

A SCI-FI SETTING FOR LITTLE FEARS:

—CRY HAVOC—

you're not scared; are you, soldier?

BY T S LUIKART

DO YOU BELIEVE?

The graffiti now appears from Timbuktu to Los Angeles, from Istanbul to New York; in English, in Kanji, in Arabic, in Thai, in every language, in every tongue.

DO YOU BELIEVE?

The year is 2046 and the long war between the children of Humanity and the forces of Closetland has taken a decidedly different turn. Many adults now know that the monsters are real. Others claim that they know nothing but delusion; that they are insane to willfully endanger the children they profess to love.

A rallying cry to some, a horrible sign of the times to others:

DO YOU BELIEVE?

How it Began

Every generation or so, an individual is born that changes the face of science—the scintillant anomaly, the wunderkind, who pushes the boundaries of what is known, of what is possible. Such a man was Ishikawa Kijuro, a brilliant Japanese neurochemist who brought forth half a dozen revolutionary techniques in the fusion of neurology and technology by age 25. Dr. Ishikawa believed that the pathways of the mind could be mapped and, if one but had the proper key, tapped into. Some whispered that he went too far, that his theories and methods were unsound. But the profits from his inventions seemed limitless and the powers that be in the conglomerate companies and governments of the day that benefited from his work silenced any opposition, a policy that a few of them have since come to regret. Despite a life of near-constant research, Kijuro fell in love with and married fellow scientist Shin Utako and together they had a daughter, Emi. Not long after, Utako died in a car accident, and Kijuro had to take on the duties of a parent, alone.

Emi was a sweet and kindhearted little girl, and her father loved her to distraction. When she turned six, she began to experience a series of violent nightmares and seizures, which she claimed were caused by an Oni, a Japanese demon. Kijuro tried everything he could think of to cure her, but nothing seemed to work. Kijuro's standing in the scientific community, as well as his money, brought specialists from around the world, but the girl continued to worsen, growing paler by the month. Finally, Dr. Ishikawa moved to the United Kingdom to be nearer to the world famous Great Ormond Street Children's Hospital and Emi's condition seemed to improve for a time. She claimed it was because the Oni couldn't find her. Kijuro was just happy that his little girl seemed to be on the mend. She went back to school in London and made new friends.

In the spring of 2041, Emi turned eight. Shortly after her birthday, her father awoke one night to the sound of Emi screaming, "He's found me again! He's found me!" She relapsed quickly and soon became bedridden. Nothing could be found wrong medically, but at a glance anyone could tell that the girl was dying. One day, a group of Emi's friends came to comfort her, and one of them, a boy named Jeffrey Sharp took Kijuro aside.

"Why don't you believe her, sir?" he asked.

"Believe her?"

"About the demon."

"It's just her illness," he replied.

Jeffrey shook his head slowly. "I've seen them, too." He looked back into Emi's room where one of her friends sat holding her hand. "She won't last. She's not strong enough to fight anymore."

Kijuro shook his head, at a loss for words.

Jeffrey gazed at him a long time, then sighed. "I know you don't believe me. Adults never do." He turned and walked back into Emi's room.

That night, Kijuro remained awake, Jeffrey's words running through his mind. By morning, he knew what to do. Even as he constructed his new invention, using various pieces of technology he had already developed, he thought it was crazy—but desperation leads a man down strange roads. His plan was to create a kind of neurochemical transmitter that would tap into the optic nerve's impulses, allowing one person to see what another saw. He had already been working on a similar device for military applications. If the Oni were merely a phantasm of his daughter's ailing mind, he wouldn't be able to see it.

He took his completed prototype to his daughter and explained what it was. She thanked him for believing her, to which he simply nodded. Placing painkillers around her neck and forehead, with tears in his eyes, he drove a small needle into his daughter's temple. He endured the same himself and after several hours of preparation, activated the device.

It worked.

When he closed his right eye, his left eye perceived what his daughter saw and he suddenly found himself looking at his own careworn features through his daughter's eye. Father and daughter hugged, then settled back to wait.

Nothing happened.

For three nights, Kijuro stayed with his daughter, but saw nothing. On the third night he arose to go to the bathroom and as he relieved himself, he heard his daughter scream.

On May 17th of the year 2041 at precisely 3:04 a.m. Greenwich Mean Time, Dr. Ishikawa Kijuro became the first sound adult to witness a denizen of Closetland; he closed his right eye and saw horror. A terrible scaled creature with carved ivory teeth and claws loomed over his daughter's bedside. Blazing red eyes glared down at her and, so too, at him.

And he remembered. He remembered pieces of nightmares long forgotten, pieces of childhood we all put away. He spun and charged into Emi's bedroom, but the confused impressions that assailed his mind stopped him as he entered. His left eye perceived the Oni and himself, but his right eye saw nothing but his frightened daughter. The Oni grinned down at Emi and said in a voice like cracking glass, "Another time, perhaps?" Then it disappeared, unaware that Kijuro had perceived it. He ran to his daughter and hugged her as she sobbed and, taking her little face into his hands, he looked her in the eyes and whispered: "I saw it, Emi-chan, I saw it."

That night the war began.

First Strike

Dr. Ishikawa knew he had to act swiftly to save his daughter, but he barely had any idea of where to begin. In all the old tales, fighting demons had always been the province of warriors and Kijuro knew himself to be no warrior. He was however, an exceptional scholar and as a scholar he would fight with knowledge. In the days that followed, he remodeled his lab, moving Emi's bed into it and began researching old Buddhist, Shinto and Taoist texts, hoping always to find connections. He employed several sophisticated search engines of his own design, which allowed him to rapidly correlate various myths and legends.

He found that pattern that he sought.

Energy, it was all about energy. Positive and negative furies. Yin and yang. Life and death. Kijuro conjectured that the Oni needed Emi's energy, her "life force." He suspected from the first that it was more than mere sustenance, or the demon would have long since perished due to lack of nourishment. He thought fear had something to do with it (though, to be honest, "innocence" didn't occur to him for several years) but he couldn't be certain.

But he knew what to do.

Among the various pieces of equipment he had acquired over the years, he had a prototype of a holograph projector. It was originally intended to throw complex 3D holographic images at a great range, but the good doctor believed that with a bit of judicious tinkering, and a sufficient power source, it could be turned to his purposes. He swiftly modified the device while explaining to Emi what he hoped it would do. She insisted on helping him and together they covered it with Shinto symbols drawn in colored pen and paint, then sat back to wait.

Two nights later, the Oni came for Emi. He loomed over her bed, laughing maniacally, but his laughter faltered as he regarded her. For the first time ever, she met his eyes, unafraid.

"I will make you pay for your insolence, girl," he growled.

"I don't think so, you bad thing. My Daddy is gonna kill you."

"Really?" chuckled the Oni.

"Really," stated Kijuro as he stepped from the shadows, projector at the ready. The equivalent of a muzzle flared in the darkness and a pulse of diffused light struck the Oni. It screamed in shock and horror as its right arm was sheared away by the blast. It barely had time to register the loss before it was struck again, its body unraveling under the flickering light. Its corpse collapsed into a blazing mound, which slowly faded away.

Emi ran to her father. "You did it, Daddy!" Kijuro hugged his daughter close. "No Emi-chan, we both did it." He knelt down and looked into her eyes. "But I think that this is only the beginning, my daughter."

She nodded, solemnly.

"I know, Daddy."

What to Do?

Dr. Ishikawa began researching children's ailments worldwide. He had already read about many cases similar to Emi's during her long illness, so he started there. With Kijuro's help, Emi started work on a web page, inviting kids to anonymously tell their darker true stories, the ones they knew no adult would believe. Kijuro quietly made contacts with many grieving parents and swiftly discovered just how massive the scope of the problem was. He knew he desperately needed allies, but also knew just how incredible and seemingly impossible his story was.

Never believe that only darkness holds sway in the world. Kijuro found what he sought in the very different persons of retired Colonel Nicholas Patterson and Lady Cecelia Ambrose.

Patterson had retired after a lifetime of soldiering to take care of his young grandson, Matt, after his daughter and son-in-law had been killed in an accident. Matt was afflicted with violent nightmares and "visitations" which Patterson, for all his fighting prowess, was at a loss to combat. Patterson knew of Dr. Ishikawa as he had used some of Kijuro's inventions in the field. Kijuro slowly struck up a long distance friendship with the old soldier, hinting at some of what he believed might be the cause of Matt's illness, but never stating. Patterson finally asked him point blank what he was hinting at and if there was anything he knew of that could help Matt, he'd pay any price to get it. Kijuro and Emi took a trip to the United States in early 2042 to stay with Nicholas at his Maine residence. They brought Kijuro's equipment with them. Patterson was skeptical at first, but finally agreed to use Kijuro's transmitter. Kijuro had configured it so that both of them could see through Matt's eyes.

Then they sat back to wait. It only took one night.

Kijuro discovered something unexpected that night, as Nicholas gasped at his side and Matt screamed in terror, he couldn't see what they saw. Patterson swept up his make-shift gun and proceeded to blast various points of the room, but all Kijuro could see was the flares of light, himself, and Patterson through Matt's eyes.

The transmitter required more than simple physical connection. It also required an emotional one. However, it had served its purpose. Patterson swept Matt up in his arms and looked at Kijuro with tear-filled eyes.

"Anything you want of me in this life, sir, is yours." Kijuro ran a hand through Matt's hair and gripped Patterson's arm.

"Will you help me? Will you help me stop them?"

Patterson nodded without hesitation. "Absolutely."

Kijuro soon learned that the creatures Patterson saw, for there had been several, were very different than the Oni that had loomed

over Emi's bed. Patterson declared that they were misshapen creatures, wearing bright red costumes. Over the next few days, Patterson and Kijuro made plans for the future. Patterson received blueprint copies of Kijuro's scratch-built devices, and set about making arrangements to produce more.

After a few weeks, Kijuro and Emi returned to England to find a peculiar message awaiting them. A woman named Cecelia Ambrose, a member of the gentry, wished to speak with "the Tech Seer." Dr. Ishikawa agreed to meet with Lady Ambrose on her estate. He was not prepared for what he found. Lady Ambrose was considered insane by most, in part because she claimed to be able to see ghosts and fairies and other, worse, things. Cecelia knew all about him and Emi.

She also knew about a terrible place she called Closetland. A place that she claimed held the soul of her brother in bondage. She was willing to place all of her not-inconsiderable worldly goods at Kijuro's service, but in exchange, he had to go to Closetland and free her brother.

He agreed.

Into the Darkness

Kijuro spent most of 2042 studying everything Lady Ambrose had collected on Closetland. Emi's web-efforts had not been in vain, and pieces of children's tales from many different nations also found a place in Kijuro's notebook. The Pattersons came to England in early October. The Colonel had called in a few old favors to have various pieces of equipment produced and transported with them to England.

On October 31st of 2042, using a ritual taught them by Lady Ambrose, Kijuro, Emi, Nicholas, and Matt crossed into Closetland. Dr. Ishikawa and Colonel Patterson wore specially made backpack-like harnesses that the children rode in. As Kijuro had expected, Closetland was nothing but a dull grey expanse to his and Patterson's eyes. Both men donned smooth, featureless helmets that obstructed their vision, but once their leads were connected, they could see through the kids' eyes. Matt joked that he and Emi had become "Spotters" a name used ever after by children taking on similar roles.

Lady Ambrose had given them a teddy bear that once belonged to her brother. She swore that it would lead them to him if their courage held. Emi, who had been given charge of the bear, declared that it was pointing in a specific direction and off the small group went.

Neither the doctor nor the colonel have ever been willing to discuss what they saw through their loved ones' eyes on that trip. Perhaps it is for the best. It took several hours, but eventually, they found Mathias Ambrose working in a wretched labor camp, supervised by whip wielding shells of former children.

The Demagogue became aware of them.

So he sent Branxis the Enslaver to teach them a lesson.

Picture then, if you can, Branxis the Enslaver, most terrifying of foes, looming over the would-be heroes. Kijuro and Emi are sent sprawling by a contemptuous sweep of the Enslaver's claws. Patterson shucks off the harness holding Matt and dives at Branxis. The children at the Closetland worksite look on, amazed, as someone dares to attack the Enslaver.

And what do the children see? A large older man, with a silver beard and wide, wide arms.

And what do the children hear? Kijuro yelling "Nicholas!" as Patterson is smashed to the ground.

And then the children knew who had come to save them. In the midst of the darkness, the silent answer to countless whispered prayers, he had come.

St. Nicholas. Santa Claus.

And it was there, in the darkness that the great miracle occurred.

They *believed*.

Patterson felt strength surge through him and to his surprise, he found himself laughing. The Enslaver, frothing in his rage,

charged him. Nicholas smoothly met his charge and pulling forth his well-worn service knife, chopped off Branxis' right hand. The Enslaver fell back stunned at the seeming impossibility of what had just occurred and Patterson beheaded him. The body slumped over; spewing black ichor from terrible wounds. Branxis the Enslaver was no more.

A shout arose then that shook Closetland to its core and in the darkness, the Demagogue tasted its own fear for the very first time.

Kijuro rose yelling "Children! Children follow us now!" And they all fled together.

Four hundred and twenty seven children escaped Closetland that night, including Mathias Ambrose. They came from every nation, every culture. Some had been missing for a century or more, and those Lady Ambrose took under her wing. The rest Kijuro and Nicholas managed to reunite with their parents.

All over the world, they had new recruits for their war.

Closetland Responds

The Kings were more than disturbed by the Enslaver's fall to a mere human. They gathered in the Great Chamber of Screams to discuss what must be done. The Bogeyman had waited millennia for such an opportunity. Smoothly stepping into Branxis' former role, he suggested a bold plan on how to deal with the upstart humans.

Let the rest of Humanity do it.

By manipulating puppets and the fears of key figures, the Bogeyman proposed to make Ishikawa and Patterson hunted men. With wild cackles, he explained how the two men could even be framed for disappearances that had been the work of Closetland. The rest of the Kings and more importantly, the Demagogue, agreed.

The Bogeyman went to work at once. He visited counselors and politicians, scientists and businessmen. Inside of six months, many believed that Dr. Ishikawa had gone mad, and was performing dangerous experiments on children. Warrants were put out for his and Patterson's arrest in multiple countries. Various mega-corps began seeking for them with private forces.

Fortunately, Nicholas was no stranger to being hunted. He set up a series of safe houses worldwide. Kijuro began a massive propaganda campaign and the now infamous slogan of "Do You Believe?" was born.

The War was on in earnest.

Where We Are Now

It is 2046 and both Emi Kijuro and Matt Patterson have passed the Age of Blindness, meaning neither they nor their loved ones can view the denizens of Closetland anymore. The two men, now universally known as Dr. K and Saint Nick, constantly travel the world, teaching their skills to those who dare to believe. They have friends in many countries and enemies as well. Lady Ambrose remains a secret partner in their efforts, helping children that they and those they've recruited save.

But they need help desperately. If you're a parent with a troubled child, or a child with a parent that is willing to believe, they need you.

The Kids Are All Right

-OR-

HOW TO PLAY CRY HAVOC

Playing KIDS

You make a child character for **Cry Havoc** the same way you would for a **Little Fears** game with only one mechanical difference. If your character has one or more adult loved ones that are "In the Know" they must take a Positive Quality called "I've got Backup".

Not all children in a **Cry Havoc** game may necessarily have parents or guardians that believe. They may know that Octavia's dad is awesome because he "knows" about the Bad Things, but they also know to keep such things a secret if their loved ones aren't prepared to accept the "truth." Then again, maybe they don't know how to keep a secret, which could also lead to all kind of trouble/adventure for some of the adult characters in a Cry Havoc game. "What exactly are you telling my child, Mr. Branson?"

Also remember that adults often have responsibilities and obligations that take them away for extended periods. They may be able to help you at night, but you're certainly on your own at school.

Obvious Belief Magic is difficult to work around even "believing" adults. After all, if an adult is present in a bad situation, shouldn't they be doing something about it? That said, a child's belief in their loved one's ability to accomplish things can help greatly when dealing with the minions of Closetland. A child can make a Belief roll to assist a loved adult. If they succeed, the recipient gets to adjust a die by 1 on their next Quiz or Test against the forces of Closetland.

Playing ADul t s

You make an adult character for **Cry Havoc** the same way you make a child, using most of the same traits. Adult Stats are the same 1 to 5 range, only they get a base of two dice for all of their rolls instead of one. Similarly, you will have to think a bit about how to interpret their positive and negative qualities.

Appropriate Positive Qualities – Ambidextrous, Artistic, Athletic, Authority Figure [A Police Officer friend, or Politician], Bookworm, Charmer, Compassionate, Courageous, Excellent Memory, Faithful, Fleet of Foot, Fortunate, Guided, Hearty, Honest Face, Horror Buff, Internet Savvy, Lucky, Multilingual, Visions.

Appropriate Negative Qualities – Asthmatic, Bully, Butterfingers, Chubby, Class Clown, Clumsy, Corrective Lenses, Curious, Delinquent [dangerous for adults], Dependent [A non-character child or elder relative], Handicapped, Haunted, Hearing Aid, Heavy Sleeper, Light Sleeper, Loud, Medication [Heart Pills, Drug Addiction], Mischievous, One-Track Mind, Phobic, Poor, Gutter Mouth, Scaredy Cat, Screamer, Shy, Sick Easily, Skinny, Slow Learner, Slowpoke, Speech Impediment, Square Peg, Unlucky, Whiny.

ADul t Vir t ues

Adults have the virtues **Soul** and **Fear** just as children do but their **Innocence** is long gone. Instead, they also have a new virtue: **Passion**.

In **Cry Havoc**, **Passion** represents just how "in control" of their emotions an Adult is. Having some Passion is a good thing, for it inspires and enhances one's life, but too much is dangerous for it can turn to rage or worse, be turned against its owner.

Soul begins at 10, **Fear** begins at 0 and **Passion** begins at 2.

Starting **Passion** cannot be changed with Playaround Points.

Shattering the Bl inDness

The first time an adult is exposed to the forces of Closetland and truly "believes" they have to take a Spirit Test against a difficulty of 6 with a single die, regardless on any other factors or Qualities. One die, one roll. The difference between 6 and the number they roll is how many Fear points they acquire as long suppressed and lost memories come flooding back.

From that point on, they are sensitive to the nearness of the forces of Closetland, though unlike kids, they can't directly perceive them with their eyes.

The ADul t Soul

Adults really weren't meant to know about Closetland. They don't have the flexibility of children's minds or the imagination to cope with the strain of the knowledge. But they do have their love to sustain them. All the rules for Soul apply to adults as well as children, with the following additions: An adult that goes to Closetland loses a point of Soul every two hours and an adult that spends time with their loved ones re-acquires a point of Soul per week.

So what happens when aDul t s get scared?

Adults make **Fear Checks** just like children after their first exposure to the forces of Closetland. Usually, they'll have to be seeing them through their loved one's eyes, but time's have changed and Closetland is a little more willing to use "puppets" openly against an adult that already knows the score, so psychotic or deranged individuals can also cause a Fear Check.

Adults roll two dice on their Spirit Quiz, adding or subtracting dice as appropriate for their Qualities. If they fail, they can *acquire* a point of Passion to act as they wish, this represents them channeling their anger to combat their fears.

Fear

Adults typically deal with their fears better than children, though dealing with supernatural evil is difficult regardless of one's age or mental fortitude. Adults gain and lose fear in **Cry Havoc** following the same guidelines in **Little Fears**. Adults automatically lose a Fear point if they manage to defeat a creature that is threatening their loved ones. In addition, see **Passion** below for another option adults have.

Passion

While children have **Innocence** to sustain them, adults have to resort to relying on their **Passion**, which can be a double-edged sword. Passion helps make life worth living. Without passion, the world is a dreary place and life is a long series of one banal day following another. But those with too much passion can also be said to feel the world too much, and sometimes they lash out, in spite of themselves.

Adults must be careful to not let their passions control them, for the outcome can be dire for both them and their loved ones. When exposed to an emotional situation, one that requires them to control themselves despite their normal inclinations, e.g. they see one of their children's friends being abused, or they are accused of something horrible, they must make a Passion roll. This is done by dividing Passion in half and using it as a Stat against which a Quiz is rolled (truncate fractions). Adults only get one die for this check.

If they succeed they act as their Passion dictates. In other words, unlike most tests, it might be better for them in the long run if they **fail** their Passion roll.

Gaining and Losing Passion

Adults can always convert Fear points to Passion points on a one for one basis, thus permanently reducing their Fear, but increasing their level of emotion. Passion almost never goes away, but it can sour. It requires literally months of meditation to lose a single point of Passion.

The Greatest Danger

Why would you want to lose some Passion? Well obviously, too much Passion equals a loss of self-control, but far worse is that Passion is the abyss that Nietzsche warned you about. If an adult's points in Passion plus their points in Fear ever *exceeds* their Soul, they can become a puppet of Closetland. The forces of Closetland turn their violent emotions against them, turning them into what they most despise. They grow angry at their children for involving them in the War in the first place—after all, if they didn't exist, they wouldn't know about or have to deal with all these monsters, right?

Where Angels Fear to Tread

Going to Closetland for guerilla raids is, obviously, one of the big events in a Cry Havoc game. Adults can see nothing but shadows and fog without a loved "spotter" to assist them. The limitations of second party vision are fairly tricky, but the presumption is that the adults and kids in question have practiced before the great Saint Nick or Dr. K would allow them to journey into the heart of darkness.

The Etheric Cannons used to smite the monsters require a Spirit quiz to hose down a Closetland denizen. They are harmless to humans.

The Setting

The future of **Cry Havoc** has been left relatively nebulous on purpose. Whether you want a glittering chrome cyberpunk future, Bladerunner-esque vision or a not-much-has-changed future is up to you. I think a corporate arcology makes for an excellent staging ground—multiple families living together in the same massive building complete with parks, stores, schools, businesses, etc.

Cry Havoc lends itself to Scary Stories, but there is no reason why it couldn't be swung towards Faery Tales. True Horror is difficult given the futuristic setting, though certainly not impossible. Think about the movie "Aliens" from a **Cry Havoc** perspective...

Fans of White Wolf's World of Darknessä may wish to adapt **Cry Havoc** for their own nefarious plans—after all, is Pentex so very different than Closetland choosing to go subtlety public?

A NOTE FROM THE AUTHOR

-OR-

WHY THE HELL DID I WRITE THIS?

I remember the first time I read **Little Fears**; it was over the Wednesday night before GenCon 2001. This was fairly insane of me as, for any of you that have never worked at GenCon, Wednesday is the last night you can get a full night sleep for three days solid.

But I couldn't put it down.

I met Jason L Blair the next day and found it fairly easy to associate the work I'd read with the towering, though gentle, Jason. Everyone that I met at that GenCon was very positive about **Little Fears**; it was only later, from the cowardly safety of the anonymous Internet that the potshots began to ring out. There was a lot of B.S. which I won't bother to repeat here, but only one argument that really stuck with me:

Nobody that has kids will ever play this game.

Flash-forward to a conversation I had with Gareth-Michael Skarka at GAMA of 2002. **Little Fears** had just been nominated for Best Roleplaying Game of the Year and we're both very happy for Jason.

"You ever play it yet?" I asked.

"Nope," he said, "to close to home."

I nodded; both Gareth and I are fathers. I shook my head, "Man, the things I'd do to a Closet Monster I caught messing with Octavia."

Gareth laughed and agreed, "Absolutely".

And that is where **Cry Havoc** came from, because the real question isn't what I'd do to protect my daughter from the predations of monsters; it's what would I *not* be willing to do?

T S Luikart

January 30, 2003

THE FINAL POSTSCRIPT

-OR-

TODD DOESN'T KNOW I'M WRITING THIS

So Todd agrees to man the Key 20 booth at GenCon 2002. Cool, I think, that's more time for me to relax and schmooze. Todd more than mans the booth, he proves himself as King Shill of Sell Mountain and for that I'm very grateful. Without Todd, I would have been a wreck because, despite being co-sponsor with Adept Press of the Forge Indie Booth, I knew everyone else there would be busy repping their own products (and *ahem* running Little Fears for me—right, Ron, Seth, Dav?).

Some time during those four days, Todd tells me about this idea he has for something called **Cry Havoc**. I listen, politely, all the while trying to remember the number of the local mental institution and say, as to another inmate, "Sounds cool, man. I'd love to see it."

I will never hear of this idea again, I think.

Within six months, **Cry Havoc** is sitting in my email inbox with a note that reads: Well, the damn thing's finished.

My initial reaction is, "Oy?" then "No...he *didn't*." I read it; I read it again. I laughed somewhere deep inside.

Personally, I think it's brilliant. It is exactly the kind of inspired interpretation I love to see. People ask me for clarification on parts of Little Fears all the time. If it's rule-related, I try to answer as soon as I can. If it's cosmology-related, I try to let other players answer. Personally, I wish people had enough confidence in their own creativity to just do things their way. Trust me, folks, you have it in you. I want Little Fears to inspire, not dictate.

If you don't believe Little Fears can be twisted to the point of insanity and beyond, remember this setting. How utterly brilliant is this? A sci-fi Little Fears...man.

Damn, Todd, you really are "Too Sexy."

Sleep tight,

Jason L Blair

February 11, 2003