

Chun Fang, “Frank”

Cop turned confidence man who has a knack for **persuasion** and a hidden skill in **drunken boxing**.

Physical attributes

Frank is an older man with a noticeable paunch who’s otherwise suprisingly spry. He shaves his graying hair to a close crop.

- 4 hit points
- Brawny
- Girly

Sanity

9

Equipment

- Dingy Buddhist monk’s robes
- Bowler hat
- Worn out black Converse “non-skids”
- Weighted umbrella (shaft weighs 3 pounds)
- Canvas messenger bag containing:
 - 8 oz flask of rum
 - Rope dart on a 9 foot rope
 - Colt New Service revolver chambered with 6 .38 rounds
 - 8 additional .38 rounds jostling freely in the bag
 - 2 oz bottle of ether
 - An old rag
 - Notebook and pen
 - Lift-Arm Lighter
 - Women’s sunglasses
 - Fake moustache
 - An acupunturist’s kit
 - 4 prayer bead necklaces
 - 6 oz of oregano
 - A 1913 map of San Francisco
 - 2 servings of sticky rice
 - \$7.28

Background

Chun Fang was born around 1876 in Guangdong province and immigrated to San Francisco when he was 17 years old. Bound to send remittances to his family back home, Fang found a new name “Frank” and degrading work at the canning factory at Fisherman’s wharf.

Frank worked nights at the cannery, and spent part of his daylight hours working jobs around Chinatown. He started as a courier, and as he gained a reputation as a guy who could wiggle his way out of sticky situations, he gradually took on responsibility for more important packages. He started moving contraband, delicate work that required persuading the right people at the right time, either with sweet talk or a swift kick in the pants.

His connections with local bosses eventually got him out of the cannery and into a job with the San Francisco Police Department. He spent six years working as a Chinatown beat cop and as an informant for the triad.

Publicly it was his shady connections that cost Frank his badge, but really it was his habit of getting drunk on the job. Partly out of embarrassment, and partly because he had no steady income to send home, Frank stopped writing letters to his family. He hasn’t heard from them in years.

For the past decade Frank has scraped a living working odd jobs and tricking tourists out of their dollars with simple cons. One day he’ll walk Market Street playing the meddler, the other he’ll hawk amulets and traditional remedies that cost quite a lot and do very little. He’s practiced his bits and has a knack for telling people what they want to hear, whether it’s good for them or not.

Frank doesn’t cut an impressive figure at first glance, but local toughs know better than to shake him down for what little he has. He’s got a reputation for fighting dirty, and rumor has it he’s mastered a deadly Chinese martial art.