



# TILDA

AGING STREETWALKER





# THE TURN OF MIDNIGHT WATERS

## TILDA

TILDA JOBBINS

AGING STREETWALKER

AGE 36

### SPECIAL SKILLS:

Strength of Will .....	65
Underworld Chatter .....	30
Survive the Street .....	55
No! No! Fucking No! .....	70
I Orta Job ya! .....	60
Blue Tongue (Make Sailor Blush) ..	70
Assess Person .....	55
Care for Kev .....	35

EDUCATION: Primary school.

### POSSESSIONS:

Battered suitcase with remaining belongings, rabbit skin coat, jewelled broach from mother, five shilling sniffs of cocaine, Sweet Tooth pain-relieving powder, pipe and tobacco.

### CHARACTERISTICS

STR 35	CON 35	SIZ 35
INT 85	POW 55	DEX 55
APP 45	EDU 40	SAN 41

### HEALTH

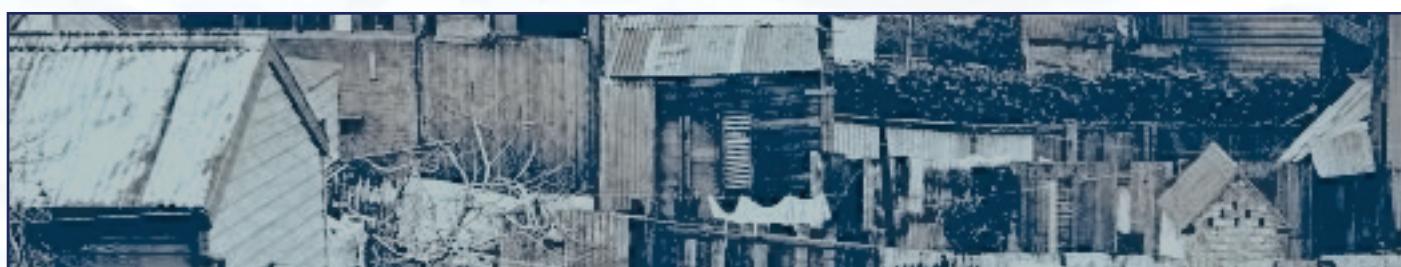
- Dead as a Maggot
- Crook as Rookwood
- Completely Rooted
- Sick as a Dog
- A Bit Buggered
- Hearty
- Absolutely Stoked

### VITALITY

- Unconscious
- Woozy
- Dazed
- Head-achy
- Fine
- Magnetic
- Masterly

### SANITY

INSANE	0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17
	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	
	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50		
	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66		
	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82		
	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	



# CALL ME TILDA

Your name is Tilda, or Tidda. Never Tilley. You hate Tilley. You hate *her*.

Razorhurst is full of fearful things. The Welfare. The cops. The nuns. But mostly the Welfare. They will vag you and take you and clean you and shave your head and lock you and enslave you a job and god you up. They will kill your soul. The Welfare.

There are also drunks and sailors and bludgers and cops and mobs of boys who will kick you to the ground. But mostly it's the Welfare.

Marina Shrouds runs the docks now, and her war against Tilley Devine is hotting up. *You hope Shrouds kills the uppity bitch.* Razorhurst has become even more dangerous.

Life wasn't always like this. Once there were the pretty houses. Once there were the fine dresses. Once there were the parties and the dancing, and the fine gentlemen who led you discretely upstairs to a fine and private place.

*Whatever you want my dear. Whatever you say.*

Then there were houses not so fine, men not so gentle, cut of a rougher grain; seaman and dock workers and harried, furtive husbands. Angry men, violent men, men who took you into dirty rooms with soiled mattresses. You worked for Tilley then, at a Cowper Street brothel. She worked you hard. The working girls there were older, more desperate, or new Chinese girls bought in on the ships.

The game wore you down. You needed help to keep going. Tilley gave. But Tilley took. *And took and took and took.* All of your money was spent on the snow lady just to get through. Drugged-out girls are placid, easier to manage.

Then came the day, you finally stood up to Tilley Devine. *Stood up to the fat slag's face.*

It cost you dearly. You suddenly found yourself just a homeless slapper with a face like a dropped pie and a white powder problem. On the pull. On the street. On the dope. Stinking rooms rented for a week or a night. The cold embrace of the gutter. The endless fear of being robbed, being bashed, being forgotten.

And with Tilley's mob liable to cut you on sight.

Fumbles in the dark.

*Whatever you want my dear. Whatever you say.*

Yes, you're bitter. Angry. But also aggressive, determined, as foul-mouthed as you need to be. Show weakness and you're dead. You're a survivor, angrily screaming out "No! No! No!" to the universe.

It's the anger that keeps you alive, that on good days makes life worth living. You keep looking for that magic moment. For the moments of beauty. The moments of joy.

Scrubbed up, you can still get into a pub. Into the ladies parlour with the old crones and pregnant young girls. A few bob for a gin and a bet on the horses. Some warmth, a pipe, a few hours of feeling safe.

You've always kept your mother's brooch. It's your secret, your connection to a happy past and a symbol of hope for the future. A symbol of escape. But escape where? Face it, Razorhurst is all you'll ever have.

There is a statue in Federation Park, not far from the family squat on the edge of Choker's Lane. It's a beautiful thing, an angel carved from iridescent marble, a remembrance to people murdered long ago. You often spend hours there, for the angel is a protectress, she gives hope to the hopeless. You have often pondered the statue's inscription: 'We shall ascend together'.

It haunts your dreams.

And now you have heard stories of a real angel high above the midnight streets, looking down on those she loves.

'We shall ascend together.'

*Whatever you want my dear. Whatever you say.*

## PEOPLE

### THE FAMILY

**Kev:** a black alcoholic; he tries to take care of his friends.

**Sandy:** an ex-Digger suffering fits, really on the edge. Sandy makes Tilda nervous. It's the uniform. But Sandy tries to take care of Tilda.

**Dolors:** a former mental patient, still lost in her own world.

**Bluey:** a larrikin gang member, hiding from someone.

## OTHERS

**Sergeant Lillian Armfield:** a decent female copper.

**Tilley Devine:** vice queen, 'the wickedest woman in Sydney'. You hate her.

**Marina Shrouds:** an ambitious crime boss, leader of the Choker's Lane Push, enemy to Tilley Devine. She may be as bad as Tilley. She may be worse. You don't care.

**Wooly Ma Lou:** 'Aunty Lou' is an eccentric thespian and well-known street personality. She has probably been arrested more times than Tilly Devine. She owes you ten bob.

## WORKS

**Vag:** to arrest someone as a vagrant.

**Bludger:** a pimp.