Shadow-Wrested 2

by A. M. Pielroschek

World of Darkness – Shadow-Wrested 2

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This is prosaic & foreign roleplayer sermon, not one more copy-catted plagiarism!

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Helpful LINK:

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, born one more problem child, pariah, ex-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. *Still this is not my diary, nor some therapist-couch sermon. It is the mature and wizened, oft-revised World of Darkness!*

- WoD Antagonists was a book with much potential. Especially for all storytellers who left the stream-lined, dished for money course and dared to craft or create their own stories and campaigns. Same on
- 'WoD Slasher', as playing it decently, playing a group of those killers who spawn forth an urban legend, only to subsequently play a bunch of young adults growing up in that kinda Sunnydale turned upside down, had rarely succeeded before. Actually, so far, it did not succeed at all.

It is comparably shocking and occasionally intimidating to witness how many mainstream ignorance-victims we can find nowadays, or how fiercely they cling to the delusion that what they are living is a free, adult life in our democracies. Yet who am I to burst their bubbles? Got plenty to do with my own problems, and the fact that my life expectancy is estimated below three years did not precisely make me more of a martyr or social engineer either. But I am still one of those who turn off TV, start some music and write some stuff. Or clean the bathroom, but I never earned a beeping cent with those chores. *;-)*

Fellow, I go bang your mother!

“The prince of the city board-game had inspired me to limit the number of real powerplayers in a scenario, as a typical roleplaying group has 3 to 6 members, and a typical session takes four to ten hours. And in case you wonder what made me attempt to identify with a certain faction: Vampire became a global bestseller by doing precisely that, not by fearfully shunning away and hiding in some ephemeral political correctness!”

~ Andrè M. Pietroschek, reciting myself here...

Amaru had taken position, as ordered, two hours ago. Keeping a close eye on the Westerner dwelling in one of the apartments, and hence watching from window to door, and from door to window. The guy had become fat, still even a fat brute takes more effort to kill, when alerted and thoroughly provoked. Plus, he was a smoker, not a drug addict, and certainly no junkie. Nigh impossible to deceive Kemal or his crew on that, as they controlled that business.

It must have to do with a Western mindset developed from childhood on, thought Amaru. Few of them ever even tried to sneak through the parking lot. And the backyard wall, actually barely high enough to separate the cars from the kids' playing field, even the slim ones would not jump or climb over it to shortcut unseen through the block! They were like that, though in his first week after arrival from Dubai he went through the same inability to believe it.

Even the police expected criminals to stay as predictable, as the next best officially selected moron in uniform needed them to be, means easily arrested or eagerly presenting themselves, as cooperative & ever submissive bad guys. The notion that some criminals actually had their own ideas about why they commit crimes had no place in the predominant psychology of their academic masterminds. Amaru knew that was no real racism, it was exhaustion from their idiotic attempts to become people free of racism instead.

These infidels had been proud, ignorant, lazy, and corrupted, when Amaru's ancestors steered pirate ships, and a nigh thousand years later only their costume had been changed. The West had been made America's willing, little bitch and it had begun to rot in that life-defying role.

A year ago, when the stranger had arrived, suspicions were much more erratic, and the alertness was still legitimate. By now it had become a routine job, and Amaru could have sworn it was the most boring routine job of his lifetime. It was the new way to kill the less volatile infidels slowly. Neutralizing the secondary targets and potential threats. Western people were blind to such, as the media's so called signal overflow actively destroyed their higher brain functions 24/7.

That one was some mixed blood himself, and a Satanist. Not a Neo-Nazi collaborator, as first suspected, and not in contact with any of their active forces either. By now Amaru's bosses had ultra-violet and night-vision-green videos of him meditating, of him practicing martial arts or weapon wielding, and of him rising from slumber only to have a conspicuous meeting with a rabbit or a bat in the dark of night. Rest of the time he sat before some disgustingly cheap piece of computer, so cheap not even the most desperate junkie could mistake it for loot, and did some meaningless Internet stuff.

And when he left his apartment it was just as predictable and boring. To work, back, sometimes with a supermarket shopping rush thrown in. Talking walks at day or night, usually after hours before that piece of computer junk. Even the routes were mostly identical. Still a verified target was a verified target. And, as habitual among his people, they had not trusted the estimation, but repeated the test to be sure. Made sense, as some of the crew were already on him, when they killed his cat. And others had the shift threatening to rape or prostitute his daughter.

But that was all mundane, or mostly so. One night a local eager to prove himself had the idea of making a tougher kinda fun of it. So they lured some serial butcher type into the hood, and brought him close to the one window with bright light through the night. Psycho-sensitives are hard to separate from vigilant types, but with their own sensitive on the job it was easy. The skinhead sensed the threat through a barricaded window, removed the barricade to face the threat, and stood trembling in rage and envy, when the psycho had a weapon, but he had nothing to duel the psycho with.

Needless to say he only broke out of his boring routine to gather the weapons he considered necessary, and restarted the production of more bleak existence. Some of our watchers judged it craven that we sabotaged his attempts to get body armor. Others argued it will increase the odds of their bets.

Amaru was disciplined enough to bear the calm before the storm, and it was easy to predict that a storm was coming, when the own faction was among the most active culprits. One glimpse upward to the window, and Amaru knew he had twenty minutes for phone calls.

'Who is it?' Answered Kemal the phone.

'Amaru.' whispered the watcher.

'What is he doing?' inquired Kemal.

'He just began to fumble combining his Wing Chun punches with a street combo again, but soft way, barely hitting the wall, so he is tired.' reported Amaru.

'Say, anything true concerning the rumors about Merak?'

Amaru swallowed and thought for a moment, then guessed: 'About him losing control of his drug habit?'

'Yeah.' confirmed Kemal.

'Separate him from that new guy he is hanging around with.' advised Amaru.

'You sure that's it?' wondered Kemal.

'Yes, started, when they first met after all.' verified Amaru, then followed up with: 'Say, Kemal, that smart-ass infiltrator who thinks he takes control of the local drunkards and bums...'

'What about him?'

'Can I please take him out?' asked Amaru.

'Sure, but don't step on the jackal's tail with it.' insisted Kemal.

'Thank you.' said Amaru.

Bored by keeping a loner under surveillance Amaru had at least gained permission to handle some other pest quickly. A new scumbag had arrived, unwashed and unkempt, driven by his own need to fund his addiction. The wretch did not even know there are local bosses to ask before starting any scheme in the hood, and hence made himself a target with his outright idiotic ambition to turn the local drunkards into his own, personal legion!

Stealthily knifing some idiot meddler, psycho-sensitive or not, in a dark side alley was a childhood game among his people. A game they all had played to master it thoroughly. But beyond that it came down to a crappy, little blood-power. That unwashed drunkard had the ability to make people lose it about their favorite passion, even far beyond common sense. And his genius rested on the throne of ambition he considered it to brainwash the local drunken wrecks into servitude.

The minor troublemakers, stuck and rotting in their loser delusions, went far beyond calculated risk to get away with erratic attempts to compensate their cravings or earn a position of privilege. A great deal of street-savvy came down to NOT letting people realize that their own ambitions and cravings are surefire ways to collide with an unforgiving reality. The winners did oft build a bridge or ramp from the corpses of losers, carcasses of ignorance, selfishness, and weakness, to make their way into a better living hell.

When the moronic drunkard finally risked his life for his stupor once again, and the darkness of the early evening had kicked in sufficiently, Amaru had already ordered his replacement watcher into position, and made his move. Back alley gymnastics with a knife. It did not feel bad to get rid of a pest, it never did. Avoiding attention and soft steps were just a part of the complete package. There was a fine mixture of stealth and subterfuge which allowed the higher skilled criminals to actually belong into the surroundings, and seem completely no immediate threat for the short time memory of rushing observers and frightened citizens alike.

Amaru's only regret about making use of one of his own innate powers was that it would bring the gift of deadly silence into the back alley. But it would not neutralize the stench of urine and body odors from people who degenerated quicker than any bum or hobo could. With gloved hands he did close in on his victim, while the splattering sound of urine was still only suppressed due the magick of the moment. Each time one gloved hand covered the stab channel caused by knife stabbing with the other hand. Seriously reducing the amount of possible blood splattering unto his clothing, or into his footsteps.

The death struggle of the moron made him think of that fat skinhead meditating. First time his crew had thought he lay dead on his bad, as the younger ones lacked the training to understand better. The inner calm and joy of watching that traitorous bastard die screaming, but without the slightest sound to be heard. Those seconds were a rare gift. They were the artful surgery removing a growing cancer from their own surroundings. It was no punishing, it just ended the spawning of further trouble. Absentmindedly Amaru began to clean his knife. Ready to walk casually out of the alley.

Strolling down the street to the kiosk he was just waiting for the one fool it needed. The moment he perceived the first drunk fumbling to open a bottle he strode over and offered his switchblade to him.

'Here, take this, I gotta get myself a new one anyway.'

'Oh, that is so cool, thank you, thank you.' the words from the drunk while Amaru already walked over into a shop to indeed purchase a new knife.

There were no worries about the police. He had a number of hideouts with different identity cards from different nations. And he had long learned to raise himself up from street-level in whatever hood the job had brought him.

'Who's it?' Kemal's voice on the phone.

'Amaru. I go see Jinan and her sister now, we gotta smoke some dope and make the night come to life.' said Amaru.

Nightfall

'They call it survivor guilt and PTSD, and that's it. Written off by the system!' said the hyperactive, blonde fellow on the bar-stool.

'Yeah, but come on, it is alike those targeted individuals! There might really be cases, but just spread the word in a chatroom and a legion of loonies and retards jumps for it with their faked-by-delusion motives.' replied an older patron of the pub.

'You ain't doubting me, too?' managed the blonde fellow.

'No. I do not doubt that the system prefers to sacrifice some people to suppress certain discoveries and truisms. I doubt that you do yourself a favor by being rash, loud, and careless about it.' said the older fellow.

'But someone's gotta do something about it! We can't just pretend nothing happened, when we are already on their hit-list.' outraged the blonde guy.

'Yes, something must be done. But pushing and shouting won't solve the problem.' reasoned the older dude.

'That's coz you got no idea how it is like to be...' argued the blonde dude.

'Are all vampire attack survivors that uncompromising?' intercepted the older guy.

Baffled the blonde man stared back at him. Several seconds passed before he was able to articulate a reply.

'That was funny.' the blonde fellow accredited the older dude.

The older fellow smiled. 'Maybe it is time you tell me your name? I am Jarrett Mist!'

'Pascal Svenson. Oh, and thanks, for bringing me here earlier! I mean it, without you it might have been worse.' summarized Pascal.

'Think nothing of it, citizen solidarity.' said Jarrett. 'Dunno, how you feel, but I need a coffee in between those Tequilas we shot.'

'I want some Red Bull instead.' decided Pascal.

Turning to the man casually working behind the bar Jarrett spoke: 'Sir, could we please get a coffee sweet and a bit milky plus one can of... Red Bull?'

Not waiting for delivery the middle-aged guy called Jarrett turned his attention back to the fellow named Pascal.

'So, could you give me a short summary and estimation of what happened now?' inquired Jarret.

'Sure, I recovered from the shock, I guess.' stated Pascal. 'I was shopping, in need of a new smartphone, when I strode through the city center earlier this evening. Just been window-shopping, when I heard a muffled scream from the alley. Drew out my phone, clicked the camera key and went towards that alley.' reported Pascal.

'Coffee with sugar and milk and Red Bull!' summarized the barkeeper the delivery he was placing on the bar's row in front of the two customers. 'That makes it five bucks to pay. Now.'

'Gladly' came Jarrett's nonchalant reply, while he fumbled for the small change and the few remaining bills aka banknotes of money in his pocket.

'Here is my half' intercepted Pascal, placing two coins unto the bar's row close to Jarrett. Jarrett held a banknote out to the barkeeper and pawed the coins from Pascal. Then both started sipping from their drinks, while the barkeep went off.

Gulping down the mildly steaming brew from his cup Jarrett restarted the conversation: 'So, you were ready to investigate whatever was going on in that alley...'

Placing the can back on the panel of the bar Pascal reacted: 'Was still approaching, when something kinda leaked through the atmosphere, and next moment I see that freaky thug charge me!'

Jarrett just listened, giving no comment.

'Man, I swear, that guy looked like count Karloff from the vampire movie stuffed into some mugger kinda gang-clothing!' added Pascal. 'He body-checked me, and I was knocked off my feet. Before the pain allowed me to get up he was already on me. But instead of kicking my head he stared at me, and then did grind my smartphone under his foot!'

'Weird, but merciful?' wondered Jarrett.

'Man, you have no idea. It means they KNOW what cameras mean. They destroy evidence, so us witnesses stand there as loonies!'

Jarrett stared at his watch, a cheaper fake-gold wristwatch with neon on the indexes making it easier to read the analog timer. But it was Pascal who had become nervous.

'Behind you!' warned Pascal.

But before Jarrett could react a man-sized fiend appeared from behind him, grabbed his head, and slammed it unto the bar panel with visible force. Fangs protruding from his mouth, and again staring at Pascal, the vampire struck Pascal with a steel pipe turned baton.

Pascal attempted to dodge the strike, but before he could the barkeeper had him in a wrestling hold. The vampire struck again, not interested in drinking any blood from Pascal. Felled Pascal's last perception of the bar were giant rats, sitting in the places of patrons, and staring at him with eyes much too intelligent, and twice as hostile!

'For the Masquerade!' squeaked the vampire. Then he turned to the barkeep: 'The bucket.'

The barkeep withdrew swiftly, only to return and unleash the fluid from a bucket unto the still unconscious Jarrett Mist. Icy water, not precisely the favored refreshment of mortals.

Jarrett struggled to regain his composure, but did not hesitate to inquire: 'Master, will we put his apartment under surveillance, or sneak in?'

'Neither. There have been unforeseen changes to the balance of the city. And for now you will only drink this, and be vigilant for intruders and infiltrators! I take care of the important matters myself.'

With those words the master aka vampire handed each of them a little vial, and then left without any further words or gestures. The rats were curiously eyeing the spectacle.

'Yes, master.' spoke the two ghouls in unison.

'Dear guests, feel free to enjoy yourself, it is Pascal's final banquet tonight.' spoke the barkeep with a wickedly grim undertone in his voice.

The rats wasted no time on any words...

Bonus: Vampirehunter – Variant 5

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Enervating city-life clad in pseudo-occult symbolism...

At night streets of every city have become hunting grounds of sorts
For the camouflaged vampires only let us live as prey for their sports

From old, Carpathian nobility to deceptively modern elite-universities
Fangs, thirsty for blood, clawing us down due our dark dependencies

Oh that just has to be symbolic, oh my God, or they do not even exist
Craven smartmouthing, while another needed person dreads to resist

Still some of us, daringly, decided to bring the monsters to the stake
While faith and science waste time accusing each other to be a fake

Mortals can't debate-away poverty, nor can one simply shoot it dead
Demon Drink, too, is a fierce fiend, so the lost ones worship it instead

Wrath, born from an injustice faced, or loyalty to our ancestral line
We've sacrificed normalcy, to become avengers of undeserving kine

Nocturnal cold-war best unmentioned, we're sure just deluded fools
Withering, trapped in duty & routine, as we played by the evil rules

And in this weird line of duty there is a dark truth we all risk to find
If the vampires can't kill us they turn us into their blood-bound kind!