damage normally.
- A defender who chooses to **counter** the attack intends to stuff the aggressor's attack with his own attack; one of the most iconic images of the counter is the cross counter in boxing. The defender rolls his own to-hit test similar to the aggressor, with the winner of the dynamic test scoring a first strike against the other and the loser resisting damage at a penalty. Not all attacks can be countered.

If the aggressor wins the attack check (or the defender in the case of a counter), note the

degrees of success on that check. After a successful attack check, the damage test commences. The aggressor rolls his damaging stat; for virtually all melee attacks and most ranged attacks (except for guns and the like – those attacks not influenced directly by stats will have a flat result value attached to them instead of a stat to roll), that stat is Strength. Add the degrees of success from the previous attack test, if any, to the damage test as an equivalent dicepool bonus (e.g. one degree on the attack check is +1 on the damage check). Further, add any damage bonus you get from weapons to your pool if any. The defender rolls Stamina to resist damage, similar to the **Damage** subsection in <u>Health & Energy</u>; any armor bonuses received from gear would apply here, as well as any damage resistance perks if they apply. If the defender chose to counter during the attack test, then whoever lost the attack test – be it the aggressor or the defender – rolls *half his damage resistance pool (rounded up)* instead of the entire pool; if he chose to guard, he adds half his Body score rounded up to the original resistance test. If the defender's Stamina roll beats the attacker's damage roll, he takes no damage. If the damage roll beats the resistance roll, calculate the difference between the result values for both damage and resistance (e.g. [35 attack] – [20 resist] = 15). Then, note the degrees of success between the opposing scores; for every two degrees of success, double the value taken from the previous subtraction operation (e.g. 3 degrees = x2 multiplier; 15 x 2 = 30). That number is the final damage value and is applied directly to the defender's Health (or Energy, if there's no Health remaining). As an optional rule, the defender should make one last test: a Balance check to stay upright after taking the hit, with the DC being the amount of damage he took.

If the attacker chooses to tie up an enemy with a **grapple** instead of attack directly, then resolve the attack test as normal, but replace the damage test with the grapple test, which is a Grit vs. Grit dynamic test. If the defender wins, the grapple is resisted (or outright reversed at 3+ degrees of success). If the attacker wins, the defender is grappled. Ranged grapple tests can be made with whips and the like, using the same test. The grappler may then, on his next turn, choose to either maintain the grapple with another grapple test, do damage by making a damage test as above at half damage, or throw them away/down with a Strength vs. Grit test, doing damage similar to wiping out (see **Damage** in <u>Health & Energy</u>). As an optional rule, if either or both parties engaged in the grapple are on wheels, make Balance checks every turn to maintain the grapple, lest either party lose footing and flop over.

To recap combat:
1. **Initiative** (Reaction)
2. **Attack test**: attack (Coordination/Aim) vs. defense (guard/dodge/counter)
   - *Guard: N/A*
   - *Dodge: Reaction*
   - *Counter: Attack*
3. **Damage test**: damage (Strength/other) + [degrees from attack] vs. resistance (Stamina)
   - *Guard: Stamina + ½ Body (round up)*
   - *Dodge: Stamina if defender lost attack, N/A if defender won*
   - *Counter: Stamina, cut pool in ½ (round up)*
4. **Damage = [dmg. result – resist result], x2 per two degrees of success on dmg. Test**
- **Defender: Balance [damage value]** *(optional)*
- **Grapple test**: instead of damage test, Grit vs. Grit; see paragraph for details

Character Progression

Life is a series of meaningful experiences: learning lessons, leaving impressions, growing stronger, and generally being better and more interesting than you were yesterday. In *VeloCITY*, it's no different. Your character grows over time, growing stronger, faster, smarter, and more aware than before, and it's important to represent this progression.

After any given session or the end of a story arc, the GM awards **karma**, good fortune juju that functions as experience points. Depending on your character's actions, you earn karma; the chart above is a good framework for awarding karma, although naturally, your GM may have his own criteria with handing them out.

Improving your character is straightforward: if you wish to buy up the next rank of a Stat or Substat, you must spend double the next rank's worth of karma. For example,

Karma Awards	
Situation	**Karma**
Completed the adventure	1
Fulfilled most given objectives	1
Particularly brave, smart, or stylish	1 or 2
Good roleplaying	1 or 2
Took charge, pushed the story along	1
Left an impression on others	1
Right skills, right place, right time	1
Impressed group with humor/drama	1 or 2
Trick of the day	1

to go from 4 to 5 Body, you need to spend 10 karma (5x2). From 5 to 6, it'll be 12 karma, and so on. If you want to buy the first rank in a new substat you haven't yet invested in, it will take a bit more effort than usual; a first rank will cost [(core stat x 2) + 1] karma. For example, if you want to gain your first rank in Streetwise and you have 3 Mind, it will cost you 7 karma ([3x2]+1). The sooner you get started on a new skill (whether in character generation or otherwise), the better.

There are also other purchases you can make with karma to further spruce up your character. For one, you can spend ten (10) karma to buy a new Perk of your design (see the Perks section of <u>Character Creation</u> for more information). Also, with fifteen (15) karma (and a little practice), you can reduce the proficiency penalty of one of your non-native movement styles by one rank. For example, if you chose to be a native blader at the beginning of the game, you would've received a -2 penalty for any intensive running, boarding or biking tests. With 15 karma, you can reduce that penalty to -1 for one of your styles; spending another 15 karma on that same style would reduce the penalty to 0, meaning you would now be just as good at this second style as your native style (you cannot go beyond 0). If you're patient, you can spend 25 karma to reduce the penalty in all non-native styles by one rank at the same time.

"Reputation"

  Velo City, like any upstanding metropolis, is a city that never sleeps, especially on the weekend. After a long week's work, everyone finally gets a chance to kick back and really enjoy themselves. There are few places where this is more apparent than Momentum, one of the most famous clubs in the city. One of the many beach-front nightclubs that look out over the inlets or the ocean, the whole street feels like it was ripped right from South Beach in Miami. Flashing neon lights, loud thumping techno and dance music and a sea of bodies greets those who want to get into a real wild scene, and it's not just because it's a major rudie hangout, either.

  This is not just a place to unwind all the stress built up over the week by bumping and grinding the night away. This is a place to really mingle, to rub shoulders with big names in the local scene, to catch a big break or at least a hottie's number. Sometimes it's by chance, and sometimes it's by design. But no matter what, there's always something to see and do.

  Tonight, Hot Rod was feeling lucky.

  Hot Rod was a local biker – REAL local. "Lives in an apartment three blocks down from Momentum" local. He only recently got his feet wet in the extreme sports hoopla, taking his bike for a spin to the local parks, just trying things out. He had the basics down, at least, and he was growing more confident with each trick he landed. No one said building cred was easy. But today was the weekend, and that means it's party time. He may not have been a rudie for long, but he was definitely a regular at Momentum, and he felt that was enough.

  Naturally, the line was long, but once he slinked in with his oversized red tee, cargo shorts, tan boots and Red Sox cap, the atmosphere hit him like a wall, like it always did. The bass was explosive, the colors were swirling in the ambient light, and there were people EVERYWHERE. He even had to dodge bumping into a small mob of guys in extra-fancy red(?) suits making their way out of the club, obviously irritable about something. Who dresses in two- or three-piece suits at the club, anyway?

  A hand stroked his blond goatee on his slightly angular face. Now that he thought about it, Hot Rod was starting to notice a trend. Before, when he came to Momentum, he reveled in the mob of people and concerned himself with the atmosphere more than anything. Now that he was a rudie and starting to learn the lay of the land, he was beginning to notice the different cliques that gathered together, a certain dynamic to the crowd. Some of them shared a similar motif or clothing style, and some just naturally stuck together, whether on the floor, in the various booths on the floor, at the bar, or even on the upper levels of the club overhead.

  Well, that was neither here nor there. Hot Rod was here to party. Putting on his best Party Boy impersonation (which lined up nicely with the current bass track), he pelvic-thrust-skipped his way onto the dance floor itself, his inner goof launching him into the fray. There was very little sense of personal space on the floor, and everyone looked hot to trot. Guidos in wifebeaters and sunglasses were fist-pumping and jumping around, thugs and "gangstas" had their bling on them while holding bottles of wine and just bobbing in place, and the girls – the GIRLS – were all over. Some were better-dressed for a rave with their dark, esoteric clothing and neon-dyed hair as they danced in a daze with strange hand patterns. Others were real party girls with exceedingly flattering clothes complementing (or not, in some cases) their figures; some skirts on that dance floor were more like belts than skirts. They were the ones dancing and looking sexy, shimmying this way and that, bumping and grinding on others. "Sex on the dance floor" seemed a real possibility at times, and Hot Rod couldn't help but be a

little eager about it.

Speak of the devil, there's one right in front of him.

Catching his eye naught a few feet away was a real bombshell, with long brunette hair, leg warmers, ripped-up elbow gloves, an O-ring top, and a skirt that just barely makes clearance, all with a pink motif, absolutely rocking out on the floor. A wide smile crossed her face, a woman delighted with herself and living in the moment. What's more, she seemed to be by herself: no obvious friends lurked nearby, and no other guy seemed particularly possessive around her.

Hod Rod finally had a target.

With the grace that can be expected of a partying frat boy, the biker shimmied up next to her, the thumping bass rumbling beneath the floor. He caught his timing with the beat behind the techno sound and got into a groove, dancing around and in the bombshell's general direction. She seemed to pick up on his movements and gave him a once-over. Instead of sauntering off somewhere else, she actually grinned and motioned him closer with a wriggle of her finger. How a woman like her could be so receptive of him, he wasn't sure, but he wasn't about to complain. The two promptly invaded each other's personal space and started dancing on and around each other. She turned herself around to bump and grind with him, her rump pushing against him; he placed his hands on her hips, and she didn't reject him. They continued dancing together for the duration of the song.

Is this a dream?

As one song ended and shifted into a new, lower-tempo beat, Hot Rod's confidence got the better of him and spurred him on to actually try and talk to this girl. How much could it hurt?

"You come here often?" Hot Rot shouted over the music.

"All the time!" the girl shouted back. "I love it here!"

"Awesome!" The two shuffled around each other a little more. "What's your name?!"

"Call me Vix!" she replied. "Like 'vixen,' y'know?!"

"Rockin'! Folks call me Hot Rod!"

"Is that 'cuz you're fast, or you got some other hot rod you wanna show me?" She shot a wicked look.

"Little o' column A, little o' column B, you might say!"

'Vix' laughed. "I like you! You're pretty cool! Wanna get a booth?"

For real? "For real?"

"What can I say? You're kinda cute."

"Works for me!" Hot Rod and his new spontaneous date, Vix, soon started to shuffle off the dance floor, not to be unnoticed by a couple of people. Eventually, the two settled into a wide velvet bench of a booth with a table in front of them and a large back to hold the both of them up. The two got to talking now that things had quieted down a little, and Hot Rod was very pleased with what he saw. She loved to party and have a good time, and she even said she was a bit of a skater, too.

"You wanna see something cool?" Vix remarked. Hot Rod nodded. She promptly leaned very close to him and tugged down on her already-small top with a hand, exposing almost the entirety of her left breast. Atop her breast was a tattoo Hot Rod hadn't noticed before (it's a wonder how; maybe the lighting): a large Old-English-stylized upper-case "S" colored scarlet; it stood out against her relatively pale white skin. She looked awfully proud of it, and she didn't appear to have any qualms showing off most of her body as it was. Naturally, Hot Rod was enamored at the sight.

"Wow, that IS cool," Hot Rod exhaled. "What's it stand for?"

Vix leaned up into Hot Rod's face, getting dangerously close. "Wouldn't you like to know?" she whispered with a sexy drawl.

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Oh yeah, she's into it.

"How about we head back to my place later tonight and...hang out?" Hot Rod suggested, taking a stab in the dark. "Afterwards, we can head to the skate park tomorrow from my place. I can show you a few things, eh?"

"Aren't we an eager beaver?" Vix chuckled. "Tell ya what. Pull our your phone." Reaching a hand beneath the rim of her skirt on her hip, she slid out her own smartphone: pink with a few jeweled studs shaped like a daisy. Expertly navigating through her phone, she tapped the back of her phone to Hot Rod's, and the NFC sent him a link to a website. "I'm gonna go freshen up in the bathroom. If you wanna know what you're in for tonight, I suggest you take a look at this. Consider it a...preview of what's to come." She leered at him with a long gaze before sidling out of the booth. "Be right back, stud." She sauntered off towards the bathroom with a noticeable sashay to her step.

Hot Rod looked at the shortened URL she provided. A highlight reel of her "conquests?" Or maybe an amateur video of her skating skills. This was getting better and better by the moment. Without wasting a moment, he navigated to the link. It took him to a privately-hosted video link.

*"**Spice Inauguration – Vixen**"*

Hot Rod's eyes widened. This was a highlight reel showing that same girl he was talking to, pulling off the most absurd and insane tricks he'd even seen someone on a pair of rollerblades pull off. One trick in particular – noted to be her ultimate "initiation trick," that which ultimately saw her inducted – was her taking a ramp and grinding directly up the length of a full-sized flagpole, grabbing near the top, performing a full pole-dancing routine, then promptly grinding back down the pole again onto a dismount ramp. The whole time, she had a giant grin on her face as she twisted and contorted through her tricks.

Each highlight reel was broken up with more down-to-earth footage showing off more of Vixen's character, generally her being a flirt and loving to play to the crowd with her sexy angle, whether it's doing a hot dance, blowing kisses to the audience, or even tugging her skirt down slightly to flash her panties to several leering guys. And each piece of footage was talked over and broken up by several talking heads, each of them remarking about Vixen's style and qualifications and why her induction into Spice is deserved; they mention her being a prodigy, with great flexibility and a sense of daring. She is a "wild girl" tied down to nothing. The girl is fearless, and she lives for the moment in everything she does. She makes everything she does look absolutely smoking hot; it's important to note, they say, that one does not receive an invitation to Spice on looks alone, though it's her "showmanship" that leaves a lasting impact on many a crowd.

That's when Hot Rod finally remembered what Spice was.

That's when Hot Rod finally realized what that giant red "S" tattoo on her breast stood for.

Hot Rod's jaw dropped, right as Vix slinked her way back into the booth, draping herself across Hot Rod's lap and chest and sitting herself directly on top of him, her legs spread wide to lock Hot Rod against the seat. A lascivious look gleamed in her eye as she leaned up and bit his earlobe a little. Hot Rod gulped.

*"If you think I'm a wild thing tonight," she whispered low, "just you wait until we hit the park tomorrow. Then I'll show you how wild I can **really** be."*

About Velo City: Go Where You Wanna Go

Now that you know who you are and what you can do, it's time to explore where you can potentially go and who you could potentially meet in the default setting of the artificial island metropolis, Velo City. As mentioned, Velo City is built on an artificial island somewhere in the Pacific Ocean. It's in a temperate zone where the summers are blazing hot while the winters are snowy white. It's a bright and colorful city with characters of all shapes, sizes and manners of every walk of life. The map further in this section is an easy reference for particular areas of note and the overall layout of the city.

Keep in mind that this entire chapter is optional: Velo is what you make of it. You may have different gangs in your city, or the layout of the city is different from what is shown. Hell, your game may not even occur in Velo City at all. Maybe you're in a preexisting metropolis such as New York City or Tokyo or even a city of your own design, with your own tone and themes behind it. Whatever the case, as long as you make the city yours and can stage adventures in it, it doesn't matter where your game takes place.

Meet the Natives: Gangs of Velo

The following is a running list of most of the biggest gangs of rudies in Velo City. These are gangs with known personas, major street presence and who generally hold a fair bit of territory. These are the heavy movers and shakers of the city, and if any rudie with ambition wants to get to the top, he'll have to pass by at least one of these gangs first. There are countless smaller gangs all over, each varying in size and methodology, but they will not be listed here; you can create your own gangs. Keep in mind that there is no proclivity towards any particular brand of movement when it comes to what sort of movers make up these gangs.

Bibliotheque: Bookworms and intellectuals of all stripes, Bibliotheque is a neutral gang of historians and librarians that run the library and forum of St. Altitude's Archives. While not without their own style and flair, Bibliotheque is a, well, bookish sort, a guild of philosophers, theorists, teachers and archivists that prefer to keep to their books and don't get involved in gang politics. They impartially chronicle the history of Velo City and help organize events and competitions around the city, for fun and to give opportunities to others. The archives themselves are neutral ground, and aggression will not be tolerated in the presence of learning, not just because other gangs will jump to their defense. If someone wants to know anything about anything, they should consult with Bibliotheque first, as they are always on the hunt for new knowledge. Donations are always welcome.

Big Nasties: As repugnant and vicious as their name implies, the Big Nasties are a band of rampaging brutes and bullies that sow chaos anywhere they go. Decked out in their patchwork gear and with no regard for boundaries, they possess the subtlety, grace and intelligence of a rampaging bull at a rodeo, trashing whatever is in their way and raising all kinds of hell. As the name implies, most Big Nasties are large and in charge, built heavier and tougher than most other gangers, and the only thing they respect is strength. Although they're known to hang out at a run down carnival, it's believed that their real home base is somewhere in the myriad intricate sewers of Velo, the labyrinthine pipes connecting every corner of the city and used to navigate around the island; it

explains the smell.

Black Roses: Self-styled "champions of love," the Black Roses are an all-female gang that roams the city spreading love and beauty while dispensing justice towards those deserving of their womanly fury. Some call them "high-caliber feminists" while others just call them "she-woman man-haters" or even "bitches" for short, but their style emphasizes their personal beauty and equality for all; indeed, the Black Roses pride themselves on their beauty, sometimes to vicious effect. Many members are jilted lovers and hopeless romantics, so they have no love for those with no regard for love, especially those who broke their own heart; woe be to the man who cheats on someone and finds their ex-lover petitioning the Black Roses for payback or – worse – becoming a member themselves. They love attention and adoration, many considering them the "idols of Velo," and it's this attention they will bitterly defend at any cost, all while still espousing the ideals of love, friendship and camaraderie.

Bodhisattvas: Following a "higher path" in life, the Bodhisattvas blend street sensibilities and style with Buddhist and Hindu principles and ideals, creating a humbling blend of street spirituality, sometimes referred to as the "Tao of the Street." They seek enlightenment in all things and hope to spread their teachings to others so as to uplift and reach a state of zen. The Bodhisattvas are friendly by nature and will only act in defense when others attack them, as they preach peace over conquest; indeed, seeking asylum among their number is common among those looking to lay low. Their primary base of operations is the Shangri-La Spa, but there are numerous smaller "shrines" and "temples" dotted around Velo that they make their own.

High Fliers: Compared to many of the other gangs, the High Fliers are as "average" a gang as they come. Coming exclusively out of the Skyhigh Apartments, the High Fliers, as their name insinuates, are professionals at getting big air and living with their head in the clouds. Give them a ramp, and they'll jump it. Set a gap between buildings, and they'll jump that, too. What sets them apart from many rudies is their overall civility; they're honestly a bunch of nice guys, most brought up in good homes and genteel in mannerisms. Some might call them spoiled suburbanites (even though they live out of an apartment complex), but that doesn't bother them much. Their specialty is competitions and contests; if a rudie wants to make their name by "going pro," they should expect to deal with the High Fliers.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES: VELO CITY GANG TAGS

Pictured: The shorthand tags of all the major gangs in Velo City (barring Spice), used to mark territories or to just lay down in a hurry. Credit to Anonymous.

Rosenkrantz: The embodiment of the word "fancy," Rosenkrantz is arguably the most eccentric of the big gangs, which is really saying something. Reveling in gothic Victorian fashion and style, they act less like a gang and more like a noble house and theater troupe, with gaudy dresses, plenty of makeup, masquerade masques, and chiseled men with rippling physiques and perpetually-unbuttoned shirts. Whether dressed as classic highwaymen or the noble elite, as duchesses or jesters, Rosenkrantz is a band of hopeless romantics (in the classical sense) that exalts in old fashion, the classical arts and a flair for the dramatic like no other gang. They especially have a love of theater, belting out sonnets at the drop of a hat or even putting on grand performances that others can enjoy, like orchestra concerts, theater plays, and other acts. Comedy, romance, drama: it's all art to them. Like their style may imply, Rosenkrantz is generally an honorable group and can make for great allies; to get on a Rosenkrantz's good side, one needs to impress her, and to impress a Rosenkrantz, one has to put on a show.

Spice: The most unorthodox of the gangs, it's safer to say that Spice isn't actually a gang at all than anything else. Spice is a loose, highly-exclusive Internet fraternity of the best and brightest rudies and tricksters in Velo City, possibly the world. Only the sickest tricks and the biggest air net one acknowledgment by the organization. Spice cares naught for politics or gang allegiance; individual performance is all that matters. Entry into the elite guild is invitation-only, and to be a member (colloquially a "Spicer") is to be known as one among a small fraternity of the absolute best in the city. They also run competitions once in a while, which are – of course – invite-only; to receive an invite to a Spice Invitational competition is a big deal and a great honor.

Street Force: It's a fact of life that try as they might, the brave men and women of the Velo City Police Department can't keep up with all the rudies and daredevils in their city; that's where Street Force comes in, those who believe in creating a safe, lawful Velo City by any means necessary. Street Force is a gang of vigilantes not (officially) endorsed by the VCPD, acting mostly independently of the
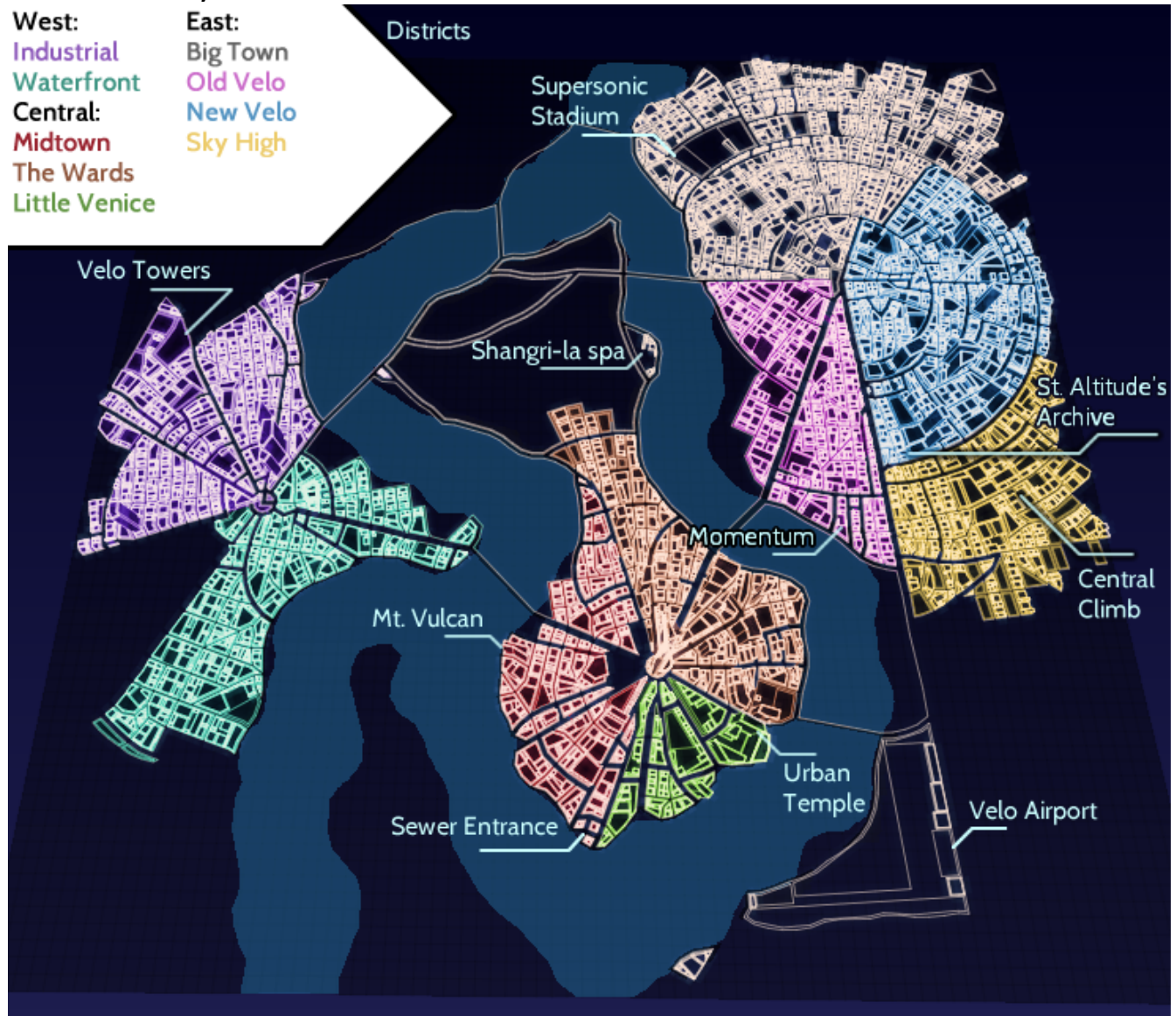
police force and aiming to enforce law and order in Velo by using the rudies' own tricks against them. Despite their claim "to serve and protect," they are a vicious gang that goes where other cops don't go and do things other cops wouldn't. Many times, they are accused of excessive force and illegitimate targeting, but Street Force waves this off as unappreciative of the dispensing of what they believe is justice. As they align themselves with the law, they will almost never directly oppose the VCPD; "pig-lover" is a common epithet against them.

Urban Tribals: The Urban Tribals are a hodgepodge mix of street style and new-age spirituality exalting in nature. The story goes that the original Urban Tribals were a small colony of homeless people squatting in a temple near the mouth of a major sewage access pipe (that still stands and serves as their main headquarters today) that were taught to be rudies by the new daredevils coming to the city. Embracing their surrounding style and themes, they cleaned up their rags, added intricate tribal tattoos, and took up a form of spirituality that can best be approximated as Native American shamanism or that of some other ancient civilization. Many also carry walking sticks or other long poles that they use as part of some of their tricks. This lends well to their identity of nomadic warriors of nature; one can find small shrines or enclaves hidden around the city, not unlike the Bodhisattvas.

Volcano Club: Some of the classiest rudies one will ever meet, the Volcano Club is a group of high-class, high-fashion individuals dressed in sharp red. Not unlike Rosenkrantz's fascination with Victorian style, the Volcano Club's style hails from a bygone era, specifically old 20th-century Americana high style. Members of the crimson-themed gang always dress to impress, with three-piece suits or elegant sun dresses, and jamming to swing music (or electro-swing, even) is unsurprising. Apart from their style, they're also famed for their headquarters: Vesuvius, a swanky and elegant high-roller's club and one of the most exclusive nightclubs in the city, in part because it's hidden somewhere deep in Velo's industrial crucible known as Mt. Vulcan.

'Bout the City: Districts and Points of Interest in Velo

West:
Industrial
Waterfront
Central:
Midtown
The Wards
Little Venice

East:
Big Town
Old Velo
New Velo
Sky High

Districts

Supersonic Stadium

Velo Towers

Shangri-la spa

St. Altitude's Archive

Momentum

Central Climb

Mt. Vulcan

Urban Temple

Sewer Entrance

Velo Airport

Pictured: The current map of Velo City as it is now. The island it rests on is just larger than this diagram shows. Districts are denoted by color.

On an island the size of a state county, there's plenty of places to get around and visit, even outside the metropolitan regions, including forests, mountaintops, and other natural sites. Still, Velo City itself is not without its own places of interest throughout, so this section serves as a shorthand directory, complete with establishing different districts and particular points of interest in the city.

Velo City is a modern city possibly in the short-term future, with modern amenities and modern sensibilities. It is notably clean and plenty busy. As the map in the introduction to this section shows, Velo City is visibly separated into three regions, each with their own metropolitan "heart" and with open air between them: **East Velo**, **Central Velo**, and **West Velo**. Each sector is separated by bridges and open air, with open fields and some wooded area in between, or a beautiful view of the Pacific Ocean if you're close enough to the edge of the island or crossing over the scattered inlets. Where there isn't urban sprawl, there is an attempt at creating native flora and fauna to create natural

terraforms like forests and a mountain, good for those who want a nature retreat away from the hustle and bustle of the city. Just north of Central Velo in the nearby woods, for example, are a set of old ruins, the first attempt at building Velo City before it was abandoned and attempted elsewhere. These remnants of buildings – long since taken over by nature (artificially or otherwise) – still stand as a testament to what could've been, a reminder of the growing pains of creating a new city. Those who know of the ruins refer to it as "The First Velo Ruins and Nature Preserve," otherwise known as "the City That Never Was."

East Velo is both the largest sector and the major hub of the entire city, the sprawling cityscape that never sleeps. It is the financial and popular heart of the city, where everyone mingles into a sea of people enjoying the latest in entertainment and driving the future. It provides, in a nutshell, Velo's overall identity to the rest of the world. It is separated into four districts: **Big Town, Old Velo, New Velo** and **Sky High**.

Central Velo is the cultural heart of the city, with residents creating art and works that makes the rest of the city proud to call it its own. It's one of the older sectors of the city, with plenty of older residential housing and residual industry. Central Velo is comprised of **Midtown, the Wards,** and **Little Venice**.

West Velo is the workhorse of the city, the nexus that supplies power, goods and other supplies to the rest of the island; it's safe to say that without West Velo, the city would potentially cease to function. From factories and warehouses to luxury living, the west is a twisting maze of metal that provides the lifeblood of the city. Only two districts make up West Velo: the **Industrial** zone, and the **Waterfront**.

Big Town is Velo City's financial district, home to big money and big privilege, and it shows pretty much anywhere you go. It boasts one of the tallest skylines in the city, there are more luxury cars on the street, and no matter where you look, there's always at least someone wearing a fancy suit, to say nothing of police and local security most anywhere you look. Along the main thoroughfares of the district, one will find the local stock exchange, skyscrapers home to numerous corporations, and lots of well-dressed people pounding the pavement to make their financial or political legend, no matter who they step on to get there. Further from the main arteries where all the work gets done, local living and culture starts to spring up more. High-rise condominiums, upscale dining, theaters and forums help the locals kick back and unwind after a long day at work. At the further periphery, you get into the residential areas with the nice apartments and private mansions, as well as hotels and beach-front resorts for visitors.

Needless to say, Big Town is a very exclusive district, not just because it's the single most expensive district to live in. It has a higher income per capita than anywhere else in the city, and it boasts home to several Fortune 500 companies. The finance-oriented culture is pervasive and all-consuming: individuals pride themselves on their high standard of living and status, convincing themselves they possess a high culture that others could only dream of comprehending. Those stereotypical stodgy old men who live and die by their bank accounts are scoffed at as a joke by those in other districts until they come to Big Town and actually meet those stodgy old men. Much of the younger generation of financial elite, while still aware of the win-at-all-costs lifestyle, is a bit more receptive to change and embracing the culture of others. While the financial and political landscapes are naturally cutthroat, no one wants to compromise the overall standard of living; don't rock the boat and try not to stand out. This leads to the image of drones and faceless suits walking the clean, gray streets. At the same time, the locals try to espouse that they live the most wholesome lives with the

most loving families in the world when it comes to any sort of debate about social mores, as if they try to take the high ground in every argument possible. Then again, money is power, and power corrupts, so make of that what you will.

To live as a rudie in Big Town is to live as a pariah. Big Town is the one district most hostile and most opposed to the rudie culture, and the natives make their disdain very clear any chance they get, as they believe they upset the order of things. In a region that exalts conformity and order, to be publicly identified as a rudie – one who prides themselves on individuality – is to be marked as a target, as one who threatens the way of life for others. Any rudie living there is expected to stay on the down-low if they intend to preserve their (dual) lifestyle. Even amongst other rudies, a rudie claiming to be from Big Town is automatically marked with suspicion. For one thing, to say one is from Big Town automatically assumes that person comes from money, since it's not cheap to live there. For another, most any rudie classifies the district as a whole as "enemy territory," since it embodies most everything that rudies stand against; some will unironically say that "the man" – that mythical all-encompassing concept of evil authority – legitimately lives there. To roll into Big Town is to always take a risk. Even so, many rudies will do it anyway – not just because some of the most luscious and exclusive targets are there for murals and tags, but also to remind others, especially the young of the district, that there's always an alternative, that's there another way to live, as though it were a message of hope.

- **Supersonic Stadium**: With numerous sponsorships and civic funding spurring the project, the Supersonic Stadium is a large sports stadium and amphitheater providing a venue for all kinds of big-name events, even those of the extreme variety. Currently, an expansion is under construction.

- **Duchess Marianne Preparatory High School**: Home of Duchess Marianne's Conquistadors, this exclusive, private high school steeped in deep red, royal purple and jet black is reserved for the financial and cultural elite of the city, with fancy accommodations, expertly-tailored school uniforms, and a nose-in-the-air arrogance befitting a school of such "royal" stature. It's unsurprising that most other schools don't take very kindly to such excessive snootiness.

- **The Highlands**: A sloping, curving landscape designed as though it were ripped straight from San Francisco, these hilly suburbs line the streets with their high-caliber homes and apartments. The streets are a speed freak's dream, especially for those looking to score major airtime and speed, but be wary of the neighborhood watch and police prowling through. Expect lots of families and bachelors in the area.

New Velo is, to put it one way, Velo City's most presentable district, the gem of the entire city. Between the rudie culture, the idea of innovation and striding towards the future, and many other urban motifs, New Velo attempts to emcompass the zeitgeist of the entire city and its identity into one district, with considerable success. Up and down the main streets and especially at Central Circle – the point where New Velo, Big Town and Old Velo all meet – are shimmering lights, department stores and restaurants of all stripes, and sidewalks packed with people. Towards the middle of the district sits the college university and all the entertainment and hotspots to accommodate a bustling population of college students. Residential living is swanky and relatively upscale, though not nearly as expensive as living in Big Town. Further from main affairs is a more subdued environment, with cafes and small businesses to meet and hang out.

The district is loud and colorful, with towering buildings, all manners of entertainment and

amenities, and a real hip identity that tries to appeal to young people while accommodating the old. New enterprises and youthful energy flood the district, as shown in art pieces that sit here and there or are plastered on the sides of the environmentally-green buildings, and almost every corner of New Velo – even the residential areas near the periphery – is ridiculously photogenic. There's always something to do at any hour of the day, great when you're a bunch of college kids on a Saturday night with nothing to do. This is the district that never sleeps in a city that never sleeps. Any tourist come to visit the city, or anyone moving to the city to start a new life, is encouraged to start in New Velo every time. When travel brochures are printed and posted in travel agencies, it's almost always a picture of New Velo on the front.

Being the most presentable and forward-facing district of Velo City lends a certain responsibility to it. New Velo is expected to maintain a certain amount of decorum so as to make a good impression on those new to the city and those still here. For this reason, there is a love-hate relationship with the rudies. It's true that they lend an energy to the place that it would never have had on its own, but disrupting the peace may give people the wrong idea about the city. New Velo is moderately accommodating to the rudies, but if they act out too much, there may be pushback. Some rudies have concern that, in an effort to look as pleasing to the eye as possible, New Velo runs the risk of being un-authentic, so they believe themselves to be the reality check the city needs to keep it real. That said, there's a little bit of everything for everyone in New Velo, so there's always something to do at any hour of the day.

- **St. Altitude's Archives**: A large, artistically-designed complex of a building with unique eye-catching architecture and plenty of places to move around and lounge, whether inside or in the open air, the Archives are one of Velo City's many libraries, forums and places of learning. The fancy building also has the unique distinction of being the home base of Bibliotheque, the bookish gang of rudies who actually do well to keep order and maintain neutral ground.

- **Velo City University**: A fair portion of the district is built around the relatively condensed campus of this accredited college university, bringing a boom of young adults to Velo City. Home to the blue-and-green Typhoons (a call-out to a certain university in Miami, Florida, USA), the place is either a respected home of higher learning or party central, depending on who you ask. Either way, the area has come to accommodate the campus and its denizens, providing additional local entertainment and shopping in a bid for additional revenue. It's a mingling campus for both American and Japanese exchange students. The campus and surrounding area is a known haven for the rudies, and even some of the faculty are accommodating and help facilitate their actions.

Old Velo is, as the name implies, one of the older districts of the city, the old heart of the island before the rest of the city filled in. Possessing the history of Velo City itself, it now serves as the city's "downtown" district and civic center, home to City Hall, a couple courthouses, several schools and the main base of the Velo City Police Department, amongst the urban parks and other civic amenities. The buildings are a little older, but the district holds a distinguished air about itself; while the rest of the city is newer and cleaner, Old Velo feels, in a word, authentic. There are smaller hangouts and shops as opposed to the swanky affairs in New Velo or the hyper-upscale accommodations in Big Town, but it's still a busy place with many major places to gather and become one with the city, many a hidden gem.

In a way, Old Velo is like those parents who try to be hip and look cool in front of their kids: it's

a nice effort, but it's the thought that counts. Old Velo's more subdued designs help provide contrast to the rest of East Velo, and while it's still plenty busy with a happening nightlife, some people don't mind if it's a little quieter (though honestly not by much). Plus, it's affordable, too, at least compared to Big Town (what isn't?) or New Velo. With the police in such close proximity, one can't help but feel a little safer, to boot. Rudies come and go all the time, and it's a common place for them to meet, in spite of (or because of, in some cases) being home to the police force. Many a protest has been held on these streets, and it's often considered a true mark of defiance – and a badge of honor – to leave a mural on the side of City Hall or one of the other civic centers.

- **Momentum**: Maybe it's because of the history, or maybe it's because of the overall atmosphere and nature of the place. The fact remains that Momentum is a multi-story beachfront nightclub popular among the rudies and particularly stands out for being one of the "bangin'-est" clubs in all of Velo City. The parties are jumping, the people are stylish, the moves are hot, and everyone gets a chance to shine.

- **Chinatown**: A fair-sized patch of Old Velo is a home away from home for those from China and Hong Kong, who quickly made their section of the district their own. Markets and shops line the streets, arguments in Mandarin and Cantonese ring out, and there's even a few martial arts schools trying to cash in on people wanting to learn "the ancient ways of kung fu." Four thousand years of history is still alive and well here. Naturally, Chinatown holds a rivalry with Chibi Japan in Little Venice.

- **Longshoreman's Pier**: This historic boardwalk, stretching a couple miles along the beach, is a major artery for entertainment at any hour of the day, breaking off at several points towards the ocean where people get a chance to go fishing or just enjoy the ocean air. The most popular part of the boardwalk is Whale Park, an amusement park at the end of its own pier, complete with sideshows, carnival games, and all kinds of rides and entertainment, including the ever-present Ferris wheel, which can be seen lit up at night, a beacon for everyone prowling the beaches of Old Velo.

Sky High is the hub for most of the middle- and upper-class living in Velo City. Designed to be the middle-class dream, there are lots of upscale yet affordable condominiums and properties (for which the district is known for), suburban living, top-tier schools, public parks, country clubs, local shopping and dining, and other local entertainment that lend towards an inclusive, safe and comfortable feeling for those who can manage to live there. Sky High is urban suburbia at its finest, and with it comes the perks and perils of living in the first world. All those images of the happy family with the young innocent children playing in the park and living the middle-class dream come from Sky High.

For better or for worse, Sky High prides itself on being inclusive and welcoming to anyone – or at least trying to. Everything is clean and inoffensive, and there's a persistent air of moderation to keep things congenial and friendly. For this reason, rudies sit in an interesting position. So long as they don't make trouble for people and leave a bad impression on the kids, the rudies are generally left alone. Unfortunately, because rudies tend to act out and draw attention to themselves, they are generally regarded with concern more than anything else. It's the sort of thing one would see on "investigative reports" on the local evening news. "Who are these 'rudies,' and do they pose a risk to you and your children?" In an effort to be as family-friendly as possible, Sky High's overall opinion on the rudie culture tends to be wishy-washy. In other words, Sky High is considered a neutral region overall. People will generally be wary, but don't expect to be kicked out at the drop of a hat.

- **Central Climb**: Notable among the landmarks of the district, as well as among the rudies, the Central Climb is a sequence of tenements that circle around each other and wind their way towards the heavens much like a set of stairs. By accessing the Central Climb and making their way up, rudies can traverse many of the other taller buildings in the district without actually scaling those buildings. A unique challenge is to start from the tallest building of the Central Climb and work one's way downward to the ground floor, jumping from roof to roof to do so.
- **Velo Airport**: On the far outskirts of the city near the edge of the island, Velo International Airport (VIA) is an international airport and primary point of entry/exit for most people coming to or going from the city, not counting the major aquatic port on the far west of the island. With passenger jets and many private planes for the financial elite, it's everything one would expect from an international airport – apart from the occasional block party on the tarmac, of course.
- **Sky High High School**: Also known as "Sky Double High" and proving that even civic organizers have a sense of humor, this public high school is one of several in the district. Home to the Valkyries, it's a nice-looking modern school washed in its signature colors of sky blue, gold and white, pleasing to the eye and ultimately inoffensive, a perfectly middle-class school.

Midtown is the arts district of Velo City, more so than most of the other districts. Rippling with color and flavor, this is where much of the new artistic talent in the city flourishes, be it music, the arts or anything else. Things are more spread out and open in Midtown; the buildings aren't as densely-packed as anywhere in East Velo, allowing for much more open air. This lends towards more parks, open-air theaters and galleries, and plenty of space to do pretty much anything. Don't be surprised to pass by a jam session in a garage or a fierce spoken word oratory in a miniature amphitheater in a nearby park. There are galleries all over the place, and parks filled with sculptures and other works of art. New Velo may be the popular heart and Old Velo may be the civic heart, but Midtown is convinced it's the cultural heart of Velo City, so much so that the city sponsors local artists and performers to "assist with cultural enrichment and enhancement so as to form a creative and cultural hotbed the likes of which this city could never be prouder of," which is a fancy way of saying that rudies can get paid to leave tags or murals around the district.

Speaking of, given the love and adoration of the arts and counter-culture that the district possesses, Midtown is perhaps the most rudie-friendly district in the entire city. Rudies love art, and Midtown loves art, so it only makes sense that the two would come together so readily. Some rudies are greeted with open arms wherever they may go, showing off their latest murals anywhere there's open space. It's this effort to accommodate the counterculture the rudies represent that makes this district so inviting. So long as things don't get too wild, the rudies are generally given free reign around the area and allowed to move however they please. Some people – particularly those from Big Town, for example – treat Midtown like a sideshow more than any legitimate entity, as though it were a zoo meant to contain all this wild creative action so it doesn't spill over into the rest of the city. In this face, Midtown proudly stands defiant, embracing the crazy and bizarre and making it its own. If Big Town is the superego and New Velo is the ego, then Midtown is the id.

- **Mt. Vulcan**: This small, twisting zone of metal and rock in a quarry is the old industrial hub of the city before the Industrial district was properly formed out west. A relic of Velo's past and growing pains as it slowly formed its identity, most of Mt. Vulcan was torn down and repurposed by the rest of Midtown, but a small segment of the original industry still remains,

and it still enjoys some small modicum of work, generally as a stopover point between the west and the rest of the city. Among the rudies, it's more known as one of the many stomping grounds around the city for movers to test themselves and have some wild races and challenges. Hidden deep away somewhere inside the old processing plants is Vesuvius, the exclusive high-roller's club and home of the elegant Volcano Club.

- **Sewer Entrance**: A giant yawning maw of a sewer opening one could fit a bus through is one of the many points of access to the spacious and myriad Velo Sewers, a twisting maze of accessways and pipes that twist and turn beneath the island, connecting every corner of the city. Many of the homeless and destitute reside in the sewers, as well as a few entrepreneur rudie gangs aiming for a subterranean home. One must be careful, though: beyond the normal dangers of the sewers, the marauding Big Nasties call the sewers home; their home clubhouse is hidden somewhere deep in the sewers, and no one knows the maze better than the proverbial minotaurs themselves.

- **Velo Convention Center**: With satellite locations in New Velo and Big Town, Midtown hosts the largest and most impressive convention center in the city. It's a large complex building that's regularly busy with numerous events, from executive meet-ups and training seminars to anime/comic book conventions and all other kinds of get-togethers. Don't be surprised to find a bunch of cosplayers roaming the streets of Midtown one week.

The Wards are, on the whole, one of Velo City's most historic districts – at least as old as Old Velo – and is characterized by its middle- to lower-class living standards. By most urban standards, the Wards are still a nice place to live, but between the projects filled with bachelor pads and small family apartments to the rows of old houses and open lots with not much in the way of local entertainment, it's not as upscale as anything you may find in East Velo as a whole. For lack of a better phrase, it very much has an "other side of the tracks" feel to it. The schools and other municipal services are, while older than others, still working and serve as a testament to the district's resilience. Needless to say, it's one of the most inexpensive districts to live in.

To live in the Wards are to live among tough people prone to hardship and long days working. Police roll through the district with suspicions of almost anyone, and it's hard to work your way out unless you somehow hit it big somewhere else. A Big Town native would sooner be caught dead than walking among the "peasants" of the Wards. Still, the people of the Wards are honest and really do want the best for themselves and others. In this way, rudies find themselves oddly at home in the district.

Rudies come and go at their leisure through the Wards, and the locals don't seem to care one way or the other. They can always find a place to crash somewhere, whether it be on a friend's couch or an abandoned warehouse. To be a rudie hailing from the Wards is to commonly be identified as someone latching onto their passions and clawing their way up from the bottom to actually become someone. Some people think those of the Wards are a forgotten people whom no one cares about, but those rudies want to prove that they do care and that they never forget their roots. For someone successful to proudly say they came from the Wards is a mark of honor – both for them and the district, proving their significance after all.

- **Shangri-la Spa**: This abandoned resort spa far removed from any urban center was once a premier stop for those looking to rejuvenate the soul; from massages to saunas to jacuzzi baths and pools, it had everything a tired body could ever ask for. Financial troubles saw the

spa close down, and that's when the rudies moved in. The pool is now a bowl to skate in, and the open air and great view is still a place to kick the feet up and take a break. The Boddhisatvas call it home, turning the run-down resort into a temple whose members seek enlightenment and a good time.

– **Silver Summit High School**: This public high school in the Wards is among the best in the district, though it's hard to tell at times. Cloaked in silver, gray and orange, the Silver Summit Lions are considered misfits by other schools' standards, a house of learning for those in the low-income Wards. The students themselves don't seem to mind: they're either too busy working their butts off, or they revel in the reputation.

– **The Lot**: An entire acre of undeveloped land, "The Lot" is covered in dirt and weeds, waiting to be cleaned up and developed into the next great project of the city. Until then, the land is open territory for anyone to set up some big shindig that requires lots of open space, whether an impromptu music festival, a showdown between gangs, or a quick-and-dirty skate park, to say nothing of games of catch between the locals. When the land will be claimed is anyone's guess, but for now, it's open season for anyone who wants it.

Little Venice is, as the late Bob Ross would probably put it, a "happy little accident" in the history of Velo City. The district was originally planned as an extension of the Wards, and work was well underway for some time. A catastrophic failure of the main water line for the district led to many of the streets being turned into flooded canals. Civic planners and architects, however, came up with a shrewd idea. Instead of draining the water and replacing the water main, they decided to leave it alone and instead build around the flooded waterways. Some time later, Little Venice – almost the spitting image of Venice, Italy (hence the name) – was born. For the record, a new water main was installed, and plumbing is working fine.

With elevated bridges and highways criss-crossing above everyone's heads, automobiles can still come and go through the district, but at a certain point, a car can only go so far before a commuter is forced to take something smaller – like a rentable scooter – to reach certain destinations within the district itself. The most striking architecture is the elevated walkways and bridges just above the water level. Elevated infrastructure allows for elevators and other unique ways to move around and reach a destination, such as bridges supported by the apartment buildings they hang between, while those walking closer to the water level sidle along stone walkways along the canals themselves. Of course, it wouldn't be an homage to Venice without the occasional gondola rowing up and down the canals. The district isn't completely flooded, so conventional urban planning and architecture still exists, though it still matches the historic-looking architecture of the flooded city. It's common to see people diving off the bridges or tops of some buildings into the canals, if not the Pacific Ocean itself, as a local pasttime. All of this comes together in what is possibly the most unique living conditions in the entire city.

Little Venice is primarily a residential center – again, it was originally designed as an extension of the Wards – with some commerce and entertainment available. It straddles a middle ground between the Wards and Sky High with regards to standard of living. Those who live here are an eclectic mix, a real mishmash of individuals. Indeed, it seems the architecture sometimes stands out as a character more than some of the actual characters living in it, and that's saying something. Most living is in apartments, the district building up more than it built out. Sometimes regarded as a "holy ground" for some movers, Little Venice is a major proving grounds for many rudies, so one shouldn't

be surprised to find rudie cliques darting back and forth across rooftops and between buildings to get where they want to go. People don't seem to mind, as they appear content to live quietly and let the rudies run about all they want. After all, it seems some of them can navigate the district's winding corridors and canals better than some of the natives.

- **Urban Temple**: Velo City pictured itself as an inclusive, global community that caters to all peoples and faiths. Nowhere is this promise of equality more obvious than the Urban Temple: a giant open-air complex at least the size of an entire block, with a large grassy courtyard in the center and houses of worship for most every conceivable faith surrounding the campus. From a Catholic cathedral transplanted from Europe to a Jewish temple to an Islamic mosque to a Buddhist temple to even a Shinto shrine and everything in between, all are welcome and all live in harmony with each other, respecting each other's faith and not stepping on anyone's toes. As gang politics go, the Urban Temple is civilly split between Rosenkrantz (occupying the cathedral), the Boddhisatvas (gravitating towards the Buddhist temple) and the Urban Tribals (residing in the courtyard itself). All help maintain and protect the complex in concert; the gangs maintain its strict neutrality, and it's strongly enforced that unless it is approved ahead of time, there will be no tagging of the temple grounds; defacing holy symbols or images of any deity just isn't kosher, after all.

- **Chibi Japan**: "Little Japan" is the Japanese answer to Old Velo's Chinatown, a section of Little Venice steeped heavily in Japanese culture and styling. The people adapted well to the architecture of Little Venice, crafting their slice of Japan to fit in by building above the waterways with bridges and elevators and the occasional just-too-small apartment complexes, matching modern convenience with familiarity and tradition. A particular subset of Chibi Japan known as "Mizu no Machi" (literally, "Water Town") is where the cultural identity really kicks into high gear, complete with a Shinto shrine and small shops and homes ripped straight out of Japanese suburbia.

The Industrial district in West Velo is self-explanatory: it is the workhorse and beating heart of Velo City. Without the factories, processing plants, mills, quarries and industry, along with the neighboring Waterfront, the city would be unable to function in most any capacity. All the major utilities are maintained here: water, gas, electricity, waste disposal and recycling, the works. Railways that criss-cross the island and supply the city start here.

Local housing is simple and inexpensive, and there is some smattering of amenities and civic establishments to make the place hospitable, but the district never forgets its identity at any point. The people working and living here are habitually responsible individuals who value a good day's work. They know that without the work they do, the city would cease to exist. It's a thankless job, but it's the most necessary job there is.

To a rudie, the industrial district is not only a serious proving ground to test their skills, but it's also a neat place to find a little corner tucked away in the iron jungle to call their own. Considering how out-of-the-way and "serious" the place is, it's not as common a district for rudies to gather, but that doesn't mean rudie activities aren't happening. As mentioned, darting through the factories and warehouses and utilities makes for a strong challenge for most any rudie. Plus, considering how busy everyone else is, people don't seem to mind them coming and going, unless they're making boneheaded decisions and doing something that'll probably get them killed. Being daring is one thing, but being stupid and irresponsible is another.

- **Velo Towers**: To help take the edge off and not make the place so dreary, even the Industrial district has a bit of art and entertainment to spruce up the area and help take the load off. The Velo Towers are an open carnival fairground and lot, with quite a few attractions to its name. The majority of the time, the land is untended and left alone, usually giving off the air of abandonment to the grounds. The land is a known hangout for both the eccentric Rosenkrantz and the devil-may-care Big Nasties, a fact neither gang is particularly keen on.

The Waterfront is the major aquatic port of the city, where most of the city's supplies and cargo arrives. It boasts an interesting dichotomy, often separated by naught but a railway. In the industrial half closer to the industrial district, you have the major shipping yards and processing plants servicing the giant tankers hauling goods and supplies, replete with endless rows of warehouses to store goods coming and going from the island. It feels more like an extension of the industrial district than anything else. The other half of the district takes most of its cues from Big Town or New Velo: luxury waterfront living, with plenty of marinas and wharfs for the relatively rich clientèle to dock their boats and yachts. There's even at least one amusement park at the end of a boardwalk to mirror other amusement parks in the industrial district and elsewhere in the city. Somewhere in the middle of the district between the two wards, you have what amounts to the best of both worlds: comfortable living with picturesque views of the ocean and wharfs to fish from and work upon, with living space varying between isolated estates or warehouses refurbished into living space. Anyone from New England would feel instantly at home.

This dichotomy lends itself to two different crowds. On one hand, you have the longshoremen and industry workers who help keep the Velo City machine greased and running with their work; they're rough people with rough hands and a relatively serious outlook on life, living in humble apartments and working to put money on the table. On the other hand, you have the elite members of society living in their bungalows, their yachts, and their beach-front mansions on their oftentimes private beaches, savoring the Pacific Ocean like so many commercials about retirement seem to show off; these are most likely people who either couldn't find a place to live in Big Town at the time or already have a home in Big Town and have a second home in this district. Rarely do these two audiences cross paths.

Attitudes towards the rudies, as a result, varies depending on who one mingles with more often. Amongst the dockworkers, it's similar to their treatment in the industrial district: as long as they don't get in the way of the work or aren't trying to kill themselves, they don't particularly mind. Among the richer residents, the treatment is similar to that from Big Town: they are very possessive and protective of their property and their way of life, and they see rudies as intentionally seeking to ruin everything they have, thus looking upon them with disdain and disgust. A truly daring rudie would make their statement by painting a mural on the side of a yacht before getting caught and run off.

- **West Velo Marine Stadium**: A unique take on how to present live entertainment, the West Velo Marine Stadium – located near where the ocean meets the nearby inlet towards the "rich" quarter of the district – is an open-air amphitheater with stadium seating where the performances take place on stage(s) on the water itself. This can lend itself towards dazzling concerts and performances that couldn't normally be pulled off without the water stage. While not as busy as it would like to be, hence why rudies are constantly seen moving in and taking it over for extended periods of time, it still enjoys some amount of work. Any major act that

comes to play turns it into a gala performance that's fun for everyone.

- – **Warehouse Row**: When it's not being processed, shipped or otherwise used, it gets stored somewhere in Warehouse Row, an incredible span of metal warehouses used for storage and all manner of gathering, illicit or otherwise. There's always at least one abandoned warehouse somewhere for someone's needs, and at least they're well-built and have lots of space to spare.

Everybody Jump Around: Games of Velo

One of the perks of living in Velo City and cities like it is that people like to think outside the box, indulging creativity, imagination and lateral thinking. For example, one could always solve conflicts with fists or with words, but most agree it's much more fun and involving to have a challenge or contest to settle disputes. Others call it "nonstandard conflict resolution," but the locals call it "life in Velo."

There are numerous games, challenges and contests the rudies employ to make life more exciting and to test their skills, apart from competing in "professional" competitions and all those challenges that would involve. The following is a short list of example games that one can use to spruce up the activity of the game. The rules and guidelines are loose and freeform, allowing for multiple variations, and you can always make your own games. After all, you could fight or talk your problems away, but where's the fun in that?

Big Dive: Little Venice is a well-known spot, barring any other place that has access to water (read: most of the island), to get one's feet wet. One of the popular jump-off points, literally, is Diver's Drop, a leap off a multi-story condominium's roof directly into the Pacific Ocean. It wasn't long before a game was arbitrated: an impromptu diving competition between individuals, or teams thereof, for best dive as judged by a panel of "peers," another way of saying "whoever happens to be in the area watching." The best dive, or best out of a series of dives, wins.

Burning Race: This event is as simple as it gets: a checkpoint-based race either across multiple laps (usually three [3]) on a circuit or along a straightforward A-to-B path. It doesn't matter how you reach the checkpoints as long as you reach them all in order before crossing the finish line.

Capture the Flag: Strewn across a particular zone are an assorted number (usually five [5]) of "flags" to be captured; these can be banners or any other significant item. Two teams compete to collect as many flags as possible. Whoever claims the most flags when all flags are collected wins. Another variant of CTF is for those who want a more in-your-face experience: just like in any first-person-shooter, each team has a "base" with their own flag; the goal is to steal the enemy's flag and return it to their base while protecting their own flag from enemy capture. The first team to score a successful capture wins.

Flag Tag: Inspired by flag football, two teams will be outfitted with a number of velcro strips, each with a number of streamers attached to them (usually five or six straps [two arms, two legs, and at least one across the back and/or chest], with five streamers apiece); these are an individual's "flags." The goal is to claim as many of the opponents' flags as possible while protecting their own. Even if you lose all your flags, a comeback can still be mounted. Whoever claims the most flags by the end of the

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time limit wins. This game permits team play or a free-for-all.

Graffiti Wars: Scattered around a zone are multiple marked "tag zones," large enough for a small tag. Each team will compete to claim the most tag zones by spraying their tag at a tag zone in order to claim it. The opposition can (and will) overwrite a tag to steal it from the other team. Whoever claims the most tag zones by the end of the time limit wins.

King of the Hill: There are two kinds of KotH games. The first kind, the so-called "standard" game, involves a number of "hills" (usually three [3] for a two-team game) that are noted ahead of time; these are usually elevated positions high enough for people to spot, like an air-conditioning unit or an elevated pillar or something similar. At least two teams fight to claim these hills by standing one of their members atop a hill and holding it; every uninterrupted three seconds (one turn) counts as a point, and whoever has the most at the end wins. The second version, known as the "roaming hill," only has one hill, but it is constantly moving; after a given interval of time, the hill one stands on to score points changes randomly to a new hill, forcing teams to chase after the new hill and claim it for points before it moves again. As before, the team with the most points wins.

Steel Ball Run: This is a mix between a relay race and football/rugby/murderball. The course is a predefined circuit, and in the middle of the path a ways down from the start line is a rugby ball or similar. Multiple sets of two-man tag teams will race around the circuit, attempting to claim the ball. Once a team gains possession of the ball, the team must complete a full, uninterrupted lap on the circuit while maintaining control of the ball; it doesn't matter if both teammates don't complete the lap at the same time, so long as the ball itself makes a full circuit. Other teams will be gunning to take the ball at the same time and must at least stop the possessing team from completing the lap; anything goes, so roughhousing should be expected. The ball can be passed between teammates, and one can use fancy tricks to avoid getting splatted, so long as the team is able to maintain possession. If the ball is fumbled, knocked away, or otherwise lost, all progress is reset, and the team must start over from the next time the ball is picked up. The first team to complete a lap with the ball wins.

Tagger's Duel: This game is for those artists who want a spaghetti western showdown, but instead of six-shooters, the weapon of choice is paint. At least two taggers (or teams of taggers) face off on one wall; they have ten minutes to create a mural masterpiece, and the best tag (by judge's decision) wins.

Tagger's Tag: Two teams face off in an arena and go at it in a team deathmatch-style game, with paint as the weapon of choice. Players are knocked out when either the opposing team successfully completes an entire tag across their body, or the player surrenders. It can take as long as needed, but once the tag is done, the victim is out of the game. Anything goes. The last man standing wins.

Trial of the Tempest: A game invented by the Bodhisattvas and Urban Tribals originally as a "test of character" of some sort that quickly caught on and became popular, Trial of the Tempest ("Tempest" for short) is described as a mix between extreme frisbee and air hockey. Two players set up in an arena, each with a goal behind them (depending on the movers involved, the size of the goal may change; usually, only like-styled movers compete against each other). The objective is to sling the

frisbee into the opposing goal for a point, with the winner being the first to hit a set number of points. Players can't cross center court on the ground, and they only have a small amount of movement leeway from where the frisbee is claimed to throw (runners get one step and a jump, etc.). If an arena is small enough, walls can be erected for wicked rebound shots; it falls to player ingenuity and skill to score goals on their opposition.

Game Master's Guide: Make What You Wanna Make

You may have players that can't wait to dive into the action and start being as radical as humanly possible in a game, but it won't mean much of anything if you don't have a good framework or setting, on top of having enough material to work with and the ability to maintain the flow and keep things interesting. Much of this weighty responsibility lies with the Game Master (GM), alternately known as the "disk jockey" (DJ), the arbiter of the rules and keeper of the plot. The GM literally makes the world go 'round, so it helps to know which way the world is spinning. This chapter is designed to give the GM enough advice and material to work with to make sure that their game is a fantastic one worth remembering, from guidelines and set pieces to stat blocks and plot threads. Some of this material may be touched upon in previous sections, so don't hesitate to go back if you need additional references.

Keep in mind that playing a pen-and-paper game is a lot about give and take: the players have to want to help the GM, as much as the GM wants to help the players. Everyone wants to have fun, not have to suffer on behalf of others. Players: love your GMs, and they will love you right back.

For the record, giving yourself a DJ moniker (DJ Miasma, Big Wheelie-T, etc.) is not required to be a *VeloCITY* GM, but it can't hurt.

Before The Campaign

A building is only as reliable as the ground it's built upon; the same is true in RPG games, and VeloCITY is no different. Before you begin the game, there are a few decisions you have to make ahead of time, before you start getting into the details of your game. These choices can chance the pace and scope of a game, so it's important to make sure the groundwork is straightened out first.

- **Decide on the theme of your game.**
  Setting the tone and theme of the game provides a view through which other decisions will be filtered, especially including character design. You may have two different Gms playing in the same setting, but the way they present their game leads to vastly different experiences. How much of the experience will be grounded in reality, and how much will be crazy and colorful? Is the theme lighthearted, gritty, tense, or some other pervasive feeling? Will there be major interpersonal drama (high school soap operas), or is there more comedy? Does the game rely on characters themselves to drive the tale, or does it take a backseat to world events? These and other questions should be answered early, so that players know what sort of game they're getting into, what they may expect, and what sorts of characters they should hope to bring. "Swerves" must be handled delicately, if at all.
- **Decide on the starting power level.**
  Remember that the power level you set for your game helps determine the overall scope and presentation of the action. A low-power game is grounded in reality and shouldn't anticipate wildly over-the-top actions. A high-power game features absurd, over-the-limit action with designs, premises and moments that make these characters look and feel like supersonic superheroes compared to normal humans like yourself. A mid-power game splits the difference, with events taking place in a world vaguely claiming to be the real world and characters that claim otherwise. A good barometer is that the higher the power level, the more the game looks and feels like a cartoon or comic book (or anime and manga, if you're so

inclined). This decision should also reflect the overall power level and presentation of the rest of the world, not just the player characters. Consistency is important when telling a story, so players should be able to feel at home in their world, not outclassed or overpowered. Low-tier players dealing with high-tier antagonists and problems almost never works out well.

– **Decide when you can spend Energy on a test.**
This may seem like a minor decision, but even a small mechanical choice like this can set the tone for how much of the game plays out. As a reminder, players can spend Energy to supplement the results of a test they undertake; the question you as GM should answer ahead of time is whether they can spend Energy before or after the roll (or both). The default is "after the roll," but you should still expect to make a decision should the question come up. If you set it before the roll, then the players are effectively betting their Energy to shore up a test, and win or lose, the Energy is still spent, forcing the player to live with their result. If you set it after the roll, then players are able to better guarantee success on a test by spending however much energy they need – and then some, if you so allow – and keep the action rolling without any hiccups on their part. If you want more tension and risk in your game, set the expenditure to before the test; if you want your players to consistently feel awesome and worry more about <u>how</u> they succeed compared to whether <u>that</u> they succeed, set it to after the test.

– **Encourage players to get involved in the creation of their characters.**
Much of VeloCITY can be considered to be about the human story; it's about day-to-day life and the amazing adventures had therein. It's mentioned previously in the book, but it should be stressed again: characters are more than just numbers on a character sheet. They are living, breathing individuals, each with their own aspirations, their own fears, their own drives. Character generation can't be fully appreciated if the player doesn't actually have a character they want to create. Encourage them to think about who their character is. What was their upbringing like? What habits and hobbies do they have? What are they looking to do? How do they carry themselves? The more characterization questions your player can answer about the character, the better a chance they have of building the character in their mind's eye. You can also encourage your players to work together when designing their characters, so they have a good idea of how they know each other, why they hang out, and similar team-based questions.

During the Campaign

– **Maintain the atmosphere of the game.**
Whether you're playing in a brightly-colored neon-lit city or a gritty noir-type world that's constantly raining and dark, it's important to maintain the overall feel of the game so as not to lose character. Image is important to VeloCITY, so making sure all players appear on the same page can go a long way. If you're going for a swerve in theme, it has to be handled delicately, lest the mood whiplash keep players from wanting to continue playing.

– **Keep the action flowing.**
This is a game about going fast and doing amazing things, and even during downtime for a party, there's plenty to talk about or plan on. You should do what you can to make sure the overall pace of the game isn't lost. In the middle of an action scene, try to encourage players to come up with something quickly and keep the game moving. It's not like people in a similar situation can afford to spend ten minutes in the middle of a flip to plan what trick to do next, so try to avoid hiccups in action or otherwise stalling the game. Throwing off the pace can put

the game itself in trouble.

– **When in doubt, wing it.**
As a system, VeloCITY is quick and nimble and should avoid being bogged down if it can be helped. If you temporarily forget a specific rule or have to make a non-standard ruling on a specific action, it's better to come up with a resolution off the cuff than necessarily having to go back to the book to look something up. VeloCITY is a game that is more-than-friendly to the "rule of cool," so you shouldn't worry too much about getting it right the first time, so long as your players are still having fun and moving quickly. This ties into the previous point about keeping the action flowing, as they often go hand-in-hand.

Sample NPCs

For ease of use and to avoid having to come up with stat blocks on the spot when running into an encounter, here's a short list of sample non-player characters you can unleash upon your players, including pre-generated stats and general tactics. You can fluctuate these stats however you choose, to make them weaker or stronger and pose a different challenge to the party.

Brute
Trickster
Charmer
Police: Beat cop
Police: SWAT
Corpsec: Grunt
Rudie (gang-dependent)

VELOCITY

Name_____
Gender_____
Age_____
Ethnicity_____
Height_____
Weight_____
Hair_____
Eyes_____
Skin_____
Blood Type_____

High Concept

_____

Distinguishing Marks

_____
_____

Appearance

_____
_____
_____
_____
_____
_____

Personality

_____
_____
_____
_____

History

_____
_____
_____
_____

- - - Character Portrait - - -

- - - Vital Statistics - - -

- Health -   - Energy -

- Karma -   - Momentum -   - Style -

Body ☐   **Mind** ☐
Strength ☐   **Academics** ☐
Stamina ☐   **Streetwise** ☐
Grit ☐   **Acumen** ☐
Coordination ☐ **Craft** ☐

Speed ☐   **Soul** ☐
Agility ☐   **Art** ☐
Reaction ☐   **Awareness** ☐
Balance ☐   **Charisma** ☐
Aim ☐   **Willpower** ☐

- - - - - - - - - Gear & Training - - - - - - - - - -

Equipment

_____ _____
_____ _____
_____ _____

Perks

_____ _____
_____ _____
_____ _____