



KENNET HICKS

The clerk

“I wasn’t even supposed to be here. This fucking place sucks! And what the hell is up with the weather anyway?”

You’re the clerk at 66 Stop Groceries. This wasn’t supposed to be your shift, but your boss Arthur called you this morning to replace him... And as always, you did as you were told.

This means you’re missing out on Todd’s party, which would’ve been a great chance to get laid! To think you’d already got your hands on your secret weapon, GHB, the wondrous little king of date rape drugs. This stuff makes chicks melt and even muddles unpleasant memories, making it ideal to get some dirty pleasures. Like you did with Paula Cunningham: You were shitfaced and you didn’t have a condom on you, but the thrill of coming inside her made you feel like a dragon.

Not like when you call your ex, Kathleen, in the lonely, morbid nights that plague you far too often for your liking. She was your most important lay, you dated in high school and your chemistry was second only to the amount of jocks she shagged behind your back. It’s all in the past now, you don’t have anything tying you down, save for your job with fucking Arthur. He delights in bothering you with interminable arguments. It almost feels like he wants to rile you up, to get God knows what reaction out of you. And of course you often end up covering for him. At least he’s a guy who gives debts some weight.

This time he’d promised he’d come back soon to let you go to the party, but with the freakish storm outside how the hell is he going to get here in time? Another fucking wasted evening!

Profile

You’re anxious, whiny and never happy with anything. You’re a loser working an underpaid job in a shitty store, but you pretend you’re a brilliant guy even though most of what you know about culture and morals comes from television.

You’re a sex addict, yet you’ve never been good at picking up chicks. When you’re around women you’re as awkward as you’re audacious: You have a talent for always picking the wrong word, and you often end up making a fool of yourself.

Despite your experience in the matter, you’ve never learnt to take “No” for an answer: You can’t stand it when a bitch rejects you. You’re enough of a coward that this anger only comes out when they’re unconscious, as you rape them like the animal you are. The sad truth is you find violence more satisfying than consensual sex.

Structure

You have a pair of garish sunglasses and you keep adjusting them, pressing them down on the bridge of your nose with your right index finger.

You walk with your feet pointed outwards, like a duck. You pull your pants up to your waist and tighten your belt to show off your package.

You’re positive that the size of your penis is indeed your greatest asset. Thus you end up talking about it as much as you can, especially when you think a woman is ignoring you.

Acquaintances

Mark Einnod, the sheriff, that son of a bitch. You heard he likes to fuck little girls, but he's not a guy to be trifled with. Violent and perpetually angry, he's good at beating the shit out of people who give him an excuse to. He takes off his badge, rolls up his sleeves, and before you know it he's knocked out half your teeth.

Liliam Thurman, the pretty little orphan who ended up on TV because her old man was killed during a robbery. They say she's changed a lot since then; in fact, you know she's been keeping bad company, like that punky bitch, Ellison Harlan.

Dante Sparrow, your boss's good friend. He used to work at a video rental store a few blocks from here, but he got himself kicked out because the owner thought he was stealing tapes. You've seen him around the store a couple of times, always bumming donuts off Arthur.

