

A close-up, profile view of a woman's face, showing her left eye, nose, and mouth. She has long, dark hair and is wearing a light-colored, patterned headband. Her expression is one of distress or fear. The background is a dark, choppy sea.

THE TURN OF MIDNIGHT WATERS

TRAUMA
STORYLINE
PHENOMENON 2016

We create ourselves. We create our stories, our meanings, our beliefs. Sometimes, we even do this consciously.

In our personal stories, we paint our actions and motivations as black and white, good or evil. In reality though, our thoughts and lives are etched a thousand shades of grey.

We are creatures of contradiction, of self-deception.

We live in fear. Fear of others, fear of being seen the fool, fear of sex, fear of ageing, fear of death. And anger, another kind of fear: the endless inchoate anger at the expectations of men, the defiance of women. Fear brings paralysis. Fear brings self-deception, self-defeat.

And life, life... is very hard. Survival is very hard. You have killed off large parts of yourself, numbed and drugged and drank and denied those aspects of body and soul that cause all the shame and pain.

What is left? You have your stories.

You have abandoned hope. You have suppressed your dreams.

You still have your stories.

What would be left if even your stories died?



PHENOMENON CHARACTERS

TRAUMA

Kooris, streetwalkers, alcos, shell-shocked diggers and other lost souls attempt to survive on the streets of Razorhurst and the Cross, watching from the sidelines as the world goes to hell.

An intense, character-driven game with lots of room for personal storytelling.
(<R> by consultation).

- ♀ **Tilda Jobbins**—ageing street walker.
- ♀ **Dolors Smith**—delusional former asylum inmate.
- ♀ **Bluey Wash**—street larrikin in hiding.
- ♀ **Kev Backhouse**—alcoholic rent boy.
- ♀ **Sandy Scott**—troubled former digger.

These characters are wounded.

These characters are broken.

These characters are human.

You have to respect their world.

You have to understand their lives.

You have to love them.

"Life can be good. You just need to catch the moment.

Everyone is looking for *the moment*. Anyone can find it.

Find it even in the simplest things."

—Kev Backhouse.



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		
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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 Tilley Devine. She owes you ten bob.

WORDS

Vag: to arrest someone as a vagrant.

Bludger: a pimp.



DOLORS

THE MADWOMAN



THE TURN OF MIDNIGHT WATERS

DOLORS

DOLORS JANE SMITH

EX-ASYLUM INMATE

AGE: EARLY FIFTIES?

SPECIAL SKILLS:

Streets of Razorhurst	60
Scrounge, Beg or Steal.....	20
Insight	55
Strength of Will.....	40
Recognise Smell.....	55
Recognise Sound.....	60
Care for Sandy.....	40
Forgotten Skill.....??	

EDUCATION: Unknown.

POSSESSIONS:

Gold chain, frayed carpet bag, pension booklet, random newspaper articles, postcards, cigarette stubs.

CHARACTERISTICS

STR	40	CON	35	SIZ	40
INT	45	POW	90	DEX	55
APP	40	EDU	??	SAN	24

HEALTH

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- 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
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CALL ME DOLORS

The gold chain is all that you have from *before*. It tells you that you are real. You cling to it so hard it might be part of your flesh.

You have survived. And through it all you have retained a sense of grace, striking bones behind a ravaged face. You must have been beautiful, once.

Yet now.... nothing. An aging madwoman, a beggar too poor to afford even a simple room, given to violent fits and outbursts, unconsciously repeating the phrases of others as they speak.

Emotions and sensations seem distant, you experience the world through a tunnel, through a fog. Your eyes near ruined, you rely on smell and sound to assist your failing sight.

And you wait for the Sickness to return.

You hate this place. You hate all the violence and squalor and poverty that confronts you on every street. Yet it draws you to itself. You cannot leave. The Harbour, the 'Loo, the Cross: noisy streets and factory smoke and brilliant winter sunlight, the soft sea-smell of salt and life and death.

Razorhurst.

Even the hateful blue angel statue in Federation Park calls you, mocks you. It holds a secret.

Perhaps you knew these streets once, in another life. Before the amnesia, the madness, the horrors of the asylum, a time when you had family, friends, an occupation perhaps, a dream.

A name.

Lost now. Lost forever. In July 1907, the police found you wandering on a cold winter's night through the streets of Razorhurst: bleeding, traumatised, bereft of memory or sense.

A Jane Smith. Another piece of refuse from the streets.

For nearly two decades you remained incarcerated within the terrifying walls of Callam Park Asylum, enduring the isolation, the horrors of electro-convulsive and cold water therapy, the numbing medications, the casual brutality of your keepers, the torture and madness of your own despair. In that terrible place you had no visitors, no family or friends.

You had no name.

Screaming in the dark.

In treating you, the doctors insisted you deny the only thing you had left: your sense of self.

For you believed you were from a different world. A future world. You believed you fought monsters.

Slowly, you came to accept your delusions for what they were, a comforting madness, a shield against a reality you could not face. A Sickness. Through long and terrible years, you made progress, progress enough to granted release.

You gave yourself a new name. Dolors. *Sorrow.*

They gave you back the gold chain.

Your tiny pension was too small for food and shelter both. Drawn to Razorhurst despite yourself, you found yourself living on the streets.

But you have found a family of sorts, even if they are as broken and shattered as yourself.

On good days there is laughter, and music, which has the power to transport you. Music stolen from a gramophone by a window, a distant piano-roll, or muffled melodies from inside a public bar. Music to make you dance.

That moment can be eternal. Even if it lasts just a second.

Places here seem familiar, yet the memories are elusive: William Street, Choker's Lane, Woolloomooloo. Flashes of sensation without context or meaning. You watch the coming of the new. New buildings, new shops, new people. You think you know them. You think you remember them.

The Sickness is returning.

And you sense a presence that haunts Razorhurst, As faint as a scent, or a shadow. Something terrible.

The Sickness is returning. Your delusions will once again take hold.

They will vag you. Certify you again. The Welfare will lock you up forever.

No one will know you ever existed.

Screaming in the dark.

PEOPLE

THE FAMILY

Kev: a black alcoholic; he tries to take care of people.

Sandy: a shellshocked ex-Digger, really on the edge. He needs your care.

Tilda: a junkie streetwalker, living rough.

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'.

Marina Shrouds: an ambitious crime boss, leader of the Choker's Lane Push, rival to Tilley Devine.



BLUEY

LARRIKIN THIEF



THE TURN OF MIDNIGHT WATERS

BLUEY

MICHAEL 'BLUEY' WASH

LARRIKIN THIEF

AGE 19

SPECIAL SKILLS

Walk Plunkett St. after Dark	70
Streets of Razorhurst	80
Chuck a Micky / Dish out a Good Hiding	75
Street Beak (streetwise)	65
Fingersmith (pickpocket)	45
Irish Graffiti (throw rock)	70

EDUCATION

None.

POSSESSIONS

Cut throat razor, chaff bag with dirty clothes, hidden caches of valuables (currency and cheap jewels and bric-a-brac fit for pawning), pawn tickets, cigarette papers, tobacco.

CHARACTERISTICS

STR	80	CON	60	SIZ	45
INT	40	POW	40	DEX	75
APP	50	EDU	30	SAN	36

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
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CALL ME BLUEY

Bluey has a face scarred by endless street brawls. Bluey has a splendid mop of ginger hair. Bluey needs to shave it off.

Bluey is a larrikin, a member of the Dock Rats, a Woolloomooloo push, a territorial street gang. Bluey walks down Plunkett Street feeling proud, feeling like a pig in shit.

But Bluey can't be Bluey anymore. Bluey can't be Michael.

Bluey has to be someone else. Bluey has to hide.

Marina Shrouds is a new vice queen in Razorhurst, a rival to old Tilley Devine. And Marina Shrouds' gangsters—the Choker's Lane Push—are looking for Bluey. Looking hard. Driving round in their big black cars, hurting Bluey's friends, threatening everyone who knows him, offering money to dob him in.

Bluey doesn't know why. The Dock Rats have always hated the organised crime gangs who run Razorhurst, but it's never been personal.

This is personal. This is ugly. This could be deadly.

Bluey is hiding in the Cross. Anyone can hide in the Cross.

Bluey won't leave Razorhurst. Bluey's not been beyond the City his entire life.

Bluey always feels safest on the streets. Bluey knows the secrets of the streets.

Bluey is tough. Bluey knows how to look out for himself. Bluey can be good to his friends.

Blue can get angry. Bluey can get violent.

Bluey can be a total shit.

Bluey knows how to fight. Bluey's fought nearly everyone. Bluey knows how to take a beating. Bluey's dad gave him lots of practice.

Bluey hates drunks. Bluey knows about rumbling drunks.

And Bluey's learned to slash with a razor. Bluey could be a hard man.

Bluey knows about petty theft.

Bluey hides stuff—packets of money and jewels and trinkets you can pawn. It's worth a fair bit. Bluey isn't sure exactly how much; he's never been good with numbers. Or with letters.

Bluey has already found himself a bolt hole, an upper-storey room off William Street. It's a weird place, he can't say why exactly. Cold. It gets on your nerves if you stay too long.

Bluey is feeling a bit crook.

And now Bluey has new friends. Street people. Family. People who can keep a secret.

Bluey likes to tell stories. Bluey needs to tell stories about himself. Bluey likes to brag.

Bluey can laugh. Bluey can joke. Bluey can mock. Bluey can bully and sneer.

Bluey is terribly afraid.

Bluey needs help. Bluey needs to ask for help.

Bluey needs to earn some trust.

PEOPLE

THE NEW FRIENDS

Kev: a black alcoholic with his head always in a stupid book.

Sandy: a shellshocked ex-Digger, really on the edge.

Tilda: an old junkie streetwalker.

Dolors: a mad woman, not quite right.

THE DOCK RATS

Doreen Lake: Bluey's doonah, his girl.

Birnie Flynn: Bluey's best mate, a pickpocket.

OTHERS

Sergeant Lillian Armfield: a woman copper.

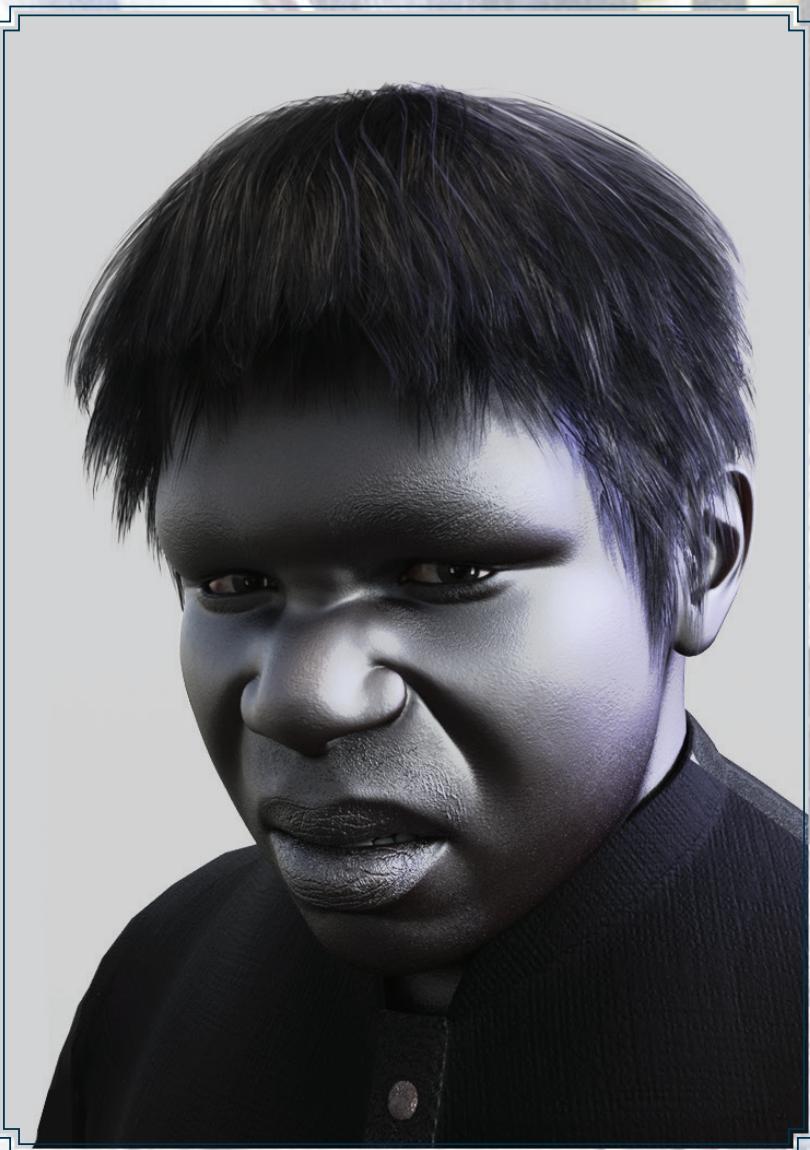
Tilley Devine: vice queen, 'the wickedest woman in Sydney'. Tilley is a tough old mole, but she can be alright.

Marina Shrouds: an ambitious crime boss, leader of the Choker's Lane Push, rival to Tilley Devine. Her toughs are hunting you.



K E V

ALCOHOLIC RENT BOY



THE TURN OF MIDNIGHT WATERS

KEV

KEVIN 'KEV' BACKHOUSE

ALCOHOLIC RENT BOY

AGE 27

SPECIAL SKILLS:

Streets of Razorhurst	45
Explosion of Anger	75
Lighten Atmosphere.....	65
Solicit Trick.....	35
Compulsive Reader.....	70
Slingshot of Pigeon Carking	55
Care for Dolors	65

EDUCATION: Secondary
(Mission).

POSSESSIONS:

Dirty swag, candle stubs (stolen from churches), matches, tobacco, battered books, slingshot and stones.

'The Unreality of Time' by John M.E. McTaggart, a pamphlet given Kev by Wooly Ma Lou.

CHARACTERISTICS

STR 40	CON 35	SIZ 40
INT 70	POW 80	DEX 55
APP 30	EDU 60	SAN 62

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
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CALL ME KEN

Listen Cuz. This city's one great scary place. Big Smoke's not for me.

Maybe one day, I'll be someplace else. Don't know where, don't know when.

But I'm a city boy now. Maybe always.

It's not so bad, most days.

I know to live one day at a time. Look after meself. Look after others. Have a good time. Read books. I'm one lucky bugger. I've got a place to sleep, got friends to watch out for me, and when things get rough, I got the grog. Plenty of grog.

I'm Mission raised, up Lismore way. They made me one good christian boy. They taught me to read, to write. To take care of people.

I'm not a godbotherer now though. Saw too much. Heard too much. Felt too much.

I love to read. Read anything. Book reading takes me different places, different times. When I can't sleep, all a-shiver, when me stomach is growlin', book takes me away.

You need to watch out for me though. I'm one moody shit. There are times when I hate himself, hate everyone around me.

Gubbers treat you like a child, like you're stupid, like you're dirty. You can't scrub out the black. Doesn't matter who you are, Gubbers just see the skin, either fear you or hate you. They remember Cutter Joe. They remember the Reaper. They look at me and they see him. See all the blood.

Best to act stupid around them. Best to act placid. Best not to react to what they say, no matter what.

So some days, I got shame. Dirty shame.

Somedays, the shame makes me angry. On those days, best you steer clear.

I can't find no work, now the grog is taking me down.

I get hungry. Pigeon can be good tucker. I've got me a slingshot. But not many pigeons left in Razorhurst. So maybe I steal, maybe I beg, maybe I cut wood in exchange for a feed.

When the big ships come in, and the streets are full of sailors and wharfies all flush with cash, sometimes I'll clean myself up and turn tricks in alleys and empty houses. A

cheap rent-boy, doing the trade. Down the wharf, down Green Park. I can make me some money, for grog, for food. Or for a big bet on a horse that's one sure winner.

One day at a time. Just lookin' for little bits of beauty, make it all worthwhile. Carin' for people. Just trying to get by until the ghost ferry comes to take me Burramatta way. Till then, I gotta be strong.

PEOPLE

THE FAMILY

I've got me a family. Bunch of no-hopers, just like me. When I can, I try and make sure they're not too hungry, not too sick, not too fucked up by grog or dope. I try to raise their spirits, make jokes, tell stories, keep 'em safe and fed. It's never easy.

But it's all I got.

Sandy: a shell-shocked former Digger, really on the edge.

Tilda: a junkie streetwalker, living rough.

Dolors: a former mental patient, not quite right. She needs close looking after.

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'.

Marina Shrouds: an ambitious crime boss, leader of the Choker's Lane Push, rival to Tilley Devine.

Wooly Ma Lou: Mad gubber street lady who sings on the street and sometimes dreams the secret places. She gave me a book, from a secret library. Can't make head or tail of it. She says she'll take me to the library.

Baralini: seeming immortal Gadigal elder, clever woman of high degree. Fearful and mysterious, Baralini knows the old Law of the southern shore, the hidden songlines of the ancestors. It is dangerous to approach her, for she is a sorcerer, and her people are all dead.

WORDS

Gubber: a white person.



S A N D Y

SHELL-SHOCKED DIGGER



THE TURN OF MIDNIGHT WATERS

S A N D Y

ANDREW 'SANDY' SCOTT

HOMELESS EX-DIGGER

AGE 34

SPECIAL SKILLS:

Spare a Bob for a Digger	
Down on His Luck, Mate?	60
On the Front We Learned	65
Lets Show Fritz What We're	
Made Of	80
Strategic Retreat (run away) ...	45

Cheer up Cobber	
(squad morale).....	55
Care for Tilda.....	55

EDUCATION:

Primary.

POSSESSIONS:

Dirty kitbag, old military greatcoat with beer bottles in pockets, small package wrapped in newspaper and string, cigarette stubs.

CHARACTERISTICS

STR	65	CON	35	SIZ	55
INT	45	POW	35	DEX	55
APP	35	EDU	30	SAN	28

HEALTH

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- Crook as Rookwood
- Completely Rooted
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- 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
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CALL ME SANDY

Sandy is an ex-digger. Sandy is a bit shell-shocked. Sandy is a tall, lanky, blonde bastard. Sandy is a a bit of a screamer.

Sandy's memory is a bit crook.

Sandy thinks he might have won the Victoria Cross.

Sandy used to have a wife and a daughter. Sandy feels sad when he thinks about them. They're probably dead. Or maybe they just don't want to see him.

Sometimes Sandy thinks he's a ghost, haunting the dirty streets of Razorhurst. People don't see him. People ignore him. But the pain is too great, the hunger too real, the nights too cold for Sandy to be a a dinkum ghost. Dinkum ghosts don't cough up blood.

Sandy thinks he's a ghost-in progress.

Yet with a touch of sunlight and two bob in his pocket, Sandy can be a cheeky, defiant larrikin, a real card.

Life can be good. You just need to find the *moment*.

She'll be right. No worries mate.

Sandy hates the grog. Grog makes Sandy crook.

Sandy drinks a lot of grog.

Sandy is always carrying a greasy packet wrapped in newspaper. Sandy doesn't remember what's in it. Sandy is afraid to open it. He knows it contains his final reward.

Sometimes Sandy goes off. Its the nerves. *Anything* can set it off: a loud noise, an act of violence, too many people all at once. Sometimes just life's rough and tumble. Sometimes nothing at all. Sandy screams apparently, shits himself, makes a bit of bother. That's when Sandy thinks he's back in the trenches, cringing low under the restless thunder-scream of the whizzbangs, sobbing midst the rats and the mud and the wire, with all his cobbers cut into pieces.

Sandy never remembers going off. He just feels really crook afterwards.

Sandy thinks he was in Egypt. Sandy thinks he was at Gallipoli. Sandy remembers a machine gun nest, a .303 and bayonet, and a battledress blouse soaked in the blood of too many men.

Sandy wants to remember.

Sandy wishes he could forget.

Sandy has killed a few wogs in his time. Doesn't like 'em one bit. Coupla' Germans too. A good Catholic boy, Sandy knows God will forgive him, because Sandy killed them all for King and Country.

Sandy hates to fight. Fighting makes Sandy sick to the stomach.

PEOPLE

6TH COMPANY, 6TH BATTALION

Sandy has a family of sorts: The Last Company. Tilda, Dolors, Kev. They look out for each other. They take care of each other. Kev is black, but decent enough. Drunks can't be too proud.

Sandy tries to keep morale high.

Kev: a black bastard, an alcoholic; he tries to take care of people.

Tilda: a junkie streetwalker, living rough. Tilda is more scared of Sandy than she need be. Tilda needs Sandy's care.

Dolors: a woman from the asylum, classy, but off with the pixies half the time.

Bluey: a larrikin gang member, hiding from someone.

Yeah, Bluey. Bluey is on the run. Bluey is hiding from someone. Bluey wants to be part of the Last Company. But Sandy has encountered Bluey before. Bluey and his gang mates rumbled Sandy bad and left him for dead in a Woolloomooloo gutter. Sandy remembers. Sandy won't forget.

OTHERS

Sergeant Lillian Armfield: a decent female copper.

Tilley Devine: vice queen, 'the wickedest woman in Sydney'.

Marina Shrouds: an ambitious crime boss, leader of the Choker's Lane Push, rival to Tilley Devine.

JOSEPH 'CUTTER' ELKIN, THE DARLINGHURST REAPER

The Cutter. The Black Reaper. The Bastard from the Bush. Little is known of Joe Elkin in life or in death. But nearly twenty years on, his monstrous deeds still cast a dark shadow over inner Sydney.

The Cutter murdered seventeen innocents on the streets of Razorhurst in a brutal three month outbreak of bloody terror. Silent, invisible, and utterly ruthless, he chose only the most wretched and friendless denizens of the gutter as his victims.

Elkin was born to rural poverty in northern NSW, the son of an Aboriginal servant woman. At age thirteen he joined a rail gang working out of Moree, working as a fettler and acquiring the prescient nickname of 'Cutter'. By 1906 he was working at the Redfern rail yards in inner Sydney. Always a heavy drinker, in the Big Smoke Elkin grew increasingly isolated and depressed, given to solitary vices. Losing his job, he became another homeless transient on the streets of the Cross.

Over three months in 1907, Elkin murdered some thirteen men and four women on the streets of Razorhurst, firstly on nights of the full moon, and then over a final blood-soaked week in late July.

He despatched his victims using a long, razor-sharp blade. There were no witnesses to the murders, and tragically, few of the victims were ever formally identified. Police stated they were foreign seamen, isolated prostitutes, or homeless itinerants.

Fear came to Sydney. The fear of a parent for a child overdue, the fear of a lonely walk on a deserted street. The scale of the obscenity was monstrous. The press and public railed against police incompetence and endemic corruption. Razorhurst residents formed neighbourhood patrols and prayer vigils.

The Cutter was arrested by a citizens watch on the night of 25 July 1907. Soaked in blood and screaming obscenities, he was apprehended just minutes after the discovery of the final victim.

According to official reports, he committed suicide that night in the cells of Darlinghurst Police Station. Joe Elkin took his grisly secrets to the grave.

THE BLUE ANGEL



The Blue Angel is the secular guardian symbol of Sydney, decried by the established churches but embraced by artists and the poor. She is patron of the downtrodden and the happy-go-lucky, representing unfettered joy and open sensuality. Theosophists have named her Pacificus, the Guardian of the Harbour.

The Angel first appeared in poetry, sculpture and painting a few years before the Great War. She entered public consciousness with Erica Vandeerzee's famous Federation Park sculpture in Kings Cross, dedicated to the unidentified victims of the Darlinghurst Reaper. That sculpture bears the haunting inscription, 'We shall all ascend together'. It is carved from a unique blue marble raised from underwater outcrops off Western Australia's Kimberly coast.

From the beginning, representations of the Angel have portrayed her with a benign, though featureless, face, naked or with a blue flowing robe, and with three pairs of wings.

