

WD Lincoln (Oneshot)



The 72nd largest city in the US, not due to receive a PRT office until 2016, Lincoln Nebraska hosts a total of two hundred and seventy-seven thousand people.

With the PRT having undergone a massive schism, members leaving established departments en masse, and early whispers in Anchorage suggesting that the newest departments are not doing as well as they could, some of the corporate teams have merged to form Lodestar, establishing themselves as an entity in Lincoln, with the purpose of serving as a stopgap or alternate PRT department. If Lodestar is a success, the PRT will not need to set up shop in Lincoln.

It's a divisive decision. One that some call dangerous. Even if they're undeniably heroes, their top brass being independents and corporate capes with a good track record, the fact that they're operating as a corporate entity without government oversight makes some uneasy.

The founding event took place in Lincoln, a series of messages crop up on various parahuman related message boards. News media mentions the story until it is quashed by authorities.

There's a bounty. Take down the top members of Lodestar.

This takes place in the summer of 2012 (timeskip), after five attempts were made and failed. Now, things seem quiet enough for Lodestar to go to work. Their gathered heroes are being dispatched across the city and to neighboring regions. Their guard is as lowered as it's been since the bounty was offered.

Premise:

During your session, you are either novice members of Lodestar, lured on board by the promise of cash and the ability to be rising stars in the organization, or you're members of the assassination team. If the former, you get better gear. If the latter, you get four preparatory actions each in advance. Stop the assassins, or assassinate/capture.

HERO

Players, Won Triggers (Draft), Perks & Flaws:

WHO	DETAILS
Warlock	Teach's P - PP56 (Shattered Chains A) & LF2 (Emotional Sensitivity)
Zene	Cuckoo - LF12 (Nascent, Young) & PF63 (Ugly Implic'ns, Drain Bamage) Sheet Vetted
Foss	Punk - PP18 (Teamwork) & LP14 (Empathetic; Charm)
Star	Lawless -

TRIGGER A - CUCKOO

Your dad remarried and he remarried an abusive woman who resented you for existing. He didn't want children with her because he already had children, so she tried to screw with the custody agreement to make your mom take you. When that failed, she put the pressure on you. She told lies, and others believed her. Your teachers started looking at you differently, treating you more harshly. Police were called to your home because she'd said you were threatening suicide, and they didn't believe you when you said you'd been on your computer all night.

The final straw comes when your stepmother tells you she's having you involuntarily committed. That once you're in the loony bin, what she calls it, you'll stay in. They'll drug you stupid. You look out the window and see them - the people who are coming to take you away. In mortal fear, not for your health but for freedom and sanity, you trigger.

TRIGGER B - LAWLESS CHILD

The son (or daughter) of a cop. In a middle school where the general sentiment toward cops was 'fuck the pigs', you were a social outcast. You fought back, changed your style, changed your approach, rebelling against the label they'd stuck to you. You were the first to take the dares, the first to try the cough syrup slurry that was supposed to get you high, the first to get in a fight with that guy who really needed to be put in his place. And despite all that, you were the first to get blamed when cops came to the party your peers were throwing. The first to get shunned when they went off to do the really cool, clandestine stuff.

Entering high school, dejected, frustrated, you find that the rebelliousness has largely died down. Your peers are more chill, more focused on grades. You try to adapt your style, and you fail. You trigger when you ask some people why you never get invited anywhere, and they tell you that it's because of who you were back in middle school.

TRIGGER C - APPLESEED

[Moved to trigger list]

TRIGGER D - TEACHER'S PET

It started when you aced your quizzes in math class. Then your teacher promised a snack from the vending machines to anyone who could answer the bonus question on the exam. He confessed after the fact, when you were the only one to get it, that it was expressly meant for *you*. The bonus question was university level knowledge.

From then on, it was special attention. He invited you to events. Maths conferences, talks, chess championships. He and you would break stuff down after the fact. His intentions were probably pure, even if it felt weird that you shared a room after one event. He was an older, lonely guy, and you were a personification of why he was a teacher.

Then he pushed you into the school quiz bowl for the maths and logic questions, then started pushing about University, and the things you'd need to do to get into University, and more events, and all the while, your parents, given their cultural background, pushed you to capitalize on all of this. The tipping point was when, just before you were to attend a lunch with some of his friends who worked in University admissions, he fussed over your appearance. He tidied your clothes, then untucked and re-tucked your shirt- his hand going inside your pants. You pulled away, freaked, and told him right out that it was *weird*. The look of incomprehension and frustration on his face told you everything. This overwhelming attention and fussiness had reached the point where he didn't even see you as a person anymore, if he ever did. You were a vehicle for his hopes and dreams that he was never able to pull off on his own.

TRIGGER E - LITTLE PUNK

Music was your escape, and you needed one. Your home life was unpleasant, and the physical abuse of your father to your mother, and the outright brawls with your father and brother, it was constant, though it rarely reached you. At worst, you'd be left without money for lunch, your dad pocketing it or your little brother mugging you for it. Your teachers were okay with it, they arranged things so you could eat on those days.

Yeah, your teachers were cool. They let you into the music room to practice on the electric guitar there. You and your friends, a lot of whom had lives just as bad as you did, would scream out your frustrations. You talked about starting a punk band. For that, though, you needed instruments.

You started working for money on the side, asked your teachers for help in finding that sort of thing. You stowed it away very carefully, saving up, until you could buy the shittiest guitar and amp off of the internet.

But that guitar and amp had to go somewhere, and your friend's houses weren't any good. You hid it in the basement, snuck it out.

Your dad caught you. He called you a thief, first, and when you protested, he called you a thief again, saying that if you paid for it, you had to have stolen the money from him. He *knew* the money was disappearing too fast (probably your brother, or a drug problem, in retrospect). He picks up the guitar, and he swings it at you, hard. You only barely avoid it, and the instrument is dashed against a shelf, destroyed. He swings it again, and you fixate on the thing, ruined beyond all repair, knowing the abuse your mom endured for so long is about to turn on you.