

The Vampire and the Car Bomb By OSK on Roll20

One of the best things about roleplaying is having a good laugh with everyone involved. Sometimes we laugh about events happening in game. Other times, hilarious inside jokes are made after a campaign is over. This moment is both.

I had a “storyteller” once tell the party that he was going to give each of player an entire week to do whatever desired. This was a White Wolf, World of Darkness, Vampire the Masquerade roleplay game in a modern setting. We happened to be a group of newly sired, misfit vampires in the dark city of New Orleans. The party had a heartbreaking socialite, a grizzled professor, a sleazy police officer and a paranoid, mafia wannabe. I played the last character.

As a player, I’ve always enjoyed playing an out of the archetype box kind of character and as a GM, I always encourage my players to create characters that are more than just a roleplay trope. This character was ugly, inside and out, but wanted to get the girl. He was socially awkward but wanted to be well-liked. He was a lackey as a human and only a thug at best as a neonate vampire. His terrible relationships in life made him paranoid and untrusting. The undead life of a vampire made it worse.

My character was good at some stuff though. He was a great driver, mechanic and loved all things that exploded or could be rigged to explode. This was all thanks to an early obsession with action movies specifically those with cool cat, crime lords as protagonists. So, when asked what my character would do with a full week of prep time, I answered, “I turn my car into a bomb.” I expressed this in complete frankness with no motive in mind but the GM just looked at me with a smile.

The fun part about this was that the rest of the party had no idea what each character was doing during that week. We all had discussions in private with the storyteller on what was being done. My session was the shortest. It included several difficult roles and I managed to succeed them all. I explained that my character, Vincent, would focus on this task with the highest of obsession. Vincent would only stop to rest on the ground next to the car in the overly locked down garage until the job was done.

At the end of the private session, Vincent had successfully rigged the party’s only means of transportation into a remotely detonated bomb. Not only that, he also managed to fix the dinged-up car by adding reinforced windows and paneling, repainting it and tuning up its engine. When the party reconvened, some members had made contacts while the others collected resources to share. My character simply revealed a repaired and “fully loaded” vehicle but purposefully left out the part about the bomb. Personally, I didn’t expect to use it and not on a party member. I was wrong about both.

About a month later, each game session had become more and more tense as certain players were pitted against each other due to honest character decisions. Finally, the party was at a climax when the dirty cop had made the choice to backstab the old professor. At this point in the story, this was the only true companion Vincent had ever made in his entire life that he could actual trust. My character was infuriated but was helpless to find a means to avenge his friend. However, an opportunity formed as the face of the party convinced the cop to be picked up by Vincent for a meeting to discuss allegiances. I smiled slyly and so did the storyteller.

On the way, my character stopped the car and had told the cop to stay in the vehicle until he returned with another passenger. The cop believed the story and stayed. Before I continue, I must explain that in the World of Darkness, vampires have special abilities. The cop had exceptionally quick reflexes and increased agility. Vincent could hide objects on his person that no one could ever find. These

supernatural skills are just two of very many useful vampire capabilities. When my character reached the door of the rundown house, he turned to look at the cop who was still in the vehicle that was parked on the other side of the road. After he had grabbed the car alarm remote in his pocket, Vincent locked the doors and pressed the bottom combination that triggered the bomb.

The cop was given a roll to sense danger. He succeeded but was only quick enough to take off his seatbelt and try the car door. Unfortunately for the him, this car did not have properly working safety locks as my character had removed them about two weeks prior. The cop's quick reflexes gave him just enough time to see Vincent smile and flick him off before the boom. The explosion was a surprise to everyone except for the persons privy to a private discussion a little over a month back. It was immediately followed by an exclaimed "you mother *****" and laughing by all.

In-game, my character was without a car but had obtained the explosive lifestyle he had coveted. In real life, the storyteller and players all gained a story that still brings us to hysterics ten years later. Despite the tension filled sessions and the backstabbing murders in that game, I'm happy to say we're stronger friends because of it.