

C L A N B O O K :

# Ravvos

Sample File

BY DEIRD' RE BROOKS

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## SPECIAL THANKS

Two Small Mummies  
Chadbot  
Night Monkey  
Angie Harmon  
Boxed Boys James and Andy  
The Camarilla  
All that sediment in the bottom of my wine glass  
The Fred Durst mullet skater  
Paul van Dyk

## DIED ON THE VINE

Monkey-Chickens: The Whip-Assing. Sorry, Dean.

## DUH

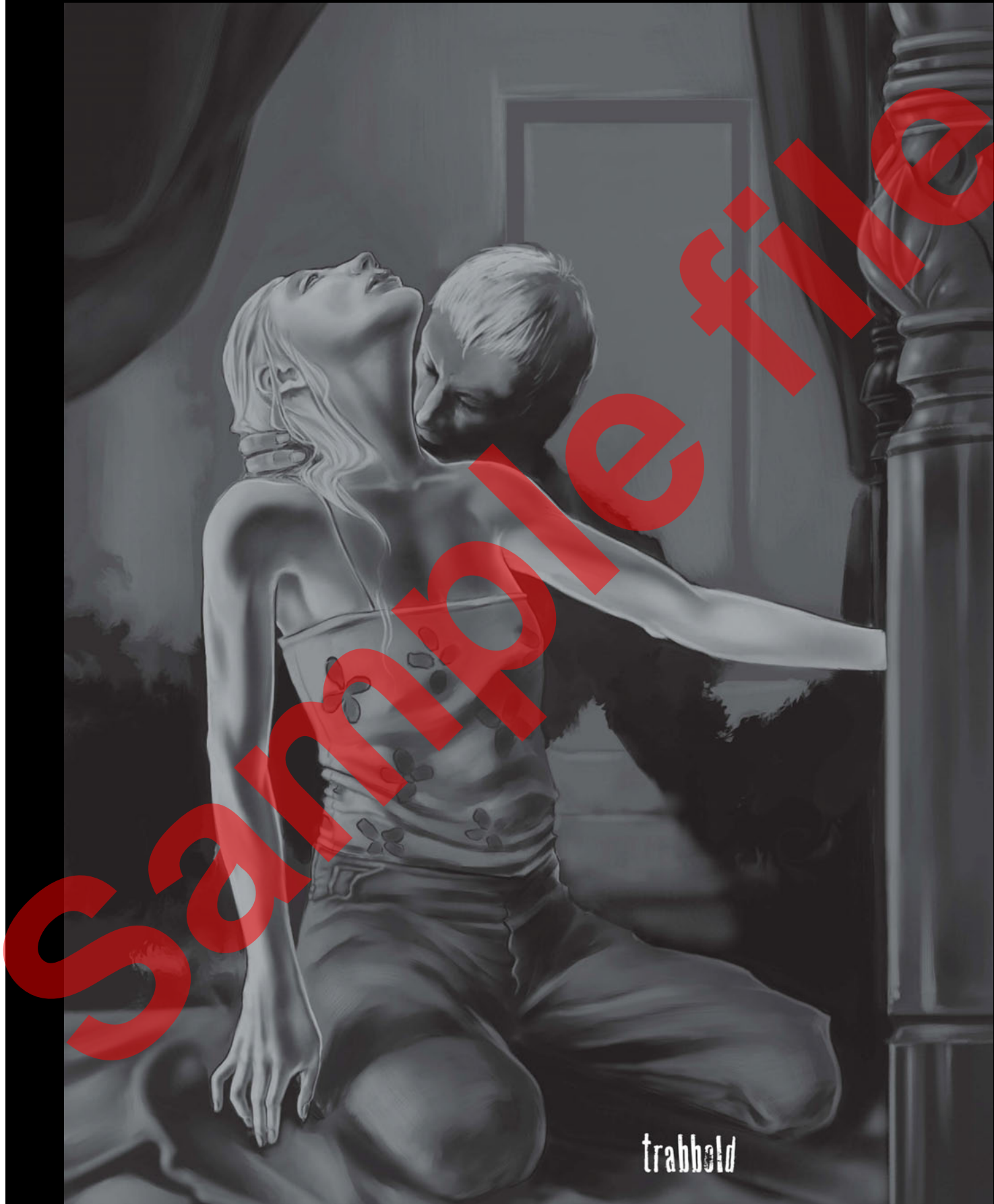
The Mind's Eye Theatre credit for Alan I. Kravit was accidentally left out of Clanbook: Tzimisce. I am a cabbage.

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# Ravnos

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trabbold

# THE DEVIL'S DUE

"BLOODY HELL," GWEN MUTTERED INTO HER DRINK. "ONE LAST NIGHT OF FREEDOM." SHE DRAINED THE GLASS IN ONE GULP, SHUDDERING AS THE SCOTCH BURNED ITS WAY TO HER STOMACH TO JOIN THE PARTY ALREADY STARTED BY THE PREVIOUS THREE SHOTS.

GWEN DOLYN BRAND, PH. D., FULLY INTENDED TO DRINK HERSELF INTO OBLIVION. SHE'D HAVE A HEADACHE TOMORROW, BUT SHE REGARDED THAT AS AN ACCEPTABLE COMPROMISE. WHERE WAS THAT BASTARD JOHANN WHEN SHE REALLY NEEDED HIM? THE LAZY FUCK GOT HER INTO THIS MESS, THEN VANISHED JUST WHEN SHE NEEDED TO GET OUT. A SMUGGLER LIKE HIM SHOULD HAVE

NO TROUBLE SPEAKING A THIEF LIKE HER OUT OF THE LAW'S LONG REACH, RIGHT? GWEN SIGNALLED THE BARKEEP FOR A FIFTH SHOT AND TOOK A MOMENT TO WATCH THE ROOM SWIM AROUND HER. IT LOOKED UNREAL, LIKE HER TIME AROUND JOHANN. SOMETHING ABOUT HIM MADE THE WORLD FUZZ OUT AT THE EDGES.

THE BARKEEP TAPPED HER ON THE SHOULDER. "DON'T YOU THINK IT'S TIME TO GO HOME?" GWEN SHOOK HER HEAD AND TRIED TO FOCUS BOTH EYES ON THE BALDING OLDER MAN. HE WAS LOOKING ANNOYINGLY PATERNAL. "A YOUNG LADY LIKE YOU SHOULD BE HOME WITH YOUR BOYFRIEND ON A NIGHT LIKE THIS."



SHE SHOOK HER HEAD AGAIN, PARTLY IN DENIAL AND PARTLY TO REDUCE THE NUMBER OF BARKEEPS IN HER VISION TO ONE. "POSSIBLY DAMN, I'M SLURRING ALREADY. NO... SIR I'M WAITING FOR HIM. GIMME... GIVE ME ANOTHER SCOTCH PLEASE." WITH ANY LUCK, SHE COULD PERFORATE HER LIVER ENOUGH TO DIE BEFORE SHE GREW OLD IN PRISON.

THE BARKEEP NODDED AND SHRANK INTO THE SHADOWS, LEAVING GWEN IN PEACE. SHE STARED INTO HER EMPTY SHOT GLASS. "BASTARDS. YOU BUY THEM BOOKS, YOU PAY THEIR WAY, AND WHAT DO THEY DO? THEY EAT THE BLOODY TEACHER. FUCKING BASTARDS."

THE FINAL TIME HAD BEEN IN ISTANBUL. SHE'D MET WITH JOHANN IN THE KUMKAPI DISTRICT, IN A NICE, MODERN NIGHTCLUB.

THE DANCE FLOOR FLASHED WITH A MILLION COLORS WHILE YOUNG PEOPLE FROM A DOZEN DIFFERENT NATIONS THRASHED AROUND EACH OTHER TO THE MUSIC OF AN ISRAELI POP SENSATION NAMED DANA INTERNATIONAL. THE MINGLED SMELLS OF SWEAT, ALCOHOL AND A LESSER CLOUD OF ILLICIT DRUGS LENT AN AIR OF UNREALITY TO THE PROCEEDINGS. GWEN SAT AT A CORNER TABLE, HER FLIGHT BAG FILLED WITH PORTABLE TREASURES FOR JOHANN TO AUCTION IN THE STATES.

JOHANN, THE BASTARD, WAS LATE AGAIN. HE'D NEVER BEEN ON TIME AND REFUSED TO TRY TO CHANGE HIS HABITS. THE TREASURES SHE WAS HOLDING FOR HIM HAD COME FROM ONE OF THE ENDLESS DIGS INTENDED TO IDENTIFY THE REAL PLAIN OF ILIUM, WHERE THE