THE BOOK OF

NOD

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Introduction:
How to Use The Book of Nod

The Book of Nod is not designed to be the definitive book on the nature of vampires and their founder, Caine. There are no game mechanics within. The reason behind this is that The Book of Nod is meant to be 100 percent setting material. Jdeally, Storytellers will use The Book of Nod as a prop in either their Masquerade Mind's Eye Theatre game or their Vampire: The Masquerade chronicles.

They may also use it to seed their games with an authentic culture: the culture of the Antediluvians which filters down from Caine himself. Want to make an Elder seem ancient and ultra-conservative? Have him quote from The Chronicle of Shadows. Want to give players the sense that they are close to the Antediluvians? Have them find a tablet with a fragment of the Chronicle of Caine on it. Want to scare them with threats of Gehenna? Have a Malkavian quote The Chronicle of Secrets to them.

I cannot tell you the naked fear I feel, putting down these words for once and for all. Perhaps I will regret them. Perhaps they will never see print. Yet, it is my nature to report this. It is, as they say, in the blood.

My sire, and his sire before him, followed this great and glorious work. Indeed, our very nature has been shaped by this quest, we are unable to stop searching for knowledge. We are of the Mnemosyne, the Memory-Seekers. Specifically, we have been commanded to search for the Book, the tome of all Kindred lore, which is a collection of writings by Caine, his childer and his grandchilder. It is this Book, supposedly first written in the land of Nod, east of Eden, that captures our daytime nightmares and makes every night a painful journey from ignorance towards truth.

Still, I savor every moment of my unlife. I savor the feeling of the crinkly old skins through silk gloves, turning them page by page. My hands shake with pleasure while holding soft, cool lights and reading ink that was newly dried when Charlemagne was young. I savor the gentle, quiet terror of reading cuneiform tablets that threaten to crumble at my very presence. More than that, perhaps more than immortality itself, is the quest that burns within me. It is the search. I have traveled all over this world, perhaps, even more than any other of my bloodline.

Where my eternal quest takes me, I shall know no fear! Though small of frame and frail of body, my

heart is strong and my blood stronger. I am not afraid to go to those shadowy places where the far-flung fragments of our Father's teachings lie resting!

I have gotten lost in the raw brutality of New York, sipped tea with the Governor of Kingston, made lifelong enemies in Johannesburg, hired the best diggers in all of Cairo, fought to get through to Casablanca, learned about ancient steel and ancient monuments in Toledo, dug in the white cliffs of Dover, barely avoided a deadly brawl in Dublin, sneaked past watchful eyes in Brest, and liberated ancient tomes from a monastery in Cologne. I have saved fourteen sacred scrolls from the torch in Berlin, sipped the best coffee and talked to the greatest Austrian scholars in Vienna, learned ancient Sumerian from a Methuselah in the hidden tunnels under the University of Prague, and braved the coldest winters Oslo had to offer.

And yet, I did not do this by my wits alone.

Barely a night goes by that I do not thank our Founder for his foresight in providing me with the secret ways of hiding, the way to see beyond sight, and the voice of command that seems to come so easily to our line, and I have long blessed my warrior friend Karsh who taught me the secret of seeing in the dark and sleeping in the earth.

And yet, I wonder what else our Founder provided us with. My sire and his sire seem to have fallen under a horrible curse. A madness, dark and quiet at

first but soon growing to a terrible loss of coherent thought and communication, has seemed to strike them. Can I be far behind? My Tremere friend has written me, saying that the burning need driving my bloodline might be the cause of the madness. It must be true, for I cannot fight the burning desire for more knowledge. It is as difficult to resist as the need for sleep or the need for blood.

It is perhaps this madness, that which I fear the most, which has compelled me to go to press with this translation in haste. Know that I do not intend to break Raphael's fragile Masquerade by putting these words in print. It is my intent that a scant ten score of these books be printed, and that none of the copies of this book be given into the hands of the sons and daughters of Seth (as our Father commands us in The Chronicle of Shadows).

I must publish this now, however. It is the most complete collection of the Chronicles of The Book of Nod that has ever been gathered. No other translation, not even Critias' Codex of Caine, has been as complete.

And yet it shames me to say that this is not the complete text. Far from it. I have seen whole fragments go up in smoke as flames consumed ancient buildings. I have touched a complete Book in the tomb of an Antediluvian, and watched it crumble to dust.

I know that in the catacombs under the fabled Lost City of Gold, hidden deep in the Amazon jungle, there are thirteen stone fragments said to contain specific

words to each of the 13 tribes of Kindred, but I only glimpsed them once before I was forced to flee. And so, I can only boast to having part of the puzzle: the largest part to ever be assembled, true, but still only a part of the whole.

I have chosen English as it is my native tongue. It is, in my opinion, the one language which most ably dances between the ancient concepts of Sumer, the noble language of Ancient Rome and the stentorian incantations of Medieval Germany. I must beg forgiveness for its glib simplification in some cases. However, I will forever defend my choice. Tolkien's English will serve well, especially since so many of the original texts are forever lost to me.

It is perhaps particularly perverse that I follow the threads of memory to each fragment of this Book, and yet I know that there are those out there who harry me at every step. I know that Anelek has himself had a hand in thwarting me once, and other Methuselahs as well. It is difficult to find, for example, lists of the names of the Antediluvians and the Methuselahs, for they know that in names there are powers, and they, out of fear that some mage would learn to control them with it, have blotted their names out of the histories, wherever they have been recovered.

I have luckily managed to discover a few of them, but I suspect these to be falsified names that were created by the Antediluvians to throw me off the trail, so I offer them here. This may be the only way in which we may identify certain Antediluvians. Furthermore, I have

fallen into the habit (regrettably) of referring to the founder of a clan with a nominative of the clan's name. For example, "Malkav" equals "Malkavian." This is, admittedly, sloppy scholarship but I have been left with no choice. Once I learned the true name of Brujah's Antediluvian and discovered my own name carved in my forearm the next evening, I promptly swore to never again seek the names of those founders.

I am quite sure that, even as I write these words, there are agents of the Jyhad who are following me. I will not join the common room downstairs tonight, for last night I indulged in some wine-sotted blood and saw a woman with silver-grey eyes looking at me. She was wearing Ventrue's scepter-sigil on her cloak. I know it was her, watching for me, searching for me, sent by Ventrue to harry me. No matter. I will write the truth and the rest of you be damned!

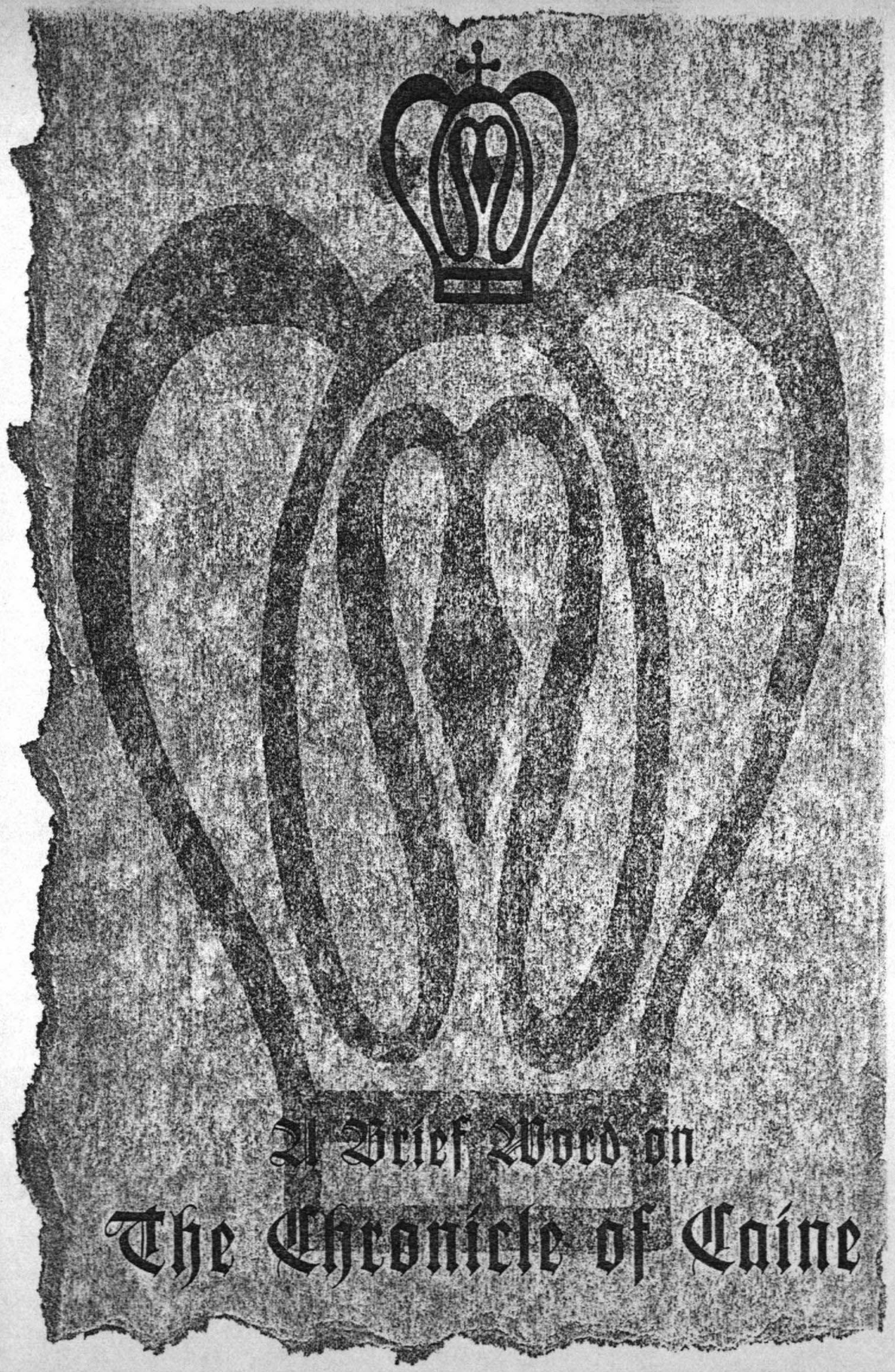
I have attempted to compile these textual fragments into some kind of coherent story, at least within the contexts of the various Chronicles. Where you see an ellipsis, know that there are more words on that particular scrap, but that it has somehow been lost, erased or hidden from me.

I wait now only for a package from London to finish this missive and have done with this book. This package will carry one of the only copies of the Codex of Caine left in existence, and will be the last piece in my complex puzzle. I look forward to touching it, holding it, with great expectation. And if any of my brothers or sisters comes near it, I will . . . I will send them to the

death of Fire! Let Michael's holy sword brand them, for all I care. No one has come this close. I will reign triumphant amongst my kind.

With triumph,

Aristotle deLaurent



A Brief Word on The Chronicle of Caine

It is unimportant that this part of the Book of Nod is not comparatively accurate with the standard biblical canon. What is important is that we have, perhaps for the first time, a personal viewpoint on the events surrounding the days after the Fall. Caine tells us in his own words what his motives were, and although it is quite possible that this story exists only to shape our idea of him, we can assume that there must be some element of the truth in his tale. His account is, after all, the only eyewitness report we have to rely upon.

Ah, our dear Father. In some Islamic myths, the translated Satan figure is thrown from Heaven not because he hates mankind, but because he loves God too much to bow to any other but God, and he will not serve man. It is perhaps that Caine shares in this love; he so loves his brother that he cannot think of any other worthy sacrifice to the One Above. Surely Caine could not have had any other reason to sacrifice his brother. He could not know death, having been born before. Death was something humanity had experienced.

Other figures of that time also play instrumental roles in the Book. Surely it is not purely mythological translitteration that causes Lilith to appear in this story, for she is a figure in the oldest of the Hebrew Midrashim. Having been cast out of Paradise first, she would recognize Caine for one who had been in the light of heaven and subsequently cast out. There are those among my colleagues who believe that this stanza should represent the idea that Lilith, mother of magick

and demoness herself, taught the first Disciplines to Caine. Others see her role as being a midwife to our Father's awakening to his own magickal potential.

What remains to be discovered is the fabled "Cycle of Lilith" which supposedly describes the time Caine spent with Lilith as her servant and lover. Was it merely a dalliance, or could it have been some kind of mystical apprenticeship, during which Lilith gradually drew out of Caine the limitations that the Divine had placed upon him, and slowly Awakened him to his own magickal powers? The fact that she shows trepidation at his drinking her own blood from the Awakening cup might point to her lack of total understanding as to what, exactly, this might do to the First Son of Adam.

We cannot afford to speculate whether the cup causes a hallucination in Caine or whether Caine is actually physically transported to a wilderness somewhere in the Darkness. This is not understood, neither is it explained by the translation of the original text. The original phraseology essentially means "breathed in" or "moved." Both meanings of the word point to either explanation. And we cannot gain much in the debate: it matters not whether Caine was physically transported. Like shamanic visions recorded as a result of ritually consuming hallucinogenics, Caine's experience was as real to him as any journey might be to you or me.

My childe, Beckett, continues to restate his opinion that the Chronicle of Caine is a vampiric parable. I totally disagree, but Beckett is a beloved childe. I will include his studies and findings here, below.

A Parable of Genesis: Recognizing Allegory in the Chronicle of Caine.

Because of the literary distance between the current translations of the text (Dr. deLaurent's translation included) of The Book of Nod, the original intent of the Book has been lost. It is my theory, based on my own researches, that the stories of Caine and Abel, Caine's curse, and his subsequent meeting with Lilith are parables created to tell the tale of the first Kindred in such a way that even the simplest of us can understand them. Through my own scholarship, and drawing upon the work of the fundamental Caine scholars in the world (including some captured writings by a Black Hand worshipper of Caine), I have created a story which I believe harkens back to the original parable of Caine.

In the time after humanity went from a hunter/gatherer society to cultivating farm animals and developing agriculture, there were two tribes, named for their chiefs. They were called the people of Caine and the people of Abel. The people of Abel were herders and animal husbanders, and were more primitive than the people of Caine. They worshipped a great Sun God, who was a warrior who lived in the sky. The people of Caine were agricultural, and were more civilized than the people of Abel. Because it was so important to time the harvest, the people of Caine worshipped the Moon Goddess, the Dark Mother who was both the fertility of Earth and the mystery of the Moon.

Yet, not all of the people were happy. Chief Abel attacked Caine's people, telling them that they were inferior and cursed because they did not hunt like their Sun God hunted. Caine's people did not know much about fighting, but Caine taught them how to use the sharp things that they used to till the soil to kill. When Abel's people came back to torment them again, Caine's people fought back. All of the men, women and children of Abel were killed.

The Sun God of the people of Abel then called them cursed as a people, and laid a blood-curse on all of them, that they would wander without a home in the wilderness. He burned their villages and salted their fields, and told all to turn away from the people of Caine.

The people of Caine were unable to recover. They wandered in the curse for many weeks, until they had no food to eat and had many troubles. Then the priestess of the Dark Mother, who lived beyond the Moon, came. The priestess offered Caine's people respite, succor, and surcease. She taught them magic, taught them how to hunt, and taught them to drink blood.

The Sun God came to Chief Caine in dreams, and told him and his people to return and subjugate themselves to the will of people of Seth. Chief Caine refused. Then the Sun God told him that all the people of his tribe would be cursed forever, and it was so. But the Dark Mother said that there would always be a way to overcome this curse: if the people of Caine would come to Her, through her mystery, she would free them from the curse of the Sun God.

In this parable, Caine's people (and Caine) represent our need for civilization, the Humanitas that we constantly seek. Abel's people (and Abel) represent our animal natures, our wild selves, the Beast that lies within us. The Dark Mother represents the mystery that guides our very existence: the magic of our blood, the power of Disciplines. We must seek the mystery of Dark Mother while dealing with the legacy left behind by the Sun God — the curse. Ergo, "A Beast I am, lest a Beast I become." Golconda is held out as a final goal, perhaps balancing all these things and showing the transcendence of the Beast Within.

The Chronicle of Caine

the First Times

I dream of the first times[1]
the longest memory
I speak of the first times[2]
the oldest Father
I sing of the first times
and the dawn of Darkness

In Nod[3], where the light of Paradise

lit up the night sky
and the tears of our
parents wet the
ground

Each of us, in our way,
set about to live
and take our sustenance from the land

And I, first-born Caine, I
with sharp things,[4]
planted the dark seeds[5]
wet them in the earth
tended them, watched them grow

And Abel, second-born Abel
tended the animals
aided their bloody
births[6]
fed them, watched
them grow

I loved him, my
Brother.
He was the brightest
The sweetest.
The strongest.
He was the first part
of all my joy.[7]

Then one day
our Father[8] said to us,
Caine, Abel
to Him Above[9] you must make a sacrifice —
a gift of the first part
of all that you have

And I, first-born Caine, I
gathered the tender shoots
the brightest fruits
the sweetest grass

And Abel, second-born, Abel
slaughtered the youngest,
the strongest,
the sweetest of his animals

On the altar of our Father
we laid our sacrifices
and lit fire under them
and watched the smoke carry them
up to the One Above

The sacrifice of Abel, second-born,
smelled sweet to the One Above
and Abel was blessed.

And, I, first-born Caine, I
was struck from beyond by[10]
a harsh word and a curse,
for my sacrifice was unworthy.

I looked at Abel's sacrifice,
still smoking, the flesh, the
blood.
I cried, I held my eyes
I prayed in night and day
And when
Father said[11]
the time for
Sacrifice
has come again
And Abel
led his youngest,
his sweetest,
his most beloved
to the sacrificial fire
I did not bring my
youngest,
my sweetest,
for I knew the
One Above
would not
want them.
And my brother,
beloved Abel
said to me
"Caine, you did not bring
a sacrifice,
a gift of the first
part of your joy,
to burn on the altar
of the One Above."
I cried tears of love as I,
with sharp things,
sacrificed that
which was the
first part of
my joy,
my brother.
ROBINSON
1 9 9

And the Blood of Abel[12]

covered the altar

and smelled sweet

as it burned

But my Father said

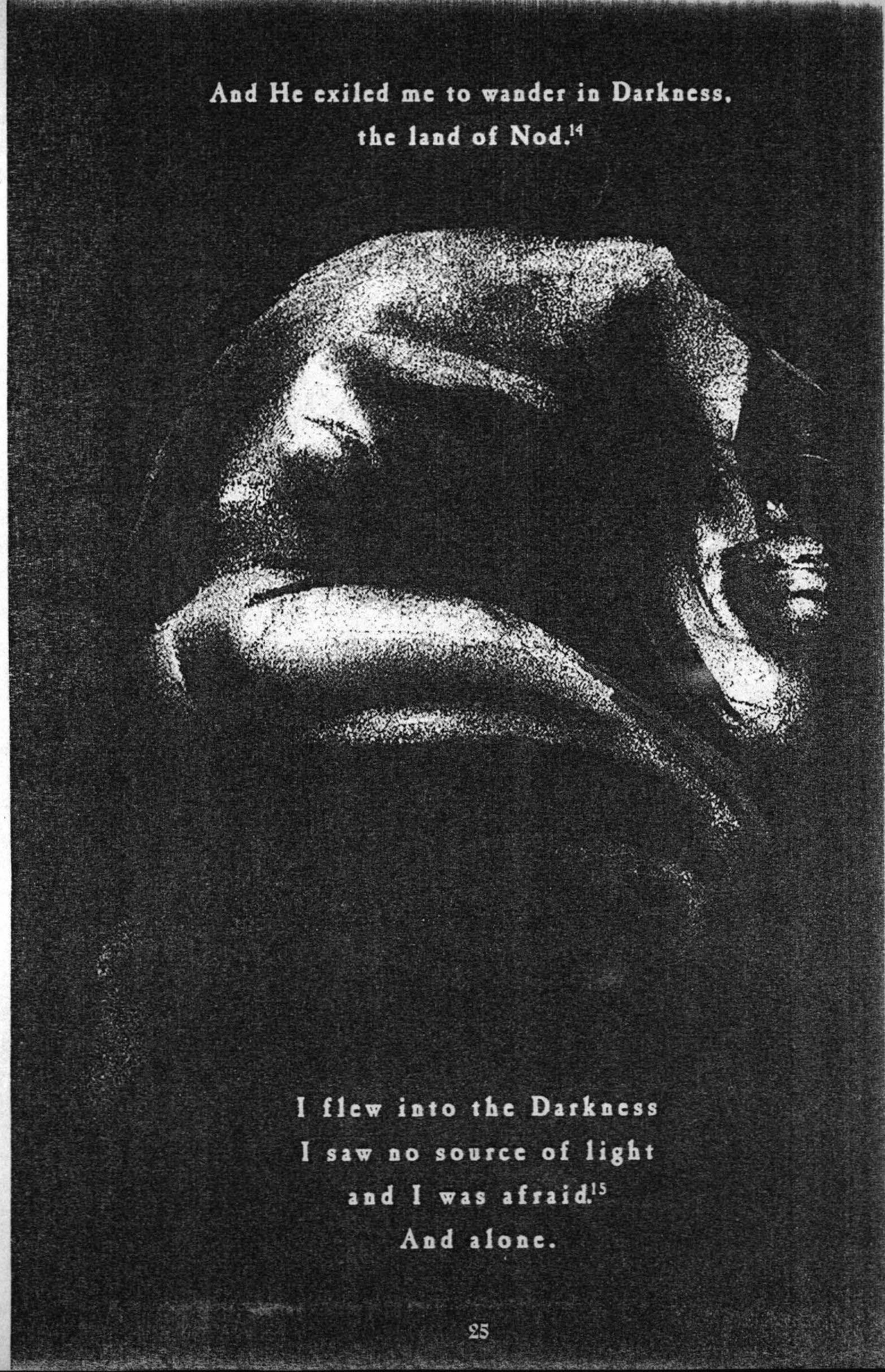
"Cursed are you, Caine,

who killed your brother.

As I was cast out

so shall you be."[13]

And He exiled me to wander in Darkness,
the land of Nod.[14]



I flew into the Darkness
I saw no source of light
and I was afraid.[15]
And alone.

The Coming of Lilith

I was alone in the Darkness
And I grew hungry.
I was alone in the Darkness
And I grew cold.
I was alone in the Darkness
And I cried.[16]

Then there came to me
a sweet voice,
a honey voice
Words of succor.
Words of surcease.[17]

A woman, dark and
lovely,
with eyes that
pierced the
Darkness
came to
me.[18]

I know your story, Caine of Nod."
She said, smiling.
"You are hungry. Come! I have food.
You are cold. Come! I have clothes.
You are sad. Come! I have comfort."

"Who would comfort one so Cursed as I?
Who would clothe me?
Who would feed me?"

"I am your Father's first wife,
who disagreed with the One Above
and gained Freedom in the Darkness.
I am Lilith.[19]

Once, I was cold, and there was no warmth
for me.
Once, I was hungry, and there was no food
for me.
Once, I was sad, and there was no comfort
for me."

She took me in, she fed me.
She clothed me.
In her arms, I found comfort.
I cried until blood
trickled from my eyes
and she kissed them away.[20]

Lillith's Magick

And I dwelt for a time
in the House of Lilith [21]
and asked her
"Out of Darkness,
how did you build this place?
How did you make clothes?
How did you grow food?"

And Lilith smiled and said,
"Unlike you, I am Awake.
I see the Threads that spin
all around you. I make that
which I need out of Power." [22]

"Awaken me, then, Lilith," I said.
"I have need for this Power.
Then, I can make my own
clothes,
make my own food,
make my own House."

Worry creased Lilith's brow.
"I do not know what the
Awakening will do for you,
for you are truly Cursed by
your Father.
You could die.
You could be forever changed."

Caine said, "Even so, a life without
Power
will not be worth living.
I would die without your gifts.
I will not live as your Thrall."

Lilith loved me, and I knew this.
Lilith would do what I asked,
though she did not wish it.

And so, Lilith, bright-eyed Lilith,
Awakened me.
She cut herself with a knife
bled for me into a bowl.
I drank deep. It was sweet.[23]

And then I fell into the Abyss.[24]
I fell forever, falling
into the deepest darkness.

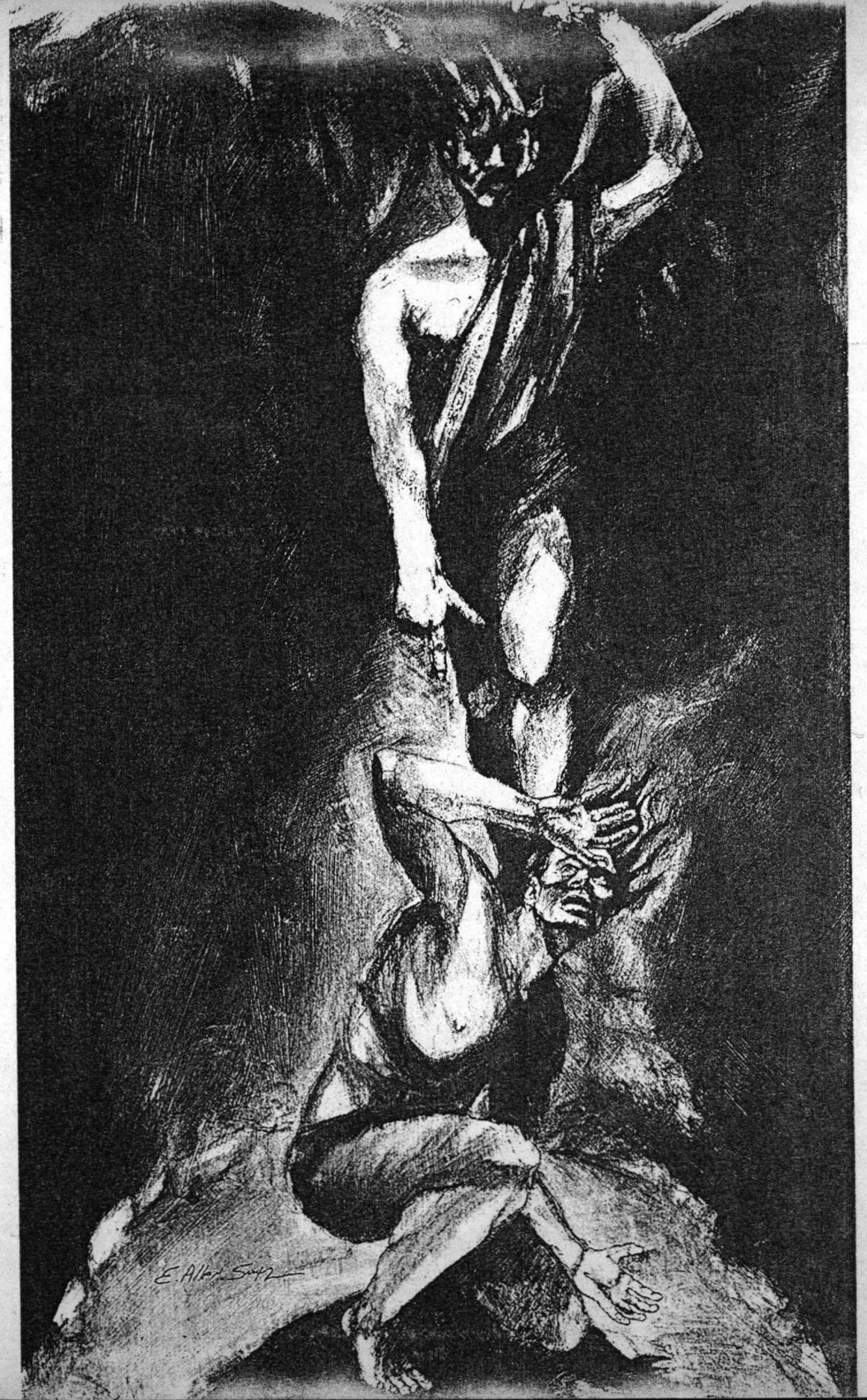
The Temptation of Caine

And from the Darkness
came a bright shining light -
fire in the night.
And the archangel Michael revealed himself [25]
to me.
I was unafraid. I asked his business.

Michael, General of Heaven,
wielder of the holy Flame,
said unto me,
"Son of Adam, Son of Eve, thy crime is great,
and yet the mercy of my Father is
also great.
Will you not repent the evil that you
have done, and let his mercy wash you clean?"

And I said to Michael,
"Not by [the One Above]'s grace, but mine own
will I live, in pride."[26]

Michael cursed me, saying
"Then, for as long as you walk this
earth, you and your children will
fear my living flame, and it will
bite deep and savor your flesh." [27]



And on the morning, Raphael came [28]
on lambent wings,
light over the horizon
the driver of the Sun,
ward of the East.,

Raphael spoke, saying
Caine, son of Adam,
son of Eve,
your brother Abel
forgives you your sin
will you not repent, and accept the
mercy of the
Almighty?"

And I said to
Raphael
"Not by
Abel's
forgiveness,
but mine
own,
will I be
for-
given."

Raphael cursed
me, saying
"Then, for as long
as you walk this earth,
you and your children
will fear the dawn,
and the sun's rays will seek
to burn you like fire
where ever you hide always.
Hide now for the Sun rises to take
its wrath on you."

But I found a secret place in the earth
and hid from the burning light of the
Sun.
Deep in the earth, I slept until the
Light
of the World was hidden behind the
mountain
of Night. [29]

When I awoke from my day of sleep,
I heard the sound of gentle rushing
wings[30]
and I saw the black wings of Uriel
draped around me —
Uriel, reaper, angel of Death,
dark Uriel who dwells in darkness.

Uriel spoke to me quietly, saying
"Son of Adam, Son of Eve, God
Almighty
has forgiven you your sin.
Will you accept his mercy and let me
take you to your reward, no longer
cursed?[31]

And I said to dark-winged Uriel,
"Not by God's mercy, but my own, will
I live.
I am what I am, I did what I did,
and that will never change."[32]

And then, through dread Uriel
God Almighty cursed me, saying.[33]
"Then, for as long as you walk this
earth,
you and your children will cling to
Darkness
You will drink only blood
You will eat only ashes[34]
You will be always as you were at death,
Never dying, living on.
You will walk forever in Darkness,
all you touch will crumble into
nothing,
until the last days."

I gave a cry of anguish
at this terrible curse and
tore at my flesh.

I wept blood.
I caught the tears in a cup
and drank them.[35]

When I looked up from my drink of
sorrow
the archangel Gabriel
gentle Gabriel
Gabriel, Lord of Mercy
appeared to me.
The archangel Gabriel said unto me,
"Son of Adam, Son of Eve,
Behold, the mercy of the Father is
greater
than you can ever know
for even now there is a path opened
a road of Mercy
and you shall call this road [Golconda]."
And tell your children of it,
for by that road may they come
once again to dwell in the Light."

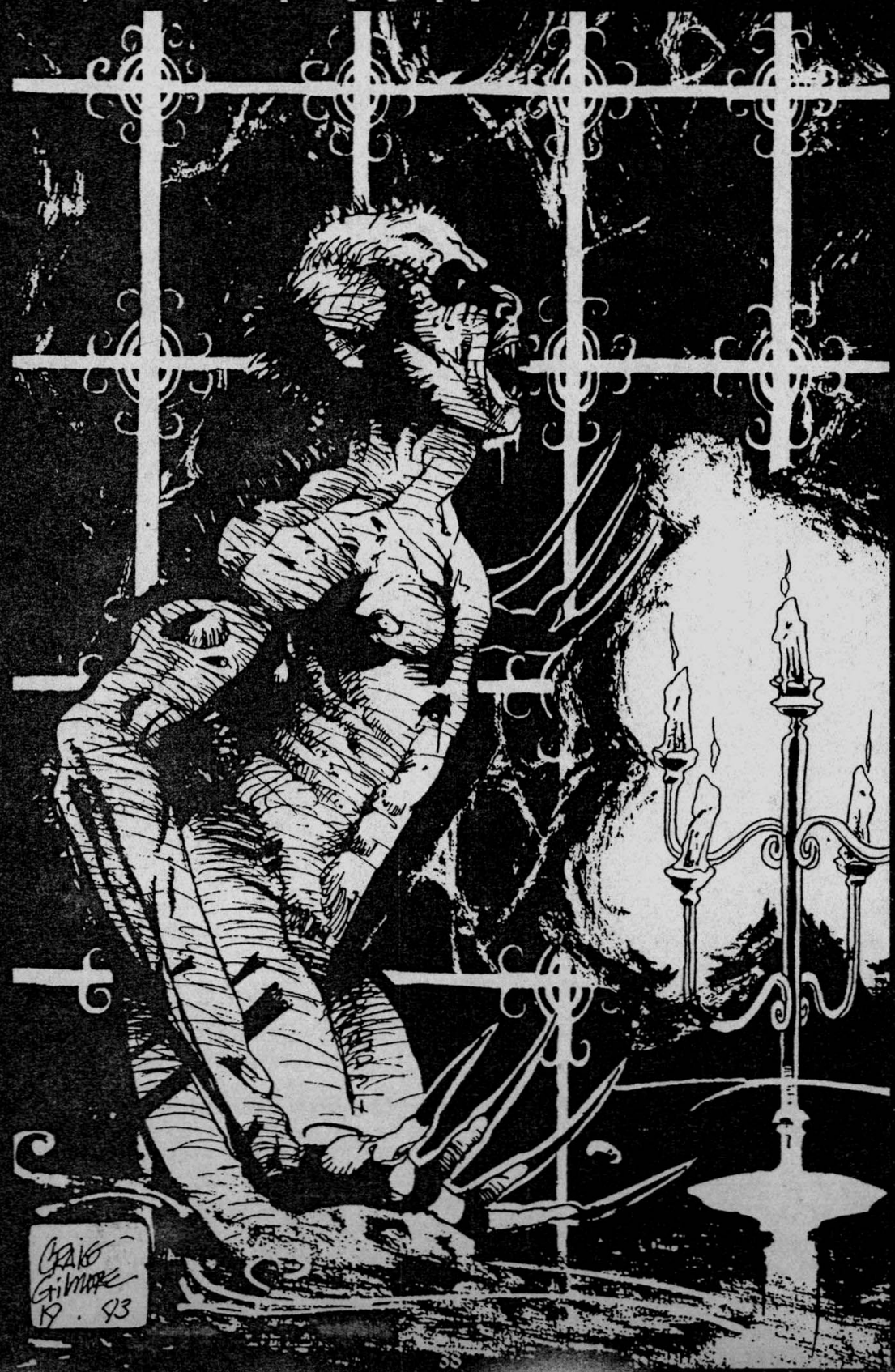
And with that, the darkness
was lifted
like a veil
and the only light was
Lilith's bright eyes.

Looking around me, I knew
that I had Awakened.

When my energies first
surged through me
I discovered
how to move like lightning
[Celerity]
how to borrow the strength
of the earth [Potence]
how to be as stone
[Fortitude]
These were like
breathing once was to me.

Lilith then showed me
how she hides herself from
hunters [Obfuscate]
how she commands
obedience [Dominate]
and how she demands
respect. [Presence]

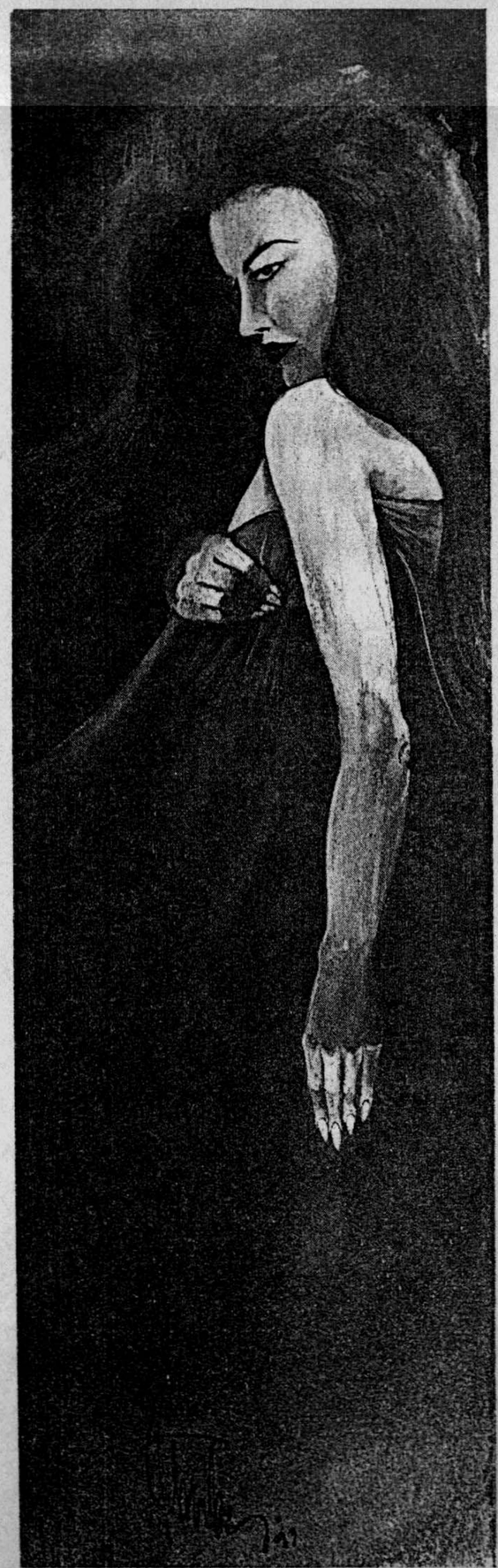
Then, Awakening myself further, I found
the way to alter forms [Protean]
the way to have dominion over animals [Animalism]
the way to make eyes see past sight [Auspex][37]



Then Lilith commanded that I stop, saying
that
I had over-reached my bounds
That I had gone too far
That I threatened my very essence.

She used her powers and commanded me to
stop.
Because of her power, I heeded her,
but deep within me a seed was planted
a seed of rebellion
and when she turned her face from me,
I opened myself up once more, to the Night,
and saw the infinite possibilities in the stars
and knew that a path of power, a path of
Blood
was mine for the taking,
and so I awakened in me this Final Path,
from which all other paths would grow.

With this newest power, I broke the bonds
that the Lady of Night put on me
I left the Damned Queen that evening,
cloaking myself in shadows,
I fled the lands of Nod
and came at last to a place
where not even her demons could find me.



ZILLAH'S TALE

Let me tell the tale of Zillah[38]
first loved of Caine,
first wife of Caine,
the sweetest blood,
the softest skin,
the clearest eyes.

Alone of Caine's newest Childer,
did Caine desire Her,[39]
and she was not mindful of his
desire, turning away from Him.

Not gifts, not sacrifices,
not perfumes, not doves,
not beautiful dancers,
not singers, not oxen,
not sculpture, not beautiful clothes,
nothing would turn Zillah's heart
from stone to sweet fruit.

So Caine pulled at his beard[40]
and tore at his hair
and took to roaming the wilderness
at night, thinking of her,
burning for her,
and one night Caine came upon
an old Crone singing to the moon

Caine said to the
Crone,
"Why do you sing so?"
And the Crone replied,
"Because I yearn for
what I cannot have..."[41]

Caine said to the
Crone,
"I yearn also. What can
one do?"
The Crone smiled and
said,
"Drink of my blood
this night,
Caine, Father of
Kindred,
and return tomorrow
night.
Then, will I tell you
the wisdom
of the Moon."[42]
Caine drank at the
Crone's bare neck,
and departed.

The next night, Caine
found the Crone
sleeping on a rock.
"Wake up, Crone,"
Caine said.
"I have returned."
The Crone opened one
eye and said,
"I dream of the
solution for you
this night. Drink once
more of me,
and then return
tomorrow night.
Bring a bowl of clay.
Bring a sharp knife.
I will have your answer
then."

Once again, Caine took blood from the Crone,
who immediately fell back into a deep slumber.

When Caine returned the next night,
the Crone looked up at him and smiled,
"Greetings, Lord of the Beast," the Crone said.[43]
"I have the wisdom you seek."
"Take some of my blood,
into the bowl you have,
and mix in these berries
and these herbs,
and drink deep of the elixir."

"You will be irresistible.
You will be potent.
You will be masterful.
You will be ardent.
You will be glowing.
The heart of Zillah will melt
like the snows in spring."

And so, Caine drank from the Crone's elixir,
because he was so in love with Zillah,
and he so desired her love in return.

And the Crone laughed. The Crone laughed aloud.
She had tricked him! She had trapped him!
Caine was angry beyond compare.
Caine reached out with his powers,
to rend this Crone apart with his strength.

The Crone cackled and said, "Do not."
And Caine could do nothing against her.
The Crone chuckled and said, "Love me."
And Caine could do nothing but stare into her
ancient eyes, desire her leathery skin.
The Crone laughed and said, "Make me immortal."

And Caine Embraced her. She cackled again,
laughed with the pure ecstasy of the Embrace,
for it did not pain her.

"I have made you powerful, Caine of Enoch,
Caine of Nod,
but you will forever be bound to me.
I have made you master of all,
but you will never forget me!
Your blood, potent as it is now,
will bond those who drink it,
as you did, once a night for three nights.
You will be the master.
They will be your thrall, as you are mine.
For though Zillah will love you, as you wanted,
you will love me, forever. Go now, and claim your
lovely bride. I will wait for you in the darkest
places, while I brew more potions for your health."

And so, heavy hearted,
Caine returned to Enoch.
And each night,
for three nights,
Zillah drank from her Sire,
though she did not know it.
And, on the third night,
Caine announced he would marry[44]
Zillah, his sweetest Childe,
and she agreed.

The Tale of the Crone

For a year and a day[45]
Caine labored in service
to a Crone, who with blood-wisdom,
bound him as surely
as any prisoner.

She would visit him at night
force him to give up his blood
for her secret elixirs
and potent formulas

She would take his Childer's Childer,
and they would never be heard from again.

But Caine was wise. He did not drink
from her ever again.
And she did not ask him to, thinking
that he was ever in her Thrall.

One night, Caine went to the Crone
in the forest,
and told her of terrible dreams
that he had during his sleep.

"I fear for my life, Crone,
I fear the prophecy of Auriel,
and my Children's lust for my blood.
Tell me secret knowledge, that I might
be powerful against my own."

And the Crone went to a tree
made of gopher wood,[46]
and broke off a limb.
She took a sharp knife
and sharpened the limb.

"Take this piece of living wood,
sharp, strong,
pierce the heart of your wayward childe.
It will render him still,
and yours to command.
Instead of feasting on your heart's blood,
he will feel the weight of your justice."

Caine said, "Thank you, Mother," and
With that, moving in quick movements,
Caine took the stake of gopher wood,
seized it and drove it
deep within the Crone's heart.

Because Caine, wise Caine
had fed not upon her for a year and a day
and because he forced his Will through
his hands, he broke the Bond she held
on him, and turned his fortune.

She laughed again, as blood welled up
and poured out of her mouth.
Her eyes poured out hate.

Caine
kissed her
once, kissed her
cold, withered lips,
and left her there
to Raphael's gentle smil
the sun that rises.

THE TALE OF THE FIRST CITY

In the beginning there was only Caine
Caine who [sacrificed] his brother out of [love].[47]
Caine who was cast out.
Caine who was cursed forever with immortality.
Caine who was cursed with the lust for blood,
It is Caine from whom we all come,
Our Sire's Sire.

For the passing of an age he lived in [the land of Nod],
In loneliness and suffering
For an eon he remained alone
But the passing of memory drowned his sorrow.
And so he returned to the world of mortals,
To the world his brother [Seth, third-born of Eve,]
and [Seth's children]
had created.

He returned and was made welcome.
[For none would turn against him,
due to the Mark that was laid upon him]
The people saw his power and worshipped him,
[He grew powerful, and his power was strong,
his ways of awe and command were great]

[And the Children of Seth made] him King of their great City, The First City.

But Caine grew lonely in his Power.
Deep within him, the seed of loneliness blossomed, and grew a dark flower
He saw within his blood the potence of fertility
By calling up demons
and listening to whispered wisdom
He learned the way to make a child for his own.
He came to know its power, and, doing so, decided to Embrace one of those near him.

And, lo, Uriel, Dread Uriel, revealed himself to Caine
that very night
and said to him,

"Caine, though powerful you are, and marked of God,
know you this: that any Childe you make will
bear your curse, that any of your Progeny will forever walk in the Land of Nod, and fear flame

and sun, drinking blood only and eating ashes only.
And since they will carry their father's jealous seed, they will forever plot and fight amongst themselves.
Doom not those of Adam's grandchildren who seek to walk
in righteousness. Caine!
Stay your dread Embrace!"

Still, Caine knew what he must do, and a young man
named Enosh, who was the most beloved of Seth's kin,
begged to be made Son to the dark Father.
And Caine, mindful though he was of Uriel's words,
seized Enosh, and wrapped him in the dark Embrace.

And so, it came to pass that Caine beget Enoch and, so doing, named the First City Enoch.
And, so doing, did Enoch beg for a brother, a sister, and Caine, indulgent Father,
gave these to him, and their names were Zillah, whose blood was most-favored of Caine,
and Irad, whose strength served Caine's arm.

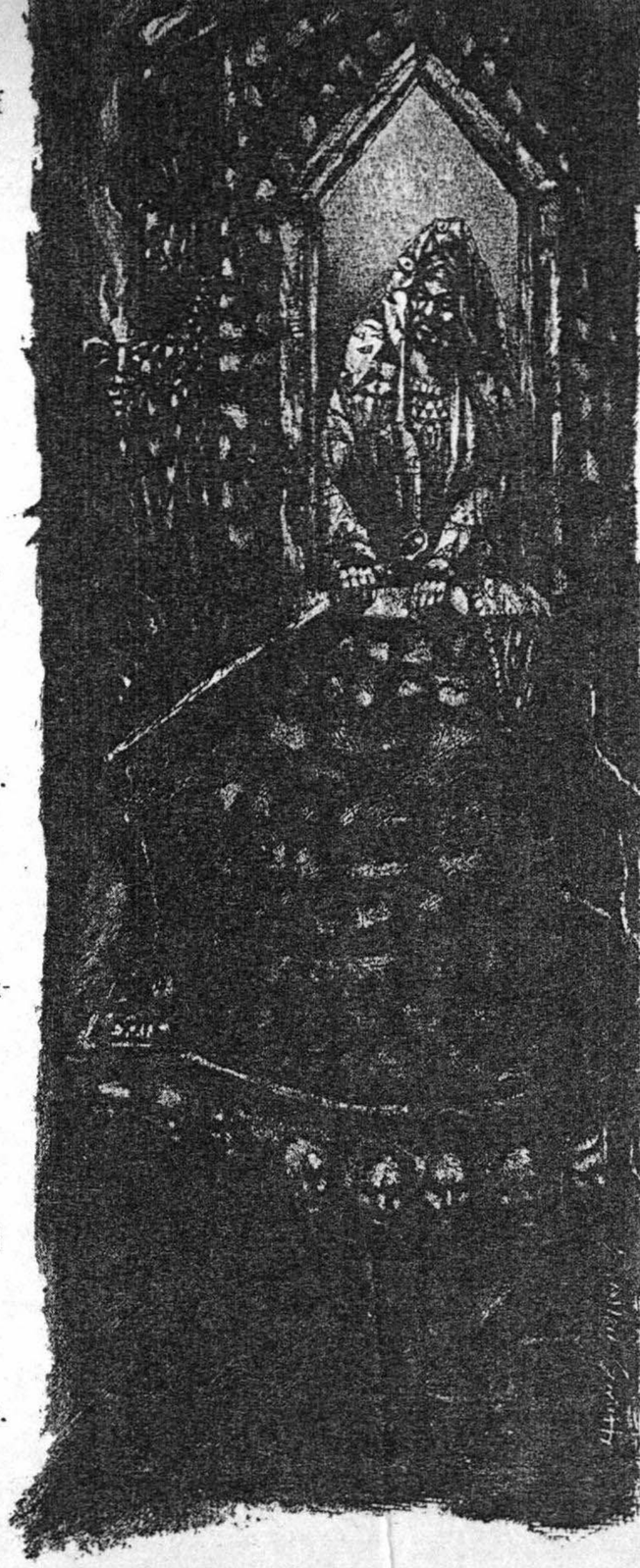
And these Kindred of Caine learned the ways
of making Progeny of their own, and they Embraced more of Seth's kin, unthinking.

And then wise Caine said, "An end to this crime.
There shall be no more."
And as Caine's word was the law, his Brood obeyed him.

The city stood for many ages,
And became the center of a mighty Empire.
Caine grew close to those not like him.
The [children of Seth] knew him
And he, in turn, knew them

But the world grew dark with sin.
Caine's children wandered here and there, indulging their dark ways

Caine felt anger when his children fought
He discovered deceit when he saw them



make word-war
He knew sadness when he saw them abuse [the children of Seth]

Caine read the signs
in the darkening sky,
but said nothing.

Then came the great Deluge, a great flood that washed over the world.
The City was destroyed,
the children of Seth with it.

Again, Caine fell into great sorrow and went into solitude.
And he left us, his Progeny, to our own ends.

Slaves

It is thought that the slaves in Enoch were captured natives of the nation of Seth, the tribe of herders that eventually spawned Noah and his kind. This would add meaning to the biblical idea that the earth was becoming corrupted by evil around the time of Noah, for certainly Caine was indulging himself and his children in the height of this period.

Most slaves labored in the fields to produce food for the human servants of Caine and his children. They were mostly captured outlaws and barbarians, and were probably Dominated into submission. It is only through the name for the slaves that we know that they are slaves: all pictograms depicting slaves in Enoch show them as being collarless and free,

Feeding

I was shocked to learn that the custom of the Blood Feast that the Sabbat are said to partake in was duplicated in ancient times by Caine and his court. At a feast, Caine would have several condemned criminals tied by their ankles to beams above the table. The Kindred present would feed at leisure off these prisoners until they died of the treatment. Drawings depict Caine and several of his childer drinking from a pool of blood that is fed by three inverted mortals bleeding into it.

We know, as well, that much was known during that time about the taste of blood and how to improve it. Several of the "cooks" of Enoch's time learned the various savory herbs and foods and drinks that would, when ingested by the feeding-slave, cause the right balance of sweet and salt, fullness and thinness for the blood of the feeding slaves.

Slaves unable to work in the field were invariably made feeding slaves. These slaves were probably very lovely to look at (one glyph shows a feeding-slave dressed in a veil and jewels) and highly conditioned to respond to the Kiss.

Calendar

Enoch observed the planting seasons, like all agricultural communities. There is evidence that there was a great celebration in the High House of Caine every new moon, and a great thanksgiving night on the day after an eclipse. This may have been when the werewolves were most likely to attack, if indeed it is werewolves that were around during this time, and not demons as some have suggested.

Caine provided a very advanced calendar for the time. On Midsummer's Eve one year, Caine painted a red line of his own blood on the circular wall of his High House. The line magically moved day by day, slowly circling the house until it came back around to the Solstice again. It was through this auspice that Caine provided the citizens of the First City a calendar.

Breeding

Much was learned about the breeding of humans with other humans and either Kindred or kine developed birth control. Humans were bred for specific purposes, such as being strong for feeding, or being a good warrior, or being a good laborer. If you were frequently successful in your tasks, you might get selected to further your line. This would be done in a house called the Temple of Lilith, which was neither a Temple and was probably not even dedicated to Lilith. Two humans would have ritual sex here and then never see each other again, especially if they served two separate masters.

Kindred with Auspex were apparently able to tell immediately that a woman had gotten with child from a union.

Religion

Unlike most cultures of ancient times, there was no religion in Enoch. Caine forbade the worship of the One Above, having turned his face from Him, and allowed his subjects no trips to the temple to become scrubbed from sin. Indeed, Caine would often hold forth in open court about how they were all doomed to rot in hell, about how their plight would fall on deaf ears when the time for Armageddon comes and about how truly evil the Kindred are as a race.

Afterword

Good old Aristotle. You can always trust him to spin a good yarn, even if he should have known better than to believe this crap. He also should have known not to give it to Beckett. Thanks, Beckett, we'll make sure the right people see this. Yeah, right, only 200 copies. Sorry, Aristotle, it's time everyone got a peek at what's been going on.

Also, thanks for the art. Aristotle put together one hell of a collection, didn't he? Beckett said his sire went to the ends of the earth to gather every known piece of art relating to the *Book of Nod*. Can you believe he only wanted "a select few" to see it?

We (that means us — the undead, the Damned, the Kindred, the blood-sucking Leeches from hell) do more damage to this world in one night than an army of Colombian drug dealers could do in their entire lives. Murder, corruption and destruction follow us wherever we go.

Just to give you fine readers an idea of the sort of games we play with your lives, consider a nasty little incident that happened in Boston about 20 years ago. On Sept. 12, 1974, while the prince of the city took a convenient European vacation, a minor elder saw his chance to take out a neonate who had been a thorn in his side.

He ordered his ghouls to take advantage of the racial unrest in the city to attack some of the neonate's mortal allies, who were mostly black. The ghouls followed their orders— and carried them out in the public eye. The neonate's allies had gone to help make sure recent school desegregation plans went off without a hitch. The ghouls attacked them, hoping everyone would blame Boston's racial tension for the attack.

Well, mortals did more than blame the tension; they jumped right in. As soon as the ghouls began their attack, whites who had been protesting school bussing joined them. Maybe the protests would have ended in violence without the ghouls; maybe they wouldn't have. In any case, the elder's orders touched off a firestorm he should have predicted but didn't. Racial violence ran rampant through Boston for more than a month before things began to calm down again.

This is just one example. We've been playing these games for centuries — millennia, if this book has any truth to it. Of course, you mortals aren't the only victims. We do even worse things to each other.

The Elders

The soldiers of tyranny (that has a nice ring to it) are what we call the elders. These are the old dudes who've gotten their part of the pie and are now dead set against anyone else getting anything.

For instance, a bunch of older Kindred in Chicago became royally peeved at a bunch of Licks in Gary. Now, you wouldn't think a few Indiana Licks could threaten the great and powerful lords of Chicago, but that's not how the elders felt. Instead, they cracked down on the city, driving its industry into the dumps, terrorizing its inhabitants, blocking its trade and doing anything else they could think of to make Gary a living hell. They continue these games to this very night. They have gone to a lot of effort just to make unlife difficult for a few minor vampires.

Of course, there are other theories on the matter. I've heard that both groups are pawns of more powerful vampires (like the ones I'll describe later) and that the fighting in Gary has just been a minor sideshow to the main fights. My favorite theory is that a Methuselah is forcing the Chicago elders to worry about Gary so that he can go about his business in Chicago unimpeded.

This seems to be a common part of our eternal Jyhad. Older vampires manipulate younger vampires into oppressing even younger ones. This way, the real old vampires avoid any blame, and the young whippersnappers who might normally contend for their

power become caught up in fights against each other.

An old Cainite once told me how these games had worked in ancient Rome. Apparently, that part of Italy had long been home to a number of Ventrue. As the city grew, however, more Kindred flocked to the city. Soon Malkavians, Lasombra, Setites, Nosferatu and other freakish beings crowded into its limited confines.

Things began coming to a head a few centuries after the destruction of Carthage (the result of another petty Brujah/Ventrue struggle). In Rome's earliest days, the vampire factions battled for control of various senators. When an emperor took over (don't ask me who or what was responsible for that), the whole game changed. One figure held most of the power, and everyone wanted a piece of that action.

Within a few hundred years, several dozen vampires, sorcerers, demons and other creatures were fighting for control of the emperor. For instance, the demonic vampiress Tiamat always tried to stir up whatever wars and mayhem she could. A group of sorcerers called the Order of Mercury pretended to be the defenders of the empire, but were really being manipulated by demons trying to bring it down. A Setite who went by the name "Dahshur" took great pleasure in instilling intense fear in the emperors and the members of their households.

Of course, there were also vampires (especially Ventrue) trying to keep the empire strong. Their efforts, while self-motivated, at least had the aim of keeping the people happy and secure. Their added pull, however, had the unintended result of making things even more confused and chaotic. No emperor could rule effectively while being tugged in so many different directions. Some did well, either because of strong will or a powerful patron, but most failed.

According to the old Cainite, the intrigues of Rome pale when compared to those of ancient Persia. He said almost a thousand vampires flocked to the Persian Empire during its heyday; it was the greatest concentration of vampires the world had ever seen. Of course, they were spread out across Asia Minor, but they were all near-equal in power, and their intrigues were without comparison.

The old Cainite didn't give me any of the names I mentioned here; they're just ones I've come across since he told me about the situation. These three aren't around any more. Others, like the Toreador Caius Petronius, who influenced Nero so much, may still be around. The rest still influence events under a host of names, whether they're known as Dimestico, Maggie Flury, McGrath, Tenga, Typee or whatever.

Most elders aren't that old. Cainites considered elders in Rome have become today's Methuselahs. Other elders did not survive the collapse of the empire, and most who did survive met their ends during the Middle Ages, falling to the Inquisition or the Sabbat. The elders of our age will no doubt follow a similar pattern, and we can hope that whatever will destroy them does so soon.

The elders are a great annoyance, with their self-inflated egos and insistent refusal to acknowledge that they are being controlled by others. They may take the most insane actions, have no good reason for why they acted as they did, and still insist that they acted of their own volition. For instance, a powerful Malkavian used to travel the world, challenging elders to chess games. If he won, he got to commit Diablerie upon the elder. If the elder won, the elder got to commit Diablerie upon the Malkavian. The Malkavian invariably won. Why did the elders keep playing him? Because their masters commanded it, trying to make their pieces more powerful.

Of course, commands are not always necessary. The elders are calculating and devious, but their passions often rule them more intensely than they rule any neonate.

Build up an intense hatred within an elder and she will do everything in her power to destroy the target of that anger. Convince an elder that he loves another, and nothing will come between him and the object of his desire. Often, if an elder acts without rhyme or reason, one can be sure that his long-suppressed emotions have taken over.

Other actions cannot be explained away so easily. When a member of the primogen who has always supported the prince throws her weight behind a contender for the throne, there may be any number of reasons. Maybe her master is at odds with the prince's master. Maybe her master has always opposed the prince's master, but has used her as a double agent, waiting for just the right time to spring his surprise. Maybe a new master has seized control of her.

The answer could be even more diabolical. Maybe her master is also the prince's master, and he hopes to force his enemies to reveal themselves by giving them this opportunity. Maybe one master controls them both, but wants a more capable prince. Perhaps their master wants to use the prince somewhere else, but does not want anyone to believe that the prince has any more usefulness. Ah, yes, you can almost pity the elders when you realize how badly they are being manipulated. Almost.

The Methuselahs

If the elders make up the enlisted ranks in the Jyhad, then the Methuselahs are the lieutenants. These guys are scary. They have powers I can only dream about, and they use them without hesitation. Even those in torpor— and there are a number of them— wield immense influence over the world. Marikasha, a Toreador active at least as early as ancient Crete, now sleeps under a mountain in Tanzania.

From there he uses a small cult called the Blood Bonds. They worship him, for he possesses incredible powers of the mind and can bend others to his will. If one of his followers makes eye contact with someone outside the cult, he can Dominate that outsider through his servant. He can then give the victim telepathic commands and force him to do his bidding. His interests range across the globe, and no one knows when he may want to take control.

Still, these fabulous abilities are only part of the reason Methuselahs are such a threat. Indeed, if their powers were the only reason to fear them, we would not worry. Instead, their big problem, and the main reason they are dangerous, is that far too many of them deny that they are being manipulated from above.

For instance, Brunhilde, a powerful Gangrel in Northwest Europe, battles Ventrue all across the continent, blaming them for the ecological destruction the land has suffered. She does not work with the werewolves, but uses her formidable might in much the same way, destroying factories and those who pollute the land. On the other hand, she has never risen a hand to stop the ecological catastrophes wrought by the old Soviet Union or today's Russia.

Indeed, I have it on very good authority that she helped the old Brujah rulers defeat Garou who tried to stop the environmental rape. Also, when Chernobyl blew up, spreading its poison across Scandinavia, she was noticeably silent. Other Gangrel yelled and screamed, threatening the Brujah, but not her.

Now, this all leads to two conclusions. The first is that her ecological concern is only a front, a lie, but those who meet her feel the fervor of her convictions. The second conclusion is that she has been manipulated by forces in Russia, an idea she would no doubt deny— but which seems to be the only acceptable assumption.

Brunhilde is only the tip of the iceberg and certainly does not count as one of the most powerful Methuselahs. Each clan has its own

rumors of incredibly powerful ancients whose power would make your hair curl and whose actions could only be understood as being under someone else's control.

The Nosferatu speak in dark whispers of monstrous ancestors who inhabit the deepest caverns of the Earth. Brujah elders fear the childer of the clan founder, who despise today's Brujah as the progeny of a traitor. Young Ventrue fear masters who would control every aspect of their existence.

The Methuselahs deserve the fear we feel for them. They make up the heart of the plots within plots with which we must deal. My own earliest encounter with a Methuselah is especially instructive. I had made my home in Peru and made the acquaintance of a group of local anarchs. These self-proclaimed freedom fighters spent most of their time fighting the Sabbat and seemed to have little conflict with the area's prince. (The prince I refer to here is not Carmalita Marie Santo, Prince of Lima, but the Kindred who was the Prince of Arequipa at the time.)

It took me little time to realize that the same Cainite I had noticed manipulating the prince was secretly meeting with some of the anarchs about once a month. Aha! I thought, this elder supports the Camarilla in its war against the Sabbat. Then I realized that the prince had sent a number of his ghouls to support the Shining Path, a terrorist group with definite ties to the Black Hand. This would normally mean that whoever controlled the prince would oppose the enemies of the Shining Path: the government, the military and the church.

Digging deeper, I discovered Giovanni ties to the local church and some of the government leaders, a Setite hold on much of the rest of the government, and Ventrue control of the military and bureaucracy. The Giovanni, however, had used their influence to keep the Inquisition out of Arequipa, the Setites gave the Shining Path much of its money, and the prince was a Ventrue, with close ties to other Blue Bloods.

At this point, I decided my only hope of discovering what was really going on was to keep an eye on the elder— easier said than done. That task became simpler when I met him at a Camarilla conclave in Colombia. The elder, then going by the name Nunêz, introduced himself as an old friend of the Justicar who had called the conclave. He spoke out forcefully for suppressing both anarchs and the Sabbat.

Nunêz and the Justicar spent a great deal of time in secret conferences, and by the end of the conclave, Nunêz had established himself as a great defender of the Camarilla. In the next year, however, I traced his movements across Central and South America, where he met with Sabbat, werewolves, voodoo priests, business executives and even stranger beings.

During these travels, I began to realize just how powerful Nunêz was. In a single night, he appeared, seemingly without effort, in different cities a thousand miles apart. Once he traveled into the deepest parts of the Amazon, the heart of Lupine territory, and returned several nights later, none the worse for his journey. Throughout his travels, his pawns in Arequipa and other places continued to do his bidding as though he was there to give them orders.

When I found myself forced to leave Lima, I lost track of Nunêz for a while. Indeed, our paths did not cross again until last year. I had been hunting an old Gargoyle through the Swiss mountains and stopped in Geneva to present myself to Prince Guillaume. As I waited by a window for a ghoul to announce me, I noticed two vampires lingering in the courtyard far below.

Concentrating, I suddenly realized that one was Nunêz. I did not know the other— a tall, slender vampire of noble bearing— but I listened carefully all the same. What I heard chilled me to what remains of my soul. The two were discussing recent events in Russia, and Nunêz listened as the other described, in

German made even more threatening by a thick Romanian accent, the new Russian threat.

As this unknown vampire stroked his mustache, he spun a tale of destruction and devastation unparalleled in human history. The Antediluvians had awakened one of their greatest puppets, and it would soon unleash its full fury on the world. It had already awakened some of the mightiest terrors of ancients times and now prepared to release these nightmares on an unsuspecting world.

Then he and Nunêz turned their eyes to the sliver of a moon hanging in the sky and laughed.

The Antediluvians

I pray to God that the Antediluvians are the generals of our petty wars, because if there is someone above them, I don't want to know about it. I have little doubt that a number of very powerful Cainites form the base of this maddening Jyhad. Whether there are 13 of them, whether they had the same sire and whether they survived some ancient flood, I don't know.

While I have heard many stories about what these beings used to do, stories concerning their activities since the days of the Roman Empire are exceedingly rare. It seems that many of these beings either went into torpor or met their Final Deaths during this time (the former is the more likely). The Tremere, Giovanni, Tzimisce and Lasombra clan leaders are the obvious exceptions to this.

In each of these cases, legend has it that during the Middle Ages, upstarts committed Diablerie upon the Antediluvians who used to head those clans. I've always found these stories hard to believe. After all, the oldest Kindred I've known had powers beyond belief. If a 4,000-year-old vampire had the power to level a building with a thought, what kind of terror could a 10,000-year-old (or older) Antediluvian of even mightier generation wreak? Could even an army of Methuselahs bring such a creature down?

The paranoia begins again. Did the Antediluvians fake their own ends? Are there other powers which destroyed them and then blamed the destruction on vampires? Did the Antediluvians willingly go to their destruction? If so, why? Did they know something we don't?

Still, the Antediluvians who were extinguished don't worry me nearly as much as the ones who still exist. There must be a purpose to this Jyhad. Such powerful beings cannot be creating such devastation without a reason. What could cause such ancient, mighty and (presumably) brilliant beings to engage in such seemingly petty games?

The most obvious motivation is power. Among the kine, those who have the most power often seem to be the ones most intent on accumulating more. The same appears to be true for the Kindred (with some exceptions), so it would make sense that the most powerful Cainites would be the ones with the greatest lust for more power.

Thus they marshal their forces, controlling mighty vampires with Blood Bonds, Domination, rituals and other methods. They make deals with mighty (non-vampiric) entities and use these to control others. Then they send these mighty forces out to take what the other Antediluvians have built. Bit by bit, they become more powerful. One Gangrel elder even told me that they were trying to become truly godlike in their power and that the werewolves fear the time that mighty vampires become power incarnate.

There is only problem with this theory: at some point, one of the Antediluvians would become more powerful than the others and wipe them out. This has not happened in 10,000 years (well, maybe it has, but you couldn't tell) and does not look like it will happen any time soon. Maybe their plots take an even longer time to come to fruition, or maybe the weaker ones gang up on the stronger until everyone is even, but I do not usually believe that power is their main motivation.

More cynical vampires blame the Jyhad on boredom. The Antediluvians have been around so long, experienced so much and become so jaded that only constant warfare provides them with any stimulation. The only thing that can stir their tired brains is constant conflict with their equals. If this is true, they do not want the game to end, and the Jyhad will continue as long as the Antediluvians exist.

This hypothesis has its weaknesses as well. Surely such mighty minds could find something else to excite them. Mysteries of all kinds exist in this world. An Antediluvian brain turned to unlocking the secrets of magick, science, art or philosophy could remain occupied for eons. Surely that would be more satisfying than endless rounds of manipulation and subterfuge.

Maybe there are higher goals at stake here. It could be a question of good versus evil. For instance, a consortium of Antediluvians, including such notorious ones as Set, Tzimisce, Tremere and Assam (whose real name, I've heard, is either Hashshan al-Safa or Hashshan ibn Canan) may strive to turn our existence into a Hell on Earth for their own nefarious purposes. Only the continued opposition of Brujah (said to be named Troile), Gangrel, Toreador and Ravnos has stopped them.

In this scenario, the other Antediluvians become the swing players, and whichever side the other five end up on will determine the fate of the world. Of course, I have no evidence that something like this exists and base this hypothesis on imagination, not fact. Still, something like this may well exist. Rumors that some of them (especially Set) dealt with devils occur regularly.

Considering the disparity between the clans, it is possible that each Antediluvian strives to create what he considers the best of all possible worlds. For instance, Ventrue wants to create a world where everything is in perfect order, while Toreador wants a world of artistic vision and beauty. They see the others as obstacles to their goals and send their followers out to destroy these obstacles.

Again, I have no direct evidence to support this idea, but such a vision could well motivate at least some of the Antediluvians. If we accept this hypothesis, we must also believe that they have our best interest in mind— albeit in a twisted way. They use us as pawns for our own good.

Then again, maybe they all feel they are doing the bidding of Caine (or God, Odin, Gaia or whatever). We could be dealing with the equivalent of 13 different religious whackos, each one fanatical in her belief that she is the only one who knows what Caine really wants. These religious nuts, however, have the power to back up their claims, and we may be dealing with a real, religious Jyhad.

A final conjecture as to why the Antediluvians carry out their games is the basic issue of survival. The only being powerful enough to threaten an Antediluvian is another Antediluvian. Therefore, none of them can be safe until the other 12 have been destroyed. They can't trust each other enough to stop fighting, and thus the war continues. The only time they work together is when another Antediluvian has become too powerful and they must combine forces to bring that one down.

This would certainly explain such events as the sack of Carthage, when other clans joined the Ventrue in battling the Brujah, or World War I, when a number of clans joined forces against the Tremere and Ventrue. It would also imply that things will get worse, because if the Antediluvians have caused this much carnage with the limited weapons they have had access to so far, think what they might be able to do in the next centuries.

Of course, there is no definite evidence that there are 13 Antediluvians. There could

be more; there could be less. A Malkavian called the Dionysian told a group of Kindred that only one being was behind the Jyhad. While someone else later told me the Dionysian was speaking metaphorically, that the one being he was referring to was really each individual vampire, it is equally interesting when considered as a fact.

What if all of this is the work of one powerful Antediluvian acting in ways we cannot even begin to fathom? What if he has manipulated everyone who has been manipulated for his own nefarious scheme? Are you prepared for what the result would be?

Caine

Rumors involving Caine pop up regularly. Anyone who takes them seriously is a fool or a Malkavian. If Caine did return, we could all just close the coffin and turn off the lights, because that would begin the endgame. Still, different vampires have their own reasons for crying Caine.

For instance, when a couple of South African Nosferatu wanted to force the Camarilla to take down an abusive prince, they faked a Caine sighting. Using their Obfuscation, and aided by a Toreador and her Presence, they really shook up the local Kindred— and a lot of mortals as well. Sure enough, that caught a Justicar's eye.

The Justicar and his Archons stormed into Johannesburg, interrogated everyone and dug up a bunch of Cainites no one even knew were in town. The Justicar forced the prince to step down, all right. He also destroyed the neonates who began the whole thing, as well as number of other Kindred. A threat to the Masquerade was the official reason. The Justicar's annoyance was probably the real reason.

A Sabbat Noddist once gave me some keen insight into the stories about Caine. He noted that the one common denominator between almost all the Caine sightings was the false Caine's call for followers. Rarely does a vampire say, "I saw Caine and he just wants to be left alone." A more indicative event occurred in Madagascar, when a powerful, shining figure appeared near the capital city. He claimed to be Caine, called for followers and then disappeared with almost a third of the island's vampiric population. Nobody has offered an explanation for how or why this happened.

The Noddist contends that these stories recall the particular circumstances of our Embrace. He claims that the actual event differs little from our original births as mortals, but while a baby has two parents, a fledgling is lucky to have even a single sire to introduce her into the new world.

Caine then becomes a mythical father figure, capable of righting all wrongs and nullifying the tragedy of our existence. Longing for Caine is longing for a release from worry and responsibility, and hoping for a golden world of childhood.

The Noddist said this was but one of a number of explanations for Caine. A more heretical one sees Caine as a projection created by vampires longing for perfection. By this theory, we see ourselves as imperfect, and in contemplating our own inner beings, imagine an image of perfection. Since we are not without fault, we project this outward, and this projection becomes Caine. By this reasoning, even the first vampire (Caine, if you will) had the same feelings of incompleteness which we have and imagined his own "Caine."

Beware, Kindred, Beware

So who am I, and why am I releasing all this information? Well, as my own sire, Sennacherib, always said, "You've gotta shake them up before you shake them down." I'm tired of these ancient games. Even knowing what I know, I would prefer to see them end.

You see, I know far more about the Jyhad than most vampires my age. My experience with it predates the century I have been a vampire, or the thirty years I was alive before that. I am one of the Jocastatians, and like Aristotle de Laurent's brethren, I know that knowledge lies at the center of our unlives. While Aristotle seeks the knowledge of his ancestors, however, we devour the memories of ours.

Within me lives Sennacherib, his sire Ismene and more. Eyes not my own have witnessed the Jyhad in its many forms, and now these images continue on through me. Those I destroy, after drinking their "heart's blood", I keep with me forever. Their might becomes my own, and every soul I take adds to my own power.

This also add to my confusion. Every time I do this, I learn things I never expected and see events from new perspectives. The old adage that there are two sides to every issue is not true. There are as many sides to an issue as there are people involved in the issue, and then some. I have seen this Jyhad as experienced by elders and anarchs, Sabbat and Archons, independents and willing pawns.

The only conclusion I can make from all of this is that the war is wrong. I have seen nothing which can justify the horrors we have wrought, and I must say every vampire— whether Camarilla, Sabbat, Inconnu or anything else— is to blame. We do little or nothing to stop this travesty, and it continues decade after decade.

Thus we make these documents available to everyone. I have no control over whether you believe this book or not, but it will open your eyes. Kindred and kine alike need to know that this goes on. Mortals and immortals both need to see how horribly the actions of a few powerful beings corrupts the world. Finally, these ancient manipulators need to learn fear, for their games must not continue forever.

The question you must ask is how much you can trust me. After all, the different factions in the Jyhad have mastered the art of deception and disinformation. For all you know, I could be an elder feeding you exactly the story I want you to hear so you won't go looking for the real one.

Now that I've planted that seed of doubt in your mind, I could be a member of the Black Hand trying to stir up discord between young and old members of the Camarilla. I designed everything negative I've written about the sect to give my words greater credibility and cover my own involvement.

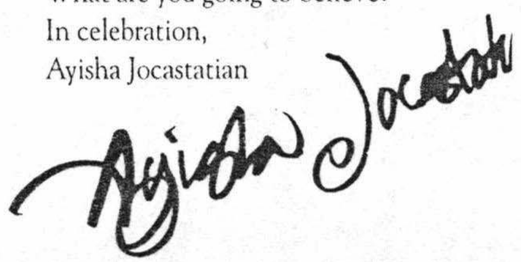
In setting you against both the Camarilla and the Sabbat, I reveal myself as a Giovanni intent on increasing the tensions between the two groups so that my clan can seize more power. So, as you doubt all the major vampiric powers, you can come to the realization that I'm really a Setite dedicated to setting all vampires at each others' throats.

Actually, I'm not really a vampire at all. I'm a hunter, and by fomenting this much distrust, I ensure that vampires will continue destroying each other and make my job easier. In putting this much doubt in your mind, I can now say that I really am an elder, and I've written these past four paragraphs to make sure you won't trust that statement.

What are you going to believe?

In celebration,

Ayisha Jocastatian



Lexicon

Anarch: Rebel Kindred who reject the authority of the elders.

Antediluvians: One of the thirteen third-generation Kindred; Grandchilder of Caine. Each founded a Clan.

Archons: Powerful Camarilla warriors charged with enforcing the Masquerade and the Traditions.

The Beast: The hateful drives that push a vampire to become a monster. The push to Frenzy.

Blood Bond: (Blood Oath) A mystical rite binding the will of one Kindred to another.

Camarilla: Global Conclave of seven Clans and free Kindred. Created to enforce the Masquerade.

Caine: The first child of Adam and Eve. Thought to be the first vampire.

Cainite: A vampire, usually of great age.

Caitiff: Clanless Kindred.

Clan: A group of vampires descended from a particular Antediluvian.

Elder: Old vampire, more than 300 years old. Note that some anarchs from the original anarch revolt are now Elders.

Embrace: The bite. The process of making a human into a vampire.

Frenzy: The state of berserk bloodlust. The Beast unleashed.

Gehenna: Kindred Armageddon, when the Antediluvians awaken to consume their young.

Golconda: Kindred salvation, in which the vampire is freed of bloodlust and the urges of the Beast.

Inquisition: The war humans waged on vampires in the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth century.

Justicars: Camarilla enforcers.

Jyhad: The games the Antediluvians play. The Jyhad finds expression in the Anarch War, oppression of neonates by the elders, and the Sabbat-Camarilla War.

Kindred: Vampires

Kine: Mortals.

Masquerade: The effort to hide Kindred from the world of mortals.

Neonate: (Childe, Childer, Neonate, Fledgling): Young vampire, recently Embraced.

Prince: The vampiric ruler of a city

Sabbat: Global organization of two clans and free Kindred that grew out of the Anarch Rebellion.

Sire: Parent and creator of a vampire. Used for both men and women.