



Dead Inside: The Roleplaying Game of Loss and Redemption

by Chad Underkoffler

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it served as the seed for my supersaturated thoughts to crystallize around, leading to this book.

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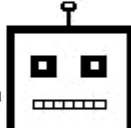
O Most Honorable One, it
brought joy to all of my
ancestors.






Arrr! It shiver'd me
timbers, matey!

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INTRODUCTION

Welcome to *Dead Inside: the Roleplaying Game of Loss & Redemption* (or *DI* for short). This is the first game system I've designed that I've felt is ready for prime-time. I hope you enjoy it.

Why did I write *DI*?

The simple answer is that Phil Reed and I were talking about working on a project together about two years ago, the phrase "dead inside" popped out during our discussion. The words and the concept took root in my mind, and grew until it flowered into this book.

The complicated answer involves a personal challenge. That is, I wished to see if I could write a roleplaying game (RPG) on my own, which did all the things I wanted it to do. That is, a rules light game that eliminates *unnecessary* randomness, permits *interesting* randomness, encourages player choice when appropriate, and – when choice is not appropriate for a character in a situation – rewards player reactions and performance.

A further part of the answer is that I wanted to strive against what I see as a negative emphasis in many RPGs. My perception is that a number of games can be summed up in the phrase "Kill things and take their stuff." In essence, they encourage murder, burglary, looting, and so

forth. I decided to turn the phrase around and make "Heal things and give them your stuff" the core of my game. The *DI* system encourages characters to act differently from a typical RPG: generosity, courtesy, and compassion are actually more effective than violence in most cases.

Also, I started to get really interested in the question "why does the character do this?" rather than "what does the character do?" *DI* is not primarily about succeeding or failing in a task, but the *reasons for* and the *manner in which* tasks are attempted.

Finally, I wanted PCs to have cool powers, to philosophize within the game, and to pursue character growth.

I realize *DI* is not going to be everyone's cup of tea. That's fine. It's a different sort of game than the lion's share of those on the shelves, and it's meant to be out of the ordinary.

I believe that every reader can get something out of this book. At the very least, there are plenty of character and location descriptions, adventure seeds and scenarios, and neat philosophical ideas to think about. But for those that embrace the concept and idiom of *DI* and run with it, I know that they'll have a thought-provoking, challenging, and fun gaming experience.

WHAT IS A ROLEPLAYING GAME?

While most people who are reading this book are familiar with RPGs, I'd like this *Introduction* to give those unfamiliar with the hobby a basic understanding of what they're looking at. (Also, it gives me a chance to opine.)

RPGs can be described as an "improvisational radio theater" game.

Theater because players take on the role of a character (Hamlet, Bridget Jones, or a character they make up themselves), while a Gamemaster (GM) takes the role of the director and all the extras.

Radio because since there's only verbal descriptions of the character, his actions, and the setting (GM: "The wind blows softly through the trees. You're standing in a glade, near a mossy fallen log. Suddenly, a shot rings out!").

Improvisational because there is no set script: player characters (PC) can try to do anything the player thinks is appropriate (Player pretending to be Joe Racecar, Secret Agent: "I jump behind the fallen log.")

The *game* part of an RPG comes in because there are rules to determine if the character can successfully do what the player wants him to do (GM: "Roll 2 dice. If you roll a 7 or better, you can get behind the log before the sniper fires again.")

Players "win" an RPG by having fun; in that way, it's no different than playing poker for matchsticks or playing charades to pass the time in an amusing fashion. The journey is more important than the destination.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Chad Underkoffler is an editor for a telecommunications standards body by day and a freelance game writer by night. He's been gaming since 1981, to the confusion of his family. His column "Campaign in a Box" appears bimonthly in Pyramid Online < <http://www.sigames.com/pyramid/> >, and he has written material for *Gamma World* (Sword & Sorcery), *GURPS* (Steve Jackson Games), and *Unknown Armies* (Atlas Games). Chad currently lives in Alexandria, VA, with his wife Beth and their two black cats.

ABOUT ATOMIC SOCK MONKEY PRESS

Atomic Sock Monkey Press is dedicated to high-quality, off-kilter, imaginative fun. Currently, that means tabletop games of both the "beer & pretzels" and roleplaying game (RPG) varieties. In the future, we may expand into other areas. For now, Atomic Sock Monkey Press is concentrating on games.



Chapter 1

Being Dead Inside

DISCOVERING YOU'RE DEAD INSIDE

"It seems you have discovered your unpleasant nature."

– Stranger to John Murdoch, *Dark City*

Maybe you've never felt anything strongly: from the day you were born, you rarely cried or laughed. Interacting with other people was always difficult, because you suffered a fundamental separation from them.

Maybe you've always been "normal," but one day woke up feeling a raging *bhollowness* inside. You don't know why or how, but now something important is missing from you.

Maybe you've ground your spirit down to the nub in pursuing your base desires, running from your fears, drowning all that you found meaningful in excess.

Maybe you drove yourself beyond your limits, attempting to do the impossible. You succeeded – but it was too late. Despite your heroic efforts, everything went to hell anyway... and it took part of *you* with it.

Maybe you've purposefully sold what makes you *you* to achieve your dreams of wealth, love, or power. Once the euphoria of success wore off, your victory tasted like ashes in your mouth.

Maybe everything has gone wrong since you lost your lucky charm, the railroad pocket-watch your grandfather gave you on his deathbed. The *tick tick tick* of that watch got you through many long nights of the soul – and now it's missing, and with it, your peace of mind.

You've realized something terrible has happened: the scales have fallen from your eyes. At this moment, the world is strange, dreamlike, and mutable. Everything is in flux; anything is possible. You see the monsters and magi, sinners and saints, angels and

demons who walk the streets with you. Rainbow rings beckon – are they gates to heaven, hell, or limbo? You feel empty, hollow, cold, hurt. Perhaps you're mad. Perhaps you're saner than you've ever been before.

You're Dead Inside. What are you going to do about it?

WHY ARE YOU DEAD INSIDE?

She said her name was Lucy, because she had the sun in her eyes. I said my name was Michael, and I'd love to row her boat ashore. She laughed.

We left the record store and had an ice cream, all the while talking about music. I couldn't stop looking at her maple hair and suntan eyes. She kept smiling; I kept smiling; we kept touching each other lightly – on the hand, on the shoulder, on the small of the back.

She came back to my place to hear the prizes of my blues collection. We hadn't even finished listening to Ma Rainey's "Black Cat, Hoot Owl Blues" before we were kissing. By the time Elizabeth Smith's "Gwine To Have Bad Luck For Seven Years" came on, we were half-naked on the bed.

"Do you want me?" she asked, her eyes shining.

"Yes."

"Would you like the best sex you've ever had, right now?" The afternoon light turned the skin above her bra buttery-yellow.

"Oh, yeah."

"It'll cost you."

I quirked an eyebrow at her. "I thought you were an architect?"

"Oh, I don't want money. Just your soul." She laughed, a trilling of birdsong.

I thought it was a joke. "Oh, all right. Sure."

And then everything was sweat and flesh and friction and release and darkness.

God help me, I thought it was a joke.



CHAPTER 1: BEING DEAD INSIDE

Born Without a Soul

You have been cheated by fate. When you were born, you didn't get a soul. Whether due to falling through the cracks of the mystical bureaucracy, or maybe there just wasn't enough soul-stuff lying around at the time, either way – you got shorted. This has made your life difficult, lonely, and confusing. You have a strong intuition that if you don't change this state of affairs, it'll even be *worse* after you die.

Your Soul Has Been Stolen

Someone has cracked you open and scooped you out, forcibly taking your spirit. Perhaps it was a Mage, stealing your soul for power. Or another Dead Inside, desperate to become whole, snatched it away. Maybe a monster was hungry, and chowed down on your soul as a midnight snack. Perhaps a baby was born near you, and their fresh, new vitality ripped away your loosely-held essence. In any case, someone else has your inner self, and they won't give it up without a fight.

Your Soul Rotted Away

You wore away your spirit through chronic abuse. Whether through greed, hypocrisy, malice, or other soul-killing actions, you've emptied yourself of meaning. Now you're paying the price. When you look in the mirror, you can see the Void yawning behind your eyes. Will you continue down this road to oblivion or try to regain what you have lost?

Your Soul Broke

You once did the impossible – found the overlooked budget item that was draining your uncle's company dry, ran into a crossfire to pull your buddy to safety, lifted a wrecked car off of a child – and it ended up being all for naught: the company went bankrupt anyway, your buddy died in triage, the child was already dead. Something shattered inside you. You are broken, and if you stay broken, only death remains. You don't want to die. You need to rebuild yourself, but how?

You Sold Your Soul (Or Were Tricked Out of It)

You voluntarily signed over your immortal soul in return for money, power, goods, or services. It was great at first, tooling around in your new Ferrari, rolling around in hundred dollar bills, or dancing

with your trophy spouse. But soon, it was clear that gaining your prize really didn't make you happy like you thought it would. Worse, because you lack a soul, *everything* seems darker, stranger, less enjoyable, more distant. You now realize your error and seek to correct it.

You Accidentally Hid Your Soul Somewhere

You unknowingly poured your essence into a treasured thing – perhaps a childhood toy, a lucky shirt, a security blanket, a favorite hobby, your first lover, a perfect job, an intimate friendship. While you held it, did it, or were in it, everything seemed safe, warm, calm. Now it's lost, and you feel like a piece of yourself is missing. Somehow you know that if somebody *bad* gets hold of your treasure (whatever or whoever it is), you would be in danger: they could use what you've put of yourself into the treasure against you. You need to get back what you have lost – first the treasure, then the soul.

REALIZING YOU'RE DEAD INSIDE

I woke up and felt like hell. I couldn't even call into the office and say I was sick. Lucy was gone. I fell back asleep.

I woke up eight hours later feeling even worse. Cold. Nauseated. Exhausted. It took fifteen minutes, but I forced myself out of the bed and stumbled to the bathroom. I needed aspirin, Pepto Bismol, NyQuil, anything. That's when I saw what she had written on my mirror with her lipstick.

"It wasn't a joke. Now I have your soul. Thanks, Lucy."

I looked past her rusty letters into my reflected eyes. They looked dry, glassy, dead. Like I felt inside. Dead inside.

The frozen chewing I felt in my chest made me want to cry. My head hurt. My limbs felt numb.

Then, my reflection blinked. I watched its eyes close. That means my eyes were open.

I'm going crazy, I thought. But my reflection immediately shook its head no, then reached up with a hand towards the mirror-pane. Both of mine clutched the edge of the vanity. It extended a finger, and was going to write on the glass.

My phone rang, and I jumped, knocking over a can of shaving cream. I looked away, watching the can fall, and when I looked back at the mirror,

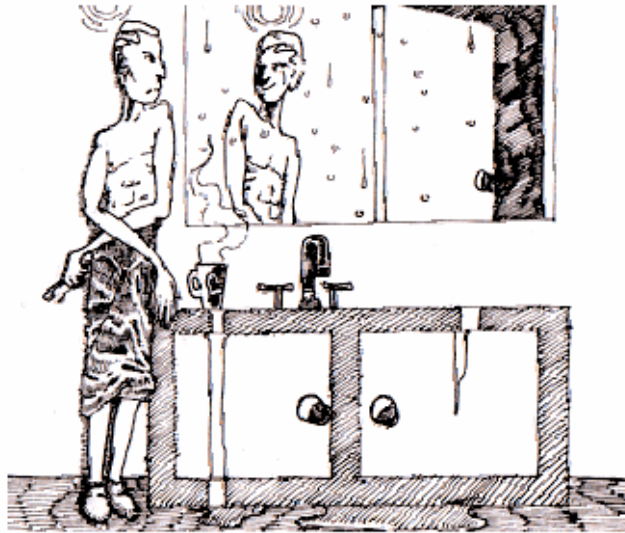


CHAPTER 1: BEING DEAD INSIDE

my reflection simply mimicked my dulled movements.

The phone stopped ringing after awhile, but my reflection stayed the same, slavishly following my movements. But its eyes told me it had something it wanted to say, but couldn't.

I'm going crazy, aren't I?



Something woke you up, cluing you in. Something is terribly wrong with you: not a mental disorder, but a spiritual loss. There are a number of ways this revelation could have occurred:

- ***You knew from the get-go, but didn't believe.*** The lady with the cornflower blue eyes even pointed out the “soul rider” in the too-good-to-be-true sales contract for your spiffy new sports car. You thought it was some kind of joke... until you finished signing your name. At that second, you felt something rip in your chest. Right before you passed out from the pain you saw the knowing smile on her ruby red lips.
- ***You realized, slowly.*** First, you thought your eyes were bothering you, what with all the little flashes and images you caught out of their corners. Next, you looked into the mirror, and realized you felt exactly how you looked: sallow, worn, and empty. You went to church, and didn't hear a word of the sermon. You treated yourself to a movie, chocolate, a new book, a Swedish massage –

and none of it brought you any happiness. Then, you saw the dead man walk through a solid wall, and no one else on the sidewalk noticed. That's when it started to fall into place.

- ***You were told outright.*** Someone claiming to be a psychic keeps calling and leaving odd messages on your voicemail. “You've lost your soul, but I can help you get it back.” It's got to be some sort of scam, right? Please let it be a scam...
- ***You bumped your head.*** Ow. Now you see Dead Inside people (and Ghosts, Zombis, Sensitives, Mages, and...).
- ***You had a vision or dream.*** The nightmare was different this time: instead of showing up to school without your clothes, you showed up without your bones. As you slithered into Mrs. Beatty's classroom like a giant snail, you saw an address written on the slate in vivid red chalk. As usual, the kids all stared and pointed. But they didn't laugh this time, and neither did you, when you woke up to find a piece of red chalk in your hand and the same address scrawled on your ceiling. You know you're missing something inside, but do you dare go to see if it's at that address?
- ***You woke up in the Spirit World (see below).*** You're not in Kansas anymore, Toto. Hit the (yellow) bricks and start figuring out what happened.

Feel free to mix and match!





CHAPTER 1: BEING DEAD INSIDE

WHAT IS BEING DEAD INSIDE?

“A living thing should either create or destroy according to its capacity and caprice, but you, you do neither. You only live on dreaming of the nice things you would like to have happen to you but which never happen; and you wonder vaguely why the young lives about you which you occasionally chide for a fancied impropriety never listen to you and seem to flee at your approach. When you die you will be buried and forgotten, and that is all. The morticians will enclose you in a worm-proof casket, thus sealing even unto eternity the clay of your uselessness. And for all the good or evil, creation or destruction, that your living might have accomplished, you might just as well have never lived at all. I cannot see the purpose in such a life. I can see in it only vulgar, shocking waste.”

– Apollonius of Tyana, *The Circus of Dr. Lao*

Being Dead Inside means that – for one reason or another – you lack a complete soul: all you have left are the barest shards and fragments of a living spirit. But what is a soul? Is this literally an immortal essence living within your flesh, or merely a metaphor for drive, meaning, personality, goals, joy, socialization, or dreams? These are the questions philosophers and neurologists ponder.

In *DI*, the soul is a mystical essence that is separate from yet dwells within the body. It rarely interacts with gross matter. It’s energy, impulse, willpower, chi, force. It can be grown, wasted, burned, given, traded, stolen.

When you lose too much of this energy, you become Dead Inside. This means that there is hole in your self that cannot be filled with anything for long; you hunger deeply for something you can’t quite identify; you’re gripped by an internal chill that cannot be measured by any thermometer.



The world seems muffled behind a thick layer of cotton, blurred through a cloudy pane of glass. It’s difficult to feel a connection to anyone or anything. Most social interactions are challenging because of this distance. Most Average People – and most animals – are uncomfortable, creeped-out, and skittish around you. (Some canny Dead Inside take advantage of this unease, and use it to gain positions of authority, rank, or power.) You probably only have one or two people you can communicate enough with to call “friends.”

Furthermore, you’ve become vulnerable and open to dangers and experiences most Average People are blind to and armored against. You can sense ghosts, receive visions of the future, and walk through Gates to the Spirit World. You also have a deeper understanding of what a soul *is* and how it can be *used* to change yourself, your situation, and your world. Unfortunately, now that you have the *knowledge*, you lack the *resources*. If you could just regain a soul, you could do incredible things....

You feel an overwhelming urge to fill your hollowness. This obsessive need shapes your words, thoughts, and deeds. It nips at you when you’re busy,



CHAPTER 1: BEING DEAD INSIDE

and gnaws at you when you're not. The lack of a soul is like an itch in the middle of your back that you just can't scratch. The only thing that can stop the cold wind whistling through that empty space is to put some soul in there.



How Do I STOP BEING DEAD INSIDE?

I ended up going to my shrink anyway; he gave me some pills. Something about him reminded me of a turtle, a clam, a jar of pickles with its lid screwed tight. He was so blind he couldn't see me shattering inside.

The pills didn't help. He told me to wait a month until my body adjusted. I waited two, and they *still* didn't help.

I felt a transparent velvet curtain around me, cutting me off from other people. There was a wind blowing through my holes, making a low whistle only I could hear. Inside, my heart was cold all the time. Ninety degrees in the shade, and I shivered while I sweated. I started wearing a sweater everywhere; people just stared. I could feel their eyes poking at me, drilling through me like I was a wad of cotton.

Work was hell. I couldn't talk to them anymore. I didn't get the jokes they told around the water-cooler and in the lunchroom like I used to. When I tried to tell them about something I found funny, all I got was blank stares and polite, noncommittal smiles under eyes full of puzzlement and fear. I

took all my saved-up vacation; they were glad to see me go.

I spent my time haunting the record store where Lucy and I had met and laughed. She never came back.

Who did show up was a skinny old man, stinking of cheap cigars, who seemed to glow from within. "You look like you're in bad shape, kid." He scratched the graying toilet-ring fringe of hair around his scalp.

I shrugged. "Yup." My voice had been a monotone for months.

He touched my cheek before I could turn away, and he felt *warm*. My cheek felt warm, for the first time in weeks. My eyes widened.

"I can help you find what was lost," he said. "My name's Oskar. Pleezedtameetcha."

I cried as he shook my hand.

Figure out how to (re)gain a soul: either get your original back, or grow a new one. Finding the thief will be difficult and dangerous, and growing a new one is work, and just as hazardous – others will show up and attempt to steal what you've managed to gather together.

Here are some of the methods used to collect soul-energy:

Eat a Ghost

Ghosts (see *Chapter 2*) are dead souls lacking bodies, holding themselves together through force of will. Dead Inside are live bodies lacking a soul. By capturing and eating a Ghost, a Dead Inside can absorb some of that spirit into themselves – hey presto, instant soul. However, chowing down on Ghosts is a *soul-rotting* action – the eater is destroying another's soul-energy for selfish purposes, and that carries a price. Thus, it's inefficient, as a chunk of the Ghost's soul-stuff decays during the process. It also might transfer unwanted memories, personality tics, urges, phobias, and fanaticisms of the spectral victim to the consumer.





CHAPTER 1: BEING DEAD INSIDE

THE *DI* COSMOLOGY

Where Do Souls Come From?

At any one time, there is a finite amount of soul-stuff (or soul-blood, soul-power, spirit-force, essence, or a host of other names) in the cosmos. When people die, their essence flows back to the Source (from the Real World via the Spirit World; see *Chapter 2*) to melt and mix with all the other souls of the dead. When someone is born, a fraction of that spiritual mixture is poured into them. This “undifferentiated reincarnation” may explain why so many people have past-life readers telling them they used to be Cleopatra, Julius Caesar, or Napoleon: *many* people share bits of soul-energy that once made up those famous people.

Unfortunately, as the global population grows, there’s less and less spirit-force per capita waiting to be doled out at each instant, so more people are being born empty. Even in the past, when there was plenty of soul to go around, accidents happened: people have always fallen through the spokes of the Wheel of Life and Death. But not in the numbers that they do today.

However, the overall amount of soul-stuff in the cosmos can be increased through the actions of the living. Searching out meaning, creating beauty, offering kindness, strengthening other souls you meet in your day – all have a positive effect. Some say that cultivation of this energy is the *purpose* of the universe.

Unfortunately, essence can be destroyed: either by the cruel and injurious actions of the living within the cosmos or by evanescent into the Void (which lies beyond the Real World).

Can I Visit The Source?

From the Spirit World, the Source lies to the uttermost West across the Sea. The souls of the dead are wafted that way by unseen winds. None who have attempted to visit the Source bodily have ever returned. Perhaps they succeeded, perhaps they failed, perhaps they’re still traveling. In any case, it’s one hell of an adventure.

Of course, you could just wait until you die. And it’s not like you haven’t been there before.

Where is the Spirit World?

Between the Real World and the Source. Whether this means they are arrayed in different dimensions or layered atop one another at different vibratory rates or other such hoo-haw is irrelevant. What is important is that the Spirit World is both the insulator and conductor between the pure energy of the Source and the gross matter of the Real World.

Where is the Void?

On the other side of the Real World from the Spirit World. It’s thought that the Real World is the outer shell of the cosmos, protecting the Source from the emptiness of the Void.

Can I Visit The Void?

That’s definitely a one-way ticket, baby. The Void is what eats the universe.

How’s That Go Again?

Void ↔ Real World ↔ Spirit World ↔ Source

What Does a Soul Look Like?

Soul-stuff is invisible and intangible in the Real World, though those gifted with Second Sight may see it as a faintly glowing transparent fluid and are able to manipulate it with effort. In the Spirit World, it is fully visible, slightly viscous, and infinitely compressible. Some types of entity are composed entirely of soul-blood (like Ghosts, Free Spirits, and Tulpas; see *Chapter 2*), and nearly all Spirit World transients and inhabitants can touch, manipulate, consume, utilize, or even bleed soul-stuff themselves. Many seek out the soul-energy of others to fill their emptiness.

Is the Source God? If Not, Where’s the Divinity? How Did This All Start?

That answer is unknown at this time – and not for lack of people trying to discover it... for millennia. Sounds like a worthy pursuit, doesn’t it?

In any case, many inhabitants of the Spirit World believe that the Source is indeed God, and also believe that the Voice (see *Chapter 2, Special Imagos*) is the Voice of the Divine. Some folks believe that God stands outside of the cosmos, watching – checking his lists of naughty and nice, or with the hands-off pride of an artist, or with the hands-on tinkering of a clockmaker. Some people think the Source → Birth → Life → Death → Source cycle is merely a natural process. Nobody has any convincing, objective proof for or against faith in the Divine.

Yet. . . Something or Someone started the Wheel of Life and Death turning. Make up your own mind.



CHAPTER 1: BEING DEAD INSIDE

Steal Someone Else's Soul

While a dangerous and soul-rotting method, *soul-theft* is a quick fix for the Dead Inside. Faster than *soul-cultivation* and more straightforward than *interacting with the Imagos* (see below), stealing another's spirit is slightly safer than eating a Ghost (the stolen essence of living beings carries fewer of the mental side effects, unless the victim is of particularly strong character or will). However, living beings strongly resist having their souls being burgled and will fight back. Also, as with eating a Ghost, some of the stolen energy is lost because of soul-rot.

NOTE - Stealing back your own soul from a soul-thief is not immoral or soul-decaying: while theft, it is *you* that is being liberated.

Buy Your Soul Back

If you can find the guy you sold it to in the first place, you can try to buy it back. Repurchasing your soul is perfectly justified and won't collect any bad karma. However, finding the possessor of your innermost essence will probably be difficult, possibly even dangerous. Furthermore, the price of the goods may have gone up (the buyer may want something even rarer or more splendid to make the trade), the buyer could've sold it to someone else already, or the new owner simply refuses to part with it. Then you're back to square one.

Grow a New Soul

Soul-cultivation is the slow, steady, and safe path to renewal. The soul you nurture through thoughts, words, and deeds will not only unequivocally be your own, but will increase the overall amount of soul-stuff in the cosmos, eventually benefiting all creation. Some philosophers believe that growing more soul is the purpose of the universe. However, cultivating new soul means hard work, hard choices, and strong faith, which is hard enough for ensouled Average People, much less soulless Dead Inside. However, in the Spirit World, soul-cultivation seems to be much easier.

Interact With the Imagos

Some Average People interact in their dreams with what Carl Jung called *archetypes*. This interaction can help them integrate events in their external, physical lives with events in their internal, psychological lives.

The Dead Inside can benefit from *direct* contact with these archetypes (or *Imagos*) in the Spirit World. By resolving issues, untangling puzzles, interpreting their appearance (or absence), or pursuing quests that the Imagos set before them, the Dead Inside can strengthen their soul. However, the Imagos ask a high price: the tasks they require are usually confusing, dangerous, or unpleasant (sometimes all three at once). In short, interacting with the Imagos is forcing growth in a crisis.

Find & Break Your Soul Egg

If a soul is trapped in a physical object (also called a *Soul Egg*), it can be released by breaking or destroying that object. It can be risky, depending on who or what took the Soul Egg, where the Soul Egg is hidden, and what guards it. Also, the return on your efforts might be small, since some (or all) of the soul contained within the Egg may have been used by whoever last held it. However, no matter how much of the essence is left intact, it will be ready, waiting, and eager to be poured back into the owner's body.

Work With Other Dead Inside

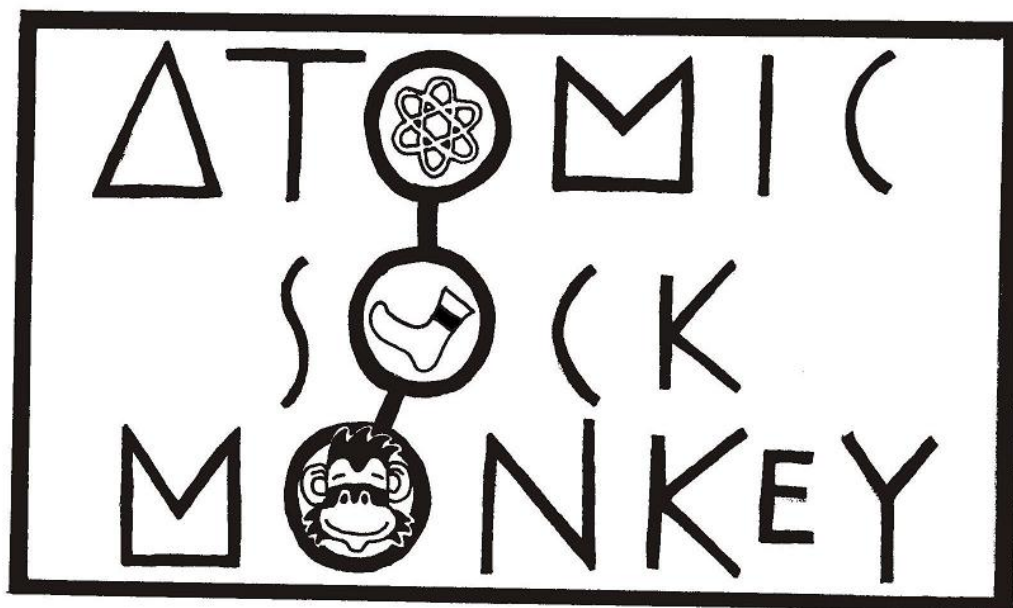
"Many hands make light work." That's no less true for the Dead Inside. Helping one's companion(s) is exceptionally rewarding: not only have you helped another (re)gain something of vital importance, but the act of helping is in itself a form of soul-cultivation. Furthermore, a grateful friend can help *you* in your efforts to (re)gain a soul. But joining forces with another Dead Inside means that you set yourself against his enemies and share the dangers of his search, in addition to the attentions of *your* foes and the hazards of *your* quest.

WHAT DO THE DEAD INSIDE DO?

The Dead Inside *strive*.

They reach for meaning. They struggle for growth. They seek a return of what has been lost. They cannot turn away from their quest for a soul, because that would give them time to dwell on the holes within. They must keep moving, trying to fill themselves.

Because they *know* that if they die, the hollowness won't end – it will only become deeper, longer, and colder. Without a soul, they cannot return to the Source. Death will merely change them from a living body without a soul to a *dead* body without a soul: a Zombi (see *Chapter 2*).



MISSION

Atomic Sock Monkey Press is dedicated to high-quality, off-kilter, imaginative fun. Currently, that means tabletop games of both the "beer & pretzels" and roleplaying game (RPG) varieties.

In the future, we may expand into other areas. For now, Atomic Sock Monkey Press is concentrating on games.

GOALS

To produce fun games that are quirky, thought-provoking, professional, and affordable.

WHY ATOMIC SOCK MONKEY?

Well:

- Monkeys are funny.
- Sock Monkeys are weird.
- Atomic energy gives you superpowers (unless comic books have lied to me).

See? Simple.

ABOUT THIS GAME

This is a preview of one of our games: *Dead Inside: the Roleplaying Game of Loss & Redemption*. It is available for \$13 at RPGNow.com < <http://www.rpgnow.com/> > as a PDF and \$25 at RPGMall.com < <http://www.rpgmall.com> > as a Print on Demand softcover.



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