

# INTERNATIONAL PUB-MEETING IN OSNABRÜCK 2007

BY CHROMAG OF REBELS & NEURAL AND FISHWAVE OF SCOOPEX

After the massive success of the first Scoopex and Rebels beer meeting in the beautiful city of Hannover, there was an instant need to recreate such an event in other metropolises of northern Germany. While Chromag had done an amazing job of organizing the University's beer garden in June 2007, featuring large amounts of liquid gold, sun, and also many boobies to stare at, Fishwave had the almost impossible task to top that in his current hometown of Osnabrück. Following the rules of journalistic ethics, we already have to admit at the beginning of this not-too-serious article: he succeeded.

**"CHROMAG CERTAINLY WON'T  
FORGET THAT STREET SIGN  
KNOCKING INTO HIS MOST  
DELICATE CHINA."**

## THE JOURNEY

I (Chromag) decided to visit the party-place in the oldschool way, so I took a slow regional train from Hannover to Osnabrück. Having arrived at the main station, I already felt an urgent need in my throat. Although knowing that one of the main competitions of that evening would be the "drinking under the table" compo, I bought two cans of beer to destroy directly in the train. I really hope this won't shock the civilised readers of this well-mannered



*Threesome*

magazine who expected a well-conducted report but this will really get worse. Before getting back to the trip, people who don't know the landscape of lower Saxony, which is a part of Northern Germany, probably need to know the immense diversity of its flora and fauna.

All you can see while travelling between Hannover and Osnabrück is cows, pigs, sheep, and meadows. Having an ultra-boring trip on the train I had to stand the constant smell of rubber, because all I could get was a place in the bicycle compartment of the train. People who have ever travelled with the German "Bahn" know that a huge percentage of the trains are late, so I was happy to enjoy my bath in an odour of sweat and hot rubber for even longer. I swallowed my anger together with the warm beer and finally arrived in Osnabrück, where I was so eager to meet the other attendees.

## THE MEETING

While Chromag was having a comfortable seat in the train, Virgill and my humble person (Fishwave) already had captured Osnabrück's central meeting point, the Neumarkt. Virgill was the fated bringer of bad news, as all other potential attendees (Blackthorne, C.o.n.s., The Twins, Control, Noogman, and The Spy) had called off their participation (or didn't know of the meeting).

No beer for them, more beer for us. Chromag was pretty late and told us to go ahead and check the party-place: the Rampendahl, a typical German pub, featuring an in-house brewery. Virgill and I had our first three (resp. two) beers as a warm-up and our tongues exchanged the latest and last in demoscene news and rumours.



It took Chromag quite a while, but at around 8pm he finally arrived at the Rampendahl, and we could start the first competition: largest amount of beer (or as I would call it: “4 litre intro compo”). Scarcely had Chromag his first mouthful of Rampedahl’s best, a lamer came ‘round the corner and asked for the protracker-master’s contact data. Once the rampart had fallen, another local lamer recognized demoscene UIS Virgill (ultra-important scener).



Local lamer

Fishwave, still being in a state of clear mind, reacted promptly and presented his highly fashionable old-school party stickers which he had prepared for the event; a collage of Scoopex, Rebels, and Alcatraz logos. Adorned with that identification mark, no more lamers dared to disturb the elitist threesome, finally.

Running a very controversial, not to say philosophical discussion on all the foundations of the demoscene, many of the dirtiest secrets of the scene were revealed more or less accidentally. Too bad none of us kept the minutes, and somehow the only piece of memory is that a lot of dirty secrets were revealed. Well, at least to the three of us, for the moment. Right.

Since the waitresses in the Rampendahl had quite ugly, non-feminine purple t-shirts on, we decided to change locality; a necessity considering the competitions still to come. As for the moment, the beer-intro-compo was a soaring success for Virgill with five beers down the throat, followed by Fishwave with four and Chromag with three.

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Outside we started the second competition. Armed with a dozen stickers, everyone was requested to stick them to something as high as possible, no matter what. Highest tribute has to be paid to Chromag for winning this competition with a storm of impressive “wall runs”, to cite the young demoscener. Some jumps



Tequila

failed though, and Chromag certainly won’t forget that street sign knocking into his most delicate china. There is video footage of this accident, and we might celebrate Chromag’s next birthday on YouTube with it.

## COUNTING UP AT COUNTDOWN

We changed to the Countdown, a medium-shabby pub with cheaper beer and cheap girls. Virgill, having more aces up his sleeve, tightened the main beer compo by introducing additional tequila drinking. So we had to mix Detmolder Pils with Mexican schnapps, a true job for the desperados we were! The high-proof drinks did not miss their effect and threw us into a pretty good mood, with more dirty scene secrets being revealed. If only somebody had



kept a record. Whatsoever, the main beer compo was won by the depths of Virgill’s pharynx; respect! Chromag came second, and Fishwave took the pitiful third standing.

Still, Fishwave had his triumph in a competition, too. The sticker-compo got extended by a category of “boobie-sticking”, and Fish-wave managed to put stickers on the ample bosom of a 20-year-old student; he also took a photo offering enough evidence.



Boobiesticking

Whipped by Fishwave’s casanova action, Chromag crowned his “highest sticker” title by an act of insane boldness. Diagonally across from the Countdown was a building site. Chromag went up the ladder, followed by a hesitant Fishwave, and put a sticker on

the roof! Ultimate highscore! Lifetime achievement award! Chromag, we love you so much!

## PARTY LIGHTS FADING OUT

Virgill and Chromag waved goodbye at around 11 PM and midnight, respectively, while Fishwave rocked on in solo fashion. I, Fishwave, “took home” first prize from the boobies-compo as well as Annica (the student from the sticker compo) and her friend Maike, and we traveled on to a new club called Greenmark, a place with less beer (for me), but better music and a massive

**“THE MAIN BEER COMPO WAS WON BY THE DEPTHS OF VIRGILL’S PHARYNX.”**

amount of beautiful ladies. Another five-hour row of partying. Hopefully Virgill and Chromag join me on the boobie-crusade next time. We might start some more, dirty, competitions. Next party for us is going to be, in all probability, another Scoopex vs. Rebels Meeting in Hannover; you’re welcome!



Roofsticking