

"GOODNIGHT HONEY. SLEEP TIGHT AND I'LL SEE YOU IN THE MORNING"

"LOVE YOU MOM. LEAVE IT OPEN A LITTLE, PLEASE?"

EVEN WITH THE THIN SLIVER OF LIGHT FROM THE HALL, SALLY WAS NERVOUS. HER ROOM WAS DARK, AND THE BRANCHES SCRATCHED ON HER WINDOW. THE WIND MOANED, RATTLING THE TREES LIKE BAGS OF BONES, AND THE MOONLIGHT CAST STRANGE AND SCARY SHADOWS ON THE WALLS. THOUGH SALLY COULD HEAR THE MUTED VOICES FROM THE LIVING ROOM DOWNSTAIRS, PUNCTUATED BY THE OCCASIONAL SOUND OF CANNED LAUGHTER, IT WAS QUIET, QUIET EXCEPT FOR THE TAPPING AND RATTLING OUTSIDE.

SALLY HUNKERED DOWN INTO HER COVERS. THE SMELL OF HER NEWLY WASHED BLANKET OFFERED LITTLE COMFORT. HER FEET AND PALMS WERE DAMP WITH SWEAT. THE SCRATCHING. THE TAPPING. THE MOANING. EYES WIDE, SHE LOOKED AROUND THE ROOM, LOOKING FOR SOMETHING, ANYTHING THAT WAS OUT OF PLACE... ANYTHING.

HER PRETTY PONY SAT ON HER NIGHTSTAND, HER RAG DOLL SLUMPED ON THE ROCKING CHAIR, AND HER DOLLHOUSE WAS DARK. THE ROCKING CHAIR... IT MOVED!

SALLY FELT A SCREAM TRY TO CLAW ITS WAY OUT OF HER THROAT. SHE SWALLOWED, KNOWING IF SHE DIDN'T SLEEP THE NIGHT THROUGH, MOMMY WOULD BE MAD. HAD TO BE THE CAT. THE CAT. YES. OF COURSE. THE CAT. NAUGHTY CAT. THE CLOSET'S OPENING. NAUGHTY, NAUGHTY, NAUGHTY, NAUGHTY CAT!

SALLY SLID DOWN A LITTLE MORE, PULLING HER BLANKET UP OVER HER NOSE, JUST UNDER HER WIDE, SEARCHING EYES.

THE MOANING, THE SCRATCHING— THAT NAUGHTY CAT.

THE DOOR SLID OPEN, INCH BY INCH, LITTLE BY LITTLE. THE DOOR TO THE HALL DRIFTED CLOSED. THE ROOM WAS DARK. SALLY SUPPRESSED A CRY. AND THEN SHE REMEMBERED... FLUFFY RAN AWAY... SHE HADN'T SEEN HER NAUGHTY CAT FOR DAYS...

"MOMMY!"

Welcome to suburbia. It's ordinary. It's quiet and safe, with clean streets and streetlights that hum in tune with the chirp of the crickets. It's a town where everyone knows everybody, where Mr. Smith runs the family general store just off the square. Neighbors grill hotdogs and hamburgers on warm summer afternoons, light fireworks on Independence Day, have picnics in the town park in between baseball games and soccer matches. Here, no one worries about terrorists or politics. At Christmas, everyone decks out their houses in lights to celebrate the season, dropping off baked goods to their neighbors and giving a little extra to the poor starving kids in China. And at Halloween, all the kids dress up in costumes sewn by dotting mothers or picked up from the local store, going from house to house armed with orange buckets to haul their ill-gotten gains.

It's a nice place to live, a great place to raise a family. It's perfect... except for one small, ever so slight, itty-bitsy problem. It's so insignificant, no one pays attention, no one admits it, and certainly, no one believes it. What is it? Nothing... nothing at all really... well... nothing except for the monsters. They're real, you see.

*The Razor in the Apple* is a setting for the *True 20 Adventure Roleplaying Game*, inspired by a slew of great movies and books.

Those who've been around a little while probably have fond memories of *Goonies*, *The Sandlot*, *Silver Bullet* and just about every Spielberg movie with at least one smart mouth kid who knows more than all the adults around him. But *The Razor in the Apple* also stands on the shoulders of Nancy Drew and the Hardy Boys, as well as darker fiction like Clive Barker's *The Thief of Always*. With the rules presented in this mini-game, you can create all sorts of adventures. Whether you add more fantastic elements such as a world of wizards or of talking lions, or darker, more horrific elements, making the kids teens and pitting them against such awful villains as Freddy, Jason and Michael, *The Razor in the Apple* is your door to a weirder world of adventure.

In this game, the players take the roles of children in a small town. They must face the horrors of youth, squaring off against the thing in their closet or the monster under the bed. They might enter a haunted house on a dare, walk through a graveyard at night or talk to the spirits in the woods. *The Razor in the Apple* combines the essence of horror with the wonder of being a child. It pits the innocent (or not so innocent) child against the corruption of the world around them. While not great knights, nor powerful wizards, nor stealthy thieves, children are resourceful, quick and armed with incredible imagination.

