



MARK EINNOD

The sheriff

“Ugh, this place smells like shit... And now I’m stuck in here! A robbery, a thug swinging his gun around and this crazy storm. What a nice fucking evening”.

You’re the sheriff, the big boss. You call the shots, you keep an eye on the “filthy blacks” infesting your town and making it a shitty place to live. That’s what you call everyone who isn’t the same as you, blinded by a hatred that only finds an outlet when you do your job. The more they bother you about it, the more aggressive you get: Liberals disgust you as much as blacks.

And lately you’ve been unable to catch a break. Your daughter must have told her friends about that stoner, Linda: You threatened to slam her in jail over a pound of weed... And instead you ended up slamming your cock in her mouth in exchange for a free pass. You’ve always liked them young, you’d fuck all your daughter’s friends and you have a secret porn stash featuring teenagers, some of them far, far too young. You barely even notice your wife anymore, she’s just the mother of your kids and she’s far too old to interest you: She gives you the chills, what with all that fat around her belly and ass.

Tonight you barely managed to get out on patrol before getting a call about a robbery at RST Video. You got to the place quick, but all you found when you arrived at the small video rental was an unconscious clerk with a grisly wound on

the side of his head. After calling an ambulance you set out to search the store, only to find that all the surveillance cameras were fake. With nothing left to do, you got back into the car to pay a visit to Ted’s Donuts, but your plans were sent to hell by the rain turning into a fucking hailstorm. 66 Stop might not be the same, but it’s nearby and you’ll be able to get something to eat.

Profile

You’re a violent fanatic. You are bothered and disgusted by everything different. You’ve spent years clogging your mind with trash television and your arteries with fast food crap.

You keep yourself in shape by hunting “blacks”, all the people you dislike, together with your racist colleagues. You arrest travelling foreigners, unruly citizens and whoever else gets on your nerves, and you’re always up for a good beating, be it barehanded or with the stick. You always carry a gun, though it doesn’t give you the same rush.

Structure

Your body is heavy with fat, and bent by a posture that would look better on a white-collar slacker than on a man of action. Still, you can hold your own in a fight, you broke your back working as a carpenter in your youth and you never back off when things get rough.

You gesture rarely, and only to threaten. If you find yourself with a young girl, you can’t resist the temptation to harass her and you become leering and malicious, lecherous and perverted. You look for physical contact and you tend to roll back your shoulders to bring out your pelvis.

Acquaintances

Bob Garland, the great doctor, or so you all thought until the three negligence charges. He came out of those unscathed, but three poor bastards killed on the operating table aren't a great meeting card. And to think this son of a bitch got handed everything in life: Hot chicks, success and money, a shitload of money. You think he even had his fun with drugs for a while; but after the heart attack, you think he's clean.

Kennet Hicks, the clerk of 66 Stop and the king of losers. Arthur, the owner, treats him like shit and he's incapable of standing up to him. When it's too late to go to Ted's you often run into him here, but luckily he never gave you much confidence.

Lilian Thurman, the poor little orphan who ended up on national news after losing her father to a burglar. She's a friend of your daughter and you'd love to have your way with her. It'd set her straight, since she's been going down a slippery slope lately.

Ellison Harlan, a filthy punk who likes to act tough and always hangs out with Lilian. She's not your type, no siree, but you wouldn't mind finding some drugs on her and threatening her into having some fun. You're not one to pass up chances when they present themselves, after all.

Dante Sparrow, a lowlife that was recently fired from RTS Video because the owner was convinced he was stealing tapes. He lied his way around your investigations on the Thurman murder, and you'd have bet your head on his guilt. Then the Feds swooped in and linked the murder to a similar case in Oakland, taking it out of your hands. They were rambling about a serial killer who staged robberies to kill people, but they never found him. A load of bullshit, and to think they have resources you can only dream of..

