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Diary Notes of Karl-Heinz Schutzmann - Call or Trail of Cthulhu

Life and death of a roleplaying character...



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The readers, who forgave me the flawed, first edition: I had overwritten the corrected file with the older version. The shops offering a fair money-back, for such legitimate cases!

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Diary notes of Karl-Heinz Schutzmann

Cthulhu Roleplaying - Diary of Karl-Heinz Schutzmann

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Inspired by: Jörg Sterner's "Tagebuch eines unbekanntem Toten (Diary of an unknown dead aka John Doe)" & Chris Enderle's "Minds of Madness"

24.12.1919

We celebrated Christmas. Finally the haunting memories of the war, and its aftermath, are beginning to cease. We had enough of ruins, starvation, dead relatives, and war torn wrecks all around us. But perseverance paid out, proverbially. Margaret oft had begun to doubt me, and our marriage. But we went to church, and we held our ground, little, as it is. And we shed our tears, due our kids having to go through all of this. But by now we are back in a small house, got some food, and even little gifts for our children.

"Thank you, God, for not testing us harder than we could stand. And forgive us our sins, as this age has become a purgatory for body and soul. Amen."

27.12.1919

Finally, a job. Coming back into regular pay, wages and salaries, instead of lurking in the alleys, and snatching from the gutter, alike rabid dogs. I am security guard now. Nothing outstanding, but given that our city is not even fully rebuilt, and that any god-serving man has to provide for the family. My brother often recited: "Better one rabbit in my hand than three rabbits hiding from us in the bushes!" God, please rest his soul, he already fell in 1917, and I wasn't even informed exactly when, or where.

04.01.1920

I dislike being in church. God, please forgive me, but I only join-in due Margaret and the kids. It had been celebrated, this new year. In a reserved way, even among the richer folks, but it was celebrated. I had secretly given my soldiers coat to the old wives, for changing it. Margaret

no longer shudders and shivers in the cold. I had clearly seen how she suffered in the cold, all eager to have the kids in supply. But martyrdom is for saints, not for mothers. She has to face her duties, and handle the kids, whenever I am at work. Such is the workers way. The pub had not seen me in weeks, but my family is dressed and fed. Oh, sometimes I still think of Kaiser Wilhelm and his big speeches. We thought we'd earned it.

09.01.1920

The brewery is one more company in need of guards. Good for us, half the pennies and cents, which we poorer folks get, stem from that kinda need. New workmates and new talks, sometimes such feels good. But we all are poor folks, no high and mighty with us. After work I had to endure walking out of town to buy from the peasantry, even though my feet hurt and I was stiff and tired. My family deserves such extra efforts, and war had shown me the difference between a good father in contrast to an evil father! And there is ZERO difference, if it is "The German", or "The French", or "The Russian". Heaven and hell rule by their own predilections.

11.01.1920

Indeed, much like thieves in the night. Our work shifts occur, when regular folks are asleep for good. Baton and lantern. The uniform is cheap, but at least it makes me look civil and sober. Such does count, as we are German.

Today the boss showed up at work. He got three shepherd's dogs. Now we gotta patrol with them. All of us had to try, to find out who gets along best with the hounds.

Church today was enervating. The priest even attempted to encourage us to face daily routine. Thanks, God.

Margaret smiled, so long since I had seen a smile on her face. And the kids are back to worry and scream about children issues, no longer cowering alike hunted foxes in the woods. It seems healing started, and luckily so, as I could not afford the psychiatric care in a lifetime of work. The war left many of us below their original social standing after.

18.01.1920

In church Margaret had met acquaintances from her past. I rejoiced, as she had it tough enough herself. Seems the kids enjoyed it, too. Thanks, God. The priest does seem haughty and overfed though! Seems he considers himself worthier than all of us. Damn bible-apostle. I gotta take a nap, as my work shift begins in the evening.

My first night patrolling with a dog. The damp cold will force me to purchase some drops from the apothecary. Against coughing. And Margaret is bitching, due to me smoking those cheap cigars. But I daresay better smelly than making me children starve! At least its how I see living like this. Plus, I've been daring. Well, been shopping, where fine folks never show up and police raids are frequent. We got nigh half a pound of coffee and sugar. I have to stay awake at work, so it is a smart purchase. And, if I get some milk from the peasants a watery coffee for the kids will do fine. They won't die of it.

26.01.1920

We security guards see the city in nightly splendor, so much is certain. And thieves, burglars, and prostitutes - the banes of moralist normalcy. But during the war they all were mortals hunted by imminent death and destruction. Urban folks. Some of the wiser ones understand that I am not eager to be forced, or seduced, into their ways of life - I have a family to care for, no personal lusting for sin and risks.

04.02.1920

Something is odd in the area. I grew certain I have witnessed something weird, which is not explained due the usual smugglers and criminals. I do not even wanna know! Still my duty is my duty, hence I cannot play too ignorant, nor can I cower in fear. The dog nearly went nuts. Therefor it must have been some kinda feeling, or a stench most unusual. God, please, not again, we had a war full of gas attacks & artillery strikes to teach us the invisible, swift death is not a myth!

08.02.1920

God in heaven! Margaret really came to ask my "permission". As if I had married her to end her happiness. On the contrary, I married her, for she was the one woman, who made this life seem worth all the efforts.

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