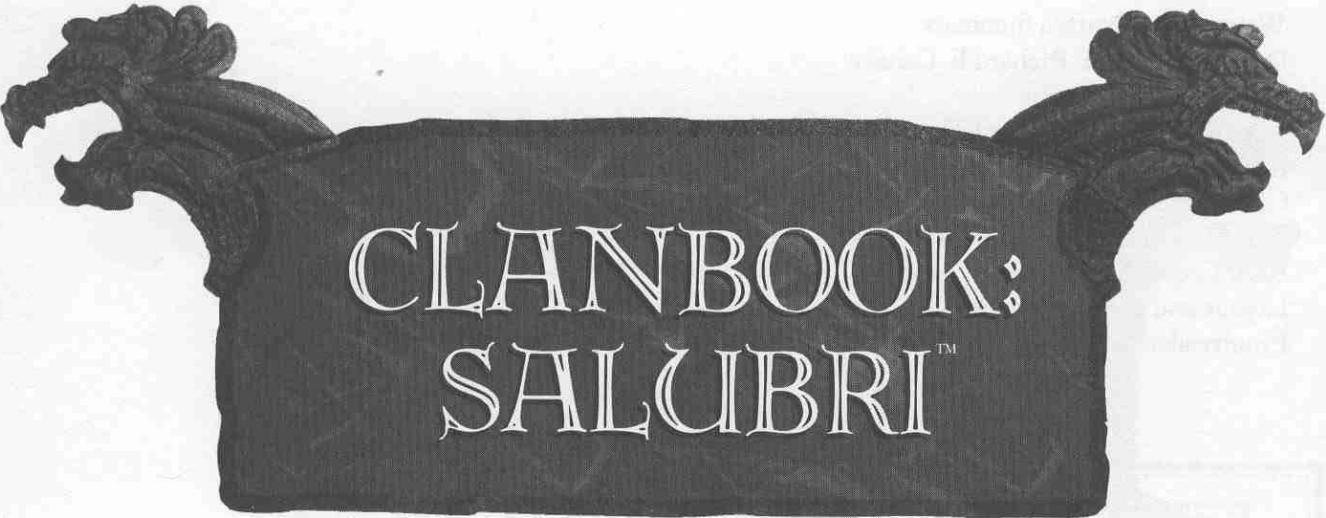
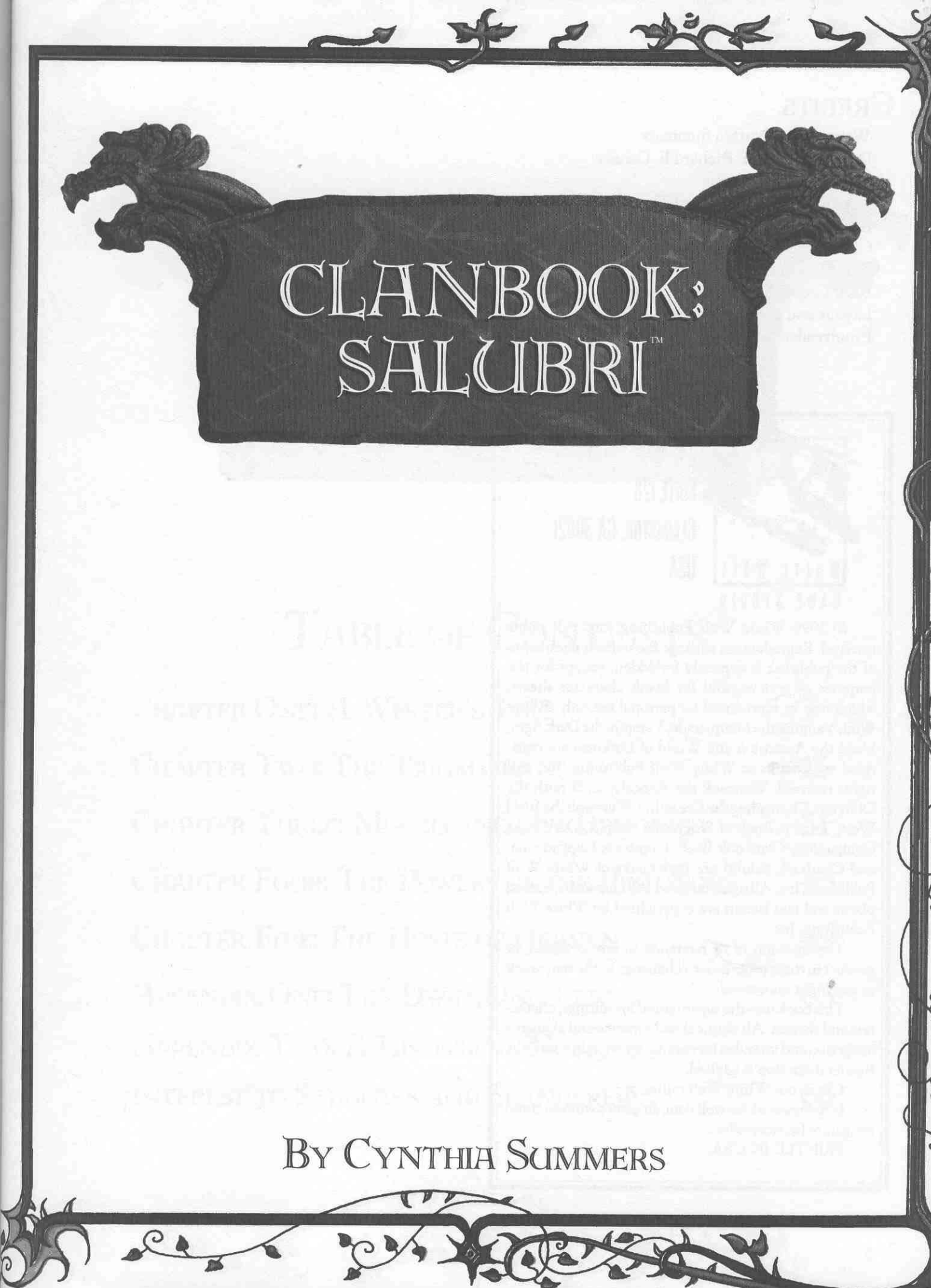


CLANBOOK: SALUBRI™



BOLTON
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A CLANBOOK FOR VAMPIRE: THE DARK AGES®



CLANBOOK: SALUBRI™

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*Truth, in matters of religion, is simply
the opinion that has survived.*
— *Oscar Wilde*



ONCE WE WERE AS PEARLS AND DIAMONDS TO
THE PRINCES OF OUR KIND. ONCE WE LED THE
HOSTS AGAINST THE SERVANTS OF THE INFERNAL,
AND LAID HANDS ON THE GREATEST OF CAINE'S
CHILDER. ONCE, OUR PLACE WAS ASSURED. NO
LONGER. NOW WE ARE THE HUNTED, THE
BETRAYED, THE DESPISED. THESE ARE OUR FINAL
NIGHTS. READ OUR TALE, AND KNOW THAT SOME
NIGHT, IT COULD BE THINE OWN.





Chapter One: The Winter's Tale

Lord Benedick reached for the handle of the door that led to his private chapel and paused at the thread of sound slipping around the poorly sealed door frame. The voice was sweet and female, singing a Christmas carol. He allowed his hand to rest on the heavy iron ring for a moment while he stood, listening. The voice belonged to his guest, no doubt. She seemed to prefer the quiet of the chapel to the noise of the great hall. When the verse had finished, Benedick pulled on the door and stepped inside.

She stood before the altar, her short dark hair uncovered from the wimple, arms uplifted. Her plain gown trailed behind her on the floor. Surrounded by chilly stone walls, her voice seemed to suggest that of a bird trapped inside, perhaps tricked by the reflection of light against the two glass windows. At the sound of the door, she hastily covered her hair and turned around. Catching sight of Benedick, she dropped a quick curtsy and smiled. "Good evening, sir. I hope I do not disturb."

Benedick felt his heart twist at the greeting, and he hoped his own smile was equally pleasant. She seemed so very sincere, which was what galled him the most. When her hood and wimple were in place, one couldn't see the tiny scar that was the only sign of her mark. The smile, the light in her eyes, the sweetness in her voice — how could such a wonderful creature be spawn of the Devil?

"Ah, no, no, sister," he replied quickly. "Merely coming to see if you would join us in the hall for Christmas revels."

"The offer is a kind one, lord," she replied. "But if it please you, lord, perhaps it were best I should remain behind. Your young son seemed overly taken with me, and I fear that he should give unintentioned alarum by his joy."

Benedick searched his thoughts. What had he been told? Yes, that creatures of hell refused to join in revels of Christian festivals for it pained them. Yet, here she was in the chapel singing holy songs. Ah, but he had been warned that her kind was particularly skilled in misleading good Christians into thinking that they were no different than any other. And she spoke of little Hugh — how fortunate he had been to learn of her foul intentions before she had been able to corrupt his boy! His mortal son, born not long after Benedick's Embrace, was his greatest treasure; it would be up to him to keep the land when Benedick was forced to retire from the public eye.



CLANBOOK: SALUBRI

The young woman gave him a critical look. "Lord, what troubles you? You seem uneasy this evening."

"Nay, nay, only distracted. My business weighs heavy upon me."

"Of course, my lord," she answered, and in her answer, Benedick felt cold blood-sweat creeping beneath his tunic. She didn't believe him, he was certain of it.

* * *

Genevieve frowned internally. Such formalities were so unlike Benedick, especially after all that they had endured together in the last few weeks. She wondered what had gone wrong to make him act thus. Had his mortal wife accused him of infidelity with her? The very thought was ridiculous, yet the ultimate proof of its impossibility would also be her death warrant.

* * *

Benedick considered his next move carefully, not wanting to reveal his intentions or resolve. He had been warned about how clever these creatures were, and he had innocents in his castle whose safety he had to consider.

"I, ah, merely wished to see if you would be joining us. I am sorry to have disturbed you." He turned away from her when an idea came to him. He had to be certain the demon could not get away, yes, and he had just thought of the perfect place to keep her until such time as she could be fetched by those who could deal with her.

"Now I recall why I sought you!" he said with forced jollity. "I received a most interesting letter from someone who claims knowledge of one of your brethren. It is in my study, if you would see it."

Bright joy came to her eyes, and for a moment, Benedick thought that perhaps his source had been mistaken. There was no trace of malice in that smile, only true happiness, that of a loving sister seeking information about her lost ones. Perhaps she was as innocent as she claimed—

"A fine Christmas present, indeed!" she laughed, and her voice echoed in the chapel. "Thank you, Lord Benedick! I could not ask for a sweeter gift! Might I...?"

"In my study, on the desk," he replied, his tongue feeling thick. Surely demons did not evince such genuine pleasure and joy over news of lost kin. Surely his visitors were wrong. There was nothing demonic in that blissful face—

"Thank you, sir," she said as she curtsied and then walked quickly to the chapel door. She pulled it open and paused. The flickering torchlight behind her created a strange sort of halo around her head. She smiled gently and her voice was soft, but no less happy. "God keep you, Lord Benedick."

The chapel door swung shut behind her with a finality that made Benedick jump. He impulsively crossed himself and whispered, "To save my son — it is not murder, is it?"

* * *

Genevieve did not need to read further than the first few lines — she had seen the same sort of letter before, in other places. They began with the same platitudes and appeals for reason, followed with warnings, followed with threats and closing with apologies and no guarantees of safety in the event that warnings were not heeded. As if she needed further proof, the seal at the bottom of the letter damned it as the work of the Tremere.

She hurried out of the study, clasping her hands tightly before her in an attitude of benevolence, although it was more to keep them from shaking. She believed that Benedick must have thought she would be distracted by such a trick long enough to spring the trap around her. What had they told him this time? They often tailored their lies to suit the situation. It wouldn't be beyond them to claim that she was to deliver little Hugh for a blood sacrifice or seduce his servants for "unspeakable pagan rites." She bit her lower lip to distract herself from dwelling on the matter. Benedick had seemed like such a sensible man when she had come to his manor for the first time. He had withstood their threats and bluster for so long. Did the monsters not even pause to honor the holiest of days?

Her chamber was in another tower and her belongings were packed, as they always were. Would she be able to dodge their servants (placed at strategic points around the castle) long enough to fetch her bundle and rush out the back door?

"Sister!"

Genevieve felt her breath catch reflexively. The childish voice belonged to little Hugh, who had taken a distinct fancy to her in the days following her arrival. She had so hoped that she wouldn't see him before she departed. Swallowing the choking fear that came to her throat, she turned toward him, hoping that he wouldn't notice her chilly hands

and face. Given the circumstances, using blood to warm herself and flush her face would have been dangerously wasteful.

Hugh, a dark-haired boy of six, pulled away from his nurse and rushed to embrace Genevieve around the waist. "Sister, you have to come hear the singing for Christmas! The brothers sing so sweet."

She fought to control rising tears and returned the hug as much as she dared, bending down over the cap of his dark hair. "Of course I will, Hugh. I have something to do for your father first, and then I shall be along. Go with your nurse and I shall see you then."

Genevieve caught the nursemaid's eyes as she looked up then, and in the mortal woman's gaze was something unreadable. For a moment, Genevieve wondered if it was pity, and she appealed to it. Perhaps sensing what needed doing, the nursemaid led Hugh away to the main hall.

Genevieve's footfalls made a noise no greater than falling dust as she hurried down one flight of stairs, in and out of shadowed corners, and up the next set of stairs. The door gave way quickly, and she took in the scene from the vague light falling from the entrance. Her bundle lay just inside the door, ready to be seized. She snagged it—

And then a viselike grip clamped around her wrist, nearly breaking it. She screamed and pulled back into the stairway, fighting the grip on her. No, it would not end like this! But whoever held her was determined not to loosen his hold. There was only one way loose then. Steeling herself, Genevieve seized the dangling sleeve and pulled the arm (still seemingly having no owner attached to it) toward the torch flame beside the door, closing her eyes briefly so she would not see....

The smell of cooking Cainite flesh sickened her, but not as much as the unearthly shriek of agony and rage that accompanied it. Her fingers had some trouble loosening from the sleeve, for they cramped from clutching it so tightly, but Genevieve got away and sped down the stairs. She hugged the bundle tightly to her chest, as the only remembrances of her sire and kin were within.

By now, shouts were heard in the castle. They must have set their servants in a dozen places, and the shriek had no doubt warned them that she was not going to be taken easily. She could hear the sounds of men-at-arms moving, trying to cut off her escape.

At the bottom of the stairwell stood one of the servants. "Sister, why are you—" was all the old woman had time for before Genevieve moved her out of the way. She could see the great doors of the hall. If she could just reach them, she would be safe. If she could just reach them, she would be free.

A dark figure clad in black and silver stepped in front of her, holding a struggling child. Hugh. The man was short and slender and wore a heavy silver chain. He was smiling. "Sister," he said with a voice full of malice, "surely you're not going to run off without seeing Hugh like you promised. Oh, by all means, continue running. Continue, and I'll tear the boy's arms off."

Genevieve skidded to a halt on the stone floor. She could hear others spilling into the chamber behind her, others who had seen the Tremere threatening the boy. "Just don't hurt him," she said. "Put the boy down, and I'll let you take me." *What are you doing?* her mind screamed at her. *Will you give yourself up for just one boy!* She took a measured step forward, and then another one, clutching her precious parcel to her chest. She saw Benedick, ashen-faced, at the side of the hall.

"Oh, very good, Sister," the Tremere said. "Just walk slowly this way and soon you won't be troubling Lord Benedick any longer." She took a step closer, and another one. The Warlock dropped Hugh to the ground and offered his hand to her in a mockery of the courtier's graceful gesture.

"No!" she screamed and struck the Tremere with all her might. He staggered back. Hugh ran for her, screaming her name. Genevieve lifted him to her and quickly toward the door. The Tremere made as if to seize her, but Benedick's crossbowmen trained their weapons on the Cainite and he reconsidered.

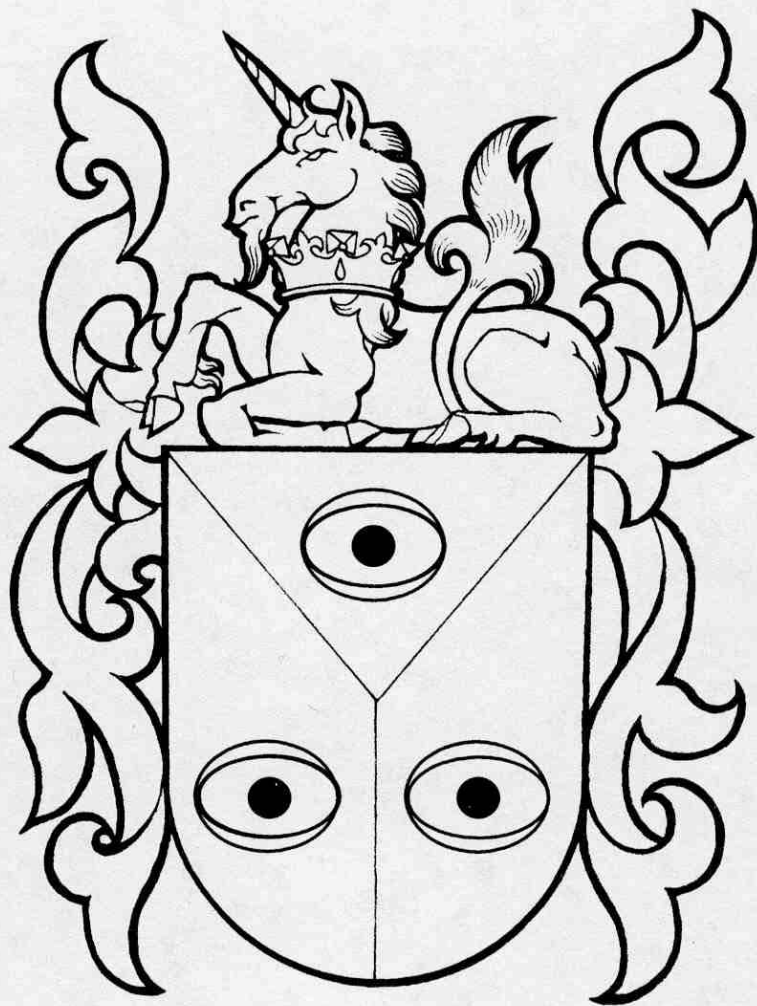
The hall fell silent. The boy clung to her cold frame and whimpered. "Hugh is going with me, my gracious host, for at least a little while," Genevieve finally said. "I wish him no harm, but I need to ensure my safety from your...other...guests. Your son will be returned to you, unharmed, unless he chooses to journey on with me. I trust you have no objections?"

Benedick's gaze was ice cold. His eyes wandered from Genevieve's face to that of her assailant's, before finally settling on the boy. "Milord..." one of his soldiers said uncertainly. "Shall we—"

“Open the door, and let her go,” Benedick said flatly. “And God have mercy on your soul if you don’t return him.”

“God have mercy on yours, Lord Benedick,” Genevieve replied, and still holding Hugh, walked out into the night.

She was not surprised when she heard fighting break out behind her. But she never looked back. Neither did Hugh.







Chapter Two: The Triumvirate

TO THE READER...

Contained herein is the work of several hundred years' study. This is not a record of my labor, but rather that of the authors whose works I quote, and of those who did the deeds they scribe. My own efforts are but a trilling three years of collection and questioning of listening to others speak while I hastily copied down their words, and of translating from foreign tongues what you read here.

I make no assumptions or declarations regarding the truth or fiction of these texts that follow. That is for the reader to know his own mind, and as some of the authors have said, those who should know the truth will know it when they look upon it. As for the rest, I do believe that those who seek within shall find something, but whether it be that which you seek is not of my concern.

For my own part, I cannot say how it came to be that I accepted a commission to be a scrivener to these folk. I certainly never was an enemy to Saulot's childer, and I enjoyed familiarity with several of their number in my youth in Jerusalem. However, none were particularly close companions, and our friendships waxed and waned over the years. With the coming of the Usurpers, though, our intimacies took on a much different timbre. The last 20 years have found me sadly reckoning those who had fallen, whether by the hands of the Usurpers or by those of their tools both Cainite and mortal. I thought long on the questions I had delayed in asking them, the words that I had forgotten to speak to them, and it seemed that all things conspired against me ever having the chance to make good on those regrets.

Then a strange and marvelous thing occurred three years ago. A slender youth, fair and fresh in face as a mortal boy but several decades past such age, came to my house and spoke the name of my dearest friend among his clan. My friend had bethought himself to make record of his clan's name and time upon this earth, even as they were scourged out of it. He wished to make my name known among his clan as one of trust and honor to whom his clanmates might go if they wished to make record. The honor was one greatly unexpected, and I did make the youth welcome that night. Since that time, I have received countless many unto the making of such a record, both of Saulot's line itself and of their companions and oathmates carrying the tales of those who had fallen. The record in your hands is but a small parcel of that which I hold in trust.

Some may question the truth of the contents of this treatise, owing to a lack of names that I can tag onto tales like trailing ribbons. As for reply, I say, what of the tales carried from battlefields by scribes and bards? They have few names for the men who fell there in the first rank, and yet we do not discount those poets for liars. What of the hearth wisdom that has been passed between men and women, Cainite and kine, for uncounted years? Has aught ever been made to name the author and speaker of every such word? We Cainites accept the Book of Nod, as mortals accept the Holy Bible or the Torah, while the question of authors is left to be discussed by men of greater wisdom than us. Even they in their fickle wisdom have given us few answers. It is for the reader to decide if he reads truth or tale, and all I ask is that he make no quibbles about the paucity of names within.

It has become custom among some writers to dedicate their efforts to someone of worthy fame, or to the one who has been most instrumental in the creation of the work (in ancient days, to that radiant creature called a muse). I had thought the custom unworthy of keeping until this volume was created at the direction of my old friend, of whose fate there is no knowledge. Therefore, to this old and dear friend, Trisala, grandchild of Saulot, and in remembrance of the warm lotus-drowsy nights in Ujjain, I set my hand and my efforts.

Simon ben-Yaakov

CLANBOOK: SALUBRI

THE CLAN

First, know that even within the Salubri, there are divisions. Even the most cursory look at the structure of the clan reveals one, possibly two, deep divisions. First and foremost is the demarcation between what can only be called "castes," and there are either two or three of those. The best known, of course, are the healers, who are the Salubri that the Tremere would have us believe to be evil, blasphemous creatures of darkness. Beside them are self-styled warriors—those who strike back at the Usurpers and hunt the infernal Baali through the dark places of the world.

There also may, or may not be, a third caste of Salubri, who call themselves "watchers." They are not held in high regard by their siblings in the blood. While the habits and skills of the healers and warriors are reasonably well-known, almost nothing is known of these watchers, save for the scraps I have been able to gather and present here.

ON CUSTOM

The Salubri have always been a deeply solitary clan. Since the days of Enoch, they have preferred solitude and the open road to one another's company, save when it came to companies of warriors searching for bloody constraint, or to sires teaching their childer. They occasionally gathered in the past, but they have not done so in any great number since the beginning of the Tremere persecution. They fear that a gathering of Salubri would make a rich catch for the Usurpers, and so they scatter themselves to the four winds. When one is unlucky enough to be caught, she cannot betray her clanmates (even unintentionally) if she does not know where they are.

WAY OF THE WARRIOR

Though many were the tales brought to me from regarding the warrior caste of Saulot's childer, I am most indebted to Nuriel, Kadiel and Scatha-Columbkille who spoke with me at great length and detail upon this subject. The writings of Nuriel and the narrative of Scatha were so thorough that any further tales brought to me have been as gilding the lily.

For all that I have vowed to protect my guests by giving little description or mention of them, I believe that Scatha-Columbkille requires particular mention. Hailing from Hibernia, this female warrior chose her names from a famous woman warrior of her land and from one of her country's early saints. She was easily as tall as her male companions, and I witnessed her duel against an intruding Ventruie to the point where her foe nearly fell into the

slumber of the grievously wounded. This she did, I might add, without making use of her clan's Discipline (which she had deemed to be unnecessary and, therefore, dishonorable against so puny a foe). Kadiel claimed that Scatha had been granted leave to bear arms and drive the chariot of one of the kings of her native country, although he was not specific about the time when this great honor occurred. Scatha herself was somewhat vague about when she had been Embraced (in great part because Hibernian time-keeping and our own method have something of a disagreement), but based on her recollections, it was sometime around 700 *Anno Domini*.

By way of introduction I say this: Had Samiel never been a stubborn childe, the warriors should not have ever graced this world. They owe their caste and the creation of their unives to him. They are the flower of his wish to inflict on the unrighteous the wounds that his brethren healed, and by that, they are the flowering of the seeds planted by Saulot and Caine.

To be a warrior of the Salubri is far different than to be one of the animal Gangrel, the bragging Brujah or even the stoic Ventrue. Any beast may take up arms and swing wildly in the direction of one's target, striking something eventually. Even a blind lion sometimes makes a kill, after all. A beast may eventually obtain cunning to

harry his enemies, but he is still a beast in the end. To be one of Samiel's own requires not that one's cunning or strength be foremost, nor that one carry some tattered banner of an ideal or honor. It demands a mix of all that makes a warrior, a priest and a man, brought together, wrought and quenched in the blood of their sires. They strive each night for this, and demand no less from their childer. Indeed, in these terrible days, they must demand it even more.

THE TIME OF THE WARRIOR

I am Nuriel, childe of Akhraziel, and I do set here my hand and words. At my left hand is Kadiel, childe of Dokiell, and at my right is Scatha-Columbkille, childe of Baradiel, who place their sword-hands upon these pages and swear to the truth spoken within.

The caste of the warrior finds its origins in the time of Enoch, perhaps earlier, when Samiel, childe of Saulot, rebelled against his lot as a placid healer. He worked no great malice, nor brought harm, but found that the ways of study and quiet works were not to his liking. Why Saulot chose to Embrace a childe with a restive spirit so opposed to the temperaments of his other childer remains a mystery to many, yet it is one that should not be questioned for its wisdom. It has been suggested that Saulot was planning for a time ahead, perhaps following



the guidance granted by one of his visions. Other stories claim that Samiel at first followed the Salubri way, and only later did his spirit chafe under its bridle. However it happened, Saulot gave Samiel over to train with the likes of Brujah and Gangrel, thinking that only in the company of warriors would Samiel find his contentment.

Samiel is said to have grown strong and able under his tutors, leaving his sire's side as a discontented, undisciplined childe and returning a blooded, wise young warrior. Stories tell that he wrestled beasts, diverted the flow of a river and was left without arms or clothing to survive for 30 days in the wastes of Nod. The tales about how he gathered his band to him and trained them are as plentiful as stars in the sky, but it was also said that Samiel had 15 warriors at his side when the fatal events of the vale of Gehenna came to pass.

[A note to the curious: Scatha related several tales of Samiel that seemed to favor the Fenian cycle in their telling, which I have preserved elsewhere. Though the notion of a warrior being tested in the seeking of companions and a companion being tested to join so great a warrior is not confined solely to Hibernia; I suspect that were I to inquire of a German warrior, a Tuscan one and one from Russia, I would hear stories about Samiel that sound much like the finest warrior cycles from those lands.]

The tale of the vale of Gehenna has been passed into our hands thus. There had been many dread whispers come to Enoch about the creation of a cult of foul infernalists who made tithe and obedience to the dark powers. And there was great fear that these infernal servants might wax powerful enough to attack Enoch unto her very walls. There was also grave counsel made and given, and Samiel charged four of his bravest warriors to go forth and investigate the matter. This process was done and the nights passed in endless succession for nearly two waxings and wanings of the moon before there was word of their fate returned unto Samiel.

Of the four who had departed, only one returned, and he was near madness with hunger and terror. He was tended by a healer who was childe of his grandsire's lineage, but it was some time before he could speak.

When he did speak, it was to tell a tale of stolen blood and horror such as to make Tzimisce himself flinch in remembrance of the fallen. When the sorry record had played itself out, we had word that two of our own had been diablerized by the vermin who named themselves Baali, and the dread-haunted messenger himself chose to end his life by embracing the sun.

Saulot grew enraged that his grandchilder had been so ill-used and he demanded that war be made upon the Baali in return for the stolen blood, and lest the monsters use their new power to create such horrors as had never

been visited upon the earth. It is said that there was much amazement at the change in Saulot's countenance, but of all his brethren, only Malkav gave him comfort and did not chide him for his choice. Samiel and his warriors, standing with an assembled force of every clan, descended into the valley of Gehenna bearing the blessing of his sire and the breath of his great-grandsire.

It is not for me to describe the Baali Wars, to speak of the actions of the devils, or of the sacrifices made, or of the suffering both inflicted and endured. This is a tale I leave for others more gifted with words than myself. What remains to tell after the bloody conflict is simple: We suffered the loss of Samiel himself, and of over half his followers. Those left behind at first wished nothing from unlife, and the grief of their grandsire gave them no comfort or courage. Saulot spent much time closeted with his sorrow, allowing no visitors (save Malkav and a much-loved childe known as Rayzeel), and the remaining warriors were downcast.

It is said that one who had been named Uriel by Samiel found the writings of Samiel, which then became the warriors' Code. Thus Uriel, named for the angel of the sun, took up the mantle laid down to lead the warriors who would follow. All who now follow the warrior path of the Salubri can trace their lineage back to one of these five grandsires — Uriel, Za'aphiel, Ezrael, Aariel and Gabriel. But for these five grandsires, the warriors might have languished and faded in the icy night of Saulot's grief.

Following the Code of Samiel, the warriors grew numerous, and betook themselves to travel across the lands, seeking teachers of the arts of war that they might strive to learn. They sought students in these lands and Embraced them in the way of the Code, teaching them as they themselves were instructed as childer. In this slow fashion were the ranks of the warriors replenished, and they did grow to a number much greater than had been under Samiel's time. Many did bethink themselves that Saulot had somewhat less joy in that which his childe had wrought than he might once have had, for his childe could see it not.

When there are fine warriors, there will be war for them, and thus it was for our grandsires. They stood against the Lammites in the land of Cana, against the Assyrians on the hot plains of that land, against the worshippers of Moloch in the river valley, and when there were no mortal wars requiring their aid, the warriors sought the Baali and gave them no peace or surcease until the evil ones were forced far from the homes of good folk. Thus passed the years in teaching and blooding the young, in standing against the enemies made, and in the telling of the old tales, until the Wicked Night.

Here endeth this tale.

[Conflict seems to draw the warriors like moths to light, less for the joy of battle and the ring of arms as

is the Brujah way, than for the need of a cause, of a wrong to make right. Samiel's descendants' devotion to their chosen cause, their faith or even a patron saint is deep and unswerving. Should a warrior fall away from his path, there is no doubt that he is a creature of deepest misery and greatest danger, for he has nothing to lose should he fall further.]

THE CHOOSING

In the meeting and speaking of the warriors, I have found very little principle regarding how they are chosen for their caste and Embraced. Some attracted their sires during their mortal knightly training, while others were plucked from the dying of the battlefield as if by strange Valkyries. Nuriel has told the tale of his Embrace, which would seem that he was chosen after he stood against his sire-to-be while defending a temple of Mithras. Some had almost no skill in arms, while others were accomplished mortal warriors long before taking up the path of Samiel. The latter has seemed to be the way among the youngest of the brood, such as Kadiel, who saw his last battles as a mortal on crusade to the Holy Land.

I am bound by the presence of Scatha-Columbkille that a word be said about female warriors in the line of Samiel. Neither Kadiel nor Nuriel would speak much about the subject, for reasons I am not quite certain of. Scatha said that she had met only one other woman warrior during her travels, but had heard little on Samiel's doctrine regarding the Embrace and training of the gentler sex. Finally, one of ancilla age consented to my questions, but only if I should not give his name. His words follow:

"Samiel never bade that females be blooded as his own, but neither did he forbid it, and thus it has come as we have traveled that we have encountered worthy women who bore arms when there were not men to do so or when the men found them worthy of this. Those who are blooded of the caste are often of no inconsiderable skill or age, as many of this time find it undesirable to offer a blooded woman to serve Samiel and our cause."

Indeed, Scatha gave me no cause to question if the women were trained more lightly than males, for I did see her make practice with others in the fresh evening hours, and very often she stood her ground and gave little to any opponent. She did say that some Cainites of other clans would not receive or train a woman, even when she bore letters of greeting from her sire. Of these, she spoke of a few, saying only that she had been refused admittance to a Greek Brujah training hall and two Ventrué keeps. She found it a great wonder that some of these who refused her claimed that they did so at the directive of God, whose priests in this time forbade that a woman should bear arms.

While there is no single sort of person who is most likely to stand with the warriors, I have come to discern certain facets of spirit that seem to me to be touched upon more often:

- Firstly, there is some skill of arms, however rudimentary. Some have said that they were children playing with swords in the family's yard when they were first approached, albeit in accordance with Saulot's dictates, they were not brought under the Embrace until many years had passed.

- Secondly, there is conviction of spirit, even if that conviction is to say one truly knows nothing. Rarely have I found a warrior who is indecisive or hesitant upon a matter; even if he is wrong, he holds to that stance with a grip like a hawk's talons until he is otherwise shaken from it.

- Thirdly, there is often a restive nature to the spirit that seeks direction and calling. Some Salubri have claimed that they were unaware of such until their Embrace. This wanderlust of the soul has often been called the Precept of Samiel, especially if it manifests among the healers of the clan.

- Fourthly, all have seen battle in some form, whether as children watching from a distance or by standing in its very center. I have never yet met a warrior who came to his first experience of battle after the Embrace or blooding.

- Fifthly, some receive a direct calling. This is less common, but some of the finest warriors do speak of visions, dreams or other means by which they were called to this life.

THE TRAINING

Of those who were my guests, Kadiel was the closest to a youth, newest from his blooding and training. "Youth," however, is a term I do not prefer using for him, as he, like so many of his peers, had grown strangely old before his time due to the horrors of the hunt against him and his clan. At Nuriel's direction, he set down the tale of his own training. Kadiel's words might well belong to many other neonates of the clan, or so says Scatha, who claimed that with but a few changes it could easily be a tale of her own training. Here is his tale:

I, Kadiel of the line of Aariel, do herewith set down the account of my training by the directive of 'Nuriel.

Upon my Embrace, my sire instructed me in the ways of the Cainites, of our history as a people and of the lineage of the clan. Even as I studied this, I was given my first lessons in the art of the sword. Though I was trained as a soldier by the grace of my mortal birth, my sire did deem that I must relearn under his tutelage, for without these new lessons, I should not be able to learn further. As I made progress, I was taught the rudiments of Valeren and my other Disciplines, and



made to practice them even as I did spar with my sire and master. When I was not within the practice hall, I was in the library or chapel receiving instruction on our philosophies and the Code of Samiel.

I was three years into my training as a neonate when my sire deemed that I must take up study with another — a Brujah elder whose hand had been on each childe of my sire and whom my sire counted as comrade and peer. I made my way to this worthy's hall, and he called on me to stand and deliver before I could present myself. Though it might have been a small matter for me to defend myself before, I had unlearned much of my old ways with the sword, and thus came before him as if a child with a stick. I was nearly struck down, but he held off the final blow and raised me to my feet, saying that it was his way to test all those who came beneath his roof that he might best know how to teach them.

If I had thought that my sire was a difficult master who expected much of me, the Brujah elder proved to be all this and twice more besides. Not content to instruct me in war and the art of arms, but also in philosophy and scholarship, he tested me in games of chess followed by long chases through the forests surrounding his hall. By my own admission, I was a stubborn pupil at times, and though my sire had given him leave to beat me should I prove recalcitrant or otherwise undesirable as a student,

my master found it more profitable to let my folly thrash me when I fell to one of his students in the fighting ring.

After a year of this tutelage, my sire visited the hall to gauge my progress and determined that I was fit to begin the next time of training — the time of the testing. I had heard that this was when the unfit were winnowed from the ranks, for those who failed at their tests often did not survive their failures. I should sin to claim that I accomplished all of my tests without error or misstep, but likewise should I sin to claim that I made no successes except through my sire's charity. Far more important than the success of physical accomplishment or of strain endured without weeping was the moment that had come upon me when I was alone in the wastes for a single night without arms or clothing, there to meditate upon Samiel, Saulot and the task that lay before me. I am not blessed with a sage's tongue nor a healer's joy, and thereby, I shall not sully what I did see with clumsy, halting description. I only know that all was made clear to me regarding the warriors and my place among them.

I continued for the next two years in training that built upon the lessons of the first, whether of religion or tactics or history. I was even taught to write, whereas I had only been able to read text before, and in

CLANBOOK: SALUBRI

several tongues, such as Latin, French, Hebrew and the ancient tongue of Enoch. As I gained command of this last tongue, my sire and I spoke it often to exclusion of all others.

[This I have noted, that when Salubri encounter each other and wish to speak in private, they use the Enochian tongue. Should they find one among them who did not learn the language, they may speak in Hebrew and make all due haste to teach the ignorant one. As Enochian seems to have become a dead and forgotten language among the greater number of Cainites, the Salubri have found a fine means of speech with which to ensure their privacy.]

In summation, seven years were taken to train me properly as a warrior of Samiel's line. When my sire deemed that I had met his satisfaction in all things, I was taken to my blooding. But let none imagine that a warrior's learning ends upon the moment of his blooding, for even now, I do take study with those warriors of other lands to learn their arts and hear how they make war — just as I teach those who would hear upon my own skills.

I made query of Kadiel if he did intend to raise up his own childer in this fashion, and he replied that he would, and he would spare them not, for a lazy or soft warrior brought no good to the line. He made no mention if he had Embraced any at the time when he and I spoke.

THE BLOODING

The blooding remains one of the greatest mysteries among those of the caste, and one of greatest personal privacy. Scatha-Columbkille likened it to the ecstasy of a saint or the wedding night between a newly betrothed couple — unfit for the eyes of others. She would not speak of it for anything before me. Likewise Nuriel would not talk of his experience, but deemed it a moment even deeper than the Embrace. Kadiel made small talk upon it, but told me nothing of any consequence.

In the end, I received the greatest portion of knowledge on this subject from an old squire who had brought me his late master's journals. The man, a mortal of some 50 years, wept to recall it, as much for the loss of his master as for the remembrance of what he had hoped he might one day receive as well.

Here follows the excerpt regarding the blooding of Sulien de Lessen, later called Nathaniel and childe of Israel.

"I was brought to a clearing in the woods, bearing my armor and arms. My sire did bid me to strip to my skin and lay out all that I had brought with me upon the ground at his feet. This I did, and then we did pray for some hours. The night around us was of great stillness, without sound of bird or beast to disturb. The sky above was lit only with the thousand stars of the firmament, and though the night was of exceeding clearness, it was cold.

THE CODE OF SAMIEL

Many warriors spoke of this text, which is said to detail nightly conduct in war and peace. I have been unable to discern when the text itself was likely written, but it must have been completed before the Baali Wars if Samiel did indeed write the entire document. It seems more likely that Samiel wrote or dictated certain sections, while Uriel and his coterie finished the work.

Central to this codex is a section that is believed to be required for the proper blooding of any Salubri warrior. Those who could most likely tell what was contained in this have long since passed on, and the eldest find their memories giving them strange trouble in these days. The most enduring legends claim that Samiel received direct dictation from Michael, commander of the Heavenly Host, and was further commanded that he should purify his warriors by certain means. Whether such is true or not, those elders who did receive their blooding by Michael's word report that the act was less about the shedding of the first physical blood, but rather the acceptance of spiritual sacrifice as well. It was described thusly to me:

"I was at once terribly aware of my unliving state, and yet I had little concern for it. My spirit seemed to open, and the wound on it made by my Embrace was whipped into bleeding. Then did something greater than myself offer me to drink, bidding me that I should do so and without fear. This I did, and it was as though I had been brought to the Embrace by every thing I did hold sacred to myself."

Over the ensuing years, the Code was copied for the use of other warriors when they created and blooded childer, but just as often have those copies been lost or destroyed, at least since the beginning of the Usurpers' hunts. More importantly, those who were blooded by the Code and wise in its ways have also been destroyed. Alternate means of the blooding ritual were created, but one cannot help but suspect that the childer of these lesser bloodings are not learning what Samiel would have wished them to, and that they are somehow "lesser" as a result.

Most of the warriors believe the true Code to be largely lost to them, although they search for it no differently than some scholars might hunt for the Book of Nod or for parchments of the Gospels. To these Salubri, the Code is their heritage as a caste and the inheritance of their childer. Without it, they may blunder along as best as they can, but they believe it is unlikely that Samiel would find their work pleasing.

"My sire then ordered me to stand in a circle he had prepared and walked around me with great care, asking questions of my training and knowledge. If I misspoke or hesitated, he would grant me a single lash. It was test of my rage, I knew, and I held it with all strength and effort. He spoke to me in Enochian, then in Hebrew, and I responded in kind. Above all, I knew that I must hold my rage and not allow it to bridle me, for such would surely be a failure of all that I had learned.

"I bled from 10 lashes, and the smell of my blood was as incense upon the air. Though I was staggered, I did not bend. Thereupon my sire called me to recite the codex he had taught me, which I did without blemish or error. When I had finished, he said, "Who are you, who claims that you will hold this Code as dear as your own life-blood? Who are you that would serve the Lord and be numbered as of Samiel's lineage?" He asked not for my birth name, but for that by which I should be known until world's end, the name by which Samiel should summon me forth from my grave. Though I had given the matter much thought in the time before, I could not recall the name I had chosen for myself. Then, as if from a distant place, I heard the voice of my father in my ear, which did say, "Let him be called Nathaniel." Surely this was a sign of good fortune and a blessing, and I did say it to my sire. My sire traced a sign in the air and said, "Then be thou Nathaniel, and speak to me thy Code as a warrior should." This I did, and my sire said, "Be thou childe of my blood and brother of my sword. I shall stand with thee, back to back, against all who wish us ill and shall be with thee in the hosts ere Judgment Day." I made the same oath unto him, and then my wound began to overwhelm me.

My sire brought forth a wineskin of vitae, which I drank, and I closed my lashes by mine own will. I dressed and rearmed, and we returned to our haven as daylight began to lighten in the east. The next night, when we encountered a Cainite lord of the Ventrue line, my sire did say to him, "This is my brother and childe of my blood, Nathaniel."

THOSE WHO FIGHT

I was given a few names of legendry beyond those who consented to speak with me. I cannot say how many still walk the earth, though I do believe that many have elected to conceal themselves, less to preserve themselves than to safeguard Samiel's legacy.

Yael, described to me by Scatha, is said to be even older than she, having perhaps been Embraced during the time of the Greeks. She was described as a woman of graceful form, strong but slender and like a deer. She came from lands far to the north, from a group of horse-herders among whom she had great favor as a warrior and archer. Yael apparently learned both paths of Valeren and performed both with great skill, to the dismay of many infernalists. There is much

concern for her, as her concerted crusade against the Baali and their mortal followers has drawn not only the ire of those monsters, but also the wrath of their infernal masters.

Hershel was a German youth, barely out of pagehood when he nearly fell on the battlefield while carrying his master's standard. His sire, fighting nearby, received a mysterious summons to save the boy. He did. The Embrace was delayed for some years until Hershel was of proper age and size to receive mortal knighting. Like some of his peers, Hershel refused to accept the Tremere's crusade against his clan, and he continues as one of their staunchest and most cunning enemies, harrying their attempts to build chantries in his native land.

Oreniel al-Noor is described by Kadiel as having been a man of considerable age when he was chosen for the Embrace, a retired soldier of Persian blood. He had sought the path of the ascetic in the last years of his life, but he returned to give assistance to his people when they faced invasion. Another warrior was much amazed by the old soldier's skills of tactics and command, and that he could still heft a sword as a commander should. Upon being first approached for the Embrace, al-Noor refused, nor did he accept the second time he was asked. In all, he was approached three times, but upon the third time, he accepted, claiming that he had had a vision of an angel seated in a pine tree who bade him to accept the offer. He is believed to dwell in Persia, teaching the next generation of young warriors the old arts of tactics and strategy.

THE WARRIOR AND GOLCONDA

The Salubri way of seeking Golconda creates a quandary in those who consider it from the outside. It would seem to be ironic — even anathema to the very notion — that a warrior who sleeps with blooded sword might seek and find that blessed state. I have made query to those warriors who came to me, and of these, I received an answer from only Scatha-Columbkille, which I here transcribe:

"The blessing of Golconda is not so strange to us as you think. What is Golconda, but to balance the raging of the Beast with the thought of Man? To a warrior, it regards bringing balance to the heart, which drives the blood into the sword-arm. We do not kill for sport, nor do we engage in the hunting of beasts unless for sustenance, our own or that of our mortal neighbors. We do not sup from our fallen enemies, for such is anathema. It is one thing to speak of one's deeds, but another to boast heedlessly, and this second is anathema. We do not engage in needless savagery or pillage upon victory, for this is the way of beasts and devils. We do what must be done, but take no joy in slaughter."

I asked if there ever came a time when the warrior put up the sword to take up the path of Golconda, and Scatha said only: "There are some that do so."

I should ask further, but prudence grants forbearance upon the subject. It would seem from that said that many

FALLEN ANGELS

These words are by the hand of Nuriel, childe of Akhraziel.

I write of these with a steady hand but an uneasy heart. They are brethren of mine, blood of my father and claim descent from Samiel, as do I and mine. As Raphael must acknowledge his kinship with Lucifer, so do I acknowledge mine with those who have followed Lucifer's path.

It began upon the diablerizing of Saulot. As word of the catastrophe spread among us, there was a great welter of confused noises and clashing thoughts. The healers exhorted us to remember the words of Saulot in his last vision, of how he had spoken of his death; for us to act thusly was to ignore those words and bring shame upon his memory. Some of the sages among us agreed with them, while others said that we must look upon this event as youths leaving the homes of their parents. We of the warriors are not so skilled in patience as some might wish, and there was a call to cleave from the Tremere that which they had stolen from us. Were we not warriors? Did we not have the strength of arm and heart to do so? Calmer minds intervened, claiming that a slaughter would be a shaming legacy to gift our father with. Some listened, some did not.

Those who did not listen said that they would take back what the thieving Usurpers stole, and tear from them all that they had pilfered like cutpurses in a street. They were led by two descended of Ariel's line who renounced their names and chose instead to call themselves by the names of fallen angels, and they vowed that they would rather die in greatest damnation, lost from hope of Golconda, if it meant that they might bring any Usurper with them to suffering. They did not go so far to renounce their blooding, but they spoke such blasphemy upon their departure that I wonder that our first Sire did not rise up in rage to smite them.

I do not know if they have done as the fallen before them did and sought infernal intervention. Those who chose to follow them were small in number, and they have not been seen since their departure from our councils. Their ways present us with the gravest of questions: If they have fallen completely into infernalism, then we must slay them as our blooding and our history demands. But as our numbers grow so few, to slay them may mean that we slay ourselves, for no Salubri shall lift hand against kin. It may be that we must answer this question in the days to come.

Saulot grant us wisdom to choose wisely.

warriors do not reach the blessed state, if for no other reason than there is never time enough to lay aside the sword.

THE DAYS TO COME

In these days, the warriors stand at an impasse, uncertain whether to advance or retreat. They are not so numerous that they may stand against the Usurpers and make open war on them, and yet none can let the insult of Saulot's Amaranth and their clan's decimation go without answer. For each strike made against the Usurpers, another Salubri ventures too far into open ground and pays the ultimate price. However, every Salubri death is answered as quickly as possible with a chantry burned, a Usurper destroyed or a pawn broken. Above all, the warriors fear that by this crusade against the Tremere, their work against the infernal is incurably interrupted. As their numbers are decimated, the remaining warriors grow frantic with rage and despair. They seek to channel this fury into useful deeds and find their works turned against them. Where is safe haven for them, when even the Church so many sought refuge in is used as weapon against them?

Nuriel spoke of the oaths of hospitality among the Tzimisce, and that the binding of these things had made for safety for many among the warriors. He gave little other news on the matter, save that the eastern reaches, amid the forests and icy lakes of the Carpathians, might prove to be more hospitable to his clan than others might suspect. He gave a puzzling clue to the matter: "Orestes and Athena." As I have yet to entertain one of the Fiends here, I cannot ask them of the matter, and must instead turn to Hesiod and Æschylus, who give me little aid.

THE SONG OF THE HEALER

I have been fortunate enough to have four healers as guests in my home, but it is a poor number indeed if one listens to legends of how numerous such Cainites once were. The tales suggest that there once were far more healers than there are now, but that they have fallen to the Usurpers as wheat before the scythe. One young healer who called herself Genevieve brought light to these caverns for the first time in centuries with the lightness of her spirit, while an elder man translated texts of mine from his own memory of reading them as a youth. They were not only bringers of health, but repositories of wisdom as to startle even those who fancy themselves well-learned (though this may be but an elderly Cainite's fancy, tricked into bloom by that rarest of all gifts: amenable company).

A trait I found most remarkable in many of the healers I was able to meet was that most believed it their duty to care for the broken body and for the injured soul as well. Whether in the sweet voice of Genevieve or in

the deft touch of a woman who sought to mend a page of a prized text that a so-called Artisan had torn in his research. These hunted ones make themselves allies and friends among those who are most often friendless among the clans, such as the childer of Malkav and Nosferatu. Likewise, their travels often take them among those whom the mortal world has chosen to scorn, such as Jews or among those the Church has deemed to be heretics. They often do themselves great injury. A warlord of a city who has taken a disliking to the Lepers and attempts to roust them from his city may crush a healer along the way, while a mortal king driving Jews from his lands may be unaware of the Cainites who shelter among them.

It is a sad thing to note that I received most of the stories and tales of the healers from others, rather than from the lips of the healers themselves. Only a bare handful have come to my sanctum; the rest arrived only in a manner of speaking — via parchments and through the tales of bards and oathmates.

THE HEALER'S ROAD

The account presented here is the work of an elder who came to my sanctum four years ago. While I have made some annotations in light of more recent news, the words remain her own for the most part. She was remarkably well-traveled and as well-learned in the holy scriptures of Hindu, the Torah and the Buddha as she was in the Holy Bible. Her scholarship was remarkable for a woman of her time, Embraced near the end of her life some 300 years earlier, and she did say that she could never have imagined such changes to herself during her mortal life.

All these things I account came from the learning of my sire and from his sire before him. I do present them as gift to the most glorious God.

There are few stories of the time in Enoch that are not legend, but it is legendry as if the Bible or the great texts of India. That is to say, the legend is our own and we allow it to be legend, but it is the stories that grow up from the seeds of truth.

Our father, Saulot, was said to be a youth of the Second City, wise in the ways of medicine and healing, and possessing unusual talents. Only small fragments of memory regarding his description remain, and of these, many contradict one another. All agree that his hair fell past his shoulders, perhaps dark like the people of those lands, and that he was not exceptionally tall, and that to look into his eyes was to look into great wells of peace. It has been said that Father Caine saw him working in the fields, tending sick animals, and by this, by his gentleness and kindly nature, did Caine call for one of his childer to gift him with the Embrace. His nature did not change with the Embrace, and because of this, Father Caine kept him close to his side. There was little jealousy among the other brethren, for Saulot did not hoard his good favor, and he shared many kindnesses with them (especially with his brother Malkav).

CLANBOOK: SALUBRI

[I had heard similar tales from elders of other clans, specifically that Saulot was one of Caine's favorites by his nature, his wisdom and some quality that Caine found pleasing. I have often wondered, given the legend of our progenitor, if Saulot did not remind Caine of his lost brother Abel.]

Upon the Embrace, Saulot sought to bring powers of greater healing to bear. We believe that he created the gifts of Valeren from his own blood and from the teachings of elders east of the city. These he taught to others he Embraced, and they bore these powers no differently than the speed and strength of the Brujah or the shapechanging of the Gangrel. Among these elders and mystics, he learned certain manners of meditation and purification of the spirit. When he neglected these practices, he discovered that his gifts became strangely warped and would not do as he willed them. His childer were less susceptible, but they too found that they must keep their discipline pure, lest their powers fall prey to evil influences.

Thereafter, Saulot maintained that he and his childer must follow certain practices of purity, meditation and spirituality if the gifts of Caine were to be kept from taint and iniquity. From these commandments and studies, we do believe that the first stones on the road to Golconda were laid down. Under the aegis of our father, we continued and prospered, taking up roles as mystics, healers, augurs or those who tended the herds.

The third eye that we bear is said to have been a necessary thing, whereby we saw into the other worlds, the lands of the soul and the spirit realms. Why we cannot work such wonders now I do not know.

[This is another thing that I have heard from elders of other clans. Some have targeted the third eye as the impetus for the slaughter of the Salubri, as supposedly it is proof that the powers of Saulot's childer do not come from Caine, but rather from some foul source in the East. Such scholars further cite the fact that the Baali laired in the East in those days, conveniently ignoring the fact that the human infernalist cult from which Baali sprang do not appear in text or tale for another several hundred years after the time of Enoch. Likewise, there is little mention of where exactly Saulot went on his journeys, save that he was seen heading east. Based on discussions with a companion of mine, Trisala, it seems most likely that Saulot went into the lands across the Indus, at least at first. However, it is a strange suggestion that perhaps we did not learn all our gifts from Caine, nor that Caine possessed all of ours. After all, there is no tale that ever ascribes to Caine the use of Valeren, or makes the claim that he was versed in the wizardly works of the Usurpers.

From accounts of the Malkavians and Nosferatu, it seems that the Salubri had something of a reputation as mystics long before Saulot's famous trances. This fact is not entirely unusual — medicine and religion have a long

conjoined history, and tales from Babylon and the Bible recount prayers made and the occasional sacrifice to God to ensure a good outcome in affairs of physick.]

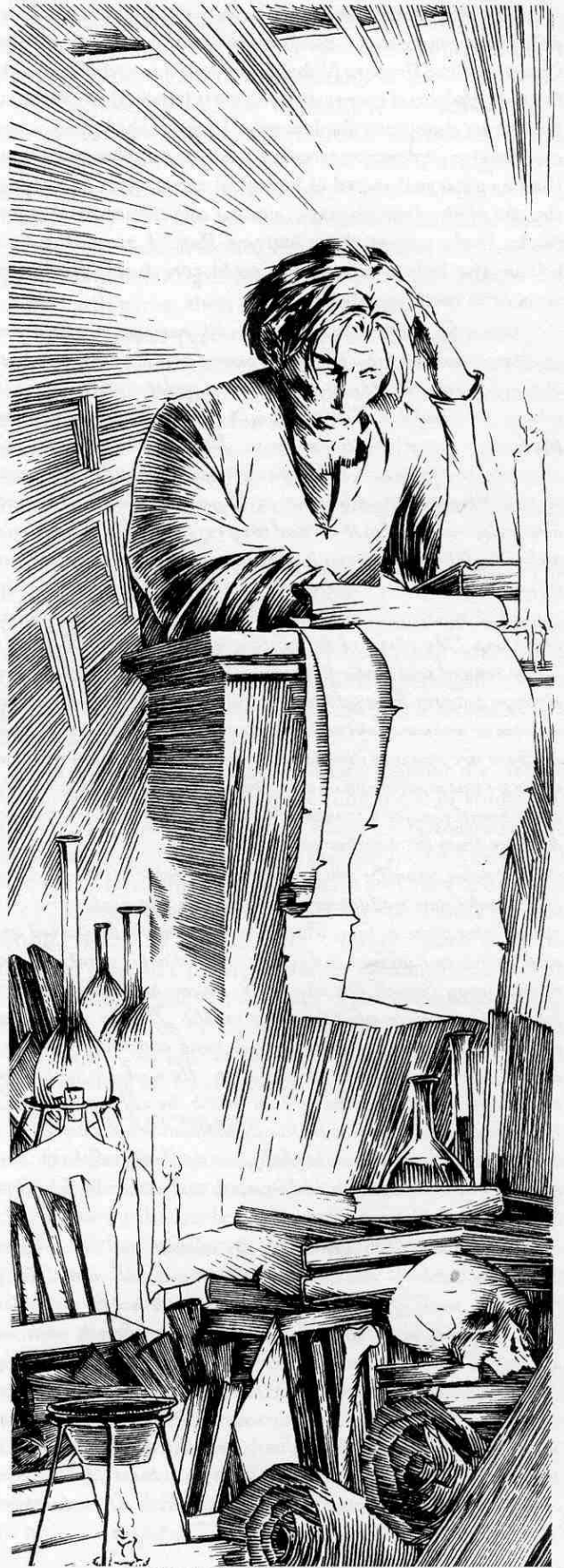
The coming of the warriors was not received with unfettered joy during those nights after Saulot's first journey. A number of Salubri grumbled that Samiel was merely bitter and discontented, and that he was disciplined as a wayward child should be. But Saulot allowed this to be, and it was therefore decreed that we should abide by such. Some feared that by allowing ourselves to be trained for war, we would be consumed by it. Others continued to study their gifts of healing, but in new ways that would benefit warriors, while Samiel created gifts that mirrored the powers of his sire and brethren, meant to deal death as we dealt life.

The Baali Wars were a plague upon the land, like the blights visited upon Egypt in the book of Exodus. Some were reluctant to stand upon the field against the infernalists, but others goaded them, claiming that if we had not the stomach to take the field, would the other clans do so? What greater spur could be put to the sides of the Ventrue, the Sangrel, than to see the faith and strength of the healers as banners upon these dark plains? So many healers and warriors came, and few left. The healers were cut down as they worked, often without guard around them, or they died that their charges might live.

The loss of so many of his brood weighed greatly upon Saulot. I am told that he closeted himself for many days, allowing only Rayzeel and sometimes his brother Malkav to come to him. He would not come to the plain where the fallen had lain, wandering only in the darkness of his mind and spirit. Such was his grief that it began to poison his gifts, and the Beast roiled within him, seeking escape. Some feared that he might do himself or others injury in his madness. Then, one night, he disappeared from the city, telling no one of his departure. Those who remained behind were frantic, but there was no sign of his destiny, only that he had gone. Without him, his childer pined and withered. Some departed on their own journeys, thinking to find him and bring him back. Of these, none returned and there have been no tales of them.

Years passed. The reckonings of that time claim a full 10 [or 100, the sources are strangely confused] years came and went before a strange figure appeared at the gates of the city to request entrance. It was Saulot, returned from more journeys of wandering in the East. He bore many changes about him in his manner and his ways, which he ascribed to the mystical studies he had made with the wise men and elders of the lands beyond the river valleys. In particular, he spoke of the state of Nirvana, of which he had learned of from a wise man who had wandered like himself.

[Again the question of to where Saulot departed raises its head. I believe that he certainly returned to India for at least some of the time he spent away, followed by a respite in Cathay. His studies are indicative of one who took instruction from a number of masters of the gods of those regions.



CHAPTER TWO: THE TRICUMVIRATE

The idea that Saulot may have met the Buddha is a little difficult to countenance. Similar stories of him meeting Jesus Christ and the Prophet Mohammed have as much likelihood, but every Salubri of every religion is quite firm in the belief that Saulot met that particular holy man. I suspect the legend exists more to give credence to certain movements of a heretical bent than as an actual record of historical accounting. If nothing else, the timing is problematic, as is the confusion as to whether Saulot made two or three journeys East. I am inclined to believe the latter, though one could conceivably read this account to mention only two.]

Upon his return, Saulot did seek to raise up his downcast childer, teaching them the wonders and great thinkers he had met on his travels. He praised Ithuriel and the other warriors who maintained his childer Samiel's legacy, and he exhorted the healers new strength of purpose. He practiced new methods of purity and meditation that he claimed gave lithe to his new state and brought him deep peace. Many believed that he had been fully returned to them and they rejoiced. But all was not well. Saulot became prey to strange visions and trances that he could not control. There were nights when he could not be roused at all from his day's slumbers, so deep was his descent into sleep. The wisest of his childer and several of Malkav's brood tended him as best they could, unable to translate the strange tongues he would mutter in or explain why he would scream or weep without waking. Over time, he learned to rein in these dreams and visions somewhat, forcing them to come when he was meditating or praying. Malkav himself is said to have found Saulot's trances disturbing, and to have turned his face from his brother as a result.

It came to pass a few years after his return from the East that Saulot was meditating in the garden one night, and another vision came to him. But when it was done, he started up, with a strange wild look in his eyes. He let out a great cry and rushed away beyond the city walls, saying to all that he had found an answer to what he truly sought. He was gone for a week, and when he returned, he was weak and thin. It was as though there was a light around him. He spoke in a strange voice about how he had found that which the old sage had told him about, and about how he finally understood. He called this state Golconda, for it was in that place in India where he had met the sage who set him on the road, and where he had first taken study with the sage.

Saulot sought to encourage his childer and brethren to tread the path to Golconda as well. Some followed. Many found the path of purity and prayers and works to be too difficult to stay upon, though Saulot did urge them to continue striving. Perhaps they could not reach for such now — many of the warriors complained that if they follow his teachings, then they would have to put up their swords — but Saulot replied that if they prepared themselves now, they might reach it in later years, when they had fewer cares upon them. The healers found it was not as difficult for them to reach the blessed state as

it was for other Cainites. The practices that Saulot had taught every healer from the beginning to maintain the gifts of healing served to start them all on the path.

Those who found Golconda learned that the Hunger did not entirely abate, but it did not rage and rule them as before. The soul of the Cainite in Golconda was in balance, resting between the demon and the man. Such balance granted peace and freedom from the crimson rage of hunger to Cainites who achieved it. They found that they could learn any power they chose without difficulty, as if they had somehow come closer to the blood of their forefather Gaine. And some found that they could bear the touch of weak sunlight, or consume mortal food for a little while. It was not a return to mortality as many had hoped, but Saulot believed that this state was but the next step to such a course.

Years passed, and in that time, the Second City fell. During this destruction, the Salubri did not suffer as much loss as before. In the nights that followed, they were able to travel to new lands, seeking knowledge to add to their studies of Golconda and the sacred mysteries, and healing the broken as they had been taught. During this time, many claim that some went down into the river valleys with the warriors who scouted for the nests of the Baali.

I know very little about the why of Saulot's torpor, but I shall tell what was told to me by my sire. Saulot, believing his childer strong and his obligations filled, chose to return to the East to finish his studies with the mystic masters who had instructed him before. Whether they had died or they did not have the answers he sought is not known. All that any in the west know is that he returned, quiet and joyless, and sought refuge in a cave wherein he entered a long torpor.

Since the nights of the Second City, what is there to say that you have not already heard? We have continued, as we were instructed from the beginning, to heal and bring calm to the horrors of the world. We have been loremasters and teachers, doctors and seneschals, mystics and merrymakers. For so long, the Cainites called upon us and our wisdom, our gifts. For so long, we were treasured and loved.

Where shall we mark the end of our days? From the fire of Rome? From the fall of Hellas? Or from the terrible night when so many of us woke screaming from nightmares that rode us? And all around us, the candles that marked our passage have been blown out one by one.

THE CHOOSING

There is little by which one might choose a likely Salubri healer from a congregation. Of the many whose tales I have heard, or the few I have met, there seemed to be no factor that all deemed universal and necessary to a healer.

There are more than a few healers who had anything to do with holy orders, if one must seek a trend. Some healers were novices, not even approaching the time of vows. An older man had been a lay deacon, choosing to

shelter among the monastics after his Embrace. Some were laity among the orders, with no thought given to taking full vows. Genevieve described herself as having been a holy novice seeking direction when her sire came to her. While many healers find themselves a link to the holy orders in some form, owing that medicine in these days seems linked to the monasteries and convents, they do not always begin there.

While the healers take care not to Embrace those too young, they have a great spread of ages among them. From the bloom of girlhood to respectable old age, most of the seven ages of men find expression in their ranks. There is no preferred age of Embrace, as there is among the warriors. While a man may not be able to lift a sword upon a certain age, there is little to preclude him from laying hands on another or speaking and listening. Indeed, a number of respected healers are of middling age or elder, as it brings a certain amount of trust and comfort to the ill that they are in the hands of one who seems wise and experienced.

Many were deemed "good" in life, although I have heard tell of one or two who were brought in for the express purpose of administering a lesson. I have never met these, so I am not certain if the lessons adhered.

THE EMBRACE

The entire experience of the Embrace and childehood is taken with great gravity among healers. Perhaps more so than warriors, and certainly now, healers lay an enormous burden upon their childe. A healer will eventually be more than a practitioner of medicine — she will be a teacher, a lorekeeper, a diplomat, a sage, a mender of hearts, a friend to the friendless. If she is to carry that burden successfully, then she must be of very sturdy character to do so. Some warriors have remarked, somewhat glibly, that a warrior childe can be molded after the Embrace if he is unsuitable. A healer's childe, on the other hand, has no such luxury. Given this situation, is it any wonder then that the healers choose their childer with the utmost care?

In ideal times, healers take a great deal of time to approach their would-be childe. They often meet the mortal in a harmless guise and may become further acquainted with him as a companion or even relative. The sire may put the prospective childe through a series of tests meant to judge the depth of his character and compassion. Such acts may appear frivolous to others, but it is a matter few healers would avoid if possible. Failure or uncertain results can spare the healer a great deal of irritation if the prospective novice does not measure up to standards.

Should the mortal show all the qualities that the healer wishes for her childe — strength, courage, compassion, joy, integrity, honor — then the healer approaches her to offer the Embrace. This is often couched in ecclesiastical terms in these days, encouraging the mortal to consider the matter for herself in the same way that she

would consider taking holy vows. It is a committing to a life that will be utterly strange to the one approaching it. Rarely, except in dire circumstances, does the healer outright reveal herself for what she is — such is often a very quick means to the witch-fires. If the mortal refuses, the healer does not return to the issue for a while — perhaps months, perhaps never. Time and Fortune do have a way of spinning the wheel at the oddest times. Should the mortal agree, then the healer explains the great benefit and greater cost of this life. Should the mortal still agree, then all proceeds apace.

The healers prefer to grant the Embrace in quiet surroundings with stores of blood laid by in prepared vessels. Even among a clan with such a reputation for even tempers, the first hunger does not change, and sires seek to make the change as smooth as possible. Once the hunger and the first sensations have passed, the sire may now set about teaching the childe all that she will need to survive the nights.

In the past, long childehoods were not unknown. Indeed, they were even expected, owing to the vast quantities of knowledge to be learned, the Disciplines to be mastered and the simple tutoring of how one should treat others, from Cainites to animals. After a childehood of perhaps five years, perhaps longer, the childe was released in a ceremony not unlike an adult rite of passage.

In these nights, however, many childer are denied the careful tutoring and slow childehoods of study that their sires and grandsires knew. Many are not tested in the same fashion, with their deeds and reputations being test enough. Their Embraces are hasty, and they are taught only rudiments for survival before they are thrust into the world, rarely by choice. The Usurpers have come to discover that, like infant animals, new Cainites are weak and unsteady, and the sires are often exhausted by the Embrace. Stories of childer who have awakened surrounded by Usurpers or alone with only their sire's ashes are becoming all too frequent.

TIME OF TESTING

Unlike the custom among the warriors, the healers spend little time in testing their charges. One learns by doing among the healers, and some may spend their first nights in the Embrace practicing their new gifts beside their sires. The act itself makes for the truest affirming of the lessons learned.

As for the seeking of Golconda, that is a slightly different matter. Most believe that one should be advanced at least two steps along the path before giving one's pupil any instruction, while others insist that one should not begin instruction of others until reaching the verge of Golconda oneself. The general thought seems to be that one teaches with caution and always with an eye to one's own spirit. There is a time to ignore whispers of

self-doubt, and then there is time to heed such before granting a student too much knowledge. Genevieve said that she had instructed several Cainites on the rudiments of necessary behavior, to turn their thoughts and hearts to calmer paths, but she would never presume to lead them down a road that she herself was only now setting her first foot upon.

The eldest healer who spoke to me implied that the learning, and thereby the testing, have no true end. Forever shall there be secrets to unearth and ponder, new truths to learn and test in the fire of the world, and always shall everything be tested by its Maker as a reaffirmation of the faith placed within it.

THOSE WHO SERVE

These are but a few of the noteworthies of whom I was told or whom I received in my sanctum. By the inclusion of these here, I have been forced to exclude others. This is no intended slight upon those others, only the effects of limited space on the parchment. I have recorded those worthies' tales elsewhere in the hope that I may create a second volume, for surely there is material enough.

Genevieve du Fortin had passed her 10th year of unlife when she came to my cavern. Though the flush of life had passed from her cheeks with the Embrace, she was as fair as any maid I might have known in my long-ago youth. As circumstances had conspired to make me an old

man and she of holy orders upon our meeting, our business was far less brisk than the rumors might have it. Originally of noble birth, she had taken orders to escape a particularly loathsome prospective marriage, and while yet a novice, she experienced a vision of an elder Salubri instructing her to take up the mantle of unlife. Despite her youth, she has mastered many of the healing arts and carries some recognition as a midwife. Her constant companion, who assured that our business took no improprieties, was a Scottish Gangrel named Chance, who seemed ever solicitous for her welfare.

Rayzeel was said in many tales to have been one of Saulot's favorite childer, and a sister to Samiel. Trained as a healer, she was less a healer with her hands than with her fine wit and gentle soul. In her life, she had been first a slave in Enoch, playing upon a lyre or harp and singing with such sweetness as to make the birds pause to listen, lest their harsh song interrupt hers. Saulot found her music soothing to his meditations, and when he grieved for Samiel and the lost warriors, only she seemed able to rouse him. Some have suggested that the relations between Saulot and Rayzeel were less than that of a sire and childe and more akin to that of lovers. The extant fragments of one of her songs, called "No Light But Thine" suggested that they were of exceptional closeness, but there is no actual evidence of any impropriety. Does not the Song of Solomon speak similarly? None know of



CLANBOOK: SALUBRI

Rayzeel's fate — indeed, she seemed to withdraw from the world upon the beginning of Saulot's torpor, and there are few mentions of her. Many believed that she might have gone to death after her sire's Amaranth, but others point to new songs afoot in the world that seem to bear her mark upon them.

Matthias, a healer of holy orders from England, is said to have met Yael when she came to his monastery in search of healing after a battle with a Baali of age and power. A natural affinity sprang up between them, and he took up her work of crusading against the infernal. Matthias rarely chose to travel openly with Yael, working instead to unearth her prey within the Church or to search out earthly treasures and give Yael aid when she required it. Their treatises on the infernal, excerpted elsewhere in this text, are considered by many to be the standard work upon the subject. And none would gainsay it. Described as a man in his elder years, brisk, kindly and well-schooled in both the ways of the world and of the Church, Matthias was believed to be well along the path of Golconda. Many revered him for it.

[I had believed that Matthias still lived, but a Madman came bearing a terrible tale that claimed Matthias had been slaughtered by Usurpers who sought to lure Yael to destruction. He told of Matthias' great agonies and the cruelties of the Usurpers, and how, at the very last, Matthias' third eye opened, shedding beautiful light, and how the man himself seemed to see something that brought him joy in the midst of his torture. What Matthias saw the Madman forbears to speak of, claiming that only Yael is privileged to know such.]

THE HERETICS

The name seems a strange one, I realize, but it came upon the suggestion of Marius, who first brought this matter to my attention.

In the years surrounding Christ's life, paying particular note to those after his crucifixion, there were a great many would-be prophets who attempted to seize the mantle of Christ for themselves. Some claimed they were Christ resurrected, while others said that they were the intended Messiah foretold in prophecy. While many of these were simply deluded hopefuls or lunatics, a significant portion were frauds and cozeners who misled simple people who hungered for hope and spiritual healing. Such movements often irritated provincial governments, who called for purges when the followers of a particular madman grew too numerous, or when his rantings advised the overthrow of the government.

It is worth noting that more than a few of these quacks had miraculous cures and healing attributed to them. Marius, who witnessed a number of these cozeners at work, insisted that several bore abilities that only Saulot's healers should know. In particular, he noted

Amphiloctes, a man who claimed to be a Roman slave who had converted his master by his miraculous visions of Christ. Not only had Amphiloctes demonstrated certain abilities that should have been known only to masters of Valeren's arts, but he also demonstrated remarkable skills that seemed to mimic the effects of *Auspex* and *Fortitude*. Crowning his monumental hubris was the settlement he had established outside of Acre, a half-witted second trial of then newly fallen Carthage. I have been led to understand that the settlement has been destroyed by one of the innumerable factions who have passed through.

By way of commentary, I add this: There will always be those that believe their gifts set them apart from the ruck and run of their fellows, whether they are human or Cainite. Of these, there will be those who believe that such entitles them to use these gifts selfishly or for personal betterment. The *Salubri*, no matter how disciplined their Embraces and childhoods, are no less vulnerable to such temptations. It is a sad thing that strips away something of the beatific legend that they have shrouded themselves in.

THE CROSSROADS

Healers in this day find themselves caught by a paradox as frustrating as Zeno's. While it is their mandate to care for the sick in mind and body, to soothe injured souls and to guide the lost who seek a path to follow, this work often makes them easy to lure and trap. Tales of healers duped by Tremere using the sick or lost as bait for traps, or of would-be teachers betrayed by students who were in turn betrayed by the Church and their agents, are written on every wall from Hibernia to the Holy Land. So many cries for help rise up, but how many are snares for the gullible, and how many are souls truly in need? Does one risk one's unlife to do what is bidden of every healer, or does one choose to ignore the cries of the suffering and hope to avoid the trap that will inevitably be waiting, sooner or later? This dilemma is one every healer faces.

Unlike their warrior brethren, healers must continually depend on the assistance of others to survive the nights. As such, they seek shelter among mortals, in solitary cottages, or among their Cainite brethren, in exchange for healing or service in an advisory capacity. Yet, the last option has become too untrustworthy, as many Cainites fall prey to blackmail, the powers of the mind or lies. Those who turn to the Church for aid may find Magisters all too willing to barter with Usurpers.

Of all of Saulot's childer who wander in these nights, it is the healers whose future is most uncertain. The gifts that once marked them as rare and remarkable in this world are now considered the gifts of Hell itself. Their third eyes are called devil's marks, and they are so hounded that they cannot conceive of banding together, lest they be destroyed *en masse*. It is my great hope that either times

shall become more hospitable for them, or that those who have fallen shall reach what they sought through their unlives — for as things stand, this earth offers little to Saulot's kindest childer.

THE BOKE OF THE WATCHER

What follows here is largely conjecture, and one that my more reliable sources had little to add to. Scatha-Columbkille spat and made a sign against the evil eye when I mentioned it to her, while Nuriel seemed to find the idea too absurd. A healer whose name I have been sworn not to reveal was greatly troubled at my suggestion, while another hinted that she had heard tales of such but refused to speak more. Genevieve told me that I should do well to refuse any such person entrance to my house if I held her clan in as high esteem as I claimed to.

This situation has left me with something of a quandary. Do I spread falsehood that might well endanger others of better repute, for the tale makes for fine telling? Or do I refrain and endanger those who might most need such knowledge to make their journeys safely? In the end, it adds up to this: All history began as a tale in the telling, and all history that comes thereafter is someone's story.

Thus it begins.

My speaker identified herself only as "Pazia" and said that if I wished to partake of her knowledge, I must transcribe it directly from her own lips. I herewith obey, although I will pause the narrative to interject my own commentary.

"I was Embraced during the reign of Empress Theodosia by Wenceslaus, a Salubri who had traveled from the eastern reaches near what is now Vienna. He trained me for the path of the healer, and I placed my talents in the service of my empress and her favorites. I continued to serve within the empire of Byzantium until the Great Event."

[Note: Pazia never referred directly to Saulot's diablerie, and she found it to be a grave insult when I did so. She does not deny the reality of the event — she simply saw no reason to refer to it. I have understood that others like her have spoken of the event in similar terms, calling it the Great Cataclysm, the First Night or the Wicked Day.]

"We were made mad with grief, my siblings and I. How shall one describe that which was done to her, that which was done to all of us? Our father was slain, and at the hand of creatures who thought to seize what was not theirs. How we did mourn and lament for the days when the ancient goddesses, the Furies, hounded for those who slew kin, and our tears should have brought up those sleeping spirits from whatever tomb they nested in. Our sisters were like children, frightened and without guid-

ance, fearing themselves to be slaughtered next, but they would not run. Our father had told us that we must not strike at those who hewed us. Our brothers stood with sword in hand, needing to be told which shadow to swing at, for Samiel's words had not spoken of the time when the clan would face such treachery at the hands of monsters claiming purity.

"If only we had but seen the swing of the sword when our sisters were first cut down! Alas for thee, sweet ones, your soft throats cleaved by the Usurpers! And still our brothers could not strike, hesitating when our enemies were weak. And so the slaughter, the lies, the curses went on. We who had once been as pearls to the Cainite kings — prized and treasured — were now cast away on the word of bastard wizards. It was, and continues to be, a horrible time.

"It came to pass that several of our number arrived in the city of Damascus seeking safety, as I had with my own sire, and there was much discussion made about the horrors that beset us in the world beyond. Did not Saulot's words to us claim that we should not return enmity for enmity, but never did he demand that we bare our throats for the tyrants at our doors. It remained then that we must choose to stand or die, lest all our kind be left to burn in the sun without a thought from any other of Caine's childer.

"Our sisters, the healers, have fallen greatly in these days, but we must not mourn them overmuch. Did not our father say that there should be lambs to the slaughter, and that those who fell should be as lambs? Therefore, we will weep for them, as our father might wish, but there is nothing else to be done.

"Our brothers, the warriors, stand amazed and swing at shadows, wishing vengeance but uncertain of their target. It must be to us to guide their sword-arms, to turn their hands upon the proper objects of wrath. Have not other siblings done the same for their poor confused brothers, lest the swords be turned in the wrong direction and their strength wasted?"

[Note: Pazia referred to the healers exclusively as "sisters" and using feminine genders, while the warriors all became "brothers." I am less certain if this was merely a manner of speaking than a veiled reference to other things. Likewise, she spoke dismissively of the healers, but she had a strange fire regarding her "brothers" — the warriors that I found verging uncomfortably close to carnal.]

Not long after Pazia departed, a letter was delivered to the island. I found the contents disturbing enough to merit consideration and inclusion in this text (The neglect of any mention of the healers in this missive requires that I draw unpleasant conclusions regarding them and their relations to these self-styled watchers.):

To Master Simon

Good sir, it would seem that I have misspoken myself upon the mission of which the watchers are charged. This was not my intent, but my ignorance. As you often speak to my brethren, I would leave this missive in your hands to deliver unto them.

In watching the door of Ceoris, we have learned a strange and mighty secret regarding our father. What arrogant wizard so new to the blood could imagine that he might so easily drink the soul of one who has seen empires rise and the history of the world writ by his own finger? Truly, hubris is the meat and milk of the Usurper and all his seed shall suffer thereafter! My heart rejoices with the very thought of it, of Tremere's hand smiting his childer with his pride!

My brothers, stand ready, for your sword-arms shall be needed in the days to come. With each unlife taken, you exalt our father and avenge his murder. Be you like the Furies upon the backs of his slayers and be ever ready, for soon shall Ceoris' gates fly open and shall all things stand revealed.

I am, in all things, your sister. Trust and believe me.





Chapter Three: Miscellanea et Demonica

REGARDING THE THIRD EYE

The theories surrounding the development of the third eye in newly Embraced Salubri and its uses have been put forth since Saulot first returned from the East bearing his strange deformity. Since I began this record, I have asked the question of every Salubri who has come to my cave, and I have received a different answer with each arrival.

By and large, the most popular theory seems to center on the idea that the eye is centered around the Discipline of Valeren, a theory I am inclined to support to a certain extent. Warriors and healers alike bear the eye, while I have spied the eye but rarely on the few so-called "watchers" whom I have seen.. Both warriors and healers practice Valeren in some form, while the watchers have the knowledge of it but make little use of that which they know. All agree that the eye appears after one has progressed beyond the most basic abilities of Valeren, not before, and this would tend to lend credence to any theory linking the two. In addition, many uses of Valeren often culminate in or include the eye's opening and the shedding of light therefrom. I have even seen a warrior use a particular power that caused his eye to glow a wrathful red that awoke terror in me. By contrast, I saw an elderly healer's creation of a barrier to guard his charges and how his eye shed a soft golden light as he did so.

However, the nagging question remains to be answered. How came this eye as a mark of the bloodline? There were healing abilities among the Salubri long before Saulot's journey to and return from the East, and the abilities of the warriors were created by Samiel and his brood by their own will, not by any intervention of the clan's founder.

Some believe that there are powers (if not here, then in the East), which made more prodigious use of the third eye. There are rumors that masters of such powers can see into the spirit world, or gaze upon the naked souls of men and Cainites alike. Most of those whom I have inquired concerning such things are all in agreement that if such powers ever existed, they are beyond the reach of any Salubri now walking under Heaven, and that the elders who would know of such are no doubt returned to ash. There is indeed something very unsettling about the gaze of the third eye, something which bespeaks the other world, and I could understand how some might fear it as a gate out of which some unnatural thing might peer. On the other hand, a visitor to my house once soothed a frightful nightmare of mine by requesting that I look into his third eye, and what met my gaze was a thing of peace and gentleness.

An elder warrior traveling with two young ones told me a tale that his grandsire had passed to him, that the eye was a mark upon Saulot for deeds done in the East. He said that he had heard from wandering folk and others who had gone to the lands beyond the Holy Land that a third eye in the forehead was often seen upon some gods in those lands as a mark of greatness. It is an interesting tale, to be sure, but that tale speaks nothing about the deeds with which Saulot was gifted. Furthermore, as noble as Saulot may have been, I find it hard to countenance that he was granted divinity or any semblance thereof.

As it stands, I must apologize for taxing the reader's patience. I can say only that it seems like it is the use of Valeren that opens the third eye, and that the ultimate purpose of such an appendage is no longer within the grasp of Saulot's childer. It would seem that those who could best tell me what I wish to know are beyond my reach.

CLANBOOK: SALUBRI

RELATIONS WITH OTHERS

While most Salubri may have enjoyed prosperous relations with the other clans in the past, current events have led to an overall auditing of the books, as it were. Those who had once been friends are often now enemies, circumstances make strange bedfellows, and often the most loyal friend is seen in a more dubious light than he might have been in previously. In short, the Salubri no longer know who their friends are, or who their enemies might be. Those who trust past alliances too well find themselves betrayed, but those who make a clean break from history are friendless. Former enemies have made common cause against the Usurpers, and the world has generally turned itself upside down.

Note also that views differ widely among the various factions. Most warriors believe the worst about their fellow Cainites as a matter of survival, while the few remaining Healers struggle to maintain their own, somewhat more optimistic beliefs. As for the watchers, they keep their own counsel, as always.

Below are transcribed the views of one member of each of the major castes of Salubri on the world around them. It should come as no surprise that they disagree.

Here, then, are the words of Scatha-Columbkille the warrior and Gennadios the healer, who have both honored me with their presence and wisdom.

ASSAMITES

As many Salubri have reason to travel into the Middle East, whether on the trail of Crusade or in visiting certain shrines, it is inevitable that they encounter the Assamites. When the call to free the Holy Lands came, not a few Salubri stood solidly on the side of the Crusaders. To their chagrin, their pride has cost them dearly in allies.

Scatha-Columbkille: We faced the Assamites and their mortal kin on the battlefield, and there are no small grudges left from that time. For my part, I find the Assassins worth respecting — my foe and I acknowledged each other's strength and quitted the field without further slaughter. If I were offered a chance to study with his master, I should take it, would it not also mean that I should be outcast even further for adopting such heathen ways.

Gennadios: We supported the call to Crusade. After all, surely all should have the right to travel to the Holy Land without interference. It has been my everlasting shame that I have learned that, instead, I gave compliance to butchery. If my foes might find forgiveness to offer, then I should offer any service as penance. However, I fear that among the Assassins, no forgiveness can ever be found for our kind.



BRUJAH

The Brujah and Salubri have maintained good relations since the days of Enoch, and they still continue friendly ties. According to legend, Samiel studied under Brujah warriors, while Salubri healers ventured onto the battlefield to aid fallen Brujah in battles against the Baali. To the old warrior-poets, the Salubri served a vital purpose among the Cainites, and for the Tremere to arrogantly stride in on their fallen bodies is considered a gross insult by elder Brujah. On occasion, Salubri have sheltered in elders' *sphaeristeri* among the students. There, they are treated as honored guests and often dubbed "Samiel" to protect their identities.

Unfortunately, just as the Salubri's fortunes are falling, so fall the Brujah's with them. The Salubri are becoming legendary to many ancillae and neonates, who have never seen one of the Shepherds in the flesh. Tales told of Samiel and his childer now have as much substance as Childe Roland or King Arthur. For their part, Salubri are finding that the average Brujah neonate bears little (if any) resemblance to his sire in temperament or demeanor, leaving them nonplused as to how best to deal with this angry, ill-educated thug who claims the mantle of Philosopher-King.

Scatha-Columbkille: *Some of us have sought safety among the gangs of neonate bandits, an uneasy combination when our youngsters show less discretion than they might otherwise. Wiser heads often conceal their third eyes and Discipline, passing themselves off as Brujah. I was fortunate enough to find safety in the training halls of an elder, passing for a student, although I should be hard-pressed to determine who was student and who was master.*

Gennadios: *Wherever there are wounded, we cannot resist being drawn to them, which means we meet a great many of the Brujah. Our gifts make us useful, but every healer fears the day when she outlives her usefulness.*

CAPPADOCIANS

Salubri find the Graverobbers to be both welcome colleagues and repulsive opposites. On one hand, knowledge of death is a necessary thing in the study of the body and healing, but digging up corpses and watching a body decay — surely there are more productive things one can do, even with eternity.

Likewise, many Salubri are uneasy with the dealings of the Cappadocians. These scholars have traded with any and all for their information, including the Usurpers on occasion. Who knows if a Cappadocian scholar, to obtain a text he needs, will barter the location of a fellow scholar in exchange.

Scatha-Columbkille: *I find the Cappadocians repugnant and would rather avoid them when possible. One must be desperate indeed to accept shelter with them, although a few have done so in order to study the Lamia. Otherwise, they are best left to their own devices.*

Gennadios: *We approach the Cappadocians with caution and with great infrequency. While their knowledge is useful, their embrace of death makes us uneasy, particularly when we come across those who know that Valeren can harm as well as heal. Given any choice, I think most of my line would rather chance the open road than the cold hospitality of the Cappadocians.*

FOLLOWERS OF SET

The Serpents' open trucking with an entity that most Salubri equate with the Infernal Tempter does nothing for clan relations. That some warriors equate them with the Baali apparently does even less. On occasion, a Serpent approaches a Salubri, claiming to be fleeing his fellows because he seeks to reform. Unfortunately, while the game is an old one, there is always a chance that an innocent may yet be ensnared. More often than not, the true intent of the "reformer" is simply to entice the Salubri into a spot where he will be more pliable — and vulnerable.

Scatha-Columbkille: *If it looks like a snake, hisses like a snake, lies like a snake and crawls like a snake, then you don't reach down to pet its head. If you find a serpent in your garden, you kill it. I subscribe to a similar theory regarding the Setites.*

Gennadios: *I endured a nightmarish voyage via Setite-arranged passage to reach Algiers, and I narrowly avoided being sold into slavery and then to the Tremere upon my arrival. It's a mistake that I was fortunate enough to survive, praise God, and by that, I shall not give them another chance at my hide.*

GANGREL

For a long while, I believed that these two clans had very little to do with each other, despite what should have been ancestral friendships from Samiel's days as Gangrel's pupil. Certainly there was no mention among the visitors to my house. Then, a single Gangrel arrived from Germany to speak of a healer who had died while protecting a Gangrel neonate from Usurper hands seeking an "experimental subject." We talked for a while on the subject of Saulot's childer and that seemed to be all. But shortly thereafter came several Gangrel of all ages from many bloodlines — from Germany, from Ireland, from Tuscany, even from the wild countries of the Norsemen — and all to speak on the same subject, as if my first visitor had determined the intent of my study. For whatever words you spoke to your kin, Klaus of Badenbug, I thank thee.

Scatha-Columbkille: *Theirs is the rough friendship of warriors and rugged men and women. Samiel learned at Gangrel's side, and for that alone, I respect Gangrel's childer. I would have that night come again, but the Gangrel now believe us weak for allowing the Usurpers to root us out. Indeed, I have quarreled with several over the matter, but their perspective on the matter is, of necessity, limited.*

Gennadios: *How I envy their independence! They can be alone for weeks and not miss companionship of mortal or Cainite. Such strong folk who have been in the wandering way for so long — would that they might teach me the same!*

LASOMBRA

Of the tales and guests I have received on Malta in regard to the Salubri, almost none came from Lasombra hands. I understand that several Magisters have benefited greatly from the Salubri purges, and most Salubri who spoke with me had very little good to say regarding the shadowy ones.

Scatha-Columbkille: *They are as untrustworthy as the shadows they command. The fact that they have so many fingers on so many outlets of escape makes our existence that much more difficult. They see us as tools to be used, and they believe that our situation makes us desperate enough to swallow their honeyed lies. Desperate, yes. Foolish, no.*

Gennadios: *I have met a rare few who watched over their abbeys with admirable skill and care, providing us shelter in the name of the God we both adored. Too often, though, I have met those who were too interested in my potential use to think of anything else. If they continue to use and discard people in such cavalier fashion, how long, I wonder, before they have no allies left at all?*

MALKAVIANS

From time immemorial, these two clans have been intertwined. Stories of Saulot relieving Malkav of his most wrenching bouts of madness mingle with tales of Malkav interpreting Saulot's strange visions. The loss of the Salubri would seem to have the Malkavians in a downward spiral of grief and rage. Many of his brood have sprung to the forefront of the Unicorns' defense, attempting to distract the hunters, while others have inadvertently drawn the wrong sort of attention by their sudden lucidity. For the Salubri's part, many of the youth know little of their clans' shared past and hold the Madmen at arm's length. The healers, however, come into contact with more of Malkav's childer than one might think, and the Madmen repay such debts as best they might.

Scatha-Columbkille: *We know them of old, as they know us. There is no enmity between us, for even the mad know the difference between their state and the infernal. As such, I would trust the Madmen as far as God grants that I may, fearful only that the Malkavian would betray himself and, by extension, me.*

Gennadios: *Saulot charged us with a care for Malkav's children, and so we obey the words of our father. As Malkav tended our father, we tend Malkav's childer. So do we pay our debts.*

NOSFERATU

The Salubri have a history with the Nosferatu almost as long as their association with the Malkavians. As many Nosferatu have sought shelter in the arms of religion, they often encounter warriors born of Crusade and healers of holy orders. When the Tremere hunts began, some Salubri feared that the Nosferatu would take full advantage of an opportunity not to be the ones most spat upon. Instead, Nosferatu sympathy for their plight has helped preserve the clan. Many Salubri have profited from Leper gossip, been warned of coming hunts or even been cloaked by helpful Lepers.

Scatha-Columbkille: *The Lepers' form of honor is not one that I understand, but I am thankful for it all the same. They take pleasure in thwarting the plans of the arrogant and spiteful, and the Usurpers rank among them. Even if we did not trust the Lepers from what has gone before, they would still shield us to harm our enemies.*

Gennadios: *Such pure faith in such tainted shells! It makes me weep to think of it. Would that Saulot's gifts would let me heal the Lepers of their curse, as Christ healed the leper in Jerusalem!*

RAVNOS

Salubri have encountered the Ravnos more by traveling eastward into Persia and India than by chance encounters on the roads of Europe. Neither clan seems able to quite figure the other one out, and every attempt to forge more permanent relations between them has ended in misunderstandings and perceived insults. For now, the best relations seem to be created between single individuals. Some Ravnos believe that the hunt for the Salubri masks one against the Ravnos, and as such, are willing to help the fugitive Cainites. Others see the Salubri as stalking horses and thus shun them.

Scatha-Columbkille: *They take too much pride in being the clever little tricksters to think about anything beyond their own causes, and anyone other than themselves. I can think of few greater frustrations than trying to have an extended conversation with one of them. They are useless, the lot of them.*

Gennadios: *I have noticed, however, that for all their tricks and japes, they will assist you at the strangest moments in repayment of something you did for one of their relatives months or even years earlier. On the other hand, the rest of the time they can be painful and perilous to deal with. I avoid them, as much to spare myself confusion as anything else.*

TOREADOR

If there's one clan that tries the patience of even the most saintly healer, it is the Toreador. The Artisans' lack of care for spiritual matters has driven many Salubri mad with frustration. Couple this fact with their seeming disinterest in the effects of the Tremere's purge, and the Salubri rarely come to expect aid from a Toreador house. Those warriors familiar with the rumors of Aucassin scoff at the notion of Samiel refusing to show favor to one of the Rose, pointing out that every tale of the encounter (including those told among the Toreador themselves) speaks of Aucassin's less-than-sterling performance at the time.

Scatha-Columbkille: *One Toreador's lackluster performance before our master, and they all believe themselves slighted. They are fools.*

Gennadios: *I would hope that for as often as we intervene with their mortal pets, we would merit some consideration. I would hope, I might add, but I know better.*

TREMERE

In a rare agreement of purpose, warrior and healer stand firmly united against the Tremere. The Tremere's gross violation of Saulot was crime enough, but compounding their wickedness with a series of pogroms has pushed them beyond any hope of mending fences.

Scatha-Columbkille: *I will not count it such a bad thing to die again if it means I take even one of those bastards with me.*

Gennadios: *Utterly selfish, utterly prideful, completely without conscience. Do not ask me to have the slightest crumb of pity for them when their doom inevitably reaches out for them. I hope that Tremere chokes on Saulot's soul!*

TZIMISCE

The Tzimisce and Salubri have maintained a strange, curious friendship since the early days, when not a few Salubri studied the body under Tzimisce tutelage. Warriors have honed their knowledge of Valeren through understanding of Tzimisce torture, while mutual interest in the physical body allowed the Healers to study on various Tzimisce...subjects. When the Tremere turned their fury on the Salubri, the Tzimisce customs of hospitality served the Salubri well; so did the Fiends' hatred of the Usurpers. The clans share common cause against the Tremere, although with vastly different ideas about how to take care of the problem. Rumors of a much deeper alliance between the two clans circulate, but such rumors have circulated since the inception of the warriors. Most now dismiss them as mere talk.

Scatha-Columbkille: *I have learned a great deal by my host's efforts, and his vow to keep faith with the hospitality he offered has saved my life when the Tremere have come calling. I hope that we shall be at each other's sides when the end comes, for I can give no higher praise than that.*

Gennadios: *My time among the Tzimisce has been...informative, if not entirely comfortable. We disagree on many things, such as the value of mortal life and the uses of torture, but I suspect my hostess welcomed our nightly debates. If I could have closed my ears to the sounds in her cellars, I should have been perfectly comfortable.*

VENTRUE

Most Salubri agree that the Ventrue speak well of nobility and honor, and a few actually follow through. Many Ventrue lords sheltered Salubri in their halls and turned away insolent Tremere who demanded and blustered. But many of the lost would tell of the night when the Ventrue began to listen to the poisonous lies that branded Salubri as infernalists...

Scatha-Columbkille: *A pity that so many see their nobility and honor as mere trappings of office, not as their meat and milk. Honor is not put aside at the end of the day like a stained tunic—it is the hairshirt that nettles the conscience into right behavior and the actions that come from doing that which is right, cost be damned.*

Gennadios: *I shall never forget the night that my host, a man with whom I'd had many a long discussion concerning his path to Goleonda, looked at me with distinct fear. I learned that he had received a letter of warning from the regent of the local chantry regarding the "infernalists" under his roof. I chose to spare him the indignity of throwing me out, and I rode out of his lands crouched under a wagon-load of hay....*

BAALI

Salubri, no matter what their lineage or occupation, agree on a single point — the Baali are demons. Most were brought up on tales of the Baali Wars of the ancient past. The warriors in particular have been instilled with righteous fury against them from the start. Those elders who have thought to misuse the tales of the Baali's origins against the Salubri, especially the warriors, often meet with strange accidents.

Scatha-Columbkille: *Kill them on sight, without mercy or hesitation. This is our task and our charge from Samiel himself. Spit them as if each were a poisonous toad.*

Gennadios: *If you have the means to confront them, do so. If you have not, find others who can. Above all, do not let them continue their work unchecked. And when the fight is over, do whatever is in your power to rescue those souls who can still be saved.*

WEREWOLVES

Healers find werewolves a puzzle. They can understand the Lupines' affection for the fields and woods, but they are not the lands vast enough that all may live in their shelter? As Salubri must often travel the woods and wastes, they often come into conflict with the Garou. Warriors learn soon enough to travel with silver. The healers have found Shepherd's Watch to be invaluable as well, although some whisper that one's safest passage comes through healing injured animals and not drinking from them when possible.

Scatha-Columbkille: *We have enough to worry about with our own attacking us, and now these creatures wish to help! I have been told that they have some intellect, but I have yet to see it in any of the monsters I encounter.*

Gennadios: *I encountered one of their number in Greece, a woman who called herself a child of the great earth mother that the Greeks had worshipped long ago. We sheltered together for a while, but it could not last. Their theology is complex and beautiful, their gifts of healing remarkable, and we spoke a great deal about mortals. I should give much to return to those nights.*

MAGI

Only theurgy or country superstition is considered to be any form of acceptable magic to the Salubri. From the ranks of the proud magi strode the Tremere — why should anyone give any magus even the benefit of the doubt?

Scatha-Columbkille: *They spawned the Tremere. Will others seek the same sort of immortality at our expense? Do not give them the chance.*

Gennadios: *Of those I have met, those who are schooled in theurgy are remarkable for their faith and scholarship. Unfortunately, they are too eager to practice it on any within reach. I could never trust any of them, even those who profess to hate the Tremere as much as we do.*



CLANBOOK: SALUBRI

WRAITHS

Salubri seem horrified at the mere mention of the Restless Dead in these nights. Some see talk of them as bringing bad luck or the sight of one to be a premonition of death. The fact that some Salubri have encountered the souls of former companions has only increased this fear. In days past, Salubri who could speak with or hear the dead were considered extremely valuable, both by wraiths needing assistance and by the vampires and mortals plagued with them. Such gifted ones, however, were often feared as much as they were valued.

Scatha-Columbkille: *The only ghost I wish to see is the ghost of a Tremere, shaking his fist in impotent rage. The rest are but phantoms.*

Gennadios: *Each ghost we see is some healer's failure. Pity them, and pity those they left behind.*

FAE

For some reason, the Fair Folk avoid the Salubri, perhaps finding their deep-seated faith and often overly religious backgrounds to be anathema. Such avoidance saddens many Salubri, who find the presence of the Fae to be a wondrous cure for the sadness that often overcomes them.

Scatha-Columbkille: *I recall a time when I encountered a mighty creature while traversing a forest. He called himself a troll and challenged me for the right to ford a river. I admired his nobility and I left him alive enough to profit from his lesson.*

Gennadios: *It was Midsummer Night, the moon was full, and I had to travel on the open road. They were in a grove, dancing for the holiday, and my heart nearly broke to see such beauty and joy. For a moment, my heart was light again. Then I was noticed, and they, perhaps thinking my robe was a holy habit, thought to play me some of the worst mischief they could. When things grew too dangerous, I was forced to call on my own powers to shield myself, which drove them off.*

RELATIONS WITH MORTALS

Salubri work hard to maintain themselves so that they might continue to shelter and socialize with mortals. Whether as a dependable night watchman, a demure nun or a clever sage, the Salubri struggle to keep their ties with those who bore them. However, do not think that the Salubri choose to fraternize with mortals out of anything so transient as nostalgia or longing.

Firstly, the security of hiding among the herd cannot be dismissed. When one has a number of mortal neighbors, parishioners, customers or the like who have an interest in seeing one continue, they tend to alert one to potential threats or inordinate interest. I have heard of one lay brother Salubri whose neighbors told him of the strange figure seen lurking around his cottage one day. The spy was in fact a ghoul from a chantry a week's journey away, and the neighbors took umbrage at some padfoot spy sneaking through their lands. When the ghoul attempted a second scouting of the area, he was greeted by a number of neighbors, who raised the

hue and cry after him. This promptly brought the sheriff, who clapped the fellow in irons. The incident prompted the brother to move on to safety — an opportunity he might not have had otherwise.

Well-inclined neighbors can also be of great assistance to help with the other worries. After all, when a healer has been up to all hours of the night tending to a fevered child, few are likely to begrudge him daylight sleeping hours. Also, when someone cannot afford pay in coin for services done, how very easy to request that a roof be thatched or daylight business be tended in exchange. In this way do the Salubri foster relations with their neighbors, ensuring their own survival while contributing to that of the community around them.

ON GHOULS

I have not heard from any Salubri visiting, nor from other tale-bearers, if the Salubri create ghouls. I suspect that the matter boils down to, in the Salubri mind, one either is Cainite or one is not, and there is no such thing as a compromise between the two. Many Salubri find the vampiric state itself to be a necessary evil. By extension, those who straddle the fence, then, are willingly polluting themselves, and such self-inflicted damnation is anathema to Saulot's childer.

ON LONELINESS

Each Salubri has an enemy far deadlier than any ghoul or mortal, a nemesis more potent than any infernalists or Usurpers could ever be. It is a foe greater than any who stalk the earth by virtue of its insidiousness and stealth, and more vicious than any rival for the toll that it takes from those it preys upon. That enemy is loneliness.

I am certain that the reader pauses here to sneer — what cost loneliness when compared to one's eternal life? If one is too tender to endure such, then one is unsuitable for the Embrace, and had best ease his own pain by facing the sunrise. Do the Gangrel complain of such? Does a warrior in the middle of Crusade pause for such mild thoughts regarding friendship and, if the word dare be spoken by one of our kind, love?

I would remind the reader that the Cainites of every clan have, should they choose it, companionship of their siblings in the blood. Every other Cainite has the *choice* to seek out company; if he chooses not to, upon his own head be it. The hunted have no such choices. They face each night with uncertainty — will this be the night that they are run to ground, that they are betrayed, that they fall to their own rage? They may be forced to depart at a moment's notice without so much as a word to anyone around them, leaving friends and lovers in the agony of uncertainty. The Usurpers have shown very little compunction regarding the misuse of companions if doing so gets them their prize (as I am certain both Gangrel and Tzimisce might remind us). Couple their foul intents with their fouler methods, and the reader should do well to consider if he would subject a companion to such risks.

I have seen several methods by which Saulot's childer attempt to maintain some contact with each other, to learn of childer made or sires destroyed, or to share news of changes to each Shepherd's circumstances. One such involves scribblings found on walls, doorposts, caverns and the like, done in a welter of languages long dead or never before seen in these lands. I have seen some of these characters, and they bear no resemblance to any writing I have ever seen, save perhaps a scroll that had been carried back from the lands across the Indus by one of Alexander's officers. Another means is a slightly more permanent one: a variety of carvings such as were seen down in the catacombs beneath Rome during the days of persecutions. Such messages are written in pictograms, which even the unlettered may read and understand. Others, such as traveling buskers or Moors or Jews, may find themselves keeping messages or learning certain phrases that sound innocuous to other ears, but which convey strange and deeper meaning to those who know what to listen for.

What happens to a Salubri who cannot find such messages, or who is lost beyond the finding of her fellows? None seem to know, or if they do, they are reluctant to share what they have learned. Many suspect that these lost ones seek torpor in quiet places, while others fear that they take their lives in some terrible fashion or go insane. By this, it is hard to say which decimates the clan more — the Usurpers' direct hand, or the more unaware and indirect touch.

ON FEEDING

It has been said that Caine, in his sorrow, saw Saulot as a second Abel, that in his childe he saw a chance to make right that which he had set wrong before the altar of the Lord. Saulot, like Abel, was a shepherd, and he tended his flocks gently. In turn, Saulot taught his childer to tend their human flocks with a light and loving hand as well, and for this reason he was much loved in Enoch.

It seems strange that the healers among the Salubri must still sup upon blood, and that it takes life to sustain their gifts for preserving life. Feeding is a matter that many of my guests were loath to discuss with me, for any knowledge of how they seek sustenance is a weapon in the hands of their enemies. Still, Scatha-Columbkille told me enough.

It seems that Saulot forbade his childer from feeding upon any who feared them. This may be a legacy of his days at Caine's side, or one of his teachings of Golconda, but the commandment has the force of law among Saulot's brood. Thus, the healers have a natural incentive to foster good relations with the mortals around them. The kine who dwell near a Unicorn must not fear the Cainite in their midst, or the Cainite must move along with due haste. I suspect the Usurpers have already learned of this matter, and it is for this reason that they work so hard to spread tales from the pulpit that Saulot's childer have the taint of Hell upon them. If the simple country folk lose their trust of the healers in their midst, where shall those Salubri turn for sustenance?

Warriors of the clan are a bit more legalistic in their approach to this commandment of their grandsire's. Those whom I have spoken to note that hatred and rage are not fear, and thus the warriors feel no qualms about slaking their thirst on their foes in battle. Some even go so far as to drink the blood of those who hunt them, claiming that were those they killed righteous, then they would have no fear at the notion of death and Judgment. Healers call such arguments sophistry, and thus once again the depth of the rift between the two castes is revealed.

ON THE KISS

As I have met and spoken with Saulot's childer, and have met and spoken with others regarding them, I have come to learn something of their choices for the Embrace. It seems that Saulot was like unto Caine in this matter, laying down restrictions on those whom his childer might bring into the fold, and punishing those who disobeyed.

Of all the Salubri that I have encountered, I have yet to see or even hear of a child receiving the Embrace. This might be considered the first commandment of the Embrace, as near as I can determine. The warriors claim this is because a child, no matter how strong or well-trained, is still a child in size. In these times, creating a childe who cannot defend himself on the field of battle is foolish and wasteful. Healers have said that Saulot found such Embraces to be abominations, and he punished those who transgressed thus with death. They also say that an Embraced child might look and speak as a child, but that the Cainite's spirit and speech soon come to be those of an adult. To have the soul of an old man in the body of an infant, they say, is a crime against the child and anathema to God.

The second commandment of the Embrace was that it never be performed out of love or to seek companionship. Even though this is the law of Caine, according to the Book of Nod, Saulot watched for such transgressions even more vigilantly than did his grandsire. Why? It seems simple. The vampiric state, in its truest form, is horror. Any who have murdered while in the grip of hunger or under the talons of the Beast would surely agree upon this, at least those who retain enough of their humanitas to care. Therefore, why would any Cainite inflict this horror upon someone she claimed to love? The act would make a mockery of the very word. It seems wise, does it not, to prevent such horrors. Surely the Cainite given the Kiss out of love would grow to hate the one who had damned him, sowing dissension and hatred within the clan itself. And yet, in the midst of such sterling logic, there is hope for those who would bring their lovers into eternity. The persistent rumors regarding relations between Rayzeel and Saulot would seem to beg the question if Saulot himself could follow his own law.

There is a continued belief among those not of the clan that Salubri are expected to adhere in all strictness to the values of the clan, the teachings of Saulot, the lore of the past

and so on. Those with whom I have spoken have caused me to give rise a conjecture, which Nuriel and another healer have suggested as appropriate.

I have seen nothing to suggest that the Salubri are choosing childer for the Embrace willy-nilly. There is a great deal of observation and care taken with the choice, and upon the choice and Embrace, further care is taken with each childe's training. Once the childe is Embraced, he or she has as long as is necessary to ensure that he or she is properly prepared to exist in the hateful world, whether with companions or alone. The work of Samiel and the warriors who followed is not suggestive of a clan that abandons its childer. If that were so, should we have had Samiel, Rayzeel and the other, unsung creators? I suspect the sentiment among the elders is to say to the childer that the childer have been raised and gifted with all that is necessary for them to make their way in the world. It remains to the childer how they choose to carry out those values to reflect both themselves and their elders. Once a childe is released, she is trusted to do right and choose well. She may maintain close relations with her sire and other elders, but she is by and large on her own.

I must hasten to add that what I describe above would be more appropriate for the years before the purges began. Since then, I suspect that sires are teaching their childer strict obedience to the tenets and little else, largely due to a lack of time, and a pressing fear that the sire may not be there the next night to continue the lessons. There is no time for the long childehoods of debate, study and practice. Childer Embraced now must be prepared to be thrown into the world, often before they are ready.

Scatha-Columbkillie has expressed the worry that many childer may be cheated of their heritage, both knowingly and otherwise, in these dark times. Should a childe choose a different route and clothe his values in a tatterdemalion's cloak rather than a white tabard or monk's robes, he may believe that he betrays his clan and the path set before him. What becomes of these confused ones? And how likely is it that he might ever encounter an elder who might instruct him otherwise? More likely that he will find others of his generation who insist that there be only one or two paths, and roil further still with guilt and confusion. Scatha has wept for these, and I cannot help but weep with her.

ON SAULOT

Even among non-Salubri, one has but to say the name to receive an immediate response, often favorable. I daresay he is the closest we approach to a saint, particularly since he was martyred. I only wish that others were more heeding of his children for his sake.

What description I have has been confusing in the extreme, taken from scant memories, sires' tales and accounts passed down imperfectly from Enochian documents. Those who could tell us for certain are either dead or have no wish

to speak. He has been usually described as of average height for the times, perhaps even slightly shorter, and usually well-built and -formed. His hair is usually given as black, although some insist that it was brown or even golden. His skin was likely dun-colored, and very few accounts have said that he lost this coloring upon the Embrace. Of his eyes, there has been the fiercest disagreement; I have heard they were every color from blue to black to hazel, and there is no consensus even among blood-siblings. Most agree that he was handsome by the day's standards; supposedly Arikel insisted he veil himself before approaching her, lest she find herself too thoroughly entranced by his beauty. Salubri, however, think that he was more likely average in appearance, neither stunning nor hideous but rather altogether...human. From out of this welter of vociferous disagreement, only a single portrait has survived to serve as our lone glimpse of what this most noble Cainite may have looked like. Most observers seem to agree that the painting looks at least passingly like Saulot, though trying to get agreement on which details are correct is like attempting to empty the seas with a sieve. I believe the portrait hangs in the chapel of a Malkavian baron, Etienne d'Agoult, but my last report of it was several decades ago, and who knows if some enterprising Tremere childe has attempted to ingratiate himself to his elders by defacing it.

Over the years, Saulot has attracted a variety of descriptions from other Cainites, with epithets ranging from "near-deity" to "near-inhuman." His powers over life and death, far beyond what the other clans even dreamed of, earned him jealous accusations of being proud and unmanageable. Some claimed that he acted as would a petty god, toying with lives as it suited his whim. They mutter that in his trances he spoke to demons, and white-faced Cainites recount the prophecies he gave in the very tongues of Hell.

By contrast, Saulot's childer have ascribed very mortal values and behaviors to him. They have tales of his fears, which manifested in fits of deep gloom when he became subject to these trances, and of his first arguments with Samiel when that childe strained at his leash. They tell of his love for Rayzeel and of his wonder at any insight gained, be it his own or a pupil's. Yet there are also tales of his harsh punishments of childer who flouted his rules of the Kiss or the use of their Disciplines, even unto returning them to the dust from whence they came. He gave us the blessed vision of Golconda, yet left behind precious few lessons for those who would obtain it. Which portrait, then, is the true one? Was he a monster among monsters, forever tainted by his time in the unknown lands to the East, or a gentle soul who overcame both God and Caine's curses?

In the end, as a scholar, I must claim that both portraits have something of the truth. The Cainite, once the man, called Saulot must stand betwixt these two extremes. He was a unremarkable man who became something very remarkable upon his Embrace. He was murdered by a coward in cold blood while he slumbered, and yet he is not gone from us. He left us

his legacy in the form of his childer, which we, to our shame, rapidly allow others to squander. We are being tested, perhaps by Saulot himself from beyond the grave — a final test of our humanity. If we fail this, then he and his childer are far better off without us, and we will have received what we deserve.

THE INFERNAL

The text herein presented on this subject is the work of two remarkable childer of Saulot's line — Yael, a warrior who has made the crushing of the infernal her unlife's work, and Matthias, a healer of England who in life had been of holy orders. When this was presented unto me, I feared to even touch the parchment, which had obviously seen many days travel and not a few years of hard usage. The messenger bearing the scroll had been sent by a compatriot of mine in Salerno, and the courier said that his master's thoughts had been to place such a valuable piece where it might be saved. While the thought was a kind one, and pleasing to an old man's vanity, I was suddenly struck with the notion of how many other fragile texts had been carelessly tossed into the rain, or burned with their owners or ripped into a thousand pieces. For each that reached my hands, perhaps another dozen had been destroyed or seized by the Usurpers seeking the easy road to knowledge and power. I must confess, the thought left me in deep melancholy for the remainder of the night, and for several evenings afterward.

As history, the manuscript details much of the Salubri crusade against the infernal forces and speaks somewhat of the Baali Wars. It also gives us a family tree of our two authors, which is perhaps one of the very few in existence. Note how Matthias fills in the gap where the names of the Second Generation are unknown. I have attempted to detail such and keep records of the lost, but few have seen the profit in the endeavor. Indeed, it would seem that they view such a task as bringing evil luck with it.



CLANBOOK: SALUBRI

This text is created by the hand of Matthias of Bath, begat of Generys, who was begat of Simeon, who was begat of Hrorsh, who was begat of Saulot, who was begat of the Second Generation, who was begat of Caine. These are the words of Yael, who was born Althea of Phillipus, begat of Gabriel, who was begat of Hillel, who was begat of Ithuriel, who was begat of Samiel, who was begat of Saulot, who was begat of the Second Generation, who was begat of Caine.

Since the days of the Baali Wars have we stood against the evil ones, those who sought the might of the darkness as shields for their own weak spirits or to win for them what their own strength could not. Since the night that Samiel and his three entered the valley of Moloch have we refuted the works of the evil ones, their servants and the powers that they serve. We are united in this purpose, warriors and healers, and by this work do we honor our fallen forefathers.

THE BAALI WARS

Though those nights of fear and flame are long gone, they are still difficult to speak of for many. Shared memory has brought shared pain, and in these memories we still smell the stink of offal and the spilled vitae of our sires. In reminiscence we hear the screams of the servants of the infernal, and we count the tears wept by Saulot for this horror.

The rumors of the infernalists in the river valleys had grown too numerous to be ignored, and the farmers were much afraid of those dark places and the coming of night. While some of the Third Generation dismissed these tales as but the howling of the frightened kine, others were less certain. Saulot believed that the stories were not mere nervous tale-telling by the fire, but rather evidence of weighty matters that deserved more than cursory attention. When the fear of the infernalists began spreading from the valleys, Saulot would wait no longer. He sent four warriors, two of his own childer among them, into the river valleys. To them he gave the task of watching and learning as much as could be of these creatures, and of bringing unto him tidings of their strength, cunning and desires.

The betrayal from within was one that Saulot could not have foreseen, yet he believed himself somehow responsible for the Traitor's deeds. For it had been he who chose the warriors, he who gave them their fatal mission, and until the end of his days he tormented himself with the thought that he had somehow been deceived so easily by one of his own. The torment of those who ventured into the valleys was mercifully brief. The sole survivor who carried the tale of the ending to the Second City suffered for his knowledge. With Saulot's blessing, he chose to face the dawn rather than recall the horrors he had seen for another night.

We were told that the blood ran as rivers when the Salubri led the assembled forces of the Cainites against the Baali. Samiel stood at the forefront always, with generals of the Brujah and Gangrel by his side. Never once did he step from the field unless the healers dragged him away that his wounds might be tended. When I made study with a Brujah lord in his *sphaeristera*, he told me of how his grandsire, a neonate in those days, saw Samiel mowing down those who stood before him as calmly and quickly as if he were a simpler farmer, harvesting wheat.

All of the champions of the Baali failed to defeat Samiel, so they were forced to resort to treachery. As they could not turn him or subdue him, they were forced to kill him, and this they did. The fatal blow was struck from behind, and the fatal knife was in a traitor's hand. Samiel fell even as the battle ended.

Grievous were our losses that night. We gave of ourselves, of our warriors and healers, that the Baali might not extend their grasp of shadow. In our efforts, we were but partially successful, and the price we paid was too high.

Of the warriors, only five remained, all youths in comparison to those who had fallen, and all were the last to receive their blood at Samiel's hands. Of the healers, over half their number lay recumbent upon the field, for the monsters did target them to prevent our forces from receiving succor upon the field. Great was the grief of Saulot to learn of his childer's deaths, and those who had stood upon the field with the fallen had no reply to him but to say, "Rejoice, for none died a coward's death."

Of the traitor to our clan and his forefather, the tales say little. Many have their ideas regarding his whereabouts and fate. For my own part, I have found that I must believe that Samiel dragged him down into death even as he himself fell. I must believe this, on the darkest nights when I prepare the torch and sword to cleanse yet another Baali nest, or I should spend my unlife in endless purges as terrible as those levied against the Gnostics.

The Gnostic Purges

We chroniclers were not yet born when this horror came upon the land. Of this, we will say that Saulot was surely misled by whispering serpents who knew that he had no particular liking for the Gnostics or their philosophy. Why this was we are not entirely certain, and we have only the words of Rayzeel and Malkav as chronicle of those nights.

What my sire told me was this and this only. Rumor had come to Saulot that the Gnostics harbored not only Baali taint but the thrice-damned traitor himself. More than anything, Saulot wished that traitor to suffer for the unforgivable acts he had committed against sire, clanmates, Cainites all and even mortals, for immortal infernalists would surely be an even greater blight to the Children of Seth than even Cainites might become. And so, Saulot himself stalked the Gnostics where he found them, and sought the Traitor in their midst. He did not find the one he sought, but he found much that was abomination unto the Lord, and much that was corrupt, and many Cainites who had arrogated unto themselves the mantle of the Holy Church that they might feed from the faithful. Saulot's surviving childer hunted the Traitor as well, and those who had fallen from the path of Christ's teachings feared them. Great were their lamentations when Saulot hunted among them, for he was fiercer than Samiel, and more deadly.

In Nights To Follow

Samiel had not written upon the notion of purging the infernal from the land, but we believe that had he lived, he would have set this as law in his code. As it is, we take our direction in this from our father and from the remaining warriors who did raise us up whole cloth from nothingness. Their war against the Baali became our war against the Baali. Their hunt for evil became ours. So, too, did their enemies become ours as well.

Since the rise of the Setites in hoary Egypt, the continued threat of the Baali, the efforts of those mortals who ever feed the appetites of these enemies, and now of the cursed Usurpers, we have much to do. We cannot allow these creatures to continue on their paths of wickedness without intercession. To do so would be an insult to the memory of the sacrifices made by Samiel and all those who stood with him on the field against the Baali.

The Via Dolorosa

We know nothing of this Via, and the fact that it is ascribed to us is more ludicrous than the wildest Usurper-spawned slanders. It espouses values no different than those found in the teachings our more typical Viae, such as Roads of Heaven or Humanity; why should we traipse another road so like unto those we already know? Any examination of this so-called "Grieving Road" shows that it is the flimsiest fiction. As for this claim that those following it find Golconda too difficult to achieve and therefore create childer with the purpose of diablerie, it has the stink of the Usurpers about it. Who but they, or their cohorts, would ascribe the crime of kinslaying to us? It is nothing but a pallid, callow attempt to pin any atrocity upon us they can so as to justify their slaughter of my brethren. Would that I could carve the tenets of this so-called Via on the still-vital body of the wretch who first crafted the lie!





Chapter Four: The Powers of the Righteous

I have been told that the Salubri do not gain their powers in the way that most of Cain's childer do. Of course, most of these breathless pronouncements are followed by the revelation that the Unicorns dicker with demons to gain their Disciplines, and such nonsense can be dismissed with the wave of a hand. On the other hand, it does seem that not everything about the Salubri follows the strict courses that we of the other clans know for example, their Discipline, Valeren, is split into two paths. Only the Usurpers' studies of Chaumaturgy have a similar structure. Furthermore, it appears that the warrior ritual of the blooding also grants some special abilities unknown to others of our kind.

POWERS OF THE BLOODING

The powers granted by the ritual of the blooding are available only to those warriors who have gone through an accurate version of the practice, a la the Code of Samiel. False or degraded versions of the blooding do not unlock the powers that a proper blooding provides.

The powers of the blooding can be purchased for 7 XP each.

TRACKER'S MARK

The Salubri may gain insight into his target if his prey has spilled any of his own blood. The mere touch and scent of the blood is enough to trigger this power, though the taste of the blood lowers difficulty on all rolls relating to Tracker's Mark by 1. If the target has left a trail of blood, the Warrior may track him by it.

System: The Salubri takes a little of his target's blood onto his fingers or tongue and concentrates. The player rolls Perception + Awareness, difficulty 6. For each success, he gains a single piece of information about his target, such as generation, clan, occupation, age, whether or not the target is a diablerist and so on. It's never a straightforward thing — most find their senses react to "stimulants" in the blood (the Beast grumbles in response to a Brujah's frenzied blood, for example), and there are odd distortions in the information received as a result. If the blood is from an animal, the Salubri may be briefly assaulted with the animal's heightened senses. When the warrior tracks prey by the blood, the player rolls Perception + Survival (difficulty 6), with the number of successes indicating how many scenes he can follow for before needing to reroll.

Strangely enough, the older the blood being tasted, the more information it gives and the more pronounced the side effects it produces. For every generation of the target's blood higher than 8th, the difficulty on the base roll drops by one. Some Salubri claim that blood bastardized from them burns like fire on the tongue or smells like rotting hay (making it very effective for tracking Tremere and Baali).

BLESSING OF THE NAME

There's a reason the warriors name themselves after angels. A Salubri who calls on this power presents a formidable sight, one terrifying enough to strike abject terror into the hearts of her foes or inspire a tired army to a fresh stand. Her third eye opens, shedding a harsh golden light that bathes the warrior and all she looks upon. Mud and grime vanish, rusty armor gleams as though newly forged, and the warrior seems to have the look of an avenging member of the Lord's hosts. Asked later about the event, most witnesses will remember that they saw something marvelous, but no two will agree on what they saw.

System: The Salubri calls on the power by invoking the angel whose name she shares and specifying what she wishes to use it for ("Michael, leader of the Heavenly Host! Stand with me now and bring terror to my enemies!"). Her third eye opens, golden light pours forth, and she can be considered to have Presence ●●●●● for the duration of the scene. Furthermore, she may ignore all wound penalties as well for the duration of that scene.

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To activate this power, the player rolls the character's Path rating (difficulty 8), with two successes necessary. Her foes must make a Willpower roll to so much as attempt to strike her, and even if they overcome their awe, they are at +2 difficulty to strike. At the Storyteller's behest, any allies of the Salubri who are sufficiently inspired by her may be at -2 difficulty to strike their foes.

When the scene ends, the effect leaves her, and any mud, rust, injuries, etc. that the power covered up now more pronounced. At Storyteller discretion, the character's vampirism may seem more prominent (pronounced pallor, prominent fangs, etc.) for the next few minutes as well. If her injuries haven't reduced her to Incapacitated or Torpor, the Salubri will also be ravenously hungry. A character may only call on this effect once per story.

Be warned, though, that the Heavenly Host do not like their names being used in vain, and a Salubri who uses this effect when not in life-threatening danger, for less-than-altruistic reasons or to randomly terrorize may find her divine protection running out at inconvenient times. She may even make someone up there very angry....

NEW VALEREN USES

●● AUGURING THE SICKNESS

Another diagnostic tool in the hands of the Salubri, this power allows a Healer to discover both the severity and nature of the sickness plaguing her patient, although it offers no information about the cure. Knowledge of Auguring the Sickness is believed to date back after Saulot's return from the East, leading to speculation that this is a power found among Eastern healers (and possibly vampires).

System: The Salubri lets her hands hover an inch or so above the body of her patient and traces a path from head to foot, concentrating as she does. The player rolls Perception + Medicine (difficulty 7). Each success allows the player one detail or symptom about the illness, such as its kind, what the likely symptoms and developments are, and so on. Those who have activated Heightened Senses (Touch) before performing the augury often can sense extra heat in the area of the sickness.

●●● PEACEMAKER

This gift is found among the healers, although not a few of the watchers have procured it for themselves. Similar to Shepherd's Watch, it allows the Salubri to spread an aura of calm and peace around a small chamber. Under its influence, tempers that had flared out of control find restraint, and arguments over trifles are reduced to differences of opinion. Vampire lords have found this to be extremely helpful in negotiating treaties with mortal counterparts, and some once requested the Salubri create the effect for difficult negotiations between Cainites.

System: The player spends two Willpower points to erect the aura of this power. It lasts for as many scenes as she has dots in her Via rating, or until she leaves the area. Her third eye opens, but it sheds no light, and the power is not affected if she shadows her third eye under a hood or hat. Peacemaker is not a numbing or hypnotic



effect, more of “clearing the head.” Those under the effect of this power are more inclined to talk out a dispute rather than reach for the sword. Brujah in particular find it harder to lose their tempers, although they’re not immune to agitation — they are at +2 difficulty on all rolls relating to aggression.

Anyone who wishes to insult someone or give in to bad temper while under the effects of Peacemaker must roll Willpower (difficulty 8) or simply settle down into mumbling and bewilderment. Those with normally quiet, gentle or peaceful Natures are often the least affected; the Salubri suspect it is due to the aura finding nothing to calm or settle as with more violent or angry Natures.

Once the effects of Peacemaker wear off, those who have been affected by it sometimes have a sense of “buyer’s remorse.” Mortal enemies occasionally “come to their senses” and may renege on agreements made, while others claim they were addled with witchcraft while negotiating. Another drawback is that the power works best in a small chamber — the larger the chamber, the more spread out the effect, and less potent it is as a result. If the Salubri wishes to create a more potent effect, she may spend two more points of Willpower, thus allowing a sanctuary to enjoy the aura of a small chamber.

◆◆◆ KING DAVID’S BLESSING

It is said that music has the power to soothe the savage breast. When you sing or play an instrument, your patients seem to heal better and relax more. This can help someone forget his physical pain, draw him out of depression, or even assist another healer in

Size of Chamber

Small chamber

Large chamber

Banquet hall,
sanctuary

Effect

Mortal enemies can talk about the issues at hand without lapsing into an argument. Violence is impossible without extreme provocation (or the expenditure of a Willpower.)

Loud disagreements are still possible, but violence is difficult to initiate.

A general feeling of goodwill, which can be shattered

working her craft. Rayzeel was said to be the creator of this Discipline, originally crafting this to draw Saulot out of his depression after the Baali Wars. Those Salubri who do not come from a strong Christian or Judaic tradition often call this power Rayzeel’s Song.

System: The music must be appropriate to the situation (a jolly country tune isn’t likely to help someone relax, but it might help distract a woman in labor). The Salubri plays her instrument or sings; the player rolls Charisma + Music (difficulty 7). If the Salubri is singing to the accompaniment of another, both players must make the music roll. If the accompanist botches, each 1 removes a success from the Salubri’s efforts; if the Salubri runs out of successes, he may fail or botch.

If the Salubri is trying to draw someone out of depression, each success lowers the difficulty of the target’s Willpower roll (no lower than 5), or allows him 10 minutes of relatively clear thought before he slips back into his depressed state.

If the Salubri is attempting this before working a healing, each success on King David's Blessing allows her to subtract one from the difficulty of her healing roll (difficulty no lower than 4). If the healing is meant to work against a Derangement, the difficulty may go no lower than 5.

If the Salubri is working in tandem with a doctor, midwife or another Salubri, the player makes his roll as normal, with each success granting the second healer another die for his Medicine/Valeren roll. Only five dice total can be granted in this manner.

Failing or botching King David's Blessing is very unpleasant for all concerned. Anything attempted after a failure has +1 added to the difficulty, while a botch adds +2. The Storyteller may even deem that a botch inflicts a single level of non-aggravated damage, as the subject thrashes in sudden distress. In the case of a Derangement, the subject makes a frenzy or Rotschreck roll. Furthermore, medieval thought is firm in the knowledge that disharmony has a way of inviting all sorts of terrible things, and spirits drawn to pain or disharmony may come sniffing around the victim.

••••• SWORD OF THE RIGHTEOUS

Not by rightness of spirit and rigorous training alone were the warriors of Samiel's band able to put the Baali to flight. The most talented were also able to call upon this power, which made their swords blaze with the cleansing fire of righteousness.

System: By running his hand along the blade of his weapon and coating it with his own blood (coincidentally taking a health level of damage), a Salubri can make his sword blaze with heavenly

fire. After the blood has been applied, the player rolls Strength + Occult, difficulty 7. If he succeeds, the sword blazes into light with golden flames that last until the end of the scene.

The flames are not merely decorative. They cannot be smothered with powers of shadow of a lesser level of expertise, and anyone attacking a Salubri using this power is at +1 difficulty on all rolls because of the brightness of the flames. Furthermore, the sword now does an additional two dice of aggravated damage.

••••• WATCHING THE PASSAGE

This power can only be used on those who have accepted the gift of Ending the Watch. While those who pass on thus go to eternal peace, talented Salubri can gain some benefit from helping them go. Watching the Passage leaves behind psychic echoes of the dearly departed in the chamber in which he died, and the Salubri can draw upon those echoes for strength and knowledge.

System: The psychic echoes left behind by the newly dead can be utilized by the Salubri in any number of ways. By spending a Willpower and making a Perception + Empathy roll, the player can allow the spirit of the departed to merge with the Salubri's own. This grants the Salubri a chance (Intelligence, difficulty 5) of knowing any fact that the dead man knew, including the whereabouts of documents or treasure, interesting secrets and so on. If the Salubri just lets his mind drift, a Perception + Empathy roll (difficulty 7) may let useful or pertinent details just come to him.

Alternately, the Salubri may choose to simply draw in all of the remaining essence of the departed soul. For each success obtained on the original Ending the Watch roll, the player can roll one die against



CLANBOOK: SALUBRI

a difficulty of 6. Each heals the Salubri of a level of damage. Doing so drains the essence of the departed permanently, however.

Watching the Passage can only be used up to a week after the death of the mortal in question. A botch inflicts a level of aggravated damage and may summon a maleficent spirit of some sort.

●●●●●●●● HEAVEN'S GATE

One of the rarest and most infrequently taught powers of Valeren, Heaven's Gate literally allows a Salubri to infuse a recently dead cadaver with the power of life itself without either Embracing or ghouling the target. In the golden glow from the Cainite's third eye, spectators can see the soul drifting back into the body it so recently departed. Salubri, needless to say, are loath to use this power for many reasons.

System: The Salubri lays hands on the recently dead, and with the expenditure of 2 Willpower and a Willpower roll (difficulty 8), draws the fleeing soul back into the mortal shell. Note that unless the body has been healed or otherwise revitalized in the interim, odds are death with return swiftly.

Heaven's Gate cannot be used more than 10 minutes after the victim's last heartbeat. Any botch on the roll may well draw another sort of spirit — and not the one who belongs in the body — at Storyteller discretion.

MERITS AND FLAWS

SCENT OF THE OTHER (1 PT MERIT)

For some reason, you just don't seem like a Salubri. Maybe you carry yourself like a Brujah, or it's just one of those inexplicable things. Whatever it may be caused by, the end result is that people need to look hard before admitting to themselves that you are in fact a Salubri, and they will rationalize away what might otherwise be suspicious behaviors of yours.

PROTECTED (2-5 PT MERIT)

You have some shelter from the Tremere hunt, whether from an individual who shares a vow of friendship or from an organization that finds you useful. Work out the generalities with your Storyteller, but she creates the final details and most likely plays the character who has an interest in keeping you around. Why do these people risk themselves for you? These people are not Retainers (unless you purchase the Background as well), and protection has a way of running out if you misuse it or abuse your companions' goodwill.

For two points, your shelter is likely a mortal or ghoul who whistles when he sees the torches coming. For three points, you have a weak vampire companion who has a useful Discipline. At four points, you have the security of a church or monastery (without Faith), a coterie of vampires or a vampire of ancilla age, and several Disciplines. With five points, you are sheltered by a powerful vampire elder, a church or monastery with Faith, or even a mortal lord and his retinue.

WARRENS (3 PT MERIT)

It doesn't matter that the Tremere are hunting you. You have places to go to ground. Whether your knowledge covers the

catacombs, Roman ruins, dockside complexes or anywhere else you can imagine, you know a place or two where you can hole up and hide, safe and sound — at least for a little while.

SIGHT BEYOND SIGHT (5 PT MERIT)

Your third eye can occasionally see things that are invisible to your normal sight. You have no control over what the eye sees, and sometimes this additional vision can get you in a great deal of trouble. Perhaps you can sometimes see through Obfuscate or Chimerstry, or through magical illusions. Some Salubri have reported seeing into the Shadowlands or occasionally glimpsing the true form of a faerie. The third eye must be open for the Merit to work, whether through Valeren or through a concentrated effort (Willpower, difficulty 6).

BLOODING BY THE CODE (7 PT MERIT)

For some reason, you were fortunate enough to receive a bleeding by the Code of Samiel in the prescribed way. Consequently, you may learn the abilities granted by this bleeding if you can find a teacher. You must have an excellent reason for possessing this Merit, and your good fortune may arouse some suspicions both in and out of clan. Only warrior Salubri may take this Merit.

ODD EYE (1-2 PT FLAW)

Your third eye looks strikingly different than the two you were born (and Embraced) with. For one point, the third eye is merely a different color (i.e., blue, when you have brown eyes), while for two points it's something rather disturbing (i.e., violet, red, slitted like a cat's eye). Needless to say, this inhuman feature is *not* going to help your reputation.

STUBBORN (1-3 PT FLAW)

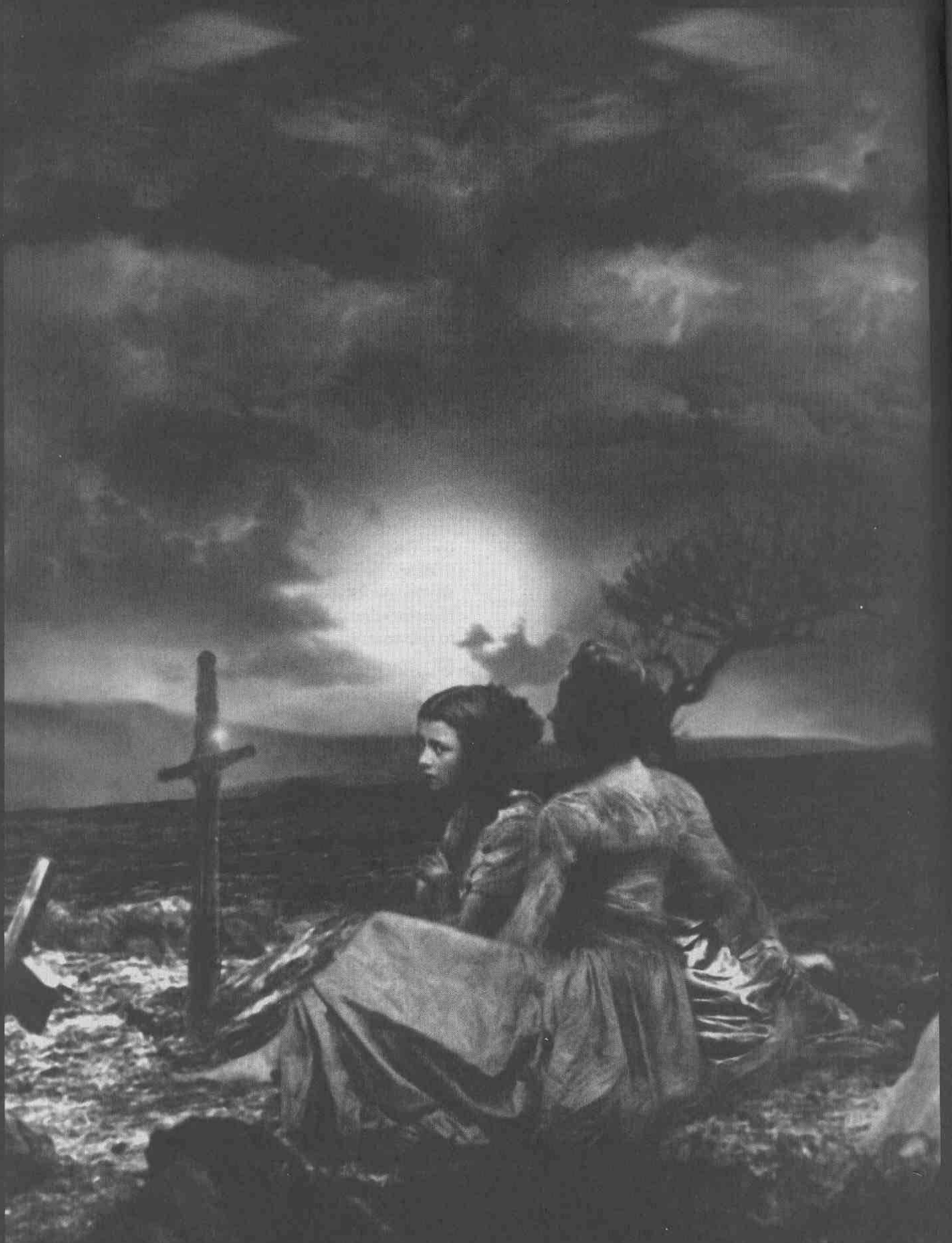
There is conviction of spirit, there is unshakable will, and there is just plain being ornery. You fall into the last category. When your mind is made up, or when you're set on doing something, nothing can divert you. For one point, you're set in your ways, but a convincing argument will turn you around. For two points, you're a regular mule, and nothing's likely to change your mind short of a catastrophe. For three points, you'll not only defend your conviction to Hell's door, you'll kick it in and argue with the Devil. This Flaw is most often taken by warriors.

UNBLOODED (5 PT FLAW)

You never received any ritual of bleeding from your sire or other warriors, and so your training is at a standstill. You may not progress beyond the second level of Valeren until you receive a ritual of bleeding, and you are two Traits down in any Social roll against a blooded Salubri. Only warrior Salubri may take this Flaw.

VISIBLE EYE (5 PT FLAW)

You cannot get your third eye to close. It remains open even when you sleep. While you can cover it, covering it tightly is too painful to be borne. You may spend Willpower to force it shut for 10 minutes, but it snaps back open immediately thereafter.





Chapter Five: The Ghosts of Heaven

To discover a saint, you must first
look in a tomb Remember this when
you go chasing after Saulot's childer.

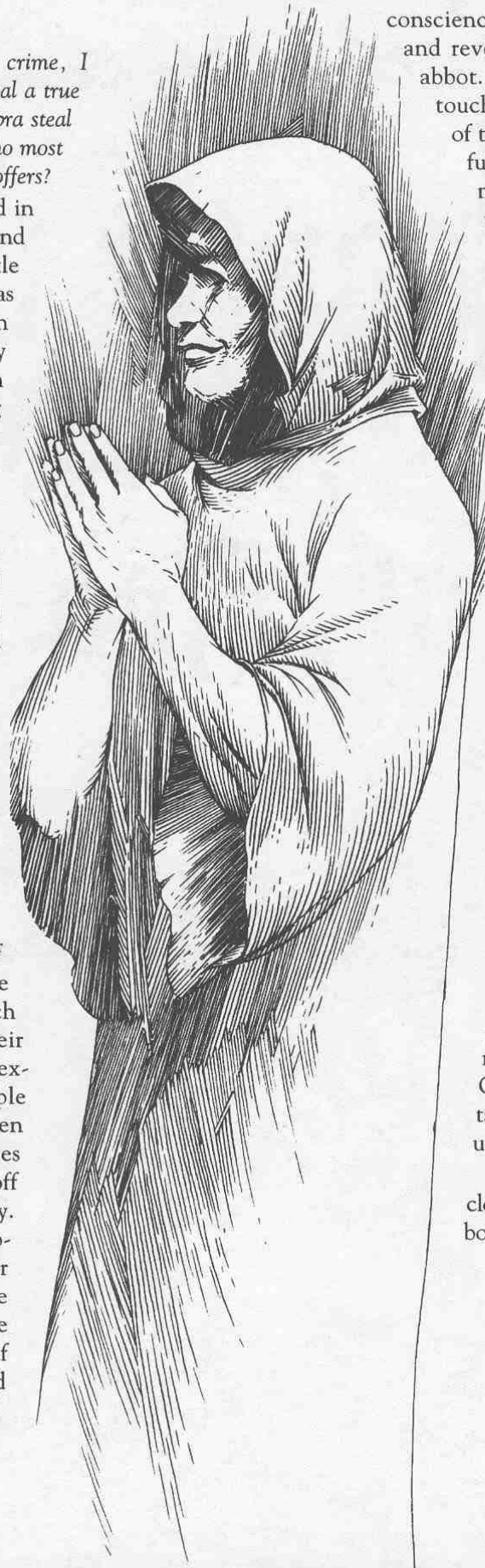
- Boukephos

THE HOLY THIEF

Quote: *Which is the greater crime, I wonder, my lord? That a Salubri steal a true relic from a bishop, or that a Lasombra steal that selfsame relic from the people who most need it by locking it up in his personal coffers?*

History: You were a vagabond in life, getting by on petty thefts and small-time cozenry. You had little interest in “civilized life” — it was just a pretty veneer over some rotten hearts, which you managed perfectly well without. Oh, you believed in God like everyone else, but having never directly felt His hand on your life, you figured that He had no interest in or use for you. Perhaps that explained what happened next.

You fell ill while out on the road in England and luckily found shelter at a hostel before you became completely delirious. God spared your ragged life for reasons you couldn't fathom, and this bothered you unaccountably. You hung around after your recovery and dogged the local monastery, hoping to find some answer to this question. During your stay, a set of relic bones (said to be those of St. Agnes) was brought to the abbey on their way to a cathedral. A number of sick people had come to see the relic, hoping for a chance to touch the bones and be healed, and their deep, simple faith touched you unexpectedly. It seemed like a simple request, to wish for health. So when the priest refused to let the bones out of their reliquary and drove off the petitioners, you became angry. You stole a monk's habit and approached the priest in disguise. Your disguise was so good that he spoke without thinking — the bones were bound for the personal reliquary of a noble to whom the priest owed substantial favors, and in fact had been stolen from another abbey. It has been said that one should never try to cozen a cozenor, particularly one developing a



conscience. You filched the bones that night and revealed the priest's deception to the abbot. The joy of the petitioners at finally touching the sacred relics, the devotion of the monks as they stored them carefully — suddenly, it was as if a great many things became clear to you, and you finally felt the touch of the Divine.

Your thefts brought you a small amount of fame among the abbeys, so you thought it no great matter to be asked by an abbess to retrieve a set of parchments said to contain holy writings. The abbess neglected to mention that the writings were Salubri songs in the hands of a Tremere, and when he threw you from the walls of his stronghold, you hoped that God would be a little more pleased to see you. The Salubri abbess, however, had other plans for you.

Concept: You watch for the peddlers and panderers of faith, both those who wear bishop's miters and those in rags, and you have little tolerance for either. Let none, however, mistake your actions for those of any common padfoot — you are serving a higher purpose.

Roleplaying Hints: You've gotten very good at what you do, whether it is deflecting too much scrutiny from yourself or in filching others' prized possessions (including your clanmates). A mix of Furore boldness and well-honed knowledge of the Church, you prefer to charm your targets, but you have no qualms about using a blade if it becomes necessary.

Items: Monk's robe, traveling clothes, knife, pouches and bags, animal bones, slivers of wood, lockpicks

CLANBOOK: SALUBRI

CLANBOOK: SALCIBRI

FOR VAMPIRE THE DARK AGES®

NAME:
PLAYER:
CHRONICLE:

NATURE: *Penitent*
DEMEANOR: *Gallant*
CONCEPT/CASTE: *The Holy Thief*

SIRE:
GENERATION: *10th*
HAVEN:

ATTRIBUTES

PHYSICAL	SOCIAL	MENTAL
Strength _____ ●●●●●●●●	Charisma _____ ●●●●●●●●	Perception _____ ●●●●●●●●
Dexterity <i>Light Touch</i> _____ ●●●●●●●●	Manipulation _____ ●●●●●●●●	Intelligence _____ ●●●●●●●●
Stamina _____ ●●●●●●●●	Appearance _____ ●●●●●●●●	Wits _____ ●●●●●●●●

ABILITIES

TALENTS	SKILLS	KNOWLEDGES
Acting _____ ●●●●●●●●	Animal Ken _____ ○○○○○○○○	Academics _____ ○○○○○○○○
Alertness _____ ●●●●●●●●	Archery _____ ○○○○○○○○	Hearth Wisdom _____ ●●●●●●●●
Athletics _____ ●●●●●●●●	Crafts _____ ●●●●●●●●	Investigation _____ ●●●●●●●●
Brawl _____ ●●●●●●●●	Etiquette _____ ●●●●●●●●	Law _____ ○○○○○○○○
Dodge _____ ●●●●●●●●	Herbalism _____ ○○○○○○○○	Linguistics _____ ●●●●●●●●
Empathy _____ ●●●●●●●●	Melee _____ ●●●●●●●●	Medicine _____ ○○○○○○○○
Intimidation _____ ○○○○○○○○	Music _____ ○○○○○○○○	Occult _____ ○○○○○○○○
Larceny _____ ●●●●●●●●	Ride _____ ●●●●●●●●	Politics _____ ○○○○○○○○
Leadership _____ ○○○○○○○○	Stealth _____ ●●●●●●●●	Science _____ ○○○○○○○○
Subterfuge _____ ●●●●●●●●	Survival _____ ●●●●●●●●	Seneschal _____ ○○○○○○○○

ADVANTAGES

DISCIPLINES	BACKGROUNDS	VIRTUES
<i>Auspex</i> _____ ●●●●●●●●	<i>Contacts</i> _____ ●●●●●●●●	Conscience _____ ●●●●○○
<i>Fortitude</i> _____ ●●●●●●●●	<i>Generation</i> _____ ●●●●●●●●	Self-Control _____ ●●●●○○
<i>Valeren (Warrior)</i> _____ ●●●●●●●●	<i>Influence</i> _____ ●●●●●●●●	Courage _____ ●●●●○○
_____ ○○○○○○○○	_____ ○○○○○○○○	
_____ ○○○○○○○○	_____ ○○○○○○○○	

OTHER TRAITS

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_____ ○○○○○○○○
_____ ○○○○○○○○
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_____ ○○○○○○○○
_____ ○○○○○○○○

ROAD

	<i>Heaven</i>
●●●●●●●●○○○	

WILLPOWER

●●●●●●●●○○○	□□□□□□□□□□
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BLOOD POOL

□□□□□□□□□□	□□□□□□□□□□
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HEALTH

Bruised		<input type="checkbox"/>
Hurt	-1	<input type="checkbox"/>
Injured	-1	<input type="checkbox"/>
Wounded	-2	<input type="checkbox"/>
Mauled	-2	<input type="checkbox"/>
Crippled	-5	<input type="checkbox"/>
Incapacitated		<input type="checkbox"/>

WEAKNESS

Cannot Refuse Plea for Help/
Cannot Injure Another Without
Penalty

CHAPTER FIVE: THE HOSTS OF HEAVEN

ELECTRA

Quote: *Why should I not decry such villainy? Silence has never yet spitted a traitor, and that is not likely to change for the likes of you.*

History: What you were before your Embrace holds very little interest for you. You have distant memories of being the daughter of a patrician, of being Embraced in Rome, and later being converted to Christianity during the reign of Nero. Your memories of the days after your conversion are much sharper, though not by choice. You remember the horrors of the purges, the hunts, the nights of hiding in the catacombs and wondering when you would die. You remember how so many of your brethren, mortal and immortal, were found and dragged away to torments you had only heard whispers of. When you wanted to fight back, you were told that this was not the way of the Salubri, nor of the Christians. Your spirit was curbed, but only temporarily.

Over the years, you saw it happen again and again, and always, you were told to be patient, be silent. It was the way of neither Christian nor Salubri, and definitely not of a mere woman, to show such anger and risk being seen oneself. Your patience, however, was running thin, and you knew there would come a night when all the bottled-up rage would erupt in a fountain that would shame Mt. Ætna. That night came with the news of Saulot's diablerie at the hands of some mongrel mortal wizard, who had thought to steal the secret of immortality. This time, you weren't going to stand by in pretended meekness and humility, and to hell with anyone who said otherwise!

Now you lodge with a long-time Malkavian companion and spend your nights sowing seeds of dissent against the Usurpers. It is with grim irony that you notice how those who had forced you to stand down are now ashes on the wind, but you take no pleasure in being right. You



have much work to do, and if you must go to Hell, you would prefer it to be with a large honor guard of Usurpers.

Concept: Like the mythical Electra, you believe yourself to be the last crusader in the search for justice for your father. You don't care how long it takes, or what the cost, or whom you injure in the end — as long as Saulot is avenged, then it will all be for the greater good. Then, for once, they will say you were right...won't they?

Roleplaying Hints: Your driving goal is to see every Usurper destroyed for what they've done to Saulot and your clan, and it gives you no peace. Every move, every word, everything, must be considered for its ultimate value. Some think you madder than the Malkav you lair with, but your "madness" has a very definite method behind it.

Items: Court clothing, goblet, chatelaine, pen, parchment, personal seal

CLANBOOK: SALUBRI

CLANBOOK: SALCIBRI

FOR VAMPIRE THE DARK AGES®

NAME:
PLAYER:
CHRONICLE:

NATURE: *Fanatic*
DEMEANOR: *Judge*
CONCEPT/CASTE: *Electra*

SIRE:
GENERATION: *9th*
HAVEN:

ATTRIBUTES

PHYSICAL	SOCIAL	MENTAL
Strength _____ ●○○○○○○○○	Charisma _____ ●○○○○○○○○	Perception _____ ●●○○○○○○○○
Dexterity _____ ●●○○○○○○○○	Manipulation <small>Can</small> _____ ●●○○○○○○○○	Intelligence <small>Clear</small> _____ ●●●○○○○○○○○
Stamina _____ ●●○○○○○○○○	Appearance _____ ●●○○○○○○○○	Wits _____ ●●●○○○○○○○○

ABILITIES

TALENTS	SKILLS	KNOWLEDGES
Acting _____ ●●○○○○○○○○	Animal Ken _____ ○○○○○○○○○○	Academics _____ ●●○○○○○○○○
Alertness _____ ●●○○○○○○○○	Archery _____ ○○○○○○○○○○	Hearth Wisdom _____ ○○○○○○○○○○
Athletics _____ ○○○○○○○○○○	Crafts _____ ○○○○○○○○○○	Investigation _____ ●●○○○○○○○○
Brawl _____ ○○○○○○○○○○	Etiquette _____ ●●○○○○○○○○	Law _____ ●●○○○○○○○○
Dodge _____ ●●○○○○○○○○	Herbalism _____ ●○○○○○○○○○	Linguistics _____ ●○○○○○○○○○
Empathy _____ ○○○○○○○○○○	Melee _____ ○○○○○○○○○○	Medicine _____ ●●○○○○○○○○
Intimidation _____ ●○○○○○○○○○	Music _____ ●○○○○○○○○○	Occult _____ ○○○○○○○○○○
Larceny _____ ○○○○○○○○○○	Ride _____ ○○○○○○○○○○	Politics _____ ●●○○○○○○○○
Leadership _____ ●●○○○○○○○○	Stealth _____ ●●○○○○○○○○	Science _____ ○○○○○○○○○○
Subterfuge _____ ●●○○○○○○○○	Survival _____ ○○○○○○○○○○	Seneschal _____ ●●○○○○○○○○

ADVANTAGES

DISCIPLINES	BACKGROUNDS	VIRTUES
<i>Auspex</i> _____ ●●○○○○○○○○	<i>Contacts</i> _____ ●●●○○○○○○○	Conscience _____ ●●○○○○
<i>Fortitude</i> _____ ●○○○○○○○○○	<i>Generation</i> _____ ●●●○○○○○○○	Self-Control _____ ●●●●●●
<i>Valeren (Healer)</i> _____ ●○○○○○○○○○	<i>Influence</i> _____ ●●●○○○○○○○	Courage _____ ●●●○○○
_____ ○○○○○○○○○○	_____ ○○○○○○○○○○	
_____ ○○○○○○○○○○	_____ ○○○○○○○○○○	

OTHER TRAITS

_____ ○○○○○○○○○○
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 _____ ○○○○○○○○○○

ROAD

_____ *Chivalry* _____
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WILLPOWER

● ● ● ● ● ● ● ○ ○ ○
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BLOOD POOL

□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □
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HEALTH

Bruised _____ □
 Hurt -1 _____ □
 Injured -1 _____ □
 Wounded -2 _____ □
 Mauled -2 _____ □
 Crippled -5 _____ □
 Incapacitated _____ □

WEAKNESS

Cannot Refuse Plea for Help/
 Cannot Injure Another Without
 Penalty

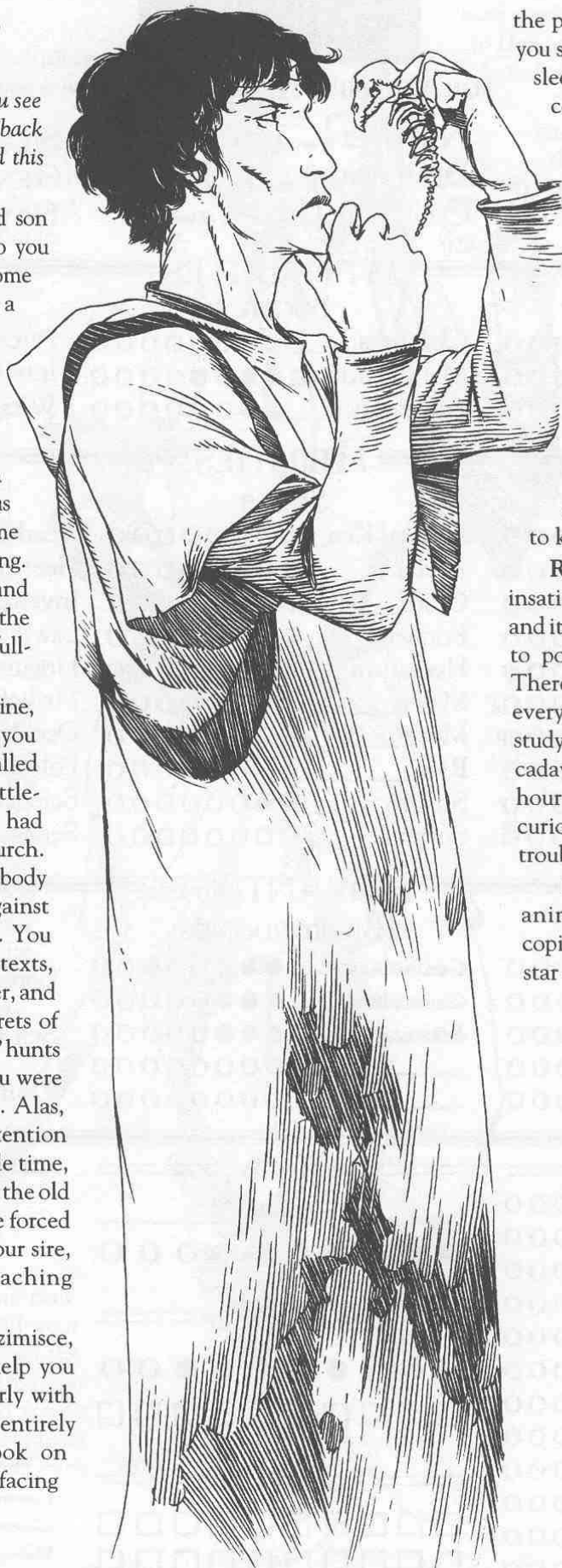
SEARCHER INTO GOD'S MYSTERIES

Quote: *Look at this. Can you see how the bones are meant to fold back thus. How could anyone not find this fascinating?*

History: You were a second son with no chance of inheriting, so you took holy orders, hoping to find some purpose for your life. You found a niche in the study of medicine, and you became quite proficient in the body's ills and injuries. Soon you had a reputation for diagnosing and treating even unusual cases. Unfortunately, such attention came with a price — some jealous folk started to wonder how you came by such wondrous gifts of healing. Luckily, you were Embraced and removed from the abbey before the suspicions could crescendo to full-blown accusations of heresy.

You continued to study medicine, in its new guise as Valeren, and you took some advantage of your so-called fallen state to lurk around battlefields to study corpses, which had been forbidden to you by the Church. The more you saw of the human body and how outside forces worked against it, the more questions you had. You delved into Greek and Arabic texts, watched the stars and the weather, and did your best to unlock the secrets of the universe. When the Usurpers' hunts began, you barely noticed, as you were too wrapped up in other things. Alas, the Usurpers demanded your attention soon enough. It took them a little time, but the local chantry resurrected the old murmurs of heresy, and you were forced to flee. Thanks to the help of your sire, you went eastward until reaching relative safety in Carpathia.

You now shelter with the Tzimisce, who are more than happy to help you continue your studies, particularly with regard to the body. You're not entirely comfortable with their outlook on existence, but it's better than facing



the pyre. Still, there are nights when you stuff wool in your ears before you sleep, trying to block out the sounds coming from the cellar.

Concept: When you started studying Valeren, you wanted to understand the hows and whys of what it did to the body beyond feeling the torn muscles and broken bones reknit under your hands. You set out to delve into the mysteries of the body and found two questions for every answer. This only spurs you on, and you swear by all that is holy that before your time comes, you *will* know all there is to know.

Roleplaying Hints: You have an insatiable curiosity about the world and its workings, and given the chance to poke at something, you seize it. There is a learning opportunity in everything, whether in setting a leg, studying the properties of a diseased cadaver or charting the stars. In the hour of the Usurper, however, such curiosity can get you in a great deal of trouble if you're not careful.

Items: Beakers, cauldrons, animal skeletons, well-thumbed copied texts in Greek and Arabic, star charts

CLANBOOK: SALUBRI

CLANBOOK: SALUBRI

FOR VAMPIRE THE DARK AGES®

NAME:
PLAYER:
CHRONICLE:

NATURE: *Innovator*
DEMEANOR: *Autocrat*
CONCEPT/CASTE: *Searcher Into
God's Mysteries*

SIRE:
GENERATION: *10th*
HAVEN:

ATTRIBUTES

PHYSICAL	SOCIAL	MENTAL
Strength _____ ●○○○○○○○○	Charisma _____ ●●○○○○○○○	Perception _____ ●●●○○○○○○
Dexterity _____ ●●●○○○○○○	Manipulation _____ ●●○○○○○○○	Intelligence <small>aka Knowledge</small> _____ ●●●●○○○○○
Stamina _____ ●●●○○○○○○	Appearance _____ ●●○○○○○○○	Wits _____ ●●○○○○○○○

ABILITIES

TALENTS	SKILLS	KNOWLEDGES
Acting _____ ○○○○○○○○○	Animal Ken _____ ●○○○○○○○○○	Academics _____ ●●○○○○○○○
Alertness _____ ●●○○○○○○○	Archery _____ ○○○○○○○○○	Hearth Wisdom _____ ●○○○○○○○○○
Athletics _____ ○○○○○○○○○	Crafts _____ ●●○○○○○○○	Investigation _____ ●○○○○○○○○○
Brawl _____ ○○○○○○○○○	Etiquette _____ ○○○○○○○○○	Law _____ ○○○○○○○○○○
Dodge _____ ●●○○○○○○○	Herbalism _____ ●●●○○○○○○	Linguistics _____ ●●○○○○○○○
Empathy _____ ○○○○○○○○○	Melee _____ ○○○○○○○○○○	Medicine <small>Diagnose</small> _____ ●●●●○○○○○
Intimidation _____ ○○○○○○○○○	Music _____ ○○○○○○○○○○	Occult _____ ●●○○○○○○○
Larceny _____ ○○○○○○○○○	Ride _____ ●○○○○○○○○○	Politics _____ ○○○○○○○○○○
Leadership _____ ●○○○○○○○○○	Stealth _____ ●●○○○○○○○	Science _____ ●●●○○○○○○○
Subterfuge _____ ○○○○○○○○○	Survival _____ ○○○○○○○○○○	Seneschal _____ ○○○○○○○○○○

ADVANTAGES

DISCIPLINES	BACKGROUNDS	VIRTUES
<i>Auspex</i> _____ ●●○○○○○○○	<i>Generation</i> _____ ●●○○○○○○○	Conscience _____ ●●●●○○○
<i>Fortitude</i> _____ ●○○○○○○○○○	<i>Mentor</i> _____ ●●○○○○○○○	Self-Control _____ ●●●●○○○
<i>Valeren (Healer)</i> _____ ●○○○○○○○○○	<i>Resources</i> _____ ●○○○○○○○○○	Courage _____ ●●○○○○○
_____ ○○○○○○○○○○	_____ ○○○○○○○○○○	
_____ ○○○○○○○○○○	_____ ○○○○○○○○○○	

OTHER TRAITS

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ROAD

<i>Humanity</i>
●●●●●●●●○○○

WILLPOWER

●●●●●●○○○○○
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BLOOD POOL

□□□□□□□□□□
□□□□□□□□□□

HEALTH

Bruised	□
Hurt	-1 □
Injured	-1 □
Wounded	-2 □
Mauled	-2 □
Crippled	-5 □
Incapacitated	□

WEAKNESS

Cannot Refuse Plea for Help/
Cannot Injure Another Without
Penalty

DEMON HUNTER

Quote: *I am not interested in the niceties of court, my lady, only business. Now, either tell me where to find this monster, or I shall take this keep apart stone by stone until the Setite is found!*

History: You were so new to the blood when you went on Crusade that you received your first instruction in your Disciplines on the way to Jerusalem. The journey had dual purpose — both for your sire to bring you fully into the ways of the warriors, and for a chance to meet your grandsire and a few of your brothers. You were nervous, but desperate to show him that you were worthy of the trust he placed in you.

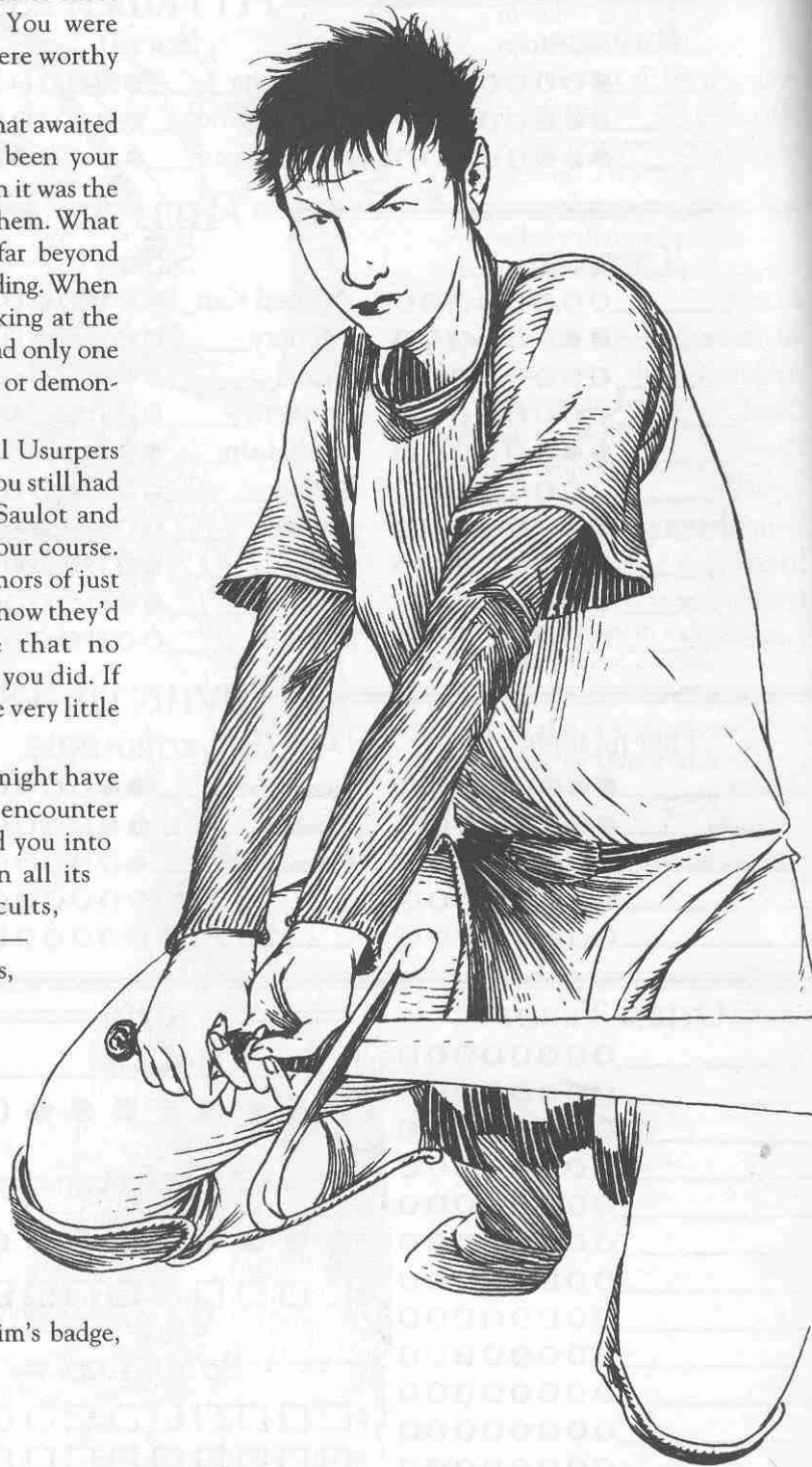
No one could have planned for the horror that awaited you and your sire when you found what had been your grandsire's haven, however. Your sire was certain it was the work of infernalists, and you both set off to hunt them. What followed was a nightmarish trial of months, far beyond anything that could have been imagined for a bleeding. When you staggered out of the Baali lair, alone, blinking at the starlight after nearly a year underground, you had only one thought: that nothing infernal, whether demon or demon-servant, should live while you did.

Saulot's diablerie at the hands of the foul Usurpers meant little at first. You were angry, yes, but you still had work to do, and you were certain that both Saulot and your sire would not have wished you to sway your course. That changed when you began to hear the rumors of just how the Usurpers had managed to find Saulot, how they'd managed to take him. You once swore that no demon or demon-servant should thrive while you did. If the rumors you hear are true, the Usurpers have very little time left until you come for them.

Concept: Any vestiges of innocence you might have retained were shattered long ago on your first encounter with the infernal. The experience has goaded you into taking greater action against the demonic in all its forms — the Setites, the Baali, mortal cults, blasphemous heretics, corrupted churchmen — and in all of its guises. Now there are the Usurpers, who make themselves so very easy to hate....

Roleplaying Hints: Grimly driven, you find it difficult to take much pleasure in anything. Your mission weighs heavily on you, and you fear that levity would somehow show you to be less than devoted to your task. The impetus of your drive is balanced by the depth of your spirituality, and only in the safety of Mass do you allow yourself to relax for the briefest moments.

Items: Sword, chain mail, Jerusalem pilgrim's badge, horse, spare clothing, rosary



CLANBOOK: SALUBRI

CLANBOOK: SALUBRI

FOR VAMPIRE THE DARK AGES.

NAME:
PLAYER:
CHRONICLE:

NATURE: *Tyrant*
DEMEANOR: *Judge*
CONCEPT/CASTE: *Demon Hunter*

SIRE:
GENERATION: *10th*
HAVEN:

ATTRIBUTES

PHYSICAL	SOCIAL	MENTAL
Strength _____ ●●●○○○○○	Charisma _____ ●●○○○○○○	Perception _____ ●●○○○○○○
Dexterity _____ ●●●○○○○○	Manipulation _____ ●●○○○○○○	Intelligence _____ ●●●○○○○○
Stamina <small>Determined</small> _____ ●●●○○○○○	Appearance _____ ●●○○○○○○	Wits _____ ●●●○○○○○

ABILITIES

TALENTS	SKILLS	KNOWLEDGES
Acting _____ ○○○○○○○○	Animal Ken _____ ○○○○○○○○	Academics _____ ○○○○○○○○
Alertness _____ ●●●○○○○○	Archery _____ ●●○○○○○○	Hearth Wisdom _____ ○○○○○○○○
Athletics _____ ●●○○○○○○	Crafts _____ ○○○○○○○○	Investigation _____ ●●○○○○○○
Brawl _____ ●●●○○○○○	Etiquette _____ ○○○○○○○○	Law _____ ○○○○○○○○
Dodge _____ ●●●○○○○○	Herbalism _____ ○○○○○○○○	Linguistics _____ ●○○○○○○○
Empathy _____ ○○○○○○○○	Melee _____ ●●●○○○○○	Medicine _____ ○○○○○○○○
Intimidation _____ ●●○○○○○○	Music _____ ○○○○○○○○	Occult _____ ●●○○○○○○
Larceny _____ ○○○○○○○○	Ride _____ ●●○○○○○○	Politics _____ ○○○○○○○○
Leadership _____ ●○○○○○○○	Stealth _____ ○○○○○○○○	Science _____ ○○○○○○○○
Subterfuge _____ ●○○○○○○○	Survival _____ ●●○○○○○○	Seneschal _____ ○○○○○○○○

ADVANTAGES

DISCIPLINES	BACKGROUNDS	VIRTUES
<i>Auspex</i> _____ ●○○○○○○○	<i>Allies</i> _____ ●○○○○○○○	Conscience _____ ●●○○○
<i>Fortitude</i> _____ ●●○○○○○○	<i>Contacts</i> _____ ●●○○○○○○	Self-Control _____ ●●●●○
<i>Valeren (Warrior)</i> _____ ●●○○○○○○	<i>Generation</i> _____ ●●○○○○○○	Courage _____ ●●●●○
_____ ○○○○○○○○	<i>Resources</i> _____ ●○○○○○○○	
_____ ○○○○○○○○	<i>Retainers</i> _____ ●○○○○○○○	

OTHER TRAITS

_____ ○○○○○○○○

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ROAD

Heaven

●●●●●○○○○○

WILLPOWER

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BLOOD POOL

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HEALTH

Bruised		<input type="checkbox"/>
Hurt	-1	<input type="checkbox"/>
Injured	-1	<input type="checkbox"/>
Wounded	-2	<input type="checkbox"/>
Mauled	-2	<input type="checkbox"/>
Crippled	-5	<input type="checkbox"/>
Incapacitated		<input type="checkbox"/>

WEAKNESS

Cannot Refuse Plea for Help/
Cannot Injure Another Without
Penalty

COURT ADVISOR

Quote: *My lady, please consider the precedent you are setting in allowing the Tremere free access to the court. I believe that your sworn ally would conveniently forget your arrangements — do you not recall his eloquently stated feelings regarding the Usurpers?*

History: You were of a minor noble house, educated as a scribe to serve in the mortal courts and matched to a peer's daughter. The future lay in a perfect map before you, until your untimely riding accident. Your lord brought in his personal physician to see to your injuries, and the physician said that there was but one way to save you, which the lord insisted upon. You had no idea that the way was the Embrace.

You were angry about the way in which you had been saved, believing that your lifetime of work had been wasted, and you were still angry on the night your sire took you to the court to be introduced. But once you got back into the atmosphere of court (even if the court was that of your fellow Cainites) your old skills seemed to flood back. Over the next several weeks, you charmed and intrigued many Cainites, but particularly the Ventrue who led the court. She sensed great potential in you and persuaded your sire to leave you with her, claiming that you would serve as an example of virtue in the court. Your sire laughed at the obvious falsehood, but eventually agreed. Both he and the Ventrue knew she was far more interested in your grasp of politics and law.



Now, some 70 years later, you enjoy a secure position in the courts, one which is particularly enviable in these dangerous nights. You have done your utmost to ensure that such safety is not compromised, including making yourself indispensable to the lady and making sure the Usurpers never receive a cordial welcome in her court.

Concept: You despise much of what you must do to keep your position secure, especially in these nights, but there's no other choice if you're going to get anything done. If the Usurpers are going to be stopped anywhere, it will be in the courts, and you'll do all you can to see to that.

Roleplaying Hints: Some think you're humorless and dour, but more often your humor is too subtle for notice. You are quiet, observant, almost a part of the scenery, which leads people to prattle without thinking when you're around. You keep your lady's counsel in perfect confidence — the rest, less so.

Items: Simple court clothing, parchment, pens, court seal

CLANBOOK: SALUBRI

CLANBOOK:
SALUBRI

FOR VAMPIRE THE DARK AGES.

NAME:
PLAYER:
CHRONICLE:

NATURE: *Defender*
DEMEANOR: *Gallant*
CONCEPT/CASTE: *Court Advisor*

SIRE:
GENERATION: *9th*
HAVEN:

ATTRIBUTES

PHYSICAL	SOCIAL	MENTAL
Strength ●○○○○○○○○	Charisma <small>Charming</small> ●●●●○○○○	Perception ●●○○○○○○
Dexterity ●●●○○○○○	Manipulation ●●●○○○○○	Intelligence ●●●○○○○○
Stamina ●●○○○○○○	Appearance ●●●○○○○○	Wits ●●●○○○○○

ABILITIES

TALENTS	SKILLS	KNOWLEDGES
Acting ●●○○○○○○	Animal Ken ○○○○○○○○	Academics ●●●○○○○○
Alertness ●●○○○○○○	Archery ○○○○○○○○	Hearth Wisdom ○○○○○○○○
Athletics ○○○○○○○○	Crafts ○○○○○○○○	Investigation ●●○○○○○○
Brawl ○○○○○○○○	Etiquette ●●○○○○○○	Law ●●○○○○○○
Dodge ●●○○○○○○	Herbalism ○○○○○○○○	Linguistics ●●○○○○○○
Empathy ○○○○○○○○	Melee ●●○○○○○○	Medicine ○○○○○○○○
Intimidation ○○○○○○○○	Music ●●○○○○○○	Occult ○○○○○○○○
Larceny ○○○○○○○○	Ride ●○○○○○○○	Politics ●●●○○○○○
Leadership ●○○○○○○○	Stealth ●●○○○○○○	Science ○○○○○○○○
Subterfuge ●○○○○○○○	Survival ○○○○○○○○	Seneschal ●○○○○○○○

ADVANTAGES

DISCIPLINES	BACKGROUNDS	VIRTUES
<i>Auspex</i> ●●○○○○○○	<i>Generation</i> ●●●○○○○○	Conscience ●●●○○○
<i>Fortitude</i> ●○○○○○○○	<i>Resources</i> ●●○○○○○○	Self-Control ●●●○○○
<i>Valeren (Healer)</i> ●○○○○○○○	<i>Retainers</i> ●○○○○○○○	Courage ●●●○○○
○○○○○○○○	<i>Status</i> ●●○○○○○○	
○○○○○○○○	○○○○○○○○	

OTHER TRAITS

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ROAD

Chivalry

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WILLPOWER

●●●●●●○○○○

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BLOOD POOL

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HEALTH

Bruised

Hurt -1

Injured -1

Wounded -2

Mauled -2

Crippled -5

Incapacitated

WEAKNESS

Cannot Refuse Plea for Help/
Cannot Injure Another Without
Penalty

THE BATTLEFIELD HEALER

Quote: *If you're here to help, then please hold this man down before he injures himself further. If you're here to gawk, then get out of my way!*

History: It was longer ago than you care to remember, possibly a few hundred years, when you were a youth apprenticed to a doctor. You and he had heard rumors of a great battle massing down on the south fields outside of town, and as was custom, he took you down to watch from a safe distance. Such observations were key to the profession, not only to learn how injuries were made, but also to instruct you in what was being injured.

The safe distance didn't turn out to be so safe; the tide of battle turned, and before you could run, your lord's forces washed over you like a great wave. A second turn in the tides of combat assured your side's victory, but by the time you were able to search for your teacher, he was long dead. As the moans of dying and wounded men began to eddy around you, you did the only thing you could think of — you took his bag of tools and set to work with what knowledge you had. You worked long into the night, and as you did so, you noticed a man in plain gray robes also at work, and you thought him to be a doctor of holy orders. Your paths crossed, and you had a chance to see him work up close. No doctor you'd ever seen bore a third eye in his forehead.

The Salubri who became your sire was impressed with your skill, untutored as it was, and he decided to take up where your teacher left off. You were only a few months under the blood when he was murdered by the Usurpers, and you were left without hope or protection. In desperation, you offered your services to a band of Brujah warriors as a healer in exchange for their protection. So far, the arrangement has worked, but you worry about the night when you outlive your usefulness....

Concept: Once you intended to become a mortal doctor, but you were selected for greater things. So far, you've managed to stay ahead of the hunts by making yourself useful, but there's no guessing how long that safety will last. Better arrangements must be found, and soon.

Roleplaying Hints: Brisk and efficient, you are far more effective amid the heat and welter of battle than in the quiet halls of monasteries and abbeys or the sickrooms of nobility. In nightly life, you conduct yourself as a doctor of your time should have — celibate, professional and attentive.

Items: Uroscopy flask, surgery tools, wine, water, herbs, simple sturdy clothes



CLANBOOK: SALUBRI

CLANBOOK: SALIBRI

FOR VAMPIRE THE DARK AGES®

NAME:
PLAYER:
CHRONICLE:

NATURE: *Defender*
DEMEANOR: *Caretaker*
CONCEPT/CASTE: *Battlefield
Healer*

SIRE:
GENERATION: *9th*
HAVEN:

ATTRIBUTES

PHYSICAL	SOCIAL	MENTAL
Strength _____ ●○○○○○○○○	Charisma _____ ●●●○○○○○	Perception _{Attentive} _____ ●●●○○○○○
Dexterity _____ ●●●○○○○○	Manipulation _____ ●●○○○○○○	Intelligence _____ ●●●○○○○○
Stamina _____ ●●○○○○○○	Appearance _____ ●●○○○○○○	Wits _____ ●●●○○○○○

ABILITIES

TALENTS	SKILLS	KNOWLEDGES
Acting _____ ○○○○○○○○	Animal Ken _____ ●●○○○○○○	Academics _____ ●●●○○○○○
Alertness _____ ●●○○○○○○	Archery _____ ○○○○○○○○	Hearth Wisdom _____ ●●●○○○○○
Athletics _____ ●○○○○○○○	Crafts _____ ●○○○○○○○	Investigation _____ ●●○○○○○○
Brawl _____ ○○○○○○○○	Etiquette _____ ○○○○○○○○	Law _____ ○○○○○○○○
Dodge _____ ●●○○○○○○	Herbalism _____ ●●●○○○○○	Linguistics _____ ●○○○○○○○
Empathy _____ ●●○○○○○○	Melee _____ ○○○○○○○○	Medicine _{First Aid} _____ ●●●○○○○○
Intimidation _____ ○○○○○○○○	Music _____ ●●○○○○○○	Occult _____ ●○○○○○○○
Larceny _____ ○○○○○○○○	Ride _____ ○○○○○○○○	Politics _____ ○○○○○○○○
Leadership _____ ○○○○○○○○	Stealth _____ ○○○○○○○○	Science _____ ○○○○○○○○
Subterfuge _____ ○○○○○○○○	Survival _____ ●●○○○○○○	Seneschal _____ ○○○○○○○○

ADVANTAGES

DISCIPLINES	BACKGROUNDS	VIRTUES
<i>Auspex</i> _____ ●○○○○○○○	<i>Generation</i> _____ ●●●○○○○○	Conscience _____ ●●●●○
<i>Fortitude</i> _____ ●○○○○○○○	<i>Retainers</i> _____ ●●○○○○○○	Self-Control _____ ●●●○○
<i>Valeren (Healer)</i> _____ ●●○○○○○○	_____ ○○○○○○○○	Courage _____ ●●●●○
_____ ○○○○○○○○	_____ ○○○○○○○○	
_____ ○○○○○○○○	_____ ○○○○○○○○	

OTHER TRAITS

_____ ○○○○○○○○
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ROAD

<i>Humanity</i>
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WILLPOWER

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□□□□□□□□□

BLOOD POOL

□□□□□□□□□
□□□□□□□□□

HEALTH

Bruised	□
Hurt	-1 □
Injured	-1 □
Wounded	-2 □
Mauled	-2 □
Crippled	-5 □
Incapacitated	□

WEAKNESS

Cannot Refuse Plea for Help/
Cannot Injure Another Without
Penalty



DESIRE



Appendix One: The Dwindling Few

I have little knowledge regarding if these folk yet walk the earth. To my knowledge, all still do, yet I admit my knowledge is not infallible. Let it suffice to say that I pray that all those mentioned here, with one notable exception, have not yet gone to their final reward.

RAYZEEL

Though there is more of legend than of substance to her now, I would be remiss not to mention the redoubtable Rayzeel. This young woman of the far-gone nights was said to have been a mortal slave who attracted Saulot's attention with her beauty and her skill at song, which moved Saulot himself to tears. Some believe that he Embraced her out of love, although many Salubri have denied this on the grounds that Saulot had forever forbidden such Embraces. Still, perhaps in Rayzeel's story we can find that which made Saulot forever forbid such actions to his childer. It is a mystery, and an intriguing one.

For whatever reason, Rayzeel did get Embraced. She was a sister of Samiel, and one of Saulot's favored childer. It was said that only she could rouse him after the slaughter of the Baali Wars (which he adamantly forbade her to take part in), and many times, she alone tended him when he slipped into his trances. What music of hers that survives is fragmented, but it shows remarkable beauty and complexity of composition. The discovery of any of her songs is considered cause for celebration. When Saulot entered his final torpor, she seems to have vanished altogether. This state of affairs has led to endless speculation that she might have joined him in torpor, or that she had met destruction.

Postscript — Recently, while I was in Salerno to discuss matters with a mortal colleague, I heard a song being sung by more than one of the street buskers. I cannot recall all the lyrics, but upon my return to Malta, I noticed that the style and imagery bore a striking resemblance to one of the few complete songs of Rayzeel's that I possess.



CLANBOOK: SALUBRI



Yael and Matthias

One cannot mention one of these souls without the other, for Yael and Matthias have been as twin lanterns set before a doorway for many years. She who told me their tale said she hoped that both were still hale, for should one lose the other, it would be the worse for those who separated them. Recent tidings, however, have given me much cause for fear.

Yael was born to a tribe of nomads who tended horses in what would now be called the steppes of Russia. As was custom among her people, she learned to bear arms and achieved great skill with the bow. At an early age (among the Salubri at any rate), she took up the crusade against the infernal, and it was said she made a great many journeys into dangerous places to seek out knowledge of Evil's servants. One such journey brought her into the path of Matthias, the son of a weaver who took holy orders upon the creation of a Benedictine monastery near his home. Matthias followed the path of the healer and had achieved some small renown before he met Yael. She came to him seeking healing, and the two found a common cause between them. He has since come to be her chronicler and an advisor of sorts, as well as her constant companion. Time and circumstance have conspired to tie these two closely, and the rare rumor of impropriety between them does occasionally circulate. So far, their efforts have been solely confined to rooting out Baali and Setite influence within the Church, but some believe it to be only a matter of time before Yael begins to seek out Usurper havens in addition to infernalist nests.



NURIEL

Nuriel is perhaps the greatest warrior who yet remains to the Salubri. I have heard several times how he was chosen, with each version of the story more grandiose than the last. According to legend, he who became Nuriel was a warrior dedicated to Mithras who caught his sire's eye after they fought against each other and the mortal showed great mettle. His conversion and Embrace has become the stuff of legend among many of the younger Salubri. All seek to become "the next Nuriel."

There is an abiding hope among the warriors I spoke to, and not a few others versed with the ways of the warrior caste, that Nuriel might be the most likely to assume a mantle of command such as the one Samiel once bore. He, however, gave little credence to such matters when I inquired of him. Like the fire for which he is named, Nuriel would seem to be one of the brightest lights in the darkness that seems to hem his clan in these fallen nights.

JACK-O-DAWS

This crafty English rogue has begun to make quite a name for himself among the libraries, and had he not gifted me with some of his treasures, I should be less inclined to speak kindly of him. How it was that he came to the Blood I do not know, and he has not spoken of his history to me, claiming that he wished to spare his sire the embarrassment of knowing him. Jack's greatest claim to fame is his habit of thieving precious Salubri-related manuscripts and treasures from the caches where their new owners had secreted them. The Magisters have been particularly strident about demanding his capture (they seem to be his favorite targets), but each increase of the bounty on his head seems only to spur him on to greater feats of daring. I have no doubt that the Usurpers supply some sizable portion of the reward for his death, for they too have been victimized by his depredations. It is a pity that Jack believes his sire to be ashamed of him, for he seems fiercely loyal to his blood and serves it in his own way.





AHAB - THE TRAITOR

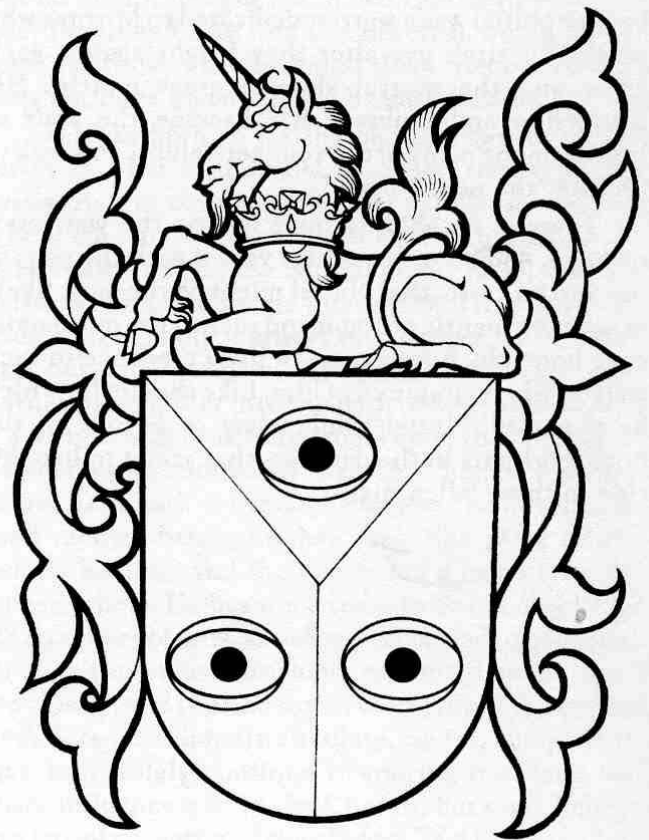
I daresay this man, if man I may still call him, competes with Tremere for the honor of being the creature most hated by the Salubri, for he is said to be the one who betrayed the coterie of warriors on their mission into the Baali's den. Furthermore, he reputedly survived the Baali Wars and continued his foul works among others, advancing the cause of the infernal Baali. Some even whisper that it was through his intervention that Tremere was able to diablerize Saulot. But at this point there is no atrocity, no crime to which the name of the traitor is not attached.

In the oldest tales, he is nameless, or simply called "the Traitor," but he was recently "gifted" with the name of Ahab by some of the storytellers. He continues to be a constant thorn in the side of the clan, the bogeyman with whom elders frighten their childer. I believe that there will be no surcease for him until he is run to ground, whether by the warriors or by their avenging angels.

God have mercy on his soul, for surely the Salubri will not.

Appendix Two: A Historical Note, of Interest to Scholars and Slanderers

BEING A FINAL WORD SCRIPTED BY
SIMON BEN-YAAKOV



The study of Saulot and his childer is, in the end, the study of rumor and myth. Those who know, or knew, the truth about Saulot, his studies and his childer are vanished or turned to dust. Those who know lies crow them loudly. The poor scholar is deafened by their cries, while the wise one finds himself at loose ends.

I must concern myself, then, with rumors, ancient ones, in this postscript. I am but a librarian. My calling is to collect the wisdom of ages, and to make it available to those others who come calling for it. It is not my place to speculate - merely to collect, categorize and preserve.

That, perhaps, is why I have refrained until now from mentioning one tablet that fell into my hands, perhaps by accident, not 10 years past. I do not know if it is authentic, though the carvings are in the style of Sumer and the stone itself seems to have weathered much. I do not know whose hands delivered it to me, for even the manifestation of my powers yields little save images of a stumbling messenger. I do not know why it was given to me. Perhaps my benefactor felt that story contained on that tablet should be preserved for the ages, or hidden from view. Or perhaps it is just a clever hoax, brought to me to trouble my dreams with visions of the infernal.

For on this tablet, in the language of a land long since gone to dust, is the story of the creation of the Baali. It tells the tale I have heard many times before, of how the last three survivors of a blasphemous tribe of demon-worshippers were thrown into the well where they had thrown so many of their victims. It tells how each was drained of blood by a Cainite stranger, who gave unto them in the well just enough of his own vitae that they might survive, and feed on the clotted foulness that they swam in, and grow strong enough to ascend the well and trouble the world once more.

The story itself is an old one. It has been repeated to me by many Cainites, most of whom fought against the Baali at Thera or elsewhere. It has been repeated by Salubri demonhunters with religious conviction, together with promises of vengeance upon the head of that foolish Cainite who thus spawned the Baali. It has even been repeated to me by a lone Baali, near unto destruction, who wished his story told ere his masters laid claim unto the blackened husk of his soul. Indeed, the marked rigidity of the tale makes it stand out. Other stories have changed and flowered over time, but never this one. Always, it has stayed the same, from recitation to recitation. And never, in my many centuries of transcribing this tale, have I ever heard it told so that the name of the mysterious Cainite has been revealed. The only clue I have ever heard to his identity came from that selfsame Baali, who stated that the mysterious stranger came "from where the sky had begun to lighten in anticipation of dawn." He repeated that as a village priest might repeat Scripture, by rote with no understanding of what it might mean, and I dismissed it as such.

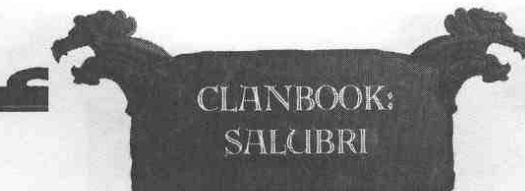
I may, just possibly, have been too hasty in doing so.

The tablet I have before me now repeats that selfsame phrase the Baali used, near as I can tell. It talks of the mysterious stranger coming upon the tribe of demon worshippers in his travels west. It calls him by name.

It calls him Saulot.

I think I shall destroy this tablet and pray for forgetfulness. Clearly, this is some Tremere trick, some attempt to get me to disavow all that I have thus far learned of Saulot and his childer. I shall destroy the tablet, and this record of it as well, and history need never be troubled by such lies.

Would that I were so lucky.



CLANBOOK:
SALCIBRI

FOR VAMPIRE THE DARK AGES.

NAME:
PLAYER:
CHRONICLE:

NATURE:
DEMEANOR:
CONCEPT:

SIRE:
GENERATION:
HAVEN:

ATTRIBUTES

PHYSICAL

Strength ●○○○○○○○○
Dexterity ●○○○○○○○○
Stamina ●○○○○○○○○

SOCIAL

Charisma ●○○○○○○○○
Manipulation ●○○○○○○○○
Appearance ●○○○○○○○○

MENTAL

Perception ●○○○○○○○○
Intelligence ●○○○○○○○○
Wits ●○○○○○○○○

ABILITIES

TALENTS

Acting ○○○○○○○○○
Alertness ○○○○○○○○○
Athletics ○○○○○○○○○
Brawl ○○○○○○○○○
Dodge ○○○○○○○○○
Empathy ○○○○○○○○○
Intimidation ○○○○○○○○○
Larceny ○○○○○○○○○
Leadership ○○○○○○○○○
Subterfuge ○○○○○○○○○

SKILLS

Animal Ken ○○○○○○○○○
Archery ○○○○○○○○○
Crafts ○○○○○○○○○
Etiquette ○○○○○○○○○
Herbalism ○○○○○○○○○
Melee ○○○○○○○○○
Music ○○○○○○○○○
Ride ○○○○○○○○○
Stealth ○○○○○○○○○
Survival ○○○○○○○○○

KNOWLEDGES

Academics ○○○○○○○○○
Hearth Wisdom ○○○○○○○○○
Investigation ○○○○○○○○○
Law ○○○○○○○○○
Linguistics ○○○○○○○○○
Medicine ○○○○○○○○○
Occult ○○○○○○○○○
Politics ○○○○○○○○○
Science ○○○○○○○○○
Seneschal ○○○○○○○○○

ADVANTAGES

DISCIPLINES

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BACKGROUNDS

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VIRTUES

Conscience/Conviction ○○○○○
Self-Control/Instinct ○○○○○
Courage ○○○○○

OTHER TRAITS

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ROAD

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WILLPOWER

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BLOOD POOL

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□□□□□□□□□□

HEALTH

Bruised
Hurt -1
Injured -1
Wounded -2
Mauled -2
Crippled -5
Incapacitated

WEAKNESS

Cannot Refuse Plea for Help/
Cannot Injure Another Without
Penalty

CLANBOOK:
SALCIBRI

MERITS & FLAWS

MERIT	TYPE	COST	FLAW	TYPE	BONUS

EXPERIENCE

TOTAL:
GAINED FROM:

TOTAL SPENT:
SPENT ON:

DERANGEMENTS

NAME

DERANGEMENTS

NAME

COMBAT

Weapon	Difficulty	Damage	Conceal	Range	Rate	Strength

BRAWLING TABLE

Maneuver	Accuracy	Damage
Bite	5	Strength +1
Punch	6	Strength
Grapple	6	Strength
Claw	6	Strength+2
Kick	7	Strength +1
Body Slam	7	Special; see Options

ARMOR: _____

CLANBOOK:
SALCIBRI

EXPANDED BACKGROUND

ALLIES

INFLUENCE

CLAN PRESTIGE

MENTOR

CONTACTS, MINOR

RESOURCES

CONTACTS, MAJOR

RETAINERS

HERD

STATUS

POSSESSIONS

GEAR (CARRIED)

EQUIPMENT (OWNED)

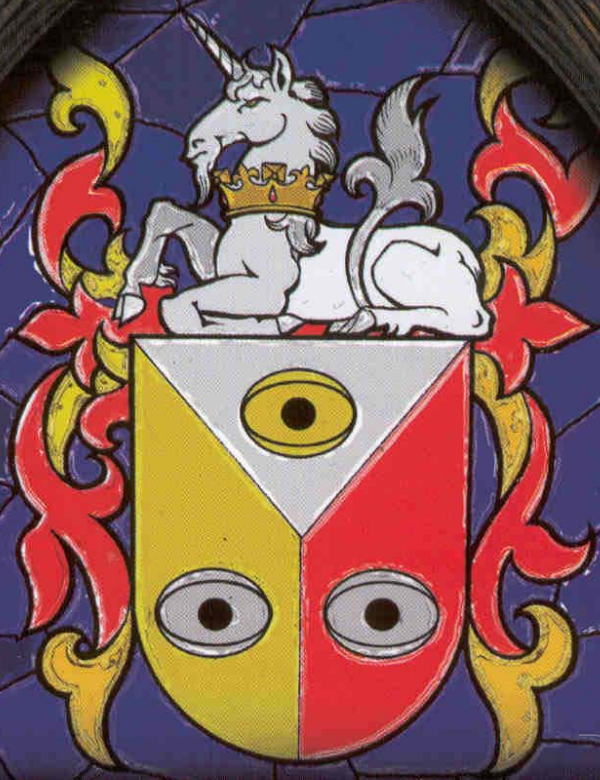
FEEDING GROUNDS

TRANSPORTATION

HAVENS

LOCATION

DESCRIPTION



It Is the Hour of the Usurper

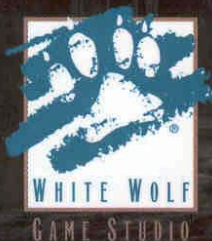
Nowhere is safe for Saulot's childer. Once they were revered by mortal and Cainite alike. They were healers to kings and princes; once, but no longer. Now the Salubri are hunted across Europe. There is no place safe from the fury of Saulot's murderers, and the number of those who can resist grow ever fewer.

Shall the Prey Become the Hunter?

Clanbook: Salubri includes:

- New Valeren powers, Merits and Flaws and more;
- The history of the Baali Wars;
- The secrets kept hidden by Saulot himself!

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