

***Dirty
Fucking
Freaks***

A live-action roleplaying game

Introduction

When I lived in San Francisco, I played a live-action roleplaying game. It was often exciting, sometimes boring and always frustrating.

Dirty Fucking Freaks is provoked by that game. Although I won't name the system, there were parts I loved and parts I hated. I'll refer to it, imaginatively, as The Game.

This introduction explains what I liked about The Game and what I didn't. Skip it if you want. (But it mentions teenagers in fishnet stockings).

Sex

On my first night of The Game, I was propositioned by two teenagers in fishnet stockings. They asked me to come home and play with them.

I didn't, although I kissed one of them behind a pillar. But the promise of sex was a reason I kept coming.

In fact, two years passed before I slept with someone from The Game. But, like many men, I came to The Game for the beautiful women. I think the women came to dress up and be thought of as beautiful.

I decided then that my ideal roleplaying game would include the promise of sex.

Cunts

Anyone could turn up to The Game and play. Unfortunately, some of those people were cunts.

Cunts generally dressed in black, had no social skills and smelt unpleasant. They would fuck up other people's evenings by trying to be controversial: starting fights, picking on the newcomers and being "shocking".

And the rules of The Game helped them. If a cunt wanted to fight you, there was no way to ignore him. You had to abandon your fun and fight the cunt.

My ideal roleplaying game wouldn't ban cunts. But it would allow the non-cunts to ignore them.

Power-Hungry Cheese Monkeys

Some players enjoyed having extraordinary powers. They would kill people for the pleasure of it.

Now, I sort of understood this. I liked having powers too. But the problem was that fighting wasn't fun at all. It was dull and tedious.

Later on, when I moved back to England, I played other games. In particular, I read *Dogs In The Vineyard*, which has a combat system which is actually fun.

In my ideal roleplaying game, fighting would be fun.

Close Friends

During that game, I met some very close friends. I'm still in touch with them.

They have some interests in common, which I don't share. Particularly, they like making costumes and writing stories involving their game characters.

In *Dirty Fucking Freaks*, I've tried to make room for costumes and character stories. Because, in an important sense, this game is written for those friends.

And So

Dirty Fucking Freaks is an attempt at my ideal roleplaying game.

It's a long-term live action roleplaying game, designed to be played over many evenings.

This is, quite frankly, fucking stupid, and I stand no chance of doing this within 24 hours.

Fortunately, I have a great font for the headings, and I'm hoping that will hide the incompetent game design.

Durham, England.

Winter 1872.

The circus has closed and the sun sets over the fairground. Tomorrow, the performers leave town.

But tonight, the Freaks have their festival.

The Freaks are the stars of the circus. Strongmen, ape-men, bearded ladies. All of them twisted, all of them haunted. And tonight, they dress up and pretend to be beautiful.

After they drink, they fight. The fights are huge bravura showpieces: glittering knives, shouted taunts, spilt blood. They fight over women, over men or over honour. The other freaks watch and scream and applaud.

After they fight, they fuck. They fuck in every corner and they take it in every hole. The men fuck each other while the women watch. Then the men fuck the women and then the women fuck while they watch.

Some fuck softly and some fuck hard. Some beat each other. Some hold each other down. And some make love, slowly, in the wet grass, and pretend that they're in love.

But they're never in love. No-one fucks because of love.

They fuck to forget the pain.

Freaks

First, create your freak.

You do this by writing your character's life story. It can be as long or short as you like.

As you do so, choose the six most painful things in your story. Put a slash ("/") in front of them.

Choose one beautiful object from your story. Put a star ("*") in front of it.

Clyde the Dog Boy was born in western America. As a baby, he was covered in soft, downy hair. For a long time, his parents used to /beat him, hoping to drive the devil from him. Then, they gave up, and locked him in the cellar. Their neighbours never knew Clyde was there.

For years, his parents tried to cure him. They read him the Bible. They /branded him with the sign of the Cross. They shaved him with a /cut-throat razor, but the hair grew back. Eventually, they decided he was possessed by the Devil.

They built a /fire in the garden to burn him. Clyde watched, crying, through the bars of the cellar window. But then heard the latch of the cellar door. Standing in the light was a sister he never knew he had. A beautiful sister.

*She beckoned him and put a finger to his lips to quiet him. They ran through the fields until they reached a boat. The sister placed a small *dried flower in his hand. Then she /grabbed him by the hair and threw him on board.*

For eight weeks, the sailors made Clyde work like the dog he was. At Liverpool, England, they threw him off the ship.

Clyde starved for weeks, living on begged money and /stolen scraps. One day, to punish him, a shopkeeper tied him up and called the circus. The circus collected Clyde and caged him.

Since then, Clyde has travelled, being paraded in front of the middle-classes, who gasp in horror. He lives in a cage, but eats well. And once a month, he's released. And he joins the Freaks' festival.

Pains

The things with slashes in front of them are your Pains. Your Pains haunt you and make you who you are.

On the night of the Freaks Festival, you must try to Forget your pains. You do that by fighting or fucking.

Disease

If you like, you may also have a sexually transmitted disease. Write it into your life story and put an exclamation mark in front of it:

At Clyde's first festival, he was seduced by an older man. At the time, Clyde thought the man was beautiful. But the next day, Clyde noticed a !burning pain when he went to the toilet.

Treat this disease as an extra Pain.

You do not have to start the game with a sexually transmitted disease.

But you may catch one later. At any time, you may add a sexually transmitted disease to your life story. You may only ever have one disease.

Beautiful Thing

The object with a star in front of it is your Beautiful Thing. You carry it and treasure it. It reminds you that the world can be beautiful.

It is obvious to everyone what your Beautiful Thing is. If anyone asks to see it, you will gladly show them.

If you keep your Beautiful Thing until the end of the evening, you can use it to Forget one of your Pains.

You can steal other people's Beautiful Things. If you do, write them into your life story. You can have as many Beautiful Things as you can steal.

Starting the Festival

One of the Freaks is designated as the Ringmaster. He wears a top hat. And opens the festival by shouting.

Ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls. Tonight! In the fields of County Durham! With the tractors rusting in the fields and the posh wankers in their beds! Tonight, we wake the town! We wake them with our screams of pain and our screams of delight. Because tonight, ladies and gentlemen, I present to you. The Freaks! Festival!

At the start of the Festival, you should secretly choose:

- Two characters you want to fuck
- Two characters whose Beautiful Things you want
- Two characters you dislike and want to keep away from

Then begin to talk to the other characters. Try and fuck the characters you want to fuck. And steal the Beautiful Things you want to steal.

Fucking

First, find another Freak that wants to fuck you. As an example, let's say I want to fuck you and you want to fuck me.

I say what I want to achieve out of the fuck:

I want to make you scream.

And then you say what you want:

I want to make you love me.

Now, I conceal a coin in one of my fists, and present both hands to you. You have to choose which hand the coin is in.

If you find the coin, then you take the first turn. If you choose wrong, I take the first turn.

Taking a turn

To start my turn, I conceal the coin in my hands again, and present my fists. At the same time, I describe what I'm doing to you:

I lay you down in the grass. I push your dress up and run my tongue up inside your legs.

You choose the hand you think the coin is in. If you find the coin, then you start your own turn. But if you don't, then I carry on describing:

I go down on you. You start to squirm but I hold you down.

And again, I hide the coin and you choose the hand you think it's in.

Let's say that this time you find the coin. So you start your own turn.

You say:

I roll you over. I'm on top now. I start to unbutton your shirt.

And you hide a coin in one hand and offer me both fists. If I choose the hand with the coin, I start a new turn. If I don't, you carry on narrating:

I force your hands above your head. Using a cord from my pocket, I bind them together.

And you hide the coin again and offer me your hands.

And so on, until we stop fucking.

That was nice

If I choose the hand without the coin twice in a row, then the fuck is over. And you get what you want out of the fuck:

As I hold you afterwards, I feel myself falling in love with you.

If you choose the hand without the coin twice in a row, then the fuck is over, and I get what I want out of the fuck:

As I go down on you, you come, and you can't help screaming.

Early withdrawal

Alternatively, at any time, one of us may end the fuck. This will usually happen when one of us say something the other doesn't like:

Me: *I bite you hard on the neck!*

You: *Ow! No!*

And the fuck ends immediately. And neither of us gets what we want out of the fuck – you don't scream and I don't love you.

Afterglow

For each time I found a coin in your hand, I get an Afterglow, up to a maximum of two. And for each time you found a coin in my hand, you get an Afterglow.

Each Afterglow does two things:

- It lets me Forget a Pain instantly
- It lasts the rest of the night and can be used in a fight

The Clap

Once the fuck is over, if one of us has a sexually transmitted disease, we must indicate this by clapping our hands.

Then the uninfected person catches the disease. They add it to their character's life story:

I fucked Clara and, the next day, I noticed a !yellow pus oozing.

If *both* of us have a disease, then the diseases combine. Let's say you have a yellow oozing pus and I have a burning pain when I pee. Then the diseases combine:

I fucked Clara and, the next day, I noticed a !yellow pus when I peed.

If I'm angry about this, I can always fight you.

Fighting

So we're going to fight.

First, I say what I want to achieve out of the fight. And I yell it out loud:

I want to reduce you to tears!

And you say what you want, loudly and confidently:

I want to kick you in the balls so hard that you can't ever have children!

Hopefully, a crowd starts to gather.

And I conceal a coin in one of my fists and present both hands to you. You choose which hand the coin is in.

If you find the coin, you take the first turn. If not, I do.

Taking a turn

During my turn, I can either fight you with Pain or with Afterglow.

Fighting with Pain

If I'm fighting with my Pain, then I describe fighting you in a way that uses that Pain:

From my coat, I draw a /cut-throat razor. The blade glitters in the firelight. I slash you across the chest and you feel blood running.

And I hide a coin in one of my hands and present both fists to you. You must choose which hand the coin is in.

If you choose the hand with the coin, you start a new turn. If not, I carry on using the same Pain again you:

I slash your dress with the /razor, leaving your arse exposed for everyone to see.

And I conceal the coin again and present both hands. If you find the coin, you start a new turn; if not, I carry on fighting with my Pain:

I slash the razor through the guy-rope of the tent. It falls on top of you. As you're pinned to the floor, I press the razor against your throat.

If you choose the wrong hand three times in a row, then I win. And I get what I want out of the fight:

As the razor presses into your throat, and you start to bleed, you feel tears welling up. You can't help it. But you cry.

Fighting with Afterglow

If I've been fucked tonight, I may instead fight with Afterglow. To do this, I describe the person who fucked me:

I put your fist down your throat, just like I put my cock down your girlfriend's throat!

And I hide a coin in one of my hands and present both hands to you. If you choose the right hand, you start a new turn. If not, I carry on using my Afterglow to fight you:

I smash you into the ground. You lie there whimpering, just like Clara did when I fucked her.

But Afterglow is more powerful than Pain. Because you only have to choose the wrong hand two times in a row for me to win.

And if you choose the hand without the coin twice in a row, then I get what I want out of the fight.

As you lie on the ground, thinking about Clara, you cry.

Spectators

Whenever there's a fight, the other freaks will crowd round. They're an important part of the fight.

They should watch. And applaud. And cat-call:

You can't fight for shit!

He's got the coin in his left hand!

Slash him with the razor!

Also, the Spectators judge whether we're playing fairly.

For example, if I try to use my Pain in an unconvincing way:

I...er...hit you across the face...like you're one of those /stolen scraps of meat I used to eat!

Then they should tell me so.

That's shit!

And, if a majority of Spectators agree that I'm not playing fair, then I must try again.

Forgetting the Pain

The moment that a Pain is used:

From my coat, I draw a /cut-throat razor. The blade glitters in the firelight. I slash you across the chest and you feel blood running.

Then it is Forgotten. After that turn, you may not use the Pain for the rest of the evening.

The glow fades

And the moment that an Afterglow is used:

I put your fist down your throat, just like I put my cock down your girlfriend's throat

It is gone. After that turn, you may not use the Afterglow again.

Early retreat

At any time, a character may withdraw from a fight.

His opponent then gets what he wanted from the fight and the character who withdrew does not.

On a promise

Let's say you've used up all your Pain and Afterglow but you don't want to withdraw from the fight. You've got one more option, but it's risky.

You can use the name of someone whom you haven't fucked this evening:

I put your fist down your throat, just like I'm going to put my cock down Sarah's throat!

And we treat it as though you've used an Afterglow.

However, you must then fuck Sarah later in the night. If, by the end of the evening, you haven't fucked her, you get a new Pain.

While I was fighting, I thought about /Sarah. Then, later on, I tried to fuck her, but she ignored me.

Applause

At the end of the fight, either character may raise his arms in the air. This signifies that he is asking for applause.

The spectators may applaud or they may not.

Then the other character must raise his arms in the air.

Again, the spectators may applaud, or they may not.

Whoever gets the most applause may Forget another Pain. But if the two players cannot agree who got the most applause, neither player may Forget his Pain.

Beautiful Things

To steal your Beautiful Thing, I can say I want to steal it at the start of a fight:

I want to steal your framed photograph!

Or I can say I want to steal it at the start of a fuck. Of course, since you can end the fuck at any time, I'm less likely to get it. But it's possible.

If I steal your Beautiful Thing, you must cross it off your life story. And I add it to mine:

*I stole Sarah's *framed photograph.*

Beautiful Things can never be destroyed or hidden. They always belong to someone.

Taking someone out of the game

You can't ever do anything that would stop another Freak playing.

For example, you cannot:

- Kill another Freak
- Tie another Freak up so they can't escape
- Rip another Freak's legs off

If you like, you can imprison or bind another Freak. But they always escape.

End of the evening

Beautiful Things

For each Beautiful Thing you have at the end of the evening, you Forget one Pain.

Not Forgotten

If, at the end of the evening, you haven't Forgotten all your Pains, then you must permanently add another Pain to your life story:

I came home from the Freaks Festival, but I was still thinking about my parents branding me. When I got home, I put my hand over a /candle until the flesh burnt.

Not Fucked

If, as described above, you talked about fucking someone during a fight but didn't actually fuck them, you must also add another Pain to your life story:

I came home from the Freaks Festival. I kept thinking about how Sarah wouldn't fuck me. When I got home, I /carved her name into my shoulder with a knife.

The Bitter End

If, at the end of the evening, you have 15 or more Pains, your character kills himself. And you make a new character.

No More Pain

If, at the end of the evening, you have Forgotten all your Pain, you should permanently strike one Pain from your character sheet.

A Happy End

If you ever strike the last Pain from your character sheet, you have a happy end. You are no longer a Freak and you leave the circus. And you make a new character.

Just to be clear

Fighting and fucking

You never have to fight or fuck if you don't want to.

Arbitration

If there is ever any argument about the rules, nearby players should resolve it.

The Ringmaster

The Ringmaster is a normal Freak. But he has a Beautiful Thing, which is his hat.

Any character may become the Ringmaster, by fighting the current Ringmaster and declaring, at the start of the fight, that he wants to take his hat:

I want to take your hat!

Characters and Players

Your character knows everything that you, as a player, know.

For example, let's say you see another player clapping in a "Fucking" scene. You, as a player, can deduce that the character has a sexually transmitted disease.

And so your character knows that too. Don't worry about how they know. Perhaps they heard a rumour. Perhaps they guessed. But they know.