



Anarchs are the sole survivors of FIRSTLIGHT in Boston, and their survival was the result of a successful, dangerous gamble. They threw themselves into the hardest depths of individual Humanitas and Libertas within the crucible of mortal cultural and subcultural extremes, ejecting themselves from their safe havens and careful plans before the hunters snapped shut the trap of their digital panopticon. Long the outcasts of a city long-held by the Camarilla as a prestigious but stagnant jewel, whose destruction was just as long sought by the ideological monstrosities of the Sabbat, the Anarchs were the protectors and janitors of mankind and the Masquerade for their Camarilla "betters," and given only the endless, soulless suburban fringes for their territories.

The surviving Anarchs evaded FIRSTLIGHT by seeking living evolution and revolution in the outermost fringes of human experience: survival achieved by the pursuit of life in the personal extremes. In contrast to the static circles of Camarilla power and fanatic Sabbat refusal to stray from their own course, the Boston Movement quickly and quietly abandoned their holdings and their old, safe ways of survival. Within the deepest digital webs beyond pedestrian understanding, and through age-old analogue communication forgotten by all but the downtrodden and revolutionary in favor of electric convenience, the Anarchs charted a dangerous course that saw them through the hunters' storm by straying farther and further from the centuries-long, middle-ground familiarity that snared and doomed Tower and Sword alike.

Boston, tonight, is a living city of reckless ambition, intellectual exploration, and technological revolution; of exploitative inequality, heartless corporate capitalism, privileged elitism, and of the furious, desperate pursuit of immediate gratification to stave off the grinding banality of

existence. On these eddies of passion and life which first carried them to safety, the Boston Anarchs now find themselves facing the position of ownership rather than simple, nightly survival. Their city is one of unfettered dichotomy, and each Anarch must decide whereupon that playing field they'll chart their course -- and where the Movement itself will follow.

Neon on Glass is a chronicle that asks its players to consider a World of Darkness where the extremes are the only safe places, and where even that safety is a constant struggle with one's own instincts, desires, and politics. When one's Masquerade cannot be protected by hiding in the ordinary masses, which edges will you walk, and how will you coexist with others walking their own? When form defines function, and subcultural identity is everything, what face will you wear? Will you run into blinding digital glow, or will you dive into the darkness? How will you keep your balance when walking the outermost lines is the only way to survive and thrive?

Can the Anarchs tonight still follow Boston's constant rush to escape the mind-numbing normality of daily life, or will they fall prey to the petty exploitation and draconian control of their Camarilla forefathers? Will they keep pace with the uncontrollable course of life and their own Humanitas, or will they fall like the Sects they survived? How will they define Libertas when every Anarch must confront the grim necessity of the Circulatory System, of the Sabbat survivors and desperate Caitiff now swelling their ranks and demanding their own liberty? Without the ceaseless threat of FIRSTLIGHT kill-squads, will the sacrifices the Boston Movement made to preserve itself become too terrible to bear? What do survivors look like when the war is over?

What does the Anarch Movement look like in this Brave New World, without anyone to rebel against except itself?