



WINTERWIND

AN OSTROBOTHNIAN POSTAPOC LARP



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Winterwind was created by Zacharias Holmberg and Julia Vestman. All copyright is reserved, but you are free to run the larp and change it, as long as you credit the original authors.

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INTRODUCTION

Winterwind is a Postapoc LARP that at the date of writing has been run twice under the roleplaying association Finlands Svenska Rollspelsförening Eloria r.f., written and designed by Zacharias Holmberg with the help of Julia Vestman. It is, in essence, a LARP about community and what happens when a community falls apart.

It is set in the region of Ostrobothnia on the western coast of Finland, an area largely known for its agriculture. Taking place 60 years after society has collapsed following the global outbreak of a previously unencountered parasite, communities are slowly starting to form. A new world is starting to rise. In contrast to most postapocalyptic settings, this setting has a more positive outlook on humanity - less emphasis on violence, bleakness and savagery. Instead it works with the idea that cooperation is a natural instinct, and that without each other, we are nothing.

But of course, living and working together is not always easy. Therein lies the core of Winterwind. A small community that has been living and surviving together for many years are now approaching an end. Not a brutal, bloody one, but still a heartbreaking, painful one. At the end of the LARP, half the camp will leave, and the other half will stay. The road up to this point will be our game.

Winterwind is a LARP that builds on total transparency - there are no secrets kept from the players and they should be encouraged to create and communicate openly.

This document will give you the necessary material to run the LARP yourself. Here you'll find texts, characters, structure information and tips on how you can do things gathered from previous runs. Feel free to use this document and the LARP however you see fit, but always refer to the original creators, and do not use it commercially. Changes to structure, lore, characters and similar may be done at your own discretion.

Amount of players: 22

Play time: 24 hours



LARP THEME AND HOW TO REALISE IT

As Winterwind works with a strong central theme, certain things may need to be focused on more than others in communication with players, so that everyone pulls in the same direction.

THE END OF A COMMUNITY

At its heart, Winterwind is a LARP about a single community, the relationships in it, and what happens when this community falls apart. It is a relationship-focused LARP, with less emphasis on plots and secrets. The end result should be an engaging emotional experience, where the final goodbye really hurts. Easy choices and compromises should be avoided - more than anything else players should make conflicts worse rather than trying to smooth them over.

A PRE-SET ENDING

Almost all characters in this LARP have a pre-set ending saying whether they leave or stay, decided largely by their personality. This is to create a framework for the ending, and try to avoid an “easy-way-out” ending, where everyone simply stays or leaves. Whether you choose to use this or change it is up to you, but you are advised to keep it as much as possible, as a situation where there is no big split essentially defuses the game.

Players can - and should - of course have an evolving attitude over the course of the LARP, but having a decided ending may prove a good guide for how to pace and develop their own play and relationships.

NO OUTSIDER PLOTS

Since the group and its internal are so important, there are no events involving outsiders written into this LARP. Such events risk derailing the game, by making characters focus on outside threats rather than what is happening between the characters. This also applies to the Hydra - the world-ending parasite that caused the collapse of society - though it is a large element in the setting and a constant fear, no one is infected during the LARP as it would completely derail the situation.

Of course you are free to add such events, but you should consider carefully if such events add enough to the game to warrant them.

THE PROGRESSION OF CONFLICTS

Winterwind takes place over three months in three acts to more carefully show the gradual split in the community. Players should be encouraged to use this passage of time to give relationships and conflicts more nuance and letting them develop and change.

MEANINGFUL RELATIONSHIPS

As relationships are such a vital part of this LARP, it is extremely important that players are given tools and opportunity to develop them with their co-players. Workshoping is almost mandatory, and a great resource. But any way to realise this is valid. More than any other aspect, this is where work and attention should be placed.

RESPECT THE SPLIT / THE ENDING IS HOLY

As the end of the LARP - the splitting of the community when one group leaves - is the culmination of the LARP, you may want to emphasise to players that the final hour/half hour before the ending should be focused entirely on the coming end. Side-plots that players might come up on their own can easily derail what is an emotional moment for the rest of the group. Therefore, seeing to it that everyone knows that the ending should focus on emotional goodbyes will likely result in a better finish to it all.

LARP STRUCTURE

As stated earlier, Winterwind is a 100% transparency LARP, which means that it may help you a lot to share as much of this segment with players so that they know what they have to work with. We will split the structure into seven parts : PRE-LARP, ACT 1, ACT 2, Act 3, ENDING and EPILOGUE. This assumes that you start around noon (12.00) on the first day and end the LARP around noon the second day.

PRE-LARP

The prepping of the LARP is largely decided by your own choices regarding practical matters, venue and similar. It is, however, advised that you reserve some time to see to it that players can have talks about relationships with others, especially if you have not had a general workshop. Also make sure players know how the LARP will be structured.

During earlier runs, an early lunch was eaten OFF-game before the LARP started.

ACT 1 - 2 months before the splitting of the group

Time : 1 - 1.5 hour

At this point, the camp is still united. No one is thinking of leaving, except one person - the Fisher. Early in this act they will announce that they intend to leave for personal reasons. This sets the ball in motion, and puts the idea of leaving in peoples heads.

Somewhere towards the end could be the first of three radio shows.

It may be good to have a signal so that players know when 15 minutes remain of the act, allowing them to bring their play to a good closure.

[ACT BREAK : 30-45 mins]

Here, players should be given time to talk about how their relationships progress during the month that follows. Before the start of the next act, make sure players know the situation. To keep up the pace, you may want to start as soon as players are ready.

ACT 2 - 1 month before the splitting of the group

Time : 3-4 hours

More people have decided that they will/might leave, and conflicts surrounding this have arisen. Questions regarding division of resources/weapons and similar create nasty arguments.

During this act, an eastern wind will blow, and at some point a gas alarm goes off (see lore texts). This element is to give a sense of danger to the world. It lasts for about 10 minutes, after which the air is safe to breathe again. If players choose, they can get a bit ill from the gas if they're not protected enough/in time, but no one is in mortal danger.

Somewhere in the middle, there could be the second of three radio shows.

In previous runs, an IN-game dinner was eaten during this act.

It may be good to have a signal so that players know when 15 minutes remain of the act, allowing them to bring their play to a good closure.

[ACT BREAK : 30-45 mins]

Here, players should be given time to talk about how their relationships progress during the month that follows. Before the start of the next act, make sure players know the situation. To keep up the pace, you may want to start as soon as players are ready.

ACT 3 - The evening/night/morning before the split

Time : Around 19 hours

Most people have now decided where they stand in the issue, and tensions are extremely high. But it is also the evening before the final goodbye, meaning that it is a very emotional time. Depending on the camp culture you design, you may have ceremonies or similar.

During the evening there could be the final of the three radio shows.

In previous runs, an IN-game breakfast was eaten in the morning of this act.

ENDING

At about noon the second day, the leaving group gathers their stuff and the final farewell takes place.

EPILOGUE

After the final goodbye, you may want to keep the LARP going for around 15 more minutes, to really let the feeling of loss set in, and give players a glimpse of their new existence. This also allows for some resolutions that may not be able to take place before the final goodbye. Then, at your own discretion you end the LARP and debrief in whatever way you deem suitable. It is advised that players get proper time to talk though, as some may have had very emotional experiences (hopefully).

BACKGROUND TEXTS

The collapse of the modern world

Most people have only heard stories of how life was before the Hydra – the parasite that almost ended human civilization. 60 years have passed since the great collapse and most of those who lived in the old world have passed on. Sure there are books with history and stories still remaining, but they only give a vague and incomplete of that golden age.

In the year 2040 the world was a very different place, where technical wonders almost unimaginable for us were a part of every aspect of society and each day brought new discoveries. There were dreams of a future among the stars and that future was nearly within grasp. Of course, political conflicts still remained and in many cases the conflicts during the early part of the century had only grown worse. But there was real, tangible hope.

But then the Hydra struck. No real answer has ever been found as to where exactly the parasite came from, only theories. Its effect on the world, however, was devastating. Histories tell that the first outbreaks happened somewhere in Russia and spread from there like a wildfire. It was a nightmarish thing, which as soon as it had infected a human host started trying to take over the organs, with lethal results. But what made it all the more terrifying was its violently mutating nature. Each time it was threatened or spread to a new host it mutated again which resulted in many different strains and made it completely unpredictable. This is what gave it its name, “The Hydra”, the monster with a hundred heads. It also proved very unpredictable in the way it spread from one host to another and soon it had spread to every continent.

In the rising chaos that was spreading through the world the race for a cure, or at least an effective treatment grew ever more desperate. With every passing day, the mountains of corpses grew and the Hydra became more and more unmanageable. Suddenly the Chinese authorities released news that they had found an effective cure which would be produced and spread among Chinese citizens. No one really knows if there even was a cure or if it was empty propaganda. No reliable accounts remain of what happened afterwards. Desperation and political maneuvering soon escalated to a large scale war between the great powers, to get control of the secret behind the cure. This quickly developed into a series of conflicts to control vital resources and research. And in this chaos, the Hydra thrived, and the war inevitably spread to smaller nations until the whole world was consumed.

There were no longer any nations left standing, only battered and worn survivors who had abandoned the ghostly cities. The flame of humanity was small and flickering. But it refused to die.

From out of these ruins survivors rose on trembling legs. The world as it once had been did not exist any more and it never would again. The Hydra still spread through the world and few places in the world were really safe. But the true strength of humanity has always lain in cooperation and slowly but surely small settlements were formed. Piece by piece a new order was being built and among the ruins of the old world the flowers of a new one were beginning to bud.

Finland and Ostrobothnia

The wars never reached Finland for real, except as a midway point for troops on the way to or from Russia in different stages of the war period. Its role was too small and unimportant in the big picture. Though the news were filled with atrocities and you sometimes could see squadrons of attack planes soaring over the cities, the blood spill and devastation never reached your home.

But the Hydra was not as merciful and no one lived through that period without losing many a near and dear. Finland was one of the first countries that the Hydra spread to, so there was no preparations in place. Helsinki, Tampere and Turku fell quickly, being reduced to ghost towns. Vaasa and Oulu very nearly went under early as well, but managed to control the first outbreaks after having seen the danger that the parasite posed. But the Hydra was too alien and merciless to be controlled for long and soon all major cities were evacuated, given back to mother nature's care once more.



Smaller towns in the country now became safe havens for survivors, but the mass death had made people paranoid and suspicious. Many places that managed to keep the Hydra away fell to internal conflicts and fighting instead.

There was a handful of settlements that managed to keep order though, among them Närpiö, which today is the closest thing you can find a secure settlement in western Finland. When the parasite was spreading, the defense forces were posted all around the country to help set up quarantine and maintain order. When it became clear that Vaasa wouldn't make it, a large contingent of soldiers set up a post in Närpiö, setting up barricades and guard posts to make sure the Hydra would not be able to spread there – with force if necessary. The early years have been described as hard and trying, with many difficult sacrifices. But the city stands and thrives to this day and has become something of a mirage for those that move in the western and middle parts of Finland.

They say there is still working technology from the old world there and that the people there live lives that you could never even imagine. But it's hard to say how true this is, as those who are let inside the gates will hardly go out again and the city's inhabitants are extremely careful about who they let in. The Hydra is still a big threat and it has only become more subtle and hard to spot over the years. Many have tried to get in, but very few are allowed to enter...

The surroundings and life

Exactly how big a part of humanity that died during the big collapse is uncertain, but the already sparsely populated Finland is now even more of an untamed wilderness. Nature has reclaimed the almost empty cities, where squares

are now blossoming meadows and the shopping centers have become wondrous, green caverns. Many animals have made the ruins their home, and even some people dwell there, though they inevitably find that the cities draw unwanted attention. Shops stand empty, raided of everything useful long ago. Cars are slowly being buried under leaves and moss as they stand useless in a world without gas and electricity and the faithful bike has become the best means of transportation.

Food is a constant worry, when all storages that were amassed during the war years were emptied a long time ago. Instead you have to rely on food that you grew yourself, or hunted or gathered in nature.

People know much less than people did before the great collapse. Most have to rely on the words and knowledge of others or on the information you may have found in books. But the books from the old world only gives small bits of information and can be hard to contextualize. The knowledge of the old world lives on only through its written works and its survivors, who have had varying amounts of success in keeping and communicating that knowledge...

The world is in many ways a dangerous place and survival is a constant struggle. The Hydra is a constant danger, when you can be infected not just by other humans but by animals carrying the parasite or from infected water sources. The scientists of the old world could never quite identify how the Hydra can spread, and so the children of the new world can only rely on carefulness.

Animals are a problem even when they are not infected : since humans have almost disappeared, the animal populations have grown substantially, which also extends to predators. The wolf has reclaimed its place as man's greatest fear, but it is far from the only animal that likes to attack lonesome wanderers. To venture out on your own is something that should be done with great caution, if at all.

Other people aren't always reliable either. Wanderers and scavengers could very well be infected with the Hydra for a long time without showing symptoms, making it very risky to show kindness to strangers. But some people are a hazard due to malice. Though wanderers can be simple Vultures who wander around trying to scrap together a meager survival among the ruins of the old world. They can also be Magpies, thieves that sneak into camps and settlements to steal food and useful things without a single care for their victims. But they might also be Red Ravens, dangerous gangs and people who roam around and take what they want, using violence if necessary. It pays to be careful, but all things in moderation... You wouldn't want to turn away someone who would be useful for your own survival if you can help it.

But the old world itself has left many hazards as well. Especially in Ostrobothnia there is a danger when old industrial areas collapse, releasing big clouds of poisonous gas that drift in from time to time. Breathing protection and gas masks are enough to shield you from harm, but those who are caught unaware could easily be poisoned or die.

Culture

What little culture remains today often has to bow to the needs of survival. It is hard to express yourself when there is hard work to be done, but the inevitably comes a time when the human inside needs to come out. Exactly how that looks will vary a lot from settlement to settlement, when many assume an almost tribal behavior, where different influences shape the community in different ways.

In many cases it is books, magazines, photos or other images that make you assume a certain belief, look or attitude. But there is even more influence in the stories that the survivors of the great collapse have told their children. These stories, which in their own time may have been seen as very trivial, can sometimes take on almost

legendary proportions. Because how could a child that has never even seen a working t.v. ever understand massive virtual reality worlds or even the internet? To those whose world is very sparse and focused on only the most necessary a single image or history of the old world can be a great influence, a way to form an identity of your own.

You express yourself with whatever few means you have. That means that the visual arts have taken a back seat to music. Even though it doesn't sound too often anymore, singing hasn't gone anywhere. Both songs from the old world as well as ones written after the great collapse are kept alive – though the old songs may not sound quite like they did in their own day...

The Hydra

Since the great collapse the Hydra has become more rare, but it is far from gone. With time, different mutations have made it capable of transferring to animals and assume new shapes. Even to this day, one generation later, everyone knows someone who has died due to the parasite or maybe even had to end an infected's life, from mercy or self defense...

The Nordic mutation tries, as every other version of the Hydra, to root itself into the organs and assume control over them. But with time it has evolved into a very treacherous thing, where early symptoms are very trivial. Dry coughing, fever and a bad stomach are very common but after two weeks it takes a turn for the serious. Severe cramps and pains, bloody cough and rapidly deteriorating vision lead to organ failure and a very unpleasant death. In rare cases the infected starts developing small hornlike eczema and deep, dark cracks in the skin. Approximate time from infection to death is about one month. But there are those that survive much longer, with the same lethal outcome.

Most assume and say that the Hydra spreads through body contact or closed air but also through infected water. But whatever the facts are, the Hydra remains unpredictable, and caution is your best friend...



CHARACTERS

All characters are considered playable by both men and women (and those inbetween/outside the spectrum). Some may require a small adjustment, but it does not change the foundation of the character. In previous runs, players have been allowed to change/personalise their character according to their own wishes, with the exception of the LEAVE/STAY factor.

Players were also allowed to read the full characters before signup, and encouraged to read the characters after signup, as they were all available via Google Drive. This to allow them to better understand each others' characters and create play together.

Alex - Weapon expert - "Schtjutarin" (The shooter)

Maintains the camp weapons, services them and constructs/repairs bows.

Anders / Andrea - Builder/repairman - "Hammrarin" (The hammerer)

Builds simple constructions and sees to it that the camp buildings are repaired/maintained.

Ann / Antti - Farmer 1 - "Gräftarin" (The tiller)

Sows seeds, grows simple crops and harvests them.

Becka / Benny - Farmer 2 - "Såarin" (The sower)

Sows seeds, grows simple crops and harvests them.

Dan / Daniela - Mechanic - "Skrugarin" (The screwer)

Keeps bikes in working condition and is working on designs for camp equipment.

Gun / Gustav - Cook - "Kokarin" (The cooker)

Is in charge of making the food.

Ivana / Ivan - Trapper - "Fångarin" (The catcher)

Constructs traps both for animals and possible intruders.

Johan / Johanna - Technician - "Teknis" (The techie)

Keeps the little tech and solar generators that the camp has in working condition (water extractor, radio, gas alarm etc.)

Jones - Quartermaster - "Räknarin" (The counter)

Is in charge of overseeing the camp's needs and supplies. Directs the salvage team on what is needed.

Jules - Salvager - "Rivarin" (The wrecker)

Ventures outside the camp to gather necessary things that the camp needs.

Kaj / Camilla - Scout - "Spanarin" (The spyer)

Patrols the area around the camp and watches for signs of wild beasts, wanderers and trespassers.

Lea - Tailor - "Lapparin" (The patcher)

Repairs and makes simple clothing.

Mats / Maria - Security chief - “Vaktis” (The Guard)

Plans camp defence and oversees that people keep themselves and camp supplies safe.

Mick - Salvager - “Kartläsarin” (The mapreader)

Ventures outside the camp to gather necessary things that the camp needs. Nina’s/Niklas’ sibling. Player’s might want to sign up in a pair.

Moa / Markus - Fisherman - “Fiskarin” (The fisher)

Catches fish for the camp.

Nina / Niklas - Salvager - “Samlarin” (The gatherer)

Ventures outside the camp to gather necessary things that the camp needs. Mick’s sibling. Player’s might want to sign up in a pair.

Nynäs - Hunter - “Jaktarin” (The hunter)

Hunts game for food and pelts.

Oskar / Emma - Woodcutter - “Huggarin” (The chopper)

Works with cutting and sawing wood for camp needs.

Peter / Patricia - Scout - “Trådarin” (The trudger)

Patrols the area around the camp and watches for signs of wild beasts, wanderers and trespassers.

Petra / Paul - Medic - “Plåstrarin” (The doc)

Cleans and stitches wounds, sets broken legs and tries to keep people alive.

Robert / Ramona - Chemist - “Kemistin” (The chemist)

Creates simple ointments and useful chemicals, and most importantly, antiseptics.

Wera / Wille - Herbalist/forager/cook assistant - “Plockarin” (The picker)

Gathers berries, roots and other things from the forest and helps the cook.



Alex “Schtjutarin” (“The shooter”)

Camp position: Weapon expert

You have the responsibility for seeing to it that the camp's weapons are in good condition and that those who use them know how to handle them. You also repair the bows in case they break.

Age: 28

You are leaning towards staying in the camp, but are unsure.

Background

You were originally born in the fortress city Närpes, but you have very few memories left from that time. Your parents were both part of the military forces that kept the order around the farming lands, which meant that you could have a rather comfortable life. But other than slight memories of night lights and odd technology you can't recall much of life there. For reasons you never got fully explained your parents got into conflict with city leaders, which led to you being exiled from the city. Luckily your parents still had friends left, who helped them smuggle out food and important equipment so that you could have a chance to survive.

The three of you wandered around for a good while, until you came upon a small settlement north of Vaasa. The inhabitants were suspicious, but the fact that your parents could offer a great deal of protection made sure that you were accepted without too many protests. That is how you learned how important it was to be able to protect yourself. It also meant that your parents would train you in weapon use and care, as well as how to protect yourself in hand-to-hand combat. They didn't tell you much about the fortress city, other than bitter mutterings – they felt that the riches of the city were wasted on visionless idiots and lazy bums who didn't carry their weight. Their words were a stark contrast to the dreamy stories that you heard from people who had never gone themselves.

You had lived in the small settlement for about 5 years when your father died in an accident. He and a couple of others had gone into Vasa to explore, when a building had collapsed and buried everyone but one person. It hit you and the others camp members hard and people became more hesitant to leave the camp. You also became very diligent about trying to predict risks and problems, so that you wouldn't fall prey to a similar accident. The years passed and you and your mother had made a comfortable place in the camp. But then a flu epidemic struck the camp one winter. It claimed several lives, your mother among them. Once again, the loss hit you hard, but the rest of the camp were there as support for you and together you got through the hard times.

When you got older you became a part of the group that ventured outside of the camp to explore. Your methodical and analytical nature made you a good leader and with time you venture further and further away from the camp. But one day you returned from an excursion to find the camp in tatters, with several dead and fire having consumed much of the camp. All the food, water and important equipment was gone and you were in deep trouble. There was no time to mourn however, as you were out of provisions. You ventured out southwards, having heard rumors of settlements south of Vasa. But that was no small area to search through... Three of you had set out after having buried your friends. One, Malin, died from the cold after you had walked for two weeks. The other, Niklas, collapsed on the road and you had to carry him the last distance, before you found tracks of people from the settlement you had looked for the last month. But despite getting care, he did not survive.

You have now been in this camp for six years and you've made yourself a place that feels comfortable again. It feels like you are making a difference here, and that people appreciate what you do. Of course there are problems in the camp, but there is a rarely a problem that can't be solved...

Personality / motivation

You are a person who values reliability and routines, and you like having stability in your daily life and the people around you. You have a habit of always trying to predict risks and problems – sometimes maybe a bit too much, which can make you excessively strict. Especially since you don't like easy answers. Oftentimes you try to get along with everyone on some level, but you can never get along with everyone and sometimes people can't manage to see the big picture. Some call your demeanour sarcastic, but they just can't understand your dry humor.

What motivates you the most is trying to create a stable existence, which is easier said than done, especially when

you are so dependant on other people. You have to try to think in the long term, rather than the short term, even though that can mean taking very hard decisions...

Attitude towards the split

(Remember that the character's attitude can vary and develop during the course of the LARP)

You are very split when it comes to staying or leaving. On one hand people have a point in that there is a growing risk of red raven assaults and that the camp has more people than it can manage. But on the other hand you have a good situation going here, with at least the necessary food and water. You realize that it might be unavoidable that the camp splits, but you don't want make any decision that isn't thought through and you'd rather that noone else made that mistake either...

You are also sceptical towards the idea that people would go to the fortress city and try to get in. The words of your parents ring in the back of your head, even if you realize that it was a long time since you left the city.

You are also sceptical towards the idea of going to the fortress city to try and gain entrance. Your parents' words echo in the back of your head, even if you realise it's a long time since they left the city.

But if a split is indeed coming and you choose to stay, then maybe it'll be a chance to reshape the camp. You and Mats (Security chief) have had a growing conflict for a long time and have a hard time seeing eye to eye. In your opinion he's not balanced enough to have such an important job, but so far he's had the others' support. But with everything that is going on, maybe it is an opportunity to relieve him of that responsibility. Though who should carry that responsibility instead?

Conflictmakers

- Accidentally break a weapon while cleaning it. (Pistol recommended)
- Talk with people about your worries over the risks that exists both with staying and leaving.

Try to make them feel insecure about their own choice.

- Antagonise the Security Chief and try to turn people against him.

Things to develop before/during the workshop:

- Find a closest friend, three good friends, two people you dislike and one you despise.
- Think about how your character's attitude changes between the three acts.
- Optionally, think about a romantic relationship - mutual or one-way.
- Think about which kind of other jobs you could have helped out with in the camp other than your main job. Have you worked a lot with someone in particular?

Group

The people you have worked a lot with.

Mats/Maria - Security Chief

Mick - Salvager

Nina/Niklas - Salvager

Jules - Salvager

Kaj/Camilla - Scout

Peter/Patricia - Scout

Nynäs - Hunter

Equipment/props/clothes

Think about how the character expresses themselves through their clothing/decorations. This can be based on the character's job or material/pictures they've seen from the old world.

Tips: Military equipment could be a theme to work with, as well as bags with tool for the cleaning/maintenance of weapons. You could also have keepsakes from your parents.

The camp's AK-47 rifle is a weapon you inherited from your parents.

Also think about how you want to arrange your personal gas protection (thick scarf, breath mask or gas mask).

Anders/Andrea “Byggarin” (“The builder”)

Camp position: Builder

You have the responsibility to repair the camp's buildings and plan/build new constructions.

Age: 42

At the end of the LARP you will STAY.

Background

You grew up in a settlement a little bit east of the fortress city Närpes. It was a relatively large settlement, which came with a slew of problems. Conflicts arose on a steady basis and you often felt that the opportunities that the camp had were squandered on people who didn't know how to value what they had or to compromise. In time you came to realize that you wouldn't be able to stay forever, so you started learning everything you could about keeping a camp functional. You also got close to a woman in the camp, Linda, who also had dreams about finding a calmer life. During late nights you sat, pondering and planning, and soon a deep, solid love grew between the two of you.

When you were 20 years old you finally decided to leave. Leaving your parents hurt deeply, but you knew they would never leave the camp and a future of your own together with Linda felt much more important. So you wandered off towards the north, to the outskirts of what used to be Teuva, where you found a farm that seemed intact enough. Wasting no time, you started fixing up the buildings as well as you could. Though you quickly realized that your skills were somewhat lacking, you didn't let that stop you.

Time passed and soon enough Linda became pregnant. The whole thing suddenly became much more serious, but little by little your small house was starting to feel more like a home. All the work got a new meaning, which drove the both of you on through rain and cold. When your son was born it was with a lot of trouble and it took a lot of Linda's strength. Even worse was that the house had gotten moisture damage and was very drafty, in much need of repair. You worked hard to give them as comfortable as possible, but one month after your son was born he passed away. Both you and Linda took it very hard and she was still very weak after the labor process. Finally, her strength ran out and she too passed away.

Darkness and silence took over and many days you just sat in silence, staring into the wall. The depression over your loss and the failure to create a life of your own wore at you and you no longer knew what to do. You couldn't go back to the camp, there was nothing left there for you, and you would likely not be welcome back. A part of you just wanted to lay down and wither away, forgotten by the world, rotting away like everything else.

But there was something inside you that refused to die. A small, flickering flame that stubbornly fought off the darkness. So maybe you didn't have anything to live for today, but maybe you could start anew and build something worth living for? Finally you got up, took what little belongings you had and walked out into the sunrise. If you were to start anew it had to be somewhere else, not among the graves of yesterday.

So you wandered northwards, looking for a good foundation to build on. You knew now that the houses of the old world couldn't be trusted. But you found a small settlement built with logs that seemed to have survived well. It was more modest, but simple to handle. This is where you would start your life again.

Now, eleven years later, many people have joined the camp – some coming in great need, some coming with great knowledge. You've always been a bit hesitant to bring in new people to the camp, since you don't want “your” camp to become like the one you grew up in. But little by little you've started caring about the people for real, and together you can achieve things you never could have done on your own.

Personlighet / motiveringar

You are a person who values the sustainable and reliable, both when it comes to your environment and the people around you. You are very proud of what you and the others have built here over the years and you don't hesitate

to show it. Of course, that means that if someone has complaints about the camp, then you can have a hard time embracing it... Some can see you as quite grumpy, but that's mostly due to your silent nature. At least you regard yourself as having a quite relaxed, attentive nature, even though you can have somewhat of a temperament when people provoke you.

More than anything else you want to build a foundation that you can stand on the rest of your life. Sure, the hard work will probably never end completely, but more hands make it much easier. There is always more to do, build and develop, but it's not like you're in a hurry to go anywhere.

Attitude towards the split

(Remember that the character's attitude can vary and develop during the course of the LARP)

You take it as an almost personal insult that people want to leave. It is a disgrace to all the hard work that has been done so that people would have a good life here and you have certainly not worked as hard as you have just to give up now. It was with your hands this camp started and you certainly have no intention to leave.

If someone actually is foolish enough to want to leave, then fine, they can leave. But if they think that they're going to clean out the camp and just leave, then you're going to have a problem.

Conflict makers

- Question those that want to leave and challenge them to really motivate their decision. Take everything a bit too personal.

- Be very reluctant to giving away resources to those that are going to leave.

Things to develop before/during the workshop

- Find at least a close friend, three good friends, two people you dislike, and one you can't stand.

- If you want, consider a romantic relationship – either one-way or reciprocated.

- Think about what sort of duties your character could have had besides their main responsibility. Have you worked a lot with some other person?

Group

The people you've worked a lot with in your job.

Dan/Daniela - Mechanic

Oskar/Emma – Woodcutter

Ann/Antti – Farmer

Becka/Benny – Farmer

Equipment/props/clothes

Think about how the character expresses themselves through their clothing/decorations. This can be based on the character's job or material/pictures they've seen from the old world.

Tips: Sturdy clothes for hard work. Tool belts and pockets for nails, screws and similar. Over the years you may have collected quite a lot of equipment.

Also think about how you want to arrange your personal gas protection (thick scarf, breath mask or gas mask).

Ann/Antti “Gräftarin” (“The tiller”)

Camp position: Farmer

You have shared responsibility for taking care of the camp's crops, from start to finish.

Age: 48

At the end of the LARP you will LEAVE.

Background

You grew up in a family camp together with you mom, dad and their siblings on a very secluded farm. For many years that farm was the only thing you knew in the world and no one ever mentioner that there was a world that had ended around you. But they taught you all manner of useful things, especially how to grow your own food and take care of fields. They had a whole lot of old books that you liked to read, but also books that they said you couldn't read until you were old enough.

Thus, your life consisted of a lot of hard work but also a close togetherness that only a family can give. Even though you often wondered what existed beyond the forests and fields there were always things to do that led you to other thoughts. As the years passed you grew older, but so did your parents and their siblings. Slowly but surely their strength started failing. On your 25th birthday your uncle died. The following year your dad and aunt died in sickness, and so there was only you and your mother left. She too was growing old.

Finally, on a dark evening she summoned enough courage to tell you the truth, about the old world that ended, about the Hydra and the world out there. They had wanted to protect you from it, but she had realized that instead they had made you unprepared to face what was out there. You didn't know what to say. At first you thought she was lying, but when she got out the old books with history about the old world and diaries from the time during and after the collapse you could no longer deny it.

For a long time you walked as if in a fog and when you looked out over the fields a deep, existential horror washed over you like a tidal wave. Suddenly the little farm appeared both like the safest place in the world and a prison. You and your mother fought through daily life, sometimes in fear, sometimes in humble gratitude for each others' company. But then, one rainy fall your mother passed away too. Now you were alone in a world you did not understand.

After that you tried staying at the farm on our own. But by then the buildings had started decaying without thorough maintenance and you couldn't take care of everything yourself. The loneliness and the darkness were almost tangible, and little by little you started to wither away. But you survived the winter by the skin of your teeth. When the first rays of spring appeared you felt some strength return. Once more you stood looking out over the fields, but something felt different this time. Suddenly you realized you were going to die any which way. You might as well head out and try to meet the world.

With great nervousness you packed everything you thought you could need and wandered out over the fields. You had no idea what was waiting out there, but it could not be worse than a slow death. When you had been walking for a couple of days, you suddenly heard the sound of hammer strikes in the middle of the forest. That's when you realized that there must be other people close by. With great care you approached the sound, until you could make out two small cabins and two men at work repairing them. For some time you just watched them in awe, the first new people you had seen in your whole life. Would you dare go up to them? Where else would you go? Finally you decided that would have to take the chance, as you wouldn't be able to manage on your own much longer. So you carefully approached them and greeted them.

Nine years later, those moments feels like a lifetime ago. You never could tear yourself away and risk loneliness again. Every new camp member that appeared made you very nervous, but little by little you got used to them. Though conflicts and arguments would always bother you, since you almost always got along in your home. In the end, the process of learning to understand yourself became as important as learning to understand the world.

Personality / motivations

You would describe yourself as the hardest worker in the camp, and there are other who would probably agree. The work morale and stamina you have is incredible, but working too many years with the feeling that you are working harder than others has sadly made you a bit bitter. You've tried to not show it too much to the others, especially

when they complain about the "same old food again". But to them who actually appreciate what you do, you can be very warm and understanding.

These days you have but one wish – to find something better. You've lost faith that this camp can really become something worth living for, so maybe it's time to rethink things. Maybe further south, where winters aren't so cold and dark. Or maybe the fortress city if you're really lucky. Or just a camp that isn't placed in such an idiotic location. Anything, as long as it's better than this.

Attitude towards the split

(Remember that the character's attitude can vary and develop during the course of the LARP)

You have had enough. When the idea to leave was mentioned aloud, something woke to life inside you. You are tired of spending your years trying to keep this same little crappy patch of earth alive and you are tired of people not appreciating all the hard work that is put into producing the little food you get out of it. It doesn't help that the camp has grown too big either. No, it's time.

Ever since you accepted that, a lot of suppressed emotions towards the rest of the camp have started to surface and you're having trouble keeping them inside. Too many aren't pulling their weight, but that won't be your problem much longer. At least if there is something better out there, you will try to find it. So if you die on the road, it will at least be in search of something better than that dry field and the cramped camp... But you'd certainly like to see some specific people (player's choice) join you – if nothing else, then for their company.

Conflict makers

- Play on a deeply rooted bitterness, especially towards those who remain, but also towards the other leavers to a certain extent. Become very emotional if someone brings up the farming.
- Play on emphasizing peoples' weaknesses, especially among those that are going to leave. You trust yourself, but others quickly become burdens.
- Insist on specific people from the camp joining you (for best drama you could choose people who will be staying in the camp in the end)

Things to develop before/during the workshop

- Find at least a close friend, three good friends, two people you dislike, and one you can't stand.
- If you want, consider a romantic relationship – either one-way or reciprocated.
- Think about what sort of duties your character could have had besides their main responsibility. Have you worked a lot with some other person?

Group

The people you've worked a lot with in your job.

Becka/Benny – Farmer

Anders/Andrea – Builder

Gun/Gustav – Chef

Wera/Wille – Picker/chef's assistant

Equipment/props/clothes

Think about how the character expresses themselves through their clothing/decorations. This can be based on the character's job or material/pictures they've seen from the old world.

Tips: The farmers could have very worn and dirty clothes that have been used while farming. Sturdy shoes, working gloves and similar could be elements too.

Also think about how you want to arrange your personal gas protection (thick scarf, breath mask or gas mask).

Becka/Benny “Såarin” (“The sower”)

Camp position: Farmer

You have shared responsibility for the settlement's crops, from beginning to end.

Age: 28

At the end of the LARP you will STAY.

Background

According to your mother you were born in Sweden, but your earliest memories are from a settlement near Oulu. She never wanted to tell you what happened to your father, but you got the feeling that there was a terrible story there – something that had made her flee far away together with strangers. You moved around a lot when you were younger and switched settlements regularly. The older you got, the more uncomfortable you felt about the constant moving, which upset you every time.

When you were 16 you suddenly realized that your mother were not like everyone else. People quickly became uncomfortable around her, since she often went into fits of rage and nervous breakdowns. You now understood why you had moved around so much from settlement to settlement. It was at this point you started to try and take care of her and see to it that she wouldn't get into troubles with others, but that was easier said than done. Once more you were driven out to find a new group to live with. And soon enough the same troubles started showing up and you were constantly afraid that you'd be thrown out again.

Then, one morning, you woke up to find your mother was missing. It didn't take long to find her a short distance away from the camp, frozen to death during the night. It hit you hard, even though a small part of you was relieved that she wouldn't have to suffer any more. But now you were alone in the world, without anyone else but the relative strangers that you were living with. They were not bad people, but they rarely got along. In time, those conflicts grew too big and it was decided that the camp would split.

You always stuck to other, always seeking someone to rely on. Of course you always tried to contribute, but it was always as an assistant or helper to someone else. You tried to avoid taking on big responsibilities, since you didn't have much faith in your own abilities and mistakes could lead to disasters. It only got worse when you and a couple of others were out on a trek and noticed too late that eastgas was blowing in. You almost died that day, but somehow you pulled through. Since then you have suffered from a lung injury that sometimes makes you struggle for breath and have a hard time dealing with heavy physical strain. A terrible cough plagues you from time to time, often scaring the others.

As the years passed you wandered together with others, sometimes in deep need, sometimes relatively happy, if tired. The latest camp you came to was a little bit east of Vasa. At first it seemed like a place that could become something stable and you stayed there for almost two years. It was also there that you met Ivana (X) who arrived together with a couple of other hunters. After a while the conflicts started growing larger though, when a big group of people were unhappy with how the settlement was run. They demanded change, or else they would leave. But the leaders of the camp were stubborn and refused to compromise, so in the end the upstarts left the camp. After that things only got worse. The arguments and conflicts only got worse when there was too much work for the remaining people to do on their own. So in the end, you and Ivana decided to leave. You headed southwards and walked for some time, before you happened upon tracks that led you to a new settlement. It's now four years since you arrived at this camp together with Ivana. The camp members were not exactly keen on taking you in at first, especially since your cough almost made them believe you had the Hydra. Thankfully

enough, Ivana managed to convince them that there was no danger. You were put into work together with Ann who took care of the camp's farming. A tough, though somewhat straightforward work under Ann's lead. The years in the camp have felt better than any earlier place and at least for a little part, it feels like some kind of home.

Personality/motivations

You are battling with doubts and trust to your own abilities, since you have always relied on someone else being there as support. Your injury hasn't made it any better, since it makes you feel like a burden sometimes. Because of that, you've always tried to be helpful and friendly, since if people care about you, they are more ready to overlook your mistakes. But you also care about people for real, and you're happy to lend an ear if they are going through rough times.

Safety comes from the people around you. You had hoped that this camp with all its people could be a safe haven. Maybe it could still be, but it will demand a lot of hard work and healing after all that has happened. But it's better to work with things you can rely on rather than chasing castles in the sky. Life is uncertain enough without taking a lot of risks...

Attitude towards the split

(Remember that the character's attitude can vary and develop during the course of the LARP)

All the way from the start you've been worried about the fact that some people seem to want to leave. For a long time, you have thought that everything was nice and stable, that the personal problems that existed wouldn't lead to...this. A part of you is mad because people are ready to leave their assignments and just walk away, without caring about what happens to the rest of you. Another part fears for what could happen afterwards, especially if your working partner left. You know you will never be able to take care of the farming as well as Ann (Nanna Lindqvist). Her experience is far greater than yours and your injury means that you could never fully replace her. To you there is no safety outside this camp, and you can't understand why others are so prepared to give up that safety so easily. The question is just how stable the camp will be after people leave...

Conflictmakers

- Let your own insecurities result in emotional outbursts where you accuse the others of selfishness or try to make them feel guilty for leaving others in trouble.
- Play on a deep paranoia when it comes to Eastgas and your own injury and how it affects your work assignments. Make people feel insecure.

Things to develop before/during the workshop

- Find at least a close friend, three good friends, two people you dislike, and one you can't stand.
- If you want, consider a romantic relationship – either one-way or reciprocated.
- Think about what sort of duties your character could have had besides their main responsibility. Have you worked a lot with some other person?

Group

The people you've worked a lot with in your job.

Ann/Antti – Farmer

Anders/Andrea – Builder

Gun/Gustav – Chef

Wera/Wille – Picker/Chef's assistant

Equipment/props/clothes

Think about how the character expresses themselves through their clothing/decorations. This can be based on the character's job or material/pictures they've seen from the old world.

Tips: The farmers could have very worn and dirty clothes that have been used while farming. Sturdy shoes, working

gloves and similar could be elements too.

Also think about how you want to arrange your personal gas protection (thick scarf, breath mask or gas mask).

Dan/Daniela “Skrugarin” (“The screwdriver”)

Position in the camp: Mechanic

You are responsible for the upkeep of camp bikes, as well as helping out with repairs for metal equipment.

Age: 31

At the end of the LARP you will STAY.

Background

You grew up in a small settlement a bit south of Oulu, which was made up of three families. You had two older brothers Paul and Jake, which you spent most of your time with, working and exploring the surroundings. It was a rather safe area, and you were left in peace most of the time, undisturbed by wanderers and wild animals.

In your teens, you started wandering about more, exploring further away from your home, despite your parents' wishes. Far away you could see the ruins of Oulu, which intrigued you, but also seemed very foreboding. One day you came upon a gathering of buildings that had collapsed over the years. There were a great deal of cars strewn about, and it seemed like there was a building mostly intact under the rubble. You had been warned not to go into places like that, but this was too interesting to pass up. So you carefully ventured into the darkness, all the while watching for a collapse. To your surprise, you found a small hall, filled with tools, half-built cars and all manner of odd objects and technology. But even better, there were shelves full of books. You quickly gathered as many as possible in your backpack, and rushed out.

Once at home, you started pouring through them – you understood very little, but it fascinated you to no end. But they seemed to explain a great deal about the old cars, which apparently could store energy from sunlight. You tried to get your father to explain things, but he could only help with some choice words. Frustrated, you realized that you had to try to get more books, so you convinced your brothers to come along and help you. Together with them, you could get most of the books that were left, and there was no end to your excitement.

But when you returned home, the doors were locked and the windows were barred. From inside, your parents told you that one of the other families' girl had gone into convulsions and thrown up blood. It could be little else than the Hydra, and they could all be infected. So they put themselves into quarantine, hoping to contain the spread, or that at least you had been spared. The wait for symptoms to break was agony. You and your brothers could do nothing but listen as the others succumbed to a painful death and in the end, you couldn't even bury them. You could only move on.

So began the hard years, as the three of you started wandering southwards. You had to give up most of the books, but still dreamed of learning more and putting it to use. Every night you sat reading by the fire, even as your brothers scoffed at learning such “useless” things. But it was also a distraction from the sorrow, and that they understood.

Via Kokkola, you made your way to Vaasa, as you were hoping to find traces of a settlement or a good place to stay. The first time seeing larger ruins up close was indeed impressive, but they were a bit more dangerous than you expected. You were ambushed by a couple of stranger, who started firing arrows at you. Paul took an arrow in the gut, while Jake got hit in the leg. Panicked, you fled from the city, barely escaping with your lives. But the gut shot was deep and nasty, and you soon realized that Paul wouldn't make it very far. He bled to death during the night. At least you got to bury him.

You and Jake wandered on in sorrow. The arrow in his leg hadn't hit him too bad, but he limped and the wound seemed very infected. He quickly got worse, and soon he couldn't move due to fever and fatigue. You dragged him on for as long as you could, but it was no use. By the time you were found by a scout, it was too late. The scout took you to a camp where you could rest out. Ordinarily they wouldn't have let you in, but they empathized with your loss and helped you bury your brother. In the end, you found that you liked the people there and over the years, they helped you move on from the loss of your brothers and find a new home – a place where you could build your dreams.

Personality / motivation

You're a very sociable person, perhaps too social sometimes. Though you are very friendly and talkative you can also be a bit of a busybody who meddles in others' personal matters when you shouldn't. You also want to inspire people to think bigger and outside of the box, and while it works with some, it definitely flies over the heads of others... But you will make them see, because you certainly aren't one to give up easy.

Dreams are what drive you, rather than just trudging through everyday motions. In your mind, you are all walking in grand ruins of a world that you will never understand. It is dead and gone, but you now have a chance to build something new and better. By learning the lessons of the old world and harnessing their technology, there is no end to what people could accomplish! If only others saw it the same way...For now you are stuck working on the camp bikes and other small things, but little by little you are preparing for getting to work on an actual car – something you have a hard time keeping quiet about.

Attitude towards the split

(Remember that the character's attitude can vary and develop during the course of the LARP)

You hate this. The camp has such a good thing going here, and it just breaks your heart to see things getting worse every day. But many of these people have no vision, they only see problems and worries. They can't see that you have to go through hardships to achieve something great...You have gotten too attached to the people and to the camp itself to just up and leave, not to mention that you couldn't abandon all your ideas, and all the work you put into that car...

With the conflicts getting worse as time goes on, you are deeply concerned about people. Maybe some of them could be convinced to stay, though others are clearly lost cases. In any case, you can't just stand by and let them tear each other apart. You've all been through too much to let it all end like that.

Conflictmakers

- Play on idealism and your own dreams, rather than facing real, practical problems that people are concerned about. “Just think about all the things we could achieve if we just stick together”
- Poke your nose into other people's business, and ask questions that are a bit too intrusive. Try to cheer people up at times when it's very inappropriate.

Things to develop before/during the workshop

- Find at least a close friend, three good friends, two people you dislike, and one you can't stand.
- If you want, consider a romantic relationship – either one-way or reciprocated.
- Think about what sort of duties your character could have had besides their main responsibility. Have you worked a lot with some other person?

Group

The people you've worked a lot with in your job.

Anders/Andrea – Builder

Jones – Quartermaster

Johan/Johanna – Technician

Equipment/props/clothes

Think about how the character expresses themselves through their clothing/decorations. This can be based on the character's job or material/pictures they've seen from the old world.

Bikes to work on during the LARP will be provided to you by the organisers.

Tips: Tools, toolbelts, bags and details like that could add to a nice look. Perhaps oil-stained from previous work.

Also think about how you want to arrange your personal gas protection (thick scarf, breath mask or gas mask).

Gun/Gustav “Kokarin” (“The cook”)

Camp position: Cook

You have the responsibility for coordinating the camp's food needs and rationing ingredients together with the quartermaster.

Age: 24

At the end of the LARP you will STAY.

Background

You were born and raised in a small camp with a very good sense of community. The people there had lived together for a long time and built a stable life for themselves. Many in the camp were getting old however, and while growing up you saw them become older and weaker and the camp slowly started deteriorating. Most of them had never gotten children, or they had lost them. But you managed to learn a lot from them, both practical skills and knowledge about the old world that they had inherited from their own parents. But came to find pleasure in your work, where you could see to it that the others got warm meals, prepared with care. It became a driving purpose for you to take care of the other as well as you could.

But then an epidemic struck – a serious flue that affected the whole camp. Many died that spring, among them your mother. Suddenly it was no longer possible to keep the camp functioning and you had to start making tough decisions. Some were too old and weak to start wandering, but staying around could only end one way..

You didn't want to walk away and leave people behind alone, but your father convinced you that there was nothing more to be done. And so, with a heavy heart, you agreed to join people in search of something new. After a while you found a settlement north of Seinäjoki where you could settle down. It soon became clear that this settlement had deep conflicts however. Power struggles and serious arguments happened on a daily basis. When your group and the original inhabitants got mixed, these problems grew more serious. Hunger became more and more common as food and other supplies were used as bargaining chips. You realized that this could end very badly. And sure enough, soon verbal arguments started giving way to violent confrontation, leading to your father getting killed. That's when you realized that you had no choice but to escape, or you would die there. You asked a couple of people who you had gotten close to and trusted if they would join you – Oskar (X), Oskar's brother David and Henka, who agreed to accompany you away from the camp. They had all grown up there, and could not wait to get out of there.

The four of you wandered around for a good while and lived off of small rations that you had managed to whisk away. Things started looking grim, as you struggled to find anywhere to go. Then, one day, you noticed the smell of burnt meat on the wind. After searching around a bit you happened upon a camp, where the inhabitants received you with careful politeness. And when you offered to share some special ingredients, they offered you a place by the fire. When you told them what you had been through, it was suggested that you could stay a while if you helped out with work duties. You saw your chance to help these poor, hungry people and give them some encouragement, so you all accepted the offer. Four years later you are preparing for a lot more people and the importance of your

job has only grown.

Personality / motivations

You see yourself as something of a mom in the camp, the one that sees to it that everyone has something safe to return to when they are tired and beat down. Someone who listens, understands and makes sure that they get something warm to eat when they need it. Some accuse you of avoiding conflicts and never taking a stand in difficult issues, but you don't really understand why everyone has to take a stand. Besides, you would feel very bad about having to get on bad terms with anyone...

Attitude towards the split

(Remember that the character's attitude can vary and develop during the course of the LARP)

Knowing that people want to leave cuts you deeply. On some level you feel like it's your fault, some personal failure that has made their life in the camp uncomfortable. Of course you know that it's more complicated than that, but it still hurts... In your weak moments you have thought about leaving yourself, but in the end you know that this is your place, where you can do what you do best. That's your way of helping and making the world a little bit of a better place.

If people are actually going to leave, you wish that it wouldn't ruin the camp spirit that you have had. Maybe if you all try to come together, the farewell won't be so painful. But at the same time you fight a deep disappointment, a silent bitterness towards those that are going to leave. How can they let down the rest this way? Can't they see that you're a family, for good and bad?

Conflictmakers

- Play on trying to make people feel guilty about tearing the camp apart.
- "Waste" good food to try and make the camp a bit nicer.

Things to develop before/during the workshop

- Find at least a close friend, three good friends, two people you dislike, and one you can't stand.
- If you want, consider a romantic relationship – either one-way or reciprocated.
- Think about what sort of duties your character could have had besides their main responsibility. Have you worked a lot with some other person?

Group

The people you've worked a lot with in your job.

Wera/Wille – Picker/chef's assistant

Jones – Quartermaster

Moa/Markus – Fisher

Nynäs – Hunter

Ivana/Ivan – Trapper

Ann/Antti – Farmer

Becka/Benny – Farmer

Anders/Andrea – Builder

Oskar/Emma – Woodcutter

Equipment/props/clothes

Think about how the character expresses themselves through their clothing/decorations. This can be based on the character's job or material/pictures they've seen from the old world.

Tips: Practical clothing that aren't in the way during cooking. Bags/belts where you can keep cooking utensils, and maybe pockets where you can keep special ingredients.

Also think about how you want to arrange your personal gas protection (thick scarf, breathing protection or gas mask).

Ivana/Ivan “Fångarin” (“The trapper”)

Position in the camp: Trapper

You are responsible for hunting for food by means of trapping together with the hunter.

Age: 30

At the end of the LARP you will LEAVE.

Background

You grew up in a camp in the eastern part of Finland, built around an old factory, together with your aunt and uncle who had taken care of you after the disappearance of your parents. As you grew up, you were often brought along to the woods on hunts. You were taught simple use of a bow, but due to your age, they had you focus more on making traps. You preferred it to doing heavy work or walking long distances, though it took some time for you to get used to seeing animals get killed.

In your late teens, life would change, however. One day during a hunt, you started hearing screaming and shots being fired from the direction of the camp. You and the rest of the hunters rushed back, but got there too late. Red ravens had rushed the camp and taken food and supplies, leaving several dead in their wake. For a while you pursued them and felled two of them, but the damage was done. A lot of food was gone, along with vital equipment. Besides you and the two other hunters, there was only a few left that weren't dead or dying.

Once you had buried everyone, there was a decision to be made. Would you stay here, knowing that red ravens knew where the camp was, or would you go away, to find another place to live? In the end, you all decided to leave. The risk of another attack was too large and there were too many bad memories left here. And so, you all began to wander towards the west. The walk across middle Finland would turn out to be a nightmare, with constant ambushes, attacks by wild animals and rough terrain. The group lost several people along the way and you yourself got a rather bad injury during one attack. For a while it seemed like you would never find a peaceful place where you could settle down.

But then you reached the coast, near Kokkola, where you happened upon a camp that had recently lost some people to sickness. They were a bit weary about accepting you, but in the end, their need was too great to refuse. That's where you met Becka (X), a girl who had been also been walking around a lot before she came here. At first all seemed well and fine, but the longer you stayed, the more you realized that there was a lot of conflict brewing. A big part of the group were very unsatisfied with how the camp was run, and demanded that there would be changes or they would leave. But the leadership was too stubborn, and in the end, a lot of people ended up leaving, your friends included. After that it was all down hill, as the hole they left behind was filled with resentment and bitterness. Little by little things fell apart and you and Becka realized that you would have to leave before it was too late. Knowing it would cause a lot of drama, you packed your stuff and left in the middle of the night, heading southwards.

You wandered for a good while, until you spotted some interesting tracks. You followed them to a small encampment in the forest, with a surprising amount of people for such a small camp. At first they were a bit hostile, asking you to leave, but you explained the situation and that you were both prepared to help out, and it was decided that you would be given a chance to stay. 4 years later, you've carved out a place in the camp, though for how long is another question...

Personality / motivation

Everything you have been through has certainly left its mark on you. Though you try to hold on to a relentless optimism to keep the bad memories from wearing you down, sometimes it just becomes a bit too much, especially when the camp is going through a lot of conflicts. But despite your bouts of weariness and your old injury, the others see you as a hard worker, whose optimism keep spirits from getting too low. However, you can't tolerate stealing or violence, and when confronted with it, you have a hard time keeping your temper in check. These days you mostly want peace and calm, and some work to distract your head. At this point your best bet now looks to be trying to get into the fortress city. Sure, it's a long shot, but it's a far better bet than staying in a half-abandoned camp. You've seen how that goes...

Attitude towards the split

(Remember that the character's attitude can vary and develop during the course of the LARP)

This whole split is bringing back some very painful memories for you, and you fear that this split will be just as bad as the one you had to go through before. But this time you refuse to be on the staying side. You won't be left behind again, to starve and have to scrape together a living. But that doesn't mean that you don't suffer because of it all. You wish that all this wasn't necessary, but you can see the writing on the wall, this can't be avoided anymore.

Your heart aches for those who say they want to stay, as do the every-growing conflicts and arguments. Maybe there's some way to make it a bit less painful or maybe it's all too far gone, but you can always try to smooth things over, right?

Conflictmakers

- Try to lighten the mood with jokes at inappropriate moments.
- Play on having an old injury from being attacked by red ravens. The injury is free to choose, but it should make you a bit of a burden for the leaving group.

Things to develop before/during the workshop

- Find at least a close friend, three good friends, two people you dislike, and one you can't stand.
- If you want, consider a romantic relationship – either one-way or reciprocated.
- Think about what sort of duties your character could have had besides their main responsibility. Have you worked a lot with some other person?

Group

The people you've worked a lot with in your job.

Nynäs – Hunter

Moa/Markus – Fisher

Mats/Maria – Security chief

Alex – Weapon expert

Equipment/props/clothes

Think about how the character expresses themselves through their clothing/decorations. This can be based on the character's job or material/pictures they've seen from the old world.

Tips: Practical, clothing that is comfortable to wear on treks in the woods may be preferable. Perhaps she carries small tools and materials to craft things when she has a moment free.

Also think about how you want to arrange your personal gas protection (thick scarf, breath mask or gas mask).

Johan/Johanna “Teknis” (“The techie”)

Camp job assignment: Technician

You are responsible for the upkeep of the camp's technology, such as water cleaning, gas alarm, radio, sun panels, etc.

Age: 24

At the end of the LARP you will STAY.

Background

Your father was a mad man. Whether it was due to your grandfather's twisted way of bringing him up or some madness he was born with you will never know. The earliest memories you have are of your father's mutterings about how it was God's intention that no one would survive, that the Hydra was a divine punishment meant to cleanse the world, but that humanity had been saved by the Devil. And while you were a child, it was a terrifying fact of life. You and a small gathering of people completely under his thumb had to sit through dark sermons in a sordid facsimile of a church, built in storage warehouses deep under the city of Vasa. That is where your grandfather had claimed a large store of supplies that the city had collected before the collapse, in the times before your father twisted everything to some kind of cult.

All the way to your teens you were spoonfed dogma about how humanity should have died and how the old technology had to be controlled for this purpose. You were made to read through old texts about how the machines of the old world were run and with primitive tools your father had you and other children learn how to whip the old things to life.

But he got worse and worse and time went on and became all the more sadistic in his ways. An obsession with strength and the survival of the fittest took over, which got him to install a warped set of rules where everyone was forced to submit to physical punishment almost every day. To harden you and prepare you for the world outside, he preached. Hadn't it been for members of your "congregation" who still had some sense left, your father would probably have abused both mind and humanity out of you. But there was still a spark of light left in you, despite the many years of psychological and physical abuse. None of you could challenge your father, but your guardians did their best to keep you from losing your mind completely.

Then, when he ordered that innocent strangers would be kidnapped from the surface it all got far more serious. You and the other members were supposed to prove your faith was strong enough to do what had to be done by executing them. But you saw none of the evil that your father had spoken so much about in them, only fear. When you refused and instead confronted your father, things took a turn for the worse.

It was as though the madness had finally won inside him. Suddenly all food and water was taken away from you by his henchmen and you were all locked away in darkness. The only sound that existed was the others' voices and your father's words that echoed from the other side of the door. None of you knew how much time passed in that dark cell, but soon people started writhing in hunger pains and thirst. At some point a couple of surface walkers were thrown in – maybe your father was hoping that you would eat them all in your dire need. But no matter how broken you were, you couldn't sink that low. Before too long people started dying, which turned the already stinking darkness into a pure nightmare.

When you were finally let out you were barely alive anymore. The only thing that had kept you breathing was the words of one of the surface walkers, who had told you about the world outside. His words had finally made you realise that your father would be the end of all of you. The few of you that were still alive were nursed back to health, as your father meant that the survivors had proven to be the strongest, worthy of serving the cause. But you had lost too many people that you had cared about for his words to be anything but hollow babble. So you decided that you would have to try and get out of there, or die trying. When you had recovered from your time in the darkness, you acted quickly. When another surface walker had been kidnapped you overpowered the guard, striking him down and freeing the prisoner. It didn't take long for you to be noticed, so you had to flee in panic towards the surface, where you barricaded the entrance and ran. You didn't know if anyone would ever get out, but

a part of you felt at ease at the thought of your father's legacy staying buried.

The surface walker presented himself, saying his name was Filip, a scout from a nearby camp. He felt rather uncomfortable in your company, but realised that he would probably have died if it hadn't been for your actions. So he offered to take you along to his camp, where you could get food and water. You, being a total stranger in this world, could do nothing but accept. But the visit to that camp was a nightmare in itself. Being so close to strangers after your painful, isolated life was almost impossible and before long you fled the camp.

You walked alone for a while, meandering without any real goal. Hunger and thirst made you confused and woozy as you walked along the old roads. Finally you were simply too worn out and just sat down by a tree and breathed. Suddenly, a young man appeared and started asking a lot of questions that you, in your exhausted state, answered without thinking much. Slowly but surely you succumbed to a deep, dark unconsciousness. When you woke up you found yourself in a camp, in a small cabin. Two women stood outside a locked door, asking a lot of questions about how you were feeling and what you had been through. Apparently they wanted to know if you were sick, but you couldn't answer. So they kept you in that cabin for a few weeks, but they gave you food and water, assuring you that you would get out if you turned out to not be sick. Luckily, you turned out to be well and disease free. You realised that you probably would not be able to make it out there on your own, so you attempted to talk them into letting you stay a little while, since you knew a whole lot about technology. That got their attention and when you started explaining what sort of things you knew, they offered you a place, at least for a little while.

Five years later you almost feel like one of them. You are still fighting with your dark background, but at least it feels like you have some hope. The others know that you are a bit excentric, but at least they seem to appreciate what you do.

Personality / motivations

Curiosity and intelligence are your biggest strengths and you are aware of it. Working with trying to improve the camp's equipment gives you a purpose and a way to find the willpower to fight on. It also gives you an appreciated position in the camp and many would describe you as a nice person with good work morals. But you often battle a feeling of hopelessness, which you often try to hide from the others.

You have no higher wish than to keep safe and far away from crazy people and red ravens. People in the camp have helped you find your way back to some kind of faith in goodness and you don't want to let that go. Merely the thought of falling back into that deep hopelessness fills you with anxiety... But you won't stop fighting now, not when you've gotten so far away from the terrible memories.

Attitude towards the split

(Remember that the character's attitude will develop during the course of the LARP)

At first you thought that the talk about leaving the camp was just empty blabber from people who were tired from the darkness and cold. But the more time that passes, the more you realize that people are being serious and that worries you a lot. This camp has been an anchor to you, a way to hold on to hope. If people start leaving, then things will start getting worse fast, and when things get worse, people will get desperate, and when people get desperate... Bad things will happen.

You have thought about leaving yourself many times in the dark hours of the night. But you know that terrible people and groups hide out there and you really don't want to find yourself in that kind of position again. Or freeze to death in some old barn. No... you'd rather stay and you do your best to keep people together. They have to be reminded about what is most important in this world. If for no other reason than for you to remember it yourself.

Conflict makers

– Battle the anxiety and the thoughts from your past. Express these and talk about your background with at least

one person.

– Play on being under pressure and having a great responsibility for the other camp members' survival. Have this take its toll and let out the frustration, either through anger or a nervous breakdown.

Things to develop before/during the workshop

- Find at least a close friend, three good friends, two people you dislike, and one you can't stand.
- If you want, consider a romantic relationship – either one-way or reciprocated.
- Think about what sort of duties your character could have had besides their main responsibility. Have you worked a lot with some other person?

Group

The people you've worked a lot with in your job.

Petra/Paul – Medic

Kaj/Camilla – Scout

Mats/Maria – Security chief

Dan/Daniela – Mechanic

Equipment/props/clothes

Think about how the character expresses themselves through their clothing/decorations. This can be based on the character's job or material/pictures they've seen from the old world.

Tips: Tools for the upkeep of water cleaning, radio and solar panel could be a plus. His fascination for technology might be expressed through using technical salvage as decorations.

If you want to and have the energy for it you are welcome to suggest technology for the camp.

Also think about how you want to arrange your personal gas protection (thick scarf, breathing protection or gas mask).

Jones "Räknarin" ("The counter")

Position in the camp: Quartermaster

You are the one responsible for overseeing camp supplies and direct how they are spent. You also instruct the salvagers regarding what they should get for the camp.

Age: 37

At the end of the LARP you will LEAVE THE CAMP.

Background

You grew up in a camp in southern Finland, somewhere east of Tampere together with your aunt and cousin Kerstin. During your younger years the camp was calm, but soon there was an influx of new people, and things quickly started getting worse. There was a big power struggle which led to several people leaving the camp, who had been integral in keeping it together. The new leaders were big on barking orders, but not so good at keeping things functioning properly.

In your early teens, you tried to start suggesting ways to improve life by making changes, but the camp leaders wouldn't hear it. And when you started telling other people of your ideas, they got outright hostile. Your aunt realized that this was starting to be a very dangerous place for young girls, and late one night she slipped you out of the camp.

She didn't dare take you to another camp, however. Instead you started living on the road. For a couple of years

you lived as magpies and vultures do, living off the land, and stealing when you had to. You didn't like it at all, but realized it was necessary. And when the need became too great, your aunt brought you to a camp, that had pity on you and gave you food in exchange for work. Kerstin was always the one who went around making friends, while you were more quiet, standing by the side. But you were much more observant, always watching and learning. Puzzling things together in your head, wondering why this camp worked better than the one you left.

But you had to leave sooner or later, and went back on the road. For a while you could survive off stealing and scavenging in the forest. When winter came, however you had to join a band of red ravens. Your aunt begged you to forgive her, but there was nothing else to do. Luckily, these people weren't interested in killing, only robbing. It still made you feel horrible, but it taught you a lot of valuable lessons about what is truly important in life.

After many years of straying back and forth across the country, you and Kerstin had grown up, and your aunt was getting old. You realized that sooner or later this life would cost her her life and the only kind thing would be to leave her in a camp where she could live more comfortably. Your aunt protested of course, but not very strongly. She understood too well that soon she would be more of a burden than a help. So at the age of 22, you and Kerstin ventured out on your own. Sure, you could have stayed with your aunt, but you had no desire to stick around in one place.

For the following nine years, you and Kerstin wandered all over the country. Sometimes you spent time in camps, trying to figure out what they were doing right and what they did wrong. You offered some tips, sure, but always refused to stay and help. You wanted to become self-reliant and understand what would be needed to get beyond these small camps into something bigger, more lasting. The rumored fortress city would have been a great thing to see, but you realized you had no leverage. At least, not yet. In the meantime, you and Kerstin did anything and everything you had to to get by. But as time went on, you started to feel that maybe it was time to try and just settle down

a while. You were far away from the camp where you left your aunt however. Then, one day a passing wanderer told you about a nearby camp, close to Vaasa. Personally, you would have liked to know a bit more, but Kerstin was getting weary with the constant flacking around. So the both of you decided there was no harm in looking into it.

On your way you suddenly came upon a wounded woman, who had been ambushed and stabbed in the knee. Her name was Moa (Sandra Holmqvist), a lonely stray who seemed like a good asset, if a bit uncommunicative. But you convinced her to accept your help getting to a camp so that she could get her leg treated, and maybe rest for a while. It didn't take you too much searching to find the place, and to your surprise it seemed rather well put together. Modest but functional quarters, protected and with good food preparation possibilities. The inhabitants weren't very happy to see you, however. But you took them aside and reasoned with them a bit, asked them about their needs and told them what you saw in the camp, what was good and what could be improved. They were a bit taken aback, and a bit impressed. So they agreed that you could stay a bit.

That bought you enough time to put together a plan on how to rearrange stuff so that there was work for the three of you too. A bit manipulative, perhaps, but it bought you a place to stay, at least for a while. And seven years later, you're still here. Kerstin, however, got infected by the Hydra and died four years ago. You were hit hard by it all, especially as the camp got pretty chaotic until you all figured out she was the only one infected.

Personality/motivation

People don't always appreciate your meticulous work and attention to detail as much as they maybe should – the camp surely wouldn't have survived as long as it has without it. You have a very strong sense of right and wrong, and are very disciplined, though sometimes it maybe goes a bit too far. Even though people sometimes complain about your strictness, they also look up to you in many ways as the moral backbone of the camp. While that feels like an honorable position to have, it's also a precarious balance between what your head feels is right and what the heart feels is right. Especially in trying times like these.

You're driven by a desire to build something sustainable, something that can grow and actually have a future. Thus you have long tried to speak for development and progress in the camp, though you've lately felt that people have been becoming way too comfortable in their ways and ignorant to how unsustainable the life has become. Slowly you have been feeling yourself falling into the same stagnation, and it scares you.

Attitude towards the split

(Remember that the character's attitude can vary and develop during the course of the LARP)

This split has been coming for some time. The numbers never lie. The camp has is too cramped for this much people and it was unavoidable that you would start to attract attention from outsiders. For too long the camp has gone from need to need, work has been divided unevenly and there has been too little will to compromise. And you're tired of trying to keep it all together.

But it needs to last a little bit longer. People are at each other's throats, and if you don't keep an eye on it all, there's going to be a serious problem when resources have to be divided. Hopefully people will be sensible about it, but if you know them right... there's going to be issues, and it might spiral out of control very quickly.

You really don't like the thought of leaving people behind, but in the end, each and everyone is responsible for their own fate. Though a big part of you feels like you should stay and help those

that are stuck, you also know that you have no wish to go through all that work to keep it all going with even less resources and people... There is a heavy burden on your shoulders, and you don't think people really understand how much you've worked to keep it all together. But even you can't do it forever.

Conflictmakers

- Play on being very haunted by guilt over leaving. Defend your own choice from a rational, practical point of view rather than an emotional one.
- Play on paranoia about important resources disappearing or being divided unfairly.
- Play the martyr and emphasise how much you've done for the camp a little too much.

Things to develop before/during the workshop

- Find at least a close friend, three good friends, two people you dislike, and one you can't stand.
- If you want, consider a romantic relationship – either one-way or reciprocated.
- Think about what sort of duties your character could have had besides their main responsibility. Have you worked a lot with some other person?

Group

The people you've worked a lot with in your job.

Gun/Gustav – Cook

Dan/Daniela - Mechanic

Robert/Ramona – Chemist

Mats/Maria – Security chief

Johan/Johanna – Technician

Lea – Patcher

Mick – Salvager

Nina/Niklas – Salvager

Jules - Salvager

Equipment/props/clothes

Think about how the character expresses themselves through their clothing/decorations. This can be based on the character's job or material/pictures they've seen from the old world.

Tips: Given her position, she likely wants to keep her papers and notes very safe and somewhere where she can

always access them. Tools for writing and counting could also be a plus.

Also think about how you want to arrange your personal gas protection (thick scarf, breath mask or gas mask).

Jules “Rivarin” (“The wrecker”)

Position in the camp: Salvager

You have the responsibility for venturing outside the camp together with the other salvagers to fetch important material that the camp needs.

Age: 25

At the end of the LARP, whether you leave or stay is up to you

Background

You were born on the roads of eastern Sweden, as a part of a family clan who traveled together. Every since the collapse, the family had stuck together, living a nomadic life. In retrospect, you had a much more pleasant childhood that most do as the clan slowly traveled up along the coast. As you grew up into your teens your once-unshakable trust in your family started to falter. Little by little you started to see them as a flock of sheep that had gotten by on luck more than skill. They had no idea what they were doing, and it was only a matter of time before someone would take advantage of them. Sure enough, you were ambushed by red ravens, who took most of your possessions. This brought the others together in their plight, but to you it was the nail in the coffin. You refused to be a victim like the others. Fueled by anger and teenage hormones, you fled in the night, set on tracking down those red ravens and joining them.

It took you a while to find them, but you tracked them down to an abandoned wharf. At first they met you with outright hostility, thinking that you had led people to their hideout. But when they realized that no one was coming after you, the hostility changed into bafflement and they laughed at your naivety. Some wanted to send you packing, while some had a surprised respect for your guts. In the end, they figured that you could tag along until you were more of a bother than useful. This was possibly because one of the lieutenants had ideas about you, but once you almost broke his arm, he came to his senses. Little by little you gained their trust and became a part of the Nighthounds. They had been together for a while, robbing and stealing. They preferred to avoid bloodshed and killing, being driven by need rather than sadism.

You also got to know their plans: after having roamed the area for some time and seen increasing pressure from other groups they had decided to try and use a boat from the old age to use, and travel over to the western finnish coast. It was a long shot, but their tests had seemed to work out. But before setting out, you needed more supplies for the journey. And so, you came to join in on their robberies. At first you felt bad, but soon realized that this was how the world worked. Either you defend what is yours, or someone will take it.

Soon enough, you set out on your voyage. Perhaps a bit of a mad venture, but that old, solar powered boat took you far enough to get to shore, despite bad weather and a turbulent sea. So began a new life. This country was a bit more sparse in both people and camps, but you managed to set yourself up pretty well. You started doing small robberies and thefts, roaming along the roads. It felt like things would be alright. But you didn't count on the competition...

On the way back from an encampment, you spotted people on horseback, watching you from the distance. Ten of them. There were seven of you on foot. You all got a bad feeling, and started moving quickly, hoping they would leave you alone. But before you knew it, the sound of hooves sounded, and a shot rang out over the fields. It caught one of yours in the throat, and he fell to the ground coughing on blood. Panic struck, and some of you turned to fire back, while the others started running. You only remember firing off a couple of shots, before turning to run,

and then nothing.

You woke up in an unknown camp, apparently rescued by someone who came upon you, bloody and almost dead among stripped corpses. Their medic had patched you up to the best of their ability and removed the bullet. It took you a while to heal up, and though you really wanted to believe otherwise, you knew that the others were probably dead. So you made the difficult choice to make your home here.

Personality / motivation

“Hardass”, “selfish” and “loudmouth” are just some of the words that people might use to describe you. But so are “unrelenting”, “skilled” and “honest”. Your years of survival and the time with the Nighthounds have hardened you, made you a skilled survivor and a person with little tolerance for bullshit. You do what you need to do, or you DIE. You keep your friends close, and the rest can f off. Sure, you can be nice and pleasant too, when work is done and things are in order. And to those that you rely on, you can even be kind of a sweetheart. When no one else is looking at least...

You value companionship and loyalty more than anything else – sure, a soft bed and a warm fire are nice too, but dependable people are far harder to come by. You’ve seen how bigger groups quickly turn on themselves, but having companions like your salvagers are worth their weight in gold. This is what you cling to, and what you value above all else.

Attitude towards the split

(Remember that the character’s attitude can vary and develop during the course of the LARP)

Nothing about the split really surprises you, conflicts have been brewing for quite a while, and a camp this size is hard to keep together without growing physically. Added to that, these people seem to have very different views on what hard work means, and what obligations everyone has. Not everyone is as useful, and this is just the natural result. You’ve kept your tongue, but maybe that’s not necessary much longer...

To you, however, keeping the salvagers together is the most important thing. You trust these two, and in a way, you owe them your life. You are convinced that if need be, the three of you could survive on your own. As for leaving or staying... you are a bit torn. Sure, the camp has its problems, but it’s a pretty good spot to hold up, and it’s been pretty calm so far. But it does worry you that there’s been signs of people moving. You have no wishes to run into The Black Horsemen again...

Conflictmakers

- Play on giving the other camp members reasons to not trust you completely. Talk about traveling away independently, and attack the sense of community.
- Support the split, have way too many opinions on who should go and who should stay.

Things to develop before/during the workshop

- Find at least a close friend, three good friends, two people you dislike, and one you can’t stand.
- If you want, consider a romantic relationship – either one-way or reciprocated.
- Think about what sort of duties your character could have had besides their main responsibility. Have you worked a lot with some other person?

Group

The people you’ve worked a lot with in your work.

Mick – Salvager

Nina/Niklas – Salvager

Mats/Maria – Security chief

Jones - Quartermaster

Equipment/props/clothes

Think about how the character expresses themselves through their clothing/decorations. This can be based on the character's job or material/pictures they've seen from the old world.

Tips: Practical, warm clothing, but as a salvager she may want to keep her equipment as light as possible, without sacrificing the necessary. Perhaps sturdy clothing, as she would be doing the heavy-duty field work.

Also think about how you want to arrange your personal gas protection (thick scarf, breath mask or gas mask).

Kaj/Camilla "Spanarin" ("The spyer")

Camp position: Scout

You have the shared responsibility of keeping watch for strangers, dangerous animals and other things of interest outside the camp.

Age: 27

At the end of the LARP you will STAY.

Background

You grew up in a settlement near what used to be Kaskö. It was neither big nor very advanced, but you and your father had everything you needed. Your mother had died from sickness not long after you were born, but you father managed to keep her memory alive through stories about their life together. Life in the camp was sometimes easy, sometimes hard, but you strived onwards. You became very close friends with another boy in the camp, Fred, who you worked with a lot. He was the same age as you, and you supported each other in everything.

But during your teenage years life came to change drastically. One night you woke up from the sound of loud bangs and the smell of smoke. At first you had no idea what was going on, but then you suddenly realized there were gunshots outside. With a racing heart you rushed up to see what was going on, and when you looked outside you saw that a fire was raging and that there were several lifeless bodies on the ground. Strange voices were shouting outside and you realized that you had to hide, and fast. You slipped into the shadows and hid under a pile of debris where you could be safe from the fire and held your breath while your life flashed before your eyes. Never would you forget those screams of pain and the sounds of the attackers violence against your people.

Come dawn, everything was still and you could venture out from your hiding spot. To your relief, at least Fred and one of the camp dogs had managed to survive, though everyone else seemed either dead or missing. Most of the camp equipment was gone too, but thanks to a hidden stash you had enough to start a journey away from the settlement. At first you tried venturing to the fortress city to try and gain entrance, but you were quickly driven off. So instead you ventured eastwards, in search of some place to stay.

Both of you had been taught to survive in the wilds, but you had never truly been forced to use those skills in practice. During your wanders you had to learn many things the hard way and you thanked your lucky stars many times over that you had managed to salvage a rifle every time some stranger came too close. It was a hard life, but at least you had each other. For a time.

One grey autumn day you were attacked by a small gang who seemed to have waited in ambush. After a short firefight you drove them off, but then you realized that Fred had gotten shot in the gut. The two of you knew many things, but taking care of such a painful injury was beyond your skills. So you had to do the hardest thing you've ever had to do.

After that you were never quite the same. Even if the dog helped you keep madness at bay, it got harder and harder for every day that passed. The few times you dared approach other people it always ended in animosity and

suspicious, and you had to face a lot of inhumanity during your travels in the central parts of the country. When the dog died, it was the straw that broke the camel's back. You started losing hope and faith that you could survive this. And so, finally, you decided that you would have to find a group to join, even if they were Red Ravens... One day you happened to spot three people sitting by a small fire, with horses bound nearby. You summoned all the courage you could and approached them slowly with your arms stretched out. The three of them eyed you suspiciously, but let you come close without raising their weapons. You looked them in the eyes and spoke plainly. By now, you had nothing more to lose and wanted to join them, if they had a place for you. They looked at you with bemused smiles and laughed between themselves. But finally one of them asked if you were really prepared to do what was necessary. You hesitated, but finally said yes. So they offered you to sit with them a while. Their demand was simple. That night, you would join them on a raid. That night and the memories of it haunts you to this day.

It brought you into the fold of a group that called themselves The Black Horsemen. At first you thought they were merely a more brutal group of Red Ravens, but reality proved to be far worse. Murder. Raids. Rape. Slavery. Violence. The list never ended. For a whole month you rode with them before you realized that nothing was worth this. Even death would be preferable. So you started planning your escape. They had kept a young man as a slave for some time, apparently to create some type of drug for the group. You realized that your conscience wouldn't allow you to leave him behind. It would be your way of paying for what you had done.

Your escape almost failed, especially as Robert (X) wasn't exactly physically fit after a long time in captivity. But you managed to get far enough away to hide your tracks and ventured westwards. After a long, hungry walk you managed to spot the smoke from a fire and after following it you happened upon a camp. The inhabitants were very suspicious, but Robert managed to convince them that he had very useful knowledge to share if you could stay a while. That was six years ago. Had you not been able to stay in this camp you had likely been dead by now, and you are eternally grateful for this second chance.

Personality / motivation

Despite everything you have been through you are a surprisingly welladjusted person. Sure, you are plagued by horrible memories from time to time, but you don't let them beat you down. You know that death will come sooner or later, in one form or another, so the best thing you can do is to try and make something good out of the little that you have. Sometimes you find yourself treating people like naïve idiots because they haven't been through that which you have, but it's nothing that you do on purpose. To tell the truth, you envy them a bit... You do your best to be positive and helpful for everyone's best, but sometimes you wonder if the camp wouldn't be better off without some people.

You want, for once in your miserable life, want something stable to rely on. This camp is the closest thing you've been able to find and you don't want to give it up. Even if you have to fight for it, tooth and nail, then so be it. You have also gotten an interest in the old world's technology for real. Sure, you don't understand it all too well, but the Techie (Ben Vikström) has shown you a bit and you are convinced that it would be a key to build something big – and a better way to defend yourself...

Attitude towards the split

(Remember that the character's attitude can vary and develop during the course of the LARP)

You don't know what's gotten into people, but you don't want any part of it. No matter what kind of problems they have that make them want to leave it can't be as bad as what is out there. This works better than anything else you can find out in the world and those fantasies about getting into the fortress city is nothing but daydreaming. Sure, there may come a day when the camp is no longer safe and you have to leave, but right now you are way too comfortable to even entertain the thought.

Maybe the others would think differently if they had seen and experienced that which you have. Perhaps a few well chosen words would change their minds, there is after all strength in numbers. But if not, you know that you have to keep as many of the weapons in the camp as possible. It's their choice to leave, there's no reason to let them

take any weapons, or anything else for that matter. Sure, they are all friends and borderline family, but there's no compromise when survival is at stake...

Conflict makers

- Play on trying to scare people off leaving by telling (maybe exaggerated) horror stories from your time wandering.
- Play on trying to get as many resources as possible to remain in the camp, especially weapons.

Things to develop before/during the workshop

- Find at least a close friend, three good friends, two people you dislike, and one you can't stand.
- If you want, consider a romantic relationship – either one-way or reciprocated.
- Think about what sort of duties your character could have had besides their main responsibility. Have you worked a lot with some other person?

Group

The people you've worked a lot with in your job.

Peter/Patricia – Scout

Mats/Maria – Security Chief

Johan/Johanna – Technician

Alex – Weapon Expert

Equipment/props/clothes

Think about how the character expresses themselves through their clothing/decorations. This can be based on the character's job or material/pictures they've seen from the old world.

Tips: Warm clothing that is easy to move in the forest with. Simple scouting equipment and similar. Protective gear is also important when moving outside the camp.

Also think about how you want to arrange your personal gas protection (thick scarf, breath mask or gas mask).

Lea “Lapparin” (“The patcher”)

Camp position: Tailor

You have the responsibility for repairing the clothes in the camp and other light equipment, as well as seeing to it that the medic has clean bandages to use.

Age: 31

You lean heavily towards LEAVING the camp.

Background

Your first memories are of a camp that existed far away, and no longer is there. Your parents were people you never got to know – your father had died on the way to that camp with you in his arms. The cold had almost claimed you too, but the people from the camp had found you in time. There are only vague memories of faces, but no names. It's too long ago and those memories are buried in bloodstained snow.

What you do remember, however, is the first time you had to flee a camp, many years later. You remember the screams and the smell of smoke as if it was yesterday. Two others had fled with you, while the camp was burning behind you. They were both grownups, Jon and Erin, and they came to be your teachers and guardians in the hard knock school of life. The years that followed that escape are a jumble of disconnected memories by now. You don't remember how many people and settlements you came across during those years. What you remember all

the better is the lessons and teachings they gave you. The weight of a weapon when it's loaded. The sound of feet trying to sneak up on you. The balance of the knife in your hand. The feeling of an arm on the edge of breaking. The taste of the foulest plants that keep you alive. Their lessons were tough, but loving. Though they always knew they weren't your real parents, it didn't matter. They were the safe and warm foundation of your life.

When you got into your teens you started going into camps more. A part of you disliked it a lot, having so many strange people around, but another part of you was fascinated. They had so much that you didn't have and treated you to food you could never have arranged yourselves. Sometimes you stayed only a short while, sometimes a bit longer. During your growing up you got to see camps collapse from the Hydra and be attacked by red ravens. You got to hunt magpies with Jon and Erin, and had to see blood flow more than once. Finally, even your finger landed on the trigger. It was a hard adolescence that would have broken many.

But it was when you were 20 that your life came to change drastically. You were ambushed one night when you were taking cover in an abandoned house. Someone had followed you and struck while you were sleeping. You barely woke up from the sound of footsteps from the floor below. Quietly, you woke up Jon and Erin, then everything happened very fast. You pulled open a window to flee outside, but right when you jumped out the intruders broke into the room. Gunshots and shouts echoed into the night while you landed with a thud. You took a bad fall and got the wind knocked out of you. Desperately, you fought to get up, but your vision went dark and suddenly you got kicked to the ground. When you regained your composure you were staring up into the barrel of a gun and a masked person standing over you. He shouted something in a strange language and two other people came out of the house. An iccold realization hit you. Suddenly the world around you was clear as glass and every second felt like an eternity. Your eyes were stuck to the man with the gun. The three of them talked in between and laughed a wretched laugh at something. A great anger lit up in you, but you didn't let your focus go. Then, the man looked away for a second. That was all you needed. You gripped his arm and twisted until it snapped. Grabbed the gun, putting three bullets in his comrade's throat. Before the third had time to reach you pushed your attacker onto him and emptied the rest of the gun into them both. Silence settled. Only you stood left, watching the cooling bodies and just watched them. It felt like someone else guided your steps towards the second floor, where Jon and Erin were lying dead. You didn't even want to look at them. Instead you gathered everything useful and wandered away from the house. You didn't know where you were going, but kept walking until dawn. Suddenly you noticed that you had been shot in the arm. It didn't bleed very bad, but it hurt like hell. A sudden tiredness washed over you, and you could no longer hold back the tears. You cried for hours before you finally got up, walked back to the house and buried your loved ones.

That was the start of some hard, lonely years. Slowly you made your way up the Finnish coast, sometimes through sunny days, sometimes through bloody confrontations. Every day made you harder and colder. But then, one day, when you sat down to rest during a trek, a young man and woman happened by. They talked about a camp that was situated not far away. At the start you just pushed it aside, but then you realized it might be a welcome change with some friendly people. They seemed to be at least tolerable. Once you actually got there, they gave you food, water and even painkillers for the pain in your arm. Suddenly you felt very...satisfied. So you decided to stay, at least for a little while.

Personality / motivations

Most people know you as calmness personified, the one that you can always sit and talk with a bit and chill out. But in all honesty it's the blue sugar that makes you so calm. Not because you were unpleasant otherwise, oh no, but you know the coldness that lurks underneath the buzz... That tough survivor who has seen blood flow over his own hands. When you are buzzed, everything is calm and peaceful and every person is worth appreciating. But when the survivor comes out... then it's every man and woman for themselves. The strong survive, the weak perish. The strong may pull the weak forwards, but must never perish along with them.

You just want to find a place where you can find peace and calm. But at the same time you are plagued by a deep worry that drives away the stillness. Oftentimes you wonder if there even exists such a thing as a lasting calm in

this world, but you'll be damned if you're going to stop fighting to find it.

Attitude towards the split

(Remember that the character's attitude can vary and develop during the course of the LARP)

Immediately when you heard the scouts report that they had found human tracks around the camp you were unsettled. Bad, old memories awoke, memories that you can't get rid of. When people then started talking about leaving, you only got more worried. You've seen this before. Nothing ever lasts, and a camp of this size would attract attention sooner or later...

The more time passes, the more your old self comes back to life. The survivor. The cold, calculating you, who has stared death in the white of its eye so many times. You're trying to quit your painkiller addiction, but it's hard. You're also trying to prepare the others for the struggle that awaits, but they don't take you quite seriously since you've been the nice, calm "lapparin" for so long. But reality doesn't wait. Those that aren't prepared will pay the highest price. But a part of you is reluctant to leave the place where you've become comfortable...

Conflictmakers

- Play on the addiction, that the new withdrawal symptoms makes you treat people more crudely than normally with big mood swings.
- Play on feeling that you have to have weapons and protective masks with you, at any price.
- Be cold and judgmental regarding who are dangerous for your own group's survival, whether you stay or leave.

Things to develop before/during the workshop

- Find at least a close friend, three good friends, two people you dislike, and one you can't stand.
- If you want, consider a romantic relationship – either one-way or reciprocated.
- Think about what sort of duties your character could have had besides their main responsibility. Have you worked a lot with some other person?

Group

The people you've worked a lot with in your job.

Jones – Quartermaster

Petra/Paul – Doctor

Robert/Ramona – Chemist

Equipment/props/clothes

Think about how the character expresses themselves through their clothing/decorations. This can be based on the character's job or material/pictures they've seen from the old world.

Tips: Bags, pockets and pouches for your small tools, thread rolls, patches and collections of materials. Potentially you could have a collection of survival gear that you would have stashed before going into the camp to keep it safe all those years ago.

Also think about how you want to arrange your personal gas protection (thick scarf, breath mask or gas mask).

Mats/Maria "Vaktis" ("The guard")

Camp position: Security chief

You are responsible for directing the scouts' work, and deciding the division of weapons in the camp. It also falls on you to see to it that people follow security protocols.

Ålder: 36

At the end of the LARP you will STAY.

Background

The earliest memories you have are from walking with your parents through a shimmering summer forest. That's the memory you keep close when life feels too tough and in the darkest hours of the night. Your parents were lone wolves who would rather keep away from camps and settlements. In your memories you can hear their stories about their own parents who survived the great collapse. It was from them your parents learned how to defend themselves and live off the land, independent from strangers. During your upbringing they thought you the same – self defense, weapon use, survival in the wilderness and a lot of other things.

But their training would come to an abrupt ending. When you were 13 they were exploring a house that they thought was abandoned, when you suddenly heard gunshots and screams. A horrifying silence settled and you screamed out to them and rushed inside the house. They had barricaded themselves inside a room and didn't let you in no matter how much you banged on the door and yelled. Then they spoke to you with cracking, tear-filled voices. Someone had hidden inside the house. Someone who was infected by the Hydra. They had been ambushed and now they were probably infected too. There was no way they could take the risk of opening the door and maybe infecting you too. So you had to say your farewells to your parents through a locked door in a derelict house out in the middle of nowhere.

And so followed a hard time of wandering alone. Luckily enough it was late summer, but soon enough autumn and winter would come, and then you would be in trouble. So you had to take a difficult decision, and made your way to a small settlement that you had passed once upon a time. There, you told the settlers what had happened and though some of them were afraid that you were carrying the Hydra, they took you in and gave you a place. But your time in that camp was far from easy. All the years of living alone with your parents had made you unprepared to live among so many other people. It didn't help that those years coincided with your teenage years. You never really found a good place there, and your life there was filled with numerous quarrels and conflicts. When you reached 20 years, you set out on your own.

Now you thought that you would live like your parents, independent and free. But pretty soon you came to realize that it's far different wandering alone without any company at all. The nights were colder and the treks heavier. But pride prevented you from returning to the same camp again, so you wandered onwards. Every now and then you watched small settlements from afar with mixed envy and longing. There was a certain safety in other people that you couldn't find anywhere else. But who would let in a ragged stranger like you? You continued your wandering, all the more alone and tired every day.

Then, ten years ago you happened upon this camp, which at that point was only one man – Anders (X), who was working on repairing a couple of old cabins. At first he tried to shoo you off, but you talked him into letting into letting you stay at least one night. You were so tired of wandering alone and there was no community here that you were stumbling into. When you were talking by the fire in the evening, some kind of friendship sparked and after that you simply stayed there, helping him put down the foundations of the camp.

Many years later a lot of different people have joined the camp, some having died from disease or accidents. But you've managed to avoid any great disasters, even though there has been fears of Hydra infections and attacks from strangers. You have something good going on here and for the first time ever you feel like there might be real hope for the future, even if conflicts arise every now and then...

Personality / motivation

You project a very secure and confident exterior, but deep inside you carry a great anxiousness and insecurity. Sometimes it shines through when you lose patience with people's lack of carefulness. But you fight to not lose control, because they could lose trust in you. You care a lot about the others in the camp, not just because they

make you feel safer, but because you want them to feel safe too.

More than anything else you want a safe home, though you are starting to fear that something like that might simply not exist in this world. But you will cling on for as long as you can, because you haven't stayed alive this long just to give up and let go now. Every little bit of the old world gives you a little bit of warmth, a little hope of one day being able to build something that lasts...

Attitude towards the split

(Remember that the character's attitude can vary and develop during the course of the LARP)

From the very first moment you've been against the split, because it makes you feel physically ill. You don't even want to think about there being such big conflicts in the camp. You have a safety in your number – sure, it makes you a bigger target too, but right now you could hold back an attack. But if people start leaving...? Anxiety. Disgust. Nightmares.

That can't happen, people don't realize what they are about to bring down upon themselves and you don't understand how they can't see the danger that is just waiting for them to break rank. You have to make them understand, one way or the other.

What makes matters worse is that Alex (the Weapon expert) might see this as an opportunity to take over. You and Alex can't seem to see eye to eye about anything, and now that things are getting more and more unstable he might seize the chance to try and take your position away from you. He is smart and disciplined, but you can't trust that he can take the right decision when it really counts... but with everything that is going on, there's a risk he might try to get people on his side.

Conflict makers

- Play on absolutely refusing to let go of weapons and equipment from the camp, preferably not food either.
- Let your lack of safety lead to emotional outbursts when you are challenged – anger or sadness.
- Play on a strong wish to punish those who are going to leave.
- Play on paranoia towards Alex and see conspiracies everywhere you look.

Things to develop before/during the workshop

- Find at least a close friend, three good friends, two people you dislike, and one you can't stand.
- If you want, consider a romantic relationship – either one-way or reciprocated.
- Think about what sort of duties your character could have had besides their main responsibility. Have you worked a lot with some other person?

Group

The people you've worked a lot with in your job.

Jones – Quartermaster

Johan/Johanna – Technician

Peter/Patricia – Scout

Kaj/Camilla – Scout

Nina/Niklas – Salvager

Jules – Salvager

Mick – Salvager

Alex – Weapon Expert

Equipment/props/clothes

Think about how the character expresses themselves through their clothing/decorations. This can be based on the character's job or material/pictures they've seen from the old world.

Tips: Mats is a little bit of a hoarder. All equipment that could be of use is fair game. Tools, protective equipment, hiking gear and more – he lives by the principle of "always prepared". Military elements could be an alternative, as well as keepsakes from his parents.

Also think about how you want to arrange your personal gas protection (thick scarf, breath mask or gas mask).

Mick "Kartläsarin" ("The mapreader")

Camp position: Salvager

You have the responsibility for venturing outside the camp together with the other salvagers to fetch necessary materials.

Age: 26

At the end of the LARP you will STAY.

Background

You, your sister and your younger brother grew up with your parents in a

You and your two brothers grew up with your parents in a small settlement, where you had a small farm and almost everything else you could need. Under their protection the three of you had a rather comfortable upbringing, but they also taught you to survive in nature, since you could never know what could happen in the future. It proved to be a smart move. One cold winter night a frozen man came by your house and asked to stay overnight. Your parents refused to let him in, but gave him some food as well as some warm water and let him sleep in an outhouse. Come morning, they found him dead and pretty soon your father fell ill. At first you thought it might be the Hydra, but it proved to be something completely different, but just as serious. Within a few days you all fell ill with a serious, painful cough and high fever. You were sure that your final moments had come. First your parents passed on, then your younger brother. But you and Nina (X) survived.

Tough times now laid ahead of the two of you. You had food stores that would see you through the winter, but after that it would be worse. So you decided that the two of you would take as much as you could carry and leave. You and Nina had always been close, but that lonely winter in the empty house created an eternal bond. You were each others' everything.

When spring came around you packed together as much as you could and started a new life. You quickly realized that it would be harder than you had thought and pretty soon you and Mick had to resort to methods that you never would have thought that you'd need to do. Your hitherto isolated life had made you distrusting of other people, so you started sneaking up on lonely wanderers and into camps to steal what you needed. You tried to not steal too much, but sometimes your own need was too great. The only thing you could do was hope that they could still manage...

Mostly you got away with it without problems, but sometimes things went a bit wrong. Luckily you always made it off with your lives intact and without serious injuries. At least physical ones. Though you shared everything, there was one event that you could never tell Nina about. You were spending the night in an abandoned house when you woke up, drenched in sweat. So you decided to go out and take some fresh air without waking up Nina. Well outside, you walked around a bit to cool off, when you suddenly heard a strange sound. You froze, and looked around you. Suddenly you noticed a figure that was slumped against a tree. In the moonlight you could see that it was a person. He breathed with a disgusting, rattling sound and asked you to come closer. At first you wanted to call out to Nina, but you hesitated. The man coughed and said that he had been attacked by an animal and gotten badly bitten. You dared approach a bit and saw that it was much worse than he said. He was covered in blood, bitten both in the neck and his bowels. There was no chance he would survive. And he knew it too. So he had

something to ask of you. Out there in the silence you decided that you couldn't tell Nina about this.

After this you came to view life in a totally different way and started valuing it much more. But Nina seemed to be doing worse and worse for every passing day. Some days she could barely get up and sometimes is seemed like you had to drag her along. She could lever really say what was haunting her, but you did your best to keep her from giving up.

But then came a turning point. One day you were attacked by a strange woman on horseback, dressed in dark rags. She had a rifle drawn, and she approached you menacingly, demanding that you would turn over all your stuff. You tried reasoning with her, but then she kicked you in the face, felling you to the ground and aimed her rifle at you. The pain made you vision go black and suddenly you heard the horse scream. You barely had time to see the woman fall to the ground with a rough thud as the horse galloped away, before Nina pulled you up and dragged you towards the forest. The woman's screaming swears echoed behind you, but you got away without pursuit.

After that something seemed to have changed inside Nina, suddenly she was almost her old self again – your sister and your support. But the both of you now agreed that it might be better if you found somewhere to settle down, at least for a little while. Some time later, 6 years ago now, you found a camp that would let you in. They were suspicious of the two of you, but you managed to talk them into letting the two of you help out in return for staying there. Many years later you can hardly imagine another life.

Personality / motivations

Most people would describe you as a sharp and resourceful person, but also as a tiny bit lazy and daydreaming one. The first thing you can agree on, but how do they expect a person to be resourceful if you don't sit down for a calm think every now and then? But sure they have a point – you and your sister's past as magpies means that you've gotten very comfortable now that you actually have a home and warm fires to return to. Your secret is also something that has made you try to make the most of every day you have, though late at night old feeling quickly return. The fear and sadness over what you had to do has never truly left you...

To you, a sense of community and friendship is the most important thing. What's the point of surviving if you're all alone? It's other people that gives life it's glow and joy, and though it sometimes can be hard, any and every conflict can be overcome. In the end, it's worth fighting for your friends' wellbeing, just as they fight for yours. Together, you can conquer any challenge.

Attitude towards the split

(Remember that the character's attitude can vary and develop during the course of the LARP)

The camp has been a safe haven to return to after your wanderings. Sure, the camp has had its fair share of problems, but that's only natural, right? But now when people say that they are going to leave, that safety is all but gone. Suddenly the atmosphere is very tense and people are walking on eggshells. No one knows what is going to happen and everyone is worried about the future. They all seem to have forgotten all the nice moments you have shared and how much you've trusted each other before. If you don't value each other, then what is there left to fight for?

You also know how incredibly dangerous it can be out there. Forget red ravens and the Hydra – weather, eastgas and wild animals can kill you much faster than you think. More than once you've gotten very close to going under, even though you've been well prepared. You have no plans to leave, you're much too attached to this place and all the memories you have of it. And you certainly don't want to expose yourself to the dangers out there, far away from the warm fire and soft mattress...

Conflictmakers

– Play on nostalgia and the times you have had together as well as enthusiasm for the future. Try to manipulate

people emotionally to not give up the good things you've shared over the years.

- Paint an all too optimistic picture of how the camp's future could be, that ignores peoples' problems and the camp's flaws. Act a bit too naïve/a little too hopeful towards people who are upset/angry.

Things to develop before/during the workshop

- Find at least a close friend, three good friends, two people you dislike, and one you can't stand.
- If you want, consider a romantic relationship – either one-way or reciprocated.
- Think about what sort of duties your character could have had besides their main responsibility. Have you worked a lot with some other person?

Group

The people you've worked a lot with in your job.

Jules – Salvager

Nina/Niklas – Salvager

Mats/Maria – Security Chief

Jones – Quartermaster

Alex – Weapon Expert

Equipment/props/clothes

Think about how the character expresses themselves through their clothing/decorations. This can be based on the character's job or material/pictures they've seen from the old world.

Tips: Practical, warm clothing, but the salvagers would probably want to have as light equipment as possible without sacrificing the most important things. To you, this could be orienteering equipment, maps and similar.

Also think about how you want to arrange your personal gas protection (thick scarf, breath mask or gas mask).

Moa/Markus “Fiskarin” (“The fisher”)

Camp position: Fisher

You have the responsibility for providing the camp with food via fishing.

Age: 30

At the end of the LARP you will LEAVE.

Background

You grew up with a couple that had rescued you from an early death when you were very little. They had no idea who your parents had been, and they had found you all alone. The three of you lived a life of constant wandering along the roads of Sweden and seldom moved with other people. Most of the time you went from need to need, even if they tried to see to it that you had enough to eat and drink before they had any themselves. They meant well, but their survival skills left a lot to be desired. How you ever survived is beyond your understanding, but it could never have happened without massive sacrifices on their part.

But soon enough it became impossible for you to manage on your own and you had to join up with other small groups. Many were on the run away from conflicts, but you never really understood exactly what kind of troubles they were fleeing from. You moved slowly up the eastern coast of Sweden, living off of fishing and what nature had to offer, trying to stay out of trouble. But sometimes trouble found you. Faces came and went, lived and died. Every day was a struggle. First your foster mother died, then your foster father. Soon enough you were so used to the struggle for survival that you simply did what you had to, just to keep going until the next day. Groups came,

groups went away. Sometimes you were alone, sometimes with large, faceless groups.

In time you had crossed over into what used to be Finland and continued along the coast. You tried to avoid large cities, since you had learnt that they had a habit of attracting dangerous attention. You had become good at avoiding dangers and strangers that seemed suspicious. But a bit south of Vasa you were caught in an ambush. A couple of strangers had spotted you and caught up with you. Before you knew it you were stuck in a fight with them, with a baseball bat against their knives. You managed to down one of them with a strike to his ribcage, but the other one stuck you deep in your leg before you managed to knock him unconscious. You bound it and took care of it as well as you could, but you were in no position to rest and could do nothing but limp onwards in pain. Than injunry would likely have killed you if it had not been for Jones (X) and Kerstin. They had found out about a camp that was situated rather close by, and were heading there. Since you didn't have many options you agreed on being taken there to get your leg looked at. The camp's inhabitants were wary of you at first, but Jones took them aside and spoke to them a long while. Somehow she managed to talk them into letting you all stay. Seven years later, to your own surprise, you are still here.

About half a year ago you had one of the most lifealtering experiences of your life. You sat by the edge of the water looking at the float in a bored trance when you suddenly heard a sound behind you. Suddenly a person fell out of the bushes and reached out with a horrible, gurgling sound. They managed to grab the leg of your pants and it was then that you saw the pointy rashes. Hydra. In great panic you started screaming and kicking yourself free and hitting the disfigured person with your fishing rod until they let go. You darted to your feet and ran as far as you could, until you thought you would throw up and collapsed to the ground.

That's when it hit you. What if you had already gotten infected. What the hell would you do? You couldn't return to the camp, not anymore. The insight that your life could be over here and now sparked an existensial crisis within you. Was this it? Was this everything? Was this what you had fought so hard for? To rot away after having sat and stared at a fishing float for years? You screamed and cried out your anguish over the world's misery for hours, until you had no more strength.

Finally, at the end of all tears and with your voice ruined, you realized that you couldn't give up already. There was a small chance that you hadn't gotten infected – you just had to survive long enough to see if any symptoms appeared. And so began a long, lonely wait for answers. Every time you coughed or sneezed it felt like you stared death in the white of it's eye, but the weeks passed and nothing happened. Suddenly it dawned on you that you had made it. You had gazed into the maw of the Hydra and survived.

This was a new beginning, and you would not let it go to waste.

Personality / motivations

Most people would describe you as a reasonable, if somewhat lonesome person. Someone who does their job without complaining too much and is very dependable. You would maybe not agree yourself, because you feel like you're just continuing because you don't know what else to do. On some level you feel like you have lost yourself somewhere out there on the road in the cold and the snow.

You've always been a bit of a lone wolf, not because you are more comfortable alone, but because you feel like you've never quite fit into the groups that you've moved with. On some level you have always felt misunderstood, as if you're not speaking the same language as others. This camp was a bit different and you found friends, but also people who made it difficult to be in the camp for too long. The isolation that your job entailed started to make you depressed, however. Then there was the Hydra-scare which made you rethink things completely. Suddenly you realized how much of your life you simply couldn't stand anymore. Something had to change.

And now, a fire burns inside you to find something to really live for rather than just surviving. Even if you have to move mountains you will find something more than this terrible monotony. Even though you might freeze to death looking for it, you at least have to try.

Attitude towards the split

(Remember that the character's attitude can vary and develop during the course of the LARP)

You've thought about leaving for a long time, and now the time has come. You don't want to walk these path ever again, you don't want to spend endless hours staring at waters and you can't take hearing the same old arguments day after day. There has to be something more out there, and you don't want to waste your life here any more.

The others can do whatever the hell they want, but you are going to leave, even if you have to do it alone. And you certainly will see to it that you get your fair share. At this point you don't know if the fortress city will be your final destination, but that will show itself later. The only thing you ask for is to be able to take those liberating steps out into the world...

Conflictmakers

- React very strongly if someone questions you or your choice to leave.
- Demand to get a large share of the food that you personally have caught for the camp and refuse to take no for an answer.

Things to develop before/during the workshop

- Find at least a close friend, three good friends, two people you dislike, and one you can't stand.
- If you want, consider a romantic relationship – either one-way or reciprocated.
- Think about what sort of duties your character could have had besides their main responsibility. Have you worked a lot with some other person?

Group

The people you've worked a lot with in your job.

Nynäs – Hunter

Ivana/Ivan – Trapper

Gun/Gustav – Chef

Wera/Wille – Picker/chef's assistant

Equipment/props/clothes

Think about how the character expresses themselves through their clothing/decorations. This can be based on the character's job or material/pictures they've seen from the old world.

Tips: Warm clothes that are comfortable to sit still in during fishing. Bags/pockets for bait, lures, hooks and lines could be an idea. Fishing rod if you want to go all out.

Also think about how you want to arrange your personal gas protection (thick scarf, breath mask or gas mask).

Nina/Niklas "Samlarin" ("The collector")

Camp position: Salvager

You have the responsibility of venturing outside the camp together with the other salvagers to acquire necessary materials.

Age: 23

At the end of the LARP you will Leave the camp.

Background

You and your two brothers grew up with your parents in a small settlement, where you had a small farm and almost everything else you could need. Under their protection the three of you had a rather comfortable upbringing, but

they also taught you to survive in nature, since you could never know what could happen in the future. It proved to be a smart move. One cold winter night a frozen man came by your house and asked to stay overnight. Your parents refused to let him in, but gave him some food as well as some warm water and let him sleep in an outhouse. Come morning, they found him dead and pretty soon your father fell ill. At first you thought it might be the Hydra, but it proved to be something completely different, but just as serious. Within a few days you all fell ill with a serious, painful cough and high fever. You were sure that your final moments had come. First your parents passed on, then your younger brother. But you and Mick (X) survived.

Tough times now laid ahead of the two of you. You had food stores that would see you through the winter, but after that it would be worse. So you decided that the two of you would take as much as you could carry and leave. You and Mick had always been close, but that lonely winter in the empty house created an eternal bond. You were each others' everything.

When spring came around you packed together as much as you could and started a new life. You quickly realized that it would be harder than you had thought and pretty soon you and Mick had to resort to methods that you never would have thought that you'd need to do. Your hitherto isolated life had made you distrusting of other people, so you started sneaking up on lonely wanderers and into camps to steal what you needed. You tried to not steal too much, but sometimes your own need was too great. The only thing you could do was hope that they could still manage...

Mostly you got away with it, but one day things almost went very badly... You and Mick had snuck up on a lonely man who was sleeping with a big pack next to him. But while you were going through it he woke up and drew a knife. Mick quickly darted away, but you stumbled and the man was soon over you with his knife. In panic, you grabbed a rock and threw it in his face, making him drop the knife. Without thinking you took it and trust it straight into the man's chest. For a few eternal seconds the two of you just stared at yeah other, before you rushed up and ran after Mick. He hadn't noticed anything of what had happened, and you couldn't bear telling him what you had done. So you fled away into the night.

That event would plague you for a long time – stealing is one thing, but killing someone was completely different. You sank into depression and hopelessness, haunted by guilt and doubts about life. Mick did the best he could to drive you onwards, but there were many days when you would rather have just laid down to die. And maybe you would have done so too, had it not been for the day when you were attacked by a strange woman. She came riding towards you on horseback, dressed in dark rags. She had her rifle drawn and wanted everything that you were carrying. Mick tried reasoning with her, but she kicked him and aimed her rifle at him. Suddenly, rage welled up inside you and you pulled a knife from your belt and stabbed the horse. It reared and screamed, galloping off and throwing the woman to the ground. You grabben Mick and ran off with him towards the woods, with the woman's swearing screams echoing behind you.

The adrenaline rush woke you up again, bringing you back to life a bit. You realized now that you couldn't beat yourself up about what happened anymore. The world would have no mercy, and the only right thing would be to cling on for dear life as hard as you could – no matter what it took. But you and Mick were both in agreement that it might be time to try and find some place to stay. It took you a while to find a camp that would take you in though. They weren't too keen on having you stay, but they needed help with work, and in time they came to accept you sticking around all together.

Personality / motivation

Your life and your wandering has made you a very selfconfident person. While your brother has started to dislike leaving the camp more and more, you enjoy the missions quite a lot. Of course you know it's dangerous, but experience and preparations take you a long way. While some look up to your confidence, others might see it as arrogance, and it certainly happens that you might toot your own horn a bit too much sometimes.

But even though the camp and its people have grown on you, it has started to feel a bit uncomfortable. You have gone the same routes a bit too many times and have to venture further and further away. Little by little, it's starting to feel unsustainable, especially since the scouts have started finding tracks made by other people. You have noticed the same thing during your wanderings and it worries you a lot. You would prefer a safer place, and you know that you are fully capable of venturing out on your own towards something new.

Your brother is very important to you, but he's also started getting on your nerves more and more. He's become increasingly comfortable in the camp and doesn't hesitate to complain when you need to leave camp. Just thinking about leaving him behind tears at your heart, but... you don't know how much longer you can keep dragging him onwards either.

Attitude towards the split

(Remember that the character's attitude can vary and develop during the course of the LARP)

When people first said they would leave, you were pretty sceptical about the whole thing. You don't have a lot of faith in people's ability to survive out there, compared to you and the other salvagers. But the more you have thought about the idea, as well as the foot prints that have been seen outside the camp, the more you have started to rethink the whole thing. You know how it works to scope out a camp before moving in to steal...or worse.

You like the camp and you care a lot about your group. But you refuse to become a victim. You absolutely refuse. The bigger a camp becomes, the more attention it will attract and your camp is certainly pushing its limit. You'd like to avoid taking along people who would slow down the group or attract danger, but you know the most important thing is to get going. And there is strength in numbers, so if you really want to get to the fortress city it could be good to have as many people as possible. If only they realized the danger that could be approaching...

Conflict makers

- Sow fear among the other camp members – threaten with red ravens and try to make them feel unsafe.
- Play on arrogance and that the salvagers' work for the camp is bigger/more important than it might really be.

Things to develop before/during the workshop

- Find at least a close friend, three good friends, two people you dislike, and one you can't stand.
- If you want, consider a romantic relationship – either one-way or reciprocated.
- Think about what sort of duties your character could have had besides their main responsibility. Have you worked a lot with some other person?

Group

The people you've worked a lot with in your job.

Mick – Salvager

Jules – Salvager

Mats/Maria – Security Chief

Jones – Quartermaster

Alex – Weapon Expert

Equipment/props/clothes

Think about how the character expresses themselves through their clothing/decorations. This can be based on the character's job or material/pictures they've seen from the old world.

Tips: Practical, warm clothing, but the salvagers would probably want to have as light equipment as possible without sacrificing the most important things. To you, this could be scouting equipment, binoculars and similar.

Also think about how you want to arrange your personal gas protection (thick scarf, breath mask or gas mask).

Nynäs “Jaktarin” (“The hunter”)

Camp position: Hunter

You have the responsibility for hunting for food together with the trapper to meet the camp's needs.

Age: 27

At the end of the LARP you will STAY.

Background

You grew up with your father, living on the roads almost constantly. There was never really an answer about what happened to your mother, as your father didn't want to talk about her. He was a skilled survivor, if a bit weary of people. During your upbringing the two of you sometimes stayed for short periods in camps and even if your dad tried to convince you that it was better to rely on yourself you were very curious about camp life. Much of your time was spent hunting, partly for food, but also to be able to use the meat and hides as trading goods when you found camps. It wasn't a simple life but you were rarely hungry.

But the older you got, the more your need to interact with other people grew, especially since your father wasn't very talkative. When you asked him about staying a bit longer in a camp, either because you wanted to rest or because someone had caught your interest, he always said that it was best not to get too comfortable. Your senses and skills would get dulled very quickly and you never knew how much you could trust other people.

When you got into your teens there would be more problems however. It wore at you to always travel around with only your father and several times you got into arguments that could lead to days of tense silence. At one point you came to a camp and you decided that you refused to continue and would stay there. Your father was as angry as he was disappointed and headed off on his own. Now that you suddenly got to stay in a camp you almost felt... empty. All of a sudden you didn't really know who you were when you weren't walking around with your father as your only company, instead trying to be part of a group. It was a new type of challenge to try to get along, especially since you often felt like you had a better understanding of survival than those who had lived most of their life in a cushy camp. But it taught you a lot and gave you new perspective on both your father and other people.

Three months after he had left, your father returned. He didn't say much, just asked about how you had been. True to your old habits the two of you spoke with very few words. And when he asked if you were going to stay or come along, you felt that the time had come to join him again – this time with new insights. But you couldn't stand the silence anymore, because you had become curious about who your father and thus, who you were yourself. Slowly but surely he started opening up. He told you about the time before you came along, about broken bonds of friendship, betrayal and treason. But he still didn't want to talk about your mother. Only that she had meant a lot to him. With every passing day you understood a bit better why the two of you had wandered the way you had.

But everything came to an abrupt ending. You were walking across a small lake one day, when your father suddenly fell through the ice. You struggled in panic to get him out, but he had gotten soaked to the bone. Finally you got him back to shore, but the cold took him quickly. His last words to you was that he hoped that you would be able to find the hope that he had never been able to give you. You don't know if he heard your answer before he died.

After that you spent a long while in mourning, unsure of what to do with yourself. One one hand the life on the road was something you knew well. But a part of you also longed for a place to lay your head. A resting place. A home. Your father had given you the tools you needed, but now it was up to you to use them.

So you sat out to find someplace to settle down, at least for a while. It took some time, but finally you managed to find what seemed to be a solid, if small camp. The people there were surprised and a bit fearful, but when you were prepared to share your rather impressive meat store they quickly softened. It didn't take a long time before they had

accepted you as a part of their group. You knew that it was likely because of your hunting skills more than anything else, but it was good enough. Eight years later you feel that you might actually have found some kind of home here.

Personality / motivations

Your friends would describe you as a simple person, but in the best possible way. You value small, simple things and don't ask much of people. But on the other hand, if people fail to meet those expectations you can have a hard time keeping your temper in check. In the end, you are all dependent on each other, and it's not too much to ask that people carry out their tasks properly – you have to have respect for the sacrifices of others. Though you don't mind helping those who need a bit of support you have little patience for those that don't admit their shortcomings, or worse, ignore their responsibilities knowingly.

At this point you feel that you have what you have always wanted, a home, a community and routines that you are comfortable with. Those might be simple dreams, but that just makes them more reachable, not less valuable. Now, however, you are determined to hold on to them at any cost, no matter what threatens them. Which will probably be easier said than done when the camp is torn apart from the inside...

Attitude towards the split

(Remember that the character's attitude can vary and develop during the course of the LARP)

You can't even begin to understand how the others can think about breaking up the camp and the community. After all, this is your home and you are a family. Of course there is going to be problems, but you can't just give up and leave! The feeling that this is your own territory and home is deeply rooted within you, and it sort of wounds you that the others don't feel that way after so many years.

On top of that, you don't understand how they are going to survive out there, how are they going to find food and water, what will they do when eastgas drifts in or when wild animals and red ravens attack? Are they thinking of leaving with all the camps equipment and provisions and leave it strewn across the wilderness when they perish out there? What do they think is out there that is worth the risk?

Conflict makers

- Play on accusing people of tearing apart a stable home way too easily due to fleeting fancies.
- Peck on people and play on not believing that they have what it takes to survive outside the camp.

Things to develop before/during the workshop

- Find at least a close friend, three good friends, two people you dislike, and one you can't stand.
- If you want, consider a romantic relationship – either one-way or reciprocated.
- Think about what sort of duties your character could have had besides their main responsibility. Have you worked a lot with some other person?

Group

The people you've worked a lot with in your job.

Ivana/Ivan – Trapper

Moa/Markus – Fisher

Mats/Maria – Security Chief

Alex – Weapon Expert

Equipment/props/clothes

Think about how the character expresses themselves through their clothing/decorations. This can be based on the character's job or material/pictures they've seen from the old world.

Tips: Practical, warm clothing that you can move silently in the forest with. Hunting equipment such as knife,

quiver, rope and similar. Fur- and leather details could be an idea as well.

Also think about how you want to arrange your personal gas protection (thick scarf, breath mask or gas mask).

Oskar/Emma “Huggarin” (“The chopper”)

Camp position: Woodcutter

You are responsible for taking care of wood- and fire needs in the camp, as well as helping out with constructing things.

Age: 23

You lean towards leaving the camp, but have yet to make up your mind.

Background

You grew up with your brother in a camp north of the ruins of Seinäjoki, raised by the members of your camp. Long ago, your mother had come to the camp carrying you and your brother when you were very small, and passed away soon after that. No one really knew where she had come from and she had no belongings with her, so a few of the camp members had decided to raise the two of you, naming you Oskar and David.

It was a hard life growing up in that camp, largely because it was a very unstable environment and because its leaders were everything but stable. No one really had any real control of the situation, and people often just pulled in their own direction. On some level you knew even when you were young that this made no sense, but who listens to children? There were many times when you tried to explain to people what you thought, but you were always ignored. Instead you were put on tough, monotonous duties – woodcutting, burning, cleaning... everything that no one else wanted to do. But that also taught you not to fear hard work and with time it got easier and easier. But when work didn't tire you out so much, you had more energy for thinking. Though you tried to keep that to yourself.

But then a new group of people came to the camp, among them Gun (X), who quickly took over the cooking in the camp. You saw an opportunity and told the new people about the problems in the camp and what could be done to improve the situation. What you didn't expect was that this would sow even more conflict in the camp, which resulted in a power struggle. The camp slowly became worse and people went hungry more and more often. When people started dying in fights it was too late to do anything, and violence became more and more commonplace. By now you were starting to fear for your life. That's when Gun came and asked if you were prepared to leave the camp before too long. It didn't take you long to take a decision together with David. So you fled the camp together with Gun and your childhood friend Henka, and journeyed westwards.

You wandered around for a long while, barely surviving off rations. You were starting to lose courage, when Gun suddenly noticed the smell of fire and food on the wind. After some searching you found a small camp, where the inhabitants were carefully polite and let you rest a while. After telling them what you had been through, they offered you to stay a while, as long as you helped out with work.

It was not without its problems though, and you had a bit of a hard time finding your own place in the camp. The others listened to your ideas, but Anders (X) was always the one who took the final decision back then. So you fell back on what you knew – hard, simple work. Wood was always needed and it kept you busy. Four years later you are still keeping to the same pattern, but that doesn't mean you've stopped thinking. Your brother David died in an assault on the camp three years ago, when he took an arrow to the throat. It hit you hard, and even to this day you visit his grave every day.

Personality / motivations

You could think that someone who has the kind of one-track job that you do to also be a rather one-track person, but that's not the case. As you usually say – it's during the woodcutting that you get your best thinking done. You often think about how the camp is organized, how work is divided, what could be developed, and much more. You have just as many opinions that you don't hesitate to express to others, sometimes to the degree that people get irritated. Not that you mean to be intrusive, but how are you supposed to communicate if you don't express what you think? To you, it's very important that you think before you act and actually know what you are doing so that you have control of what you are doing.

And control is what you really desire. Not necessarily control over other people, but control over your own situation. You often get very uncomfortable when you feel that you don't have control over your own life, which happens rather often in a camp as big as yours. Sometimes you've thought about if it really is the right place for you, but then again.... what would be the right place? A part of you feels that you maybe should leave to be able to move on from your brother's death. As long as you live so close to his grave, you'll never be able to let him go completely.

Attitude towards the split

(Remember that the character's attitude can vary and develop during the course of the LARP)

The thought of the camp splitting up causes you a lot of stress. You realize that people make their own choices but you have no idea on which side you stand. Neither side seems to really know what they are doing, so it's impossible to know which side to choose. And the more time that passes, the more chaotic the camp becomes and no one has any control...

If this has to happen, then it should at least happen with some planning – people can't go making stupid mistakes. You also ask yourself if this couldn't be a sign that you yourself should move on.

Conflictmakers

- Play on always having a "better" suggestion, or explain why people are wrong.
- Barge into peoples' conversations and lay out your opinion, even if noone asks for it. (But watch out so they aren't in a deeply personal discussion)

Things to develop before/during the workshop

- Find at least a close friend, three good friends, two people you dislike, and one you can't stand.
- If you want, consider a romantic relationship – either one-way or reciprocated.
- Think about what sort of duties your character could have had besides their main responsibility. Have you worked a lot with some other person?

Group

The people you've worked a lot with in your job.

Anders/Andrea – Builder

Jones – Quartermaster

Gun/Gustav – Chef

Equipment/props/clothes

Think about how the character expresses themselves through their clothing/decorations. This can be based on the character's job or material/pictures they've seen from the old world.

Tips: Practical clothing that won't get in the way of your work.

Also think about how you want to arrange your personal gas protection (thick scarf, breath mask or gas mask).

Peter/Patricia “Trådarin” (“The trudger”)

Camp position: Scout

You have the shared responsibility for keeping watch for strangers, dangerous animals and other things of interest outside the camp.

Age: 24

At the end of the LARP you will LEAVE.

Background

When you were young it was just you, your mom and the roads. Your father had died when you were four years old, after he got a wound that got infected during a hunt. The two of you mostly spent your summers on the road and the winters in small, secluded cabins. She wanted to keep you away from settlements and long treks as much as possible, not because she hated people but because she knew that it was hard to find good places where kids could grow up. So you lived on your own, hunted, fished and gathered food from the wilds. It was a better life than many other children got, even if you often dreamed about visiting a camp some day. But your mother always said “Some day when you are older..”

But once you hit your teens, you refused to hear that excuse anymore and your mother finally caved in. So you started venturing to small settlements every now and then. You were surprised by how well your mom knew where all the small, hidden camps were and she just explained it by saying that she and your father had wandered around a lot. The camp visits both exceeded and failed to meet your expectations – on one hand it was incredibly interesting to meet other people, but on the other hand you felt very shy and insecure those first times.

The more you visited these camps, however, the more you realized that far from everyone was as lucky as you were. While you and your mom had had your fights, it was nothing compared to some of the conflicts you sometimes got to witness. Deep inside you accepted that camps probably were right for some, but that you would rather live alone than being forced to live under such circumstances.

So for many years you lived together with your mom, until the day she fell badly and broke her leg. At first you thought it could be fixed, but you soon realized that the bone had broken badly and cut up the inside of the leg. Slowly but surely, she bled to death in your arms. Her last words were about how proud she was of you and that your father would have been too.

For a long while you couldn't manage to be alone in your grief, so you made your way back to a camp. They shared your grief and gave you a place to stay for a while. But in time you came to realize that her teachings would always be with you and that you couldn't stop wandering just because you were alone. So you sat out on your own journey again.

About five years ago you had made camp a bit south of Vasa. You were keeping watch one day when you suddenly noticed a man walking through the woods. Experience had taught you to keep hidden, just to be safe. But the next day you saw him again and you realized that he might not just be walking through. So you stayed one more day, and sure enough he turned up again. So you thought that there may be a camp close by, which might be worth checking out. With great care you approached him and showed yourself. He was apprehensive at first, but after some chatting he agreed to show you the settlement. Once there it proved to be larger than you thought, and they weren't too keen on accepting new people. But you convinced them that you could carry your own weight and be of great use. You surprised yourself in that you even had interest in staying there, but admitted that it could be nice to settle down for a little while – you could always walk away after all. But five years later, you're still here.

Personality / motivations

You are a restless person, who has a hard time sitting still for long, partly because you enjoy wandering, but also because you have very short patience. It doesn't take much for you to get bored, so you often drift into daydreams and fantasies. Now that isn't so much of a problem when you are out in the woods scouting, but when you are

supposed to help out in the camp it quickly becomes a problem when people get irritated because you can't focus. But overall you get along well with most, even if there are a couple of people you'd rather avoid... Even if you aren't as tired of the camp as some others, you have a longing to see something new. The safety that the camp offers isn't something that should be just thrown away, but you also feel that you are going to go nuts if you spend your entire life here. The tracks you found outside the camp has also made you feel much more unsafe here, especially since you wander alone quite often...

Attitude towards the split

(Remember that the character's attitude can vary and develop during the course of the LARP)

Your biggest worry is who might be lurking out there. It could be just one person, it could be an entire gang... and you have no wish to find out who it is that is moving out there. Red ravens, infected strangers...or worse. They could strike at any time, so time is short. Of course you can't leave without preparing, but you feel it has to be soon.

You've also harbored wishes to see more of the world for a long time. Sure, you might be a bit too charmed by stories about the fortress city, but even if that doesn't work you can still venture towards the south, somewhere where the winters aren't as dark and cold. Who know what might be out there, beyond these well-worn paths...

Conflictmakers

- Act clumsy when it comes to expressing yourself, be so focused on your own feelings that you ignore others' feelings. Consciously strengthen people's fears.
- Imagine a lot of nightmare scenarios which you talk openly about (the camp is attacked by red ravens, the Hydra infects the camp, etc)

Things to develop before/during the workshop

- Find at least a close friend, three good friends, two people you dislike, and one you can't stand.
- If you want, consider a romantic relationship – either one-way or reciprocated.
- Think about what sort of duties your character could have had besides their main responsibility. Have you worked a lot with some other person?

Group

The people you've worked a lot with in your job.

Kaj/Camilla – Scout

Mats/Maria – Security Chief

Alex – Weapon Expert

Wera/Wille – Picker/chef's assistant

Equipment/props/clothes

Think about how the character expresses themselves through their clothing/decorations. This can be based on the character's job or material/pictures they've seen from the old world.

Tips: Warm clothing that is easy to move in the forest with. Simple scouting equipment and similar. Protective gear is also important when moving outside the camp.

Also think about how you want to arrange your personal gas protection (thick scarf, breath mask or gas mask).

Petra/Paul "Plåstrarin" ("The doc")

Camp position: Medic

You have the responsibility for caring for people when they get wounds or other injuries. You are also the one who sees to it that people are quarantined in case they get sick, and give orders in case there is a risk for Hydra infection.

Age: 26

At the end of the LARP you will LEAVE.

Background

You grew up in a camp in the south of Finland, build around an old farmstead. Despite having most of what you needed there were still conflicts and more than once arguments escalated into physical violence. In the end the camp had to split, since there was no longer any way to maintain peace. You, along with your parents were part of the group who departed from the camp. The group's selfappointed leader was a very idealistic man who had convinced people to head into the ruins of Åbo to try and find materials and and a foundation to build on.

This proved to be far easier said than done. First you had a couple of casualties during the trek to Åbo and when you arrived there the city turned out to be the home to both wild animals and strangers. The fact that many buildings were falling apart didn't make things any better. But you found a place that wasn't just well protected, even kind of comfortable. It was something that you could build on. While many adults ventured into the ruins to see if they could find something useful your mother took you along to what used to be the city library. That too was largely cleaned out of useful information, but you managed to get your hands on a small number of useful items – a couple of books on medicine and medical care, along with books about plants and flowers.

The former books fascinated you a lot, since your group had the problem of nobody knowing very much about taking care of injuries other than the most simple procedures. Much of it was beyond your comprehension, but with your mother's help you managed to figure out a big part of what the book tried to explain, even though you might not have gotten everything right...

As the years went on you had the chance of putting more and more of the information into practical use, and you realized that these skills were of fantastic value. Since you knew that there were bigger settlements out there in the world you started to dream about becoming a part of them and helping more people than you could in your own little camp. More knowledge would also make you more capable, so you started hatching a plan. Since there were other large ruins, there could well be books left there that could be of value. After some convincing the others agreed to try and get to another city – Åbo had proved to be much too unsafe and there was too little resources around to live off. So the following summer you ventured from Åbo up to Hämeenlinna and Tampere, via small towns towards Vasa. At first you had debated going to Helsingfors, but all the stories about the dangers there made you rethink the journey.

That journey would cost you several group members, among them your mother. For a long time you battled with feelings of guilt, but found some comfort in that she, like you, wanted to dig up and preserve old knowledge. You convinced yourself that she had not died in vain. When the day arrived and you had rummaged through the library in Vasa without finding anything more than books eaten by moisture the situation got more desperate though. There were only four of you left now and the others were losing faith. They didn't want to venture onwards only to encounter more disappointment. You pleaded with them, but they refused. So you got to a suitable place to camp for a while and regain your energy. But the damage was done and healing the emotional and psychological wounds that the journey had caused was easier said than done.

One autumn day a small girl of about 7 years of age came stumbling into the camp. She was pale and skinny, not well dressed for the weather and hardly aware of who she was. The others didn't want to even let her close, since she could be diseased, but your conscience could not let the poor girl die out there. So you took care of her and treated her until she got well again. To your great surprise you noticed that she had a biopass operated into her – one of the old technological implants that could track the Hydra. You had never seen one of them in real life, only read about them. In the end, the girl came to be the straw that broke the camels back, causing more fights in the camp that was already at a breaking point. Finally you realized that you could stay no longer, so you took the girl that you had named Terese and left the camp.

Luckily you found a settlement before the two of you starved to death. The inhabitants were wary of the two of you, but changed their tone quickly when they heard that you knew a lot about medical care and diseases. The camp was small, but they seemed far more stable than what you had fled from, and so you remained there. To your great sorrow, the girl died after having been infected by the Hydra by another camp member several years ago. You kept her biopass though, but it has remained safe in a box all these years.

Personality / motivation

Deep inside you are a very considerate person, but all the work with trying to patch up people has given you a rather warped view of life. To be able to save someone is the exception, death is the normal. That is why you have to make the most of every day, because life is uncertain. You have a rather dark sense of humor, which people sometimes react badly to, but you don't let it bother you. What bothers you, however, is if people go and try to correct you or assume they know better than you. Then it usually ends in an argument...

Though you also want simple things like safety and community there is one thing that drives you more directly – status. It's nothing that you think about consciously, but you have a drive to get more appreciation and influence than you can get in this camp. You are, after all, doing something vitally important, so shouldn't you get respect and status in accordance?

Attitude towards the split

(Remember that the character's attitude can vary and develop during the course of the LARP)

When it first came to light that people wanted to leave the camp you were pretty sceptical. You had something good going here, something that shouldn't just be thrown away. But when people started talking about getting into the fortress city you quickly changed your mind. It suddenly occurred to you that this was your chance to actually get a proper comfortable life – you, if anyone, should have a good chance to get in. How could they deny you entry?

Of course, you are struggling with the thought of leaving others behind, especially since no one else has a lot of experience with handling injuries... But then again, haven't you helped enough? Surely you don't have a responsibility to remain, simply because of your skills?

Conflict makers

- Play on ego and excessive self confidence when it comes to your abilities.
- Refuse to let go of the equipment that you see as "yours" and important for you to get into the fortress city. Have too many opinions about how resources should be divided and challenge Jones's (the Quartermaster) leadership.

Things to develop before/during the workshop

- Find at least a close friend, three good friends, two people you dislike, and one you can't stand.
- If you want, consider a romantic relationship – either one-way or reciprocated.
- Think about what sort of duties your character could have had besides their main responsibility. Have you worked a lot with some other person?

Group

The people you've worked a lot with in your job.

Robert/Ramona – Chemist

Lea – Patcher

Johan/Johanna - Technician

Equipment/props/clothes

Think about how the character expresses themselves through their clothing/decorations. This can be based on the

character's job or material/pictures they've seen from the old world.

Tips: Simple medical equipment, bags and pockets for her small tools, bandages and similar. Probably, you would be very thorough with your own protective gear.

If you want and have the energy, you could think about what sort of medical gear the camp could have.

Also think about how you want to arrange your personal gas protection (thick scarf, breath mask or gas mask).

Robert/Ramona “Blandarin” (“The mixer”)

Camp position: Chemist

You are responsible for fixing simple substances that the camp needs, mainly antiseptic salves, but also cleaning substances and similar.

Age: 26

At the end of the LARP you will STAY.

Background

A large part of your life was spent in a settlement southeast of what used to be Seinäjoki. You were a ragtag collection of people and you yourself were the son of a couple of true originals. They were both educated in old sciences, taught by the older generation. It was your mom who insisted that you should be educated in the same manner, especially in chemistry. This was not a problem in itself, but since she insisted that you should focus on that instead of normal work, you grew distant from the rest of the camp in many ways. They watched you with disdain and every now and then you could hear them mutter that you weren't good for anything besides reading old books and consuming the camp's resources. Not everyone had understanding for the type of things your parents valued...

With time this made you feel like an outsider in your own camp. By no means were you totally excluded, but many avoided you, or tried to have as little to do with you as possible. You knew that the knowledge you had was very valuable, but the fact that you had little to contribute to normal duties without messing up pained you a lot.

As the years passed you had gone through everything that the camp had to offer in terms of scientific knowledge, which still was no small amount. That's when your parents had the idea of a small expedition to the ruins of the nearby city, where many books had been collected in a library. There could be very valuable texts there, if only someone who knew what they were doing would go there and rummage through it all. The thought of leaving the camp was none too appealing, but you also felt that it could be nice to see something else, especially the ruins of a city. The salvage team was also somewhat reluctant to bring you along on such a long trek, but finally agreed.

And so, you left on an expedition in search of knowledge. The journey to the city was heavy, but relatively eventless. You weren't used to walking such long distances, but were slightly surprised how little dangers there seemed to be out there in the world. But when you got to the city you had to be more careful – half-crumbled buildings, wild animals and other people made the surroundings treacherous. At last you reached your objective, the old city library. Much to your disappointment many of the books were impossible for you to read and broken windows meant that many books had been ruined by moisture and the elements. Despite that you managed to find at least a small collection of books that you thought could come to use. But they would never reach home camp.

On the way back you were assaulted by dark-clothed people on horseback. Immediately when you heard the first shot whizz by you started running for your life. But to no avail. They quickly caught up to you and struck you down. When you stared up into the barrel of a rifle you were sure that everything was over, so you started begging and pleading for your life. Desperately you told them all the things you could make, in the hopes that it would catch their interest. Luckily they seemed to understand, since instead of shooting you on the spot they tied you up

and dragged you back to their camp.

But the time in captivity among these Red Ravens would prove to be a nightmare. These people had abandoned everything scrap of humanity – they assaulted camps, murdered and kidnapped. At one point you were pretty sure they even ate one of their prisoners. Had it not been for the fact that you had a certain value to them you had likely been killed a long time ago... You could mix a simple drug that they had a lot of interest in and as a thank you they gave you kicks, punches and a scrap of water and food every now and then. But then, one day, a new man (Kaj (X)) joined them who seemed far less...coldblooded. At least he didn't hit and kick you, so he was a saint compared to the rest of them. You had given up hope of ever seeing freedom again, but one night this new man appeared and unlocked your chains. He said he was going to flee and that this was your only chance of getting away. It didn't take you long to take a decision. Together the both of you fled westwards along small paths and roads where no one would be able to track you.

But it would take you a long, hungry journey before you found a settlement. The inhabitants were very suspicious of the two of you, but you managed to convince them that you had very valuable information that could help them treat wounds and other injuries. That was enough for them to give you a chance, and six years later you are still here.

Personlighet / motiveringar

Most don't see the insecurities and doubts that you carry with you, but you are convinced that many see how little value you contribute compared to others in the camp. Sure, you are good at what you do, but you are very clumsy when it comes to everything else. It rarely happens that you can help someone in their assignment without something going wrong, to a large part because you have a hard time relaxing and your nervous demeanour. Your time as a prisoner among the Black Horsemen have given you a lot of mental scars and despite the fact that many treat you in a friendly way you are convinced that you're only a few mistakes from being thrown out of the camp.

You have found a fragile safety in this camp and you really don't want to let it go, because safety is what you desire most of all. To know that you would never have to fear falling back into slavery to be hounded and whipped with mocking laughter raining down on you. Maybe one day you will be rid of those horrible memories, but that day won't come soon. And though you'd like to find your way back home one day, you have no idea where that home is...so for now, you hold on to the little you have and hope for a brighter tomorrow.

Attitude towards the split

(Remember that the character's attitude can vary and develop during the course of the LARP)

From the very first moment that someone mentioned the thought of leaving the camp you've battled a feeling of being pushed towards an abyss. It's not that you can't understand their arguments, but if people leave, it will mean big problems. The smaller the camp is, the more responsibility and work each and everyone will have. Which is not good for you at all. You all depend on each other way too much and if people leave, then the others might realize how little use you are of in the camp...

You yourself can't even imagine leaving, partly since you know that they would leave you as soon as they realized that you held them back and partly because you are afraid that some group of red ravens will get you again. Or worse, the Black Horsemen. No, better to try and make the others realize how big a mistake they are about to do, or if that doesn't work, make yourself indispensable. Somehow.

Conflict makers

- Play on trying to get as many resources as possible to remain in the camp. Hide, steal or lie if you have to. It's their choice to leave, that doesn't mean they deserve to take anything with them.
- Play on trying to spread insecurity among those you are thinking about leaving – question if they can trust each other, if they are strong enough, if they can manage without all the camp's important knowledge and equipment.

Make them doubt in an attempt to make them stay.

- Insist on helping others to prove your worth, but mess up time and time again.

Things to develop before/during the workshop

- Find at least a close friend, three good friends, two people you dislike, and one you can't stand.
- If you want, consider a romantic relationship – either one-way or reciprocated.
- Think about what sort of duties your character could have had besides their main responsibility. Have you worked a lot with some other person?

Group

The people you've worked a lot with in your job.

Petra/Paul – Doctor

Jones – Quartermaster

Lea – Patcher

Equipment/props/clothes

Think about how the character expresses themselves through their clothing/decorations. This can be based on the character's job or material/pictures they've seen from the old world.

Tips: You could have clothing/gloves that are suited for the mixing of substances. Jars/bowls/bottles with powders and chemicals could be an option.

If you want to and have the energy for it, you could think about what kind of chemistry equipment the camp could have.

Also think about how you want to arrange your personal gas protection (thick scarf, breath mask or gas mask).

Wera/Wille “Plockarin” (“The gatherer”)

Position in the camp: Gatherer/cook's assistant

You have the responsibility for gathering roots, berries and other things from the forest, as well as helping the cook in her work.

Age: 26

At the end of the LARP you will LEAVE THE CAMP.

Background

You grew up on the roads and in the forests, together with your parents and another family. During the summers you wandered around, living off the land and hunting, while you spent the winters in different small camps. Sometimes you asked why you couldn't just stay in the camps all the time, but your parents just said that you shouldn't get too reliant on people, especially in bigger groups. Whenever you had to leave a camp, you got kind of angry, but at least there was always Sofi, the daughter in the other family. You were like peas in a pod, quite inseparable while traveling.

But then, early one morning, your mother came and woke you up, saying you had to leave quickly. They rushed you up and left, leaving the other family behind. You didn't understand, cried and asked what was going on, but they didn't want to stop and explain. Soon enough they couldn't stand your yelling anymore and explained that the others had fallen ill during the night and that you wouldn't be traveling with them anymore. You were too young to understand, but looking back on it, they did the only thing they could to protect you and themselves.

It took you a long while to get over losing your friend though, and it made you a great deal colder. Learning that you can lose even the closest friend for no real reason left a deep mark in your soul, one that lasts to this day. And growing up with your parents was not easy either, especially as they started arguing more and more as you grew up. You learnt a lot from them, but by the time you got into your teens, you wanted nothing more than to get away from them. Somehow, you got them to agree to leave you in a small settlement over a summer, which you gladly did.

Life in the settlement on your own quickly grew stale though, and when summer had passed, you felt that leaving would even be kind of nice. But your parents never returned. At first you thought they just had taken longer than planned, but as you hit the deep of winter, you realized that they were probably not coming back. Once more, your trust in others took a severe hit.

The fact that food was really sparse didn't improve things and you hated going hungry. Your mood worsened the relationship with the other settlement members and things were getting very tense. And when you discovered that they had been keeping a big stash of food hidden all winter while people were going around hungry you didn't have any qualms about taking some. But your "theft" was discovered, which resulted in a big fight and you being thrown out as soon as winter turned into spring.

You barely survived that spring, living off of the barest diet of what you could find in nature and sometimes steal from lone wanderers. So when you came upon a small group of wanderers who didn't seem like they'd kill you and take your stuff (the very little you had), you joined up with them. Before long, you came to realize that they were a bunch of freeloading idiots, who didn't mind hiding supplies and food from you, but still ate more than their share of the things that you gathered. Added to that, they seemed to be a tiny bit off in the head, giving you the feeling that they were going to just abandon you, or worse, as soon as they couldn't exploit your work anymore. So you did what any sensible person would do – gave them some herbs to make them sleep deeply, stole their stuff and wandered off.

But then, about seven years ago, you came across this camp. You didn't have much trust for groups, but they seemed like they had their stuff at least somewhat together. They weren't too keen to let you in, but when you started to talk about knowing a lot about herbs, berries and other things you can get from the forest, the cook took notice and made the others give you a chance. You never thought you'd be here seven years later, and there has certainly been problems, but it's been...tolerable.

Personality / motivation

You're a very down-to-earth, matter-of-fact kind of person, which some people might interpret as being cold or rude. But the truth is, you are a very sociable and perceptive person, who doesn't mind getting her hands dirty. But you also have a very low tolerance for bullshit and unnecessary whining, which sets you off every now and then.

Deep inside, you want to find something that is truly reliable – be it the people around you or a place to settle down. Something that you can trust that it doesn't go to shit sooner or later. It might be a bit too much to hope for in this world, but one can always dream.

Attitude to the split

(Remember that the character's attitude can vary and develop during the course of the LARP)

You've seen this coming for a while, with all the talk that people have had once you get them away from the camp. There's been too much discontent brewing for it to end any other way. And in all honestly, you're glad for it. Finally people are being really honest with each other. Finally all the bile and bitterness is getting out there, and you can all move on. Of course...there's still a while to go. And you have no faith that people are going to play fair. There's too much at stake here – food, water, weapons, gear...you don't see how you're all going to get through this without a lot of fighting, and maybe even stealing.

Of course it's painful for you too, but the fact is that it's going to happen. Best to just suck it up and accept it and try to get through it without as few problems as possible. Though you've debated with yourself whether it would be better to stay or go, you've come to realize that you don't want any part in the bitterness that is sure to take over the camp once people have left and the others are left with all the work...

Conflictmakers

- Play on paranoia – doubt and challenge people's intentions, and trust no one to be fully honest before the split.
- Act very cold towards people when they act upset about the split. They need to get over it and accept that it's happening.

Things to develop before/during the workshop

- Find at least a close friend, three good friends, two people you dislike, and one you can't stand.
- If you want, consider a romantic relationship – either one-way or reciprocated.
- Think about what sort of duties your character could have had besides their main responsibility. Have you worked a lot with some other person?

Group

The people you've worked a lot with in your job.

Gun/Gustav – Cook

Moa/Markus – Fisher

Peter/Patricia – Scout

Ann/Antti – Farmer

Becka/Benny – Farmer

Equipment/props/clothes

Think about how the character expresses themselves through their clothing/decorations. This can be based on the character's job or material/pictures they've seen from the old world.

Tips: As a gatherer of berries and roots as well as a chef's assistant, she might have bags to carry equipment, ingredients and things she has gathered.

Also think about how you want to arrange your personal gas protection (thick scarf, breath mask or gas mask).

WORKSHOP SUGGESTIONS

(At the end of this PDF you can find workshop documents for exercises)

It is highly advised to have at least one workshop where as many players as possible participate. Not only to give players a chance to construct relationships face-to-face, but also so that you may put time on creating a camp culture, do conflict escalation exercises and similar. The following are workshop exercises that was used for previous runs:

PRESENTATION / GROUPBUILDING

It may be good to start out with a general presentation/name games/group building games to put people at ease. There are many such exercises available should you want to use them.

SPEED DATING

One-on-one conversations between players for about 3-5 minutes, where they can put down a foundation for their in-game relationship. To make this easier, you can use a bowl containing random types of relationships from which players can take one and decide if they wish to use it.

At the end of the PDF you can find a list of relationship suggestions (RELATIONSHIP SUGGESTIONS) and a sheet for noting down relationships (CAMP LIST).

CAMP HISTORY

This is good to go through, not only to get a shared idea of when everyone arrived/when people have died, but to come up with other events in the camp's history. This can be done by dividing people into small groups depending on when they arrived and have them brainstorm events.

CAMP CULTURE

In earlier runs, players were asked to bring two books. These represented the camp library, books that had survived through the years and now could be found in the camp. The books were used as a basis for players to come up with ideas for how things are done in the camp/how they viewed the old world. You can for example divide people into groups and have them think about these questions:

- Does the camp celebrate any holidays?
- How does the camp treat relationships/love/sex?
- How does the camp treat death?
- How does the camp view the old world?
- Does the camp have any daily/weekly routines?
- Besides the three leaders, how is status decided?

POWER STRUCTURE

As the camp effectively has three different leaders (Anders/Andrea, Jones and Mats/Maria), it can be a good idea to put these three players as corners in a triangle and then having players place themselves inside the triangle according to who they listen to the most.

Anders/Andrea acts as the more social leader, whereas Jones is the more administrative, organising leader and Mats/Maria leads in matters of security and safety.

CONFLICT ESCALATION EXERCISE

Many players have a natural instinct to try and solve problems and find compromise. But that is contraproductive to this LARP, which is why a conflict escalation exercise might be good to have. At the end of the PDF you can find a list of pointers (CONFLICT ESCALATION SITUATIONS/POINTERS) how you can play to make arguments/

situations worse rather than better. The exercise used previously works as follows:
Divide the group into smaller groups of about 5 people. Together they can pick from the list of situations to use as practice. Half of the group acts out this situation while the others stand on the side, and using the pointers, advise the ones acting out the situation on how they can make the situation/conflict worse.

The goal is to practice escalating the problem rather than trying to make it better.



PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS

PROPS

In general, Winterwind does not require a lot of props. There are some, however that have proven to add a lot to the play in different ways.

Gas alarm

An actual prop for the gas alarm in some way reminds players of the constant danger of gas drifting in from the East. It can either be functioning (that is, able to emit sound), or you can simply use the radio (look below) for the sound effect.

Weapons

In previous runs we used an AK-47 and a small pistol as the camps only firearms, both with very limited ammunition. These were mostly used as a source for conflict, as both those that would leave and those who would stay would be very concerned about keeping them. In both runs, the hunter used a bow rather than firearms.

Radio

An almost essential prop, as the sporadic radio shows have shown to be very good elements in the game. If you choose to use the radio / shows, you can either find them via the links below, or use the script at the end of the PDF to record your own. One show per act has proven pretty suitable, where the first one could be the first show the camp has ever heard as the technician has just gotten the radio working.

Links : projectserenai.com/vintervind/R1.mp3 / .../intervind/R2.mp3 / .../intervind/R3.mp3

Resource packs

This element is largely up to your own discretion. Resource packs can be used as physical items that the camp is arguing over who gets to keep/use. There is, however the risk that they simply get locked in somewhere or aren't used in play.

FOOD

How advanced you want the food to be is up to you. However, as this is 60 years after the collapse, there is very little left to loot, meaning the food the camp has is what they have grown/hunted (if you wish to be true to setting).

That being said, both previous runs have used canned pea soup as the first day dinner - explanation being that the salvagers came across a rare stash.

CLOTHING/GEAR

While the art direction of clothing/props is up to you, it's worth considering what sort of clothing would be most useful/practical. In previous runs emphasis has been put on durability and warmth, rather than elaborate ornaments. The Road more than Mad Max.

That being said, ornaments is something that could very well be tied into camp culture, should you design it in a suitable way.

RADIO SHOW SCRIPT

- SHOW 1 -

Static

Hello everyone, both you who are sipping that afternoon brew and those who are working out there in the wilderness. It's a grey, cloudy day today and a chilly wind blows, so you best put on a bit of extra clothes today.

As many of you have heard already, we've had a bit of an accident here in town. A couple of sun panels have given up - but before you go panicking, let me just say that it's no big deal. All the important things are working just fine, but I'm afraid we're going to have to cut down on our broadcasting time a bit. So sadly there's going to be a bit less music for a while, but we'll just have to live with it. Cuz' I think we all can agree that we'd rather have heating and water than freeze to death with music in our ears.

And speaking of music, we're going to listen to the first piece of music that you all have voted for...namely Dreamer by one Ozzy Osbourne. A calm little bit, for a grey day like this.

* Ozzy Osbourne - Dreamer plays *

Yeah, one can wonder what they dreamt of in those days, when they had so much already.

But we're gonna most on along, because we've got some news for you all, especially important to those of you who are moving about in the wilderness and the small camps. We've gotten word that the guards in the fields have sighted what they suspect to be Red Ravens or some other kind of strays who are traveling along the old roads. So if you're out and about, you'd do well to keep a lookout for a larger group, at least until further notice.

And then we have had sightings of a suspected Hydra infect. This person was seen traveling northwards from Närpes, and showed strong symptoms. It's unknown if it's a man or a woman, but they're dressed in a red-black chequered jacket and grey pants. If you come across someone like that, don't go taking any unnecessary risks.

And still more reason to move carefully, as there's been sightings of wolves a couple of kilometers east of town. It's a pack of about seven or eight wolves that seem pretty aggressive. So if you really have to move towards the ruins of Rangaby, be sure to be armed, or at least not travel alone. Those wolves are not to be taken lightly I'll tell you - my brother-in-law met his end from a bite they couldn't fix...

But that's it for today's news, so it's on to the second piece of music for today. This time a bit of an older piece by Creedence Clearwater Revival, a song by the name of Have you ever seen the rain. I can't really say what they meant by that, but why don't you have a listen and decide for yourselves. And take care of each other out there - today was a shorter episode, but let's hope we can go back to old times soon. Until then, we'll have to keep to the energy budget that we're given. And remember - The farmer is needed.

* Creedence Clearwater Revival - Have you ever seen the rain plays*

Static

- SHOW 2 -

Static

Good day to all you listeners, out on the streets, by the kitchen table, out on the fields and wherever else you might be - welcome to today's episode of Kurt's Quarter, which doesn't get to be a full quarter so often anymore. But we make the best of what little we have.

Today we've got an important issue to talk about, namely that since the city's been getting more and more cramped there's been raised a motion in the city council. Many of you have probably heard about it already, since it seems like everyone is talking about it. Thing is, they are suggesting that the western wall should be moved outwards to give more space for new buildings. At the same time more old fields would be taken into use and more guards posted. This is, of course, very simplified and controversial to say the least. As many of you will remember, they tried something like this once before, and then the city got attacked from the outside. So this is not without risks. But fact remains that the city is cramped. It's grown, and I don't think anyone can complain about how we've gotten on, but we shouldn't kid ourselves and think we can keep going the same way forever. Let's see if we can't get Lars-Erik Rådman with us on the show some day, so he can explain a bit more what the motion is all about. Now, however, let's go to the first piece of music for today, namely Gold by The handsome family.

* Handsome Family - Gold plays*

A cozy song, especially for a day like this, and one of my personal favourites. It's a shame we don't have any other songs by them, but that's life.

So, let's go over to the news then, and we'll start with an announcement that people have seen riders to the northeast of Närpes. There's no closer identification, but considering the rumours that have been going around lately, you'd do well to be careful. If any of you moving out there spot these riders, or tracks of horses, see to it that you get a message to the city.

Then we've also gotten word that the reparations to the eastern wall have been finished after a lot of work. Which I can safely say is a relief to all of us, and hopefully it'll hold up better now. An investigation says that it was probably heavy rain that made the foundation go back. But in any case the reparations are finished, and it's a good reminder for everyone that we all have a responsibility to see to it that the city's kept in good condition and report problems.

Finally, we have a funeral coming up. Namely Håkan Dag, which many of you knew as the gatekeeper at Ivar's Gate. We'll remember him as a friendly and welcoming man, and those of you who wish to take part in the funeral are welcome to the gate of the old church tomorrow at midst. In Håkan's honor we'll now play a bit that I know many of you out there are fond of. It's Guns 'n Roses - Knocking on Heaven's door. Have a good day all of you out there, whoever and wherever you are. And remember, The farmer is needed.

* Guns 'n Roses - Knocking on heaven's door plays*

Static

Static

Goodday and hello to all who are listening out there. Today we're mostly going to talk about the election that's going to happen in a week. By now I doubt there's anyone out there who hasn't heard what's going on, but there's still some confusion about some things. So today we're going to talk about some facts about the two propositions that people are going to be voting between. So after we've listened to the first piece of music for today we're going to go into the proposition to expand the town and invest more in expanding the fields that the town controls. Before that though, we're going to listen to Brians Setser and a song that we sadly have no name for anymore. But it's still quality stuff, so I hope you all like it.

* Brian Setzer - Summer time blues plays *

This bit was actually found not too long ago by Benita Murbäck, and I thought we'd play it today so people would get something completely new.

But to return to the election that's coming up, let's get into the proposition to expand the town. What it really means is that the western wall would be expanded by about 200 along most of the western side. It would give more space for buildings and lodgings, along with better possibilities to grow things inside the city walls. On top of this, the town would take three new fields to the north, towards what used to be Yttermark. This would give the town more food, but also mean risks when it comes to guards and control over the other fields. The critique that this proposition has drawn is that the western side sometime suffers from flooding, which could be a big problem. It's going to become harder and harder to control the fields the larger the area the town tries to keep. It's a big risk for those that are doing the guard rounds, especially around harvest when magpies and red ravens try to steal the town's food.

Now, before we get into the counter proposition - to tighten the belt and go with the safe before the unsafe - let's get some more music. It's going to be something really old now, namely classical. Offenbach with The tales of Hoffman. As you can guess, this bit comes from Nisse Ek's amazing collection, which has been inherited over and over. As always, we're grateful for the music he lends to us.

* Offenbach - The tales of Hoffman plays *

That's something quite special, don't you agree? Let's hope it won't be long before we can get some more classical sounds.

So, then, back to the political. The counter proposition to the expansion goes with the safe before the unsafe, not risking the town's security because of comfort. The town has a bit too much people for it to be really sustainable, so the suggestion is to cut down on rations and have stricter control over how many children are born in the town. The thought is that this in the longterm would lessen the population without running anyone out of town. And let's not talk about those out on the streets with signs saying that's what we should, I'll have none of that. The thought is that we know what works in town, and that we should keep doing just that and not risk bringing it all down. Critics to this proposal say that it's very much backwards to cut down on quality of life, rather than moving forward and progressing. We all know Närpes has managed better than any other place in Finland, and to not take advantage of that could even be seen as irresponsible.

But anyway. We're going to have a proper discussion with two people from the city council the day after tomorrow. It'll be Lars-Erik Rådman and Gunilla Nelson, who will get to go into details. It's gonna be a proper election special, so don't miss it! Let's finish off today with a pretty bit called Hope - Time to say goodbye. Best of luck to all of you out there. And remember - The farmer is needed.

* Hope - Time to say goodbye (Acoustic cover) plays *

Static



CONFLICT PLAY REFERENCE

Tips for escalating a conflict or a tough situation:

- Pressure, assume, challenge, argue, judge
- Dictate what the other should do or feel
- Speak for the other or put words in their mouth
- Joke about what happened
- Victim blame
- Play devil's advocate
- Minimize the severity of what has happened
- Ask "why didn't you do X, Y, Z?"
- Make excuses for what happened
- Make it about you and your problems instead
- Put them in a position where they have to manage your emotions
- Be impatient

Example situations:

- A member of the camp has gotten pregnant unexpectedly, and it could be a problem
- A member of the camp has lost something important, like a gun or a tool
- A member of the camp is being lazy and not doing their work properly
- A member of the camp has been keeping a secret that another camp member is sick
- One person has discovered their partner has had an affair with a third
- A member of the camp has been stealing food for themselves
- A camp member feels unfairly treated, and is thinking about leaving
- A camp member feels like they do more work than others, but gets less in return

RELATIONSHIP SUGGESTIONS

For use in workshopping, if players need suggestions/ideas for relationships. In earlier workshops these were put in a bowl at random and players could pick and judge if it felt like a good idea to build on. Feel free to add your own.

- Were ambushed together
- Had a romantic relationship go bad
- Were in an accident together
- One saved the other's life
- One let the other down/failed to help the other when they needed it the most
- Secret lovers
- Were in a serious physical fight once
- Always arguing/at odds with each other
- One once stole from the other
- In love with the same person
- Keeping a secret stash from the other camp members
- One took care of the other when they were ill
- Had to get through a severe gas attack together
- Always defend each other in conflicts
- One bullies the other
- Had to bury someone together
- Unrequited love between the two
- Frequently talk about hopes and dreams together
- One always wants to protect the other
- Always try to make each other look bad / rivals
- Had to kill someone together
- Emotionally codependent
- Were in a serious argument once
- Pretending that they aren't totally into each other
- Fake friends / toxic relationship

CAMP LIST

List of when people arrived at the camp / deaths. Use this list to note down player names and relationships.

11 years ago, camp founding:

Anders/Andrea - Builder ()

Relationship:

10 years ago:

Mats/Maria - Head of security ()

Relationship:

Ann/Antti - Farmer ()

Relationship:

8 years ago:

Petra/Paul - Medic ()

Relationship:

(Terese, a young girl brought by Petra/Paul)

Gun/Gustav - Cook ()

Relationship:

(Henka, friend to Oskar/Emma, David and Gun/Gustav)

Oskar/Emma - Woodcutter ()

Relationship:

(David, Oskar's/Emma's brother)

Nynäs - Hunter ()

Relationship:

7 years ago:

Wera/Wille - Gatherer/Cook's assistant ()

Relationship:

Moa/Markus - Fisher ()

Relationship:

Jones - Quartermaster ()

Relationship:

(Kerstin, Jones's cousin)

6 years :

Alex - Weapon expert ()
Relationship:

Kaj/Camilla - Scout ()
Relationship:

Robert/Ramona - Chemist ()
Relationship:

Mick - Salvager ()
Relationship:

Nina/Niklas - Salvager ()
Relationship:

5 years:

(Henka leaves the camp)

Jules - Salvager ()
Relationship:

Johan/Johanna - Technician ()
Relationship:

Dan/Daniela - Mechanic ()
Relationship:

Peter/Patricia - Scout ()
Relationship:

Lea - Patcher ()
Relationship:

4 years :

(Kerstin & Terese die from the Hydra)

Becka/Benny - Farmer ()
Relationship:

Ivana/Ivan - Trapper ()
Relationship:

3 years :

(David dies during an assault by Red Ravens)

PLAYER QUESTIONNAIRE

This list can be used if you wish to give players something to use to reflect on their character and their own experience.

You, the player

What do you, the player want to get out of the LARP?

Is there something you would wish to avoid in this LARP?

Is there something that can help you develop your character and relationships? How can other players support your play?

Your character

How does your character spend their free time, when there is no work to be done?

How does your character express themselves? (clothing, decorations, creativity?)

Does your character believe in something bigger than themselves? If so, do they share it?

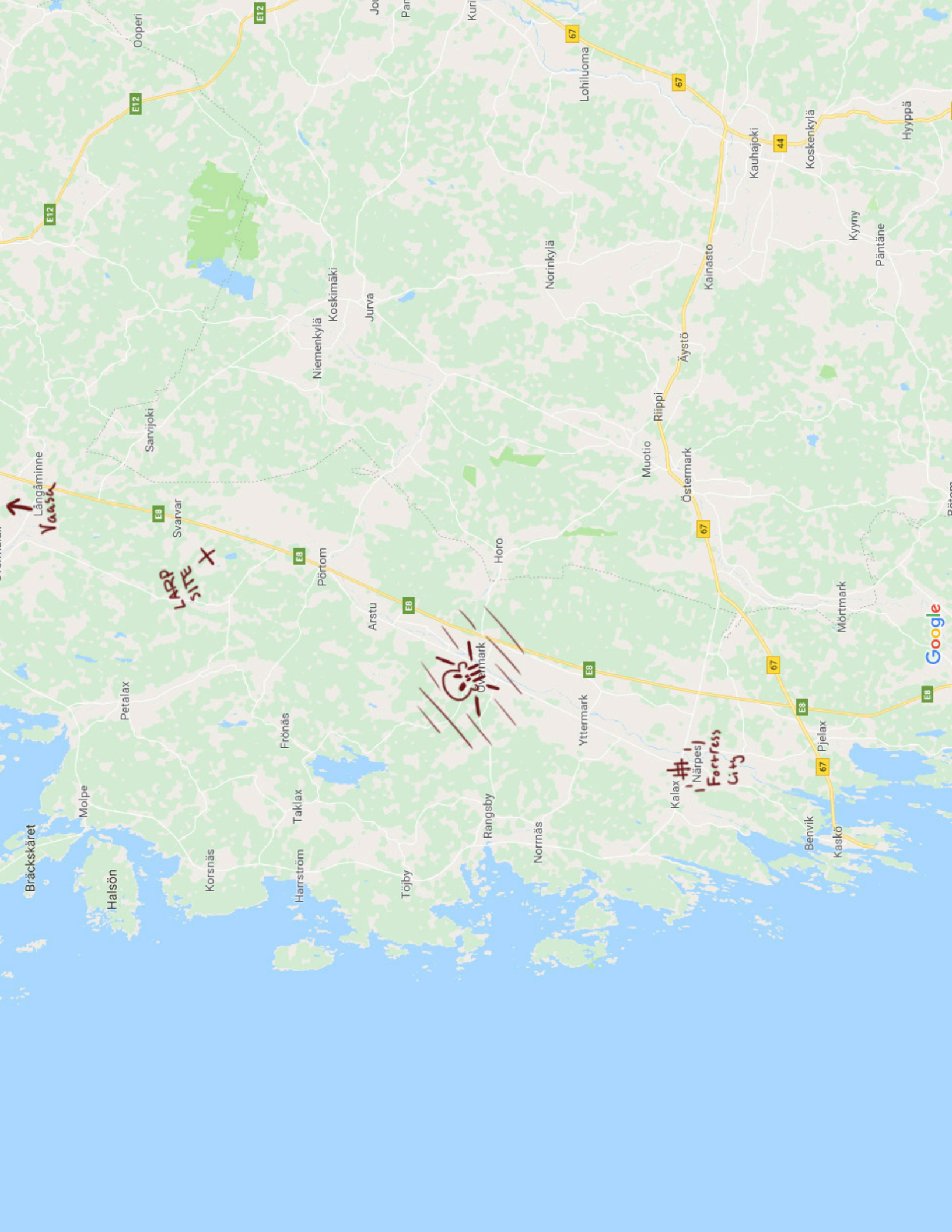
Does your character live in the now, or do they often think about other places/times?

How sense- or pleasure-driven is your character?

How much does your character try to impose their values on others?

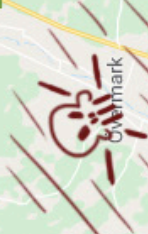
How hard does your character work? How hard do they think they work? How hard does your character tell others that they work?

Is there something that your character would never sacrifice, no matter what?



Vaasa

LAP LATE X



Kalax #1 Närpes Fortress City

Google

