

BROUHA HA LAST MAN STANDING

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BLACK DOG
GAME FACTORY

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DARKNESS

Vamp-Ire the Mars-Parade - Last Brouhaha Standing


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This is amateurish roleplayer sermon, unworthy of highest academic standards!



STORYTELLERS VAULT

FICTION



WHITE WOLF

VÄSTGÖTAGATAN 5
SE-118 27 STOCKHOLM
SWEDEN

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Because of my prose
& the suicide way!

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Helpful LINK:

[http://whitewolf.wikia.com/wiki/Vampire: The Masquerade 20th Anniversary Edition](http://whitewolf.wikia.com/wiki/Vampire:_The_Masquerade_20th_Anniversary_Edition)

Author's mindset: I write Pietroschek-Prose, and stemming from one more dysfunctional family background, being one more problem child, pariah, criminal, university dropout, and ex-bum: I really think that expecting elite university standards from me is alike a Malkavian prank on my critic's expense.

There comes a moment, when the own ego no longer bathes us in ignorance, and we realize that midlife crisis is just another mainstream simplification. Real life rarely looks as polished, as the movies. Real life hurts us with or without justification, and that real life was worth it for a while, as it brought all the joy, all the sex, and all the indulgence we loved, too.

For some of us letting the own facade down is difficult in precisely the solitude which would allow us to keep it secret. Still it is not just another misery loves company. It is one of those social rites which even the non-occult-crazed can understand. Some by instinct, some by gut-feeling, others due observation or prudence. The little talk is set in generic city, and specifically into a cheap generic diner of it. Even the protagonists admitted that they ain't special enough to craft out a unique background!

The optimal way of mixing a Brouhaha is a personal comfort, or semi-accurate memory due ego, mix of the Brujah clan for style, the Malkavian clan for minor problems of the personality, the Tzimisce clan for our ways of mercy and forgiveness, the Baali clanbook on faith & folly, or 'Freak Legion - A players guide to the Fomori' for our joyful surroundings through the years, factories, and offices. But the protagonists are the roleplayers, so skip the preternatural powers and remain a mere mortal, coward! ;-)

The diner by night – kinda title & stuff

Adrian: Another coffee, please. Lots of lactose-free milk and sugar.

Waitress: You sure they'll show-up at all?

Adrian: *shrugs*

And while customers enter or leave, and the waitress does her job, Adrian stares into the nightly sky, drifting into the tear-jerking nostalgia once more. A decade since his cat had died, and years after the loss of Huggy Woman. Life's been the longest road this bummer ever had to walk and stumble. Life, oft beloved, sometimes feared, hated here and there, or even shunned away from.

Dodging his own tears his eyesight falls upon the Brouhaha T-Shirt they all purchased for their meeting. 'Better dead than uncool!' its slogan. What foolish, youthful pride they had once made them fall for such cheap sales-tricks. Well, roleplayers of 'Black Dog marries White Wolf and their bestselling World of Wolf-Shadow RPG'... It really changed the way we lived, and prevented a handful of suicides. Or worse.

Chan Wei: You still owe me money!

Adrian: Mistaken identity, sir?

Chan Wei: Not again...

Adrian: Sorry, stock market courses, global porn-strike, and a dire need for drugs!

Chan Wei: Seen the doctor?

Adrian: Yes, as if gut-rot wouldn't be enough. It is DJ LC early on stage.

Chan Wei hesitates for one blink of an eye. But then he regains his composure.

Chan Wei: So the afterlife-mafia may come gunning soon?

Adrian: Do the séance on demand, Chan.

Chan Wei: Oh, dammit. You forgot ten university graduations and fifty ex-wives with one heart-failure, but the one thing you remember is...

Adrian: The darkest secret of all who ever came close to me.

Both chuckle, as the minor quirk of occult babbling & role-swapping did stop worrying Chan Wei decades ago.

Brakeman: If I wouldn't know better than I'd say that my business associate has fallen for another bum's tragic tale!

The voice of Brakeman makes both other Brouhaha jumpy. It is clear to see.

Chan Wei, still clad in business clothing: Please, Sir, gimme a coin!

Adrian, still clad in bum shelters rag tag mix: Dear Mr. Brakeman, did my office fail to inform you that our business appointment has been shifted to the 30th of February, and from London to Tokyo?

Brakeman: Hm... ***suspicious look*** followed by mutual chuckling from all three chit-chatters.

Now three Brouhaha chuckle, and one waitress summons her 'no-nonsense composure', delivering a coffee to Adrian and asking the other weirdos what they want to order. The Fennesea-Roleplay sermon they discuss DOES make the waitress pray for a Nerd-Slaying serial killer, but so far none shows up.

Chan Wei: Vanessa?

Adrian: Wasn't she pregnant?

Brakeman: Her husband considers it ill-suited to know her associated with the Brouhaha any longer, I daresay.

Adrian: Daresay, that is his version of 'I guess'. And how he left his seductive skill unmentioned here!

Brakeman: ***stares the traditional daggers into the eyes of the lowborn loudmouth***

Adrian: Didn't you two, both, marry your roleplaying wives? Queens of Hearts and stuff?

Chan Wei: My oldest boy is feverish. Had no choice.

Brakeman: Business calls on the morrow, sorry.

Adrian: Any sense in waiting for Bestial and K?

Chan Wei: Bestial seems very busy doing body-building since the methadone project helped him.

Brakeman: And even we uncovered some of your TOTALLY harmless notes about the state of the art concerning K! ***glares at Adrian***

Adrian: mea culpa, mea maxima culpa! ***poses theatrically*** yet with clenching fists.

The bummer fetches a menthol-cigarette from a package, and lightens it afire. Inhaling, coughing, inhaling once again, though slower and focused on it, struggling.

Chan Wei: That is really a new low.

Brakeman: I had hoped you felt tempted to point-out being different, but that's really it. Lung cancer due those useless tobacco sticks, and not the slightest regrets?

Adrian: I regret a lot, being me has never been part of that though.

Uncomfortable silence lurks for one moment, but decades of practice let the trio snap-back into the spirit of the True Brouhaha instead!

Adrian: Twenty years on psychology websites, and not one with a solution. Most with the same stereotypical explanation. Dammit, Vamp-Ire the Mars-Parade was simply the best lifestyle cheer-up & routine breaker we could achieve or afford, no more, and no less.

Chan Wei: Oh, that night the Sabbath struck I really thought we were dusted!

Brakeman: I must have been absent.

Adrian: Aye! Absent due carnal athletic competitions of your younger years.

Chan Wei: Yeah! A thousand Toreador poems which were never written...

Adrian: Nothing hit us harder than that fairy tale crossover! Accursed trolling.

Brakeman: Except the next adventure, maybe.

Adrian & Chan Wei: True!

Brakeman: And then you decided to switch sides, Join the Sabath, any memories why you did so?

Adrian: No, truly none. Maybe the inner turmoil of being one of the two Satanic Brouhaha anyway? Nah.

Brakeman: Hm... that deep fall you took does indeed remind of the Baali Clan.

Chan Wei: And now two Corporate Brouhaha listen to the Devilish Sermon of the one Satanic Brouhaha?

For a mortal in midlife crisis it does make so much more sense. In secrecy most of us had heard songs like 'Forever Young' or 'Who wants to live forever', too. Few above age 40 wouldn't consider a *Faustian Bargain* to become a Brouhaha Brawler Punky instead of withering away, lost in their routines of career, family or failure. It DID all become alike somehow. Mortality is a burden to live with, and it grows more heavy with every day we grow older, and thus grow consequentially weaker.

- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=RHIATt0BaM>
- https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=_TsOPjZEF6E

Adrian: Dreams of today are ego-bursts of tomorrow, it is cola time!

Another social rite is indulged

Adrian: A toast, for those forced to go before their true time had come!

Chan Wei: A toast, to the society which hosts us all the way!

Brakeman: A toast, to the future awaiting us!

Adrian: Now let's shake-off this sentimentality, as if any of us would have ever aspired to be part of the Brouhaha!

And so it was done. Right in time for a cellular-phone call to reach Brakeman.

***Emotionally-Touching moment my prose failed to get written* ;-)**

Brakeman: Sorry, I have to leave early, but one last thing, Adrian, care to accompany me to the car?

Adrian: Until this becomes another gay-sex orgy we never had for real!

Brakeman: ***eyes rolling***

Chan Wei: Don't worry, I drive our lil Bummer home (*yeah, it still bites - the author!*)

Brakeman: Good, but that's not it. Let's go.

Adrian and Brakeman walk towards the parking lot.

Brakeman: So you die like a stubborn mule instead of asking any of us for help?

Adrian: I was tempted, kinda allergic to pain, but it is the price for my own choices made.

Brakeman: Can't you imagine that somehow WE ALL see that a bit differently? No man is left behind once held real meaning, you know?

Adrian: Sorry, never had a course on how to save or live a life the casual & cultivated way, I daresay.

Brakeman: We pay the best doctors money can buy, and you will struggle against the cancer, as much, as you have struggled against every damn norm in your entire lifetime!

Adrian: Ay...Ouch!

The Bummer Brouhaha is visibly wracked by pain, crashing to the ground.

Adrian: ***cough*... I am fine!**

Brakeman: Yeah, THAT is clear to see.

Adrian: Olaf, get home well, greetings to your wife, and be ready, when your newborn needs a father!

Brakeman: Well, err, thanks. I 'guess'. Are you crying?

Adrian: Nah, just a tear-jerking from the pain! Now saddle-up, cowboy!

Brakeman: Until next time then!

Adrian: Yes, until we meet again, dear corporate Brouhaha!

Returning to Chan Wei in slow motion the face of Adrian displays an enervated, tired composure.

Chan Wei: So we came to save a life tonight. Did we?

Adrian: God may know. Time to drive home.

Chan Wei: Yes, Milord.

Adrian: Yes, Milord, let's eradicate those degenerate devil-worshipers once and for all!

- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=MhScW3PkaH4>

The car drove with maximum speed, clearly ignoring the laws. Both passengers were pressed into their seats.

Chan Wei: Does he know?

Adrian: Will we live long enough to find out for sure?

They both popped some pills, swallowing greedily...

Chan Wei and Adrian looked at each other...

Chan Wei: You still doubt any chance of an afterlife?

Adrian: Outside of porn or anti-gay word-games? Yes!

The impact killed both of them quickly, as they stopped being 'uncool'...

<https://www.mediafire.com/folder/c6stdra9og63/Documents>

Why did we pay for this?

- Encouragement: I am among the chosen few who survived a winter sleeping on the asphalt of our city AND made it back the legal way aka rent a new room due social-networking supporters, plus accepting minimum wage physical labor to get back into the workforce.
- Trauma-Bane: I was the ONLY bum who held up his empty coffee cup and NEVER got a coin. Plus: It is because I am a skinhead, they insisted I look like the type of guy lurking in ambush with a baseball bat. Well, I did not, I went the legal way AND purchased a baseball bat by now.
- To oppose rapists and forced prostitution. My own first offer was 15 €. One other fellow bum of my own group was only offered 10 €, but another started with 20 €.
- Respect: Because reading the licenses, working the formats and adding the logos and graphics properly is additional work. And the same is true on inviting higher skilled artists who's fiction I really read, and who can qualify for good contributions to the storytellers vault.
- Honesty among adults: Mugging and robbery do become necessities among survivors, when you are bureaucracy forced to stay urban, but run out of money while criminals, disease, weather, and accidents can nail you 24/7. Simple logic, if I run out of money, then I must get it the less pleasant ways. And this is a truism for all who went through the first 48 hours of being outcast.
- Because capitalism is a bitch which runs like that, morons? Alone the legitimization to write their most negative review ever should mouth-water the troll hordes. ;->

Bonus content – Because I am needy, not greedy!

Inverted Pentagram Haiku

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Hellborn mind assails,
Egomania's vengeance,
No good left alive!

Miyamoto Musashi

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Swordsaint Musashi,
he wrote the book of five rings:
Wisdom of killers.

Vampire pride

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The graveyard is our tomb hotel, with coffins for the poor.
Bloodthirst, our primal urge, the one and only nightly cure!
A predatory kinda revenant, as we arise from certain death.
Defying God's dictum through our darker passions & wrath!

Our egos faced the scythe-bearer, and spit it into the face.
Nocturn, smart, and elegant we build their true masterrace.
The graceful, stylish killer prowls, for we all learned to be:
Children of the bloodshed, each night we are breaking free.

Prolonged life and feats of power, we pale the mortal fools.
At day they are salary slaves, at night they bow to our rules.
Mortality, once overcome, feels like a granny's horrid dream.
See our undead existence cherished & indulged to an extreme.