

Real life Virtues and Flaws

Flaws

-1 Flaws

Driver's License: Unlike the Flaw *No Driver's License*, you do have one. And since you do have it, and occasionally access to a real car, your so-called friends rely on you for transportation to anywhere in southern Finland. Anywhere you go, be prepared to act as a personal taxi (but you cannot collect any money because of this) for other people.

Fanatical Morning Session: 0900 Zulu, time for a fun session of RPG's... Or is it? No, it is not. Nothing ruins your day like getting up before noon, and this is precisely that. A grumpy and tired troupe, with the occasional hung over player, is not the way to go. Fanatical morning sessions are cruel and unusual punishment, plain and simple. They should be outlawed. This flaw is great to combine with flaws like *No Concept of Time*, *Insomnia*, *Plagued By Supernatural Entity (Worst Story Guide Ever)*, *Plagued By Shitty Troupe*, *Alcoholic Troupe* and *Hangovers Of Cataclysmic Proportions*. Somehow this flaw always has a connection to the flaw *Pussywhipped*...

Frequent Visitor Of Horrible Night Club/Bar: You have a bad taste in bars, and they are usually not the places marketed for the likes of you. Whenever you visit places like these, you are under the same rules as you would be in an infernal aura of say 15. When you get

home you also feel deep shame and remorse due to your actions. Due to your out of place appearance and behaviour, you usually attract the enmity of the natives that frequent these places. "I will fucking kill you Opera", anyone?

No Concept of Time: No matter what you do, or how you do it, you are *always* late. You cannot help it. Even if you would be on time on your own accord, someone else fucks it up. In Lehmuskallio of House Töölö's version this means an unexpected visit to the store and/or ATM-machine. You are always at least 15 minutes late.

No Driver's Licence: You have no knowledge of automotive vehicles, or you do not have the permit to operate one, either due to stupidity or something else. You are reliant on public transportation, or friends. It is however unlikely that you have friends.

Problem with "Noble Spirit": You had some, it didn't quite work out... You had a go at this brown nectar of the bums, and it backfired. Sure, it got you loaded, but it also made your cognitive functions and motor skills deteriorate horribly. Before vomiting and losing consciousness you made a an improvised theatre production of "Fear and loathing in Las Vegas". It is unclear whether or not this was your intention, but it was an amusing performance, and you will hear about it

for a long time. Does the term “practice Noble Spirit bottle” ring a bell?

Secluded home covenant: You live at a location that can only be defined as an “*Anus mundi*”, asshole of the world. You live far away and it sucks.

The Respectable Coffee Dwarf: Unlike the *Respectable Senior Coffee Dwarf* and *Junior Coffee Dwarf*, this position is not for life. Still, it means some extra work for you; you are the one person, who has to buy the package of coffee for the residence, where the RPG-session is

about to take place – with your own money, of course. No refunds. Still, there’s something good in it; you are allowed to insist that other members of the troupe call you “*The Respectable Coffee Dwarf*” instead of your real or your character’s name during the game session.

Ugly: Your mom impregnated herself with bull-sperm from Chernobyl. You are as ugly as can be. Your Presence score is automatically –3 and it is unlikely that you will ever score.

-2 Flaws

Hail Dungeon Master!: Roleplaying as a hobby is humiliating as is, just imagine how much worse it gets when your dungeon master requires a salute at the beginning of every game session. Oh, it is humiliating alright... Just imagine standing up with a plastic sword (or axe) on your hip, raising your hand and saying: “Hail Dungeon Master! I am [fill in characters level, race and other essentials here]!” Having a GM like this makes RPG’s even nerdier and greatly increases the chances of you dying very alone, clutching your favourite dice until your character sheet is ready to be erased due to death caused by loss of hit points.

Medical Student: When you graduate, the doctors are still on strike... You will never be employed. Also you are not a member of the union, so fuck you.

Plagued by Shitty Finnish Alternative Rock: This is not really a flaw, more like common sense, but since everyone else is into this crap, it is considered a flaw. You cannot stand the sound of shitty finnish “alternative” rock like CMX, *Maj Karman Kauniit Kuwat* or *YUP*. You cannot even stand to hear them as a subject of discussion; “I had a dream where A.W. read profound poetry and

peed up my ass. Then I woke up and was sad because it was just a dream”. Example of CMX “profound brilliance” in english translation below:

*In the field a cottage
In the cottage Matthew
In Matthew a cancer
Laa laa laa laa*

*In the cottage a bucket
In the bucket shit
In the shit blood
Laa laa laa laa*

These are not even the dumbest lyrics... “In the face letters, On the arms words”. Luckily A. W. is also a poet. Write shit and mystify it = art. Ransom promised...

CMX is rock for people, whose parents do not allow them to wear jeans. If you want to see people in sailor shoes and cardigans stage dive, go see CMX, who promised a few years ago not play gigs, but they broke that promise... Which is a shame.

Plagued by Shitty Foreign Alternative Rock: Like the flaw *Plagued by Shitty Finnish Alternative Rock*, above, but

with non-finnish bands. This Flaw could include bands like the Radiohead and Pearl Jam. Storyguide's choice. If Eddie Wedder were a real man he would have urged people to charge forward when the dying started! Disgrace to all Tremere, Flambeau and Tytalus.

Staff-troll Student (Faerie-blood): You are deeply fucked up...You want to be employed by the Finnish defence, which will result in a TJ-number (or LT-number, Left Today) of around 16,000. That is more than a Roman Legionary. You will live a meaningless life and drink yourself to sleep every night. MPO staff-trolls pay -3 for this Flaw. You also get the -1 Flaw *Compulsion: Drinking* (See ArM4).

Student of History: You have much to look forward to in life; a shitty job as a teacher in an east-Helsinki school, or an un-secure job at a museum (10 visitors per year, and run with state subsidies). You hate your life so much, that you cannot fall asleep, but must pass out. You automatically gain the Flaw *Compulsion: Drinking* (See ArM4).

No cell-phone: You lack the most common of modern commodities, the cell-phone. This makes reaching people hard and reaching you even harder. You will also be the subject of constant and brutal ridicule. Even if you ever manage to get a cell-phone, you will get the wrong and inferior brand, furthering the ridicule.

Non-smoker: Smoking is bad, mmmmkay? Like hell it is! Most of your

troupe smokes and does it frequently, even during game time. When they go out to smoke, you sit indoors browsing through RPG books while the rest of the troupe is out inhaling delicious tar. So, what's the downside, you say. I will tell you this now: when the smokers are out, they have a chance to congregate, munchkinize and plot. And since you are not there, the target is pretty obvious. Non-smoking will alienate you from the rest of the troupe and more than that it will alienate you from the storyguide, which makes the attack of the extra NPC much more easy to target.

The Respectable Senior Coffee Dwarf: You have a talent, which the other members of the troupe do not possess, you know how to make coffee. The other troupe members like coffee, but their coffee making skills are closer to skills required in NBC-warfare, so this means you make the coffee... Always. You usually have to produce at least two pots of coffee, but despite your efforts, you never hear a single word of gratitude. But you can only blame yourself for this... You should never have learned to fold the filter that way, it sealed your destiny. Still, like in "*Respectable Coffee Dwarf*", -1 Flaw, you are allowed to insist that other members of the troupe call you "*The Respectable Senior Coffee Dwarf*" instead of your real or your character's name during the game session.

-3 Flaws

Artificial Nail Up Your Ass: During a sexual encounter with a girl, who had artificial nails, you got one of them shoved up your ass. Because you cannot even spell the word "secret", you

blurted this out and caused a chain reaction ending with even your mother knowing the details. This anecdote with the artificial nail has caused much merriment in your social circles.

“Faerie”-blood: You are sexually confused. You basically want to be a woman and live out your deviant fantasies by wearing your mom's underwear and playing female characters in RPG's. ECT might cure you, but I don't think so.

Fucked Around By The Defence Forces: You got mail... Bad mail... You were enjoying your life (to the extent which it is possible, and that's not a lot) when the SA-Int remembered you with a letter. And no, it was not a Christmas card, it was an order to report for reserve manoeuvres. In addition to the days stolen from your life so far, they will now steal a few days more. Spending time in a concreteless area with those green things while eating animal fodderesque food is bad enough, but the worst thing is the fact, that during manoeuvres, you will not be able to escape your horrible life to the devil worship related world of RPG's.

Lives at Home: You live at home. This grants you certain privileges like food and laundry, but is a strain on your nerves and mental balance. This ALWAYS brings the -3 Flaw, *Fury* (ArM4). You should also consider the flaw “No concept of time”. Also you can't drag skanky ho's to your parents home...

Metal Fan: (House Töölö Only) You like metal music. This makes you an outcast to most people, because they do not realize the brilliance of distortion and lyrics with balls. Also Denim and leather makes you awkward to mere mundanes. This also denies access to places where nerds frequent. This flaw works as the -1 Flaw, *Blatant Gift* (ArM4).

RAY Sponsor: If you have money, you decide to put in slot machines, or

video-poker. Who knows? You might win! Like hell... RAY would not build hospitals and support mongo's if they would GIVE money to gamblers. You might win sometimes, but in the end RAY draws the longer straw. This gives you the personality trait of “*Optimistic idiot*” at the starting score of +2 or more if you want.

Supplier of Superior Armaments: You have extra dice, pencils, character sheets or other invaluable material needed in a normal RPG-session. You use to bring along a little excess equipment, in case you should need it. Then the disadvantages: your troupe abuses this perk in you. When they come to the game, they do not have anything on them. No pens, no dice, no character sheet. Then they look for these things, and take them from you. Suddenly you don't know where your own equipment is, and it is you who has to borrow it from the others. If you're lucky, you'll get it back after the game, if not, someone else is now a bit richer.

Trendy or Going with the Flow: You buy the newest clothes cause all pop-stars and your friends have them. You must be in. If they jump of the roof, so will you. This is an extreme case. You are more likely to clone yourself with other people, or go to a *Neil Young* gig, without really knowing who he is, just because everyone else did. At such occasions you are likely to sing the lyrics to *N'Sync's* newest song when “*Keep On Rocking In The Free World*” is playing.

-4 Flaws

Dark Secret: (*Tom Jones* album) This is bad! Perhaps through intoxication, or through relatives, who have faded far into twilight, you have come to possess a Tom Jones album. If this is found out, it will result in ridicule and persecution. For members of House Töölö, this is extremely bad.

Lives Alone: You thought that living home was the worst thing ever? Wrong. You live alone, in your own flat, and your friends want to utilize it by having their role-playing sessions in your apartment. Nothing is sacred; they will (try) to break everything they can, make a horrible mess, play music so loud you will get evicted, ridicule your prized possessions and generally make your life miserable. You'd think that all would be well after the game session. Think again. You're left with trash, a massive mountain of dishes, empty bottles of beer and/or cola, dirty boot prints on the floor and skidmarks in the toilet. Still you wait to the next session only to go through it all again. You must be a mental case.

Nerd: You know how to make web pages and change set-ups on a computer. This might be handy, but it is also a social handicap of epic proportions. You like

talking about numbers and you just can't help it. You automatically gain the personality trait "Nerd" at a score of 4. Whenever engaged in a mundane discussion roll against your nerd-score in order to avoid discussions about LINUX, UNIX or RAM.

Possessed by Natural Entity: This entity strives to make your life hell. It will contact you constantly at the most inappropriate timings, like when asleep or doing labwork. This entity is not likely to leave you alone for a while, actually it is very likely it never will. This entity might be parents, siblings, a girlfriend, an annoying friend or a very smart pet. Point is: You are fucked.

Reader of Fantasy Novels: You like fantasy and that is sad. You read about gnomes and crap and actually enjoy it. The worst part is you do not consider this sad, you think the last *Dragonlance* novel "was good, but not as good as the one before that". Also you take *David Eddings* seriously. You might have belonged to the secret society known as "Legolas".

-5 Flaws

Alcoholic Troupe: Your troupe has a problem, they are addicted to ethanol based products, such a booze. Whenever you have a gaming session, the air is thick with the smell of old booze. The troupe is hung over and passive. Most of the time they pray for death and are simply "not there". You might say they have a

problem, but they insist they can stop whenever they want to. And that is just not yet.

Bad Munchkin: You simply don't know how to improve the capabilities of your character to their fullest extent. You make realistic characters that are actually demanding to play. When making

characters you are not allowed to munch, which excludes flaws like *Minor Ignem Deficiency* or *Curse of Venus* (ArM4).

Flatulent Troupe: Your troupe has a bad diet, this results in constant discharges of methane gas. This is somewhat straining on the senses. Usually at least two of them are constantly annoyed and overwhelmed by this phenomenon. You might consider using starting virtue points for purchasing a gasmask.

Hangovers Of Cataclysmic Proportions: When you drink, you pay for it dearly. When other people drink, they might feel a bit weak in the morning, when you drink, death does not sound that bad. Your hangovers are incapacitating and painful to the extreme. You are totally unable to function and your pain cannot be remedied in any way.

-6 Flaws

Insomnia: You sleep as little per night as the late emperor Caligula of Rome. The down side is, you are not deified and you lack four wives and several mistresses. Neither do you have unlimited power to practice your insanity with, or sisters for practicing incest with. You do not function before noon or a pot of "sörrö". You are also having difficulties with "*Fanatical Morning Sessions*".

Multiple Games at Once: You are so sad and fucked up, that one RPG at a time just isn't enough. You play several other games at the same time to make up for your meaningless life. Often you explain yourself by the words: "Why have a life when I have many? I am a messenger at the Insula Maledictus and an Imperial Questing knight onboard the starship "Use Of Weapons". Most people in your place would have committed suicide with a napalm-enema by now.

Arcane scholars have several theories regarding your hangovers. The dominant theory is, that you absorb hangovers from other people. In short, you suffer for the sins of others. But unlike Jesus, nobody thanks you for this.

Life Outside ArM4: You have a life outside your character sheet. This is bad as it makes you face a reality where you are a nobody. The mighty necromancer has to face the gruesome reality of being a janitor at a mental institution, or the artificer the horrid fact of being a piccolo with a Hitler haircut. History student's can buy this Flaw at -6, because their future isn't that bright either. Being the curator of the national kapusta museum is even worse than being the only magus **WITHOUT** a vote at a covenant.

Sister a Subject of Dirty Jokes: Your sister has a Bad Reputation (*Slut* +3) due to jokes uttered by your friends. Regardless if she is a slut or not, everyone "knows" she is one. You will hear endless tales of what has been done to her last weekend in "Arcadia's" men's room. Vaseline was not needed, as she is loose enough to be done without nowadays.

Troupe Member Is a Fatherland Hating Homo-Commie-Vegetarian-Nazi: One of your troupe members hates his proud nation and frequently travels to the decadent outside world for long periods. "Why is this bad?", you say, people like that should be deported anyhow. Well, I will tell you why it is bad. Unfortunately this poor individual, who has succumbed to horrid foreign influences, is a key member in many of your RPG's. While he is out in decadent and degenerate foreign lands, you are unable to pursue many of

your campaigns, (a hasty count says at least four games) which means you have

more time when you have to deal with the horrors of mundane life.

-7 Flaws

Plagued by a Shitty Troupe (SGs only): Because of a terrible curse or lack of social skills, you are the SG to the shittiest group of players ever. Even the most simple adventures designed for newbies are beyond their capabilities. Your free time is spent on designing adventure plots that are simple enough for the players and use of commercial scenarios is futile, as they tend to have difficult plots. You suffer automatically from the flaw “Sense of Doom”, as you can see yourself taking your own life while players are arguing *again* for an hour about what to do next.

Widely Known Dark Secret: You had a dark secret, but now it is common knowledge and everyone mentions your ex-secret every chance they get. This could mean something on the lines of getting drunk at a seedy bar, meeting a skanky 'ho and passing out on top of her and waking up with a rash. Point is: **EVERYONE** you

know knows about it. Even people, that you *don't* know, know about it.

Uses Props In-game: You use props like clothing and weapons to liven up the game. Even if everyone else is dressed normally, you insist wearing you mage's robes made out of your old bathrobe or trenchcoat. Also you try to act the game out. Others find this most annoying and will try to do bad things to you, like *fist-certámen*, aka. kicking your ass.

Off-games In Real Life: You off-game in real life. When interacting with people you often raise your fist to your forehead signalling that you are “off-game”, and ask questions not directly related to the conversation, like how high is the other person's *Parma Magica* or what House he is in. Needless to say this will freak people out and piss them off.

-8 Flaws

Plagued by a supernatural entity (the Worst Storyguide Ever): Oh, this is bad. You and the whole troupe is plagued by the worst possible thing, a bad storyguide. His lack of skill is shown in a multitude of ways; starting from the idiotic throat-voices when he is playing an NPC, going through the self-invented moronic adventures and the bad playing, and ending in the cheering and smug smiles when he succeeds in hurting a player character or even killing one. Roleplaying is supposed to be fun, but

(s)he succeeds in making it a torment. You automatically gain the flaws *Simple Minded*, *Weak-Willed*, *Cursed*, *Feeble Characteristic (Intelligence)* and *Bad Munchkin*, because you return once in a week to the troupe and torture yourself for many hours. Your only chance to get away from all this would be to take your own life, but the Storyguide would probably follow you and continue to lead the game beyond this world. You should have picked another Flaw.

Employed: You have a job. This could be considered a good thing by some people, but hard-core gamers need to devote 100% of their time to RPG's. Sure working will earn you money, but an 8 hour working day is 8 hours less game time. Also working demeans you as a person. You are underpaid and overqualified for the job you are holding. "Wan't that with fries, sir?"

Family Always Home: Your family is always home, they never ever leave for

more than a few hours at a time. You never get any privacy, there is always someone buzzing around and just being annoying in general. You never get to hold parties or do anything which requires solitude, like drink beer in your underwear all day while watching porn on the home theatre system. Your life can be compared to that of a industrially grown chicken.

-10 Flaws

Pussywhipped: You have a girlfriend, despite being an RPG'er. This could basically be considered an achievement, but no. This takes time away from your better self and other leisure activities like drinking and watching porn. If you set a date for a game roll a d10 stress die against a goal number of +12 to see if you can go and play. If you miss the target number have a nice day doing some fruity and emasculating stuff, like going to see gay fashion guru Herpésche's newest queer-wear at H&M. People with this Flaw often say: "Depends on what we wanna do".

All people present can roll a PERCEPTION + FOLK KEN roll against a target number of +3 to understand what "we" really mean. This Flaw gives you now Virtue points. This Flaw also causes your cellphone to ring every 10 minutes during a game and raises the question: "Are you having fun? Stop right away!" This Flaw is also a strain on your economy and you get the Flaws *Poor* and *Expenses* (ArM4) as a nice little bonus. Then again the menstruation of a finnish woman only lasts about 28 days, so a few days a month it might be worth the misery.

Virtues

+1 Virtues

Inconvenient Venue For Gaming: Your place of residence is inconvenient for the purpose of hosting RPG sessions, therefore you never have to host them. Your sanctum is spared from the ravages of the Vandalism of nerds high on caffeine and dice.

Living At Location Of Game Session: When the other sorry bastards of

your troupe are waking up in their caverns, grumpy and angry at the “fanatical morning session”, after which they will have to endure walking or public transportation, you can still sleep for a good bit. Quite simply your morning is a lot more pleasant than that of the rest of the troupe.

+2 Virtues

Being The Game Master In Another Game: Want to show them all? Want to pay back your troupe and storyguide for all the shit they have pulled on you? Now you can! And it is easy as well, just start a campaign of your own in another game! Imagine your SG’s character being shot full of smoking blaster holes, or the whole troupe being minigunned down in a 2D6 rads per minute tacnuke crater. Don’t get mad, get even. Who’s got the points now?! May be taken cumulatively with different campaigns.

Junior Coffee Dwarf: You are the *Junior Coffee Dwarf*, also known as the *Napalm Dwarf*. You cannot brew a pot of coffee, it just won’t happen. Either you can’t operate the coffee maker, or your dosage of coffee and water is somewhat odd, resulting in a brew that will dissolve most metals and is classed by most countries as an illegal and potent meta-amphetamine. The advantage is simple; you never ever have to make coffee, ever!

Unlike the other *Coffee Dwarf* Virtues/Flaws, this one comes without the honorary title.

Knowing Better Than The Story Guide: The Story Guide says something, and you feel great joy as you notice he is full of shit and can over rule him completely. This might be something on the lines of having great insight into medieval population demographics, resulting in a quick depletion of the constant stream of hordes and hordes of Norse Champions, or cultural and sociological insights, which thoroughly fuck up the SG’s concepts. This may also apply to the knowledge of natural sciences, mathematics, physics or chemistry, as well as some more marginal information – for example knowing the correct sizes of the modern firearms clips. When you know anything at all about medieval canon and common law, along with a little theology, you will have a suicidal SG within minutes.

The Story Guide's "Orange Friend": In the ArM system of game play a die result of 0 is usually very bad, and results in confidence points going up in smoke. But what happens when the SG has a dice that repeatedly comes up as a 0?

Well, for the player's characters a lot of good things happen, cause nothing saves the day like a botched action at a critical moment. A die like this is truly a great friend of the players.

+3 Virtues

Superior Intelligence Network: If someone has done something worthy of notice, you are the first to know, or at least you will know pretty soon. Whether it be a dark secret, or an artificial nail used for anal stimulation, you will know. Know secret can be withheld from you. Due to your machiavellian nature, you are likely to turn any sensitive information into a weapon.

Troupe With Superior Armaments: Your troupe is well

equipped. It has dice, erasers and pencils in myriad quantities. You never need to bring any of your own with you, cause your troupe will provide you with the essentials. This makes the logistics of RPG's a lot easier. When the other players arrive with backpacks and so on, you need only to carry your own bodyweight. Convenient...

+5 Virtues

Superior Munchkin: When you make a character, it is science. A car enthusiast might tune his car for better performance, but you tune your characters. You effectively maximize the advantages, and minimize the disadvantages. You make characters that effectively stretch the rules and abuse

game mechanics. You are the one factor the game designers didn't take into account, and hence you have ruined the game. You usually have flaws like social handicaps, *The Curse Of Venus*, or *Minor Ignem Deficiency*, or better yet, *Vim*. Anyway, you have ruined it for the rest of us.