

# POISON

A Handbook for the Gothic-Punk Streets



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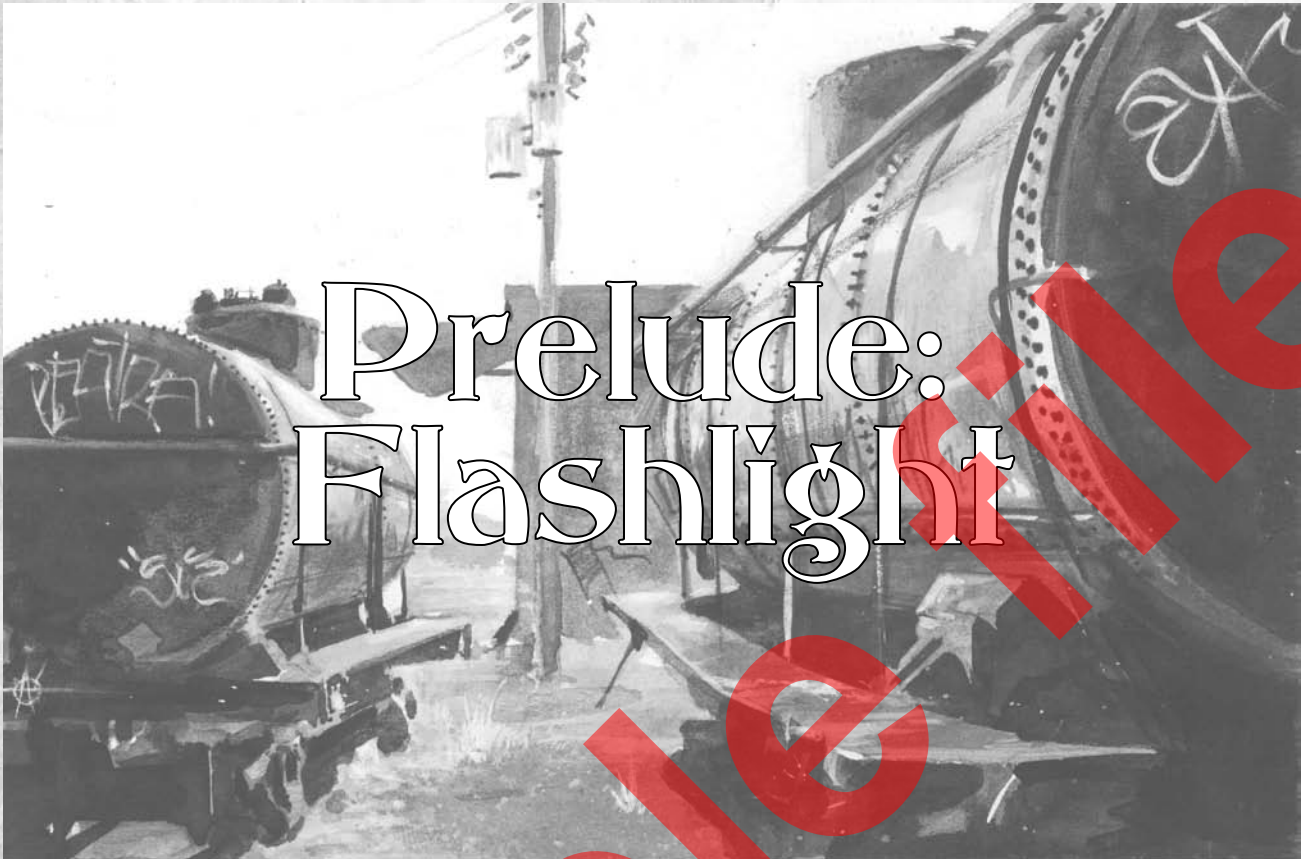


## A Handbook for the Gothic-Punk Streets

### Contents

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Prelude	4
Introduction	7
Chapter One: Under the Knife: A Guided Tour	15
Chapter Two: Nowhere to Go but Down (Culture)	27
Chapter Three: Gutter Magick (The Street Mage)	57
Chapter Four: Blood and Asphalt (Settings)	79
Chapter Five: Men of Dust (Characters)	95
Appendix: Street Gear	112



# Prelude: Flashlight

By Jaymi Wiley



This is what a lit degree gets you—a shitty job and a four-pack-a-day habit. It seems like coughing is the only thing I've accomplished since graduation. If I'd known what the damn things would do to me, I'd have chosen another vice. My dreams and aspirations might as well have been smoke, too. I just wanted a good, reliable job that kept me out of bankruptcy. Twenty years and half a lifetime's worth of coughing, here I am — the maintenance supervisor for a rundown apartment complex.

Supervising this place means you've gotta be there to help tenants twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week. Each and every tenant has a complaint about their residence. Say the lady in #410 complains about a problem with the heat. This means going into the basement. I hate going down there. It's dark and damp, with unidentifiable noises and sour smells. Basements give me the creeps. I avoid going down into them at all costs. But after fifty or so complaints and a threat to call the city, I decide to check it out.

With toolbox in hand, I take a deep breath and venture down into hostile territory. The flashlight provides very little light, so anything I want to see has to be close-up. Never occurred to me that light bulbs would make a good investment. Now I regret my thriftiness.

The storage area's a wreck. All I see is the chaotic pattern of boxes and tattered furniture, covered in dustbags and racked behind a rusty wire mesh. Each item is carefully labeled with the tenant's name and the box's memory-laden contents. Imbedded into each wall are three small windows covered with sheets; what little winter light enters through them colors everything with an unnatural glow. Overhead, the labyrinth of copper and PVC pipework networks across the ceiling like hissing cobwebs.

I inhale musty, antiquated air and begin to cough. You'd think the doctors and scientists would've come up with a cure by now. Dust dances in my flashlight beam. Beads of water condense around the pipe joints as I search... Ah, there it is, the criminal in question. I put the toolbox down and quickly give the patient a once-over. Everything seems to be in working order. I don't get it; what's wrong?

Crash!

The noise sends me flashbacks of all the horror shows I've ever seen. Jason, Michael and hanging hidden corpses come flooding into my hyperactive imagination. *Oh, knock it off!* Slowly I turn, scanning the room, careful not to turn my back to any dark corners. Despite the urge to bolt, curiosity gets the better of me. I have to find the cause of the noise.

That's when I see her. Tucked away behind storage boxes, hiding in a niche in the wall. Scared her out of hiding. Scared me, too. A ball of phlegm lodges halfway up my throat, and I hack it into an unused corner.

I point the flashlight beam directly into her face. She doesn't flinch.

"What in the fuck are you doing down here, kid?" My voice sounds thick. "There's a lot of dangerous things down here. You could get hurt."

Nothing. Only two blank eyes staring back at me.

"Where are your parents?" Another round of phlegm. I resist the urge to spit it at her. Creepy kid. "I haven't seen you around here."

Looking away from me, she whispers, "I don't have parents. It's not my fault. Daddy never wanted me and Mommy got beat up by a badman in funny clothes, and I don't want anyone else to take care of me."

*My God. And so young.*

After a long and awkward pause, I venture, "What do you mean, a 'badman?'"

"The badman my Mommy works for. He hits her whenever she don't give him enough money. I got scared and left. She never notices me anyway."

Sad shit, and all too typical. I swallow the slimy nicotine lump and move a bit closer. "What's your name, kid? Where do you live?"

"My name's Katryn, and I'm not supposed to talk to strangers."

*Smart kid.* "Well, you're going to have to talk to me. Especially if you want my help. Now..."

"I don't need your help," she says defiantly. "This is my home now. I am never really alone. I've got Sam and my dreams, they keep me company. Nobody else wants me." She says it brave, that way that kids can, but there's a sadness in her eyes as she does. She's afraid of living like this, in the streets. She misses her parents, and wants to go home. Pride and fear keep her from coming out. She doesn't trust me. And I don't blame her.

"Don't you miss your Mommy?"

Pause.

"Nobody wants me." Her whisper nearly gets lost. There are tears beneath that brave kid-voice. "Once the police found me and tried to put me away. But I stopped them. They won't bother me or Sam anymore. This is my home."

*She stopped the cops?* I shake my head. This isn't any place for a child to grow up. Frustrated, unable to reply, I look her over. Cutest little thing. From the dim light, I can tell she's no older than twelve or thirteen. Probably younger. The street's a sad place to be a kid.

Dark brown eyes peer through shaggy, raven-black hair which hangs in her face like willow boughs. Her frail frame shows the bones through her tattered and worn clothes — clothes so old that the colors have almost been cried out. She doesn't wear shoes.

She owns few possessions. It's cold down here, and a faded, rat-eaten yellow blanket carefully laid in a heap on the concrete carpet is her only protection. She cradles a love-worn brown teddy bear, missing its button eyes. That, I guess, is Sam. Other than the bear and myself, she's alone. The image is not what you'd call pleasing to the eye.

How long has she been like this? Anger rises: How can our society allow this to happen? To anyone? This could've been my kid, once. It could've been me. I'm torn between offering to help her out and leaving her there to fend for herself. Nobody wants to live like this, but nobody wants to help. If our situations were reversed, would someone do the same for me? Not likely.

Remembering that I placed a sandwich in my toolbox, I take it out and offer it to her. Hesitant, uncertain, she slowly reaches out to take the plastic-wrapped sandwich. Our hands touch.

It happens suddenly, like a cold shock.

"I can see death on you," she says. "It stains your colors."

"What?"

Her voice deepens. "The death, your cough. You should be more careful of what you put inside you."

Suddenly I needed to get away.

"Uh... sure, Katryn. Whatever you say." I fumble in my pocket, bring out my scuffed — and all-too-thin — wallet. "Hey, look, here's twenty bucks. I know it's not a whole lot, but it's all I've got." My fingers, I admit, are shaking a bit, and it's not from the chill in the air. "Why don't you go and get a decent meal, maybe go to a shelter. Living down here, y'know, it's not the greatest of places..."

She silently declines the gift. I stand like a fool for a minute. Her survival wars with pride as she unwraps the sandwich. Pride wins, I guess. Shrugging, I put the money back. She doesn't even wave as I slowly back away.

I still wish she would've taken the cash. It's the least I could do to help, without getting in too deep, anyway. I take one last look at her before heading back upstairs.

At the top of the stairs, I click the flashlight off. It's dark down there, a lot darker than I'd like it to be. I couldn't live down there. I hope she doesn't stay.

Later on, I go back down, just to check up on her. Nothing. Not even the plastic wrap. Maybe she found her way out. Maybe she went home after we spoke. I hope so. She had the saddest eyes. I have no idea how she got down there. I'm not sure I'll ever find out, either.

There was something weird about that kid.

I haven't coughed in hours.

•NF•



# Introduction

*Not about to see your light  
But if you wanna find hell with me  
I can show you what it's like  
Till you're bleeding  
— Danzig, "Mother"*



The streets are cool, aren't they? Cracked concrete scattered with glass, brick towers and steel spirals rising to a night sky, glowing with graffiti tattoos. Bass-thump heartbeats, trashfires, neon winters, asphalt summers. The streets are sex and death — the ugliest kind of beauty, a whoresmile promise to make the night seem sweeter. Right?

Wrong.

Let's be straight, you and I: if we're lucky, we don't know shit about the streets — the real back-alley hells. We might cruise the clubs, do a few drugs, thrash out our frustrations in some hardcore dive, but we don't really *know* a goddamned

thing about survival in the inner city. We just like to play let's pretend. Nothing wrong with that — it's an improvement, I'm told, from eating out of dumpsters. But if we're going to do it, we oughta do it right.

We tragically-hip gamer types are drawn to the streets like writers to an over-used metaphor. The streets are all we wish we could be — hip, sexy, dangerous, alive, mysterious and lethal. We swallow the folklore like ripple and cum, gagging on it even as we lick it from our lips. But, in the end, we're full of shit, because the streets are not our home. Not if we're lucky.

Others aren't so lucky; this book, in many ways, is about them. And about those Awakened who walk among them.



## How to Use This Book

This isn't a book about Technomancer plots, demon-horde incursions or vampiric puppetry — not really. It's about the people your mages might meet, should they spend time among the street folk — the hookers, urchins, gangbangers, cops, winos, Blood Dolls, runaways, club owners and innocents trapped in the shark pool. This is not supposed to be a comforting book to read. The Gothic-Punk world has been alluded to, hinted at and spoken of in hushed dramatic whispers. Perhaps it's time to look beyond the quotes and metaphors and explore what we might see on a trip there. **Destiny's Price** details the nastiest side of the Gothic-Punk streets — the seedy bars, crackhouses, flophouses, jails and murder cellars of this dark reflection of our own mistakes. It's not a ride for the squeamish.

**Destiny's Price** isn't street gospel; in the end, it's just a book, with many liberties taken and sights unseen. It isn't meant to be a comprehensive sourcebook for every city in the industrialized world, nor will it allow you to walk unmolested through your local slums. We will, however, try to get past the usual gamebook bullshit here, and offer you some insights into the real heart of the Gothic-Punk landscape — the people who live there, the company they keep, and the rules they live by.

Any street-smart mystick knows that there's a pulse in the heart of the beast. Each city has its own beat, and anyone who wants to dance to it should learn how if she doesn't want to step in shit — or worse. Consider this book a guide to the dance-steps of the Gothic-Punk streets — a guide any World of Darkness player or Storyteller should be familiar with.

**Chapter One** introduces the hows, wheres and whys of urban street culture, from one who lives there. **Chapter Two** provides an extensive introduction to organized crime groups and subcultures. **Chapter Three** offers tips, motivations and rules for the mystick who visits — or works from — this dangerous world. **Chapter Four** includes a handful of ready-made settings, which can be used intact or cannibalized for inspiration. **Chapter Five** contains non-player street folk who might cross your players' paths in any number of ways. Finally, the **Appendix** offers a helping of less-than-glamorous tools for the street-level Storyteller — weapons, drugs, and other goodies. A selection of suggested films, books, comics and music albums can also be found here.

## Other Storyteller Games

**Destiny's Price** isn't just for Mage players; it works equally well for Vampire, Werewolf, Wraith or Changeling chronicles. Most supernaturals know the street scene — vampires hunt and conspire within the underworld, and Garou battle the Wurm that coils in these urban hells. The daily death toll adds numerous Restless to the Shadowlands, and many of these ghosts want revenge (remember *The Crow?*). Even the fae know the inner city's secrets, and cherish the

many fascinating adventures and nightmares that well up from the urban cesspool.

In other words, this is a general sourcebook. Use it as you will.

## Theme

*There will be poor always*

*Pathetically struggling*

*Look at the good things you've got*

— Jesus, from Rice & Webber's *Jesus Christ, Superstar*

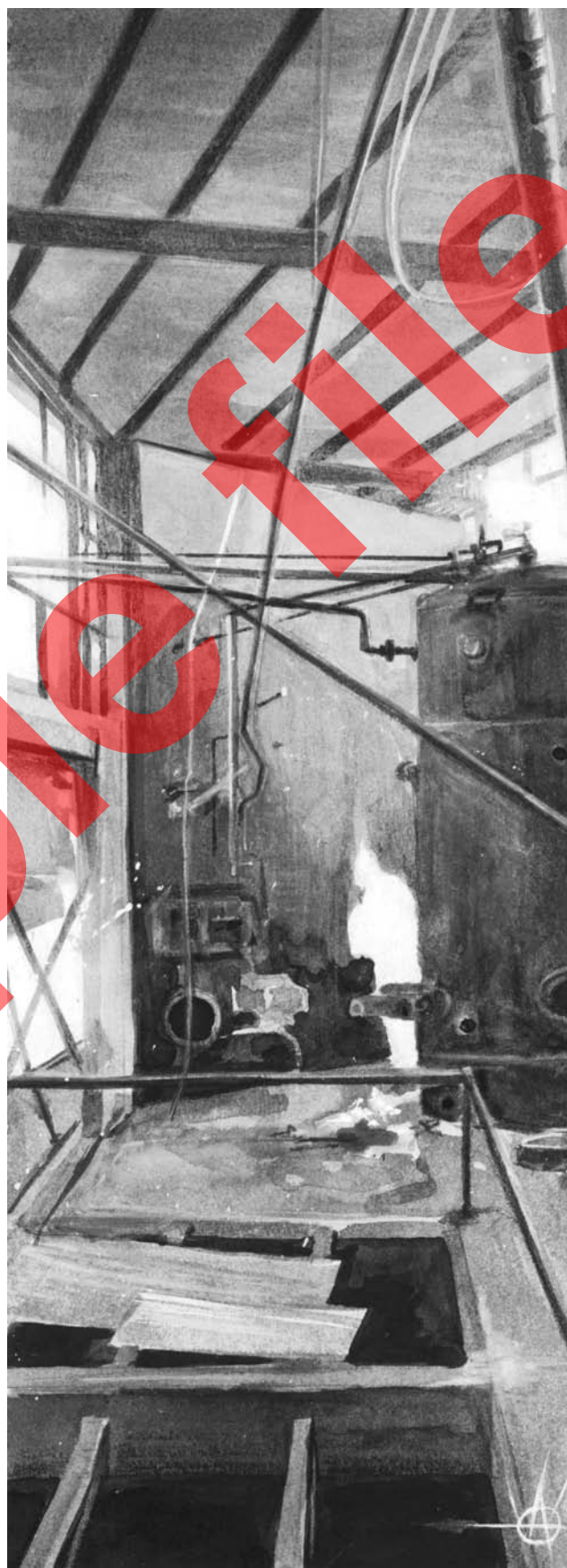
The oldest cliché in the book says the streets are like a jungle. That's bullshit — a jungle has more rules, and more civility. There's a certain back-alley protocol, true, but anyone who lives among the urban wastelands knows that those rules are broken nightly with blood and steel. No one with a heart can look at this chaos and do nothing if she has the power to change it — for better or worse. The war for reality may begin here, in a place with so much to gain and so much to do.

The best mages seek Ascension of one kind or another; for most, this Path is a worldwide goal, not a personal one. The twisting Path of street-level Ascension holds fistfuls of challenges for the mage who dares to make a difference here — and many rewards, as well.

The human element should never be far from a street-level game. Though they might look like parts of the landscape, the people here — from the wino to the bookie, from the single mom to the gangsta — are human beings, vital and loaded with potential. Inner city Sleepers keep one eye open out of survival habits. If a mage can bring some magick into their lives — and survive the experience — she may find worthwhile allies, hardcore foes or dedicated converts to her cause.

Whatever Path she follows, a mage cannot help but be affected by an urban journey. Stories in the inner cities are tales of horror, revenge, despair, desperation, survival... and hope. This last may be the most important; even in the worst slums, dives and pits, some hope remains. Coaxing it out and bringing it to bloom — or to ruin — may be the most meaningful thing a mystick ever does.

Frankly, the odds suck; a do-gooder is liable to end up decaying in a dumpster, sewer or polluted river. Even a Nephandus who comes in overconfident may find himself feeding rats with his own flesh. But struggling towards some goal gives meaning to the apparently meaningless. By offering his players something beyond Technomancer-smashing and Umbra-hopping, the Mage Storyteller brings a new dimension to the game — the responsibility that comes with a mage's power.





## Mood

The myths are not total bullshit — there is a vitality to the underside that “normal” society can never match. And we love it. We fucking eat it up, in movies, games, comics, music and TV. We love to watch our well-oiled little machine come apart at the seams. Cocky with the scent of blood, we stare at our own worst reflection with disgust and fascination. Scary as it is, the image makes us hot.

Street stories carry a perverse glamour; their sleaze, violence, passion and decay stir the darkest parts of our souls even as they sicken us. Street-level tales should carry this heady mix through atmosphere and gut-level excitement. The swirling barroom reek, the bass thunder of boom-cars on rain-slicked asphalt, the threat of violence and the thrill of battered flesh — these are elements no street game should be without. The mood in these wastelands is tense and alive, terrifying but triumphant.

## Storytelling Mature Themes

In street-level games such as those explored in this book, the question for Storytellers is not so much which theme or themes to pursue, but how to incorporate them without offending (or pandering to) your players.

Perhaps the best thing a Storyteller can do is to talk to the players individually about their limits before beginning a chronicle with mature themes — even if the players are her close friends. As a Storyteller, you might tell a player that

you're thinking about starting a story whose primary themes are sexual hatred and alienation, possibly involving rape or sexual violence. How would the player feel about this sort of story, and where would his or her limits lie?

If the player objects to exploring this theme altogether, ask him for suggestions or offer some alternatives. If he finds the particular vehicle for the theme unacceptable if it directly involves his character, step it down a notch by having a character's friend be involved instead, or alter the vehicle itself.

Treat players with respect and never force them, through peer pressure, guilt techniques, or any other means, to participate in a story whose themes offend them. On the other hand, gritty street-level games don't grow out of Pollyanna; if they stir up some discomfort and even fear, there's some good Storytelling and playing going on there. Just be sure to encourage players to communicate with you and amongst themselves so that if boundaries are exceeded, everybody knows to stop.

For a longer look at storytelling mature themes, communication between players and the Storyteller, and coping with problems that arise, see **Love Beyond Death**, a sourcebook for **Wraith: The Oblivion**.

## Yo! Common Sense 101

There's something sexy and enticing about our dark sides; many people get so caught up in that glamour that they destroy themselves. Others really want to get away, but

don't know how, and lack the means to leave even if they did. The best way to avoid traps like addiction, disease, injury or prison is to "keep the gators fed," as Stephen King puts it, and learn the harshest lessons from fiction, not experience. By roleplaying amid the neon backwash, we can satisfy our craving for darkness without the real-life risks — and costs. Gothic-Punk street-cruising is, or should be, only a game.

## Lexicon of the Street

Few are born with the gift of gab; if you have it, it's like oil on the machine. Things run smoothly. But for those who don't, when the situation gets hairy, you'd best play it quiet and cool. The following section provides a few terms which might help along the way.

Word to the wise here. If you're unsure of which subculture you are dealing with, shut up. As you've probably noticed, some of these terms mean very different things to different people. Walk softly and stay strapped.

**B&D:** Stands for bondage and discipline; also **BD**.

**Bagman:** Person who carries a package of something illegal, i.e., drugs or money in need of laundering.

**Basehead:** Person who's generally useless because she's addicted to freebased drugs. Baseheads frequently wander the streets like zombies, lending a creepy haunted air to bad neighborhoods.

**Bitch:** Generally a derogatory term for a woman, but it's not just for ladies anymore (esp. in gay circles). Call a man a bitch if he's being a bitch, and watch him turn green. Also a term for professional female dominant.

**Bitchslap:** A fast and vicious blow, usually done by surprise. From an obvious pimp term.

**Block party:** A neighborhood festival featuring music, food, gambling and good-natured drinking.

**Blood Doll:** Someone who shares blood and acts like a vampire for thrills.

**Bloods:** A large group of affiliated gangsters, originally from South Central Los Angeles, who wear the color red.

**Bloodsports:** Special service some professional dominants offer which involves cutting or piercing for the purpose of sexual arousal. Also camaraderie-inducing group torture sessions, where members of one group bond by torturing members of another. Also a term for pit fighting, sometimes between human combatants.

**Bondage:** Tying someone up or being tied up for the purpose of sexual stimulation or titillation.

**Bonkers:** Insane. Also **Bugfuck**.

**Bugging:** The street equivalent of geeking-out. Getting crazy, both good or bad.

**Buster:** Coward.

**Butch:** The masculine (and often dominant) partner in a gay relationship. Also refers to a man or woman who acts flamboyantly male. See *fem*.

**Chicken:** Virgin or child wanted sexually. Also an old term for coward, or for a suicide-dare.

**Chickenhawk:** Older person who pursues teens for sex, usually an older man who pursues young boys; also a pimp who hangs out at bus stations in big cities waiting for young girls to step off the bus so he can recruit them as prostitutes.

**Chilling:** Just hanging out, being cool; low stress.

**Chica:** Hot girl; can be an endearment or an insult.

**Chopped:** Custom-built or modified; also mutilated, killed in a quick or gruesome way, or given a sex-change operation.

**Citizen:** A suburbanite, or a mostly law-abiding person.

**Cosa Nostra:** Mafia. Also **The Mob**.

**Crack whore:** Person who will do anything (esp. appalling sexual acts) in order to acquire crack cocaine.

**Crib:** The place you live, or mostly hang out.

**Crip:** A very large group of affiliated gangsters, originally from South Central Los Angeles, who wear the color blue.

**Curbstomp:** Vicious street-fighting technique where a victim is placed open-mouthed on a curb, then gets stomped in the back of the head. This breaks his teeth and dislocates his jaw. Considered assault with intent to kill in many states.

**Daisy chain:** A sexual linking of three or more of either or both sexes in a line; can be linked with mouth-to-genitals, hands-to-genitals, or genitals-to-genitals or anus.

**Deep:** Having lots of folks in your gang.

**Def:** Used a few years back to describe things that were good or cool.

**Dis:** Short for disrespect; on the streets, respect might be all you have, so guard it well.

**Discipline:** Dominant sexual role play, usually involving transgression and punishment.

**Dome:** Head, as in "I'll put a bullet through your dome."

**Domina, Dominatrix:** Professional dominant, usually female but sometimes male; person who gives customers a sexual thrill by exhibiting power over them. Such services do not usually involve actual sexual contact with the dominant, although the submissive is sometimes permitted to masturbate.

**Dope:** Aside from the obvious drug connotation, dope can also mean good or valuable.

**Down:** To be down with some body is to be supportive, to be willing and able to provide support and/or backup.

**Dose:** To sneak some substance (usually a drug) into someone's food or drink; also a measured portion of a drug.

**DP:** Double penetration, i.e., two penises in either one orifice, or one in the anus and the other in the vagina of the same individual at the same time.

**Drag:** Cross-dressing; also a bad thing ("That's a drag"), sloth ("Quit draggin'"), or a toke from a joint, cigarette or pipe.

**Dungeon:** Place equipped with torture implements and restraints for professional dominants to work out of; also a term for a well-equipped playroom belonging to amateurs.

**Dusted:** Wacked-out, or treated with PCP; also refers to something or someone destroyed or killed ("We dusted that fucker.").

**Dyke:** Lesbian; can be either an insult, a greeting, or a compliment, depending on who you are and who you're talking to. **Faggot** is the male equivalent.

**Escort:** Can be non-sexual, but generally refers to mid- to high-end prostitute who does outcalls to good hotels or incalls to a comfortable apartment.

**Feet:** Police, cops.

**Fem:** The feminine (and often submissive) partner in a gay relationship. Also refers to a man who acts effeminate. See *butch*.

**Fibbies:** FBI agents and other federal enforcers.

**Five-O:** Cops; also **The Man**.

**Fix:** Dose of something a person is addicted to; also a crooked set-up usually intended to give a gambler an edge. ("Put your cash on Tyson. The fix is in and he's going to take a dive for ten percent of the take.")

**Flavor:** Comes from taste. Your taste in clothing, or whatever, is your style. The flavor is that style.

**Fluffer:** Person who prepares a male sex video actor to perform, i.e., person who gets him hard.

**Fly:** Up high like Superman, bigger than life. Fly is like super-cool.

**Foul:** Out of line, rotten behavior.

**From the shoulder:** To attack with fists; also to speak plain and honest.

**Gangbanger, Gangsta:** A gang member. Gangbanger (or 'Banger) often refers to gang members who tend to do more fighting, as opposed to dealers (*hustlers*) and pimps (*macks*). Also a term for a person, usually female, who has sex with a large group of people, usually male, either willingly or unwillingly (see *Train*).

**Gat:** Firearm. From Gatling gun.

**Ghetto star:** Like an O.G., only more so, and famous for it in the hood.

**Go head up:** Start a fight, to not back down from a confrontation.

**Hard boy, Hardcase:** Merciless professional thug.

**Highside:** Wiping out your motorcycle and skidding across the pavement.

**High-roller:** One who's on top of her game, paid, well off and in control.

**Holding:** In possession of something illegal, usually drugs. Also keeping information from someone.

**Homie, Homes:** Though it still indicates a neighborhood friend (**Homeboy**), using this term is a good way to get laughed at (esp. if you're white).

**Home invasion:** A group break-in, during which residents are raped, tortured and sometimes killed while the house is being robbed and trashed.

**Hood:** From neighborhood; the general vicinity of your home, or a common ground.

**Hoodoo:** A curse; often fearsomely effective. Also **Mojo**.

**Hubba:** Crack cocaine.

**Hustle:** Put effort into something illegal; to whore. Also means to scam people through gambling (esp. at pool) or sex.

**Hyped:** Hyper, excited.

**Ill:** The sick shit; one oar in the water, just not right.

**Incall:** Sex appointment when a prostitute receives a john at an apartment or house operated by the service he or she works for. See *outcall*.

**Jack:** To forcibly redirect to one's own purposes; to steal, take away, or commit a hold-up.

**John:** Male customer of a prostitute.

**Juice:** Power, leverage, street-pull.

**Jumped in:** Initiated into a gang, usually involves new member being beaten up by current full members.

**Kickin' it:** Like chilling, only more social. Relaxing with your homies.

**Life, the:** Working in the sexual profession, usually as a prostitute.

**Loc:** One who is crazy or being crazy. From loco. Like getting amped up before a fight.

**Mack:** Pimp, or just a hit with the ladies. Bela Lugosi was the mack...

**Made his bones:** Killed someone, usually for initiation.

**Made man:** A full member of the Mafia; also someone who has earned a place in some other gang or organization.

**Mistress:** Woman whose expenses are covered by one man in return for sexual favors and companionship; also term for professional female dominant.

**Nine:** Short for 9mm handgun.

**No Walking J/O:** Many SM clubs will have signs which say this; it means patrons are not permitted to walk around masturbating openly (J/O is for jacking off).

**Numbers:** Popular form of illegal gambling where a different three-number combination is chosen daily. Gamblers guess the combination (or the numbers in it) to win.

**O.G.:** Original Gangster; respectful term for members with experience and seniority.

**One-percenter:** Outlaw biker.

**Outcall:** Sex appointment when a prostitute meets a john at his apartment, house, or, most commonly, hotel. See *incall*.

**Out the back door:** Leaving dead, usually from jail.

**P.C.:** Protective custody; also called “punk city” by convicts, who disdain those placed there.

**Peel a cap:** Like scalping, only with guns, bats or whatever. To kill by damaging someone's head.

**Pimping:** To control prostitutes for your financial gain. Tends to be used more for street-level prostitution.

**Piper:** Crack-smoker.

**Pop a cap:** Archaic term for shooting someone.

**Pro:** Prostitute, working-girl.

**Props:** Proper amount of respect. Also tools of a sex specialist's trade.

**Protection:** Can be genuine, as in a threat of bloody retribution should a protected individual be bothered; also a racket where the “safety” one purchases is from the protector.

**Pulling the train:** Being the first person in a *daisy chain* or a *train*.

**Punk:** Chump. Also used to describe people into punk music and lifestyle.

**Queer:** Gay man; often used as a term of defiance in the gay community (as in the group Queer Nation).

**Red-top:** Refers to the tops of the vials that crack cocaine comes in.

**Retaliation:** Like blood price in rural culture; the family (or gang) of an individual who has been harmed has the moral right to kill members of the attacker's family (or gang).

**Ricebag:** An insulting term for a Japanese motorcycle.

**Ride:** Car, vehicle.

**Road rash:** What you get if you highside your ride. Common scars on bikers.

**Rough trade:** Dangerous sex, sexual partners, or situations entered for a masochistic sexual thrill (“You like rough trade?”).

**Run up on:** Sneak attack.

**Scene:** SM, bondage, or discipline interaction performed for an audience at an SM club or party; also refers to any subculture — fetish, drug, gay or lesbian, etc. — to which one belongs.

**Set:** A gang, or one branch of a gang.

**Shag:** To fuck, usually violently.

**Shank:** To stab, from the term for a prison knife. Also rape.

**SHARP:** SkinHeads Against Racial Prejudice; they dress much like Nazi/white supremacist skins, but beat up Nazi/white supremacist skins rather than ethnic minorities or homosexuals.

**Sheep:** A sex slave, often female, shared within a group.

**Shot caller:** Gang leader, decision maker.

**Skin:** Skinhead; also an older term for a rubber (condom).

**Slapping skins:** Having sex.

**Slippin':** Not paying attention; fucking up, making mistakes.

**Slumming:** Upper-class persons going to lower-class establishments or locales, generally for entertainment.

**SM:** Also **Sadomasochism** or **S&M**. Refers to practices which are usually sexual in nature and involve exchanges of pain.

**Smack:** Heroin, **H**, **Horse**.

**Snuff:** Underground porno which features real mutilations and deaths.

**Strapped:** Packing; carrying a weapon, usually a gun.

**Streetwalking:** Low-end prostitution involving standing outside and soliciting business from passing vehicles.

**Submissive:** This may be a person who provides the service of letting a customer exhibit sexual mastery over him or her; more often it refers to a man who pays a professional dominant to be cruel to him, beat him and verbally humiliate him etc.

**Train:** A succession of sexual partners, usually male, for a single person, usually female, who may be willing or unwilling. Also called a **Gangbang**.

**Trick:** Customer of a prostitute; also used to refer to a whorelike sexy female, or a single act of prostitution. Also a term of disrespect for a cowardly male.

**Under his knife:** Protected by; also indicates dangerous surgery.

**Vigorish, Vig:** Massive interest due on a loan-shark's loan (usually 20% per week).

**Wack:** Crappy, foul.

**Wacked:** Insane, as in wacko. Also means murdered (“We wacked him and left him in the river.”).

**Watersports:** Being urinated on or urinating on someone else for sexual stimulation or titillation. Generally considered humiliating; a service offered by some professional dominants.

**Wired:** Wearing a listening or recording device. Also hyped on drugs, or seriously into computers or other technology.

**Word:** Truth, as in “I give you my word.”

**Work:** To have sex, or to solicit; to perform a dangerous activity. Also a common term for body alterations like piercings or tattoos.