



EXPLORE THE RAIN-SLICKED STREETS OF FILM NOIR.

PURSuing THE BLACKEST SECRETS OF HUMAN EVIL. ENTER A MILIEU OF DECEPTION AND CORROSION WHERE JUSTICE IS RARE, AND FLAWED... BUT SWIFT.

Cynical P.I.? Mesmerizing femme fatale? Dead-hearted hit man or pure hearted reformer raging against the dark? A Dirty World has them all. It also features...

- An entirely reworked One Roll Engine, relentlessly focussed on character.
- A unified conflict mechanic where courtroom drama, gunfights, and the duel of seduction work the same way — and blend seamlessly.
- A concrete system for character improvement. Instead of tracking abstract points, your character improves instantly, in response to her triumphs and traumas.
- A system for sparking convoluted noir plots with a single die roll.

Some regret probing the darkest depths of the human heart, but can you look away?

THE MYSTERIES ARE WAITING.

A DIRTY WORLD

Sample file

Greg
Stolze

This book is dedicated to the memory of Thomas Manning.
He was a good gamer, a better artist, and my close friend.

I miss him.

Sample file

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TWO MONTHS AGO SHE WALKED INTO MY OFFICE IN BOSTON, PUT THAT LITTLE CHIN IN THE AIR AND ASKED ME TO FIND HER FATHER. TODAY WE'RE IN PHILADELPHIA, IN A GRAVEYARD.

Two years ago, I wanted to disappear and never be found.

It was after the war, two years ago, I'd made some enemies and not many friends. I was an MP. Traded in one set of initials for another, became a PI. I don't carry a gun, don't look for trouble. Cheating spouses and missing persons put food on my table.

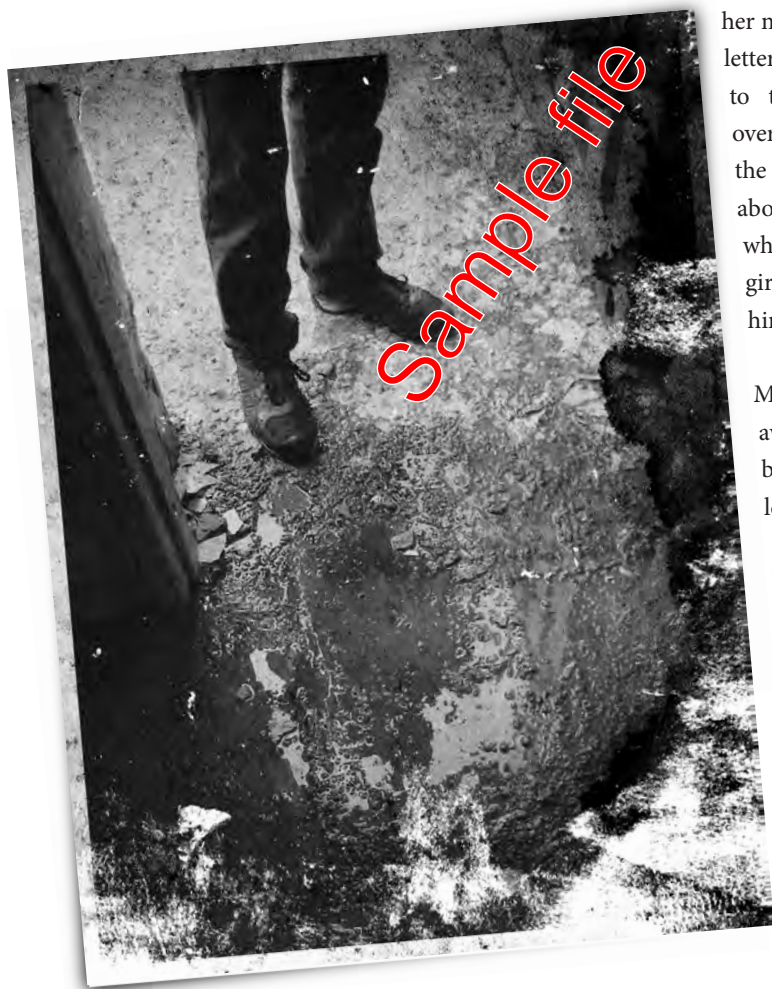
She had a missing person, two months ago. Ian Muldoon, the dad she never knew.

Her mom told her every rotten thing you could think of — Muldoon was no good, a cheat, a bum, ran out when she got pregnant. Her nicest word for him was 'boxer.' My client hinted to me, that her mom had hinted to her about being raped.

Only it wasn't true. After her mom died, she found the letters. Ian Muldoon, writing to the mom, apologizing over and over, referring to the money he sent, asking about the baby, was it okay, what was its name, boy or girl, could she at least tell him it was healthy?

"I'll keep my promise," Muldoon wrote. "I'll stay away until you let me back. But please, please let me back."

Her mom must have been some tough piece of work. So I had 'Ian Muldoon,' the name. I had a photograph — bulky kid, cocky smile, gloves up like Sullivan,



but the eyes confused and hurt. I had 'boxer,' started in Boston. Letters postmarked D.C., jokes about maybe boxing for the president, then New York, then nothing.

She came in two months ago and said, "I want to know what happened," and that chin, fragile and defiant, any decent man would half fall in love seeing that. Just for a moment.

Two years ago, I was getting letters too. My mother, father, sister... I didn't write back. I was some tough piece of work.

I went to D.C., talked to boxers, heard about Muldoon – a withstander, slow, solid counterpunch to the gut but really all he could do was last. No flash, no flair, just a chump who could promise at least three rounds, no matter how much punishment the other guy dished up.

No one in New York had heard about Ian Muldoon, but they knew 'Mully,' a thick guy who could take a beating. Quiet type, kept to himself.

Five years ago, the letters stopped coming to my client's mom. Five years ago I was in the Fatherland. I had to shoot a U.S. soldier who wouldn't come peacefully. He lived, was acquitted of raping some thirteen-year-old frau, but got twenty years for assaulting an officer.

Two years ago, my client's mama got sick, died. Two months ago, my client found the letters while cleaning out the attic. Today, we've finally found the grave site the old cut man showed me.

"He didn't give up on you," I say. I went through those letters, each one like a punch to the ribs. In New York they were dumber than in D.C. By the time he wrote about trying his luck elsewhere, he couldn't spell 'Philadelphia.'

"He had a manager, but I couldn't find the guy," I say. "Everyone else just called him 'mumbles.'" I show her the picture. A vacant lot of a face, all the pieces in the right places but so pounded and leathered by gloves and canvas that it wasn't quite human. Like a bad painting of an ugly man. Only the eyes are the same, wounded and baffled.

The tombstone says, I'M IN PHILADELPHIA, AND IT'S RAINING.

"That's all he could remember, at the end," I say. I don't tell her about the other letters, the ones her mother wrote. Maybe that tombstone's enough. If she's still lost, needs to push harder, I'll bring them out. I hope I don't have to.

In Germany I saw a man shot by a firing squad for stealing a teapot. He lifted his chin at the end. My client lifts hers, graceful as a sculpture, and looks at me.

She has her father's eyes.