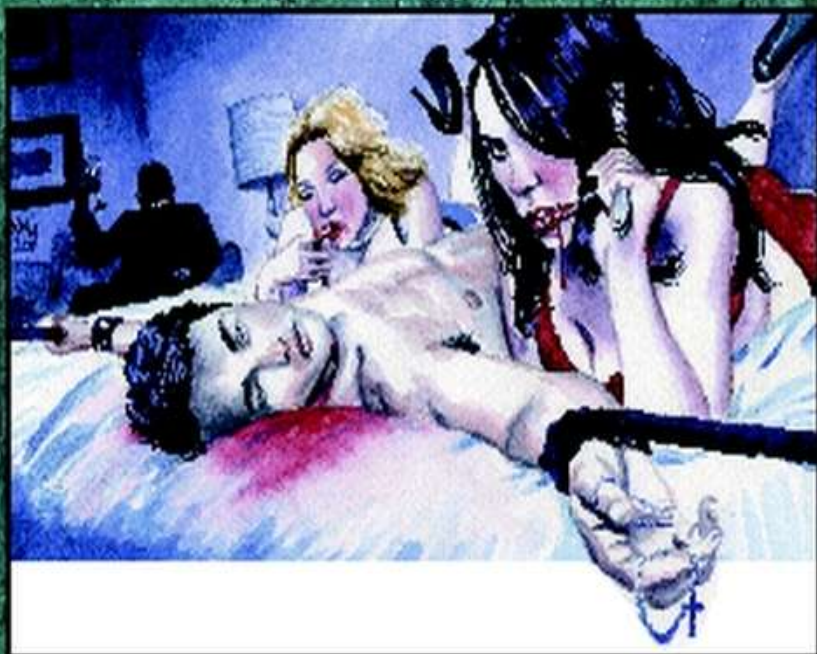


Brouhaha Origins

by A. M. Pietroschek



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Vamp-Ire the Mars-Parade – Brouhaha Origins

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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, being 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.



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“Only dead fish stop swimming against the stream!” - A graffiti I once read...

Well, last night I checked my ego-dreams, read about the 55000 Re-Tweedledee's & 2 million likes, plus 5 billion reader-favorite's of my first Brouhaha fiction sermon, and decided to try delivering more!
<http://www.lyricsbox.com/m-people-star-trek-enterprise-theme-song-lyrics-pqdqscs.html>

There comes a moment of truth, when the own ego no longer bathes us in comforting ignorance, and we realize that midlife crisis is just another mainstream simplification: Real Life rarely lives easily & does NOT look 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 the proverbial '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 psycho-social habits which even the non-occult-crazed can understand. Some by instinct, some by gut-feeling, others due observation or prudence.

I experimentally shift the writing style, back into omniscient third person or such. As Roleplay gives a total Fuck about literary rules, and those academics are rarely Truest Brouhaha anyway (I call it bookworm antitribu, if I ever graduate myself)!

Hell's Heroes unleashed – Adrian, the Believer

<http://www.darklyrics.com/lyrics/manowar/kingsofmetal.html#3>

The teenager lying on the antiquated bed of his grandma's guestroom had his eyes closed, his acne scarred face obviously relaxed. It was a supposed midday nap, but those dreams came back again, and when he slept less those dreams came as flashbacks, which frightened him even more. Nightmares & Madness were enemies who had defeated him before after all.

Dream, Europe, between 1970 and 1979: Mamma's car dashed through the night, northward, onward, northward, northward. If they would just manage to cross the border from Accursed Italy to Switzerland it would all become one little bit easier! The Mafia did not care. And we all know that the Sicilian Mafia was invented exclusively to produce fierce gangsters who live for nothing but snatching their own bastard sons from those tourist harlots they impregnated! Makes quite some sense to six year old kids who know only Mom's side of the story.

1000 Killers, surely hired by that Sicilian Mafia, were hunting Mom that night. They had one hundred tanks, a battalion of badass-unicorn (dark unicorn) riders, helicopters, and perhaps even the USS Enterprise along for the hunt. At least that was the clearest estimation panicked little Adrian ever got about the truth of the situation. Mom had her final split-up with Dad, and it must have been quite a little scene they had made in their escalating conflict. The Sicilian Mafia did not care, nor did it know mercy. Kid-Snatching was their own way to serve God after all. It had a desperate streak about it, when his Mom pushed him into that car, the one she'd spontaneously stolen from Dad, and started her desperate attempt to make it back to Germany! All she had at here disposal were Dad's stolen cash and a silly-looking palm-pistol!

Still this is a tale of the Young Brouhaha! Bold, confident, punky-brawlers who would take on God's Army with not the slightest hesitation, nor any shivers of fear. There is an alternate depiction of Brouhaha, as over-glorified, proletarian loudmouths invented due a lesbian fever-dream, but Truest Brouhaha resist such 'insane pseudo-psychology' with just one shrug or smirk.

The rushed race through the dark went on, and, as usual, the dream closed in on the rest-stop along the road. Mom knew she had a head-start-bonus of perhaps forty-five minutes, as her skipped-but-once-beloved Orazio would need to beg the Don for permission before he could hunt her down without repercussions. And the dream proved itself treacherous once again. Adrian stood next to the car, while his Mom had rushed into the mini-shop, and the Wolfman, indeed the one from the old black and white Hollywood movie, attempted to whisper to Adrian. 'Young One, don't be scared. I know how you can end the curse God did cast unto you! All you need...'

And Adrian awoke, as always, before that dreamy Wolfman could tell him about that supposed curse. Much like with Dracula's dream-self. First Adrian had feared the supposed monster, blood-drinker and such, only to find out that, compared to most humans, he sure was more good guy than those who slew him! But in dreams even the Vampire Count fled cowardly, as 'The Thing' always showed up to torment Adrian with seizures and feverish awakenings. A real bad-ass antagonist it was. Had nothing to do with cocky, but too young and wimpy, Adrian secretly having watched those Horror movies behind Mom's back though!

The years with Grandma had not been easy, and his Mom, far away hiding in some nigh-forgotten village. They sure took a toll on the development of enjoyable sexuality, too. But the priests of the Catholic school insisted THAT would actually be a virtue, as women were the Devil's whores, Mom's excepted, and no woman who wouldn't be more Lilith & Eve than Virgin Mary... old-school church sermon, you know? ;-)

So the lowborn among our Truest Brouhaha faced his eighteenth birthday ambushed by an old dream! Adrian was not yet defeated though, as this tale takes place decades before the crippled, sickly wreckage we know as a remnant of him dies away. On the contrary, with a confidence 'which would make von Clausewitz proud', did he charge into the night, ready to take on ALL of his adversaries and problems PLUS the notorious not-getting-laid factor which, looking back, is a traditional stigma of Truest Brouhaha! x-) If God did abandon him, then only witchcraft, oft renamed science in later years, or Satan could save him. So much seemed clear...

A day later, on his birthday instead of celebrating 'into-it', Adrian, pager in hand, prepared for the fateful meeting of which Tremor's sorcery coven with some Count St. Germain was a watered down plagiarism at best! Ego calibration, and hail Bob Schnoblin.

But God had one more ace up his sleeve, so much must be admitted! Elfriede F., true name obscured in respect to the dead and their families, I mean this is fiction anyway. Widow of a SS officer due calculated marriage, and with murderous lack of regret in her eyes. Mere hours after being kicked-out of the guestroom of his grandma Adrian returned to 'the room which was not his own to dwell in' only to be challenged by one of Nazi Germany's fiercest survivors. Elfriede was among grandma's best friends, and had scolded and scorned Adrian on a regular. Adrian was finally sick of it, and like only the Brouhaha clan would do, decided that throwing a curse into her face was the best he could do about it, as violence was 'Evil Sabot' way, and granny would kick him out for the mere attempt.

Channeling every bit of energy he could muster Adrian finally confronted the old crone who still insisted to be a lady in honored gray! Masking his curse channeling with the sugarcoated words of the moment he felt the rush of triumph and victory well-deserved after long abuse. But Elfriede only blinked, shrugged-off the inferior witchcraft, chuckled, and scolded him, a genetically inferior bastard from that weak democracy, for trying loser-side witchcraft on one who had murdered her way to real power and the ever-supreme Nazi way. It shook more than his ego, as foolish loser or desperado, Adrian was a believer in the democratic ideals, and while witchcraft was certainly not his greatest talent he had practiced and meditated to prepare it well.

The dark witch only chuckled, explaining in inhuman detail WHY he is too weak to be considered a threat worth killing. And the next moment grandma comes in, looks at the both of them, and starts to place coffee, cups, kitchen tools, and the cake unto the table. Fully unaware of what was an enormous spiritual struggle to young Adrian. Elfriede shocked even more, being fully unimpressed and merely going back to regular small talk with his grandma! No Nazi boasting, no blaming, no witchcraft sermon at all, as if nothing had ever happened! Cold blooded routine.

Shaken, scolded, and humiliated beyond 'she laughed about my erection' league Adrian went through the ordeal of eating from the cake. His last hope anchored in the secret meeting soon to come. His life was lost, when God had abandoned him. But now his very soul had been challenged by the Twisted Cross. As a mockery of the three old Commodore 64 Bard's Tale 3D RPG's one could say: "Adrian, you face Death itself in the form of Elfriede, the unrepentant Nazi-Witch!". It was a black day for the new Germany, and even a fool like Adrian was fully aware of this old, dark stain going far beyond his own meaningless existence and grandma's suspiciously weird choice of friends.

Still he had managed to call in the only persons, world-wide, who could turn the tides of such a wrathful God. Back then he still had real hopes...

Hell's Heroes unleashed – Bestial, the Conniver

<http://www.darklyrics.com/lyrics/manowar/intogloryride.html#6>

Bestial, to Adrian back then, was the one exceptional longhair in a heap of dope-lobotomized losers, junkiescum, and freaks. Bestial, to himself, was the older brother who had just woken up to be greeted by some female acquaintance of his younger brother offering him a blow-job. With one swipe of his hand the staple of Aleister Crowley books flew off his bed, and his black leather pant offered nearly no resistance to the female hands opening it. With the woman busy around his pelvis-area 51; Bestial contemplated the pact he had negotiated. Hosting the secret meeting of Adrian to become part of it from the start. Delegating all the work to his mother and younger brother was done, so he could lean back and enjoy right now. He would even have time to take a shower before that meeting began. And, oh lucky day, his drug supply ran steady and nearly unlimited those days.

To a well-read practitioner of Magick it was no surprise that his supreme will had intercepted the dreams of lesser mortals to open the road towards unspoken desires he had harnessed & carried for quite a while. Bestial may have the looks of a Satanic Junkie turned Hotel-Mama-Tyrant, but he was only pretending such simple answers could define him. His plans involved a drug-experiment for occult purposes no uninitiated person would ever understand, hence it made no sense to reveal anything about it to those weak-willed minds and bleaker souls.

And he had found the most crucial ingredient needed: An anguished good-guy who was so pure of faith that he simply couldn't become suspicious about anything of it. The perfect Fool. Oh, Satan DID protect his servants, no doubts about that in Bestial's mind.

Hell's Heroes unleashed – Brakeman, the Rogue

<http://www.darklyrics.com/lyrics/manowar/louderthanhell.html#10>

It was one of the boring routine days to Brakeman. Admitted, some simpletons considered those routines miracles & heroism, but a mind like that of Brakeman had long shaken-off the proletarian delusions, fully aware how much more formidable the academic standards had proven themselves to be. It was actually just some train wreckage or traffic jam crash, and his usual saving lives along with giving his card to any date-able woman of proper age. Somehow that Adrian guy had performed some significantly inferior attempts to get his attention, and Brakeman, humanitarian he was, had played along.

The martyrdom he endured to make the underprivileged feel as a welcome part of the modern, democratic society. In those years, since his father had died, Brakeman had learned to be a man about absolutely everything in life. It had sharpened his mind, and granted him a maturity few others ever reached. Real men don't brag, and Brakeman was a real man about all of it, even the chapters about him.

Hell's Heroes unleashed – Chan Wei, the Judge

<http://www.darklyrics.com/lyrics/manowar/louderthanhell.html#1>

The road was his chosen home, whenever his family did not burden him with their demands. Chan knew, and enjoyed his drive. He was the man behind the wheel, and certainly the Truest Brouhaha candidate his own mind could ever define. He knew that desperate look Adrian had the night he attempted to lure Chan out of the own secret circle, and he even felt touched by the honest begging he had attempted.

Still time was limited, women had priority, and the call of university and career had long been heard. But darkness had its own hold on both, Adrian and Chan Wei, actually death & darkness had so. The unspoken understanding for such was not a gift everybody could boast with, still it wasn't especially rare either. Driving was a meditation in its own way.

A connection with mortality and the spiritual ever-after. There was a power in those moments, not the fuzz & feelings about them, which Chan secretly wanted to wrest. It was hard to reap, but daily practice on every drive brought him closer and closer to a success.

The car was a fruit of his work. Both on the job and when it came to familial considerations one would never mention to outsiders. Chan Wei knew Adrian a grave-robber by ilk, and while the simpleton did not display a too clear grasp on it, he had told truisms about the real life mysteries into Chan's face.

Words evidencing that they both had been stomped by life in vaguely similar ways. Weird, as it was, Adrian had been one of the few who recovered from it due the own efforts. Chan liked that, as it suited his own re-definition of manhood. Or because the western societies had a unique overdose of morons.

And double as much he warded himself against the suspicious need for an older brother, which Adrian had displayed. He knew the dysfunctional family life, but he knew his own priorities had to be kept clear just as well. One never knows who would drag oneself down into that bottomless pit after all. Words, much like squeamish radio broadcasts, spoil Zen in the art of driving though, and Chan had taken the extra long path to the next destination today. Driving. One with the flow. Driving...

Hell's Heroes unleashed – Super K, the Judas Goat

<http://www.darklyrics.com/lyrics/manowar/battlehymns.html#6>

Adrian had made the mistake of considering K a friend. K appreciated the opportunity to enjoy himself on expense of that misconception's maker. It was splendid, all the villainy, for zero of the guilt. He would reap it for whatever it was worth, and then date his girlfriends. There is not much more to say. His mommy served him well, and he had much time to walk on those graveyards.

The fateful night

The Bastygian Tales version of a cramped garden hut, shared by eight families in the house, turned into the secret palace of the Brouhaha. Servants, minions, harlots, and carry-their-behinds experts awaited each Brouhaha by the dozens, and in each room of the sacred, arcane palace the Brouhaha mercifully accepted as good enough.

Fanfares were blown, the greatest professors of Germany's elite universities struggled valiantly to keep their envy on a leash, and the top-models of the world murdered each other for the mere chance to become the next-best throw-away Brouhaha groupie. The ego is so much more artful on those bleak and desperate facts that science simply fails to score. And ego IS a Brouhaha topic, science is just for... Others. The transparency of pariah wisdom and desperado ego gone kissing the void.

The five... One = Adrian, Two = Bestial, Three = Brakeman, Four = Chan Wei, and Five = K; The five Brouhaha Founding-Members and their, err, "Maldivian Concierge", namely Jonah Fryberck, rose from their seats the moment playing those utterly crappy Fennesea Roleplaying games, like *Dracula – van Helsing comes gunning*, or *Nosferatu – Sewer Sex & Rat's Ass Polemics*, or beloved *Cult – Splatter the Punk RPG*, now with the sequel 'Cult – Virginity Lost!', had culminated in their maltreated and suppressed true personalities finally finding some wisdom in that insane gibberish, which still was so much more than all God, so it seems, ever had to offer any of them.

Adrian: 'Oh, yeah, ahem, it is just my spine starting to hurt. Gotta stretch myself a bit.' Secret Thought: 'As if I would share THAT with any of these despicable replacement fuckers!'

Bestial 'Crowley! I mean, just wanted to dance on the spot a bit.' Secret Thought: 'As if I would share THAT with any of these uninitiated replacement fuckers!'

Brakeman: 'Well, if you all start standing-up I can clean my glasses.' Secret Thought: 'As if I would share THAT with any of these lowborn, unmanly replacement fuckers!'

Chan: 'Just gotta get something from my car then!' Secret Thought: 'As if I would share THAT with any of these degenerate, underclass fuckers!'

K: 'Whoa, Adrian, you really spoil it for all of us again.' Secret Thought: 'As if I would share ANYTHING with those despicable, pro-living-girlfriend losers!'

Jonah: 'Then I clean my glasses, too, and fetch something from my car!' Secret Thought: 'Those fools would not ever qualify for my army, even the voices in my head agree on this!'

It would have remained a regular noob-day in the desperado-empires of Nerdistan & Geekland, but this time something DID interfere. Unseen and Unnamed, as it drove those power-hungry attention-junkies unto the pathway of what their own minds would simply call: True Brouhaha...

The ritual's secret ingredient

What would it need to make a handful of emotionally-tormented, egomaniac weirdos charge this world, as if whim would guarantee instant-successes? Besides a society ignorant, uncaring or mad enough to encourage such... Merely enough X to charge heedlessly into that long night...

Their fatal err fateful X

X of Adrian: "Benevolence!" OK, fun and profit could be true, too.

X of Bestial: "Crowley!" Aka conformity or submission to those idiot books of magick...

X of Brakeman: "Conviction!" Yeah, he was so the warlock from Vienna.

X of Wei: "Instinct!" And TOTALLY not due An ~~hony~~ Hopkins dating that Gorilla.

X of K: "Defiance!" Actually more self-absorbed, prideful self-pity celebrating...

X of Fryberck: "X?" Richard'O'Brian once decided it takes its toll... But, if we name madness or insanity, then Jonah may frenzy like Troile himself!

Health-Issues were spiced-up by the supposed death of my Lenovo T400 thinkpad. I wrote 12 beeping hours, on a new short story about Andrei Mikhail Bratovich, and after turning it off properly that piece of overpriced & outdated junk goes dead, stays dead, and forces me to waste up to 150€ to purchase another compatible notebook, so I can retrieve the data from the hard drive, if it is not electrocuted or similar. ***rant* *bicker***...

To be continued, sooner or later, until somebody pays me to let it be! And I know that I excluded some of the 'Founding Members', as weird memories made me still get angry at their very existence, be it in my head or for real...

<https://www.mediafire.com/folder/c6stddra9og63/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 poetry – Totally gone Toreador'n'stuff

1: My first 'Vampire - The Masquerade Bloodlines' Cinquain

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Bloodlines

Sarcophagus Charade

Strangleholds of Deception

Infiltrating, Hacking, Bloodsucking, Shooting

Linearity

2: A farewell poem!

Death deserved, variant 2

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What have you wrought?
an eldritch, shadowy rapture of violation,
as people and passions rot away.

Once we drank of bliss,
untainted and idealist,
yet your gay-pride contaminated,
our once mutual darkest passion!

Now streams of blood spawn forth darkness,
spawn forth bitterness,
True Love degenerated.

With a surge of vengeance,
one snap of your neck,
i farewell you forever.