



GHOULS FATAL ADDICTION™

C'mon...Everybody's Doing It....

It seems so easy. Just a sip, a taste, and you're better than all the rest. You can suck up a bullet wound to the gut. You can knock your enemies through walls with a shove. You can have all the night has to offer without sacrificing your body and soul to it. This deal is too good to be true.

Yeah. That's what Faust said. And now the Damned want their due.

...You Know You Want It!

Ghouls: Fatal Addiction is a **Vampire: The Masquerade** sourcebook detailing the half-human servants of the Kindred. Whether you need a few new whipping boys or just want to taste the lash yourself, this book has everything you need to create ghouls as player or Storyteller characters.

Watch out, though. This book just might make Renfield wake up and smell his fix...and the master who lives by blood might die by it, too.

Ghouls: Fatal Addiction includes:

- Rules for creating vassal, independent and revenant characters.
- New Merits, Flaws, Derangements and other Traits to help you roleplay a codependent blood-slave.
- Secret societies, ghoul "games," and clan-specific information on how vampires treat their servitors.



GAMES FOR MATURE MINDS



GHOULS FATAL ADDICTION

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Word from the White Wolf Game Studio

Sneak preview time, boys and girls. We've got so much cool stuff coming out in '97-'98, I thought I'd replace this month's Special Thanks with a couple of hints.

The remainder of '97's gonna be busy. **Werewolf: The Wild West** and **Changeling 2nd** will grace July and August, respectively. In October, get ready to embark on a tour of the Old Country, as we present **Transylvania by Night** — a book detailing Eastern Europe in the Dark Ages. Wanna be the *voivode* of Lesser Outer Wallachia and impale a few peasants? Wait no longer! And in November, buckle up for the stars with **ÆON**, the first in a line of science-fiction/people-with-superpowers RPGs.

Hong Kong's imminent reversion to Chinese control is already in the news, and that sets the stage for 1998, White Wolf's Year of the Lotus. In the grand tradition of the "Year of the..." series, the Year of the Lotus will take a comprehensive look at those long-ignored Asian territories of the World of Darkness.

Opening up the year will be **Kindred of the East**, a hardcover sourcebook detailing the Asian World of Darkness and the mysterious Far Eastern vampires. These Cathayans (as Western Kindred call them) do not believe themselves to be descendants of Caine — and their bizarre powers and physiology bear this theory out.

Of course, these guys need a place to play, and so we offer **World of Darkness: Hong Kong**. A truly universal citybook, **Hong Kong** will feature a post-Occupation landscape of Eastern and Western vampires (and Garou... and Bastet... and mages... and mummies... and Mokolé... and Hatar Goblin Spiders... and Jade Kingdom ghosts... hey, it's in there!).

And if your taste runs toward killing Asian supernaturals instead of roleplaying them, we offer **Demon Hunter X** — a sourcebook detailing witch-hunters, Asian style. This anime-inspired volume features both the traditional wandering David Carradine types and their high-tech, cyber-enhanced modern counterparts. These guys make the Inquisition look like choir boys.

Of course, if Asia's not your cup of sake, we'll still have plenty of regular **V: tM** and **V: tDA** material, including an ambitious crossover project spanning 800 years of history. Join Lucita, Anatole and company as they (and your characters) evolve from blood-dribbling neonates to movers and shakers in the Camarilla and Sabbat. Don't just read about history... make it!

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Blood Is Thicker

*He laid his troubles out to me like a deck of
playing cards
Well don't you know that I can tell the kings
and jokers well apart
— Concrete Blonde, "Your Haunted Head"*

I must have the worst job in all of New York.

I ram the plunger into a commode overstuffed with Nathan's Famous Frankfurters napkins and Marlboro butts. Thank God for union wages. I strip a stall wall of graffiti that proclaims that Jeanette has the biggest tits in Brooklyn. Time for me to leave if I want to catch the B Train back home. What a day it's been.

The park shut down about an hour ago, but as I exit the men's room I can still hear the dull neon hiss of the Cyclone sign. Carlos must be here still, doing some closing-time ride maintenance. I notice a Pepsi can on the cracked sidewalk. It seems the more I clean this place, the scuzzier it gets.

A humid August wind blows, choked with sausage, urine, saltwater and diesel. I cross Stillwell Avenue by Katz's Kandy Shoppe — Home of the World's Greatest Kotton Kandy — fumble in my jeans pocket for my token, and head to the dank subway station. A teenaged boy with greasy black hair and gold braces bums a quarter from me by the turnstile and, other than him, it looks like I'm a lone soul in this station. I take my position on a piece of blackened gum that's been squashed onto the platform, glancing anxiously at my watch.

It's going to be a long ride tonight. Usually Carlos takes the same train I do, so I have someone to chat with. Not this time. No — tonight I'm the only passenger. I close my eyes, knowing I can nap for awhile; the ride to Manhattan takes about 35 minutes, and there's nobody on this train for me to be scared of. My head bobs back and forth, and I can barely doze off because the train is squeaking so loudly. Damn MTA always runs the rickety trains to Brooklyn. I force my eyelids open and fixate on the sign above the window advertising an abortion clinic where the nurses all *Habla Español*.

The train rattles into the next stop, and the doors clack open, and I don't know whether it's the sight or the stink of the new passenger that draws my attention first. I try not to stare, but he's so gross that I can't help it. Looks like a homeless guy, judging by his piss-stained chinos and Mondale for President T-shirt. I figure he'll probably try to sell me a copy of *The Street News*, but he avoids my stare and quietly takes a seat across from me.

The train squeals louder than before, sending a knife through my eardrums. The homeless guy sorta looks at me and grins. "Loud train, huh?" he says.



"Mmmhmm," I grunt, staring down at my shoes, not wanting to look him straight in the eyes. I notice that the man is barefoot, and his feet are covered by little reddish warts.

I've got a headache now, and the noise is becoming louder and louder as we enter the tunnel beneath the East River. And then I hear another ominous creak, and I look up at a crack in the roof of the subway, from which small droplets of the dirtiest river in America are slopping to form puddles on scattered seats in the subway car. Odors of mildew and fecal matter fill the air. Goddamn, I have to smell it at work all goddamn day, and now the whole train is exuding the stench of shit! My fellow passenger just glances at me, gives me a yellow-toothed grin, and says, "Yep, New York sure does have the world's cleanest subway system!"

I want to vomit. I can see the goosebumps crowding the surface of my forearms, my face is covered in a cold sweat, and...

The hyenalike squeal finally ceases, but a deluge of river water begins to flood the train. There is a moment of rigid calm, in which all I can hear is the steady drip-drip-drip of water on the plastic orange seats. The homeless man just sits across from me in the same oblivious position, kinda twiddling his thumbs nervously. A sudden buzzing hum fills the subway car, the greenish hue of the fluorescent lights fades to black, and the subway stops dead on its tracks.

I can't scream; what would that accomplish? But, Mother of Jesus, what am I gonna do? I rub at my temples as if that will help me come up with a solution, but my hand slips on my own sweat. My stomach is tied in a Boy Scout's knot. Oh Jesus, I don't want to die like a roach in a toilet! I want to get up, walk to the next car, but the fear has me in a viselike grip, and the remains of my dinnertime slice of sausage pizza make their way to the back of my throat. All I can do is cry. I can't see a thing, but I feel the cuffs of my jeans soaked with East River residue. I flinch in disgust and put my knees to my chest, thinking I can prevent the murky slime from covering the rest of me.

Something touches my right shoulder, and I nearly jump out of my skin.

"There's nothing to worry about, sweetie," says the stranger, now sitting beside me, his arm extended around my shoulder. "I'll take care of you," he whispers, and I feel his cold breath warming my lips, as he grabs me by the back of my neck and forces a long and snaky tongue into my mouth. I gag as he kisses me, my mouth still tasting faintly of vomit, and then I bite his tongue so he'll stop, but he continues on with even more fervor, ignoring the gobbet of his tongue floating on my saliva. A viscous, bitter slime — his blood? — curdles with the chunky vomit in my throat.

I try to reach for my purse, get my Swiss Army knife, but he cuffs my wrists with his strong, knobby fingers, and more of his blood oozes into my mouth. Then he finally

stops kissing me, picks me up, and aims me toward the subway window. Shards of thick Plexiglas blanket my eyes, and all I see is red.

I struggle to open my eyelids, feeling cold, damp cement beneath me. Something is squirming on me, and I hear another squeaking sound...God, it sounds like the train!! I shudder, finally able to get my eyes open, and it's just a rat...two rats...no, three rats...and they're about three feet long each! My heart races. Last night's events slowly enter my mind, in little Technicolor vignettes, and I search my body for the blood and cuts, but nothing is there! Not a scar! No fucking evidence! I must be going out of my mind! How can I tell a half-baked story like this to the NYPD? (A sudden shudder — what if the guy had AIDS?)

I muster the strength to prop myself up, and I survey my surroundings. I'm in the Stillwell Avenue station, and I can see the orange sun coming up to greet a new day.

They say nothing's new in the Big Apple. Well, I'll tell ya, after work tonight I'm not taking the subway home alone!

I somehow get through another Coney Island evening, though my hands are shaking nervously even as I plunge the last stinking toilet of the night. Carlos tells me he's going to escort me home, and he'll be on the lookout for my attacker. But just the thought of stepping off the platform and onto the subway scares the living daylights out of me, even with Carlos by my side.

I lock the bathroom door and head over to the Cyclone; Carlos flicks his last switch of the evening, and the neon buzz erodes into silence. He takes my hand and assures me that everything is going to be okay. He gives me some cotton candy to comfort me; he says he always ate it as a kid, and nothing is more soothing than dandy candy, even though it's true that liquor is quicker.

We cross the avenue, and Carlos is all gentlemanly and lets me through the turnstile first, paying my fare. I feel so much better having him around.

So, everything seems all right now with a strong man by my side. I doze off in his arms, slouching in my seat for the long haul to Manhattan. Nobody else on the train, but like Carlos said, everything's gonna be okay.

About a half-hour into the ride, I open my saggy eyelids. I gotta get off soon, and then Carlos goes all the way to Spanish Harlem.

When I lean over to give Carlos a hug good-bye, I shut my eyes, aiming for his mouth to give him a friendly kiss for being such a good protector. His lips are so soft and wet.

Then Carlos intertwines his tongue in mine, giving me a wet, juicy soul kiss. I open my eyes, shocked.



"You looking for me?" he says, grinning slackly, the blood dripping from his half-eaten tongue.

Jesus fucking Christ! I...didn't think he...Carlos?! I feel a pounding in my temples, and...something isn't right...oh, fuck! I think my goddamn head is gonna explode. I...gotta do something...hurt...spill some blood! I need it...NOW!

I shove, and I'm 100 pounds sopping wet, but Carlos goes crashing into the aisle three seats down. I rummage through my pocketbook for my knife before he has a chance to stop me.

"You sonofabitch! What the fuck is wrong with you? Whattaya, in some cult or something? Why the fuck did you attack me?" I plead with him for an answer, my voice cracking as I yell. "I thought you were my friend!"

He gets up, snarling, lunging. Before I'm even aware of it, my fingers flick open the knife to its sharpest serrated blade, my arm extends, and the steel edge pierces his jugular. It's like stabbing a pillow. I don't feel like I'm actually hurting him. It's someone else — I don't hurt people — I don't freak out like this — I'm not Bernie Goetz!

I look into Carlos's eyes, and he looks as if he's already dead — there's just nothing there. He gasps, clenches his jaw, then falls to the subway floor. For a moment I actually feel remorse.

And then I feel something else entirely. I straddle his chest and bend down to...lap up the blood from the collar of his Cyclone T-shirt?

Asshole just about raped me...why the hell should I feel bad about this? This blood...I don't know why I'm drinking it, but something about it just...wow! I guess it just feels good to hurt him back — and this blood is slimy and bitter but does something better than a hundred bottles of bourbon. As it oozes like molasses down my throat, I feel like I could throw the motherfucker clean through the wall of the train.

I remove the knife from his neck and lick it clean, then polish it with his bloody shirt. Still nobody on the fucking train, so I just leave Carlos there to rot. When I get off the train, I give the knife to some drunken amputee who's propped up against the Citibank building. "Use it for protection," I tell him, smirking, waiting for the light to change so I can cross the street to my third-floor studio. "Never know what you're gonna find out here on the street."

4:33 a.m. and I wake myself up with my own shrill scream. My sheets are soaked with sweat. What the hell is wrong with me?! I can't stop trembling. I dart out of bed and pace the floor of my 600-square-foot hovel. What have I done?! I've killed a man!! I was molested!! I run to

