



## ELLISON HARLAN

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### The black sheep

“Of course that moron had to stand right in the middle of the road... Fuck, I killed him! How do I get out of this one?”

You're the girl who gets side-eyed by everyone in school. The extravagant one, with the weirdest vices. There's a rumour going around that a guy once dared you to suck his big toe and you did it without flinching. The next day, the whole school had heard about it. The story goes on with you stealing a foot from your father's lab (he's a mortician) and stuffing it into that jerk's locker. The moral is you got suspended for two weeks. The only lie in this nice little fairy tale is that you actually sucked the guy's toe: You're a lesbian, that's the last thing you'd ever want to do.

Still, you really can't get a break at school: Your grades are a disaster, but only because you don't give a shit. Saying your intelligence is above average would be an understatement. Every time you try to speak with someone you find them stupid, and it's eating at you. Maybe it's because it's not that fun feeling superior to everybody else, maybe it just feels like life is grey and meaningless.

You've been hanging out with Lilian Thurman for some time now, and she's the only one capable of filling the dull void that has already pushed you to attempt suicide, as the jagged scars on your forearms can attest. Lilian is just like you, you're plagued by the same desperate sadness: Hers was caused by the death of her father, yours by a deep

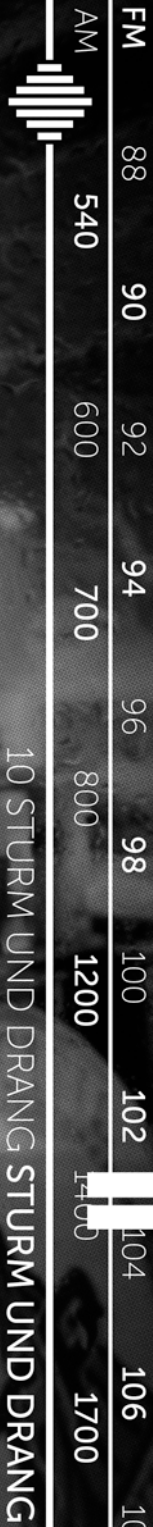
nihilism that needs no explanation.

You've found a friend, but you long for more. She's all you were looking for, the missing piece of your soul, but the problem is she's never shown any interest towards women. You're afraid that saying anything would drive her away, so you've buried your love in silence. And as if that wasn't enough, you went out with one of your few friends, Jeremy Wots, and she decided it's be a good idea to sleep with him. Now they're dating and you curse yourself for setting them up.

But tonight should've been your turning point: With the help of your fake ID, you were set on finding all the alcohol you needed to ride the night with Lilian. She came to pick you up in her mother's car to head for Todd Reiner's party, and you greeted her with a bottle of scotch to kick off the evening. Lilian can't hold her liquor, so you had to take the wheel, only to find yourself in the middle of a fucking storm.

Blinded by a sudden downpour, you drove straight into a figure you'd barely seen before you threw it to the ground. With the windshield shattered and a big dent in the hood, you got out of the car to assess the damage and were horrified to discover you'd just hit a man. He had a hat and a raincoat, all covered in blood, and Lilian put two fingers to his neck only to come up with no heartbeat. Drunk and panicked, you threw him into a ditch by the roadside. It was all the storm's fault, you don't want to rot in jail over this.

You got back into the car, but then it started to hail and with the windshield broken you were forced to park somewhere near 66 Stop, where you ran for cover.



## Profile

Maybe it's because you grew up in a family who spent more time around the dead than the living, but you know you are the cause of your own loneliness. Your relationships are always unstable and swing wildly between extremes: You're moody, impulsive and often prone to promiscuous sex, though you're only interested in women. You abuse all kinds of drugs and alcohol. You're obviously starved of affection, which manifests through panic attacks and nervous meltdowns.

Lilian's presence makes you feel better, of course, but the fact that she can't see how you're consumed with lust for her is destroying you, making you aggressive even towards her. It isn't hard to see you happy in her presence, but as soon as she directs her attention towards anyone else you are engulfed with rage. You're very protective of her and you're trying to keep in control of this desperate situation to show her she can always count on you.

## Structure

You're butch, you often run your hand under your nose to wipe it or over your lips to wet them. When you walk, you do it with your legs spread wide, and you're never seen without a cigarette hanging from your mouth.

When you talk to someone your words often come off as defiant, you're brash and loudmouthed. You often seek out Lilian's touch by taking her hand or keeping an eye on her. Now you're drunk and jumpy, your hands are trembling and it makes you mad because you don't want Lilian to see how much the accident upset you.

## Acquaintances

*Mark Einnod*, the lecherous sheriff of your shitty town. Lilian told you that when he caught some chick named Linda smoking weed, he threatened to throw her in jail if she refused to suck his cock. As far as you know, the girl was never arrested.

*Lilian Thurman*, the woman of your life. What else is there to add?