

Chuunibyou: the Arm-Grabbing

They say you're just delusional.

Of course they do. Everyone would, wouldn't they? Admitting that you're wrong about everything you ever thought you knew takes quite the willpower – and that's not just something everyone has. That's why they built this society – glorifying getting an education to “learn” how things really work, a job to perpetuate those same ideas, children to pass them on to and then dying unfulfilled.

There are some of us who've seen how things really work, though. It's nothing they'll understand – no, it's more like it's nothing they'll *want* to understand. They won't be able to take that the world they think they live in is all a lie, and that the ones who know the truth are those who they consider anathema to their society. They won't understand that we don't need an education – we know what we need already. We don't need a job – our existence in this world is enough to better and enlighten it.

They discount our suffering, for deep down they know the truth. Deep down, they know that they're depriving the true guides and rulers of this world their dues, and they fear our revenge. They scoff at us and discount us not because our beliefs are petty delusions, but because the universal truth behind our beliefs is so deep that not even the lowest human being can help but know it.

Gotterdammerung vengeance
This is a c r u s a d e . This is justice .

Geschwister Demon Lord
You are a s i b l i n g . You are a h e r o .

World of Emptiness
Onwards, siblings, to the A p o c a l y p s e .

Setting

Japan.

For centuries, the country has been glorified – by Western weeaboos, by Japanese right-wingers and by everything in between. It's been painted as everything from a glorious country where the most ancient and sacred of traditions are preserved, over a land of milk and honey where even the most mouth-breathing Western weeb is guaranteed to be worshipped, to a sleek and efficient land of industry that will soon take over the world.

Fedoras tend to believe in this most of all, and especially the Japanese ones – they've grown up in the country, after all, and can't deal with how it actually is. Old post-war buildings patched up with corrugated metal, old bicycles rusting out front among a mess of household refuse and black garbage bags. Vending machines are **everywhere**, providing a convenient place for delinquents to hang out and eat prepackaged lunches. Grubby stores and restaurants (half of them pseudo-religious self-help groups and ridiculously fraudulent health-food stores) line every main street, cluttering the sidewalk out front with garish, home-printed ads. Outside of the tourist-bait city centers, long rows of noncommittal family housing stretch out into infinity, interrupted occasionally by a convenience store or chain restaurant. It's both too gritty and not gritty enough to be cool – the grit of Japan is a workaday, worn-down kind of grubbiness, with less rust and graffiti than the fedoras want and a whole lot more old paint and cooking grease.

There is one thing that seriously differs between Japan and the West when it comes to fedoras, though. Social alienation and rejection *matters* a lot more in Japan, due to a culture that focuses a lot more on

simply acting like a normal goddamn human being and doing what you have to do. Fedoras, of course, react with circuitous rationalization, angsty muttering or burbling fury towards any suggestion that they should do what other people want them to do in order to contribute to society, and as such the Edge gained by Japanese fedoras and Western fedoras who've adapted to Japan is greater relative to the scale of the event. Something that gives 1 Edge in the US still gives 1 Edge in Japan (as Edge is a relative measure), but native Japanese Edge powers (for a given measure of "native", seeing as they're mostly the fault of the Union against American Cultural Imperialism) are usually a bit stronger, as well as fedoras with Western channels always gaining 1 extra Edge every single time they gain Edge.

To balance this out, then, Japanese society isn't conducive to fedoras. Most of the time, they'll be regarded with embarrassment and frustrated disdain – people usually don't speak out against them to avoid stooping to their level and getting involved in their business, preferring to act like it's only a period, but when normal people finally lash out against fedoras, it tends to be because they're **really** fed the fuck up with them. Japanese society is both less conducive to emotional outbursts and less accepting of fedoroid behavior than the West, and this leads to a different pattern in dealing with fedoras – people will usually ignore a whole lot more than in the West while knowing perfectly well that something is up, but when it finally gets too much, they come down on the fedoras like a ton of bricks and almost invariably bring in the police. People with Normalcy are quite common compared to the West, though they're individually less powerful – this is because of the social norms supporting Normalcy being more common, but also so strong that people with Normalcy don't have their worldview strengthened by as much adversity. About 20% of the Japanese population has anywhere from 1 to 4 Normalcy, with other levels of Normalcy being roughly as common as in the West.

Another difference between the Japanese and Western fedora societies is that female fedoras are far more common in Japan, due to the country's culture forcing many more kids into attention-seeking and delusional behavior than in the West. Plain social alienation, unfulfilled dreams and a tendency towards shrieking tantrums when denied one's "ideal world" doesn't have much to do with gender. Of course, male fedoras are still more common – Japan isn't entirely non-Western, and many of the gender norms that male fedoras use as an excuse for feeling persecuted still exist, as well as men simply having more of a tendency to act on fedora delusions instead of keeping them bottled up (which means they have less of a chance that their delusions will vanish as they mature). About 70% of Japanese fedoras are male, with the cities usually having up to 90% male fedoras (the culture being closer to Western norms), and the country sometimes reaching 45% female fedoras (since boredom and listlessness doesn't depend on gender).

How Do I Japan?

This supplement very nearly didn't get written, because a large amount of the fun of the base game was the recognition and familiarity of the cringe. We all know the Western fedora's black waistcoats, clunky glasses, patchy neckbeard, greasy hair and pinstriped grey fedora, their pseudo-intellectual edgy atheism, martyred MRA "girls only want assholes and I'm the nice guy who got left by the wayside" discount misogyny and their hard-on for "true alpha" libertarian macho societies that never actually existed, and we know their typical suburban stomping grounds. Setting the game in Japan, however, brought up a lot of problems – for example, most people who play this game haven't exactly grown up in Japan, and even the author has only *been* there (though he's a high-power Rage/Japanophilia fedora himself). As such, while there's definitely a lot to work with, a lot of it can get lost in translation. This section is here to throw out a

few tips and tricks on how to roleplay in Japan, both in the form of things directly related to fedoras and some more peripheral ranting on how Japanese everyday society works.

First off is chuunibyō – that is, what translates to English as “fedoradom” or “edginess”. It typically takes place around the second year of junior high school (thus its name – from 中学二年の病気, or “second-year-of-junior-high sickness”). Most kids will be about 14 years old when it hits, and general consensus in actual serious psychological circles is that it’s caused by the children being faced with a sudden slew of expectations for the future. It’s around this time where exams really start getting serious and children get entered into cram school, and where a lot of high-flying childhood fantasies get crushed by the demands of the real world. As such, a lot of teens flee into a constructed setting – the “setting” is quintessentially chuunibyō, and refers to a set of ideas that the chuunibyō sufferer has about the way the world works and who they are. Mild cases might have delusions about being “a once-in-a-century revolutionary genius” or some other kind of extreme talent, while the really bad (and in the real world, straight-up clinical) cases can develop ideas that they are in fact some sort of “chosen one”, a reincarnation of a historical figure or even something wholly not human. It’s often characterized by heavy inspiration from “dark” movies and anime, as well as overdone attempts at acting mature and composed (drinking black coffee, for example – canned black coffee in Japan is often unsweetened, and it’s seen as a very adult thing to be able to drink the unsweetened kind, which is only palatable if you really like coffee). Wearing dark clothes, occult jewelry and styling one’s hair in odd ways (the cliché is having a fringe over one eye, exactly like the Western “emo hair”), as well as speaking in very formal and archaic or alternately very rough and informal language and constantly reading or listening to pretentious (often Western or classically Japanese) material are also very typical. A very stereotypical element of a chuunibyō setting is the “Evil Eye” or “Demon Hand”, but this is rather extreme – it’s based around the idea that the chuunibyō sufferer has some sort of “forbidden power” sealed within them, and that they’re both dangerous to other people if they piss them off and oh-so-pitiful for being burdened with the power. This is such a common element in pop-cultural portrayals of chuunibyō that the most stereotypical sign of chuunibyō is either a bandage wrapped around one arm (usually the left one) or an eyepatch over one eye, ostensibly to “seal the forbidden power” that the sufferer claims they hold inside them.

Now for everyday Japan itself. Because of the bubble period in the late 80’s and early 90’s, during which it looked to some people as if Japan was about to take over the world, the common perception of Japan is that of a very clean, orderly, strict and expensive country. To be honest, only the middle two are true, and even then there are a lot of exceptions. Japan isn’t *clean* as much as devoid of litter – the country itself, and especially the buildings, can very quickly get grotty and greasy. Architecture is cluttered and patchwork, a result of housing crises before, during and after WWII, and a lot of places look downright Third World to a Western eye. It’s clean, sure, but the often ramshackle half-wooden housing, cramped building lots and eccentric architecture, not to mention the Japanese tendency towards very loud, colorful and densely crammed signage, can often make the country come off as surprisingly gritty and dirty. There isn’t much litter on the ground, but the construction of the cities themselves can be very messy, and the frontage of houses is often cluttered and messy to a degree that’s rare in the Western world. This grittiness is exacerbated by the Japanese tendency towards aggressive pseudoscientific marketing and advertising – seriously, roughly half of all Japanese ads advertise some kind of scam using emotional appeal or pseudoscientific buzzwords. In general, Japan is a lot more cluttered, greasy, busy, low-key (and occasionally low-down) and greasy than foreign media usually portray it as. It can be a lot sleazier than a lot of Western countries, too – sexual taboos are still pretty strong, but thinly veiled, barely-legal prostitution

is so common as for the ads to be fucking everywhere. There's also an amazing amount of porn in Japan, and not just of the drawn kind – mainly lad's mags and poster girls for basically everything you can publish a magazine about. If you want to see how this looks in practice, looking at a few Tokyo districts and suburbs on Google Maps can be useful – try Kabukicho, Akihabara, the stretch along the Yamanote line between Tokyo and Chiba, and just about every medium-sized country town that you can find on Google Maps. In general, Google Maps is a lifesaver – if you as a player aren't sure where your character would go and what they'd do in their everyday life (which is all-important to the game, since in spite of their Edge powers, fedoras are almost always too provincial, petty and cowardly to really overcome their daily routine), or you as a GM don't have a clear picture of the setting, just spend twenty minutes messing around on the street view.

If you have any proficiency in Japanese, you can attempt to watch a few talk shows and TV comedy shows to see how people act and gesture – as a starter, embarrassment (which is common in Japan) is usually shown by holding a hand in front of your face and maybe giggling a bit (if you're a woman), holding a hand vertically in front of the face with the little finger facing outwards while bowing a bit, or holding a hand to the back of the head (if you're a man). Bowing is fucking everywhere, and is done whenever you want to be at least a little bit polite – it's so ingrained that many Japanese people bow over the phone.

One of the most important elements for the game, though, is exactly where the fedoras will go about their daily doings. It's par for the course that fedoras avoid their actual homes like the plague – after all, their parents are usually there, and they ruin the carefully set-up image of coolness that fedoras cultivate – and as such, they'll usually be hanging out in whatever parts of the neighborhood they consider “cool”, as well as the ones that aren't really *that* cool but they haven't gotten thrown out of yet. Perhaps the archetypal place for misfits to hang out in Japan is in front of a convenience store, eating some kind of pre-made meal (which the cashier always offers to heat if it's supposed to be served warm). Fedoras, of course, will probably do this too – not only does it allow them to show off their attempts at being cool (including eating weird foods and drinking black coffee straight from the 900ml bottle because they think it makes them look mature), there's also often an ashtray in front of the store that they can cluster around (as many city centers issue fines for littering with cigarette butts, and fedoras often aren't as stoic when they're risking an actual fine and actual consequences). It has the disadvantage that there are a lot of people there, though, and as such fedoras tend to only hang out there when it's not crowded and when there are no actual delinquents there (since they also like hanging out in front of convenience stores). Empty car parks are also popular, especially after dark – there's almost guaranteed to be at least two drink vending machines there, and it's *especially* cool to smoke cigarettes there (since while it's not allowed, most car parks are privately owned due to the value of free space in Japan, and you thus usually won't get fined but just thrown out). Any self-respecting fedora group has a local place they hang out at, too – usually a grubby little restaurant of some sort, where they can feel mature and countercultural by ordering things most kids their age don't eat for a good reason. They tend to value ambience over quality, too, which means that the eclectic little café in a grubby back alley that serves overpriced and mediocre food is likely to be chosen over the popular and clean café on the main street that actually serves good and cheap food. In the fedora worldview, the fact that a place serves espresso in elaborate glasses and has all sorts of European knick-knacks lying around is more important than actually getting one's money's worth in food. *Really* lucky fedora groups have a local hangout that actually sells them booze in spite of them acting up like lunatics as soon as they drink half a beer, and such places are usually guarded with tooth and claw. After all, some shop owners recognize the value in loyal, tight-lipped customers who're fine with paying too much halfway

because they're desperate and halfway because they don't know any better, even if they're a bunch of hysterical, antisocial misfits. If the fedoras are lucky enough to live in a big city, there's almost always a gritty part of town that they hang out in, lurking in back alleys while smoking cigarettes and looking sidelong at anyone who comes through (though in the *really* bad parts of town, they usually stop doing it when they've gotten lifted up by the scruff of their neck by someone who really isn't in the mood to be messed with). In more rural areas, fedoras usually default to hanging out along overgrown riverbanks and highway rest stops just outside of town – while these places usually aren't as cool, they compensate by being much more low-key and thus easier to drink or smoke in (and underage drinking and smoking in Japan is serious business). The truly lucky fedora groups out there happen upon an abandoned building of some sort that's viable to hang out in for a while – while they almost invariably get shut down by authorities after a while, there just isn't anywhere better for fedoras to hang out than in an abandoned apartment complex.

One of the things that make it hard to play a game in a foreign country is the absence of even everyday familiarity. It's pretty easy to look up major cultural differences and general living circumstances, but the little details can add a lot to a game, and especially when it's a game about suburban losers with supernatural powers who still can't seem to use them for more than bothering the neighborhood. A game set in Japan might run smoothly until one of the characters pops inside a convenience store to get something to eat, and when the player is asked what, his reply is "Eh, I guess... do they have like, sushi in convenience stores?" As such, here follows a short list of different everyday products that fedoras could be expected to encounter or buy during the course of a game, as well as places they might frequent.

- **Convenience stores** are generally a lifesaver in Japan, and since they're open 24/7 for far the most part, they're guaranteed to attract fedoras who hang out together after midnight in spite of most shops being closed simply because it's cooler. When it comes to beverages, you can usually expect to find green tea (bottled, in 50cl plastic bottles, in normal and the health-foody "tokucha" varieties, usually Itou-en branded), black coffee (countless brands, most commonly Suntory Boss, Wonda and UCC – usually in serving-sized steel cans, half-liter aluminum bottles or 900ml plastic bottles), hydration drinks (either Pocari Sweat or Aquarius, in half-liter, 900ml and 1.5 liter bottles), Oronamin C (an energy drink in small brown glass bottles with a pull top – guaranteed to be popular with fedoras who go for Showa-era appeal) as well as foreign energy drinks and soda like what you'd usually find in the Western world. Basically all the smaller bottles go for about 110 yen, while the larger ones go for 300-350 yen. A single half-liter can of foreign energy drink, though, is likely going to cost at least ¥300-400.

When it comes to food, the fedora staple will probably be omusubi (that is, "rice balls") for about 100-150 yen a pop, or convenience store lunches in the format of "X over rice with side dishes and sauce" for about 350 yen where X is mostly some kind of cutlet or pork kalbi. Lunches are always offered to be warmed up, which a lot of fedoras will no question use to get a window to shoplift. Aside from this, some more artistically inclined fedoras might buy CalorieMate – small blocks of something interminable that looks like cookies, but are only slightly related at best, and stereotypically connected with hard workers and artists (as they have an insane amount of calories and vitamins crammed into a slightly off-tasting and cloying package). They come in packages of 4, in fruit, chocolate, cheese, plain and maple flavors, and set one back about ¥200. Chips aren't as popular in Japan as in the West, and the bags are smaller, but the flavors are definitely interesting,

owing to the Japanese obsession with limited-time offers and special editions (pickled plum, wasabi, and of course just salt).

Cigarettes... well, if the GM allows the fedoras to buy these almost mythical things (the age of majority in Japan is 20, and cigarette vending machines require a Taspo card), they'll probably be going for the obscure brands straight off the bat. The go-to brand is Seven Stars (strong and cheap), but Golden Bat (cheap, strong and extremely dubious) has hipster charm. Fedoras who can't actually take the feeling of smoking might go for flavored cigarettes of the Lark or Mevius brands. A pack usually sets one back about ¥400. Likewise, booze is strong and dirt cheap (try a can of 9% grapefruit/shochu mix, usually just called a chu-hai, for ¥200), but there's usually only really beer and highball mixes in convenience stores. Speaking of things requiring an age of majority (18 in this case), there's a terrifying assortment of lad's mags and general porn on display along the checkout aisle of any self-respecting convenience store, as well as hobbyist magazines (cars, trains, idols).

- **Vending machines** are fucking everywhere. In the winter months, they sell hot coffee and canned oden (basically a stew with a daunting array of possible ingredients) in addition to the normal lineup of soft drinks, cold coffee, cold tea and sports drinks, while in the summer, they only sell cold beverages. Everything in a vending machine is usually at convenience-store price, though Japanese companies and business owners are *never* above exploiting a captive audience, and the further away you get from the nearest other vending machine or convenience store, the more the prices will increase, until you're looking at ¥300 for some strange off-brand Pocari knockoff. Cigarette vending machines aren't very common anymore, as smoking prohibitions have been instituted in several major city centers and worries about minors buying from them or breaking into them have spread. They require a Taspo card, which has to be issued at the town hall to a legal major, but any fedora with an older sibling is guaranteed to have asked them to loan it out (as it isn't personalized). The real jackpot comes when a fedora manages to get a non-smoker convinced to get a Taspo card and give it to them.

Alcohol doesn't always require a card, but the number of vending machines requiring an alcohol card is rising, especially near schools. Finding a vending machine that sells alcohol and doesn't require a card is a dream come true for both fedoras and delinquents, and there will likely be scuffles over who has the right to hang out there.

- **Coin lockers** are one of the lowest and greasiest aspects of Japanese society, gathering like cockroaches everywhere there are lowlives. They're usually grotty little nooks in the wall near the train tracks, allowing anyone to stash whatever they want in a small locker for a small charge (of course differing from place to place and subject to campaigns). Some of them keep an eye out for crime, but a lot don't.
- **Pachinko parlors** nowadays can be anything from relatively clean and safe no-smoking places with arcade machines and pinball to smoky, noisy holes in the wall frequented by older salarymen and owned by some Korean in his 40's with a bad comb-over who barely speaks Japanese. Of course, most fedoras would think that the former are hopelessly uncool. Technically, they can't issue cash prizes, but all but the poshest of them have an affiliated business down the road that's completely unaffiliated on paper, but for some arcane reason just so happens to have an overwhelming demand for the tokens that players can win, which they'll exchange for money.
- **Hostess clubs**... look, to be honest, there are Edge gains that cannot be calculated, and the fallout of a bunch of fedoras rolling into a hostess club is almost guaranteed to be among those. If the GM

still wants to allow their players to commit utter social suicide, a hostess club or “cabaret” is basically a bar in which guys (mostly) pay to have some of the club’s female employees come over and make small talk, and maybe even flirt a bit, for an hour or two. Of course the guests buy the hostesses’ drinks, and of course they’re expensive. On a serious note, they’re a way to cope with a very stressed society that’s suffering from Western norms of individualism and personal freedom meshing badly with Japanese norms of fulfillment being a good, safe job – as this means that people end up working and studying while constantly postponing relationships, there’s a demand for company of the opposite gender. Some hostess clubs are fronts for prostitution, but far from all of them – most of them, however, have some kind of gang involvement on one scale or another. Especially in the bigger cities, there are niches – host clubs (where unmarried office ladies (or OLs) pay to be flirted with by guys in open silk shirts, overdone hair and too much jewelry), JK cafés (almost too sad to describe, but with 20-something women dressed up as schoolgirls – this really is the backside of Japan), maid cafés (given, most of them are pretty tame by now, but some still spill over into hostess club territory) and clubs catering to basically every fetish out there (crossdressers, girls with glasses, Edo-era ninja roleplay clubs, you fucking name it).

- **Restaurants** are insanely common in Japan, to say the least. Eating out is comparatively common due to housing space being scarce – if you’re going to have dinner with more than two or three other people, you’ll usually be going out to eat. Family restaurants such as Jonathan’s, Saizeriya and Denny’s are popular, serving no-nonsense typical menu items such as Hamburg steak (absurdly popular and common in Japan), omelet rice, spaghetti Bolognese and what have you. Yoshinoya, with its arcane ordering system and hard-bitten regulars, serves beef bowls and related food (mainly everything in a bowl over rice), and Yama-chan serves yakitori (chicken skewers – usually drinking food). There are also a truly terrifying number of sushi places, from the posher ones where each plate is made to order to the greasier places where the sushi is simply made by the counter and sent down the conveyor belt, with the price figured out by counting the number and color of the dishes. There’s also an even larger number of ramen places, almost all of which are old, run-down and covered in cooking grease on every surface (though the whole idea of the ramen place is starting to become gentrified). It’s not like most fedoras will ever make it into an izakaya, but there are also a truly imposing number of these – almost invariably grotty and frequented by salarymen for a drink after work, these places serve booze, drinking snacks and not an awful lot else.
- **Scam businesses** are likely to be frequented by fedoras at least once, owing to the common fedora tendency to reject everything pedestrian as a matter of course and vault straight over into the outlandish. Of course, that won’t prevent them from giving the more mundane scam businesses (health-food stores, pseudo-religious self-help groups) shit all day. There are far too many stores in Japan selling all sorts of supposedly occult knick-knacks, herbal medicines and other overpriced garbage that requires at least a certain flakiness and a belief in (at the very least) “minus ions” and other health-food buzzwords to buy into. They’re advertised loudly and indiscriminately, with many of them handing out free tissues with their logo printed on them in front of stations and other crowded places, and their TV ad campaigns can occasionally be just as loud and obnoxious.
- **Stations** in Japan are often prestige buildings, and tend to be a bit more central to the city or town than they would be in the West. Japan’s train system is both efficient and rather cheap, and as such they’re in heavy use. This means a lot of things for fedoras. Since stations tend to be rather large, there are a lot of places to loiter – it might be the very end of the platform behind the last set of

stairs, the entrance lobby before the ticket gate (and it usually has a vending machine), or (especially in larger cities) somewhere under the train tracks a little bit down the line. They're also central, which makes them a good nexus for fedoras to gather around, especially since the large number of travelers means that the fedoras can imagine they "blend into the crowd". Of course, most fedoras still stand out like a sore thumb, and even if they do blend into the crowd, it doesn't matter in the first place because no one cares, but it still makes them feel important. Perhaps most importantly, though, a lot of the distinctly shady businesses in most towns cluster around the station – the closer a business is to the station, the more likely it is to soak up tourists and domestic travelers looking for a place to eat, drink or shop, and the easier it is for customers to stay far into the night (since it cuts down on transport time). Businesses that serve alcohol especially gravitate towards the station, since it's incredibly attractive for a watering hole to be just a few minutes' staggering from the station than a long taxi ride from it (albeit taxis aren't as eye-wateringly expensive in Japan as they are in many other places). In almost every city with more than one group of fedoras out there, there's one area that's guaranteed to be contested, and that's the station. The ability to exit and re-enter the city on friendly ground isn't very big, especially since fedora conflicts aren't that serious and none of them can really use proper information-gathering or shadowing techniques, but it gives a morale boost. On top of that, whoever controls the area around the station (in a purely metaphorical meaning of the word "control", since it's blindingly obvious that none of them actually control anything) also "controls" an area full of bars, gritty multipurpose buildings and countless little shady nooks under the train tracks. Japanese fedora warfare isn't much different from Western fedora warfare, in that it's mostly just unpracticed bluster and testing intimidation that only really succeeds because no one else is actually used to being threatened, but it does tend to get a bit pointy around major stations. The Japanese equivalent of the Kansas City Gotterdammerung – that is, the single most lethal fedora war in the entire country – is known as the Bento War, and is an ongoing conflict taking place in and around Kyoto Station. A group known as the Evil-Slaying Alliance(懺悔^{懺悔}残会 - the horrible wordplay is thankfully impossible to translate) had settled the area around the station by poaching it while two other groups (the One Hundred Trillion Candles – 壹百兆蠟燭 – and the Oracle Bone Committee – 甲骨會議) were embroiled in a pitched shitfight about one of the central entertainment districts. It bears noting here that the fedora idea of "control", while the fedoras themselves claim it gives them "unheard-of influence in the shadows", practically never extends into the normal human sphere, and mostly covers who's allowed to loiter where. After the Evil-Slaying Alliance nicked the station, they posted a picture on Twitter of the group's members eating an expensive station lunch (and these can hit the ¥2500) *each*, while the message taunted the rest of the city's fedoras about it. This provocation, especially since it involved the station and had been the result of a move that most other fedoras in town saw as low-down (though they'd have praised it as genius if they'd been the ones doing it), *really* pissed off the rest of the groups in town, and they descended like a ton of bricks on the Evil-Slaying Alliance. After this, though, the One Hundred Trillion Candles and the Oracle Bone Committee banded up in order to share the station, not giving a single right to the few other minor groups that helped them. These then banded up among each other to form the Path of Retribution (雪辱道), a momentarily very effective fedora group that then proceeded to take back the station. After *this*, then, the Path of Retribution started to tear itself apart over

matters of philosophy, and the Evil-Slaying Alliance decided to strike while the iron was hot – and during the battle, they accidentally killed a member of the Path of Retribution. *This* then brought in the now-separate Trillion Candles and the Oracle Bone Committee in order to protect the Path of Retribution and milk favors out of them, and during this conflict one of the members of the Evil-Slaying Alliance was killed. The Path of Retribution, however, didn't make good on its promise to ally itself with the Trillion Candles and the Oracle Bone Committee, and attacked them at a peaceful meeting, which had no casualties but put the two groups into negotiations with the Evil-Slaying Alliance. The Alliance is reluctant to accept an offer from the people who killed one of their members, but they're marginally aware that the Path of Retribution manipulated them into it – and most importantly, they're planning on playing along and then getting revenge from the inside. By now, the war is really ramping up, but the police are *this* close to rolling in and stopping it, even if they don't get the big bonuses that they do for stopping actual gangs. Some officers, however, are planning on letting it rage long enough that the fedora groups grow into proper armed gangs, at which point they can roll in and cash in the big rewards.

Ladies and gentlemen, fedora politics.

Cultural differences

This part, by necessity, has to be kept short. There have been countless books written about this, and they still don't explain everything, so there's only so much a short passage in a roleplaying document can do. This part will attempt to explain a few basic differences between Japanese and most Western cultures, as well as slipping in a few common polite gestures and faux pas.

One of the most fundamental aspects of Japanese culture is respect for one's seniors. This extends to seniors in one's field as well as in life – parents, teachers, bosses, seniors at work, club presidents and other such people are all considered seniors, and as such their juniors use polite language around them. Not even all Japanese are good at speaking in polite language, and there are multiple degrees of it (polite/informal, polite/formal, polite/deferential and so on). Informal language, which is used towards juniors, friends, subordinates and people one just wants to be rude to (mostly by males) is also quite a wide field. For game purposes, you as the player do not need to read up on the sonkeigo/teineigo division, polite particles or other such small aspects – just remember that the Japanese culture frowns on being too straightforward, and use euphemisms when your character is trying to be polite about something sensitive. If you feel comfortable doing it, you can also include honorifics, but some people might feel that it turns the game from a parody into an anime circlejerk. The GM should read up on everything the players read up on and a bit more – while they don't need to slavishly include everything they learn off Wikipedia into the game, it's immensely useful for the GM to have a rough idea of how people act.

Of course, it's also rude to impose on one's seniors, whether it's through asking too many favors of them, not being thankful for the favors they do you, forgetting to use honorifics properly or indeed anything that the senior perceives as an insult – a senior has a lot of flex in what they can rightfully get mad at a junior for, though it might make them unpopular. In public, of course, the juniors will still be polite and pleasant towards them. Japan is a "face culture", in which failures, rudeness, mess-ups and other such behavior severely impacts one's reputation – fewer things are just "water under the bridge", and any shirking of responsibility or failure at a job should be followed up by profuse 45-degree bowing and apologies.

Hard work and persistence is more valued in Japanese culture than in most Western ones, and in a lot of cases the effort is seen as commendable in itself and a proof of good character – compare for example

American culture, in which the most important part is the result, and effort is only seen as one of the ways to achieve it (luck for example also being a more culturally acceptable path to success). It's generally seen as bad form to burden others with one's problems, both juniors and seniors – a senior needs to be a good role model to their juniors, and a junior is expected to provide the most possible help and the least possible nuisance to their seniors. This also reflects in a much smaller acceptance of mental problems and stress (though this is changing slowly but surely because of Western influences) – on one hand, it means that Japanese culture is almost devoid of the self-centered hyper-individualism seen in some Western cultures, in which everyone needs some kind of disorder or issue in order to justify their own failures, but on the other hand it also results in a society with massive stress problems and in which death from overwork is a very real issue. One is expected to keep one's own issues and worries to oneself and likewise handle them on one's own without burdening others with the responsibility of taking care of one's problems – and again, on one hand it means that Japanese society generally works a lot more efficiently than many Western societies, as people focus on their work or education instead of taking pauses, therapy breaks and teambuilding courses, but on the other hand it also means that many mental issues go completely unrecognized and untreated, and that the sufferer themselves might very well actively deny it. This is perhaps the core reason for the abundance of fedoras in Japan – it's not because all fedoras have actual mental disorders (actually, relatively few Japanese fedoras have a real mental disorder), but because it makes it much easier to fake some kind of persecution and still provides an excuse to not take any real responsibility or even go to a therapist who can tell the fedora that they're just malingering.

Japan is also still relatively self-contained – comparatively few Japanese people can speak English, and the general level of knowledge about the rest of the world is relatively low in comparison to a lot of Europe and parts of the US. This can be chalked up to a lot of reasons, but to give one specifically would turn this into a political tract – suffice to say that the many theories include that the Japanese face culture makes it shameful to fuck up in knowledge of other people's culture and language (and as such discouraging people from trying at all), a pervasive national guilt complex following WWII and the American occupation and relative self-sufficiency in regards to internal business. Most people are far from conversational in English, though they're better at reading comprehension – a lack of practice in speaking and writing combined with a nevertheless surprisingly good standard of education in a purely technical sense means that most people can read English at a reasonable level (and basically everyone knows the alphabet), but that their skills are a good bit more rusty in practice. Fedoras tend to gravitate towards extremes – some of them completely deny the value of knowing English and consider it shameful to have to learn it, some of them are fluent but have odd diction, and some of them just pepper their speech with bits of English and have a solid vocabulary, but don't have the practical experience to actually speak it. As a side note, there are no rules in the core rulebook that determine how many languages a fedora can know, as the default American setting means that most characters will only really know English, with a few bits of Spanish or butchered Japanese. If any rules are desired, the number of extra languages a fedora can know is capped at their Mind (Dweeby/Wise) minus three – this means that a fedora needs to be either very intelligent (comparatively) or just reasonably intelligent and with a studious streak in order to learn any other languages than their native one. Japanophilia fedoras who don't have Japanese as their native language can learn Japanese at a reduced difficulty (their Mind (Dweeby/Wise) only has to be at least 3 in total, and they can count in their Euphoric Trait), and this is not counted towards the normal limit – but if they don't acquire the language according to the following rules and instead use this dispensation, their Japanese is recognizably fannish and peppered with all sorts of anime borrowings that real Japanese people don't use. This means that the

Japanophilia powers granting actual knowledge of Japanese don't become obsolete – and anyway, very few of these fedoras actually rely on their personal language skills over their Edge, as they'll quickly learn the first time they use it that it's ridiculously, obviously foreign (and they'll refrain from using it not because they admit it, but because it'll become impossible to deny if they use it too much). Ironically, Japanophilia fedoras can *only* learn actual, proper Japanese if their Mind (Dweeby/Wise) totals 6 – the worldview of these fedoras inherently keeps them stuck in a dreamland idea of Japan, and while it's easier for them to learn the kind of Japanese that they imagine is used in everyday Japan, there's a veritable Maginot Line of psychological roadblocks in the way of them actually learning how real Japanese people speak. Even then, the Japanese that the fedora knows still isn't as good as that provided by 5- or 6-Edge Japanophilia powers – Japanophilia fedoras are perfectly capable of mastering actual Japanese with Edge, as it basically just provides the linguistic knowledge to them for free with no strings attached for anywhere from a few hours to a few days, but they find it immensely hard to actually *learn* it, as this means that they'll actually have to undertake a real learning experience during which they can't just plug their ears and repeat their mantra-like Animeland fantasies to themselves. Most Japanophilia fedoras who know proper Japanese also don't know it through their own choice – they're just so unfortunately talented with languages that they can't filter the bits and pieces they learn free of unpleasant truths.

The GM is completely within their rights to veto any language choices that obviously only exist to game the system or aren't adequately explained by the character's backstory.

A few common faux pas that fedoras often commit (or intentionally showcase) follows.

- Sticking chopsticks into rice straight down – this is done at funerals to offer food to the dead, and is somewhere between rude and just plain horrifying to others to do in company. Of course, a lot of fedoras do this specifically because it's grim.
- Counting money in front of the person who gave it to you – this is considered to imply that you don't trust them to pay you enough, and is of course incredibly rude. To a lesser degree, opening gifts without asking is also considered rude.
- Using too few or too informal honorifics, full stop. You don't drop honorifics unless you've been told to do so, and this counts even with juniors. A senior can get away with the –kun or even –chan honorifics towards a junior (though the latter is only really common with older male seniors, and might come off as unpleasantly flirty towards female juniors or employees), but dropping it is a huge faux pas. In fact, it's a lucky break if the person just treats it as a faux pas and not a straight-out insult or snub. Family names are also default, and using given names without permission is straight out.
- Not knowing when something is “out”. Japanese culture is extremely conscious of any possible elephants in the room, and incredible efforts are made to dance around them. A common concept in Japanese humor and even culture is the idea of something being “out” (in English) – that is, something that's off-limits for discussion. It's considered the individual's responsibility to gauge the mood and know what's okay and not okay to say.
- Not taking one's shoes off in the entry hallway. Like a lot of Asian cultures, Japanese culture considers the feet dirty, and under no goddamn circumstances does anyone walk around inside with their outside shoes on. One also wears slippers in the bathroom in a lot of guesthouses, hostels and hotels, though it's less common in family environments. Fedoras, of course, almost all

as one regularly tromp around indoors in their shoes, as it's an easy and petty way to snub authority, tradition and parents.

Powers

Japanese fedoras have access to most of the powers that Western fedoras have, and they're unnervingly similar – fedora powers seem to tap into the general tendencies of people who consider all the evils in the world to be the fault of someone else who's overlooking or suppressing their “uniqueness”, and don't as much draw from specific cultural norms. As such, Japanese fedoras can have all the channels that Western fedoras can have, and any changes will be noted. Japanese fedoras also have access to three “unique” “Japanese” channels, created by the Union against American Cultural Imperialism, which incorporate several butchered and stereotypical elements of Japanese culture, which have since been naturalized by their practical use in Japanese fedora society. There's nothing in the way of an American fedora, or indeed anyone else, developing these channels as long as they've been obsessed enough with that specific type of Japanese culture before they became fedoras – it's rare, but it definitely does happen.

Japanese fedoras use their powers in much the same way as fedoras all over the world – while some of them, especially the ones who know about Western fedora culture, like to raise themselves onto a pedestal, they're exactly as petty, pent-up and furiously blanket-accusatory in their use of Edge powers as any other fedoras in the world.

DQN-Type powers are based on an irrational and childish hatred towards authority figures – basically, they're fueled by a “you're not the boss of me” attitude. They're usually incredibly petty, orbiting around breaking social norms and getting away with things that would normally get others told off or arrested. Users are often mistaken for delinquents, but there's a clear difference – actual delinquents do what they do because they have no other opportunities or because they just plain like it, while DQN-type fedoras attempt to wring a persecution complex out of it.

Subcultural-Type powers have a mirror image in the conventional Hipsterism channel, but usually orbit more around actively being cool by connecting oneself to existing stereotypes and subcultures, unlike the Hipsterism channel's obsession with being unique and original. The key difference between Subcultural-Type and Evil-Eye-Type powers is that while Evil-Eye-Type is obsessed with the fedora being something supernatural and cool, Subcultural-Type powers orbit around the fedora identifying themselves with powerful and cool kinds of normal humans in the hope of gaining their qualities.

Evil-Eye-Type powers are unique in being the only one of these three channels that actually showed any signs of being in development before the Union against American Cultural Imperialism moved in and decided to create new channels. They're mainly focused around the idea that the fedora is a supernatural creature removed from humanity, and tend to place a lot of emphasis on voluntarily scaring off other people and then spinning around to angst about the fedora's “unjust rejection”.

DQN-Type

1 Edge:

- Get away with a single violation of dress code for up to one school or work day. This must be relatively minor – an open coat, hair gel, shirt stuffed into pants, cigarette behind ear or the like. People will notice, but the Edge imbues the dress code violation with a tangible feeling that

“someone else will probably tell them off for it anyway”. This power cannot stack, because of the way it rationalizes the dress code breach – putting any more violations on would stretch the excuse.

- Cause a motorcycle or car that you touch to make a lot more noise than it otherwise would for two hours. It doesn't increase the noise to anywhere near the level where it would have a mechanical impact, but it's definitely skirting “disturbing the peace”.
- Get free credit on any drink vending machine. As long as the product costs less than ¥150, all you need to do is press the button and spend the Edge, and the drink will come out. If the product costs more, simply subtract ¥150 from the normal price.
- Bring into existence Schrödinger's Cigarette (and Lighter). After you activate this power, it's held in suspension for 24 hours. At any time during its effect, you can fish a crooked cigarette and a nearly-empty lighter out of some deep corner of your pockets. The lighter goes dead after lighting something twice, and there's only one cigarette. The power is terminated after the cigarette or lighter are used.

2 Edge:

- Be allowed to loiter in a public place for up to three hours without comment. This power won't let you go anywhere you're not supposed to, break laws with impunity or bring other friends in – what it does is allow you to stand around in a place that you ordinarily have the permission to stand around in, but to do it for hours on end without getting kicked out. As a bonus, you'll be allowed to smoke and drink there as long as it's outside, even if you're resoundingly underage.
- Fake school attendance for one class. The class roster will have your name checked off, and any teachers, class reps or other authority figures will have a faint impression that you were there, but were either sleeping or messing around in the back. It's still attendance, however.
- Be let into a gambling parlor of any kind despite being underage. This doesn't prevent you from getting nailed by police if they choose to turn up, but it does allow you to enter and start playing without problems (even though a good chunk of them would probably have let you anyway). You'll still get thrown out if you do anything that would normally get you thrown out, aside from of course being underage.
- Get away with minor shoplifting in a convenience store. As long as you actually buy something normally, you can pocket one thing that's small enough to fit in your pockets and costs half or less of what you actually bought. The sweet spot is when the cashier is turning away to warm up your lunch in the microwave.

3 Edge:

- Find your way to the worst part of town imaginable. This provides you with no protection or information, and it might very well be an hour-long train ride if your own suburban dump is too straight-laced to actually *have* a wrong side of the tracks, but it's guaranteed to show you the way to the sleaziest of the sleaziest places within a good 40 miles. It's the real thing, but again, the power provides you no protection.
- Fake school attendance for a whole day. As it's too much for Edge to create detailed impressions of what you did during recesses and lunch, it either creates a flimsy idea of you being in class, which

nevertheless crumbles when people are faced with any real questions, or just makes you come off as having been asleep the whole day.

- Buy cigarettes or alcohol without being carded. You might still be refused because your leather-jacket-clad friends are standing outside and kicking at garbage cans while waiting for you to bring them booze, but you won't be carded for that one purchase. This also works to spoof the Taspo card scanner on cigarette vending machines, as well as the ID scanner on alcohol vending machines near schools. For the purpose of this power, buying multiple packs, cans or bottles at once counts as a single purchase, as does purchasing multiple packs or cans in a row from a vending machine – it's not exactly like fedoras often have the money to spare for it, anyway.
- Project an aura of "someone else's business" for three hours. This will allow you to get away with wearing whatever clothes you want (long coats and tracksuit pants in school come to mind), drinking and smoking while underage, eating and drinking during class and carrying a small weapon (a baseball bat is the absolute biggest, and a knife is the absolute most lethal) without anyone commenting on it or punishing you for it. It's still plainly visible, and will color people's impression of you even though they won't act on it. Don't expect people to be overly eager to interact with you, either.

4 Edge:

- Become one of the "bad boys of the school" for one day. You will be counted as having attended as long as you at least show your face to the teacher, you can mess around in class however you will (playing mahjong, eating, sitting with your feet on the table, insulting the teacher), and people will generally treat you as someone you don't mess with if you want to keep your front teeth (compared to the usual image they have of you, which is likely that of someone who themselves lost a tooth or two last time they tried playing cool). It works differently from the above power – it doesn't just make people act like they don't care, it actually temporarily makes it normal that you're acting big. You cannot gain Edge in school while under this power, as people will still think you're scary even if you mess up (though the GM is free to cancel the power and give Edge as normal if the event would give 6 or more). The power, though, only works on students and teachers, and you can't use it to get away with carrying any weapons at school that don't also have a legitimate purpose (for example baseball).
- Interrupt any use of Normalcy that you witness. If anyone you're interacting directly with (that is, you're close enough to hear each other and they're aware of you) uses Normalcy, you can simply spend the Edge and testingly grunt "huh?" while trying to look like an extra from a low-budget yakuza flick. The person loses the Normalcy they were about to spend, even if they spent it reflexively, but the Edge effect they were trying to counteract still takes place.
- Unlock any motorcycle or ordinary car (no trucks or tractors – you can't race them, so they aren't cool) with a touch. There's nothing more to it – spend the Edge, unlock the vehicle, presumably drive it. In other people's eyes, though, you've still nicked it, and they'll react accordingly. You also can't lock the vehicle again unless you have the actual key, which defeats the purpose of this power.
- Create actual recreational drugs. By spending the Edge and touching a pill baggie on which you have scrawled something sinister-looking related to the (diplomatically put) narrow Japanese view of recreational drugs (for example "Bloodchips"), you can fill it with a gram of hash, cocaine or heroin. It provides no knowledge of how to ingest the drugs safely, no additional common sense

and no protection from law enforcement whatsoever – it just brings the drugs into your hands, and it's your choice what to do with them from there. On the good side, because the Japanese media absurdly overplay the strength and impact of recreational drugs, they're actually of pretty good quality.

5 Edge:

- Get a teacher out of your face. This power can only be used on a single person at a time, and they must be an on-duty schoolteacher (not necessarily at your school, but they need to be on their job). You must be close enough to engage them in conversation. When you activate the power, treat it as a Mouth (Slimy/Eloquent) roll for the purpose of intimidation, with 6 automatic successes – it can be countered by a Mind (Sketchy/Acute) + Sketch roll, but the teacher doesn't gain any automatic successes. If the teacher doesn't succeed on their roll, you can get away with telling them to get out of your face, ignoring any illegal or prohibited things you're doing at the moment. If the teacher scores only 1 or 0 successes, you have more flex – you could even get them to do something simple but potentially job-risking for you, such as letting you into the teacher's lounge after closing time. This act has to be undertaken immediately, not be dangerous in the moment and take less than 10 minutes.
- Pose as a criminal from a specific gang for two hours. This is both more draining and more effective than the 3-Edge Revenge Fantasy power – it allows you to speak and understand the slang and any one foreign language used by the gang of your choice, as long as it's in a criminal context. That is, if you want to blend in with the Russian mafia, you can speak fluent FENYA as well as ordinary Russian as long as you're talking to another Russian gang member, are using your so-called "gang membership" to put pressure on someone else or otherwise involving your pretense of being a gang member, but you can't use the power to understand Russian news or teach Russian at a university seminar. It doesn't particularly *make* people think that you're a gang member, but since your slang is spotless and your behavior fits, they're not immediately likely to suspect you of being an outsider – it's harder to use in smaller gangs, where everyone knows everyone, but highly effective in massive organizations where people can't all possibly remember each other.
- Create an actual firearm. This is an example of a power that was originally identical to a Western power (and also exists in the Japanese Revenge Fantasy channel), but changed through its adaptation to Japanese culture. The power can't create anything much bigger than a normal handgun – the extreme taboo against gun ownership in Japan, as well as the strong connection between guns and crime in the public consciousness, artificially increases the amount of Edge needed to activate the power, as creating an automatic or high-caliber firearm is seen as more momentous than it is in the US. Reducing the Edge cost of creating such a dangerous weapon would be impossible, as this would clash with the Japanese view on firearms, and thus, this power can only create 9mm and .45-caliber handguns. Gun ownership in Japan says a lot more about a person than it does in the US, though, and owning a gun is less something you just do and more of a permanent lifestyle statement – as such, this power is permanent as long as you only have one firearm in existence. If you create more than one weapon using this power, all but the most recently conjured one will disappear in some way – contrivance or coincidence – within the next 48 hours. If you need to get rid of any of the guns *now*, you can spend 3 Edge to immediately dispel it. The gun comes with one full magazine loaded and two more alongside it.

And of *course* you can choose the model – gun geekery in Japan is characterized by a lot of technical and design obsessions in place of actually shooting guns, and choosing an obscure and “cool” model is absolutely indispensable for fedoras.

- Create a safehouse of sorts. It’s more than just a nook protected by Edge, but definitely less than a full-fledged home. Like the standard 6-Edge Hipsterism power, it creates an entrance in a fitting part of town – that is, this power has to be used in a bad part of town, or it doesn’t have the self-consciousness that’s necessary for almost all fedora powers. Some usual examples would be a fenced-off doorway in a graffiti-filled side street, a featureless white service door behind an urban 7-11 or a reinforced emergency doorway in the street-level parking garage of a multipurpose building. The power comes with a good helping of self-important fedoroid paranoia and the conviction that the fedora is so important that everyone else must be out to get them in specific – as such, the door is either barred in some way (in which case the key that’s in the lock when the power activates becomes a key ring holding all the necessary keys) or just equipped with a solid lock, and any prospective intruders need at least 4 successes on a Vandalism roll to enter, as well as *needing* proper equipment such as an actual picking kit or shaped charges. The latter barely exists in Japan, and the former usually won’t be owned by fedoras (who buy their picking kits as novelty articles off Amazon). Edge powers work just fine in opening the lock, however. In addition, the power includes an inherent protection from law enforcement – police officers and other authority figures without Normalcy have to be led to the door by someone with Edge or Normalcy, and anyone with Normalcy has to succeed on a Sketch roll to find the doorway. Edge users, again, can notice the door just fine, and even distinguish the lasting Edge effect on the doorway. In exchange for this, the pad created is so tinted by the channel’s obsession with the gritty and underground as to be very scarcely stocked. The pad created is usually drafty, dirty and generally grotty, and the only amenities in the place are at most three mattresses, a hotplate, a faucet and a single outlet. The power also only lasts for a week, though it can be refreshed with more uses of the power.

6 Edge:

- Actively erode any kind of authority that dares to oppose you for six hours. This power fundamentally works like the 4-Edge “bad boy of the school” power, but with a few other peripheral effects. If you’re at school (any school) and exceed the limitations of the 4-Edge power by carrying around a gun, starting fights in class, using violence or threats against a teacher, doing drugs in front of others or generally committing illegalities casually, any authority figure (be it a teacher, the principal or a police officer) has to accumulate more successes on a Mind (Acute) roll than you gain on a Mouth (Slimy/Eloquent) + Backstabbing roll or in some way be unable to enforce their authority in any functional way against you (though people with Normalcy can spend it one-to-one for bonus successes). For example, a police officer who tries to arrest you for your carefully-arranged joint break in front of the school and as many other students as possible, but fails his roll, might feel intimidated by someone smoking illegal drugs right in front of him, or he might just almost lose his lunch at the smell and in the process lose any authority he presumes to have before backing off. This effect of the power also applies outside of schools, but you have to roll for all infractions including underage smoking and small weapons. The one thing that this power can’t do jack shit about is actual murder – you aren’t even allowed to roll to get away with that, and the

power automatically ends if you kill someone. There's only so much Edge can do.

In addition, you erode authority around you while using this power. This is only really noticeable if you use it at a school, a workplace or a pseudo-criminal gathering, but it's effective – as long as people are within line of sight of you and as long as you're not antagonistic to them, they feel more confident in committing illegal acts, as your self-conscious aura of self-proclaimed "criminal cool" suppresses any fear of authority. The more authorities fail to enforce their authority against you, the more effective this becomes – if you just use this power during recess, the class might just become a little bit noisy and distracted, but if the principal comes down flanked by a police officer and you scare both of them off, the classroom might come to look like something out of Cromartie High as people rally around your rejection of authority. This aspect of the power isn't a mind-controlling effect, though, and only removes the fear of authority in people – it can't be used to make people commit illegal acts that they don't want to commit.

- For a fleeting few hours, gain the cooperation of people who're actual bad news. Fedoras have Edge powers, sure, but that's pearls before swine if it ever happened – they're incompetent in a lot of mundane tasks, and normal people are almost always far more competent than a fedora without Edge is. People who're actually extraordinary by normal human standards, then, can sometimes even rival fedora Edge powers – though, of course, people are much more equipped to deal with normal humans than with fedoras.

When the user uses this power, they simply "send out" an invitation for a meeting, phrased in circuitous and roundabout pseudo-formalities that they picked up from period dramas and yakuza movies – since basically no fedoras can be reasonably expected to know how to contact actual criminals, the power does a bit of the work by orchestrating coincidences so that actual criminals or extremist groups will come across the message within the next 24 hours. Within 48 hours of the power's use, then, the fedora will receive a reply in some way (handed over by a passing man in a hoodie, slipped into their locker at school, stashed in a coin locker that the fedora finds the key to on their school desk), and only then do they know who they're dealing with. The reply, whoever wrote it, will stipulate a meeting within the next 12 hours at a fitting place. The power can take up to 60 hours to completely come to fruition, and after this it's only guaranteed to last for 12 hours, but it allows fedoras to reach heights they'd otherwise have no chance of reaching (though that probably won't stop them from feeling entitled to it).

Whether it's the yakuza, the Russian mafia, a seriously intense right-wing group or even a bunch of amateur terrorists (the power doesn't select people that the fedora would be completely unable to agree with), they will be much more friendly than they would ordinarily be towards the fedora and their entourage when the meeting finally takes place – someone in the fedora group only needs to succeed on a Mouth roll of some sort (depending on what kind of impression they want to make) in order to make the meeting go smoothly. Any insensitive or provocative remarks can provoke a hostile response, as can a pathetic failure, but (except for in the case of a pathetic failure), the other party will give the fedoras a warning of some sort before getting unpleasant. The effect gives the other party a persistent impression that they have shared interests with the fedoras, which lasts for 12 hours after the meeting – during this period, they'll help the fedoras with anything that the fedoras can disguise as benefiting both parties ("we think the principal is taking money from the Korean mafia, and they're threatening Chinese territory" or "the drug trade at this trendy club is going to bring police attention to your New Century National Salvation School in the same

building, and with that your half-dozen shotguns and two kilos of dynamite”). Aside from cooperating with the fedoras, the other party will generally act sanely and fairly, not agreeing to anything unreasonable or obviously stupid, but the fedoras can still count on their aid for the duration. The members of the group who’re available to help usually number anywhere between 5 and 15, and have stats of 2/4/7 and 17 skill points as well as likely having access to firearms. It’s important to remember that while the group’s members *can* be used as a powerful murder squad, this will require a lot of work on the fedora’s part – they won’t endanger themselves if they can help it, and while they will do their best to pursue their “shared goal” with the fedoras, they’re not guaranteed to do it the way the user wants to, as well as it being perfectly possible for them to break off the deal if the fedoras start telling them how to do what. For the user to get the full potential out of the alliance, they need to plan ahead properly and come up with a sane course of action.

After the effect runs out, the members realize exactly what they’ve been doing, and will probably write it off as a bad business decision – thus, since they’ll have negative impressions of their cooperation with the fedoras, the power can’t end up calling on the same group twice.

- Directly suspend a specific prohibition. This power affects an area up to 500 meters in diameter, and lasts for three days (just enough for the weekend and a bit of spare time to clean up the rubble). The power doesn’t target a specific law (since most prohibitions are backed up by multiple laws with multiple paragraphs each, anyway), but temporarily suspends the effects of a single prohibition in the area. The obvious candidates are also the most commonly used – the prohibitions against underage drinking and smoking, carrying guns, selling and doing drugs and so on. Some fedoras who consider themselves clever try to suspend the prohibitions against unlawful acts such as rape, but this isn’t how the power works – making people blithely accept outright victimization is outside of the purview of Edge, and let’s all take a moment of silence to thank the powers that be for that. The power only affects laws that prohibit a victimless action, regardless of the consequences that the victimless action could have (which are still enforced normally). This means that a fedora could use this power to suspend the prohibition against cocaine in a part of Yurakucho, which of course means that they only have to wait an hour for all the coke dealers to start getting their phone calls and shit’s going to go down. Due to the effects of the power, no police officers will attempt to arrest people for doing or selling cocaine – this power isn’t possible to resist at all, as it suspends an abstract concept and doesn’t actually directly affect anyone’s thought processes. If, however, someone gets too much coke and decides that the guy over at the bar is pissing him off and so deserves a bottle in the teeth, the police are still going to enforce that, but they’ll ignore that the cocaine caused the incident.

The power makes people a whole lot less likely to get hung up on what they did after the power is over – again, it doesn’t change the way people think, it changes the circumstances. As the prohibition itself doesn’t exist, people will act as if the affected act doesn’t have any taboos associated with it, but it doesn’t get them to think it’s *normal*, nor does it compel them to do it. If the police end up getting involved, they’re affected by the effect as soon as they enter the power’s area, and will turn around and leave if there’s nothing else serious going on. It’s still possible for outside forces, for example police officers at the station who never entered the affected area, to enforce the violations, but the people who actually witnessed it and collected the evidence will likely not want to enforce them (as, again, there *was* no prohibition during the power’s effect).

The actual impact this power has upon the surroundings really depends on both the act and the surroundings. Using it to suspend the taboo against drugs in a remote country town will likely do absolutely and utterly fuck-all to the area, as there are no drugs there in the first place, very few people who want to take them and not enough people all in all to really reach critical mass. If, however, the fedora uses it to suspend the taboo about underage sex (now this is a can of worms, but in this case you should assume that even uninformed consent is consent – fedora powers sadly don't answer to conventional taboos) in Kabukicho, all fucking Hell is going to break loose once the power gets a bit of time to settle in. The most important thing to remember with this power, however, is that it will **never** venture into the territory of mind control, and has a habit of fizzling if used in the wrong place, with the wrong prohibition or at the wrong time (though the fedora themselves will always be able to get away with violating the suspended taboo as long as they don't get cocky and forget that anything with an obvious and direct victim isn't affected by the power and is still counted as a normal crime).

Subcultural-Type

1 Edge:

- Automatically pathetically fail a Mouth roll. Normally, fedoras are too caught up in themselves to intentionally fail, but a fedora with this power can be so intensely martyred and self-defeating that they can trip up their own efforts solely to feel alienated. You can gain Edge normally from the failure, but you're not guaranteed to – and no matter if you gain it or not, you've still just seriously fucked up a social interaction.
- Find a place where you "belong". The first time you use this power, choose a subculture or movement that you consider yourself to belong to – this cannot be changed later. Whenever you use this power, it tells you the location of the closest stronghold of this subculture, whether it's a maid café, a pretentious live house or a Western comic book store. The power only chooses places that are open to the public, but you're not guaranteed to be well-liked there.
- Find any kind of news that relates to your preferred subculture. This is basically a search engine that obeys both the letter and spirit of what you want – if you suspect something big went down in the VK fandom because people are acting oddly, but you're too much of an outsider to bring up the question without being met by odd glares, you can use this power in combination with the Internet to find out what happened. The news needs to be out there and not password-protected, but otherwise, you'll find roughly what you wanted to know. There's no guarantee it's comprehensive, well-written or even true – if it's considered "news" in your subculture, the power accepts it as truth.
- Detect the presence of any persons who're actively opposed to subcultures as a whole. This is a radar-ping effect with a range of 30 meters, and tells you the rough direction and number of these people. It detects people with Normalcy without fail, but can also create false positives – not everyone who dislikes subcultures has Normalcy, though all people with Normalcy dislike subcultures by definition.

2 Edge:

- Look at a person and come to know the one stereotype or cliché that describes them best. This is a short, mostly one- or two-word phrase, and will if possible be from the viewpoint of your preferred subculture. If you fancy yourself an “alienated otaku”, using the power on the overweight pseudo-fedora cosplayer from your class might give you the answer “tsundere”, or looking at your non-fedora friends (for a given value of the word) might give you the answer “the main character’s useless buddy” (like you didn’t think that already).
- Come off as a member of a chosen subculture to someone who isn’t a part of it. This will vaguely change your appearance and clothes if your appearance really doesn’t fit what you’re trying to project, though the changes are as small as possible and are only visible to the target. If the target isn’t part of the subculture but is intimately familiar with it (for example a police officer’s familiarity with youth gangs), they’re allowed a plain Mind (Sketchy/Acute) roll to resist the effect completely.
- “Theme” the contents of a refrigerator, a cigarette drawer, a wardrobe or another container of small, everyday objects that nevertheless say a lot about a person. The objects within can’t change in value by more than 30% and can’t go through changes in general type (food remains food, clothes remain clothes and so on). For example, if you finally have your parents’ house to yourself and want to really live it up before they come home, you can just tap the refrigerator and the contents will become (or be replaced with – it’s Schrödinger all over again) something more fitting for the group you consider yourself a member of. If you consider yourself a persecuted otaku, the contents might change to canned oden and cup noodles for the food, and bottled black coffee and Dr P*pper for the drinks – and if you consider yourself a “true punk rocker”, you’re playing with fire and will probably end up with a lot of beer and esoterica.
- Deal with difficult questions from actual subculture members. This power is reflexive and automatically activates when it’s needed – you can try to keep it forced down, but it’s not the default. Whenever someone who’s an actual member of a subculture you profess yourself a member of says or does something related to the subculture that you’d be expected to understand but don’t – be it an in-joke, a reference to a luminary in the subculture, a testing synecdoche or just plain slang – you spend the Edge, and the answer immediately comes to you. You won’t be able to dredge any indirectly related knowledge out of it in excess of what’s strictly needed, but the knowledge you do gain is comprehensive and comes so quickly that there won’t even be a pause in the conversation at all. This cannot be used for things that aren’t general subcultural knowledge – sure, some goths in town might know about a goth club where you might be able to buy drugs, but that doesn’t make it subcultural knowledge, and you won’t be able to use this power to gain knowledge about it.

3 Edge:

- For up to six hours, swap one of your existing skills for a skill that your chosen subculture would have, at the same rating. For example, if you’re actually a halfway functional suburban loser with a Play Normal at 3, but you in your frothing desire to possess more things to feel persecuted about consider yourself an “otaku persecuted by the normies and government of Japan”, you can use this power to swap your Play Normal for, for example, Fake It. The power can also grant free-form skills, such as “Subcultural Knowledge”, but this is subject to GM fiat. The power doesn’t swap points between skills – it just changes an existing skill into a new one. It’s a rather good example of one of the many facets of the fedora mindset – something becomes more boring and pedestrian solely by

the virtue of the fedora themselves possessing it, and it being new and shiny is enough reason to throw out something perfectly good (but old and thus boring) for it.

- Weaponize your method acting. By using this power, you can change your emotion to something else for six hours – after all, if you’re professing to be a visionary mad scientist who’ll tear apart the world order from the bottom up, it won’t do to mainly run on a mixture of testosterone and incoherent, angry muttering. It does require you to come up with a Freudian excuse of some kind, for example “I need to crush all these ignorant robots because they deprived me of the potential I have (Rage or Self-Doubt)” or “Of course they don’t understand the messages I get from the videogames I play – they think they’re just fiction instead of communiqués from astral space, and thus I need to show them (Delusion)”. It doesn’t need to make that much sense, but it needs to be clear-cut and halfway rational – to method-act yourself into following a completely different core emotion, you need to have a core fuck-up to base your delusions off, since it’s not really your own, natural emotions doing the work.
- Make your personal choice of pseudonym accepted at a single social gathering. Normally, people’s usual reaction to being faced with a 15-year-old teenager in sunglasses and a death metal T-shirt making dramatic hand gestures while talking and proclaiming himself to be Kannazuki J. Shougo Schwartzberg the Third is just disdain mixed with a fair helping of disgust. With this power, however, people you interact with will blithely take your pseudonym and other little bits of your personal identity at face value. While they won’t exactly recite your litany-like pseudonym and self-proclaimed occupation every time they talk to you, they’ll take the name you give as your real one (and, in the previous example, might just call you Kannazuki-san without question). This power has a variable duration – for people who already know your name, or in some other way know that what you’re saying is bullshit of the highest order, it lasts for the duration of the social interaction that you use it in. On people who were introduced to you while the power was in effect, it lasts until they’re given solid proof that your name isn’t the ridiculous half-page tangle of furigana that you gave it as. If you gave your occupation as “hacker who’s going to lay low the government of Japan”, they’ll still believe that it’s what you’re *trying* to do, but the power gives only acknowledgement and not respect.
- Detect normals opposed to the true potential of humanity for an hour. Under the effect of this power, you can infallibly detect people with Normalcy at a glance, as well as distinguish the way they normally gain Normalcy (arresting people, talking sense into teenagers, writing up parking tickets). In addition, when you’re contemplating whether or not to use an Edge power directly on them or not, you instinctively know whether or not they can resist the specific power if they want to (though you can only use this once per combat round – you can’t do it with all your Edge powers until finding one that’ll work, and so need to decide on a course of action for the round immediately after the answer). As a side effect, this power also detects fedoras on sight, owing to them being “allies” in the user’s attempts to be acknowledged for something they’re not, but it’s of limited efficacy – fedoras are often easy to spot by completely mundane means, and all fedoras can resist Edge powers for metaphysical pocket change. It does, however, also allow you to get a diffuse feeling for a fedora’s channel as long as they’re within line of sight – Edge is such an emotionally complex clusterfuck that this power provides one of the clearest insights possible into it, and its insights aren’t very spot-on. The kind of impression you’ll usually get is something like “he

doesn't seem to be that obsessed with standing out" (that is, "doesn't have Hipsterism or Evil-Eye-Type") or "has a violent approach to his powers" (that is, Revenge Fantasy or DQN-Type).

4 Edge:

- Use your frothing glorification of an imaginary "society of countercultural elements" who for some reason all think exactly like you to copy another Edge power – under very specific circumstances. This power must be activated ahead of time, and it takes about 15 minutes – it's a rather complex Edge-manipulation exercise, as it involves willingly changing one's own view on Edge for a bit (during which any fedora's subconscious will be going apeshit trying to set up defense mechanisms). For the next 24 hours, the fedora can identify all Edge powers that can be copied with this power – that is, all powers (including powers from the user's own channel that they've refused) used by a fedora of the same emotion. They have to witness the use of the power itself to identify it for the use of this power. When they see a power they like, they can lock themselves into it (which means that they can't select another power even if they see it five minutes later) and, at any point within the power's 24-hour duration, use it once for free with their own dice pool. This power can duplicate 5-Edge powers, but not 6-Edge powers – akin to Sonic fanfiction, some levels of Edge are simply too deep for anyone who hasn't spent years with it to grasp, regardless of how hard they try.
- Create the perfect drop-point for illegal and "subcultural" things, just like it always looks in the movies. To use this power, you simply have to spend the Edge after you put anything nonconventional (guns, drugs, bootleg CDs of Loft Plus One idol shows, niche pornography, whatever – as long as it's illegal or taboo) into a coin locker. Of course, the coin locker can't be located in a reputable place such as an onsen resort or a posh hotel – lucky for fedoras with this power, coin lockers in Japan are almost universally grotty, dark nooks in the wall near the railroad tracks in the most horrible parts of town, manned by dead-eyed, pasty-faced teenagers playing handheld console games instead of keeping an eye out. After activating the power, the locker will not be tampered with, opened, maintained or otherwise interfered with in any way whatsoever, even during maintenance or a possible demolition, and no daily charges will accrue – when you or anyone else with the key returns, the cost for retrieving the contents will be only the minimum charge. As a bonus, no one will see you withdrawing the contents unless they're actively watching you. The power lasts for perhaps the longest of any fedora power with a fixed duration, as it taps into the Japanese tendency to leave good enough alone – it lasts up to a year and can be refreshed by another use of the power, though it immediately ends when the locker is opened. The locker can be opened by anyone who possesses the key, regardless of if they have Edge or not. Anyone with Normalcy who knows for sure that you used Edge to hide the locker from tampering (not an easy endeavor) can spend Normalcy when touching the locker to dispel the effect, but this means they'll also be very close to whatever you hid in there without any Edge to protect them from suspicion. Fedoras are immune to this power – but the effect does not protect them from being caught trying to pick the lock or bust the locker open.
- Find an event that caters to people like you. This power can be incredibly diffuse or absurdly specific, depending on how niche the user's interests are – the greater feelings of rejection and alienation gained from having an unspeakably obscure subcultural identity (probably adopted especially in order to be able to play more persecution cards) means that the Edge can be used more economically. When used, this power grants you immediate awareness of the closest place

where it's possible for you to indulge your own personal, special little subcultural identity – and while the power will tell you the closest place, it has no maximum range. If the closest hideout for enthusiasts of foreign teen idols is in Sapporo and you're in Takamatsu, it'll still work – and if your personal interest is so obscure that you have to go to Germany to find people who share your interests, the power will tell you exactly where in Germany to find an event like that. The power also guarantees you entrance if you arrive at the venue within 24 hours of using the power – the Edge will still positively be rolling off you, and people with the same interest will actually be able to sense your (dubious) enthusiasm. It covers all events and venues that cater to a specific subcultural hobby, kink or preference – it at the very least has to be something that causes normal people to cringe, flinch, grimace or just be at a loss for words when they hear about it to qualify. Whether you draw your sense of persecution from watching underground idols perform covered in animal blood or you're just a plain old furry looking for the maximum available concentration of fursuits, every niche, deviant or just plain disgusting hobby is fair game. The power doesn't only tell you the location of the venue, but the program, opening hours and rough layout of the place, as well as a diffuse awareness of anything special about the place (cased regularly by the cops, frequented by a lot of politicians, full of normalfags who obviously don't *truly* see the depths of what they thoughtlessly sully, and so on).

- Actually get permission to perform at one of your preferred subcultural venues. This power has to be used at the exact moment that you're asking for permission from a staff member or someone else with the rights to give you permission – this means that you can still botch the interaction if you don't use this power straight away, and if you don't immediately leave after using it, you can still manage to cock up the situation and waste the Edge. When this power is used, the staff member you're talking to will be much more receptive to your request to be allowed to perform – it's not a completely guaranteed success, but it *is* guaranteed to succeed if you don't ask for any kind of special dispensations or deviations from the venue's normal events. For example, this power is guaranteed to work if the fedora is using it at a visual kei venue to convince the management to let his shoddy VK band play warm-up for a band he admires, but it requires a Mouth (Pitiful/Attractive) + Puppy Eyes roll at a variable difficulty (GM fiat) if he was to ask for a case of beer and some fast food backstage, or if his band was a goth-rock band that could only barely be classed as visual kei. The power automatically fails if the fedora uses it to ask for something that's most definitely not within the purview of the venue, for example trying to get one's death metal band wormed in to warm up for a children's tokusatsu performance (distressingly many fedoras are toku nerds) or do anything at the Loft Plus One that's not horribly offensive to anyone but a scant, huddled clutch of passive-aggressively pretentious anoraks. This power "moves up the ladder" – that is, the Edge affects the request as a concept and not only the statement the fedora makes, which means that even if the fedora only asks the staff member responsible for bookings, their superiors will still let the fedora and any other performers on. Of course, this power fizzles if the fedora isn't among the people to take the stage – self-display is an absolutely essential part of being a Subcultural-Type fedora. The fedora is perfectly capable of being booed off stage if they fuck up – that is, if the fedora's Fake It is less than 4, they have to make a nonstandard Mouth (Pitiful/Attractive) + Fake It roll at a difficulty of 5 plus the amount of points in Fake It they're lacking. If the fedora takes to the stage with other people who also don't have 4 or more points in Fake It, the difficulty starts at 4, but is also increased by the sum of the

points in Fake It that each individual member is lacking – thus, a shock-metal band consisting of the fedora (who has Fake It 3), a low-rent busker guitarist hired for the concert who’s beginning to have deep doubts about the inherent goodness and value of humanity (Fake It 5), a drummer who makes Gallhammer sound like Necrophagist and was only hired because she had tits (Fake It 1) and a total non-entity of a bassist whose skills are only just enough to not be obtrusively bad (Fake It 2) will have a difficulty of 10 on the roll – given, this is a catastrophic example, but the power only has the barest effect on the audience, and such an example isn’t far from the average. The fedora is the only one making the roll by default, but if another member has a solo part of some sort, they’re allowed to make the same roll with their die pool – this can easily lead to situations in which the performance itself was a disaster, but at least the guitar solo was crunchy. A failure on the roll indicates that the audience response is somewhere between disdainful and pitying, and that the fedora only has one more chance before they get booed off stage. A pathetic failure denotes that the fedora has either cocked up their only second chance or that the first fifteen seconds of the performance are so utterly pretentious and dreadful that the audience immediately boos them off stage and out of the venue. A success, of course, indicates that the performance went well – if the fedora has their Euphoric Trait activated, it will be remembered as anything from a solid but lackluster show (1 success) to a stellar experience (5 or more successes). If they don’t, the performance is likely to be remembered as an example of the theory that talent and madness go hand in hand, and that an unfortunate part of looking for good artists is that half of them are complete social car crashes.

5 Edge:

- Change your nationality and ethnicity for up to 48 hours, because just being Japanese is boring. Oftentimes, too, a fedora’s own personal delusions clash with being Japanese – nationality is one point where you can’t distinguish yourself by acting up or buying something overpriced from Amazon, unlike personality, interests, clothing or taste in music. This power is relatively common as a cross-channel power in some more down-to-earth Evil-Eye fedoras (and that’s the dictionary definition of an oxymoron), but it’s usually too practical and with too many strings attached for the rest of them, who eschew real nationalities for ones they made up themselves – where Evil-Eye-Type fedoras can make things up out of whole cloth and always refuse to accept even the mildest criticism, Subcultural-Type ones need to coopt something in order to feel important. This power changes both external and internal elements – not only does it change your appearance to look more like a member of the culture you idolize (though it won’t change elements that don’t much depend on ethnicity), but the desperation inherent in this power is strong enough to let the user actually sacrifice their existing nationality for another to a degree. While under the effect of this power, the user needs to succeed on a Mind (Dweeby/Wise) roll to even *attempt* a roll involving the Japanese language or culture, as the power dismisses it to the very back of the user’s mind (as it isn’t *always* cool, naturally). In exchange, the user takes on the looks of their chosen ethnicity on points where they normally diverge (a 167cm fedora with black hair and Asian features can’t pass for German, so they’ll likely become taller, get brown or blond hair and more Germanic facial features), becomes able to fluently speak one official or majority language of their chosen country and gains the normal everyday knowledge expected of a person who’s been born and raised in the country in question (though it still does jack shit about the fedora’s awkwardness and

doesn't make them more socially skilled – it just temporarily lets them go native). The cultural-knowledge part of the power even extends to such minor things as what clothing people of the fedora's social group normally wear in the country, and of course etiquette and common custom (though most fedoras know their native customs perfectly well, but just fuck up in putting them to use). In exchange, even after succeeding on the roll, the user's mastery of Japanese and Japanese culture is patently dodgy for the duration of the power – they have a clear accent from their chosen country, and their cultural knowledge sometimes lapses at inopportune moments. The power provides no ID of any kind, and the ethnicity chosen has to have at least one million natively raised members – the fedora suddenly knowing Buryat would really stretch the boundaries of credibility past the point that Edge can manage. In addition, someone who knows the fedora in the first place can roll Mind (Sketchy/Acute) + Sketch to figure out who it is – close "friends" and fedora groupmates roll at difficulty 6, everyday acquaintances at 7, occasional acquaintances (aunts, uncles) roll at 8 and people who have seen the fedora but never actually had a solid conversation with them roll at difficulty 9.

- Go native for up to a week. Due to the nature of this power, the exact time of deactivation must be set when it's used. It plays on a typical paradox in Subcultural-Type fedoras – the channel, artificial as it is, has a few bumpy spots when it comes to the fedora's identity. On one hand, fedoradom in itself glorifies specialness and uniqueness, preferably at the expense of everything else – but a large part of Subcultural-Type powers make the fedora *slightly* more normal, and through that allow them to coopt status or reputation that has been earned by the people they nicked it from. True to form, the fedora imagination – undisciplined, self-destructive, idiosyncratic and hypocritical, but nevertheless powerful – has managed to weaponize this tendency and the cognitive conflict inherent in it with this power.

Before using this power, the fedora has to have a proper blueprint. The fedora chooses a subculture that they want to be a part of – otaku, B-girls, metalheads, artsy Loft Plus One hipsters, whatever - and starts to flesh out their "native" identity, detailing elements such as personality, apparent age, looks and clothes. As the example above implies, the power can also change the fedora's gender, and the less time spent on discussing the implications of this, the better. At this point, the player can also set stats (2/4/6) and skills (15 – just use the normal fedora skill list, as Subcultural-Type fedoras never try to leech off something they don't share their absurdly obsessed and niche worldviews with). The stats and skills set at this point do not have to have any kind of relation to the fedora's existing ones. After the points have been set and the fedora has spent the Edge, the power activates.

Under the effect of this power, the fedora is for all intents and purposes a normal person with a completely new identity and personality (which can be surprisingly natural or horrifyingly, uncannily creepy and fake, depending on how the fedora prioritizes Mouth and how much thought they put into the characterization – the former is a mechanical effect, while the latter is just roleplaying). They have no access to Edge powers whatsoever, and they don't possess any of their memories of being a fedora – the power makes it possible to pull off a pretty massive effect (basically a temporary graduation) by tapping into the cognitive conflict between the fedora's desire to be uniquely themselves and their drive to coopt someone else's coolness, and this necessitates total immersion. They possess all the everyday knowledge necessary to function in society – this would be self-evident if all fedoras did too – and in addition to that, they have all the

knowledge offered by their skills. A very typically fedoroid aspect of this power is that it's easy, and in fact par for the course, to give one's "native" identity skills that one doesn't have the foggiest about – and the skill will still be correct, as Edge after all does mess with the laws of reality in order to fulfill a specific intent. The power also suspends all negative aspects of being a fedora, including the aura of ostracism and people with Edge or Normalcy being able to detect one.

It does not, however, help with ID or other everyday things like that. Most fedoras using this power make sure to write into their setting that their usual home is also the new identity's home, to avoid not having any place to sleep. ID and fitting in is usually much less of a problem than it would seem, as the power is targeted around fitting into a specific stereotype and thus makes it exceedingly easy to find help within the subculture itself (aided by the absence of the aura of ostracism). The fedora's "native" identity, however, has no ID or the like, and the only clothes they own are the ones they were created with when the power was used. All other clothes will have to be bought with the fedora's own meager savings. The power *does* make it a lot easier to get legal ID issued even if the ID bureaucracy normally makes such things impossible, but since the power's duration is reasonably short, it's normally only worthwhile if the user is planning on using the same persona again within a very short span of time (as normal people don't just drop completely and utterly off the face of the Earth for a few months before showing up for a week and then disappearing again, always conveniently when some creepy brat with chuunibyout has run away from home).

- Gain an utterly and completely true answer to a single question about your chosen subculture. This truth manifests as an immediate and completely objective knowledge that pops into the fedora's head as soon as they use the power (though they're bound to try to butcher the truth to fit their own ideas about the subculture anyway). The power gives no way to convince others of the truth, but it does give the fedora an idea of where to look for evidence – however, there's no guarantee that the evidence is still around, and even if it is, it might be hard to find. This power is extremely potent but rarely used – like all powers that provide the fedora with the complete and utter truth (because their shrieking insistence on only receiving "authentic" knowledge), it does confront them with the indelible fact that their opinions are built on a foundation of wish-fulfillment and desperate, panting self-deception. It can also be quite the responsibility to use, which of course means that the fedora is all but guaranteed to cock it up somewhere down the line – for example, a fedora who considers himself a VK fan might use the power to find out why Hide really died. There's simply no right answer to this – no matter what the answer and no matter how much proof there is, the fedora will quickly find themselves eaten alive by the slaving hordes of fangirls that lurk on the 2ch tanuki boards. Another use might be to ask who "controls" the biker gangs in the area – which will leave the fedora with the expected but slightly unpleasant knowledge that there's no one who "controls" the whole local subculture, since people don't rigidly snap into hierarchies neatly sorted by areas and headed by "bosses" like in many fedoras' worldviews. It will, however, also tell the fedora who comes the closest to "controlling" the gangs, even if it's multiple people – the question was relevant and within the scope of the power, after all, and should thus pay off. The power is quite narrow in scope, and the GM should feel free to veto any uses of the power that don't mainly concern themselves with subcultural knowledge or are an obvious attempt at gaming the system.
- Contact a luminary in your chosen subculture. This is a rather simple power – all you need to do is use the Edge when typing in the e-mail address, phone number, pager number or whatever other

contact information of the person you want to reach, and the power will automatically fill in valid data. It's guaranteed to be correct, and on top of that, it's guaranteed to be in use – the power provides you with an account currently used by the person on a regular basis and in a private capacity. It can be used for any medium where you need a certain string of text in order to contact the luminary or find their profile on some sort of site (though it won't make you friends on a SNS or fill in passwords) – that is, it can give you Twitter accounts, phone numbers, email addresses and even addresses. Unfortunately enough for everyone contacted with this power, it's perfectly possible for the fedora to just jot down the contact information (though only one kind can be gathered per use) – of course, the luminary is perfectly capable of just changing their phone number, blocking the fedora or going over to a friend's place to stay. The definition of what constitutes a "luminary" is diffuse enough to be very unfortunate for the people in question – everyone who's contributed seriously to the subculture (even accidentally), for example through making an album, drawing a manga or writing a book that later became seminal for the subculture, qualifies for being a target (okay, victim) of this power, and can thus be hassled incessantly by a horde of fedoroids who think that it gives them credit within their subculture to force themselves onto someone they should rightfully be admiring politely instead of bothering nonstop.

6 Edge:

- In the absence of the "comrades" you claim you have but who for some reason are always inconvenienced and can't show up, create your own. This power allows you to loan out your own Edge powers to anyone who's willing to stick around and listen to half an hour of disjointed ranting on how the world is controlled by "ignorant robots" who ostensibly attempt to crush everyone who's different, even if they're ineffectual teenagers without even a part-time job who'll be manning a job at Sunkus in 10 years at the very best even if they're allowed to do whatever they want, simply because "the establishment" is petty and resentful. While this might be a good immersive lecture on the nature of hypocrisy, it also means that the target (or victim) has to either willingly sit down and listen to the fedora draw circuitous and paranoid connections between people treating them coldly because of their social incompetence and the ostensible existence of a "mundane world order", or be forced to do it. The Edge is spent at the halfway point, so only interruptions after 15 minutes have passed will waste the Edge. If the target is unwilling, they are allowed to roll a pure Mind roll against the fedora's Mouth (Slimy/Eloquent) + Backstabbing to completely negate the power. The power is completely ineffective on Normalcy users, and it automatically fails if used on them – investing someone with Edge when they currently embody the Platonic opposite of Edge would require completely rebuilding everything they stand for from the ground up. It also fails on fedoras who also have Subcultural-Type as their channel – this doesn't matter, though, as it wouldn't have done jack shit anyway. While it might be satisfying to hold a long speech to someone who already agrees with it and can reaffirm you every step of the way, it won't change much.

After the fedora has held the so-called pep talk, the exact effects depend on whether or not the target has Edge. If they have Edge, they're more familiar with how to use it and can use their own – however, they're also more stuck in their own interpretation of it and have less flexibility. This means that for six hours, the target can use an assortment of Subcultural-Type powers chosen by the user, the total Edge cost of which can maximally be 10. The user is free to choose fewer powers

than they maximally can – this is a wise decision, as the more responsibility one puts in the hands of fedoras, the more spectacularly they'll squander it, but unfortunately this doesn't happen very often due to simply knowing this power being plenty responsibility in itself. The target can use these powers as normal with their own Edge pool, excepting that each power costs 1 more Edge to use in practice, as the target's existing worldview strains against those of the user's tenets that they don't agree with.

If the target (again, or victim) has neither Edge nor Normalcy, the power works slightly differently – since normal people don't have the fierce emotional energy of Edge users railing against a foreign worldview, the fedora basically has a free canvas to work on, and the target can use all Edge powers that the user can also use (since the power only imposes the interpretation of the channel that the individual fedora thinks is the "true one"). Unfortunately for the fedora and fortunately for everyone else, normal people don't have Edge, and the fedora has to shell out their own. The fedora can choose to spend as much or as little Edge as they want – all but one point of this (spent on the last little push needed to soften up the target's worldview) goes into the target's temporary Edge pool once the power is used. It's important to note that the Edge is spent *before* any possible resistance roll is made – the main failure risk of the power is attempting to funnel Edge over into a person who doesn't have it, and if they manage to muster up enough emotional energy to resist it, the Edge metaphorically spills all over the place and is lost (as the conduit for the Edge from the fedora to the target is the half-hour speech they have to hold, and the target can't very well do the same thing when they don't even have Edge and on top of that rejected to accept it in the first place). After this, the target is mostly treated as a fedora – of course, their stats aren't altered, but they acquire a temporary aura of ostracism, and their behavior (GM fiat) might change a bit towards the fedora-like. They have no motivating emotion, as the Edge was artificially transferred into them and not created by them, and thus can't get any discounts on Edge powers whatsoever. They have the refused powers of the user, but none of the preferred powers, and the power confers no form of mental control over the victim. It's up to the fedora's own (hopefully lacking) social skills to convince the victim (because by now it's impossible to pretend that the fedora isn't victimizing the target) to cooperate. This use of the power likewise lasts for six hours or until all the Edge is spent. The target has the same Edge-detecting and Edge-negating abilities as a normal fedora for the duration of the power. They're likewise just as vulnerable to Normalcy users negating their abilities – but with a success on a Mind (Acute) roll, a Normalcy user can identify the Edge power being in effect on the victim and dispel it as normal.

- Create an area in which your personal subcultural identity is not only tolerated, but treated as perfectly okay. While a large part of Subcultural-Type powers is the drive to be different, they're also unique among fedora powers in that one of the core motivations behind them is the urge to fit in. While this urge isn't strong enough to defeat the fundamentally fedoroid urge to shock and appall people by being "unique", it nevertheless comes to the surface in this power. The power affects an area of roughly a kilometer's radius, and lasts for 24 hours. For the duration of the power, any and all social stigma will be removed from one chosen subculture or hobby of your choice – for example, if you use this power while declaring "otaku culture" as the target, anime T-shirts and body pillows won't draw ridicule or harassment, and if you use it to make trainspotting acceptable, the crowd of 30-year-old men in raincoats and patchy stubble standing around the Oyama station at 4 in the morning waiting for the new model of train to start running

won't even merit a second glance from most people. In case a target activity involves something criminal of a smaller magnitude than rape or murder, it's considered acceptable solely in the context of the hobby – for example, otaku culture being acceptable would make porn with underage characters legal as long as it's oriented towards the otaku subculture, and trainspotting being acceptable would make it possible to vault a fence at a station to reach a good vantage point. The power doesn't particularly compel anyone with the hobby or interest to join in, but it does instill everyone in the area with the instinctual knowledge that it's acceptable. It also doesn't hide activities going on from anyone, which means that passersby perfectly well know what's going on – of course, this usually only becomes a problem if the fedora is using the power to really push the limits of legality. As a rule of thumb, nothing will happen after the power fades unless the acts committed within the area have both been seen by passersby and would be enough for the police to actively chase down the culprit – that is, simple loitering or being creepy in public won't have any consequences whatsoever, but really toeing the line of what the power can do and for example dressing a 9-year-old up in a cosplay costume that's technically worn by a 9-year-old in-series but would normally get the kid's parents arrested will likely land the fedora and other people involved in hot water. This power, naturally, makes it impossible to gain Edge from any acts relating specifically to the chosen subculture, unless the GM dictates that the act is sufficiently cringy even after accounting for the fact that its subcultural elements are fully acceptable.

- Work yourself into enough of a seething, resentful rage over the gall of others to not completely accept, embrace and adore the values you use to raise yourself on a pedestal to vastly empower your Edge. What this power does, on an Edge-technical level, is to use Edge itself to focus your own hatred on such a small group that it becomes extraordinarily powerful – it's kind of like the principle behind a laser beam, aside from laser beams fortunately not being fueled by the pure essence of someone commenting off-handedly on your band T-shirt five years ago and you taking it as a mortal affront to all your values and your status as a human being. For six hours, you cannot use Edge unless it somehow targets people who, directly or indirectly, are opposed to your own personal choice of subculture. This includes people who speak out against it, who act aggressively towards real members of the subculture, who're members of a subculture that considers itself mutually exclusive with it or who possess Normalcy (since Normalcy users by definition loathe subcultures on a deep and personal level, even if they've never actually experienced the specific one in real life). The definition of "targeting" is that the main point of the Edge use must be in some way to victimize one or more people who're opposed to the subculture – it may have other results, but the main targets must be the ones you use this power to focus your Edge on. Attempting to use Edge powers on other people than the eligible targets while this power is in effect, as well as using non-targeted Edge powers without a clear and direct intent for them to affect eligible victims somewhere down the line, simply fails. The Edge is not consumed and the effect is not triggered – the user's Edge is so absurdly focused on the people they consider to be "victimizing" them that it simply doesn't work for any other purpose.

In exchange, then, the user's Edge is extraordinarily effective when dealing with eligible targets – the user simply focuses all of their resentment, frustration, childish intolerance and bubbling hatred onto that one specific group, leaving none for anyone else. As a side note, this doesn't mean that the user becomes *nicer* during the use of this power – sure, they don't snap at as many people, but they're now going to be using all of their time bitching about that one group until far past the

point of nausea. The user first records their current Edge immediately after the use of the power – as the Edge gained during the power’s use is so absurdly focused, it isn’t of much use later, and the user’s Edge is reset to the starting point after the effect of the power (which *can* refund up to 7 Edge – if the user is 8 or more Edge below the starting point after the use of the power, just refund 7 Edge). During the effect of the power, the user gains **twice** the amount of Edge from cringy events mainly involving eligible targets, and all gains from emotions are **tripled** as every drop of emotional energy in the fedora is used to its depressingly great potential through a combination of incredibly circuitous rationalization and a scorching hatred of a caliber that normally bursts enough blood vessels to render the average human unconscious. All Edge effects used on eligible targets cost two less Edge than they normally would – if this would reduce the cost to 0 Edge or less, the fedora gains one free use of the power for every one point that its Edge cost gets brought below 1. In addition, the fedora gains the ability to pinpoint eligible targets from any distance as long as they’re within line of sight. If an eligible target is within 100 meters, the fedora becomes suddenly and inexplicably furious to a degree that they receive +2 difficulty on any and all rolls that aren’t focused on finding the eligible target and “showing them what justice means” (which translated from the ramblings of the average fedora means “pretend that people can be taught the true meaning of the world and why the fedora is at the center of it by being beat up by a shrieking nerdling with a weapon that wouldn’t work outside of Final Fantasy”). If the fedora can see an eligible target in any way, they can pinpoint them – this includes over security cameras and through binoculars.

- Create an enchanted (or, some would say, decisively cursed) gimmick item. This is a pretty demanding power, and it requires you to use a stereotype or subculture that normal people are actually familiar with (otaku, delinquents, the tsundere archetype, right-wingers), or the Edge simply won’t be able to pull the load. To use this power, you need to have an item on hand that’s an immediately recognizable symbol of the subculture or archetype – a Rising Sun flag for right-wingers, a brown plaid dress shirt for otaku, a tokkou-fuku coat for delinquents and so on. The power doesn’t let you summon these items, so you’ll need to break into the pocket money you’re saving for world domination but occasionally spend on black coffee. When you have the item, you need to mull and mutter over it for at least half an hour while spending the Edge – the Edge is spent at the fifteen-minute mark, so only interruptions after this mark will cause the Edge to go to waste. After this, the object is complete and will last for one week (though it can be refreshed if you can get your hands on the same object again and use the power).
Now comes the fun part – well, fun for the fedora, as this power can quickly become immensely fetishistic and disturbing. If the item is worn or otherwise “equipped” by another person, they’ll start exhibiting traits of the stereotype you imbued the item with – this is usually used for petty, mangled “karmic revenge” by fedoras, of course. The effect only really kicks in after 12 hours where the item is worn regularly – it can be taken off for sleep or baths without losing its effect, but it won’t work at all if the person takes it off for most of the day and only wears it when you’re there to make their day hell if they “snub” you. After 24 hours, it grows seriously notable; at 3 days, it’s plainly noticeable; at 5 days, it’s very obvious; and at a week or more, it’s almost farcically clear. The effects wear off at a rate of one full day of effects per six waking hours spent without the item on, and while the wearer won’t notice the effects while wearing the item (and they’ll even think it’s normal), they can easily see it when the effects start wearing off, or when they take the item off

before at least three days have passed.

The exact effects of the item are extremely unnerving for anyone but the fedora to watch. If the fedora decides to for example pass on a Rising Sun flag with the effect on it to the class rep, claiming that it's old school property and thus fitting for her (of fucking *course* it's a girl), the effects will kick in around the 12-hour mark after she's been carrying it around and having it in her room for a while. Early on, it might just be the occasional scoff when someone mentions Korea and a sense of pride when Japanese achievements come up – but give it three days, and the class rep will be wearing a Rising Sun armband to the student council meetings and advising that all non-Japanese students have a scholarship from a Japanese elevator school if they even want to be considered. Of course, her family and friends might get worried and take away the flag – and unless she's more than three days into keeping it around, she'll become aware of the oddness of what she's been doing (though the effects still fade at the normal pace). This power is one of the most unspeakably petty ones in the fedora repertoire, usually used to deliver cheap “you're no better than me” “morals”, but it can also be seriously disturbing to witness and can really change a person over time. This is heavy-duty shit, but it's also very likely to fail and does not in any way whatsoever, under any circumstances, compel a person to wear or use the item.

Evil-Eye-Type

1 Edge:

- Cover one eye, one arm or one side of your face for a whole conversation. No matter what, it won't be revealed by your hair obeying gravity, your self-dramatically clutching hand slipping, your amateurishly laid bandages with runes scrawled on them in permanent marker unraveling or just the wind – short of someone actually wrestling you down and uncovering your face, it will remain hidden.
- Hold a small speech to no one but yourself, recounting the thousand petty injustices that the mundanes have subjected you to today. Next time you gain Edge, calculate it as if your emotion was Rage instead of your existing one. If you already have Rage, calculate your Edge gain as if you had Delusion.
- Ensure that anyone you're talking to for a single conversation will notice and pay attention to something about you. If you're trying to project a discount-Satanist image, but everyone keeps on missing it and thinking you're just plain edgy, this power will force them to notice the pentagram necklace or the cheesy metal T-shirt you're wearing.
- Write a gloomy, self-congratulating and martyred piece of poetry that can fuel Edge in other fedoras. Reading it gives 1 Edge to a single fedora (after which the Edge effect has been exhausted, and the poetry reverts to just being plain bad), but it only works on the same fedora once every 48 hours (24 if the fedora shares the user's emotion). Reading someone else's edgy drivel can be gratifying, but it gets nauseating in the long run, especially if you don't agree with the rationale. It should be noted that you can't use Fake It to make the poetry turn out better – too much self-awareness makes it less “authentic”.

2 Edge:

- Manifest your Evil Eye, or alternately your Demon Hand, for six hours. At this point, it doesn't do much – it's obviously unnatural, and likely ridiculously so, but its base effect isn't much more than looking scary. It works, however – add 1 automatic success to all Mouth (Slimy/Eloquent) + Backstabbing rolls for the purpose of intimidation for the duration of the power as long as it's visible. If you choose to keep it hidden before revealing it at a “dramatic” moment, the GM can increase the bonus to 2 or 3 automatic successes.
- Stylize yourself. What this means is that for two hours, you gain two bonus dice on all your Mouth (Pitiful/Attractive) **or** Mouth (Slimy/Eloquent) rolls (which one this power uses must be chosen at character creation), as your preferred character starts working a fraction as well as you imagine it to. If you consider yourself to have “a piercing gaze and a mane of pitch-black hair”, your eyes become less unfocused and your hair slightly less greasy and tangled, but you're still not anywhere near your ideal. Other people gain a corresponding 2 bonus dice on all rolls made to identify or shadow you, though.
- Use your Evil Eye for analyzing a lock, or your Demon Hand to break it open. As long as you already have your Evil Eye/Demon Hand active, you can use this power for two purposes. If you chose your Evil Eye, you can ask the GM for information on a single lock you're close enough to carefully inspect. The power is guaranteed to reveal the type of lock, if it's connected to an alarm or not, and if it's out of the fedora's league or not (though the last point likely won't have any effect at all on what the fedora chooses to do). If you chose your Demon Arm, you can instantly break open any mechanical lock on a door, but not anything stronger than a two-inch bar lock. No matter if you manage to open the door or not, all alarm systems that the door is connected to will immediately trigger.
- Summon some kind of signature consumable, determined at character creation. If your ego hinges on being able to swirl a glass of red wine in your hand every time you think you're saying something important, this power lets you fish out a glass of red wine from somewhere interminable. Likewise, if you have a fascination with black coffee, the power lets you summon a can of that.

3 Edge:

- Summon your outfit of choice, no matter if it's a shut-in's anime-fueled idea of what a “Gothic costume” looks like or some kind of multiple-trenchcoat amalgam covered in enough zippers that it makes Final Fantasy clothing look like a turtleneck-and-jeans outfit. To do this, you must have some sort of idea how it'll look and how it'll actually be wearable – that is, you either have to succeed on a Mind (Screwed/Unique) + Fake It roll or pick your clothes from a magazine to use this power, as just pasting together everything you like and making up whole new articles of clothing out of whole cloth will likely result in the whole thing falling apart. You have complete control over your outfit with this power, but it doesn't automatically make it look good on you and thus gives no mechanical bonuses. The outfit lasts until you summon a new one.
- Make your voice sound intimidating, whether it's a coarse whisper or an overdone mad-scientist holler, for two hours. Your Mouth stat is counted as 5 or your existing Mouth plus 2 (whichever is higher) on rolls towards anyone who can *only* hear you. The power isn't fettered by reality, and as such tends to backfire when people can actually see you – it only gives +1 to your effective Mouth if people can see you. If someone hears your voice without seeing you and then actually gets to see you, the ensuing cringe makes your next Mouth roll towards them a pathetic failure.

- Set a stage. If you're anticipating an encounter with someone, be it another group of fedoras, a pair of muggers or the police, you can spend 3 Edge to make sure that the meeting will take place in a sufficiently grim and oppressive location. If your delusion is that you're a "living vampire", the encounter might end up taking place in a sleazy back alley of the kind that's used as a backdrop for vampire and gang movies whenever the director loses motivation; alternately, if you're convinced that you're in fact possessed by an evil spirit that lends you power in exchange for sanity, the encounter might end up taking place in an abandoned Shinto shrine. The location might give bonuses to Mouth rolls that involve playing cool, at the GM's discretion.
- Access a place with a dramatic view. Much to the frustration of fedoras in general, that perennial mainstay of angsty supernatural fiction – the crumbling high-rise towering over the inner city's neon lights – is usually impossible to access, simply because most skyscrapers and high-rises are either in active use or locked. With this power, though, all doors or alarms that block a fedora's access to a high point such as an inner-city high-rise (or given that most Japanese fedoras are from terrible places like Oyama, a kind-of-tall multipurpose building overlooking the two-block city center) will be unlocked or otherwise out of commission.

4 Edge:

- Use your Evil Eye to scare a normal human into obeying a minor request, or use your Demon Arm as a weapon. You need to have your Evil Eye or Demon Arm active already to use this power. If you use your Evil Eye, this power allows you to flash it for a short moment and, if not straight-out scare someone shitless, then coax them into doing roughly what you want out of a mixture of fear, disgust and a desire to stay as far out of your business as possible. This, in short, means that they'll obey a minor request such as letting you into a bar, giving you a convenience store lunch for free or just plain get out of your face – but as flexible as it might be, it's not subtle, and if you overestimate how scary you are, the person might actually choose to try to find out how you did that thing with your eye. The Demon Arm version is a bit simpler – through your arm glowing with runes you made up yourself or growing impractically large spikes, you can use it as a +4 melee weapon for one fight.
- Give off the impression that you're some kind of supernatural creature for six hours. This power, of course, has no effect on normal, rational people who don't believe in the special-snowflake fantasy races you make up as a hobby – but it's very effective on impressionable teenage rejects, conspiracy theorists and some religious people. When you activate this power, choose one kind of supernatural creature – vampire, angel, demon, alien, half-angel half-werewolf, whatever. Everyone who could reasonably be expected to believe in this kind of supernatural creature will believe that you are an example of that kind of creature, until they interact with you when the power is inactive or they see definite proof that you can't possibly be the kind of supernatural they thought you were. It generally makes first impressions succeed, but as an example, a New-Age cultist nutter might not be pleased if they see what they think is an angel loitering in a back alley and buying a can of black coffee from the nearby vending machine every five minutes.
- Cause glowing runes of some kind to appear on a surface or in thin air (up to ten meters from the nearest solid surface), remaining for up to 48 hours. You can choose a single qualifier that decides who can see them – "people with Edge", "people who hold the object", a specific person or something similar. You can also choose whether the runes can be automatically understood by the viewer, or if they need to decode it through mundane means (though it can of course also just be

used to look cool and create “magical circles”). The runes can only be in Japanese if you use archaic language, use at least five kanji that are not on the jouyou kanji list, write all onomatopoeia in phonetic kanji and/or use furigana in some other language (and the reading should preferably be only distantly related). Otherwise, you can use whatever language or made-up runes you feel like – what matters is that it’s not just boring old Japanese. You automatically know when an intended recipient has read the message, and the message cannot be traced through any kind of chemical analysis (though people can still guess it’s you from how you write).

- Change your hair, eye or skin color to something distinctly unnatural for six hours. It’s not only possible, but also disturbingly easy, to go for something like differently-colored eyes or hair with gradients – after all, normal colors are for *normal* humans. It *looks* completely natural despite not actually occurring naturally, which is both a blessing and a curse – while it’s actually pretty impressive to impressionable types and honestly looks pretty good in itself (discounting the clash with the rest of you), it’s also hard to imagine that something that realistic-looking is just makeup, dyes or lenses.

5 Edge:

- Hold a massive speech to bring up the morale of your brethren. You must use this power in a suitably dramatic place, or it fizzles – it just doesn’t have the same feel to hold a great speech to one’s allies in the alley behind a Yoshinoya while one of your groupmates is still picking bits of green onion out of his goatee. The perennial classic is the roof of a high building at night, but a suitably grim industrial quarter or really any high place will suffice. Doing it during the day is guaranteed to fail unless it’s raining, hailing or foggy – sunlight just isn’t cool enough. The speech must take at least 20 minutes (one of the reasons why it can only affect a given fedora once every week), and varies depending on the fedora’s emotion. A Self-Doubt speech will be an accusatory spiel blaming everyone “normal” of persecuting the superior examples of the human race and rallying the fedoras to oppose that; a Narcissism speech is a shameless appeal to the other fedoras’ superiority complex; a Rage speech is a furious, saliva-speckled firebrand rant; and a Delusion speech ends up spiraling into convoluted rationalizations and ultimately meaningless metaphors. The fedora rolls Mouth (Wheedling/Charming) + Expound, and all other fedoras within earshot allied to the user’s cause (not the fedora themselves – they can’t gain Edge from listening to something they’ve already been thinking) gain an amount of Edge equal to the number of successes. In addition, the next time they gain Edge, they can choose to use the fedora’s Emotion instead of their own to calculate Edge gain.
- Actually fly. It’s not the most graceful way to do it – it’s kind of clumsy and hard to control, and while you can come up with a lot of ways to conceal that, it’s probably going to look even cringier. All in all, you can fly up to a total of 30 meters vertically and 50 meters horizontally, at roughly running speed. You can’t be attacked in melee while doing this, but you receive +1 difficulties to all dodge or soak rolls (it’s pretty hard to dodge or handle injury while you’re trying your damndest to look cool and not spiral out of control) against ranged attacks. You can choose any kind of cosmetic effect that you want to channel the ability – if you want to fly with red dragon wings or by levitating yourself with magical circles, you’re free to do that. If you don’t use any cosmetic effects to cover it up, your flight is obviously something clumsy and unpracticed. If you want to use this power to escape melee combat, it takes an opposed Body (Flailing/Mighty) + Sports roll.

- Unlock the higher powers of your Evil Eye or Demon Arm. This power, like all the others, can only be used if you have your Evil Eye or Demon Arm active. If you choose your Evil Eye, you can lock eyes with a single person and issue a command that basically drips wish-fulfillment – it’s nothing that can get a person to carry out a complex multi-step command, but it can make someone carry out a single simple action regardless of how embarrassing, odd or otherwise desperately wish-fulfilling it is. It can make someone bow to you, take off their skirt or say they love you – it has to be a simple and safe action that takes less than ten seconds, but shame or common sense doesn’t apply. They won’t remember that you made them do it unless the action has consequences after the initial command wears off (for example a friend commenting on what they did). If you use your Demon Arm, you can use some form of overdone special attack – this is identical to the “special attack” Revenge Fantasy power, but of course requires you to have activated your Demon Arm already.
- Actually come off as a specific kind of supernatural creature for three hours. You don’t gain any additional powers, but the effect automatically activates your Euphoric Trait in your highest stat, and you gain the ability to show off your powers cosmetically (see the two first 6-Edge Japanophilia powers). You can also apply the power’s effect to any normal rolls you make to give the impression that you’re using supernatural powers to aid it – for example, a fedora with the delusion that he’s a vampire can “disguise” a successful Mind (Sketchy/Acute) + Sketch roll as “sensing prey”, and a fedora convinced that he has a demon dwelling in his left eye and sealed only by his ornate eyepatch can disguise a successful Go Fast roll as “perceiving things in slow motion”. This will work as long as the fedora themselves can provide a reasonable excuse. A fedora with a vampire delusion will appear pale and creepy, one with the idea that he’s an angel will radiate a barely perceptible aura of harsh light, or one convinced that he’s the reincarnation of Oda Nobunaga will act in a way that matches pop-cultural portrayals of Oda himself. This power can convince even people who wouldn’t otherwise believe in the supernatural – but on the flipside, it’s indiscriminate and pretty obvious, and it might create trouble in the long run, as it ensures that *everyone* seeing the fedora will get the impression that they just might be what they’re trying to come off as. The power doesn’t straight-out give a mechanical bonus to intimidation rolls, but the GM is urged to keep in mind exactly how a given victim would react to the supernatural. Human opinions and expectations of the supernatural or otherwise abnormal are too complex to just sum up in a bonus to intimidation rolls – some people might be scared, sure, but others (often some of the more unexpected people) will be excited and want to get in on whatever the fedora is doing. This power has no ability to *make* people into fedoras, but it’s definitely helped a lot with the first steps in many cases.

6 Edge:

- Make yourself look like whatever your delusion is – on camera and in reflections. Actual physical change with Edge isn’t impossible, but stretching it to the extent that a lot of fedoras would prefer is somewhere between immensely hard and impossible. Even the strongest shapeshifting powers either work for a very short time or have a lot of blind spots. This power, though, avoids the massive Edge cost that actually looking like one’s personal fantasy otherwise involves by only altering images and recordings of the fedora. For up to one full week, any recording or reflection of the fedora shows what they themselves wish to be, as long as it’s at least basically human. This

doesn't need to be the same thing across multiple uses (refusal to be satisfied with what one has already and constantly wanting new forms of gratification is almost essential to being a fedora, after all), but can't be changed while the power is still in effect. The power also affects live streaming, and the fedora's voice changes too in the case of audio recording – the fedora can treat their Mouth as 7 for the purpose of all rolls involving looking good or being impressive on recorded media, as the way that the fedora appears on the recording isn't fettered by reality. If the fedora makes their first impression on a person while using this power, they'll be wise to keep their interactions with that person to recordings and webcam chats – it's bound to end in a horribly embarrassing and cringy disaster if the person gets confronted with how the fedora actually looks and sounds.

- Attune yourself to a place, allowing you to conveniently show up whenever you need to. The dramatic conventions most dearly envied by fedoras are those involving surprising people or making them realize that they've been outsmarted – more than anything else, most fedoras desire to see people's faces when they realize the fedora has managed to outsmart, outplan and outgun them. Since this isn't something that happens normally, a lot of Edge powers have developed specifically to make it happen – including this power. To use the power, the fedora must be physically present somewhere grim – the roof of an abandoned building, a grimy graffiti-filled back alley, under the Yamanote line rails, or in general anywhere that fascinates fedoras by virtue of being “dark” – and spend the Edge. For a whole week, the fedora is instinctively aware of anything that happens at the location, as if they were standing at the point where they used the power. They receive any information they'd ordinarily be able to sense, including Edge use, and can spend one Edge if they suspect invisibility or other cloaking abilities at work to “see” through the obfuscation. The information isn't a sensory impression and thus doesn't distract the fedora – it's simply the exact knowledge of what happens at the location. It *does* work when the fedora is asleep, and they'll know what happened in the morning, but the only things that will wake up the user specifically so they can receive the information are momentous occurrences such as murders or explosions.

At any moment within the effect of the power, the fedora can choose to instantaneously appear at the location with some kind of overdramatic flair. The usual gimmick is for the fedora to step out from behind an obstacle, shrouded in shadow and chuckling smugly, but this is getting a bit old. A new trend, then, is the magical-circle entrance, where the fedora appears in an overly flashy light show, but this is very obvious and kills the casual air that a lot of fedoras generally go for. In general, the fedora can append whatever cosmetic effects to their entrance they want to. As soon as the fedora appears at the location, the power ends and they have to solve things on their own from there on – the power can't be stacked to allow for a there-and-back teleport. This has a simple reason – while fedoras often gimp their own powers through self-conscious dramatic conventions, sometimes they manage to hit the limits of what Edge can possibly do, and this is one of those situations. The power has no maximum range, though circumstances often don't allow for it to be used over a very long range – not a lot of Japanese teenagers travel outside the country on anywhere near an even halfway regular basis, and even fedoras are usually bright enough to know that showing up in Germany all of a sudden without any way to get back to Japan, while definitely cool enough, is not a good idea.

- Superimpose your own dreamscape on an area half a kilometer in diameter for three hours. This is about the most that Edge can infringe on reality – it’s stronger than the Western Hipsterism “genre filter” power by virtue of it being more in tune with the Evil-Eye-Type channel than the “genre filter” power is with the Hipsterism one, but it does last for a shorter time and can be decidedly uncanny to normal people.

It works much like the Hipsterism power, aside from that it doesn’t as much superimpose a genre on the area as it drops the fedora’s own ideal dreamscape on top of it. It’s still affected by the surroundings, but not as much – if the fedora’s ideal world is a Gothic circlejerk where everything is covered in stone crosses and black roses, illuminated by a crimson moon thrice the size of a normal full moon and looking like something out of a Shaft series, the area affected by the power will change to meet these criteria while still keeping the general architecture and layout of the area intact. This means that it’ll manifest very, very differently in two different areas – if the fedora fantasizes about a “cool, gritty” gangland hellhole where only the sharp-witted and vicious survive (this of course ideally includes the fedora) and uses it in the city center, it will likely turn the area into a place of filthy concrete, barrel fires, graffiti, boarded-up windows, fenced-off doors and people in hoodies skulking furtively around. If they alternately use it in the middle of bumfuck Ibaraki prefecture, it’s more likely to manifest as a wilderness of tangled brush filled with broken glass and car wrecks, peppered with the occasional burnt-out wreck of a house covered in vulgar tags, with a flashlight occasionally shining from an upstairs window. The power isn’t solely cosmetic, though – the fedora can create environmental hazards, block off areas, make skills easier or harder to use and/or create “guardians” of the area. The former three use a shared temporary pool of 10 points – each point spent can be used to create environmental hazards (each point deals one soakable but not dodgeable health level of damage for every hour spent in the area, due to hazards such as crimson rose bushes, sharp bits of wreckage or an unnaturally cold black sun), block off an area roughly 50 by 50 meters in diameter (each point translates into 2 successes needed on an intrusion roll, which is likely to involve Vandalism or Sports, but the skill used depends on exactly what kind of hazard the fedora constructs) or alter the difficulty of one or more specific skills within the area (each point used translates into one free success or one automatically subtracted success on all rolls involving a chosen skill). The user can also create “guardians of the realm”, which are figments similar to the ones summoned by the 6-Edge “summon anime character” Japanophilia power. The fedora can either summon five of them with 1/3/5 stats and 7 skills, three with 2/4/6 stats and 12 skills, or one with 2/4/7 stats, 15 skills and access to Revenge Fantasy powers with a total cost of 6 Edge (its Edge pool is considered to be 12, with no way to recover it). These guardians can either be programmed with a simple order by the fedora (“make sure no one without a trench coat enters here”), or directly controlled by them (which makes the fedora helpless for the duration of the direct control).

For example, our reluctant friend Kannazuki J. Shougo Schwartzberg the Third decides to use this power to create his dream world – a huge Germanic castle of the kind that never existed in real life, twined with endless tendrils of ivy, surrounded by a deep black forest prowled by howling wolves and with vast gardens full of withered black roses growing around crumbling gravestones under a churning, yellowish cloudy night sky. All of this is so he can dress up in an outfit that’s half Sephiroth and half Himmler, stand on top of the highest spire on the castle and laugh in a way that he considers menacing because his pubescent elevator voice cracks downwards once in a while. It’s

lucky for him that he chooses to use it in an apartment complex, so that the buildings can serve as his castle – he wouldn't have been able to create the castle if there hadn't been any suitably large buildings around. He chooses to only mildly damage people spending time in there through being scraped by twining, half-sentient roses (2 damage per hour spent in the area, 2 points spent), block off his castle's overdramatic throne room with runes scrawled in blood on the mahogany doors (10 successes needed to intrude by using Body (Flailing/Mighty + Vandalize), 5 points spent) and make convincing others harder while scaring them easier (one automatically subtracted success on all Expound rolls, two automatic successes on Backstabbing rolls, 3 points spent). In addition, he chooses to create one single guardian that fulfills his fantasies – an undead female warrior in blackened embossed silver armor twined with withered rose stems, wielding a serrated black two-handed sword (7 Body (Mighty), 4 Mind (Acute) and 2 Mouth (Attractive, natch), Freak Out 7, Sports 5 and Vandalize 3, and finally the use of the "special attack" 6-Edge Revenge Fantasy Edge power in the form of an extra arm composed of twined rose tendrils bursting from her chest to grasp opponents (because it's edgy).

This power by default goes unnoticed by people who're already inside the area – the area experiences a period of missing time, in which events go on in the most predictable and routine way possible (though it's a bit Schrödinger, as it seems that the effects only start having had taken place when the power ends). People who enter afterwards, however, will see exactly what kind of autistal hugbox fantasy the fedora has set up, and can fully perceive and remember it. In addition, if the fedora causes some kind of serious fight or uproar inside the area, the GM rolls a die – 3 or less means that people inside the area will report strange impressions of some kind of trouble, though they'll deliver fractured and confused accounts.

- Unseal the power of your Evil Eye or Demon Hand. Everyone knows that the full powers of such a secret move can only be unsealed against a strong enemy, and that they become stronger the more threat the user is under (so basically, Evil-Eye-Type fedoras as a whole let themselves be hamstrung by hackneyed battle-anime clichés – news at 11).

If you use your Evil Eye for this power, you can finally truly have your revenge on those who have wronged and oppressed you – that is, you can invoke that good old "your powers won't work against me now" cliché and turn a Normalcy-using opponent's ability against them. This facet of the power works similarly to the 4-Edge Evil Eye/Demon Arm power, but its efficiency is dictated by the number of Normalcy points in the target's system right now – more specifically, it works on the basis that the more Normalcy the target has, the more ego-strokingly satisfying it will be for the fedora to show them up, and thus the fedora can use the Edge more efficiently the more the target is opposed to the fedora's worldview. If the target has 0 Normalcy in their system or doesn't have Normalcy at all, this power is just a more expensive version of the 4-Edge Evil Eye power – nevertheless, it sometimes gets used in error when the user thinks the target has Normalcy when they don't.

If the target has from 1-5 Normalcy in their system, the user can command them to do two instantaneous and embarrassing actions, or one action of up to thirty seconds that's seriously shameful. If they have 6-10, they can be commanded to carry out two of these thirty-second and shameful actions, or one action of up to two minutes that could seriously put their career or family life in danger. If they have 11-19, they can be forced to carry out two of these actions or one action of up to five minutes' duration that is almost guaranteed to severely hurt their social standing or

family life – and if they have 20 Normalcy or above in their system, they can be commanded to perform two of these actions, or the fedora can encode a single one such action in their subconscious, where it will be triggered when the fedora wants it to or a circumstance that the fedora stipulates (“at the graduation ceremony”, “if Inazuka wins the SF tournament”) comes up. This last function lingers for up to a month, and if the circumstance hasn’t arisen by then, the Edge is wasted. It goes without saying that this power cannot ordinarily be resisted by Normalcy – but if another person in the vicinity has Normalcy as well, they can dispel the effect as a normal 6-Edge power as long as they can see the victim. In addition, while spending Normalcy to resist this power doesn’t work, it *does* spend the Normalcy before the effect of this power is calculated, and will thus be able to cushion the victim from the effects if they’re lucky.

If you choose your Demon Arm for this power – well, it’s really rather simple (aside from the ridiculous fucking light show you’ll probably be getting your Demon Arm to make, shining with symbols purloined from five different mythologies and whatnot). Each attack you make with your Demon Arm under the effect of this power not only hits as a +4 weapon, but deals damage in an unorthodox way. Instead of allowing a dodge and a soak roll, it only allows a dodge roll – the amount of successes you have left by then translates directly into how many points of Normalcy the target loses. For each point of Normalcy lost, then, the victim loses one health level – no soaking is possible. In addition, the laws of the overdramatic battle anime that Evil-Eye-Type fedoras practically live by stipulate that a powerup is never wasted as long as it’s against a worthy enemy – and as such, if any victim of your Edge powers resists by using Normalcy, you may spend the same amount of Edge again to affect the person again. This “second wind”, in addition to often being one of the prime examples of fedoras pulling out theatrics in the middle of tense situations where it would ordinarily just get them killed, cannot be resisted by Normalcy.

Both of these uses of the power last until your first application of your Evil Eye or Demon Arm has run out.

Variant Powers

While a lot of fedora powers, and indeed the five main channels, are shared between American and Japanese fedoras, there are still quite a few powers that differ. In Japan, for example, it doesn’t make sense to have a power that transports you to Japan, or indeed a brace of powers that let you speak Japanese to different degrees. Pseudo-Intellectualism is slightly similar – a few of those powers rely on very Western manifestations of Edge, such as a frothing hatred against all theist religions and a paradoxical hard-on for Satanism. Japanese fedoras, though, have their own versions of these powers relevant to Japanese culture. Like other Japanese Edge powers, Western fedoras can learn these powers if they’re weeaboo enough. Unlike channels, though, the fedora doesn’t have to have been the required degree of weeaboo before even becoming a fedora – a fedora who spends enough time in Japan or around Japanese fedoras might, at GM fiat, integrate well enough or just weeaboo hard enough that they can replace a power they normally have access to with its Japanese equivalent.

Japanophilia

Outside Japan, the Japanophilia channel focuses on Japan as a land of milk and honey that’s free from “normal people” and full of beautiful girls who’ll be head over heels for the fedora. Japanese fedoras, not having the luxury of thinking this when knowing first-hand that Japan is mostly ramshackle commercial buildings, hideous prefectural engineering projects and cooking grease, practice a variant of Japanophilia

based on their insider viewpoint. Japanese Japanophilia is based less on weeb fantasies (though they're still there) and more on a volatile mix of 2D glorification and Japanese ultra-right nationalism. It's similar to Pseudo-Intellectualism in places, but even more specific – it's fueled by the idea that the country one lives in is better than all others simply because it *has* to be (the fedora lives in it, after all). American fedoras rarely manifest nation-specific powers because of the absolute cultural mishmash that is the US, but Japan's national identity is just barely coherent enough that fedoras by default wring Edge powers out of it.

1 Edge:

- Understand any Japanese regional dialect for the length of a conversation. It's unthinkable for a Japanophilia fedora in Japan to be unable to understand the Japanese language, which would usually cause problems when you remember that patience, careful listening and attention span aren't things fedoras are exactly known for – however, this power allows a fedora to pretend to have acted on his respect towards Japan. It doesn't let the user understand any Okinawan or outlying-island dialects, nor does it work on Ainu – those aren't *really* Japanese in the fedora worldview. **This power replaces the “understand Japanese for 30 seconds” power.**
- Remember the Japanese history you learnt in school when it actually counts. When using this power, the *player* may read a Japanese history book or browse Wikipedia regarding Japanese topics for up to half an hour in real time during play and use the information in-game. **This power replaces the “gain the effects of Japanese practice” power.**

3 Edge:

- Summon a similar kind of scum as you, letting you bask in the warm light of cherry-picking, circlejerking self-reinforcement. Roll a die – a 1-5 signifies that you attract a bunch of creepy otaku, and a 6-10 means you attract a bunch of ineffectual two-bit right-wingers. Both have 2d2 members. Finally, roll a d10 once for each group member – a natural 10 means that one group member has Edge, though they're not guaranteed to have a lot left. This also means that they use fedora rules – the other members do have 1/3/5 stats and 7 skills, but their Trait gives +2 to the stat by default and they have no aura of ostracism. Any Edge-using members are also likely to be a whole lot less reasonable and mature than the others – seeing as the starting point isn't very mature in the first place, this definitely makes it a mixed blessing when one of them turns out to have Edge. The otaku mainly have skills related to pretending to be “cool hackers” as well as a modicum of something that can be called “artistic ability” if you really squint hard enough. The right-wingers have skill points in skills governing polemics and infodumping (since it's wrong to say that they're *skilled*), as well as almost being guaranteed to own an old Isuzu Journey painted black and covered in pro-Japanese banners. To use this power, you have to actually invite people to a meeting over the Internet, giving a time, date and location that people can reasonably be expected to meet you at – and the people you get may be a little bit more *diverse* out in Nakatsugawa than in central Tokyo, simply due to the lack of potential candidates. The otaku or right-wingers aren't guaranteed to stay for longer than about five minutes, but they're much more inclined to cooperate than they'd normally be if you just invited them over the Internet. **This power replaces both the “understand Japanese medium” and “read Japanese” powers.**

4 Edge:

- Endow yourself with a sense for the Japanese. As much as Japanophilia fedoras might insist that they alone know what Japan is, they're mostly incredibly provincial, or failing that, city kids with no idea of how the real Japan actually looks. With this power, the fedora gains an infallible sense of direction as long as they're traveling towards a sufficiently Japanese location – a shrine, a country town or a natural landmark of some sort. Whether they're walking, taking the train or driving (good luck with that license), they'll instinctively know the way as long as they have a clearly defined location within Japan that somehow embodies Japanese culture or nature. In addition – and this is probably the most important aspect of the power – it allows the fedora to find the proverbial “bumfuck nowhere” (or ど田舎) closest to their current location. This is defined as a remote place in which the Japanese idea of “leave good enough alone” is at its strongest – for example, an abandoned hotel two miles off a highway in Gifu prefecture, a back alley in Nagiso frequented only by greasy old mechanics, a paved riverbank somewhere out in bumfuck Setagaya where the closest building is a drab business block a mile away, and other such places in which people are guaranteed not to give a toss. The power will lead you to the one area within three hours of travel that most embodies the Japanese tendency to just ignore anything that's uncomfortable to pay attention to – it might be two and a half hours from the nearest bastion of civilization, half an hour removed from even the nearest convenience store somewhere in Toyama, but it's the kind of place where you could bury a corpse and no one would notice (unless you mess up something severely and leave your fingerprints all over it – no amount of Edge can truly protect against incompetence). As long as you don't bring your trouble outside of the area, no one within miles and miles will give even the slightest toss what you do out there. **This power replaces the “hold conversation in Japanese” power.**

5 Edge:

- Endow yourself with actual knowledge about what Japan is, in spite of actually living there and having grown up in the culture. By spending the Edge and poring over a sufficiently edgy collection of literature, you can acquire a skill corresponding to the material you've read. This is one of the examples of the organic evolution of Edge powers – while it looks like a Pseudo-Intellectualism power, it's a Japanophilia power to the core, and evolved through parallel evolution. It's based less off the idea that one's own knowledge is greater by leagues than that of even educated professionals and more on the idea that the country one is born in must be superior solely by virtue of that, but the end result is much the same. By reading “The Japan That Can Say “NO”” and similar works, you gain the skill Politics at 4 – it manifests less like the Western Pseudo-Intellectualism version (libertarian do-or-die drivel mixed with butchered pseudo-Nazi embellishments) and more as an aggressive and reactionary form of conservative-right ranting. Manga Kenkanryu and similar material gives you the skill Polemics, likewise at 4 – this works rather like the Mouth (Slimy/Eloquent) equivalent of Vandalize. It's the verbal equivalent of going about computer repair with a steamroller, completely devoid of any intent to have people agree or reach a constructive conclusion – the only purpose it has is to create fights, ridicule others and disguise your cheap racism-light opinions as actual political theory. Basically, it's Expound, but relying solely on logical fallacies and false-flagging instead of logical arguments. Reading any Sankei Shimbun articles on history (any at all) or related material gives you the skill

History – well, Japanese history and only Japanese history. It occasionally covers other countries' history where it overlaps with Japanese history, but otherwise exclusively focuses on Japanese history. It's all technically correct, though a lot of it could be presented in an at least halfway neutral manner and some of it is considered war-crime glorification.

There's always just the possibility of sitting down in front of the TV and watching *Waratte itomo*, starting to sputter and fidget whenever someone uses any of the characters in any of the writings of "Korea". This will give you the skill Japanese Trivia at 4 – exactly what it sounds like, concerning everyday elements of Japanese life. This will likely be more useful if the player themselves doesn't know much about Japan, allowing the GM to inform them without it being metagaming. **This power replaces the "understand anything Japanese" power.**

6 Edge:

- Imbue yourself with Yamato-damashii for an hour. This has quite a lot of effects, one of them being that all your Euphoric Traits are activated – a proper example of the fedoroid Japan fantasy is that a Japanese person is always dignified and noble of bearing, and being rejected and ridiculed doesn't mesh well with this. In addition, you take on the kind of aura that normally only exists in *yakuza* movies and *Zatoichi* flicks – when you enter the room, everything quiets down and everyone tenses up a bit. In game terms, this means that everyone you roll Mouth against first needs to succeed on a Body (Persistent/Tough) roll or treat your Mouth as if it was 3 higher than it actually is. For the duration of the power, you have total control of the Japanese language and cannot pathetically fail any rolls that involve Japanese language or culture – pathetic failures turn into normal failures, and normal failures turn into marginal successes. You gain 3 automatic successes on any combat rolls made while wielding a Japanese weapon or wearing Japanese armor, and 1 bonus success on *all* rolls made while wearing traditional Japanese clothing (though this still looks odd in a lot of contexts, and can still make people snicker despite the power's effect). If you don't have these on hand, the power lets you create *either* a katana or a set of Japanese clothes at the same time as you use it, for an extra cost of 2 Edge.

All people who respect, admire or frothingly worship traditional Japanese values and aesthetics – *wa*, *wabi-sabi* and/or *bushido* – are friendly towards you by default for as long as the power lasts, and will react with a certain lenience (GM fiat) towards you even when you make mistakes or are just plain an asshole. This power, though, tends to attract a lot of trouble if used carelessly – it's powerful, but its effect is very brief, and it might attract people who you wouldn't normally want close to you. These people might very well get disappointed when the effect wears off, frustrated at the fact that what they thought to be a shining example of Yamato-damashii is just an ordinary kid with *chuunibyou*.

A side effect of this power is that the flood of Yamato-damashii reverts all parts about you that aren't Japanese enough, not only for the duration of the power but for the rest of the day, and in some cases permanently. If your eyes are blue, for example, whether through being part-foreign, wholly foreign or an overeager user of Edge powers, they will turn brown until at least the end of the day when you use this power. Features you're born with (blue eyes, dark skin, brown hair) will revert at the end of the day, while features you've given yourself (dyed hair, eyes changed through Edge powers) are permanently dispelled. This side effect theoretically also affects Western fedoras, though a Western fedora using this power hasn't been recorded yet. Some breathless Western

fedora tourists who see this power in action fantasize that the surge of Yamato-damashii might actually permanently turn them Japanese, but this is almost certainly bullshit. Unless, of course, the fedoras are lucky for once, which is not a pleasant prospect in any way. **This power replaces the “blend into Japan” power.**

Pseudo-Intellectualism

The Pseudo-Intellectualism channel isn't *very* different between the Western world and Japan, but there are nevertheless some differences. Japanese fedoras don't tend to be as aggressively anti-Christian and in general against Abrahamic religions – sure, basically each and every one of them is a staunch atheist and incredibly edgy about it, but there's too little Christian or Muslim presence in Japan to really give the fedoras initiative to build their powers around smiting those religions. Quite a few of the powers still remain, through either cultural osmosis or concurrent development, but all in all, the Japanese Pseudo-Intellectualism channel is a little more focused on mundane pseudo-intellectualism than childish, edgy atheism. This is not a particularly good thing.

5 Edge:

- Weaponize historical revisionism. This power is more limited than the other 5-Edge Pseudo-Intellectualism power allowing fedoras to change other people's opinions, but it's stronger in that field and covers more targets. For the course of a single debate, argument or other group conversation, this power makes one of the fedora's historically revisionist theories a “fact” that's completely taken for granted. The targets (or let's not kid ourselves, victims) of the power are almost guaranteed to still disagree with the fedora on multiple other points, but this power does allow the fedora to make everyone temporarily act as if their historical revisionism is true. It's easy for the targets to rationalize this power with that they only did it as a thought experiment, ignoring that one flaky theory of the fedora's to prove their fundamental logic wrong instead, but under the power's effect, the targets really *think* it's true. If the power is worded well enough (GM's fiat), the fedora might be able to use this acceptance in order to advance their own agenda, but the power only works for the duration of a single debate. It's important to note that this power can't be used to “edit” just about anything – it has to be based on an actual historical doubt, or failing that, a possibility. The fedora can't just say “Actually, twenty years ago the government instituted a law that let students freely use violence against their teachers and made it a punishable offence to interfere”, since it's not actually up to debate and it's completely obvious that it didn't happen. They can, however, say “Pearl Harbor was set up by the Americans in order to give themselves an excuse to get into the war”, since there *are* actually a lot of theories that suggest that – and after this, they can then segue into “...and since you're American, I guess it's time for reparation payments, tourist.” In short, this power can convince a whole gathering full of people that the fedora's interpretation of a past event is true, as long as it's not farcically unbelievable, and it's perfectly possible for the fedora to play on this in order to get something out of it. About the most that's possible to wring out of this power is “Look, she's not my cousin – she's actually an illegitimate child and I'm not related to her at all, so it isn't as much of a crime. I've found photos of my uncle's wife and some other man, you know.” In this case, it's an event that took place in the past, there's no immediate evidence to the contrary and it's not patently ridiculous. **This power replaces the “shout Satan” power, but the original can still be taken as an out-of-channel power.**

Sample chronicle seed: The Edge of the Horizon, the End of the World

Misato, Saitama Prefecture, 2014.

It repeats every day. The blind masses, moving to and from work and education, not knowing that the world is rotten from the inside and they're the culprits. Everyone jealously protects their own little daily lives while ignoring the apocalypse that they brought upon themselves.

We are some who see what they have built, and it disgusts us. A world that methodically grinds out all of the potential inherent in the human race, simply because they fear having responsibility. A world that could have been so much more, had someone more enlightened been allowed to rule it. They pass the days in their neatly allotted houses and their cramped workplaces, waiting solely for the next opportunity to perpetuate this cycle. It would not be an exaggeration to say that these people have sold their shells to candle light to the relentless grind they themselves have shaped society into. They have blinded their eyes, deafened their ears and set to work once again, and by doing that they can shield their fragile worldview from the proof that they're subhuman wrong.

We are here. We are the ones who still realize the potential of the human race, and realize that there is no such thing as an all-loving society. The strong rule the weak, so that the weak can become strong – that is what we profess, and that is why they're trying to keep us down. They have nothing true to say – all that they blame us for is based on the constructions made in their own weak society. That we have no education – does a truly chosen human need to learn more when they're already perfect? That we have no friends – does the Demon Lord play with the mouse? That we have no future prospects – hah! We will create our own future with these hands, the hands that hold the power of gods! We will cast aside this petty, fallible society and tear it down from the bottom up.

We have no need for societal constructs, made by inferior creatures who've chosen to worship weakness instead of bowing to those like us who are truly strong.

We are the Last Sunset Apocalypse Temple, and we will revolutionize the world.

- Signed, Minamimure Osamu (楠牟礼幸) of the Misato Last Sunset Apocalypse Temple
Scrawled on a crumpled piece of notebook paper over a large beef bowl in a Yoshinoya

In short, the Last Sunset Apocalypse Temple is a textbook fedora group.

They're obsessed with the "end of the world" and "revolutionizing the world", but they haven't come up with anything resembling a cohesive plan yet. They have a notebook full of names for locations, concepts and special attacks, but their general methodology in "revolutionizing the world" is mostly to run around the outskirts of town for a bit, loitering around abandoned buildings while smoking cigarettes under streetlights, swinging past a convenience store for a meal and then loitering around their elevator school to eat it, all the while having conversations in archaic Japanese peppered with words that people stopped using long ago for a reason. All of its members have a deep-set self-defeating persecution complex, never getting the clue and continuing to make fools of themselves in public solely to bask in the negative attention, which they then spin as "the jealousy and hatred attracted by the ones who truly realize the purpose of the human race". They're alike a lot of other Japanese fedora groups in that their pseudo-philosophical aspirations vastly eclipse those of most Western fedora groups, solely for the worse – they

use countless layers of forced archaisms, gratuitous foreign languages, purloined bits of Nietzsche and Baudelaire, diet social Darwinism and a seemingly endless list of pseudo-intellectual literary allusions to conceal the fact that their underlying rationale is somewhere between unstable and nonexistent. They're a bunch of suburban kids who weren't exactly pampered, but have spun around and started using that as a platform to whine about how they're being "lashed down into thankless slavery by the unfeeling establishment" when all they really have to deal with is the vague boredom that comes with living a safe and privileged life and being expected to pull one's share.

They actually have their own apartment in what counts for the center of Misato. When they acquired it, the Temple considered it an unconditional victory – it's located in a gritty and very urban part of the de-facto city center, on the fourth and highest floor of an old and definitely grim-looking multipurpose building, accessed through a staircase that could be used as a backdrop for a post-apocalyptic movie. The apartment's central location, cheap rent and hipster cred from being small and dusty fit perfectly with the fedora mindset – and what also fits with the fedora mindset is that some of the members have actually started hating the place as they were forced to deal with reality. The fixtures are rusted out, the lights are unreliable, the kitchen counter is covered in a thin layer of grease that never seems to come off, the windows are filthy and drafty, the furniture is splintery, the walls are paper-thin, the greenish-off-white color of the paint is nauseating over a longer period, and the bathroom is pretty simply beyond all reproach. It's of course a mess too – each member has at least one trademark food that they eat almost exclusively while in the apartment to better create a character for themselves, and the floor is almost constantly covered in wrappers, cans, bottles and bits of food. Most of the food there is made either with the assistance of the kettle or the microwave, and the only thing that anyone really uses the hotplate for is lighting cigarettes. The apartment is pretty well-stocked, in the purely literal sense of the word, with quite a lot of things that the members of the Temple find relevant – the fridge is crammed with all sorts of bizarre food and drink (canned oden, nattou, strange Cup Noodle flavors, convenience-store takoyaki and even an actual bottle of red wine), and there's a pretty admirable pile of old computer parts in a stack of cardboard boxes in one corner. There's also a collection of manga and old PC games that's definitely valuable to collectors but in dubious taste, as well as a kitchen cupboard full of various semi-legal chemicals such as nitric acid, magnesium strips and iodine (all nicked from the chemistry room at school, and of course taking up the space one would normally use for actual seasonings). The icing on the cake is the box of improvised weapons in the hallway, containing a few reasonably effective weapons and a lot of useless ones – a few whittling knives, crowbars and ice picks share space with strangely shaped pointed sticks and bits of metal connected by rusty chains.

Minamimure Osamu (楠牟礼幸)

First year of high school (16 years old)

Real name: Mimura Osamu (三村収)

Rage/Subcultural-Type

Mouth 5 (Wheedling/Charming)

Body 3 (Skittering/Graceful)

Mind 1 (Dweeby/Wise)

Bullshit 3

Expound 2

Book Smarts 1

Freak Out 1

Preferred powers:

- Subcultural News (now free once per day)
- Mimic Subculture (now 1 Edge)
- Skill Swap (now 2 Edge)

Refused powers:

- Subcultural Answer (2 Edge)
- Nick Edge Power (4 Edge)
- Subcultural Acceptance Zone (6 Edge)

As the leader of the Last Sunset Apocalypse Temple, Minamimure Osamu is definitely a mixed blessing. He considers himself a “persecuted intellectual new-age otaku provocateur”, which in the end boils down to that he only knows how to be a nerd and doesn’t want to admit it. He’s a rather typical Japanese teenage book-club boy – skinny and awkward, with a mop of tousled black hair that he likes to draw attention to as “proof that we superior beings don’t need to care about our appearance like those mundane, soulless robots”, but that’s pretty clearly hair wax in there. He wears glasses even though he doesn’t really need to, preferring a small square-rimmed pair that look conveniently outdated and that he can scowl over, and otherwise just wears corduroys, dress shirts and T-shirts printed with edgy slogans in English that he doesn’t actually understand.

Osamu is actually really damn charismatic for a fedora – and how he tried. He’s managed to claw his way up from being an antagonistic, surly, scowling loser with no social skills whatsoever – now he’s an antagonistic, surly, scowling loser who uses his great social skills to antagonize everyone else but his secret club. He’s a great firebrand, but normal people are usually perceptive enough to brand him as a loony and a conspiranoid about five minutes in – he’s got great crowd handling and knows how to make people listen using body language and tone, but everything he says is paranoid, antagonistic and barely coherent to normals. He’s also not exactly weak, though it’s mostly a result of having to run away quite a lot during his childhood. When it comes to his mental faculties... well, he’s not *stupid*. He is, however, ludicrously drunk on his own average mental prowess and constantly seeks opportunities to regurgitate the buzzwords he’s learned that week, while completely failing to count in the fact that he doesn’t have much of an attention span and is bad at critical thinking (the only technique he really uses in practice is cherry-picking).

Osamu, for the most part, is just plain angry. He’s constantly on a hair trigger, looking to “spot” people who disagree with him so he can go absolutely verbally apeshit on them – he hates being proven wrong more than anything, and will go very far out of his way to get the last word. His Freudian excuse is that he was a knowledge-hungry child, but wasn’t actually that quick on the uptake and had educated parents – he never managed to impress his parents with anything, and occasionally they failed in suppressing a scoff or a snicker when he came out with something entirely self-evident, fallacious or just plain wrong after great fanfare. He’s obsessed with branding himself an intellectual because he failed to do it before, and his frothing resentment against society is mainly because he can’t just accept that there’s some things he’s not as good at as other people. When he wants to do something, he *wants* it, and being denied it makes him feel that he’s actively being persecuted because people are afraid of the revolutions he’ll bring to a field

dominated by “weak” normal humans – which is also conveniently why he fails all the tests of skill he undergoes (since it’s “revisionist material”). He’s not actually *that* bad when he’s not actively trying to obtain something he feels he’s been denied – in that case, he’s only a big-headed and self-important but still tolerable nerd reactor. Of course, though, he barely ever puts down his obsession with being a “persecuted genius” for even a moment, and is usually a hot-headed and abrasively confrontational asshole who blows his lid completely at the tiniest suggestion that he might not be entirely right.

Osamu’s relations to the Temple’s other members are complicated at times. He’s not actively an asshole within the walls of the Temple’s hideout (for the most part), but quickly starts treating the other members like employees as soon as they’re in the public eye, feeling that he has a reputation to uphold and that others will ridicule him if he doesn’t act like a leader. The irony of this is entirely lost on him.

He treats Kanna as a necessary mainstay of the group, and is often dismissive or spiteful towards her – she’s the only member who he actively gives shit, as her overdramatic chuunibyona persona brings it into perspective exactly how ridiculous the Temple gets at times.

Osamu and Chaka get along, but not exceptionally so. They’re kind of friends, but they only really talk about shared interests – that is, crime and subcultural interests. Osamu finds Chaka a bit dull and uninteresting, which is a major minus for a person who mainly judges things on how interesting they are.

Osamu and Yamato are the best of buddies. They occasionally do fight (and their arguments manage to rile up the otherwise apathetic neighbors with the sheer noise levels and occasional thrown objects), but their persecution complexes and pseudo-intellectual tendencies, combined with the fact that both of them are just dweebs at the core of it, make them get along very well.

Yoza Kanna K. Rosenbaum Kokuen Mabuchi Amaryllis the Fourth

ローゼンバウム アマリリス
(与座神無 K. 黒 薔 薇 黒烟真淵 彼岸 花 第四世)

Third year of junior high school (15 years old)

Real name: Yamana Kana (山名 香菜)

Delusion/Evil-Eye-Type

Body 5 (Flailing/Mighty)

Mind 3 (Screwed/Unique)

Mouth 1 (Slimy/Eloquent)

Freak Out 2

Vandalize 2

Fake It 2

Infodump 1

Preferred powers:

- Stylize Self (now 1 Edge)
- Summon Outfit (now 2 Edge)
- Mimic Supernatural (now 4 Edge)

Refused powers:

- Speech of Rage (1 Edge)

- Intimidating Voice (3 Edge)
- Attune (6 Edge)

You don't get any more Evil-Eye than Yoza Kanna (abbr.)

She's a skinny teenage girl with the looks of someone who tried to lose weight to look better and succeeded, but still didn't look any better – the fundamental fuck-ups are in her sharp-edged face, narrow eyes and absolutely atrocious teeth. She has stringy, greasy black hair that she of course barely ever shows – it's either covered by a cosplay wig or changed with her powers into some atrociously eye-bleeding color – and her clothes are a completely new field of study in themselves. Using a terrifyingly large brace of German mail-order sites and multiple years of saved-up allowance, she's managed to piece together a costume consisting of an outrageously long burgundy trench coat crisscrossed with pointless leather straps and hung with over-embellished crosses, a pair of black leather combat boots with gold embroidery, a black-and-red silk scarf and (yes) a black leather eyepatch with a pentagram embroidered on it, which she wears over her left eye. Since it's impossible to see her other clothes while she's in this getup, she just wears a pair of noodle-stained tracksuit pants and a faded band T-shirt of some band or other that she won't admit she likes anymore underneath it.

Kanna is perhaps the most melodramatic and over-the-top member of the Last Sunset Apocalypse Temple – she can barely get out a single sentence without turning it into a mangled mess of misused archaisms and pseudo-poetic melodrama, and her body language is utterly pompous, composed mainly of sweeping arm gestures and spasmodic clutching at her left eye. She is, however, actually in pretty good shape – she's been in the track-and-field club for all of junior high school, and since she's constantly forsaken teamwork in order to show off with the shortest times and the most outrageous challenges, she's the most physically powerful member of the Temple. She's not exactly stupid either, and as much as it hurts to admit it, she has a good sense for metaphors and symbolism (which she promptly wastes by overusing it ad nauseam). Her outrageous, flailing melodrama, of course, also utterly destroys any chance she has at making friends or coming off as a remotely normal human being, and as such she's also the most socially incompetent member of the Temple – she actively rejects and sabotages any opportunities she has to get better, as this would undermine the martyr complex she builds her entire worldview on.

Her Freudian excuse, then, is that her family life was and is perhaps the driest and dullest in all of the suburbs of Tokyo. Her mother is a private tutor and her father is a salaryman – none of these lend themselves to any real sense of adventure, to say the least, and they're even less eager to do anything demanding after they get home from work. On top of this, they're often so busy with Kanna's younger brother that they have an excuse to ignore their daughter. Kanna is quite simply bored, unable to grasp or accept that sometimes life isn't all that exciting, and constantly tries to inject some excitement into her life using pompous theatrics and several conflicting backstories, which all share the traits of being at least five pages long in full and giving her some excuse to completely ignore everything normal, sensible people say. Her current backstory is an utter mess involving multiple reincarnations, an amount of dead lovers and family members that could populate a small village, at least six wars that never happened and being the empress of the so-called "Country of Eternal Night", a setting inside her head from which she draws most of her pseudo-Gothic anime vampire fantasies. To put it simply, she's an attention whore who prefers negative attention to no attention and indeed any other kind of attention – feeling misunderstood and maligned makes her life feel so much more exciting, and she's steadily digging herself further and further into total social alienation. To put it into perspective, she's wearing an eyepatch on her school photo – this

is a dark history that won't be erased no matter how much she reforms later. To Kanna's fortune and much to the misfortune of others, it doesn't look like she'll ever really quit it. In the end, her goal in being in the Temple is simply to surround herself with even more atrocious misfits and failures so she can bitch, whine and sob about how the world is unfairly rejecting her and her suffering is more unique and more misunderstood than that of anyone else, ever.

Kanna's relations to the rest of the Temple are usually marked by her bizarre delusions – she sees others in terms of being different from her, which can make her both impressively even-tempered and infuriatingly aloof.

She sees Osamu as a necessary leader – he's got a mouth on him that she hasn't, and she prefers to just let him do the talking. She knows that he considers her a joke at best, but bears with it out of a childish fantasy that she'll show him up one day and make him regret treating her like that.

Kanna and Chaka get along pretty well, as both their fuck-ups are centered on self-image. Kanna helps Chaka polish up on his theatrics and his presentation, while he helps Kanna with the realities of being an actual criminal (but while he is, he's a ridiculous small fry who's basically only in out of pity).

Kanna and Yamato don't exactly *fight*, but they very rarely talk. Kanna considers Yamato someone who's in the Temple for the opinions he shares with Osamu, which in her eyes means that he's at the very best irrelevant. She considers herself to be from the Country of Eternal Night, and Japan is below her dignity to care about (in her head).

Chaka (チャカ)

Second year of high school (17 years old)

Real name: Yasujima Seiichi (安嶋聖一)

Self-Doubt/DQN-Type

Mind 5 (Sketchy/Acute)

Mouth 3 (Pitiful/Attractive)

Body 1 (Persistent/Tough)

Sketch 3

Hookup 2

Go Fast 1

Backstabbing 1

Preferred powers:

- Violate Dress Code (now free once per day)
- Supernatural Shoplifting (now 1 Edge)
- Summon Drugs (now 3 Edge)

Refused powers:

- Schrödinger's Cigarette (1 Edge)
- Loiter (2 Edge)
- Wrong Side of the Tracks (3 Edge)

Some fedoras have long, convoluted lists of complexes and fuck-ups that they can trace back to a fucked-up childhood. On the other hand, some of them just want to look cool. Chaka is one of them, and he represents them rather well.

Chaka tries to look like a delinquent, and his idea of it is both very recognizable and roughly two decades out of date. He has short, styled bleach-blond hair with grown-out roots, with a permanent scowl (this is because he actually needs glasses but never uses them) and a perpetual Seven Stars in the corner of his mouth – all of this does little to conceal that he's actually pretty handsome in a boyish herbivore-man way, something he deeply resents. He's a bit of a fashion nut, a fact he denies at every turn – he carefully selects his clothes based on the impression they give of him, and as of late usually settles on a gaudy embroidered windbreaker of the kind often worn by movie yakuza thugs, brand tracksuit pants, expensive sneakers, diamond-stud earrings and (of course) fingerless gloves.

Chaka is obsessed with playing cool to the exclusion of everything else – his Freudian excuse pretty simply doesn't exist, and while he's one of the more tolerable members of the Last Sunset Apocalypse Temple in private, he also doesn't have the faintest shadow of an excuse for acting the way he does. He simply gets a rush from being big and scary, and seeing as he's emphatically not a big guy (165cm and 59 kilos), he focuses on being scary. He has a deep-seated self-esteem complex that's not born out of something Freudian, but is just the result of him being dissatisfied with what he has and getting restless when someone is better than him. He picks fights at the drop of a hat (though he tries to get away with threats and avoid an actual physical conflict) and is either pugilistic and confrontational or bored and unresponsive around any and all authority figures, simply because he can't take the blow to his ego that is acting like a normal goddamn human being.

Chaka is pretty goddamn sharp – while he has basically no book knowledge, growing up to apathetic middle-class parents who just left his education up to the government and actively antagonizing his teachers for most of his school days, he's quick-witted and perceptive (though it of course mostly comes off as him being high-strung and paranoid). He's also not as socially inept as a *certain* other member of the Temple – he doesn't have social anxiety at all unlike most other fedoras (he's blown it away through his pure, dogged efforts to become as much of an egoistic asshole as at all possible), and can hold a normal conversation when he's not trying to pick a fight. He's a chronic horndog, and while he's ashamed of the fact that he doesn't have a very scary face or build, he immediately forgets that shame whenever his boyish good looks can help him get laid – something that rarely succeeds because of his total lack of actual training (he considers himself to be cool enough that it comes naturally, and when he doesn't get laid, it's the girl's fault), but has actually succeeded twice with horribly trashy junior-high delinquents. When it comes to his physical prowess, though, the less said the better. Chaka's bulk, or lack of it, is best described as "sad", and the only thing about it that's less than pathetic is his pain threshold.

Chaka, basically, is an asshole to most everyone as a matter of course – in his view, it makes him less of a man to listen to any kind of reason or authority at all unless it comes from malcontents like him. He can't really put his finger on why he hates authority figures so much, and usually gets touchy when asked about it – the truth is, of course, that he wants to feel like the big man compared to everyone else, and he categorically rejects any advice or guidance that comes from anyone else. Sure, the rest of the Temple can usually get a tip or a recommendation in sideways, but their advice is shit and will probably hurt Chaka more in the long run. They're actually an even worse influence than the few other friends he has – Chaka has taken his nickname from a slang expression for a yakuza goon, and he does hang around with the same kind of people and can just barely be counted a gang member. He mostly just hangs around street corners

drinking chu-hai and smoking cigarettes while bullshitting with a bunch of other wannabes, tryhards and flunkies, but he's been around for long enough that those people's superiors know he's not a snitch, and as such he actually has a *contact network*, something that's almost unheard of for a fedora. Of course, this contact network consists solely of other wannabe criminals and two-bit thugs who don't even have Edge powers going for them, and trying to pull them into a conflict is guaranteed to fail amidst a chaos of inexperienced fuck-ups and hollow boasts – but again, these people have friends and gang superiors who are reasonably sure that Chaka isn't going to rat them out, and his money is as good as anyone's. This means that Chaka actually has a gun – sure, it's a clapped-out Chinese Type 77 pistol, and there's only half a magazine left after he wasted the other two and a half he got with the purchase on shooting at signs fifty miles out in the woods, but it's a gun (and it cannot reasonably be stressed enough how ridiculously illegal personal firearms are in Japan). Likewise, he has a motorcycle, but it also just barely meets the definition of the word – its maximum speed tops 75 km/h and it's practically falling apart in addition to him being too young to get a license, but it's still a motorcycle.

Chaka is actually one of the nicer members within the walls of the Temple's pad – he likes most of the members, even if they don't like him back, since it makes him feel like he's a part of a “gang” and thus makes him feel big and dangerous.

His relationship to the younger Osamu is a backwards junior-senior relationship – he's caught up on the idea that “the boss is the boss” and listens to Osamu even in his worst and most irrational moments. They're not actually friends, but Chaka gets off on the sense of thieves' honor that obeying Osamu gives him.

Chaka and Kanna are great friends, though Chaka tends to think Kanna is a little bit too overdramatic. Ironically enough, it's because he thinks that the modern aesthetic that he likes is cooler than Kanna's gothic-medieval circlejerk, so he tries to turn her on to guns (and Kanna, in turn, tries to get Chaka to use an axe).

Chaka and Yamato get along at times, but their relationship is a bit bumpy and awkward. Yamato likes considering Chaka “one of the men”, seeing as the yakuza is traditionally right-wing – but Chaka, mainly brushing with politically neutral gangs with plenty of zainichi members, doesn't care very much and tends to shrug off his compliments.

Yamato Kuniyasu (倭國安)

First year of high school – and 17 years old

Real name: Kanemura Satoshi (金村聡)

Self-Doubt/Japanophilia

Mouth 5 (Slimy/Eloquent)

Mind 3 (Screwed/Unique)

Body 1 (Flailing/Mighty)

Polemics 3

Infodump 2

Backstabbing 1

Sketch 1

Preferred powers:

- Japanize Product (now 1 Edge)
- Destroy Rip-off (now 2 Edge)
- Smite National Enemy (now 4 Edge – but it works on him, too)

Refused powers:

- Game Mastery (2 Edge)
- Hide Power Level (4 Edge)
- Become Anime Character (6 Edge)
- Make Japanese Friend (5 Edge)

Out-of-channel power:

- Weaponized Historical Revisionism (Pseudo-Intellectualism, 5 Edge, Japanese variant power)

Yamato Kuniyasu is the Last Sunset Apocalypse Temple's mouthpiece to the outside. This is actually not a unilaterally bad thing, but only because the other alternatives are dreadful.

Kuniyasu is broad-shouldered, but in a spongy and unfit way – while he's tall and a little bigger than average, he has no muscle definition whatsoever. He's not exactly *ugly*, but he's a bit fat-faced, and his facial expressions often get comically exaggerated. He usually wears pseudo-military clothing – a navy-blue military blazer, khaki army fatigues, combat boots and a Rising Sun armband, though the militaristic intimidation factor of his clothes are offset by his huge head of armpit-length curly hair. He wears round Showa-era glasses, but occasionally gets too lazy to uphold his attempts at looking more classically Japanese and goes with lenses.

Yamato is actually pretty socially adept, but not in a socially acceptable way – he has a talent for fiery, shrieking polemics peppered with creative racial slurs and chest-pounding jingoistic rhetoric. He's not the kind of person most people would like to listen to – hell, he's annoying and shrill to anyone left of the LDP – but it's undeniable that he's good at being heard, and his spittle-flecked ranting tends to strike a chord in the hearts of other right-wingers. He's not exactly stupid either, but his train of thought often misses a few very self-evident stations to go straight for the one called "it's the fault of A Certain Country". He's in terrible shape, though, being completely convinced that his Japanese nature will let him either defuse or win any fight he gets into – he's about as strong as a normal person when he loses his temper, but he's clumsy and has no endurance whatsoever. He's convinced he can do judo and karate, too, but his expertise boils down to two video courses that he had running in the background while shitposting on 2ch's /nida/. His Freudian excuse, of course, is that his father is zainichi Korean – and as he absolutely hates his father for the fact that he actually demands results from him, he's translated that teenage laziness into a frothing hatred for his father's country and basically every other country (China, the other Korea, the US) that threatens his fragile and compensatory obsession with Japan.

Kuniyasu isn't entirely an asshole, but he's really toeing the line. Around the Temple's clubhouse, he's a reasonably subdued presence who usually spends his time eating supermarket sushi, shitposting and watching porn, but if the syllables "kan" or "chou" (that is, as in 韓国 or 朝鮮) ever even come up in a casual conversation, he will absolutely flip his tits. He's almost impossible to stop whenever he gets going, no matter how little reason he actually has to flip out – the reason is that missing any opportunity whatsoever to go amok at Korea makes him feel like he's "buying into the Korea Wave" and fuels his self-doubt at being half Korean. He's generally a very touchy person with a fierce temper and an uncanny ability

to read absurdly deeply into every situation possible and come out with the answer “Korea”, and while he’s relatively intelligent, he mostly wastes it because he’s too eager to make everything tie into his conspiratorial worldview.

Kuniyasu keeps up contact with a large number of right-wing groups, a few of whom occasionally invite him (and his friend circle, since they like Osamu, are used to people like Chaka and think Kanna is great fun) to a night out or a political rally. Most of the time, though, they don’t want him around and will make convoluted excuses to not invite him (all of which Yamato can find some way to excuse, as doubting anyone who fights for Japanese values and culture makes him feel too Korean) – he’s a pretty good polemicist and shit-slinger, sure, but even right-wing groups have a public reputation to uphold. They already toe a thin line between being legal political organizations and being arrested for hate speech, after all, and Yamato is the absolute last person you invite when you’re trying not to look like a clutch of frothing genocidal racists. He’s actually pretty good at history, specializing in East Asian modern geopolitical issues, but his bias ruins it – he’s a staunch historical revisionist and insists that Japan never did anything wrong. Instead of arguing over objective facts like a normal person would, he instead shrieks headlong into accusing the Koreans and the Chinese of falsifying practically everything bad that Japan did within the last century, and even holds the belief that Pearl Harbor was a *counterattack* and not an initial act of aggression, and that the US have “sanitized” historical records to remove all reference to the “genocide of Japanese residents on a Pacific island that the US later described as uninhabited”. Perhaps the most frustrating part of his historically revisionist theories is that he builds them on a few pieces of actually pretty interesting evidence, but quickly abandons it in favor of conjecture and subjective ad-hominem steamrolling.

Yamato is generally positively inclined to the rest of the Temple members, but he can get a little bit martyred and full of himself in spite of being reasonably nice to them. He considers himself to serve a better cause than them, and while he considers most of them friends, his goals lie elsewhere.

He’s great friends with Osamu, as both of them have delusions of grandeur and a fiery, irrational temper. Yamato mainly blows his lid at Osamu whenever he criticizes Japanese society for being oppressive and stagnant, but they usually reach a *détente* after throwing a few plates at each other (usually based on the idea that the oppressive parts of Japan are due to Korean influence).

Yamato does *not* get along with Kanna, but shuts up about it because he doesn’t want to waste time on her that he could use on his right-wing shit fits. He absolutely hates and resents everything about her, feeling that her attention-whoring is hurting his plans and to a lesser degree those of other members.

Yamato and Chaka have a strange relationship – Yamato considers the yakuza-wannabe Chaka a staunch ally, but Chaka time and again rejects his overtures because he doesn’t particularly care about Japanese politics. The few times he’s mentioned this, however, Yamato has started going absolutely ape and throwing spoons and forks at him.

Optional rules

Since this document has ended up doubling as a Player’s Guide anyway.

The existence of a fedora is unfortunately a very complex thing, and it gets grating in a lot of ways to incessantly hear about how they spend their days. As such, rules that were omitted or only in the idea phase when the corebook was written are listed here. All of these rules are optional, and should be assumed included only when the GM says so.

Circumstances

In general, most fedoras are assumed to have the same kind of familial circumstances – middle-class, with no extremely interesting family circumstances and no real influence (or if their family has, they're sure not sharing it with someone who it'd be a compliment to call a black sheep). Even in the cases where a fedora isn't comfortably middle-class and with ordinary living circumstances, it really doesn't matter much – very rich or very poor people usually don't become fedoras (the poor ones because they actually know what hardship is and don't usually feel the need to overdramatize and justify their so-called suffering, and the rich ones because combining teenagers and too much money usually results in relative popularity, which straight-out quells the fedora mindset). The only cases in which fedoras really manage to break out of that influence-less middle-class rut is when they band together and pool their resources – and this kind of pooling is known as Circumstances, simply because it's a nice and crisp euphemism for the multitude of other words that could be used. Each character receives 2 Circumstances points at character creation, but Circumstances aren't recorded on the character sheet – instead, the GM keeps a note of it. There is no such thing as individual Circumstances – a fedora might keep some private money, but it takes a whole group of fedoras to keep the emergency sock drawer topped up. Fluff-wise, it's possible to say that the fedora who has contributed the greatest amount of points to a Circumstance is the owner, but it's still due to the dubiously needed contributions of the rest of the group that it even warrants a dot on a sheet of paper. There are three different Circumstances – not because fedoras are modest or satisfied with next to nothing in any way, but because the wall of being a bitter, dysfunctional teenager in a society of halfway sane people sometimes just can't be overcome. These are Pad, Cash and Cred.

- **Pad** is a rating of how good the fedora group's main hideout is. Most of the time, this will actually be their own place – a member's family home might be nice, but it's almost guaranteed to be occupied by parents and siblings at odd hours of the day, and is thus about as worthy of spending points on as looking in the woods for a smoking shelter and putting your laptop on power-saving mode. Of course, fedoras usually can't afford a good place to live, and most of them wouldn't even if they could – there just isn't anything cool about living in an apartment block a little walk from the city center that's nice in a bland kind of way. No, what fedoras would really kill for is something with ambience – who cares that the loft in the abandoned supermarket overlooking the city center is drafty, cockroach-infested and only has electricity patched without permission from the squatter downstairs who illegally patched the cable in himself, as long as the group can sit in front of the window on rickety chairs at two minutes past midnight and drink cooking mirin from one of the members' family's old wine glasses while looking out at the neon-lit city?

Like all other Circumstances, Pad goes from 1 to 5.

A Pad of 1 is little better than a shelter, but it has one single kind of substandard amenity (cold running water, sputtering electricity) and is either legally rented by the fedoras (but definitely not a legal residence) or squatted in on a reasonably permanent basis. It's not a proper house yet – an example would be a smoking shelter in the woods that the fedoras have managed to reach with seven serially connected power strips.

A Pad of 2 just barely counts as a house, though most squatters would probably click their tongues and move on when they saw it. There's either one surprisingly functional amenity or two dodgy ones – either way, the place itself is probably a complete wreck, but no one's going to bother the fedoras there. An example would be an old garage at the back of a completely uninhabitable old

hovel far out on the country, where the local government has forgotten to turn off the water mains (though the pipes are rusty and unpredictable) and there's still an infernally noisy diesel generator standing around.

A Pad of 3 almost counts as a proper squat. There are either two working amenities or three unpredictable but passable ones, and there might even be enough household comforts there that the fedoras can cook up something else than cup noodles with the water brought in an old Pocari bottle. At this level, the Pad *kind of* counts as a legal residence, though it's still a bit of a junkie pad. An example would be an old attic room above a ramen shop, with emphasis on "old" – sure, there's no furniture, no central heating and pretty much nothing but empty space and fedora knick-knacks, but it gets all the amenities that the shop below gets (though the water comes straight out of a hole in the wall because the tap is missing, the only heating comes from the floor when the restaurant below is open for business and the one electrical outlet is kind of fucky and sparks like crazy).

A Pad of 4 is an actual, though ratty, apartment. This is the level possessed by the Last Sunset Apocalypse Temple, with their splintery-floored Minato apartment. Either there are all the amenities (hot and cold running water, electricity, heating) and a few conveniences (a fridge, hotplates, a microwave, a TV) needed for a decent life, but they're kind of dodgy; or there are only two conveniences and one of the amenities is missing, but in exchange everything else works far the most of the time. An example would be an old, cramped and unrenovated family house somewhere in the slightly more run-down suburban part of town, where everything's a bit dodgy (and no self-respecting human would live – it's working class at best), but at least it's a proper house with proper facilities.

A Pad of 5 – well, if there are any functional improvements from a rating-4 Pad, they're hard to spot. Maybe the floor is a bit less splintery, or the TV doesn't get only static between midnight and 1. This is due to fedoras almost always either having a luxury fetish or a kind of "countercultural" fascination with the gritty and underground – and since the former is never going to be fulfilled, most fedoras will settle for "kinda clapped-out but cool" rather than "nice but tame". The main thing that matters with a Pad of 5 is that it's a target for the envy of all the city's other fedoras – maybe it's an abandoned theater that the fedoras have managed to somehow wrangle a residence permit for, or it might be the gaudily decked-out penthouse of an otherwise relatively normal residential apartment building.

- **Cash** is a pretty straightforward Circumstance, and denotes the amount of money that the fedoras have managed to scrounge up through saving pocket money, doing gofer jobs for the other kids in class and nicking from vending machine change slots. It has two different aspects – small change and bank-breaking amounts. Small change is the amount of money that the fedoras can reasonably consider piddling pocket change and not have to count into their budget, while the bank-breaking amount is the absolute maximum that the fedoras can squeeze out of their money. If the fedoras break the bank, of course, they lose the money, but small change is such a small part of the fedoras' budget that it isn't subtracted from their Cash unless they seriously overuse it. Money is the only one of the three Circumstances that a fedora can amass any significant amount of on their own, and as such Cash is independent of the normal amount of money (roughly one Yukichi note, this being ¥10,000, and about ¥2000 in small change). It needs to be noted that Cash is just that – pretty much no fedoras out there have their own bank account, and if they do, their parents can

still access it and see that they've put some money in there that definitely hasn't come from a job. This means that the location of a group's Cash should be kept in mind – if they leave it in a vulnerable position, and especially if they have a Cash of more than 3, someone might see fit to nick it.

A fedora group with a Cash of 1 is just a little bit above broke, with a bank-breaking amount of just below ¥10.000 and a small-change amount that will barely buy a can of coffee in a vending machine. This means that the group's shared resources are less than the individual members' money, which usually suggests either a tight-fisted group that doesn't trust the other members with their money or just a group that's already blasted through everything else they had.

A Cash of 2 is the norm, this meaning a bank-breaking amount of about ¥25.000 and a small-change amount that will just about cover the occasional CalorieMate-and-Ayataka lunch. It's the hallmark of the usual fedora group – no members that are especially talented at making money, no specific budgeting skills, slightly tight-fisted members and/or a tendency to splurge when the group finally amasses money.

A Cash of 3 is in the upper end of average for a fedora group, and is the largest amount that doesn't usually attract other fedora groups looking to nick the group's money – a bank-breaking amount of about ¥50.000 and a small-change amount that can actually buy a pretty lavish meal by fedora standards (this being convenience-store yakisoba, a coffee and a bag of chips). It's also the level at which it starts being possible for the group to buy other things with their small change – the about ¥700 of the small-change amount is actually enough to buy things of real use.

A Cash of 4 is pretty rich for a fedora group, and often suggests at least one of several almost unimaginable things – an actual work ethic, members with skills of a level that normal people would actually want to pay for, a few lucky months of allowance or just a complete and utter lack of shame in stealing from one's parents. The bank-breaking amount of this level is about ¥75.000, and the small-change amount is enough for what fedoras usually consider a lavish banquet – one of the ¥400 convenience store lunches with actual side dishes, two coffees and maybe even enough left over to split for a pack of cigarettes with another member of the group (and enough to get into a fight because your favored image brand of cigarettes is different from the other member's). It's also the level at which other fedora groups, if such exist, start eyeing the group's stash a bit shiftily, and while few fedora groups are stupid enough (to their credit) to start a full-on assault because of less than 100.000 yen, the group should still watch out when they have to leave their cash in an exposed position.

A Cash of 5 is absolutely and utterly extravagant by fedora standards, and the circumstances leading up to the group somehow getting their hands on a sum like this should be detailed well – it's simply not something that happens normally. It might be the spoils of an impulsive petty crime that actually ended up having an unexpected payoff (and likely left the fedoras panicking all over the place thinking about how it could have failed and how it could come back to bite them), the result of a truly dogged campaign to beg money from the members' families, or even in some extremely rare circumstances the result of the group getting themselves the fuck together and slaving at some shitty part-time job for a month or two. The bank-breaking amount is about ¥125.000, and this is enough to *really* change up the game – it's enough to supply the amount of Oronamin C the group's resident self-proclaimed hacker needs to set up a meeting on the Darkweb, the amount of money needed to buy a gun *and* the extra fee any self-respecting criminals would

append upon seeing exactly how naïve their customers are. It'll require breaking the bank completely, but it nevertheless allows a fedora group to possess a reasonably powerful revolver or handgun (and let's take a pause to let it sink in *exactly* how out of their **fucking** depth the fedora group is getting, seeing as guns are absolutely, ridiculously illegal in Japan and no shitting around). The small-change amount is enough for what fedoras usually consider a serious night on the town, which consists first off of the ¥500 needed to bribe one of the members' sleazy, good-for-nothing older brother to buy everything else for them, a pack of cigarettes, some drinking snacks and three-four cans of grapefruit chu-hai. It can't be exaggerated either how much other fedora groups will strive to nick the money if they find out that the group has it, and at this level, it's usually enough to get other fedoras to actively pick a fight simply to get to the money (disregarding the fact that they could get it much easier and completely legally by getting a fucking job).

- **Cred** is perhaps the most diffuse and least mundanely acceptable Circumstance. It covers how much of an established presence the fedora group is in their local area, how big an area their stomping grounds cover and how well-known they are among other fedora groups in town. Often, this isn't due to anything even remotely approaching effort or skill – it's just due to the fedoras loitering in the same area for a very long time and thus becoming an ordinary sight around the area. No matter how much the fedoras claim that they're "known and feared" around the neighborhood, Cred doesn't cover any kind of intimidating reputation – seeing as fedoras don't have any real ability to set up or maintain contact networks and come off as immensely unsympathetic to normal people, any fedoras who actually did manage to make an intimidating name for themselves would be wiped off the face of God's green Earth by the police. Cred comes into effect in a wholly non-mechanical way – the higher a group's Cred, the more illustrious and embellished their reputation is among other fedoras, the more places outside their Pad they're freely allowed to loiter in and the less likely residents will call the police (since if the fedoras were actually doing anything *really* illegal, they'd have seen it by now) – but on the flipside, a higher Cred also means that more people know the fedora group, which can be a distinctly bad thing. The higher a group's Cred, the more likely it is that people will be able to deliver a detailed description of the fedoras or even provide details about their personal lives if the police come asking.

A Cred of 1 means that the fedora group is marginally recognized and grudgingly accepted in a single place of piddling importance. If the group chooses their high school, for example, the night-shift guard might frown and nod grudgingly (authority figure sign language for "I don't in any way approve of what you're doing here, but it would be too much of a pain to stop it") instead of throwing them out or calling the police. In addition, other fedora groups are marginally aware of their reputation if they regularly operate in roughly the same area, and they might even know the group's name (though it'll likely take them a few seconds to remember and they might get it a bit wrong).

A Cred of 2 means that the fedoras have the implicit right to loiter in a medium-sized area of next to no importance or a small area of marginal importance – for example, the police might remember that the same group of tryhard teenagers walks down the shopping arcade street every Friday night, and that they usually don't do anything other than smoking cigarettes while underage and getting very quiet and brooding as soon as someone approaches, so they won't even bother to go there. It also means that most fedoras in the same area know of their existence and remember their group name, though the group might need to remind them, and it doesn't mean that the group's other

distinguishing traits are common knowledge.

A Cred of 3 means that the fedora group has hung around in an area for long enough that they're a bit of a local fixture. The area covered is either medium-sized and of passable importance, or small and of surprising utility – for example, it might be the status quo that the fedoras hang out in front of a certain convenience store, and anyone asking the employees to throw them out will be met with a bitter smile, a shrug and a “we'll throw them out if they cause trouble”. It also means that the group is relatively well-known among other fedoras in their part of town, and that while they won't be recognized on sight all the time, other fedoras have a reasonable idea of who they are and what they usually do.

A Cred of 4 is almost local fame. It signifies that the fedoras are a part of the scenery in either a large area of relative importance or a medium-sized and surprisingly useful area. For example, the whole shady part of town a little bit down the train tracks from the center might understand that while the fedoras play big and act like idiots, they still buy things there and don't usually mess anything up on a large scale, and thus they're relatively welcome in the area and won't get hostile responses unless they do something stupid. Some manipulative shop owners might also greet them by name and go through the agonizing, nauseating ordeal of making small talk with a bunch of teenaged losers who think themselves above everyone “normal”, just in order to be able to squeeze a little bit of extra generosity out of them. On the fedora side, it means that the fedoras are a fixture in their part of town, where basically every single other fedora knows them – on one hand, it means that they'll know about everything scary or impressive the fedoras have done, but on the other hand they're also prior to all their embarrassments and fuck-ups. In addition, a group with this amount of Cred is also relatively well-known (at roughly the level of Cred 2) in the whole city (and in smaller cities, also the surrounding suburbs). This might be reduced to Cred 1 in cities like Osaka and Tokyo, or increased to Cred 3 in small country towns. This is immensely good ego fuel, but it also means that others will know when the fedoras *really* fucked up and thus when to strike if they're interested in anything they own (such as, just for example, cred).

A Cred of 5 is straight-out local fame, for better and worse. It means that the fedoras have indelibly burnt, charred and otherwise impinged their way onto the daily reality of the city, and that most people in that quarter of town (or in smaller cities, most of town) know about them and might even know their names (and where they live, and maybe even their parents). It lets the fedoras loiter, run around and holler overdramatic made-up attack names all they want with the worst punishment being the police officer who stops them threatening to call their parents, as well as meaning that the whole bad part of town treats them with an obviously fake but practically useful friendliness. On the flipside, it also means that most of town can straight-out call the fedoras' parents if they end up really acting up, and that any crimes they commit need to be very, very well hidden – if they don't manage to hide it properly, their names, favorite hangouts and parents' phone numbers are already on file. On the fedora front, it makes the group one of the most recognized and respected ones in town, with almost total name/face recognition, multiple half-true war stories floating around the fedora community and prime rights to any newly discovered “cool” territory, as well as the right to occasionally bully other fedora groups or have them run gofer jobs for them – but, of course, the group has had to make sacrifices in other areas, knowingly or unknowingly, to gain and keep up that kind of recognition, and this results in a very unfortunate

combination of great fame and little actual power that other fedoras might be perfectly willing to exploit.

Dissatisfaction and Disdain

When it comes to the reactions of normal people to Edge, Japan and the US are quite different.

In the US, the country of equal opportunity, every man for himself, the American Dream and plenty of right-wing reactionary conservatism, Normalcy tends to be a yes-or-no thing – either a non-fedora is enough of a conservative workaholic with an overly solid respect for how society works on an everyday basis, or they are just another part of the general population at large that doesn't know how to resist Edge because they don't really care enough. Of course, this is an oversimplification, but the few grey zones that do exist are too small for it to warrant an entire extra rules section – it usually won't come up in the US, and more rules for petty little details clog up the rulebook and can bring in unwanted elements in the game that weren't meant to be played up.

In Japan, though, it can quickly become a lot more complicated. Japanese society places much more value on order, effort, decency and other such Normalcy-conducive virtues than the US, and this has very real consequences for the fedoras in the country. A disproportionately large amount of the Japanese population has Normalcy, which means that fedoras will usually deal with ordinary though Normalcy-empowered citizens instead of Edge-using SJWs (which are almost absent in Japan, instead manifesting in the form of proportionally more fedoras than Japanese society would otherwise be expected to produce). However, with more Normalcy users, more grey zones pop up – the more people who have Normalcy or Edge because of social factors, the more people are *almost* fedoras or Normalcy users. In the US, and indeed in the most of the Western world, these people are mostly footnotes that don't warrant a mention of their own, petty as the things that separate them from normal people are – but in Japan, there are enough of them that they'll often be encountered by fedoras in their daily comings and goings.

- **Dissatisfaction** is, pretty simply, another name for the pseudo-Edge introduced in the 6-Edge Pseudo-Intellectualism power allowing the user to create other fedoras, though it's a bit more detailed than that in action. It's possessed naturally by people who're dissatisfied with society and feel strangled or confined by it, yet aren't doing anything about it and can't find a niche. By definition, people with Dissatisfaction have stopped short of being fedoras, even though the seeds were there – they're people who've managed to second-guess their burbling rages, narcissist fantasies and escapist delusions before they managed to break out and completely ruin their lives. As such, they can't have Edge, as their emotional energy is only enough to perform one or two tiny little tricks that are barely worth mentioning. People with Dissatisfaction don't gain it in the same way as fedoras gain Edge – they gain it at the rate of 1 point per hellish workweek, horrible week in school or another week-long period in which they've been hassled and hounded by things connected to Normalcy at every turn. At the end of this week, the whole mess spills over into something very much like Edge, as it solidifies into a diffuse mélange of quiet, muttering resentment and cynicism. If a person with Dissatisfaction ever manages to get 30 points of it, they become a fedora – this is the cold, clinical rule explanation for how one becomes a fedora for the most part (though it's hard to write up exact rules for, and sometimes someone is just so much of an utter whiny misfit that they don't even need time, just a trigger that sends them going sufficiently ballistic). This doesn't happen as often as you'd think, which is a godsend of completely new proportions – if everyone with Dissatisfaction became a fedora at some point, the world would

be awash in these hideous mockeries of human beings, and society would rapidly disintegrate as people in actual positions of responsibility started adopting the fedora worldview. Every time someone with Dissatisfaction stresses off about their life – this could be a drink after a week’s hard work with colleagues, or going to a friend’s birthday party to take one’s mind off a horrible week of assignments – they lose one point of this accumulated pseudo-Edge. It’s impossible to do this more than five times a month – stressing off about something can drown it out, but it’s not going to make it disappear, and after it’s been done too much, it in fact starts reminding people of what they’re trying to escape. As such, it actually *gives* one point of pseudo-Edge the seventh and subsequent times each chronological month that someone with Dissatisfaction stresses off, at least if they’re still in a stressing life situation. If they aren’t, they still have the pseudo-Edge, and it can be built upon by a fedora with the right power, but they don’t gain it anymore.

Dissatisfaction can do two things, and no more than that. The first is a kind of diffuse, unfocused and untrained Edge effect that affects the user’s life circumstances – by spending 25 pseudo-Edge at once, the user can trigger some kind of luck or karmic irony that makes their life circumstances better in some way, for example by having their dreadful boss fired or having their girlfriend get in a better mood for once. This is a petty effect that won’t fix things for more than a month or two at most, but it’s nevertheless something like an Edge effect – and that brings us to the flipside. To use this effect, the user needs to know that emotional energy can be used to accomplish supernatural effects (for example by having encountered fedoras before and witnessed their Edge effects), and there’s thus the omnipresent temptation of just gaining that last little bit of resentment so that one can stop having to doubt oneself and start being able to use Edge effects, both at once.

The second effect of Dissatisfaction is passive. Dissatisfaction users are able to deal calmly and rationally with Edge as long as they have enough Dissatisfaction in their system – that is, two points of Dissatisfaction for every point of Edge the effect costs. For as long as they have the requisite amount of Edge, the effects covered by their Dissatisfaction will seem a lot more sensible, interesting and easy to deal with through the haze of resentment, and they’re able to act completely coolly and rationally both during and after witnessing the Edge effect. Normal people usually flee, start hyperventilating, attempt to rationalize the event or just walk away in order to freak out for a bit at home, but a Dissatisfaction user with enough of it in their system can watch a skinny, hatchet-faced otaku with a mustache mostly composed of skin grease and a 15-foot aura of the stench of CalorieMate (cheese flavor) turn into the cutesy character on their T-shirt and lay into a police officer with a magical girl wand and only slightly twitch an eyelid, being completely capable of staying and watching the whole debacle as well as asking the otaku questions when the fight is over, all in complete calm. People with Dissatisfaction are very unlikely to snitch on fedoras to the authorities, given that their resentment comes from authority and societal values, and most of the time they just want to get in on the gig (much to their own misfortune – seriously, it’s not a pleasant fate, and it makes it worse that they’ll come to think it is).

- **Disdain** is a little bit simpler – it’s pseudo-Normalcy, and given that Normalcy is simpler than Edge, Disdain is almost completely minimalist. It’s possessed by the kind of people who don’t exactly consider law and order the most important things in their lives and thus don’t have what it takes to gain Normalcy, but who still have enough respect for a functioning society to hate outliers out of principle. It’s not the frothing, weaponized hatred of Normalcy, but it’s nevertheless something. People with Disdain gain it from much the same things as people with Normalcy, and according to

much the same rules as Dissatisfaction – a pool of 30 points, filled at the end of each week mostly spent with hard, honest work or otherwise contributing to a conservative or at least slightly cautiously centrist-progressive view of society, and drained by doing things that run contrary to this idea, for example cutting loose at a party or deciding to break the speed limit. When they reach 30 points, they gain Normalcy, with the starting pool being at a mere 2.

People with Disdain can resist Edge powers, but not in the active, targeted way that people with Normalcy can do. To resist Edge powers, Disdain users have to entirely disregard it, avoiding the stress on their worldview that confronting it directly would cause – Normalcy users' worldview is sturdy enough to do this, but Disdain users can't do much under the full assault of an Edge power. Instead, they can resist any Edge power at the cost of two more Disdain than it would normally cost to resist with Normalcy, as long as they act like the power didn't actually take place. If they do, the power immediately takes effect if it was used within the last 24 hours – this means that if a Disdain user gets targeted by an Edge power (for example the 5-Edge Misogyny Freudian-slip power), they can spend the Disdain and then act as if the fedora never used the power. If they within the next 24 hours take any actions (thoughts are fine, as long as they don't take up the majority of the user's concentration and only happen in the back of their head) that confirm that they've witnessed the Edge power, for example looking up "proof for the existence of magic" on Google, the fragile stabilizing influence on reality exerted by their Disdain collapses, and the power immediately triggers as if it was used at that moment. In this case, it wouldn't usually do that much damage since the fedora isn't there to hear it, but then again there's no way for the Disdain user to know that. Disdain can be used reflexively (that is, when the user doesn't know a power is being used on them) – since it's connected to the idea of ignoring something and not stooping to notice its existence, it automatically activates if the user doesn't know that they're being targeted by an Edge power (and they have no choice but to let it activate). It's also possible for them to dispel Edge powers in effect on people or places much like Normalcy users, but this not only requires them to spend twice the amount of Disdain as a Normalcy user would have spent of their Normalcy, it also requires them to know that Edge is a real, supernatural effect evoked by fedoras.

Drugs and Alcohol

Much to the unilateral misfortune of everyone involved, even peripherally so, drugs and fedoradom are a match made in Hell. The combination of petty victimless rebellion, feeling good and breaking out of suburban boredom for a few fleeting hours attracts fedoras like moths to the flame – and while most of them of course get stopped by the fact that they can barely buy cigarettes even if they're legal majors, to speak nothing of actual illegal drugs, some fedoras are bound to get their hands on drugs through a combination of Edge powers and lucky skillsets. In fact, drug use among fedoras is far more common in Japan – while drugs are common enough in the US that a lot of fedoras consider it "deadening to the enlightened soul" and "entertainment for normies who can't appreciate the true pleasures in life", drugs are so outrageously taboo and illegal in Japan that fedoras there unilaterally find them cool. This also means that Japanese fedoras have Edge-fueled ways of creating drugs due to the desperation with which they seek them and how difficult it is to actually obtain them, while Western fedoras can only really exploit the effects of them (or use borderline-recreational drugs like Rohypnol in most assuredly non-recreational ways).

It needs to be rubbed in that drugs are illegal, and on a level above and beyond the "loitering at school

after hours” degree of crimes that fedoras usually commit. While the Japanese police don’t usually care enough to actively comb areas for drug use when there are no existing problems in the area, they do care enough to answer most reports of drug use and crack down hard if they have any proof whatsoever. Being caught with drugs on one’s person in Japan basically amounts to the complete death of one’s reputation and social life, and is so shameful that it’s driven many normal people to suicide simply because of how taboo drug use is in Japan – in which case it’s fortunate (for the fedoras) that fedoras don’t care most of the time and otherwise just use being caught as a cheap source of martyr points. It will, however, result in a lot of meetings with the police, educational authorities, counselors and the family lawyer, as well as likely getting the fedora grounded and their parents to either chew them out for hours every day or just completely ignore their existence for months. A fedora who’s caught using drugs is going to be extremely restricted in what they can do, and if they’re 18 years or older, they’re very likely going to go to prison for at least a few months (since even Japan’s judicial system occasionally has a sense of misplaced pity). With that over, here follows a list of common drugs that fedoras will often end up doing.

- **Alcohol:** Ah, alcohol. On one hand, it’s a social lubricant that helps people interact without shame and has created thousands, if not millions, of fruitful relationships – and on the other hand, it’s the fuel for breakups, horrible social fuck-ups and crimes of absolutely bottomless stupidity. No points for guessing which one usually happens with fedoras.

A fedora who gets more than two standard drinks within the course of an hour rolls Mind, Body and Mouth in sequence – the base difficulty is 6, increased by one for each three drinks that they have in their system (assume that one standard drink metabolizes each hour). If the Mind roll succeeds, nothing happens to their Mind. If their Body roll succeeds, the stat bonus from the Persistent/Tough or Flailing/Mighty Traits is increased by 1 for every three drinks they’ve had, and those fedoras with Skittering/Graceful can change their Trait to either one of these for the duration of the bender. If the Mouth roll succeeds, the same happens, except Wheedling/Charming or Slimy/Eloquent are increased. These alterations to the fedora’s stats are altered as the alcohol content in their blood decreases. If the fedora gets more to drink, the roll is redone every three drinks.

If the Mind roll fails, the fedora’s Mind drops by 1 for every three drinks they’ve had. If the Body roll fails, the fedora’s Persistent/Tough or Flailing/Mighty still increases, but their Body is counted as one less for every three drinks they’ve had on all other Body rolls. If their Mouth roll fails, oy vey – the fedora’s Mouth immediately drops by one in addition to another point for every three drinks they’ve had. If any stat drops to 0 from this, the fedora passes out – a Mind-based pass-out is simply falling asleep after fifteen minutes of trying to crawl up a flight of stairs with no coordination to speak of, a Body pass-out is likely to involve a fuckton of vomiting, and a Mouth-based pass-out is the dreaded blackout. If a fedora blacks out, they aren’t in control of their character until they wake up, and don’t automatically have any memory of what happened while they were drunk. Instead, the GM dictates their actions, playing them like they’d normally play someone with an aura of ostracism and social skills so low that they’re literally impossible for even Crusty Ones to normally acquire.

- **Marijuana:** First off, cannabis is *stupidly* illegal in Japan, as it’s the main target of the anti-drug campaign owing to American War on Drugs influences. Police officers are trained to recognize it by appearance and smell, and the social stigma is even worse than with other drugs. With that out of

the way, then.

There are no real hard limits for doses of marijuana – instead, the GM decides how much is available to the fedora, and the fedora decides how much they want to smoke. The doses are divided into “buzzed”, “high” and “gone” – one gram of hash created through the corresponding 4-Edge DQN-Type power is enough for one person to reach Gone. It takes about two hours for the fedora to drop one level of intoxication.

At Buzzed, the fedora gains +1 to all Mind (Sketchy/Acute) and Mind (Screwed/Unique) rolls, but -1 to all Body rolls. In addition, if the fedora’s Mind trait is already Sketchy/Acute or Screwed/Unique, their Euphoric Trait is activated on top of the bonus (though they have to pass a Play Normal roll resisted by a Mind (Acute) + Sketch roll to come off as sober to normal people),

At High, the fedora needs to roll Body (Persistent/Sturdy) at a difficulty of 2 plus their Mind (Sketchy/Acute) – the more naturally paranoid a fedora is, the more likely they are to have a bad time. If they succeed, they’re treated as being Buzzed, but with the bonuses and drawbacks doubled. If they fail, their Mind trait changes to Sketchy/Acute and increases by 3, as well as any Mind (Screwed/Unique) rolls gaining two extra dice, but their Body drops by 2 across the board, as does their Mind (Dweeby/Wise).

If the fedora is Gone, they need to roll Body (Persistent/Sturdy) in the same way as at High, but with the base difficulty at 4 (if it reaches 11 or higher, it automatically fails). If they succeed, they’re treated as being High, but with all bonuses and penalties increased by 1, as well as receiving a -1 penalty to all Mouth rolls. If they fail, they’re treated as having failed their Body roll at High, but all penalties are increased by 1 and all bonuses are decreased by 1. In addition, their Mouth drops by 2 for the duration of the high.

If any stat is reduced to 0 by this, the fedora freaks out completely, likely spending the rest of the evening vomiting, ranting at nothing in particular and insisting that they’re going to die. This effectively makes them unable to attempt any dice rolls until they drop a level of intoxication, at which moment they roll any Body rolls that would normally be rolled at that level. It needs to be mentioned that if a fedora drops from Gone to High, they make their rolls using the modifiers they had when Gone – one massively bad experience can easily ruin an evening even when you’re sobering up.

- **Cigarettes:** Nicotine normally doesn’t have much of an effect in rule terms, but in the case of fedoras who’re completely new to smoking, their first 10 cigarettes will give them +1 to Mind (Sketchy/Acute) for ten minutes, but require a Body (Persistent/Sturdy) roll for them not to throw up all over the place. The bonus doesn’t stack, but the difficulty of the roll goes up by one for each cigarette smoked while the bonus is active.
- **Cocaine:** Cocaine is relatively easy to get in Japan, which still means that it’s practically impossible to get for fedoras. For one hour, it gives +2 to Mouth and +1 to Body (Skittering/Graceful) and Mind (Sketchy/Acute), but all failures on Mouth rolls are treated as pathetic failures due to cocaine-induced clinginess and/or hysterical temper. After the hour is over, the bonuses fade and are replaced with a -1 to Body (Persistent/Sturdy) and an across-the-board +1 difficulty on all rolls, which lasts for an hour. Cocaine only stacks once, affecting all bonuses and penalties from both the high and the crash – after this, the high still occurs, but the penalties from the crash are applied instead of the bonuses from the high.

- **Opiates:** While under the effect of opiates, a fedora isn't capable of doing all that much – all rolls around the board receive +1 difficulty and have one success automatically subtracted. However, the fedora gains four automatic successes on all healing rolls as long as they're staying reasonably still. In addition, they allow the fedora to ignore the possibility of going out of commission in a fight – a fedora on opiates doesn't even make the roll to see if they collapse in pain. The duration of opiates is so variable that the only reliable source of data in every possible context is Wikipedia.

GM's Section

You also heard it this time.

Crusty Ones

If the world was a merciful place, something small but important would distinguish Japanese Crusty Ones from their Western counterparts in a way that made them slightly less of a horrid blight upon the surface of the Earth. Unfortunately for the world and everyone in it, there's barely anything at all separating the two – if anything, there are even fewer differences between them than between Japanese and Western fedoras. After all, at the outrageous levels of Edge that Crusty Ones accumulate, the slightly more economical nature of Japanese Edge becomes utterly insignificant. Japanese Crusty Ones are for all intents and purposes the same as Western ones, aside from their waggish nickname of 賢者 ("sages", so named for their stereotypical and in the end far too typical tendency of sitting around and masturbating for half of their waking time).

Enjou (縁上)

Rage/Pseudo-Intellectualism/Revenge Fantasy

Mouth 8 (Slimy/Eloquent)

Mind 5 (Dweeby/Wise)

Body 3 (Persistent/Sturdy)

Vandalize 4

Bullshit 4

Backstabbing 4

Polemics 8

Current Edge pool: 150 (became a Crusty One upon reaching 200)

Primary channel: Revenge Fantasy

Unique power: **If I Could Strangle You Over the Internet** (10 Edge)

Through quite simply being **angry** enough that any normal people would have bled out from cerebral hemorrhages in a matter of minutes, Enjou has managed to improve on the 2-Edge Revenge Fantasy power allowing a fedora to uncover information about everyone who makes them angry on the Internet – and by quite a lot, even. This power does require Enjou to set off a bit of time, though – to use it, he must be sitting in front of his 1999 Compaq toaster, with everything that could possibly distract him blocked out by an imposing array of blackout curtains, black paint, duct tape, chipboard and something heavy (usually a refrigerator) blocking the door. After that, he takes five wound levels of damage as the blood vessels in his

face and eyes start bursting like bubble wrap in the hands of an ADD kid. After this, then, the power activates. It allows Enjou to use all targeted Edge effects he knows through the Internet for six hours – this means all powers that denote another person or object as the direct target of the power. In addition, it also allows him to use all sense-based Edge powers, as well as ones relying on arguments or conviction, through the Internet as well. The 6-Edge Revenge Fantasy “special attack” power is a prime example of this, but other effects such as the 2-Edge Pseudo-Intellectualism “euphoric vision” power, the 3-Edge “logical argument” power and the 4-Edge “unholy event” power also count.

This power only works on individual targets, as well as whatever happens to be in their vicinity – which does have the advantage that it also allows Enjou to perceive everything on the other side of the screen as if he was looking through a window. Every Edge power used with this power costs one extra Edge. It basically allows Enjou to reach out and hurt someone over the Internet if they’ve managed to piss him off (not much of a challenge, really) – his favorite manifestation of his “special attack” power is an arm reaching out of the victim’s screen to strangle them, or simply to make them literally explode. It also allows him to fire off convincing arguments over the Internet, stretching the limits of both Edge and the very laws of reality by making someone change their mind on the Internet.

Enjou is both the most well-known and the most mysterious Crusty One in Japan. There are a few stories floating around regarding where he’s actually from – the most convincing ones all center on some god-awful corner of Sumida ward. Every so often, Enjou shows up on a 2ch board – the topic really doesn’t matter to him, as he can start an argument in every single situation humanly conceivable – and proceeds to stir up an absolute shitstorm. He’s alternately hated and beloved (though in a backwards and resentful way) by many 2ch natives, who consider him good entertainment (especially after the Watkins affair, which made good old shitposters like him much rarer). He usually uses his tripcode (which is just his usual name, meaning “on the edge” and a pun on “flamewar”, written 炎上 and pronounced the same), since he knows that people will bite anyway – he seems uncannily convincing in spite of the fact that it’s obvious that he’s simply a shrill and childish shitposter behind the screen, and quite a few fedoras have detected the characteristic feeling of Edge while browsing the threads in which he’s cranking up that uncanny credibility. Enjou is not exactly a redeeming example of a Crusty One – he’s possessed of a blind, furious, shrieking rage at **everything** on the surface of God’s green Earth. It really doesn’t seem to matter to him at all what it is – he’s angry at the world itself for not being what he wants it to be (a hugbox in which he’s always totally, completely, inalienably right all the time, and where people bend over backwards in supplication just to have a chance at earning the right to be considered for the privilege of worshipping him). If he was prompted, he could start a flamewar about how the Moon should be destroyed because it’s pissing him off, and he’d actually be completely honest. Enjou’s anger is more of a state of existence than a mood – he’s angry by default rather than on any provocation, and provocations just focus his anger on something or someone specific rather than actually pissing him off much more.

Very few people have any idea of who Enjou actually is in real life, but some 2ch poster out there claims to be in possession of a few grainy webcam pictures taken by someone using the handle “Enjou” four years ago. These pictures show an overweight, pallid man with thinning black hair, clunky black plastic glasses, pizza sauce on his T-shirt and a stray piece of ginger from a portion of convenience-store yakisoba caught in his scraggly beard. If this is actually Enjou, it’s not good news – Crusty Ones often change physically to become more repulsive, especially if they spend most of their time alone instead of haltingly trying to interact with normal people like a retarded kid going to a book signing. If he was this much of a disgusting

pizza-ota before, chances are he's grown into a bulbous, festering bubo of a pseudo-human being, covered in rotting food and a T-shirt so crusted with old sweat and deodorant deposits that it's started to function as armored clothing.

Enjou is usable much like the Western Bracket Man – he's usable as both an ally and an enemy, highlights the alien nature of the Crusty Ones and can easily be adjusted up and down in power level by making him more or less unstable. At the best of times, talking to Enjou is like standing in front of an Indiana Jones-style rolling boulder trap held up by a preciously flimsy stick in a stiff breeze – there's a huge, destructive mass in front of you, ready to roll you over and proceed to carve a destructive swath through the surroundings, and the only thing keeping the surrounding area from looking like Sekigahara after a scant few minutes is the fickle mercy of the universe. At his worst, it's like trying to reason with an earthquake – there's nowhere obvious to start, it has no effect and you're pretty sure it can't even register your voice, much less understand humanity. Enjou is more of a natural disaster of the Internet, one that can be useful as an ally and dangerous as an enemy – but he has weak spots. While his unique power is flexible as all get out and allows him to both control and kill people over the Internet, he's quite simply not enough in control of his temper to use it properly all the time. When he gets fixated on something, he attempts to annihilate it without any trace of subtlety, throwing out Edge powers right and left to convince people to join his side and annihilate them if they refuse (and sometimes even if they don't, just because he can't constrain his anger). After a bit of this, he's utterly exhausted and completely out of commission for a few weeks, during which he recovers Edge by shitposting without a tripcode on foreign-language imageboards (he knows Mandarin and English in addition to Japanese). He's incredibly unsubtle, being likely to get the characters into trouble if he's an ally and to leave himself wide fucking open if he's an enemy. He doesn't reason and doesn't plan – he's rather bright, but he uses this to annihilate or control things he's angry at, not to think about *why* he's angry or how to cover his own back. Enjou is about as close to pure, Platonic, spittle-flecked fury as it's possible to get, and his wrath both uproots entire minor boards and draws police attention if it gets really bad.

Kannazuki Joshua Shougo Schwartzberg, the Hollow Heavenly Demon Emperor of the Weeping

Land of Eternal Emptiness (神無月 ヨシユア シュヴァル ツ ベルク 正吾禿山から照らす紅星・永空の号國の虚ろな

閻魔
天魔王)

Narcissism/Evil-Eye-Type/Revenge Fantasy

Body 8 (Skittering/Graceful)

Mouth 5 (Pitiful/Attractive)

Mind 3 (Screwed/Unique)

Freak Out 4

Bullshit 3

Infodump 2

Sports 2

Get Laid 4

Backstabbing 4

Book Smarts 1

Current Edge pool: 50 (became a Crusty One at 150)

Primary channel: Evil-Eye-Type

Unique power: **Sturm und Drang** (30 Edge)

To use this power, Shougo must have only the best of dramatic conditions – standing on a skyscraper or church belfry on a moonlit or otherwise foreboding night, clad in clothing carefully designed to flutter in the wind rather than be convenient to wear and having prepared some sort of overblown speech. He has to be able to continue what he thinks is a display of power (but in reality is just a plain old farce) for at least ten minutes, if not more – he always drags on and on and on, and this is no exception. When he finishes, he spends the Edge, and everything comes fucking crashing down.

The power creates the kind of Biblical storm that can't be summed up very well in purely mechanical effects, though the GM should certainly feel entitled to give 4-die penalties to most rolls outdoors, 1-die penalties to some rolls indoors and make some skills (like Go Fast) entirely impossible. If a person is in an especially vulnerable position, for example climbing a ladder, count the storm as an attack with a total pool of 10 dice (that can both be soaked and dodged, but successes are halved, rounded down) that comes once every round against everyone in a precarious position.

The storm, and how overdramatic it is, would usually have people cramping on the floor teary-eyed with hysterical laughter if it wasn't so unpleasant – not only does it cover an entire goddamn city (or at least a 5-mile-radius circular chunk of one), it's also so absolutely massive that the main victim of this power will almost always be the local government and its repair workers. For two hours, ice-cold rain comes down in a torrential flood, crimson lightning lights up the night sky like it was noon, fierce winds bend street signs and tear windows off their hinges, and hooded figures in rags and splintered armor (twenty 1/3/5-stat, 7-skill NPCs with +3 weapons) prowl the streets in order to eliminate everyone Shougo has decided went on his shit list after talking to his crush back in junior high (who he never actually talked to). The power causes rolling blackouts, basement floods, car crashes and extraordinarily high amounts of worried smoke breaks at the Tokyo Meteorological Institute. It's a typhoon on steroids and more – it's the kind of storm that bankrupts multiple businesses every time it's used, simply because of the massive structural damage it causes. Shougo, and everyone standing within 10 meters of him, is immune to all negative effects of the storm, instead getting just enough of the effects that their hair flutters in the wind and a few stray drops of cold rain land on their clothes.

It's not all upsides for Shougo, however. The expenditure of Edge is stupidly massive, due to Shougo's heartfelt belief that there literally is no such thing as "too much" if he's the one doing it, and (while he doesn't know this) it broadcasts his location, Crusty One status and appearance to every single goddamn person with Edge or Normalcy within twenty miles. The damage isn't selective, either, and if he's got his car parked more than ten meters away from him, it's going to get absolutely wrecked. Allies standing a little bit too far away from him will be fully affected, and enemies standing within ten meters will be just fine. If it wasn't obvious enough, this is the kind of power that makes the user a living target for basically everyone with a vested interest in killing him off, and which creates at least half a dozen new enemies every time he uses it. He's never actually used it at its full scale yet, either, which means that he's probably going to make a lot of stupid fucking mistakes the first time he tries to pull it off properly.

Aside from being the Japanese fedora with the longest name, Kannazuki J. Shougo (abbr.) is quite possibly one of the most overdramatic ones in existence, and this is saying quite a lot.

He's a skinny teenager who's somehow actually handsome (this is solely due to a minor Edge effect or two of his own devising), with long black hair, eyes that he always changes the color of but are never a normal, natural one and pale skin (actually not in the basement-dwelling, acne-cratered way). That's where his charming elements end, though – he's possessed of a truly stunning sense of fashion, in the exact same way that watching a grown man breaking down sobbing is stunning. At any given moment, he's decked out in any of a multitude of outfits that he designed himself, and this is a unilaterally bad thing – his most common outfit would be too gaudy for a visual-kei band's second album photoshoot and involves two coats (a tailed red silk waistcoat and a black trench coat covered in pseudo-Satanic embroideries), a pair of pants with so many chains on them that only his Crusty One dexterity allows him to walk in them, and so many accessories (pocket watches, upside-down cross necklaces, ruby earrings, charm bracelets, chains, leather-bound books strapped to odd places on his coat) that the mind boggles from looking too closely.

Shougo is farcically overdramatic, concealing the fact that he's just a bored suburban brat with no actual Freudian excuse who only reached this point because of his hideously, cancerously bloated ego – he can't speak normally for the life of him, and instead screams, shouts, hollers, whispers and screeches incessantly in his pubescent elevator voice (bouncing between an alto and a baritone from one second to the other). He gestures constantly when he speaks, and he speaks constantly – there are few moments where he's not waving his arms around like a madman, clutching at thin air while grimacing, leaning precariously far backward while laughing or otherwise performing some kind of blasphemous insult towards human body language.

His motivations are typical for a Japanese fedora – he wants people to “realize” his “grandeur”, and while he can be temporarily placated by small-scale power-tripping, his ego is comparable to a grey-goo infestation of apocalyptic proportions and continues to spread virulently, consuming anything in its path given time. There is no plot too grand, no vengeance too petty and no cliché too hackneyed for Shougo to indulge in it with the attitude of a spoiled child being given one more present by his parents in order to postpone the inevitable blubbing temper tantrum by a few precious minutes.

Shougo is both a good ally and a good antagonist, and he's the kind of Crusty One who would intentionally flip-flop between two sides in order to make it more “interesting”. He's in it to put himself on display, and while he claims that he needs no allies and only teams up with people because “it amuses him”, he's dependent on having people who're willing to do the hard work for him – he considers it below his dignity to actually face the problems that he creates and wants people to handle it for him. Needless to say, Shougo doesn't have even close to an ounce of dignity and will debase himself to ridiculous levels as long as it makes him look sufficiently “evil” in his own view. He's quite motivated, and he becomes more and more so as the stakes rise – he might be apathetic and listless when he doesn't have the opportunity to really show off, but when he can show off to a whole city, he's suddenly admirably motivated and competent for a Crusty One. Of course, he's also one of the vainest, pettiest and most horrendously narcissistic people on the planet Earth, and his self-insight is lacking even for a Crusty One – he's dismissive of other people's abilities even when he has hard proof that they could wipe the floor with him twice over before they even woke up, and will always enter a conflict with a self-consciously laid-back attitude. He's also a very new Crusty One, having been one for about two months – and while this means that he's much easier for normal fedoras to deal with (though he's still a nightmare to handle), it also means that he's rash, naïve and horrendously drunk on his own power. He also has a tendency to flip his shit if he's ever called by his previous fedora name, Kannazuki J. Shougo Schwartzberg the Third, or if anyone ever writes his name

wrong (which they almost can't help but do, seeing as his writings are completely fucking unrelated to the furigana he uses – in his name, “Schwartzberg” is written “crimson star shining from upon the Bald Mountain”, and he takes it seriously).

Kowasugi (木羽杉)

Delusion/Misogyny/Hipsterism

Mouth 8 (Pitiful/Attractive)

Body 5 (Persistent/Sturdy)

Mind 3 (Sketchy/Acute)

Fake It 5

Puppy Eyes 5

Get Laid 5

Play Normal 1

Backstabbing 2

Expound 2

Current Edge pool: 250 (became a Crusty One at 150)

Primary channel: Misogyny

Unique power: **She's the One** (20 Edge)

With this frankly disturbing power, Kowasugi can sidle himself into pretty much anyone's life in a way that can very quickly turn creepy. It's superficially very, very simple – it creates a chain of “fateful coincidences” locked to a specific person or single household. Kowasugi needs to have used another one of his powers to become female before he uses this power – his incredibly convoluted philosophy won't allow otherwise. He only needs to look at his intended target (who he can't have met before – they have to be strangers) and spend the Edge, and the power will kick into effect within the next 15 minutes. If he uses it outside someone's house, rain might start pouring down after 10 minutes have passed, and he can run to their door and knock mournfully on it, looking with wide eyes up through a curtain of soaked hair on the first person to open the door; he might use it on a person and accidentally bump into them on the street a minute later, scraping his knee and forcing them to initiate a conversation; or he might just give them “the look” from halfway across a cabaret club. What this functionally does is set up a chain of coincidences that echoes those in bad TV dramas (watch a primetime NHK drama and understand) – he'll always be drawn to the person or household and end up in romantic, intimate or compromising situations, and only the most unlikely of circumstances can prevent it. If you're in doubt, ask yourself if a NHK drama could have pulled it off without falling into the plot hole of the century – if yes, Kowasugi can do it. The power lasts for a terrifying three months (though it can only affect one target at once), allowing Kowasugi to turn people's lives into a living Hell for a quarter of a year if he wants to. The power, unfortunately, also supersedes the aura of ostracism of even a Crusty One like him – if anyone with Edge or Normalcy suspects that something is off solely from his (or, they would think, her) behavior, they're entitled to a Mind (Sketchy/Acute) + Sketch roll at difficulty 9 in order to catch him out on the Edge aura. Sadly, the power also has another mechanical effect – it doubles the effective number of successes of those of Kowasugi's Mouth rolls made for the purpose of keeping up the deception that he's “just a girl who stumbled into your life”. The power

makes it child's play for him to stay at someone's place and pretend to be a part of their family – the small coincidences and contrivances that this demands is one of the most basic parts of the power, and as such it doesn't even require any rolls unless someone supernaturally suspicious (that is, someone with Edge or Normalcy) gets suspicious.

Kowasugi is perhaps the one Crusty One with the greatest Edge reserves in all of Japan, and the one whose previous life is the easiest to dig information up about.

He's headquartered in Tokyo, but he's been reported to show up in other parts of the country (though the gaps between him being in Tokyo and outside the city suggests that he still has to take the train like everyone else). Luckily for those outside of Tokyo, the country's capital is the only place that really satisfies him – everywhere else simply doesn't have enough nooks and crannies to set up some kind of absurd TV-drama-tier "fateful meeting" in. Kowasugi's chosen modus operandi is the false-flag attack – he uses his Edge powers to become female, then uses his personally developed power to get into a relationship or otherwise develop strong personal ties to someone else, mostly a man. He even occasionally targets fedoras, especially those with female members in their group or those who don't associate with any Misogyny fedoras. After hooking up with someone, he settles into his temporary identity – be it a mentally unstable performer at the Loft Plus One, a cabaret club hostess, an elementary-school student or something entirely different – and gets a daily routine set up.

After this is where all hell breaks loose. After getting someone to take care of him and get close to him, Kowasugi starts messing with their personal lives – he might play jealous, start stealing things from his host, start flirting around or just start acting more and more unstable and hysterical. His end job is to set up the perfect domestic tragedy – the kind in which his host's relationships with all women out there, present and future, are severely damaged. He seeks to disillusion people with the female gender in general, transforming himself into a woman, worming his way into a person's daily life and then starting to act like a hysterical, controlling, violent, moody, unreasonable, greedy and/or manipulative bitch. Even though he's pretty hard to trace, actually traveling to Tokyo and asking around might get some answers – Kowasugi used to go under the fedora name Kaneyama (姦絵山 – so it's okay as long as you don't write it out), hanging out with a central-Tokyo fedora group that mostly spent its time hitting on women with Misogyny powers while drinking beer and laughing moronically at how "cool" they were. He'd been trying to get out of being a fedora because he'd fallen in love with an idol (yes) and earnestly believed that she was both different from all other women and somehow wanted the repulsive Kaneyama. His fedora subconscious came in the way of his (delusional) dream, however, and his Spaghetti Quest sadly succeeded massively as his parting remark to the idol at a handshake event was "Boy, heh heh, ah, you're sure sweaty. I'll make sure, uh, heh, to never wash this hand again." Security rolled in with absolutely unbelievable force (the mobile-cam video that another fedora took of it is still out on the Internet), and Kaneyama's Edge finally spilled over. When his group next time saw him after his hysterical escape after his interrogation at the police station, he'd come to resent the name Kaneyama (and his group promptly dubbed him Kowasugi, as a pun on "way too scary" akin to the horrible surname pun that had previously been his cover name) and seemed to have become even more horrifyingly repulsive. Unlike other Crusty Ones, there are unfortunately pictures of Kowasugi after he became a Crusty One. He's tall and thin, with gangly limbs and a sharp, narrow face taken up by a pair of bulging, crossed eyes and a fucked-up, fleshy-lipped mouth full of crooked teeth (dominated by an absolutely huge pair of front teeth). His hair is short and completely thatched to his head with grease, and he has a habit of breathing very heavily and laughing under his

breath when he gets aroused (which is as soon as he's faced with a woman). This, unfortunately, doesn't kick in when he's using his powers, perhaps because of some kind of inconvenient psychosomatic quirk. He usually wears a white T-shirt because he was once told that women liked "normal guys", but he's missed out on the clue that most people like washing, and both his T-shirt and his tracksuit pants are covered in assorted food and fluid stains. He's incredibly unstable around women, clinging creepily to them and panting like a dog on an August afternoon while missing all the clues they send, until the woman tells him verbatim that he's gross and he should fuck off, upon which he goes into a shrieking, foaming-at-the-mouth rage. His dominating emotion might seem like it's Rage, but it's fundamentally built on the assumption that women exist solely to make him happy and to satisfy his fetishes, and that the female gender as a whole deserves to be repaid for "straying from the path".

Kowasugi is pretty firmly only suited for being an enemy. Roleplaying him from an ally's viewpoint can create a character who's simply too much effort to roleplay, owing to his habit of using shapechanging powers at the drop of a hat – and, of course, he's also too unstable to ally himself with any other fedoras at all. Kowasugi lends walking evidence to the theory among fedoras that the more "juice" you store up, the more crazy you go – imagine a virginal 30-year-old Downs patient doping himself up on Valium and whisky and attempting to score women, and you have Kowasugi's level of functionality. Luckily for him and unluckily for everyone else, his delusions allow him to suspend this kind of behavior when he needs to false-flag the female gender as a whole – in person, though, he's a mouth-breathing, slobbering anorak who's barely comprehensible and is always quacking out garbled obscenities in the midst of his already incomprehensible sentences. He's quite simply too ridiculously unstable to be able to work together with people for longer than, say, two hours – he's relatively competent on his own, but he's stuck in his own world where it's perfectly okay to be a screaming, spittle-flecked lunatic, because the female gender as a whole isn't recognizing their role as fetish onaholes exclusively for him.

If it wasn't relatively obvious, Kowasugi is only really suitable for very dark or very blackly comedic campaigns. His worldview is so absurdly fucked up that it's not going to be funny if the players aren't already in the mindset that allows them to laugh at rape and murder, and even then he might be too much.