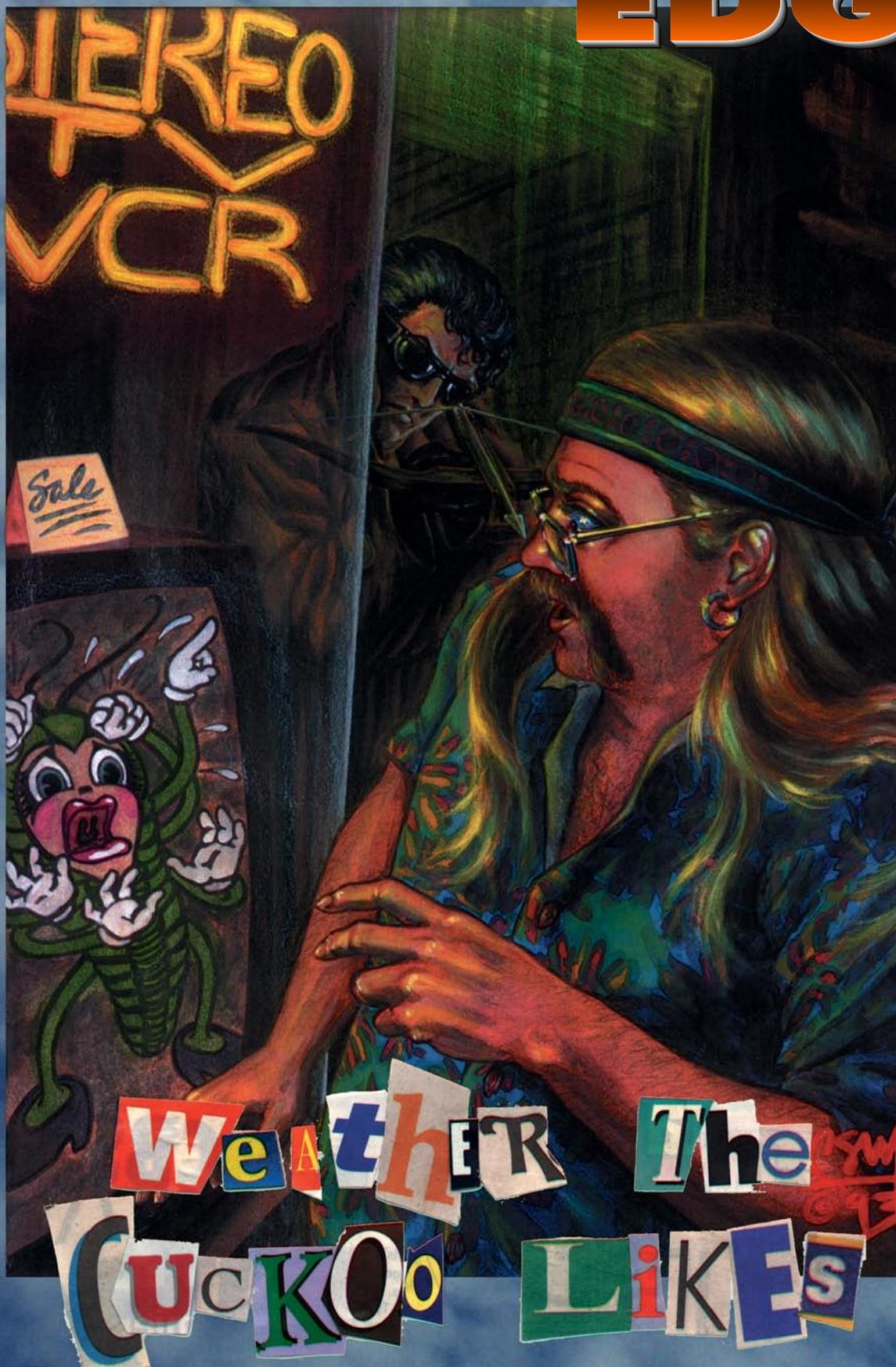


# OVER THE EDGE



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# Me<sup>e</sup>t THE Cut-Ups

“All nature is but art, unknown to thee  
All chance, direction which thou canst  
not see;

All discord, harmony not understood”

— Alexander Pope

“The Sultan’s concrete wall develops bites and God fasts,” says Mrs. Brinker, adjusting her reading glasses and squinting at the smudgy printout of the Cut-Up machine. “You know, I don’t know why that fussed machine has to print on thermal fax paper.”

“Mo-o-o-o-OMMMM!” whines her son, Brain-Melting Brinker Twin Claus. “We’ve been through all of this before — just read what it says.” Claus is squirming in his chair, seized by his usual restlessness.

“Mrs. Brinker, the Cut-Up machine is based on sub-random science, and therefore must be made up of an amalgam of incompatible technologies.” This statement emanates from a sugar dispenser, a tall glass and stainless steel receptacle familiar to generations of diner patrons. It is the low, modulated voice of the Really Quite Angry Kid; she is currently unable to manifest in this dimension and therefore can communicate only through the crystalline structures of the sugar. “If it worked better it wouldn’t work at all. If you get my meaning.”

“Well, Really Quite Angry, I can’t say I do —”

“MOM! Shut up and read the rest of what it says!” Claus swivels in his chair.

His identical brother Pere, who heretofore has seemed to be asleep, opens his left eye and fixes it on Claus. “Disrespect for our mother? Is this what you’re showing?”

Claus freezes. The naked light bulb hanging over the table begins to gently sway, for no obvious reason.

“N-no, no, Pere,” Claus stammers. “That wasn’t the situation at all —”

“It would be unfortunate if this were the situation.”

Robert “Doc” Cross leans forward, nervously adjusting his bandanna. “Uhhh,” he says. Having gotten the attention of the assembled group, he pauses to draw a sip of tea from his mug. “Maybe we should start over on this message — the one from The Machine...”

“The Sultan’s concrete wall develops bites and God fasts,” says Mrs. Brinker. “Emptiness is the position of a prerecorded violent pain. Ulceration is potentially beneficial as an authoritarian strategy for the reduction of bridges.”

“And that is the entirety of the message?” asks C. A. Radford. The smoke from his pipe rises to cuddle with the light bulb; then it forms into the shape of a Mayan mask. The mask, of an underworld deity, has wild swirling eyes; it sticks its triangular tongue at Claus Brinker. It says something in an unfamiliar language.

“What’s the mask sayin’, C. A.?” yips the Andalusia Dog. His breath reeks of vegetable flavored Milk Bones.

# Weather The Cuckoo Likes

*"Dada was the theory;  
we are the practice."*

— *The Cut-Ups' Motto*

The Cut-Ups are the Al Amarjan wing of the Chaos Boys, an international (and interdimensional) group devoted to thwarting the plans of Control Addicts everywhere. If you know Al Amarja, you know it's *full* of Control Addicts!

The Cut-Ups don't so much attack the various conspiracies they oppose, as strike out instead at the very fabric of reality on which all of their insidious plans depend.

As an *Over the Edge*™ sourcebook, *Weather the Cuckoo Likes* will bring you along on the Cut-Ups' outrageous exploits.

This sourcebook includes:

- Descriptions of individual Cut-Ups, from the Andalusia Dog to noted game designer Robert "Doc" Cross;
- Foes of the Cut-Ups, including the unfathomable Koanhead;
- "The Coatless Code," which guides the Chaos Boys (and also fits very nicely on a placemat);
- Optional Cut-Up Rules — a completely new approach to game mechanics for OTE or any other game;
- Cut-Up Technology, fringe devices from the Cut-Ups Machine itself to the Collective Unconscious Swizzle Stick;
- plus TWO COMPLETE ADVENTURES, to throw your player characters right into the zany fringes of Reality that the Cut-Ups call home!

*"This is the weather the cuckoo likes, armored division submissive to vernacular the world into a gambling birdhouse velocity."*

— *The Cut-Ups' alternate motto*

