

THE
KINDRED
MOST WANTED



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The Eternal Crime

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Word from the White Wolf Game Studio

It's taken us some time, but White Wolf fiction is out and about. Aside from such game aids as **The Book of Nod** and **Drums Around the Fire**, we have released the first Vampire anthology, **The Beast Within**. In addition, White Wolf will be publishing the awesome works of Michael Moorcock as well as the critically acclaimed **Borderlands** horror series. What this all means, however, is that White Wolf is on the lookout for good writers. If you are interested in writing fiction, the person to contact is Stewart Wieck, our fiction head (or is that head fiction?).

Author's Acknowledgements

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Dedicated to Dee, my mother, who really did believe.

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July 13, 1994

My Darling Kindred Valerius,

If you are actually reading these words, two things have occurred. The first is that our transaction has proceeded without treachery and I have not had to butcher you. Secondly, I have verified that the Concoction of Vitality that you've procured from the Sabbat is the genuine article, and it is now in my hands. The potion's recipe is a suitable exchange for this letter's information concerning the Red List, also known as the Camarilla's Most Wanted. I know you will find it as absorbing as I have.

Here is the point where warnings are in order. The first concerns your fascination with me, your questions and your pathetic attempts to woo me over to your banner. You would do well to forget about me, as your curiosity is becoming hazardous to your own survival. If you ever attempt to contact me again, I'll make certain that your odd-colored eyes are burned out by the sun. I do hope we have an understanding.

Beyond this, I think your attempt of assembling the Most Wanted is highly impractical, if not a little insane. If you trust no one, what makes you believe that anyone will trust you? Still, we are all spiders in human form, thirsting for blood and for conspiracies. Why deny yours? Perhaps, if you fail, I'll succeed in molding the Anathema into a sect of my own.

The second warning comes with the information that I have included in this letter. Do not be misled by the appearance of the Most Wanted List. Even though it was drawn up in the same era as J. Edgar Hoover's mortal version, there are fundamental differences between the two. Pay attention.

The Camarilla's Most Wanted is not a mere list of guilty criminals; it is an arena for vendetta, pitting the Justicars of the seven clans against their opponents. Since the names on the List are under a Camarilla-wide Blood Hunt, it acts as a cooperative foil against any foe whom the Justicars may want to destroy. There are few on the Red List, with the exceptions of you and I, who deserve the weight of vampire society on their heads. Any of them will tell you that they are innocent. But you and I know that the innocent voice is usually small and often drowned in an ocean of heartlessness. We know also the power of the Justicars and the danger of their whims.

You will find a computer file enclosed in this package containing the names of those on the Red List. You understand that the information could be out of date. I do try to keep up on the politics of the List; call it a pet project of mine if you like. However, my contacts are not as reliable as they have been in the past.

You'll note that my own name occupies the top of the List. I hope this does not surprise you.

The Red List was compiled in the United States during the thirties, a time when Hoover, the head of the FBI, assembled his own register of enemies. Of course, the Camarilla was not immune to the political tides sweeping the world in that era. Their two-century war with the Sabbat in the New World left them in a perpetual state of anxiety. It was a time for dissent, indecision and broken rules. Such chaos, my darling, and such mouth-watering ruthlessness! It was a glorious time to be in power.

During that time, the Justicar of Clan Ventrue was replaced by an impostor: me. I held his position for five years, manipulating the vast resources of the bloodline as well as removing enemies I've acquired through the centuries. Don't ask me how I did it. It's a matter of record now; I am not the sort to boast on past successes, nor do I relinquish personal secrets.

Even before 1937, when I was discovered and forced to flee, the Camarilla had toyed with the idea of creating a special Blood Hunt to deal with threats to the sect at large. When I was unearthed (excuse the pun), the half-hearted debate became a focused imperative. Oh, but I frightened them so badly. The Red List was compiled in the wake of my departure after the Ventrue appointed a new Justicar. The humiliated clan fairly shoved it down the throat of the Camarilla.

Their first order of business was the creation of the Alastor, a special group of Archons devoted specifically to the hunting of the Anathema, as the occupants of the Red List were soon known. At first, these hunters had some impressive successes. They moved in silently and murdered Anathema who didn't even know that the Red List existed, much less that they were on it.

We know how hard it is for the Toreador to keep secrets. Give them a soapbox, and they will stand on it and blab until the sun comes up. The secrecy of the List was broken only a decade after it was formed. During that era, considering that I was the first priority for execution, I busied myself killing any Alastor who got close. After the losses sustained by my efforts, the Justicars finally decided to open the hunt to the rest of the Camarilla. It was a perfect response to a perfect tactic. I had them running around like rats in a maze.

For a brief while, my kind was an endangered species. The rabble of the Camarilla's lowest rungs saw an easy way to move up the ladder of prestige simply by bringing me (and the others) to justice. Obviously, the next logical

thing for me to do was to slaughter numerous thrill-seekers. They needed the fear of Kemintiri put into them, and bloodshed soon cooled their fever for hunting us. For these weekend warriors, bringing in my carcass wasn't worth the risk of getting slaughtered, especially when the reward was little more than a pat on the back from their oppressors.

There were other problems developing for the Justicars as well. Some lucky Brujah punk took down an Anathema and actually committed diablerie on him. Can you imagine the uproar? Of course, she was added to the List and killed a year later. But the Justicars were left with the problem of incentive. The fervor to kill Anathema was understandably dwindling. Your garden-variety neonate was hiding whenever it was merely suggested that I was in town. You've probably heard many of the rumors I started during that time. I spread them cleverly through mortal journalists; they are vampires in their own right, are they not?

In the early seventies, the Justicars invented the Trophy, a mark of distinction and honor granted to a sect member who captured or killed an Anathema and brought proof of his victory. The Trophy translated to little more than a bribe, quickly adding fuel to the fire of Camarilla politics. Now there is a sudden renewed interest in hunting the Anathema. All we can do is hide well and inspire enough fear to make the hunters careless. For me, it's a sport I've enjoyed for millennia, but it still annoys me that the damn Justicars outmaneuvered me a half-century ago. If you ask me, there should be seven more spaces on the List reserved for them. Or maybe we should just point the journalists in their direction.

Still, the Justicars do continue to make awful blunders. Take the newest trend. For those street-walking Kindred who bring in an Anathema, but who are not Alastors (or even Archons) to begin with, there is a special prize. These lucky heroes are inducted into the Alastors' ranks. I guess the Justicars figure that if you did it once, you can do it again. Talk about job security. I doubt this trend will last long, though. The mortality rates among these grandfathered-in Alastors are, I've heard, much higher than those of the well-trained veterans. To me, surviving a second encounter with an Anathema is like asking lightning to strike twice the same place.

Now the nineties are here. Who knows what will happen? Obviously, the Anathema have been galvanized to adapt to the danger. We are becoming perfect in our desperation, our hostility, our instinct to survive. We are the cockroaches of vampire society, scurrying in the shadows of our hunters and

feeding on their ruin. If our reflection of Kindred virtue is vile, then shouldn't our crimes become the epitome of vileness?

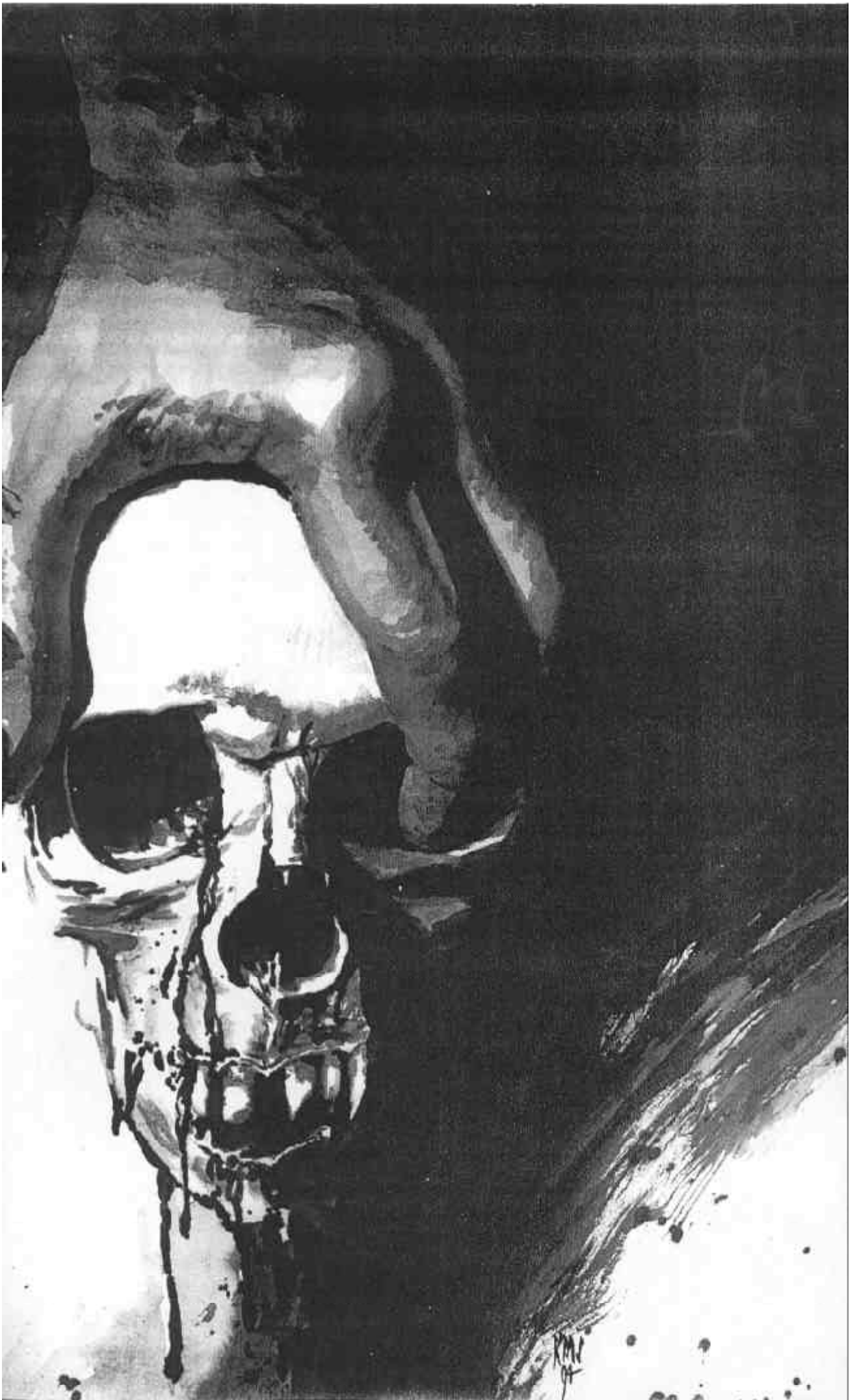
We have no chance for redemption or reprieve. None of us, Valerius. It really doesn't matter what we did or who we pissed off. We advance in the hierarchy of our sins, sins committed in defense of our lives. We justify our existence on the Red List by defying its makers. The original list of ten has now evolved to thirteen. No doubt, it will become more in the future as the Big Night approaches.

In closing, I'd like to remind you of the enclosed computer file. It contains an inventory of the names, histories (as much as I could gather) and other information on the current members of our exclusive club. I've even included copies of our wanted posters, in case you haven't had the pleasure of reading one in some Toreador bathroom. I am positive that three of the Anathema on the List are no longer alive; your name has filled one of their places. Whatever your warped plans, the information should be enough to sustain your efforts.

Keep in mind that if one of us is taken down, the List is re-prioritized and another name is put somewhere in the vacuum. I, of course, am far too fond of my place at the top to give it up. You'll hear more of the terrors that I'll bring to the Kindred in the nights to come. In time, the Camarilla will understand how wise it was to put me at the very top of the List. I'll continue to use Alastors as my scratching posts, and you will too, if you have half a brain. Atrocities committed by any one of us strengthens the fear that we all use as weapons. Good luck on your plans for world domination. I'll see you around Gehenna, if they don't get you first.

Black Kisses,

Kemintiri



CHAPTER ONE

INTRODUCTION

Commit a crime and the world is made of glass. There is no such thing as concealment.

— Ralph Waldo Emerson, "Compensation"

The Kindred Most Wanted

All the evil in the world is the fault of the self-styled pure in heart, a result of their eagerness to unearth secrets and expose them to the light of the sun.

— Jean Giraudoux, *Electra*

The purpose of **The Kindred Most Wanted** is to acquaint you with some of the most cunning and dangerous creatures ever called under a Blood Hunt. Conversely, there are those who are innocent, whose membership in this nefarious group may have come for no better reason than the personal enmity of a powerful vampire. The capture or destruction of these Anathema is mandated by the Camarilla as a whole. Other sects and bloodlines, such as the Sabbat and the Setites, also seek some of the Anathema.

Each listing also includes a wanted poster with information on the Anathema's crimes, suspected abilities and territorial ranges. The dossiers on the Anathema will provide the Storyteller with information, including details not generally known among the Camarilla. Book Two, *Redemption and Damnation*, is a story about the political maneuverings of the Anathema and their adversaries. The characters will need to be resourceful to avoid being caught between the two.

The Anathema are extremely cunning and ingenious. Those who survive the initial secrecy of the Red List stay on the move, trust no one and adhere

to rigid laws of survival. Few are careless, and none will be taken easily. Because they move about constantly, they can turn up anywhere. This allows the Storyteller to integrate them into any chronicle, including those set among Sabbat, hunters, werewolves or mages.

These arch-criminals are rare, but wherever they go, they soon feel the intrigue that accompanies any one of them. If they were inculpable before their induction onto the Red List, they now manipulate the world around them in every possible manner to remain a step ahead of their hunters.

The Red List is not innocent of abuses. Players and characters should doubt the validity of the Anathema's guilt. Unquestionably, the Anathema will do their utmost to persuade, cajole or threaten cooperation from neonates. Many will have schemes wherein the players can serve a practical purpose. Additionally, the Camarilla has been known to put less-than-fearsome Kindred on the List, tell everyone how frightening these unfortunates are, and then catch them immediately, thus proving its power.

Any Kindred who willingly aid in the escape of an Anathema, or advance the ambitions of an Anathema, may find that boons are granted by the outlaw in gratitude. Of course, there is retribution from the character's sect or clan to consider. Considering the

gravity of the Red List, anyone who is discovered to be aiding an Anathema will surely have to flee for her life.

The Alastor

*All this time, spinning round and round,
Made the same mistakes, that we've always found
Surely now, we could move along
Make a better world; know it can be wrong.*

— The Beloved, *Sweet Harmony*

When the Justicars first drafted the Red List, they decided that it would require a special group of archons to concentrate on enforcing it. There were two reasons for this. Outwardly, the Inner Circle of the Camarilla had to justify the List and give it weight. Certainly, after having one of their Justicars impregnated by an ancient Setite, they wanted this importance to trickle down to their subordinates. Secretly, they began using the Alastor ("Avengers") for purposes other than simply hunting the Anathema.

While these secret police of the Camarilla travel about in search of the criminals on the List, they also advance the schemes and eliminate the enemies of their superiors. Accidents are arranged to remove rivals protected by Camarilla law. This is a delicate objective, especially considering the interclan warfare that could be sparked by such a gross abuse of power.

Since archons act as the voices of the Justicars, many vampires know who they are, thus limiting the archons' ability to act surreptitiously. The Alastor are the clan's secret eyes. The pretext of hunting the Anathema can allow them to infiltrate anywhere. If an Alastor is discovered by the local powers—that is, he can theoretically expect complete immunity, even if he is caught in an act that does not involve her normal duties.

Most princes will send an Alastor back to the Justicars, occasionally with accusations attached. Some princes may be inclined to slay an Alastor, if possible, and claim ignorance of the hunter's identity. The Alastor maintain their right to secrecy. They argue that an Anathema could be hidden in the power structure of a city and could be tipped off if the hunters operated openly.

The Justicars, for their part, officially reprimand any Alastor who is caught incognito in a city, especially if the Alastor's activities are proven by the prince or her primogen to be unrelated to hunting an Anathema. The princes are coming to realize that an Alastor has unspoken *carte blanche*. A prince will usually leave an Alastor alone if she discovers him — unless she happens to be the Alastor's target.

Destroying an Alastor is generally "forgiven" by a Justicar if the prince can prove the Alastor had ulterior motives, but this is not the end of the matter. The Justicar will then inquire as to what reasons the Alastor may have had to attack the prince (or primogen) and open an investigation which can be used to destroy his opponents anyway. Sometimes, a non-lethal attack can be used to bring a prince back into line quietly.

Alastors are typically well-armed and, if originally archons, well-trained. If a character manages to destroy an Anathema, a Justicar will bring her into the Alastor fold while limiting her access to information and equipment. This new Alastor can then be sent out to deal with any threat that the Justicar desires. Since these new Alastors were probably lucky on their initial kill, they are not expected to survive.

Older Alastors usually rise from archon positions where they served well and with distinction. There is a small group within the order known as the Red Alastor. Each member has brought to justice an Anathema from among the first five rankings on the List. As with any Alastor, they answer to no one but their Justicar and the Camarilla's Inner Circle.

It should be noted that the Alastor believe they are doing the right thing by hunting these Anathema "monsters" and making the world a safer place for the Camarilla. Most of them are fanatically loyal and will battle to the death for this principle.

Any Alastor who wears the Trophy Mark (or Mark of the Beast, as it is commonly known) usually has gloves to conceal it. The current trend of gloves among other archons no doubt acts to conceal the real Alastors as well as heightening the uncertainty of those who deal with archons.

The Trophy

There is a sublime thieving in all going.

Someone gives us all he has and we are his.

— Eric Hoffer, "The Passionate State of Mind"

Prestige is valuable in the societies of the Kindred, and individual vampires find climbing up the ladder of prestige to be an arduous task at best. With the destruction of an Anathema, however, a successful hunter can advance through the ranks overnight. The Trophy, permanently tattooed on the vampire's hand, is a mark worn by someone who accomplishes such a feat. It symbolizes courage and forbearance in the face of overwhelming odds. A Justicar will magically tattoo the mark on a vampire's hand.

Unknown to most Alastors, the ink of the tattoo is mixed with blood and has a ritual cast upon it which allows properly trained archons to instantly identify an Alastor. Archons with at least

Thaumaturgy 3 can see it, even through gloves. This allows the Justicars to keep tabs on their most skilled killers. Defections of Alastors to the Sabbat are rumored to have taken place; furthermore, it is said that the Sabbat has learned to destroy the Mark of the Beast and render an Alastor undetectable.

The purpose of the Mark is to give the Alastor the ability to call upon the aid of a prince or other vampires when necessary. The Mark also guarantees hospitality, as well as hunting privileges. Although the amount of time that this hospitality is granted is subject to the Prince's discretion, it is to be suffered by her for a minimum of 13 nights.

Some of the benefits that come with the Trophy are listed below. It should be noted that dispensation of these boons is completely dependent upon the gratitude of the clan offering them. A clan is usually very particular about limiting the methods of acquiring an Anathema when a Trophy is offered. For instance, a clan will not pay up if an Anathema is brought in dead if the clan wanted her alive.

Any Boons marked with an (*) asterisk should be considered secret rewards. A wise player will allow an Alastor to take credit for the Trophy. Since Alastors cannot claim the actual benefits that come with the Trophy (after all, it is their job), they gain no prestige. Alastors have little need for prestige anyway, since they are usually secretive operatives. Their acceptance of a Trophy enhances their own usefulness to their Justicar and, by consequence, allows them to reap material rewards. By forgoing prestige, a character will be secretly rewarded by that clan in ways that increase her own resources without requiring the clan to convey prestige.

Trophy Boons

1. Immunity to Blood Hunts
2. Breaking of a Blood Bond (if possible) (*)
3. Allowance to make progeny
4. Life Boon
5. Monetary rewards
6. Grant of domain (This may be given in any clan-held city, though it may cause enmity from the prince.)
7. Sanctioned Diablerie (*)
8. Teaching of Disciplines not possessed by the hunter
9. Indulgence (complete forgiveness by a Justicar of past transgressions.)
10. Sanctioned slaying (the right to kill an enemy, although the enemy may defend herself. If successful and caught, the Justicar will let the killer off the hook.)
11. Clan friendship

12. Safe passage to another city

13. Grant of haven

14. Grant of retainers (the hunter is allowed to make ghouls)

The hunter also usually gets to keep all of the Anathema's possessions.

The Politics of Trophy

There is a sleeping cop within all of us. He must be killed.

— Graffiti written during the French Student Revolt, May 1968

The Storyteller should feel free to add any other privileges that she may deem appropriate. Such rewards should cause interesting problems for the recipients. Few victories in the world of the Kindred are without their repercussions. Jealousy among other Kindred will surely appear. Characters should be encouraged to parlay their successes for anonymous favors. A prince of a city whose prestige might be enhanced by the claiming a character's Trophy might be very grateful and grant rewards without the strings that come attached to a Justicar's gift.

Rewards of Trophy are always a showy affair, usually accompanied by posturing by the successful clan. The hunter must bring proof of her success. This includes a staked Anathema or her remains. Falsification of any kind usually creates intense animosity with the Trophy clan. The Auspex power of Spirit's Touch will reveal most ruses, and the Tremere can use certain rituals to authenticate corpses.

The winner of the Trophy, while gaining prestige among the lower levels of Camarilla society, will remain under intense scrutiny from the top. If she becomes a nuisance, using her newly found status in objectionable ways, she may be warned or even destroyed. The Camarilla prefers to recruit those who destroy a potent Anathema, particularly if the destroyers can be of further benefit to the sect.

The Justicars frequently use Trophies to shift power within their clans. Even an undeserving hunter may find herself given lavish gifts— taken from a previous owner. This is especially true with grants of domain. Favors and punishments are traded in this system as much as anywhere else.

In most cases, a clan has a decade in which to catch an Anathema. If it fails, the burden can shift to another clan, which will ostensibly offer greater

incentives than the previous one. There are rare cases where a particular Anathema is a thorn in the side of a specific clan. Sometimes the clan can convince the Justicars to grant them extended Trophy. This is illustrated by Clan Ventrue, which has held the Trophy for Keminitiri for the past half-century.

Justicar's Cooperation

*The brain may devise laws for the blood,
but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree.*

— Shakespeare, *The Merchant of Venice*

If there is anything that the Justicars agree on, it is the necessity of destroying those on the Red List. Considering the recent growth of the Sabbat and the threat to Camarilla unity that it poses, the Anathema issue is a major binding force within the sect. Of late, the higher echelons of the Camarilla have heard rumors that the Anathema may themselves be uniting against the sect, making their extermination a priority.

The Red List is not static. As soon as an opening appears, the Justicars will meet and debate on who to place on it next. Normally, the Justicar who wins the debate has the Trophy and her "nominee" added to the roster. The void is never vacant for long. Sometimes an individual who has merely offended a Justicar is added. This status is usually temporary, as the Alastor can be in place and ready for the kill even before the edict is declared.

This practice must be subtle. The Justicar in question usually refrains from placing someone on the List who could be dealt with through normal channels. Such open vindictiveness would bankrupt the entire prestige system woven into the Trophy. Notwithstanding, a Justicar's enemies may find their names added, with an impressive inventory of charges trumped against them.

Behind closed doors, anyone's unlife may be laid on the line. At times, the threat of being placed on the Red List provides an effective blackmail tool to quench the fires of rebellion or gain something a Justicar covets. It is not unusual for a few Justicars to assemble their Alastors openly around a particular enemy and weakly debate her qualifications to be added to the List, only to withdraw their nomination later. This scare tactic reminds the target of the power the Justicars wield.

It is not surprising that when a vacancy appears, flattery abounds, and everyone is on their best behavior until a new unfortunate is chosen.

A Warning to Diabolists

For greed, all nature is too little.

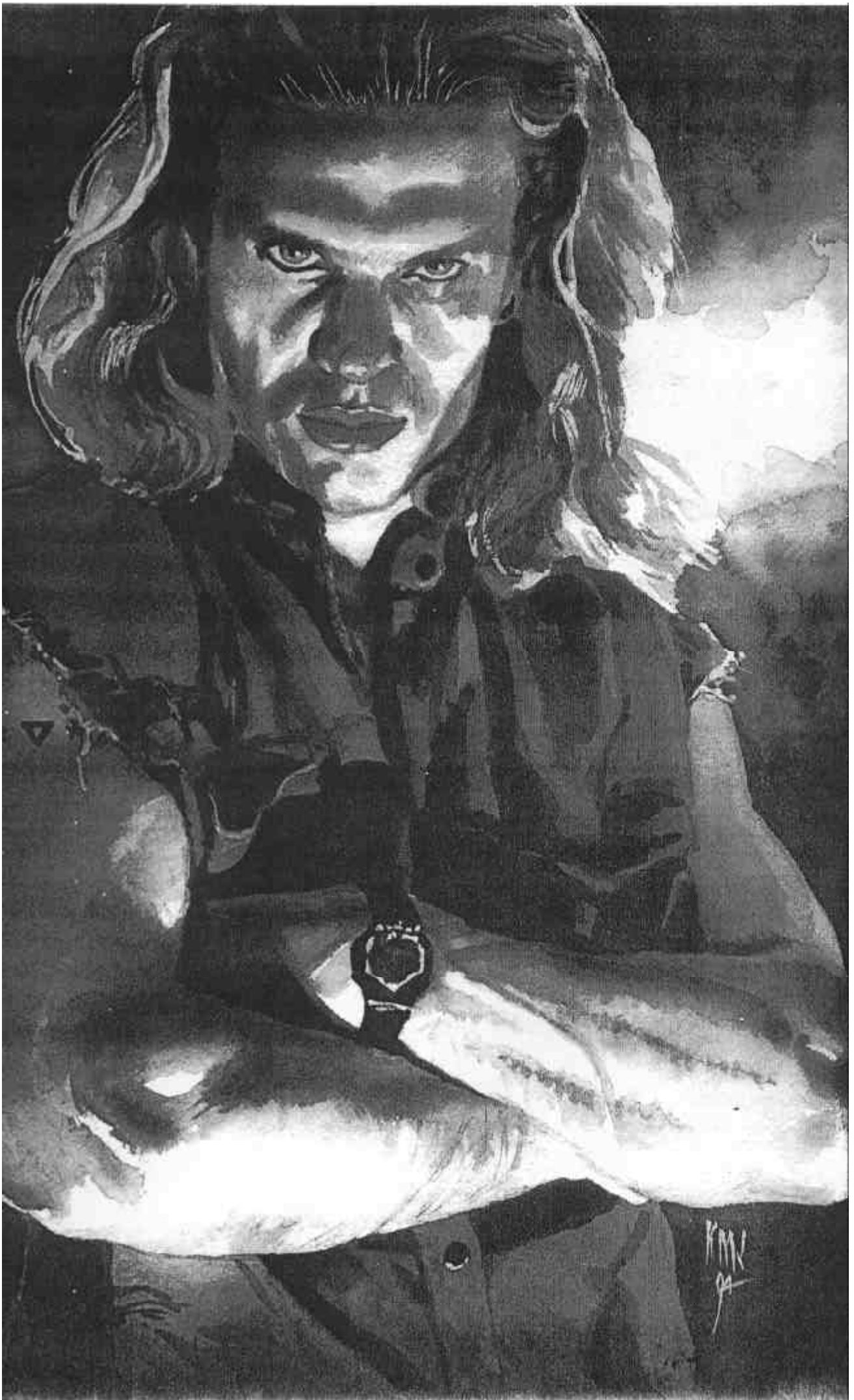
— Seneca, *Letters to Lucilius*

The surest way to become an Anathema is to commit diablerie on one. As abhorrent as diablerie is to the members of the Camarilla, it becomes all the more menacing with the peculiar mythology surrounding the Anathema. They are the monsters under the Camarilla's bed, frequently rumored to have aberrant powers and cannibalistic tastes. They are a supernatural freakshow, with blood considered almost demonic in its nature.

Since many of the Anathema are Methuselahs, there are plenty of power-seekers who would risk being placed on the List in order to better their generation. If not for the brutal penalties placed on Diabolists, the Trophy would be scant temptation by comparison.

The Justicars spread rumors that staked Anathema arouse distrust among them, and that they watch one another until the victim is truly destroyed. In reality, they trade and sell Anathema blood like they do everything else, and it is suspected that they drink of it freely behind their masks.





ANGELO, THE BLOOD BROTHER

Self-Preservation is the first principle of our nature.
— Alexander Hamilton, *A Full Vindication*

His Life

When the 1966 riots tore through Los Angeles in the wake of the Sabbat siege on the city, the members of a nomadic Sabbat pack witnessed a scene of destruction and anger that could not fail to impress them. A mortal gang ran through the streets, torching building after building. The gang's leader, a young man named Angelo, flew along on a concoction of drugs, including PCP, cocaine and methamphetamine, with many others thrown in for good measure.

This was to be Angelo's night to die, the night he would be released from the haunting memory of his little brother's death at the hands of a rival gang. It was his 18th birthday, and he celebrated by swallowing or injecting every drug that his fellow gang members could get for him. In commemoration of his imminent suicide, he led a personal campaign against the city. He howled amidst the conflagration as his veins filled with a mixture that could have incapacitated a dozen men. His heart beat so fast that he could hardly breathe.

The Sabbat pack immediately began the Fire Dance, leaping through the flames and laughing with wild jubilation. As the other members of Angelo's gang ran in horror, he maniacally joined in the Sabbat ritual. The vampire began to playfully

terrorize the boy, hissing through gleaming fangs. Angelo laughed, plunging his hands into coals and fanning fountains of sparks over the vampires. They screeched in hideous appreciation.

They reached a unanimous decision that Angelo should be Embraced, even though he appeared to be madder than the vampires would have preferred. They took the boy to a nearby cemetery, tore at his clothing and made him dance naked through a fire as they lapped his blood from claw-drawn wounds.

Angelo hardly felt the pain, but brief moments of lucidity allowed him to discern the alarm that was rising from his subconscious. His dance became a struggle. His isolation from his family and friends shocked him now as the vampires brought him to the gravestone. Locked in their grip, he waited in horror.

They slowly drained his blood. The myriad of drugs that Angelo had swallowed now began working their chemical sorcery in the veins and brains of the Panders. They stumbled about, opening wounds in themselves and draining their blood into Angelo's mouth with wanton glee. Some of them painted their names on his body with their blood. Some fell laughing into the grave that they'd dug for their victim and the pack began burying them. They went from wild to wilder as Angelo was reborn.

As the orgy of blood culminated, Angelo's head began clearing. Power flooded his being. He survived the Sabbath with loathing and fear. The vampires lost themselves to a rhapsody of chemicals. He scrambled from the stone and bolted from the grounds. Even as they stumbled after him, he disappeared into the anonymity of the smoke-filled streets.

His Unlife

Angelo had escaped the pack. The Panders were still under the spell of drugs that could knock out half a dozen men, and they perished in the rising sun that morning.

Weakened and depleted of blood, Angelo took refuge in an old warehouse. Unknown to him, it was a meeting place for a number of Sabbath ghouls hunting for Caitiff, which their masters required for a Thaumaturgical experiment. As Angelo dreamed of his little brother falling under the weight of a bullet, the ghouls incapacitated him with a shaft of wood. Silent as shadows, they carried him to the haven of their masters.

Awaiting the staked Caitiff were Trimisce and Tremere *animbis* who believed that they had advanced the techniques of creating Blood Brothers, a bloodline that began in Europe. Angelo was submitted to their latest procedures, unable to move after the stake was roughly jerked out of his vital organ. Despite his paralysis, he felt every moment of flesh-warping agony and sensed the terror of the Other Ones. His brothers-to-be screamed inside their twisting prisons of flesh. Angelo seemed to hear their very thoughts. His head was lifted by ancient vampire hands as he felt their blood pour down his throat in the Tremere's attempt to bind him to them.

The drugs Angelo had taken still moved through his brain, playing tricks on his mind. He dreamed of his brother again as the screams of the other test subjects echoed through the haze in his mind. He tried to reach out to them, to protect them, but he felt like a prisoner in a body of fire.

Angelo emerged from the ritual curiously refined, physically perfect in every conceivable manner. The sheer flawlessness of his appearance amazed his captors even as the repulsive hideousness of his "brothers" appalled them. Viewing Angelo with *Auspex*, the Trimisce noted twin motes of red light in his aura. Sometimes his aura swelled into a great, shapeless beast with crimson sparks for eyes. Stranger yet, these sparks seem to follow the path of the Sorcerers as they moved around the boy.

Soon, his strength and other physical capabilities began to manifest. Besides his shocking attractiveness, which held an almost magnetic quality to his captors, his agility and endurance were

superb. His already heightened senses had increased, allowing him to anticipate blows before they fell. The Trimisce pushed him to the ends of his endurance, starving him for blood until he overcame obstacles they erected before him.

The grotesque Brothers were listless. Although strong, they were unresponsive to the commands of their masters. Repeated attempts to teach them the Discipline of Sanguinus proved frustrating. Only in Angelo's presence did they seem to animate, sometimes mewling in agitation. To the sorcerers, they seemed disturbed by Angelo instead of Blood Bound to him. Despite their success with the boy, they concluded that they had failed with the others. A debate arose around the desire to destroy the Blood Brothers; they decided to select a new group for further procedures. The debate was fueled by the Sabbath's failure to conquer Los Angeles, and the experimenters prepared for flight to Mexico.

The changes in the boy intrigued some of them; this group convinced the others to bring Angelo with them, even if the others were exterminated. If they could determine the circumstances that made him so deadly, perhaps they could reproduce it in others. The pack decided to incarcerate the others in empty meat-lockers and study them later. The Blood Brothers were denied blood, and seemed to lapse into torpor.

A profound change occurred in Angelo at the removal of his brothers. He lapsed into resentful silence, and the red orbs in his aura seemed to glare at Angelo's captors. They continued to test him, despite their own growing unease. His skills magnified, as did his thirst. They were amazed on how much blood the boy consumed, assuming that he somehow sensed the starvation of the Other Ones. The sorcerers had seen enough to become truly worried, especially when Angelo attempted to trick one of them into releasing his brothers. They decided to destroy the boy along with the abominations in the lockers.

When they attempted to Dominate him, he frenzied. In their horror, the sorcerers saw the sparks in his aura glare with unholy intelligence. Angelo killed one of them and escaped out of the laboratory. Shaken, the Trimisce followed the broken doors and fallen objects to the meat-lockers where they prepared to confront Angelo with their Disciplines. The lockers were empty, and Angelo was nowhere to be seen. A further search of the house revealed the back door broken down, although no tracks could be found.

They quickly telephoned their ghouls, dispatched them to find the Blood Brothers and promised grotesque punishments for failure. As the Trimisce

recovered and spoke with anxiety of the loss of their experiment, the experiment descended on them from the ceiling. Angelo had not left the house.

Angelo had merged with his brothers into a massive, loathsome beast. It frenzied as it pounced. Some of the Sabbat managed to create fires against the beast, burning it hideously. That did not save them. The creature shed the incinerated Other Ones from its mass, leaving only a frenzied Angelo. The Other Ones had served as a shield to protect him. In demonic fury, he finished off the last of his tormentors and escaped the burning house with Sabbat blood crusted on his fingers.

The mystery lingered on as the Black Hand investigated and interrogated packs known to have been in the vicinity of the house. They inevitably came to the ghouls. After exceptionally creative torture, they learned of Angelo's existence and dispatched other packs to find him. They knew little of the Trimisce/Tremere plot to make new Blood Brothers.

The true secrets of Angelo's metamorphosis burned with his captors in the house. At present, the Sabbat are still trying to ascertain what happened in that house. The absence of the Trimisce sorcerers is enough to convince them that it was an experiment of great secrecy. They don't know Angelo's part in the event, but they do know that he was somehow involved.

His Purpose and Nature

Angelo is the culmination of the arts of blood and flesh magics, although the drug mixture rampaging through his system during the Embrace made him atypical of the Blood Brothers. He is a survivor with preternatural instincts, undisciplined despite the subtler abilities he possesses, yet always learning. He adapts quickly to any dangerous situation, but is confused when confronted by kindness or other gentle emotions. He experiences some remorse when he has been at rest for too long. His driving force is avenging his brothers, both mortal and Kindred.

Because of this, he will spare anyone who reminds him of his brothers. Sometimes, this can be a vampire with a baby face, or even a Noferatu or Samedi who visually represents the Other Ones. He will lash out against anyone who threatens his brother-images.

Angelo possesses an ability to control his frenzy, allowing him to ignore all wound penalties until he is incapacitated. As soon as the scene is over, he will slip out of frenzy if he has the resources (such as enemy blood) to heal himself. If not, he remains in frenzy until he can heal. Angelo cannot remember the time he spends in frenzy, however, and dark gaps fill his memory.

Angelo is fascinated with fire. It seems to be a constant equation to his existence. He engages in his



own ritualistic fire dances when he is certain he is not being observed.

His Modus Operandi

Angelo has retained street smarts and skills from his mortal life, including a great familiarity with firearms. He can wield most anything he gets his hands on.

Angelo has recently began making progeny out of anyone who closely resembles his mortal brother. These children always frenzy and attack him, so he is forced to destroy them. This is adding new facets to his already fractured sanity. False guilt over the murder of his own brother is mixing into his twilight perceptions. Angelo will sometimes frenzy and find himself in a different city than he was before, without memory of the journey. This can happen even if he is not attacked or injured.

Unknown to the Sabbat at present, he has the ability to exercise some control over the fear frenzy of other Blood Brothers. He has used this to place the few he has met at his mercy, and he has slaughtered every one so far.

His Crimes

The Camarilla became aware of Angelo after he slew a number of vampires in Baltimore. Because of his death-dealing skills, there have been accusations that he must be an Assamite, or that he is Sabbat. The Camarilla knows he is making progeny. They see him as a lucky anarchist who manages to elude the authorities in the cities where he has killed. Some believe he is a Trismice. This popular misconception comes from an "eyewitness" within Clan Tremere, who may have secret purposes of her own.

The Trophy Clan

The Tremere have discovered interesting things about Angelo—primarily, the manifestation of his aura. They would dearly love to get hold of him and study what makes him tick. Clan leaders wonder if he is an evolved version of the vampire. They are doing all that they can to get a sample of his blood to analyze. This knowledge is kept from the rest of the Camarilla. They have offered Trophy half-heartedly, belying the real importance Angelo has to them.

Angelo

Clan: Blood Brother

Sire: Brandon

Nature: Loner

Demeanor: Survivor

Generation: 8th

Apparent Age: 19

Physical: Strength 5, Dexterity 5, Stamina 5

Social: Charisma 5, Manipulation 5,

Appearance 5

Mental: Perception 5, Intelligence 5, Wits 5

Virtues: Conscience 1, Self-Control 4,

Courage 5

Talents: Athletics 3, Brawl 5, Dodge 5,

Intimidation 4, Leadership 3, Streetwise 5

Skills: Carousing 3, Drive 2, Blind Fighting 4,

Fast-Draw 5, Firearms 5, Firewalking 4,

Interrogation 3, Lip Reading 3, Melee 3,

Stealth 2, Survival 5

Knowledges: Los Angeles Knowledge 5,

Military Science 4, Occult 2

Disciplines: Celerity 5, Dominate 2,

Fortitude 5, Obfuscate 2, Potence 4, Protean 3,

Sanguinus 5, Vicissitude 4

Backgrounds: None

Humanity: 2

Willpower: 8

Blood Pool/Max per Turn: 15/3

Image: The quintessential punk exterior is belayed by the striking handsome looks and physique. His looks are, in fact, too perfect, lending him an inhuman air. This appearance hides a calculating survivor. Angelo has a red teardrop tattoo on his left earlobe. His aura is monstrous, with red glowing eyes of its own. He wears his hair long, sometimes in a ponytail.

Quote: "Have you seen my brother? I killed him once, but I think he's still walking around in the fires ... are you trying to kill my brother?"

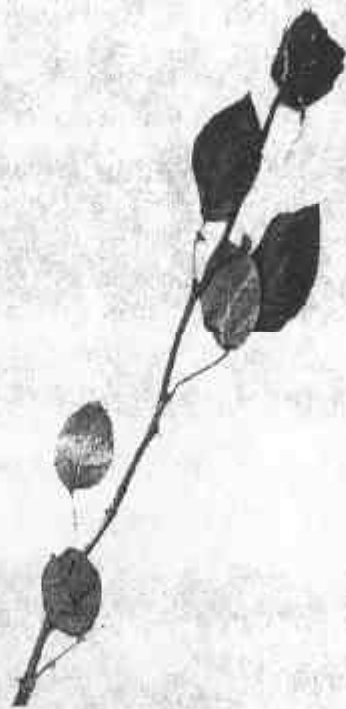
Roleplaying Hints: Be intense; almost vulnerable, but continually babble and connect concepts in an illogical manner. All creatures deserve your accusations.

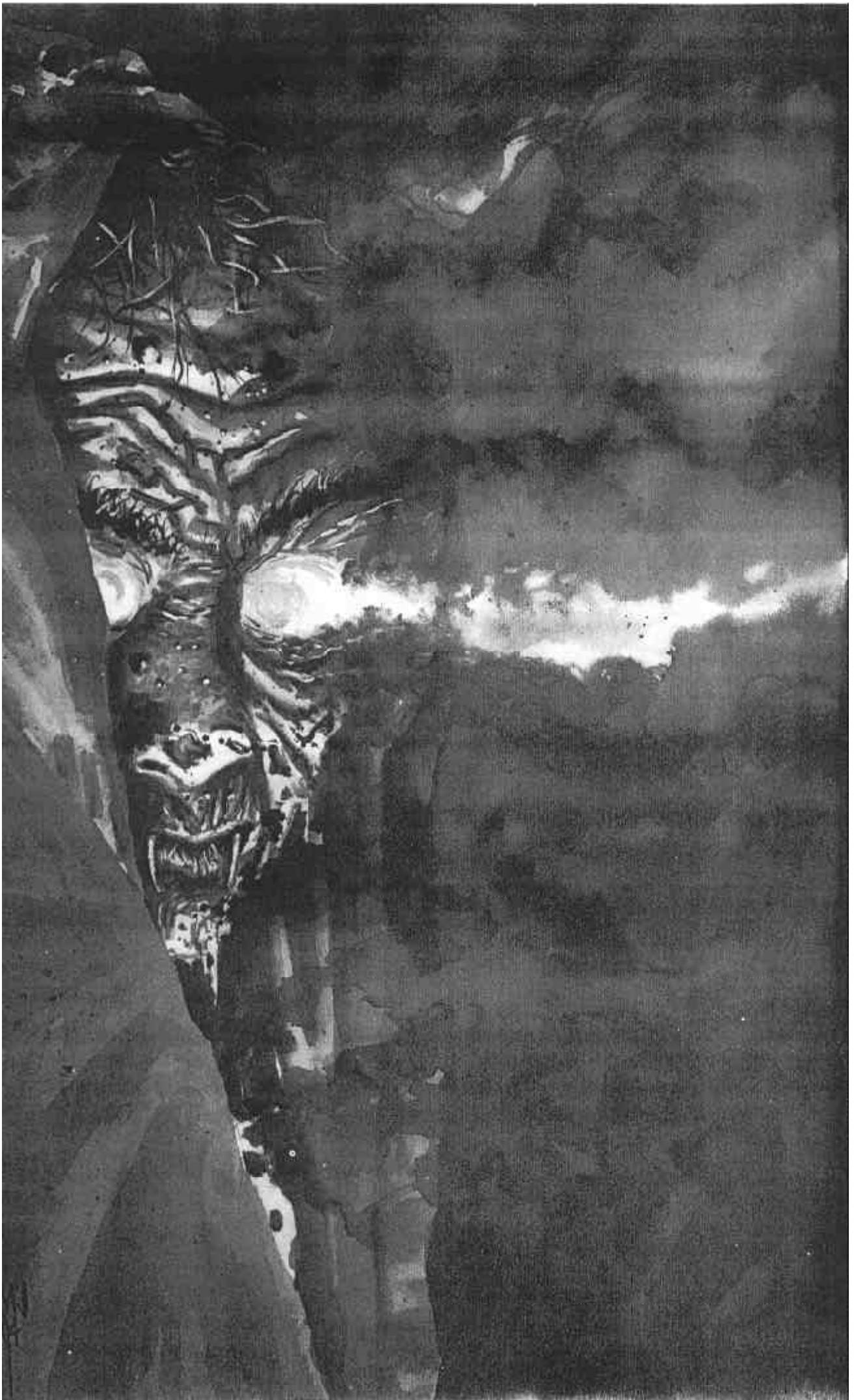
Haven: Anywhere will work just fine.

Influence: None

Notes: Angelo has a special affinity for the Blood Brothers and can control their frenzies much like he can control his own.

Rumors: You are one of the Sabbat (F); you are a Trismice (F); you are always in frenzy (F); you love fire (T).





RABBAT

*When we pass the subways,
we try to ignore our fate there
of written threats on endless walls,
unjustified crimes carried in stifled calls*
— Anne Clark, *Our Darkness*

Her Life

Rabbat was already an old woman when the Mongols swept through the Ch'in Empire early in the 13th century. It took the hordes of Genghis Khan only two years to utterly devastate the country. They moved through town after town, massacring every person they came upon. Rabbat survived. They captured her and proclaimed her to be the ugliest woman to have ever lived.

She was taken to Sarai where Temujin, the Khan of Khans, held court. Here, as with any who were allowed to see the Khan, she had to avert her glance and crawl up the long approach to his throne before his entire court. Panting, with her face pressed into the floor, she lay there as the court jeered at her from every side. A courtier lifted her deformed face and triumphantly showed everyone the beast his men had captured.

Amused, the Khan told the woman that she could go, explaining to her that she was far too hideous to inflict upon the dead. He also declared that she would be allowed to remain inside the Royal Pavilion. This simple edict also granted her his protection, for the Khan's wrath would fall on anyone who harmed her.

She crawled backwards out of the room, then collapsed with exhaustion. Guards took her away and gave her a place to sleep.

She became a royal oddity, begging food from the courtier plates during each meal. She was held on display for the amusement of the Khan. When he died, his four sons divided his kingdom. One of them, Ugudei, inherited Rabbat and quickly turned her out of the palace in the city of Karakorum. Extremely old by this time, with no possibility of caring for herself, she went to find a place to die.

Sabanu, a Nosferatu elder working for Baba Yaga, took note of Rabbat's fortitude in the face of torment. He decided it would be amusing to grant her immortality and allow her to get revenge for the perversities of the soulless invaders. Even while she lay there, begging for him to allow her to die, he embraced her. Her frightful visage and frail body were transmuted into something even more ghastly. She cursed him as he left her there, proceeding on his way, never to be seen again.

Her Unlife

Rabbat found adapting to her new existence almost unbearable, but adapt she did. She had no thoughts of revenge against the Mongols, for she had lived a hard life and accepted what had happened to her. She held back from feeding for as long as she could until she frenzied and took down two city

guards. With this done, she fled the city and proceeded west.

As Ugedei completed the subjugation of the Ch'in empire, Rabbat moved ever westward. During the day, she would dig into the ground just before dawn. She learned to survive the wilds, avoiding the Garou, Oriental vampires and the marching Byzantine Crusaders who were carrying leprosy back to Europe.

Rabbat lost herself in Constantinople for the next century. Other Kindred, frightened by her appearance, skirted her. The Nosteratu of the city discovered her, and after learning who she and her sire were, they brought her under the protection of the clan. There she remained, serving the clan, until she and some of her peers were called to Prague.

In Prague, Rabbat gained some prestige in the Camarilla for critical advice that saved the life of a Malkavian elder from Inquisition forces. She was offered a boon and humbly declined, gaining her respect among her own clan and the secret admiration of the Malkavians. She advanced quickly through the Nosteratu ranks because of her wits, saving members of the clan time and time again and outfoxing the agents of the Inquisition.

The Black Death devastated Europe at the height of Rabbat's influence. Although many vampires were immune, the blood of their kine was fooled by the disease. As the Plague slew a third of England's population and more than 75 million people throughout Europe, Kindred began contending with one another for pure vessels. Rabbat showed no such rarified taste and drank the polluted blood.

From Prague, Rabbat's duties took her to Venice, where she became a clan leader in that city. During her stay, a Kindred-specific disease, known at that time as the Scourge, appeared. Rabbat had created a progeny who had the plague, and it mutated the disease in a way that could enfeeble vampires. Her progeny passed it along until two of the city's Primogen went into torpor as a result of the sickness. Rabbat was personally immune, but the Black Death had firmly crossed over into the world of the undead.

Rabbat's last nights in Venice were spent under a Blood Hunt issued by the Camarilla and supported by the Giovanni, who had traced the sickness to her progeny and destroyed them. She fled, exiled from her clan and from the last society that would ever tolerate her.

Her Purposes

Rabbat struggles to simply exist. She has become embittered with her existence and attempted suicide several times, only to flee from the terrible glory of the sun. Once a respected member of her clan, she

is now a Typhoid Mary who spreads disease wherever she goes. As she is personally immune to the diseases she carries (hybrids of bubonic plague and leprosy), sickness will not put an end to her misery.

Her Nature

Rabbat is tired of wandering. She will do almost anything to avoid attention, but she desperately craves acceptance. Once a proud attendant of her clan, she would now do anything to serve again, even in the lowest capacity. Unfortunately, she brings certain torpor to anyone getting close enough to her to become infected. She takes her bitterness out on mortals, and plays the monster with utmost cruelty before gorging herself on their adrenaline-laced blood. She has made progeny, but they always go into torpor within days of their creation. Rabbat sometimes goes by the name of Cloacina, a reference to the Roman goddess of sewers.

Her Modus Operandi

Rabbat travels constantly. Because her very presence can immediately alert the powers-that-be, she hunts on the run. Because she fears her own clan, she sleeps in places above the ground, especially if she cannot get to her van in time. The van is perfectly designed to shield her from the day. She robs gas stations, convenience stores, or other 24-hour establishments every month, making away with money and, more importantly, gasoline.

For her feeding, Rabbat always targets an individual who is alone. This done, she dominates the target into following her to a preplanned place. Here, after terrorizing the victim for the cruelty she has endured (and the beauty that the victim vainly possesses), Rabbat devours him. After feeding, Rabbat robs the victim, then buries the body in order to leave no trace of her crimes.

Crimes and Diseases

Fleas that transmitted the Black Death in Europe during the 14th century still live on Rabbat's body. They are, in essence, tiny ghouls who have been transformed and made voracious with her own blood. They are the reason she still carries the plague, transmitted to her by her own progeny. It is her blood which causes the disease to activate within Kindred. Exterminating these vermin would be no easy manner; vampire blood has made them supremely adaptable to their environment and temperature. They will, like any ancient ghoul, wither, age and die if they cannot get Kindred blood.

The disease itself is a combination of leprosy and bubonic plague. In mortals, it manifests as the Black Plague, but it is far more virulent and kills swiftly. In



Kindred, it acts on the blood, effectively raising the generation of the victim while lowering the Blood Pool, which becomes more and more difficult to replenish. The final result is a torpor from which the victim cannot be resuscitated: the body absorbs replenished blood before it can be used. In some cases, the leprosy manifests as a disfiguring malady, but does not become so extreme as to actually destroy the victim. The Storyteller should feel free to decide how quickly the disease acts, and should also consider stories which can allow a character to achieve a cure if he has caught the disease.

Rabbat has been the target of a Blood Hunt for centuries, but encountering a Nosferatu fugitive would be highly unlikely for most vampires. Those who live on the streets run the risks. Obviously, no one in the Camarilla is in any hurry to go into the sewers or subways after her. Her latest victim, a Toreador elder of South Carolina, has refocused attention on the problems she poses. The Camarilla is ready to commit sufficient force to her destruction.

The sect has also learned that the Center for Disease Control is following Rabbat's trail. The CDC has discovered a pattern of incidental infection. People visit the stores Rabbat has frequented, locations where her immortal fleas were left behind to find new hosts. Although not intelligent, the fleas

are voraciously hungry, highly adaptable and capable of jumping huge distances because of their unnatural state. Although they are Blood Bound to Rabbat, some get left behind.

The Trophy Clan

Rabbat's own clan has granted Trophy on her, although that right is about to expire. The Nosferatu have not lifted a finger to hunt her. Secretly, they are discussing the possibility of Rabbat being the clan's ultimate weapon against the Antediluvians and Nictuku. They may soon arrange refuge for her, providing for her needs and keeping her safe until the need arises. They can then endure under the streets, while her plague is concentrated among the other Kindred above.

The Malkavians are considering a way to cure Rabbat in return for the services she rendered them during the Inquisition. They may be the only clan that has not conveniently forgotten what Rabbat did for them. The Sabbat are not aware of her existence. Should they discover her, they would certainly rally a massive effort to make sure she is extinguished, as they are more vulnerable to diseases. Perhaps they would see Rabbat as a way of gaining an edge in their battles with the Camarilla. The rewards could well outweigh the cost.

Rabbat

Clan: Nosferatu

Alias: Cloacina, the Sewer Goddess

Sire: Sabanu, servitor of Baba Yaga

Nature: Sycophant

Demeanor: Poltroon

Concept: Typhoid Mary

Generation: 7th

Apparent Age: Late 70s

Physical: Strength 4, Dexterity 5, Stamina 5

Social: Charisma 2, Manipulation 4,

Appearance 0

Mental: Perception 5, Intelligence 2, Wits 4

Virtues: Conscience 1, Self-Control 4,

Courage 3

Talents: Alertness 5, Dodge 4, Empathy 3,

Scrounging 5, Streetwise 4

Skills: Animal Ken 4, Disguise 3, Drive 3,

Mechanic 4, Repair 3, Stealth 4

Knowledges: Geography 3, History 3, Kindred

Lore 2, Linguistics 4, Medicine 2, Naturalist 2,

Sewer Lore 5.

Disciplines: Animalism 5, Auspex 1,

Celerity 2, Dominate 2, Fortitude 6,

Obfuscate 5, Potence 4, Protean 2

Backgrounds: None

Humanity: 4

Willpower: 7

Image: Rabbat is one of the ugliest creatures roaming the world today. Any mortal seeing her face must make a Willpower roll (difficulty 7) or gain a derangement. She bundles herself into a lot of clothing, preferring hats and scarves (even in the summer). Her eyes are yellow-orange and frightening (Willpower roll against a difficulty of 5 to look her in the face).

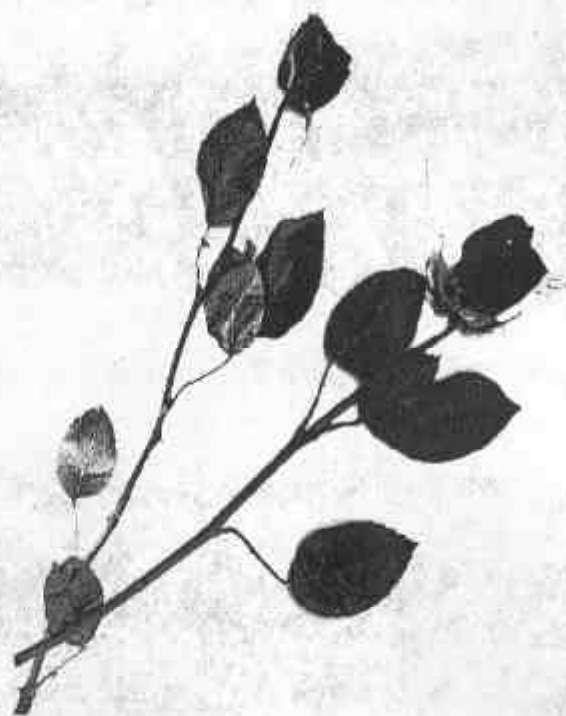
Quote: "Please don't come any closer. I'll make you sick."

Roleplaying Hints: Bow and scrape if you think it will get you anywhere.

Haven: Her van.

Influence: None

Rumors: The disease you carry is always fatal (T); you are fascinated with fire (T); you have caused many fires (F); the Center for Disease Control is following your trail (T).





GENINA

*Legba, who is in my own 'phor, you who carry the flag,
It is you who will protect me from the sun,
Papa Legba, who is in my own 'phor,
It is you who will protect the loas from the sun.*

— Milo Rigaud, *Secrets of Voodoo*

Her Life

Born in the middle of the 17th century into the West African Ashanti culture, Genina lived free for only her first five years. Portuguese slavers abducted her and her family, eventually selling them on Jamaica. Here, among the uprooted people from the kingdoms of Benin, Luba, Hausa and Dahomey, the French company that bought her branded her, and she began her life of servitude.

Eventually transported to Haiti, she began working the sugarcane fields on the Cul-de-sac Plain. Within a year, she could speak and understand her French captors, as well as others who tilled the cane and softly murmured the name of Baron Samedi. They said the Lord of the Cemetery had been brought from Africa in a box by the French. On Haiti, he killed his captors and escaped into the Massif du Nord mountain range near the Artibonite river. These stories frightened the child. As she became accustomed to her environment, however, she became skeptical that anyone from her land could hold the power that the slaves said he did.

Still, the legends of voodoo attracted her like nothing else, and with the persistence that comes from adversity, Genina began secretly attending voodoo ceremonies performed under the noses of the French colonial soldiers. Just after her ninth birthday, she crept into a cemetery as a rite began around

an altar. The altar was the gravestone of the first man buried there. As she watched from seclusion, a woman appeared from the surrounding mango trees. She was a hideous creature, a thing whose tattered skin hung like rags from her peeled shoulders. Her stench was overpowering. As she emerged, accompanied by a cloud of flies, the worshippers went into frenzy, dancing and wailing in adulation.

To her horror, Genina watched as the woman drew one of the children to her and tore open his throat with long, ivory fangs. The monster made loud sucking noises as she drank from the frantically struggling boy. The worshippers undulated across the cemetery's soil as the vampire drained the boy. All the while, the woman watched Genina with a smile of mock innocence. When the woman finished, licking the neck of the boy and sealing it with unnatural power, she withdrew back into the trees.

Shaking off the spell of the loathsome creature, Genina turned and ran into the sugarcane field, trying to scream but unable to force the sound out. From the darkness, something as hard as stone reached out and struck her head, stunning her. Genina fell, gasping for breath.

Above her, eclipsing the moon, was the bent figure of a man as dark and loathsome as the woman. He lifted Genina up, looking into her frightened

black eyes. He whispered that he was Baron Samedi and that she was now his child. She fainted.

Awakening, Genina found herself in a beautiful room which moved with a gentle sway. She felt dread creep over her as she realized she was on another ship. This was a far cry from the slave ship that had brought her here, for she lay in a soft bed, surrounded by countless African treasures — ivory and bronze-cast figurines, feathers of exotic birds and green obsidian spears.

She awoke, feeling strangely healthy and strong. In European-style beds on either side of her were the Baron and the woman, asleep. There was still blood on the lips of the woman. Genina walked slowly around the room until the polished surface of a mirror caught her glance. Peering into it, she was paralyzed with horror. Her color was gone, bleached away. Her body seemed to be rotting. As she hugged herself in horror, foul juices seeped out of the skin and ran like yellow, syrupy sweat down her body. Her already thin form was now horribly gaunt and shriveled. She could see her sunken eyes framed by her prominent skull. She screamed and screamed, but did not wake the monsters on the couch.

Her Unlife

Neither the Baron nor the woman, whom Genina learned was his sister Brigitte, ever explained why they sided Genina. She learned quickly not to ask questions. She received immediate enmity from Brigitte. The older woman constantly terrorized the neonate when her sire was away, cornering and threatening the girl with grotesque descriptions of pain. She would starve Genina nearly to the point of frenzy, or tie her to the mast when the ship was out to sea, bringing her down below just before the beams of the sun actually burned her skin.

When the ship was moored, Genina was kept hidden away. She never saw anyone but the mortal children that her "aunt" brought her to terrorize and devour. Brigitte's fascination with mortal pain took root inside Genina, and between these nightmare moments, she was to learn about the Camarilla and the fear that group held for the strength and appearance of the Samedi bloodline.

Genina learned the Disciplines of the Samedi: Necromancy, Obfuscation and, finally, Thanatosis — the manipulation of the horrid appearance of death. Brigitte beat her, leaving a criss-crossing map of purple welts, urging her to master the powers. Starved most of the time, Genina was made to eat the refuse of skin that fell from her rotting governess. When her sire visited her, he told her of the other Kindred and schooled her in the Discipline called Chimerstry. He had learned his talent, he confided,

as a price for his services as a bodyguard to other vampires. He explained that although the other Kindred hated their bloodline, they hired them as bodyguards and feared them. Fear, he said mysteriously, should always be the cape that Genina wore when she stepped out.

In the next century, the Followers of Set took advantage of the discord caused by the Haitian Civil War, which broke out as a result of the French Revolution. Genina's sire and his evil sister were taken by the Sandsnakes. Quite suddenly, she was alone.

Abandoning the floating haven, she fled into the interior of Haiti to a bauxite mine. Within a week, she had visitors — a group of revolutionaries and their leader, Toussaint L'Ouverture — who spoke of the revolution in France. Galvanized by her hatred of the French and the legacy of her capture, Rachel used her Obfuscation to follow L'Ouverture. Secretly, she began to aid him in his struggle against the French, using her powers to kill without remorse.

For the most part, she was successful because she was largely unknown. The Setites noticed her intervention and sought her out. The revolutionaries won the abolishment of slavery, and, in 1801, L'Ouverture became to be the leader of an autonomous government. Genina kept out of sight as her adopted "father" expelled the foreign forces, using the time to master her Chimerstry Disciplines to recreate the form she wore before her Embrace. Just before the French captured L'Ouverture, she had begun to appear to him in the illusion of an innocent child, whom he adopted as his own, bringing a brief moment of happiness to Genina. L'Ouverture had a way of tempering her developing predilection for cruelty. Only a month later, however, her adopted father was gone forever.

L'Ouverture's capture and imprisonment in France gave Genina the impetus to continue the struggle for his ideals. Her formative years with Brigitte had twisted her, however, and she took delight in killing and leaving her victims as vivid macabre sculptures.

For the next century, she preyed upon Haiti's enemies, even after the country gained independence. The Setites avoided her, seeing her as an insane little demon. Some of the Setites claimed to have seen her and were anxious to warn their masters against rousing her against them. Besides, they reasoned, the chaos that she caused formed a comfortable environment for the Setites. They could always deal with her later, when they had more resources.

She reigned as a princess of destruction until 1957, when the mortal Francois "Papa Doc" Duvalier assumed power. With his *tonton macoute* ghoulish secret police, the despot and his Setite supporters

established an iron grip over the island. With their control firmly entrenched, the Setites would tolerate her presence no more. At last, Genina had to flee for her life.

Her Purpose

The Haitian civil war and the strife of its tumultuous politics gave Genina a cause to practice the Samedi style of butchery that her sire's sister had taught her. In the United States, she suddenly found herself without a purpose. After a decade of adjustment to her new hunting ground, her deep hatred of all Kindred and all things supernatural evolved within her.

Taken by the Hollywood portrayal of monsters, Genina became fascinated with the idea of childhood fear. In her mind, the monster under the bed of a child did not cease to exist when he became an adult. The monster simply grew up to be something that the adult could fear. Genina saw this fear, both in kine and vampires, as something to be exploited. She was determined to destroy the undead with the hand of the living.

Her Nature

Genina has enough derangements to make her an honorary Malkavian. She is so used to being a rebel that nothing else will do. She might have become an anarchist if she didn't despise all Kindred equally. She plays the child well, but there is a fiend seething underneath. She uses *Obfuscate* and *Chimerstry* to hide her true appearance. Some Kindred she has met have been moved to pity by her portrayal as a cursed child. They came to regret their sympathy after teaching her Disciplines (ostensibly for her survival) and being betrayed. Genina uses her mortal allies, always children, to carry out the destruction of those Kindred who are no longer useful to her.

She has been unusually successful with *Diablerie* and has lowered her generation considerably. She is far more powerful than her sire ever was. She actually cares for mortals, and sees herself as forcing them to sacrifice members of their society to save the whole. She protects children, and harming a child in her presence is the surest way to send her into frenzy. Many times she masquerades as an imaginary friend, recruiting children to her needs. She enjoys this particular game with a satisfaction that borders on obsession.

Her Modus Operandi

Genina kills to create a canvas of horror that will shock mortals into searching for its painter, leading them to the world of vampires. Near the end of the



1970s, she began composing verse, which she now leaves near her victims. These always allude to the existence of vampires, their habits, philosophies and even clues to different clans, such as the Nosferatu and the Giovanni. She blames these two bloodlines for the creation of her own, especially since neither will take the credit. She still fears other Kindred, and underestimates her own power.

Her victims are always mortal, generally those who physically or sexually abuse children. She uses her seduction skills on deviant humans to get them to take her to their homes. There she will trick them into protecting her, fulfilling their fantasies through her illusions, then sleeping in the house the next day. The next night she takes her "parents" out somewhere, terrorizes them almost to the point of heart seizure, then brutally murders them and begins a new sculpture in flesh.

Lately, Genina has gained a fascination with live television cameras and true-crime cop shows. She uses her Chimerstry to manipulate the scene of a crime and control the witnesses. This gives her a thrill of power, and it has not gone unnoticed by the Giovanni and Ventrue. Riddles fascinate her, and the intensity to expose the Kindred has metamorphosed into a game. It must take (in her opinion) true brilliance to decipher her clues. When not seeking a victim, Genina, like most of her bloodline, loves to sleep in elaborate cemetery mausoleums.

Her Crimes

The Camarilla only now understands how dangerous this little abomination really is. Anonymous in Haiti for so long, she has made a big splash in the civilized world. She has traveled to spread her art, and has committed vile murders in almost every large industrial city. The Camarilla does not yet know that Genina is a Samedi. She has led them to mistrust that bloodline, however. She sees the Samedi as the first of the vampires to be destroyed in her genocide, and is having success in exaggerating the fear other clans have of the Samedi.

The Justicars will probably raise her higher on the Red List when it is reorganized after the next Anathema's slaying. Until then, they are forcing the Giovanni to help them squelch media reports of her acts. Similarly, they are engaged in "copy-cat" campaigns with slogans ranging from satanist preachings to allusions from Lovecraft left at the scenes of crimes. What they do not realize, despite their analysis, is that Genina's red poetry is written in her own blood.

Trophy Clan

The Ventrue have offered the Trophy to show leadership in the enforcement of the Masquerade. They have enlisted the Giovanni in covering the media attention. They know through the Giovanni that Genina has made some underworld connections in a group called the Oni, possibly the Japanese Mafia. The Oni are, in truth, something far from mortal.

Genina

Clan: Samedi
Alias: The Red Poet
Sire: The Baron
Nature: Rebel
Demeanor: Child
Generation: 6th
Apparent Age: 9
Physical: Strength 2, Dexterity 7, Stamina 4
Social: Charisma 3, Manipulation 6,
Appearance: 0
Mental: Perception 5, Intelligence 6, Wits 7
Virtues: Conscience 0, Self-Control 5,
Courage 4
Talents: Acting 5, Alertness 2, Artistic
Expression 3, Brawl 4, Dodge 4, Empathy 4,
Intimidation 4, Leadership 2, Poetry 3, Seduction 4,
Streetwise 2
Skills: Animal Ken 1, Dancing 2, Disguise 2,
Escapology 5, Fast-Talk 6, Performance 5, Stealth 5,
Torture 6
Knowledges: Linguistics 3, Children's
Literature 5, Occult 2, Psychology 3,
Spirit Lore 2, Theology 1
Disciplines: Auspex 4, Celerity 4, Chimerstry 7,
Dominate 3, Fortitude 3, Necromancy 2, Obfuscate 4,
Potence 3, Presence 1, Protean 3, Thanatosis 6
Backgrounds: Herd 3, Retainers 5
Humanity: 1
Willpower: 8
Image: Genina's true form is hideous to behold: a putrescent rotting corpse-child. She can use her Obfuscate, Chimerstry and Dominate powers to appear as a lovely little girl of any race. She is charming and so perfect is her act that few people even notice the vague smell of rot that seems to hang in the air around her.
Quote: "Hey mister, can you take me home? I am so hungry ..."

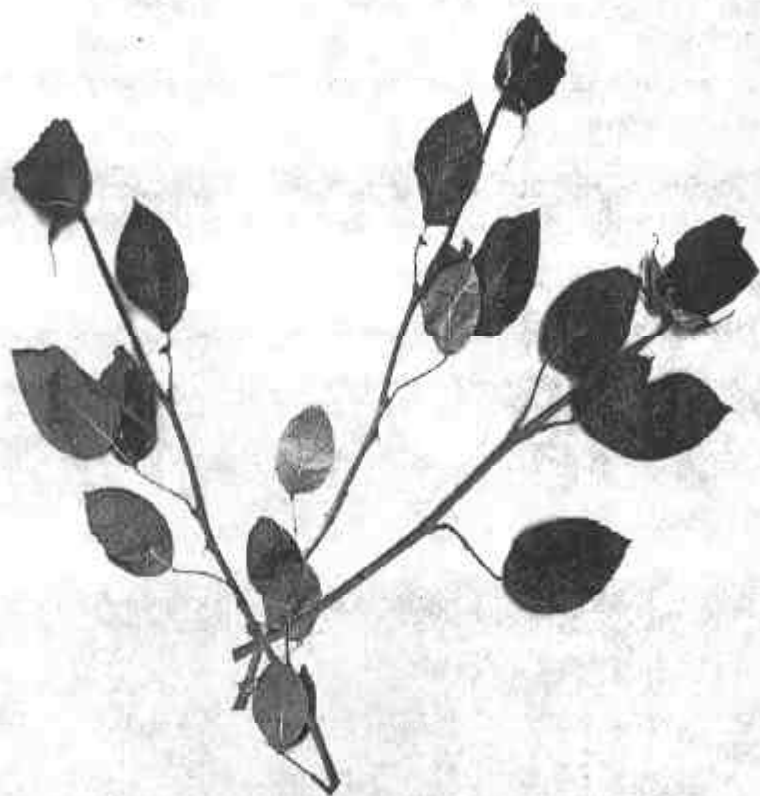
Roleplaying Hints: Smile a lot. Your bottom lip is in a perpetual pout, and your voice is melancholy. When people least expect it, shout to startle them, then laugh hysterically.

Haven: Graveyards near neighborhoods where many children live.

Influence: Your Retainers are Dominated or Blood Bound children.

Notes: Genina's two extra levels of Chimerstry allow her to create illusions which can hurt a number of people and to create illusions which, no matter how outrageous, people will accept as being real.

Rumors: You are a Toreador *antitribu* (F); you are a Malkavian (F); you are a Malkavian *antitribu* (F); you like to sleep in the earth (T); you are a grave robber (T, but not recently); you sometimes eat the flesh of your victims (T).





ENKIDU

*Tyger, Tyger burning bright,
Fly me to the zoo.
You don't take me home at night,
You satisfy me.*

— Hanover Fist, "The Tyger"

His Life

Ur of the Chaldees had risen and fallen on the fortunes of the Sumerian Kindred. While most moved on to redder pastures, some returned to relive past nights of glory. In 2200 B.C., when the glory of Sumer was restored after invasions from the east, the Gangrel Antediluvian returned and built a ziggurat to the glory of the moon. This would become a haven for the clan, a defensible fortress with a view extending over the vast plain.

Enkidu, a mortal, was born in a small village outside the city, the child of a poor family who tended his father's flocks. During the night, he watched the Heavenly Mountain. Sometimes he heard strange whispers or music from the stones of the ziggurat. At night, he saw movement along the tiers of the step-pyramid. Figures seemed to watch the activity of the city, like cats watching caged birds, gliding with impossible grace from level to level.

As he grew, Enkidu became a prisoner to dreams that seemed to glide down to him from the Heavenly Mountain. His nose tingled as he slept, as if something leaned only inches from his faces. Sometimes the lips of a woman would seem ready to press themselves against his; more often, the dagger-like fangs of an animal hovered above his pulsing throat. He dreamed of gods swimming in mud, their rage sweeping whole villages into the gasping Euphrates river. When he woke from these dreams, the moon

would be spilling light on the temple. Even if he was far from the city, he would sense them standing on the ziggurat and staring at him.

He resisted for as long as he could. At last, he followed the strange summons of the Heavenly Mountain and came to Ur. Whatever he expected to find in the dark at the back of his mind, he found only the excesses of humanity. He watched as animals were brutally sacrificed to the moon god. He ventured close to the walls of the ziggurat, defying the powers within. The Heavenly Mountain ignored him with the same cold impassiveness it extended to the rest of humanity. He sensed its arrogance, its contempt for the men and women who swarmed around it. He sold his flocks and lived among the stench, among the wickedness that the people of Ur prided themselves on. He grew to despise them with each passing day, and to despise the gods within the Heavenly Mountain with each sullen night.

He tried to leave, but the dreams would then threaten him with images of a wild ferocity he could not comprehend. He detested his own race. Only animals, innocent of ambition and lust, gave him solace. He watched in hatred as the innocent creatures were led to slaughter on the altars of the moon god, and he grieved for them.

At night, he saw the favorites of the god, like great carrion birds on the top of the temple, drinking from goblets of gold. As he drowsed, he sensed the



visits. He felt himself touched with talons and heard the cries of beasts whispered in his ears. In torch-lit alleys, he saw the predatory women of the temple expose their alabaster skin, as if seeking warmth within the drunken heat of human revelry. They pointed their claws at him, nodding to one another as if agreeing that he would make a worthy sacrifice to their god.

He cursed them, but they hurled their laughter back at him. Enkidu struggled in rage so great that he felt he would burst into flame. He resolved to penetrate the mystery and arrogance of the moon's carrion birds when day came.

In the heat of the next sun, he prepared to throw away his life. He stole a weapon and raced to the temple. He charged through weak links in the phalanx of ghoul guards and wounded them with a bloodlust that, in his hatred, he did not notice. He climbed the magnificent walls. Spears showered around him with explosive impact, but he clung to the bricks. Even as the guards climbed after him, a crowd gathered to observe the skies, silently awaiting the rage of the gods.

Dusk came over the city as Enkidu reached the peak of the Heavenly Mountain. A glorious temple crowned it, supported by pillars. The wind moved up here, and the city's stench was weak. Surveying the entrance, he threw down his blood-soaked blade and entered without hesitation. He was in the maw of the god he despised.

The Gangrel women waited for him in the darkness. He waited for their cold claws rend his flesh. Instead, they beckoned him to follow them down through the labyrinth of mud brick. It smelled of cool blood and animals, a smell Enkidu was shocked to find vaguely pleasing. He let himself be led, waiting for death.

The Gangrel led him to their god. The Antediluvian rested in the shadows, trembling as if under great effort. Its eyes were filled with weariness. Strange music and bestial calls emanated from within. It regarded Enkidu with intensity and nodded to the others that had brought him. Enkidu understood. He fell to his knees and awaited his slaughter.

His Unlife

When Enkidu awoke, it was as if he had experienced all of the tormented dreams in one bright flash of agony. He felt new strength, but his pale skin revealed that he was changed. The other Gangrel brought him out of the temple into the stillness of the night. They spoke to him of the destiny that was his.

Their master, the Antediluvian of their clan, held within its body a creature of powerful malice. The creature was a ghoul, a monster created from a now-extinct animal by Set, a dark god of far-away Egypt. The creature was destructive and hungry for blood. The Antediluvian held it imprisoned with its powers of Animalism, preserving the creature's life because it was the last animal of its kind in the world.

The Antediluvian held other rare creatures caged within the flesh. These, the Gangrel told Enkidu, would be given to his care.

The Gangrel trained Enkidu for a century until the city was assaulted by the Setites and their allies, including Semitic peoples from the lands now known as Iran and Syria. The Typhonian Beast seemed to call to them as Enkidu struggled to contain it within his body as his sire taught him. The invasion was bloody, bringing an end to the last Sumerian golden age. The Gangrel battled and fell back against the concerted effort of the Followers of Set. Enkidu fought with hatred, seeing all of the corruption of humanity mirrored in the Setite eyes. Desperate to retrieve the Typhonian Animal, the Setites pressed him, but Enkidu's rage made him monstrous. Wounded, he escaped the Setites and vanished into the night as Ur burned.

Over the centuries, Enkidu wandered, hunting Kindred and humans without remorse. He gave the Kindred blood to the rare ghouls carried within his huge bulk. Many times, he felt exhausted beyond his endurance as they struggled to free themselves. The Typhonian Beast constantly sought to escape. He wandered for millennia as humanity spread over the world, and he learned the ways of spirits and the secrets of the wilderness. He struggled every night to contain the malevolent Typhonian Beast under his own will. He battled Setites who chanced to find him, and his already profound hatred of them grew to new depths. More and more, he began to hunt them with an obsession. Although he occasionally encountered other Gangrel, he would never see his sire again.

His Purpose

Enkidu learned in the wilderness that only by holding onto his humanity could he continue to contain the Typhonian Beast. The awful vengeance he directs toward the Setites constantly threatens this. Enkidu is the savior of ancient, unique creatures. He keeps them immortal on vampire blood, although he will not use his own unless he cannot find other resources to feed them. He has become cunning, and his talent at mimicry serves him well when he ventures into cities to hunt. In his desperation to hold onto his Humanity, he has splintered part of his personality into another form. He can transform himself into this form and maintain a mental grasp on human concepts.

In this female form, he adapts to social situations, allowing him to hunt with more success within civilized areas. This female form, called Sabrina, appears as a typical Gangrel. She uses her deviousness to locate any Setite that may be in the area, and

he hunts them down in the more bestial Enkidu form later.

His Nature

Enkidu can be considered a caring individual, but only when it comes to uncivilized creatures. He sees civilization as a monstrosity which feeds on the spirits of those who dwell there. He detests the noise, filth and spoor of the human sea. He avoids the Garou at all costs, not wishing to battle them, although he has no such compunctions where Glass Walkers and other city-dwelling Lupine are concerned. Over the centuries, he has grown to a huge size, and he melds his ghouls into his massive bulk. He guards these ghouls with absolute ferocity. He keeps the Typhonian Beast on a tight leash at all times.

The Sabrina form of the Enkidu is taken by need, whenever Enkidu is confronted by a situation which requires the finesse of that splinter personality. His humanity is tied up in that other self.

His Modus Operandi

Enkidu remains close enough to large cities to have a reliable supply of Kindred blood to keep his ghouls alive. Many of them run with him on his hunts and defend him while he sleeps during the day. He frequents zoos, sleeping within large animals, such as elephants and rhinos.

The Setites want to secure the Typhonian Beast, believing that it can actually lead them to Set himself. The Beast complicates Enkidu's unlife through its Auspex, calling to Setites in the area of the Gangrel. He keeps this evil creature starved to render it weak enough to manage.

His bitterness for safekeeping the Typhonian Animal has led him many times to consider killing it, but his compassion for it transfers the blame to the Setites instead. He believes that the extermination of that bloodline would free the Typhonian Beast from its corruption. He does not understand the true malicious intelligence of the Beast.

Crimes

The Enkidu has been sighted killing Kindred for a few years now, especially since he's become more involved with hunting within cities. Interestingly enough, the modern Gangrel are Enkidu's greatest political foe, and their warning of the Enkidu's danger prompted the Camarilla to put him on the Red List. This Anathema's position on the List reflects the fact that the Camarilla believes that he is not much more than an animal himself. They do not know about the Sabrina form, nor do the Gangrel. The Gangrel would like to see the Noah (as they call

the Anathema) put higher on the List, but thus far have been unable to convince the other clans. To the Camarilla, a beast is not so dangerous as a politically active criminal.

Trophy Clan

The Gangrel have claimed Trophy on the Enkidu, since they pressed so fervently to get it included on the Red List. There is a slight schism among the elders of the Gangrel as to the value of the Noah. Some see only the blood spilled by the creature (much of it among their own clan); others see the unique creatures locked inside Enkidu's flesh.

The Sabbar are just beginning to understand what the Enkidu is, and if they detect it, they will send packs against it. The Black Hand's Dominion are watching with as much vigilance as possible, but they have learned little.

The Lupines have had almost no contact with him outside of the cities. Enkidu is well-versed in Lupine Lore and habits. For this reason, he moves with comparative ease through wilderness areas.

The Setites consider Enkidu to be among their primary objectives. He holds prisoner a ghoul created by their dark god, a creature who they believe can actually lead them to the Antediluvian. Some ambitious Setites see the Typhonian Beast as a ticket to the ultimate prize — the opportunity to diablerize Set.

Enkidu

Clan: Gangrel

Alias: The Noah, Sabrina

Sire: Gangrel

Nature: Caregiver/Survivor

Demeanor: Survivor

Generation: 4th

Apparent Age: Indeterminable

Physical: Strength 9, Dexterity 7, Stamina 9

Social: Charisma 2 (5 in Sabrina aspect),

Manipulation 3 (6 in Sabrina aspect),

Appearance 0 (4 in Sabrina aspect)

Mental: Perception 9, Intelligence 5, Wits 6

Virtues: Conscience 5, Self-Control 2,

Courage 5

Talents: (Noah) Alertness 8, Athletics 5,

Brawl 9, Dodge 8, Empathy 3, Intimidation 6,

Mimicry 9, Scrounging 4

(Sabrina) Alertness 2, Brawl 3, Dodge 4,

Empathy 4, Intimidation 2, Subterfuge 2,

Streetwise 4

Skills: (Noah) Animal Ken 9, Body Alteration 9, Hunting 9, Stealth 8, Survival 9, Swimming 3, Tracking 7

(Sabrina) Acrobatics 4, Acting 2, Body Alteration 5, Camouflage 4, Climbing 3, Hunting 5, Stealth 5, Survival 4, Traps 4

Knowledges: (Noah) Linguistics 7, Occult 4 (Sabrina) Faerie Lore 4, Lupine Lore 5, Naturalist 7

Disciplines: (Both) Animalism 9, Auspex 2, Celerity 7, Fortitude 8, Obfuscate 3, Potence 7, Protean 8, Vicissitude 6

(Sabrina only) Thaumaturgy 3 (Weather Control 3)

Backgrounds: Allies 2, Retainers 5

Humanity: (Noah) 4, (Sabrina) 7

Willpower: 9

Image: The Noah is a gigantic bestial thing, never appearing the same way from one night to the next. Its eyes are white. The Sabrina aspect is a young woman with short black hair and disturbing green-blue eyes. She dresses in whatever clothing she can find after emerging as the dominant personality.

Quote: (hideous bestial mimicry, cries emulating the sounds of ancient monstrosities that have long-since fallen to extinction)

Roleplaying Hints: (Noah) You are the most powerful predator the world has ever known. You stalk your prey in silence, without remorse or fear. You never harm animals, among whom you number yourself.

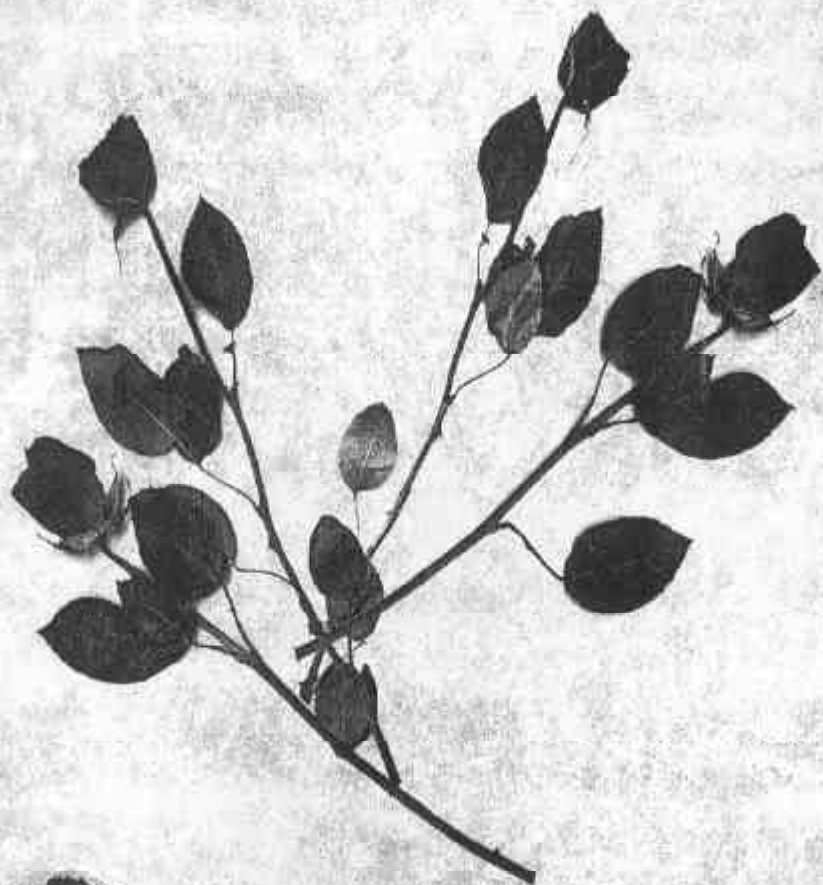
(Sabrina) You are friendly to a fault. You put priority on making alliances. Speak very softly.

Hayes: Zoos

Influence: None

Notes: Enkidu's extra levels of Animalism make him extremely attractive to animals, allow him to communicate with all animals who can hear him, summon all the animals near him, and merge animals into his being. His extra levels of Protean combine to allow him to take on the Sabrina form. His extra level of Vicissitude allow him to stretch his body to immense sizes.

Rumors: Your two natures are a mated pair of separate creatures (F); you hunt Gangrel without provocation (F); your aura seems to sing or chant (T); you've lived a long time in Canada (T); you are terrified of fire (F).





OSSIAN

*I fixed my dwelling for the night,
lights in pairs come passing by where I hide.
I'll need some time now on my own,
Leave my loneliness alone to lick my wounds.
Night has found me just in time
to help me close my eyes one more time*

— Aha, "Living a Boy's Adventure Tale"

His Life

Five hundred years ago, Ossian was a member of the proud Fianna Garou, a recorder and poet for the tribe. His mother, one of the Seelie faeries, fled to the Fianna after being transformed into a fawn by Fear Dóirche, a mage who ached to possess her love. The Garou were able to break the charm and restore Sadhbh to her natural form. She did not return to Arcadia, however, having mated with Finn, a Fianna warrior.

Their happiness was shattered when the mage again captured Sadhbh, and she disappeared forever from the world. Finn and his pack, after a heart-breaking search, happened upon a young boy while hunting. Two faeries of formidable strength, the child's guardians, kept the pack at bay until Finn recognized the child as his own. He brought the homid back with him.

Ossian had inherited the powers of his kind, and even as he became the most valiant of warriors against the Wyrn, he also became a powerful singer. Ossian took a mate, and together they raised their child to be a great warrior as well.

Father was destined to outlive son, who fell in the battle of Gabhra against the minions of the Fear Dóirche. In his rage, Ossian hunted relentlessly for the wizard until he was discovered by the mage's fairy ally, Niamh. She tricked him into travelling into the

blacker places of Arcadia. There he lived, a prisoner for more than a century as his tribe began to struggle desperately against the forces of the Wyrn.

Niamh ignored Ossian's demands to be returned to his people. In her dark lair, he was subjected to visions of beauty so intense that it crawled with vileness. Her voice held a power that made Ossian cry out in pain. It was only his own voice and songs which prevailed against her dark influence. She attempted again and again to get a child from him, but to no avail.

At length, he was able to call upon his totems and spirits to give him strength enough to escape and find his way through the barriers back into his own land. Restrained by spirits, Niamh hurled a curse at him and screamed that he should seek the supernatural virility of blood even as she did. Furthermore, he was to bear the weight of his absence from his world.

Outside Arcadia, a hundred years had passed, and when he touched his native soil, the fairy's curse enveloped him. His glossy red fur turned as white as winter and pain coursed through his body. In Homid form, he was bent and fragile. This ache could not compare to the cramps of his hunger for blood.

His people did not know him, for much had changed by this time, but they consented to take him in after he sang to them tales of their tribe's proud past.

He hunted constantly, trying to fill the cramping hunger that clung in his stomach. The Fianna turned him out not long afterwards. His slaying endangered the tribe; his drinking of blood shocked them. He left, vowing revenge on the tribe amongst whom he had been one of the mightiest.

One night, he chanced upon a nun who, unaware of the wolf under his human disguise, attempted to convert the old man to Christianity. Something about the woman's blood stirred the curse within Ossian. He raged, and after a protracted battle with the woman, who was much stronger than he had guessed, he killed her.

The nun had been a vampire, and the taste of her vitae fed the curse, making him feel younger and less frail. Then came the guilt of what he had done, but the compulsion, the rewards of the blood in his mouth, was too seductive. He resigned himself to eternal damnation and separation from Gaia under the Wyrn-bred malediction. He would hunt vampires from then on.

His Purposes

Ossian is perpetually a ghoul, and he has lived far beyond his natural life span. His desperation to live

is his primary goal now, as is vengeance on his tribe and its allies. He also hopes for an end to his curse, and to this end, he seeks the faeries.

His Nature

Some of Ossian's Gifts have been sacrificed for the Disciplines learned during the past century. His hunger is unnatural, even for a ghoul. It has driven him to acquire an impressive list of Kindred and Lupine victims. He senses that he will die promptly without vampire blood, so he will go to any length to satisfy his addiction. He does not enjoy the power that this blood gives him.

Ossian is a sad creature, constantly in pain from aggravated wounds that refuse to heal. He mourns his lost days of glory among the Fianna. He has literally had his life stolen away by Niamh; moreover, despite the life he captures because of his addiction, he obtains no joy in existing.

His little solace comes from Blanca, his current travelling companion and mate, though he doesn't understand that she is using him. She is a Black Spiral Dancer masquerading as a Glass Walker. She can assume Homid form and does his investigation work in return for his participation in her own schemes. He does not yet understand the danger that she presents to him, as she is a follower of the Wyrn and an agent of his long-time enemy Niamh. She is desperately attempting to become pregnant by him.



but so far this has seemed impossible. She doesn't know why she must have this metis, but Niamh has threatened her with hideous punishments if she fails.

In the early 1960s, Ossian befriended a human woman whose special sight penetrated his curse and saw the young warrior within him. With her, he fathered a child, although he had to leave her and his unborn son behind rather than endanger them. He misses her most of all, but doesn't know that he has a son.

His Modus Operandi

Because of the time he spent in Arcadia and Niamh's curse, Ossian's aura has a strange hypnotic effect that paralyzes Kindred who see it. How long this lasts depends on the Willpower of the individual. She must make a Willpower roll (difficulty 8) or be immobilized for the first round. A botch may actually work to the player's advantage, sending her into a frenzy and causing her to flee in horror.

Ossian uses this part of the curse as an advantage in his hunting, tending to pursue Malkavian, Toreador and Tremere vampires, as they are more apt to trap themselves by reading his aura.

His Crimes

Besides his hunting of Kindred (which would frighten most vampires and keep them out of his way), Ossian indirectly draws attention from raging Garou wherever he goes. After he ventures into cities where his food is more plentiful, Garou begin ignoring established boundaries, moving in after him. The Camarilla blames Ossian, and to a certain extent, this is true. However, it is primarily Blanca that the Lupines want. Of course, Blanca knows this. She travels only under Ossian's protection.

Thus, to ease the danger to Kindred when the werewolves get stirred up and come gunning for him, the Camarilla has added him to the Red List. There have been notable conflicts in Milwaukee because of his presence, in addition to the local pressures already there.

Trophy Clan

The Gangrel have taken on the Trophy simply because no one else will. There is also a contract pending with the Assamites, although they have yet to formally accept. The Gangrel are as in the dark about Blanca as the rest of the Camarilla; the Garou they encounter refuse to reveal any information about her. Ossian's son, Seeker, emerged as a Garou and has been raised among the Children of Gaia. He wants to find his father, destroy the curse and put him to rest.

The Sabbat have had dealings with Blanca, who keeps Ossian away from the sect. This does not prevent Ossian from hunting Sabbat, especially when his need is great. Members of the Kiasyd bloodline within the Sabbat are greatly intrigued by Ossian's brush with faerie powers, and keep a closer eye on him than he realizes. They share this information with no one else.

The Lupine's Involvement

Some Garou who know Ossian would pity him if he had not unknowingly joined forces with Blanca. Now, even as she is their prime target, they will not spare the old ghoul, if only because he has become a corrupted part of the Wyrms. At present, they are dispatching warriors to scout his position. The Fianna and the Children of Gaia toil in locating him through rites and spirits. Ichrim Moonshadow, a large black Lupine and member of the Black Furies, carries a quest to destroy Blanca and will not hesitate to kill Ossian.

The Wendigo of Canada have summoned forth a White Manitou to seek and destroy Ossian; they have seen omens which lead them to believe that he is being groomed for corporeal incarnation by the Wyrms. The White Manitou is kept at bay by Blanca's own impressive skills, but during full moons, its strength nearly overwhelms even her.

The Ulcena and Red Talons know of the Manitou's summons and also plot to find and kill Ossian's son Seeker to prevent the Wyrms from passing from the old to the young and strong. The Children of Gaia believe there is a way to break the curse, and they will attempt a peaceful surrender with Ossian if they can. They keep this secret. They will not hesitate to slaughter Blanca.

Ossian

Garou Tribe: Fianna

Auspice: Galliard

Breed: Homid

Nature: Deviant

Demeanor: Survivor

Apparent Age: mid-40s

Physical: Strength 5, Dexterity 4, Stamina 5

Social: Charisma 5, Manipulation 3,

Appearance 4

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 3, Wits 4

Virtues: Conscience 1, Self-Control 1,

Courage 5

Talents: Alertness 3, Athletics 2, Brawl 5, Dodge 3,

Intimidation 5, Leadership 5, Mimicry 2

Skills: Animal Ken 3, Bouting 2, Carousing 3, Hunting 4, Melee 3, Ride 2, Stealth 3, Survival 5, Tracking 3

Knowledge: Faerie Lore 5, Lupine Lore 4, Naturalist 3, Occult 3, Sewer Lore 2, Spirit Lore 4

Disciplines: Animalism 1, Auspex 2, Fortitude 2, Obfuscate 1, Potence 2

Gifts: (1) Mindspeak, Resist Toxin, Small of Man; (2) Distractions, Glib Tongue, Howl of the Banshee; (3) Song of Rage; (4) Balor's Gaze

Backgrounds: Allies 1

Humanity: 2

Willpower: 10

Rage: 5

Gnosis: 4

Image: Ossian's Homid form is that of an older man with graying reddish hair, a deeply wrinkled face and emerald-green eyes. In his Crinos form, he is over nine feet tall, with silvery fur highlighted by a red shine. His age is evident even in this form.

Quote: "I only want a little bit of your blood, lad. Eight pints will do nicely." (followed by transformation into Crinos form)

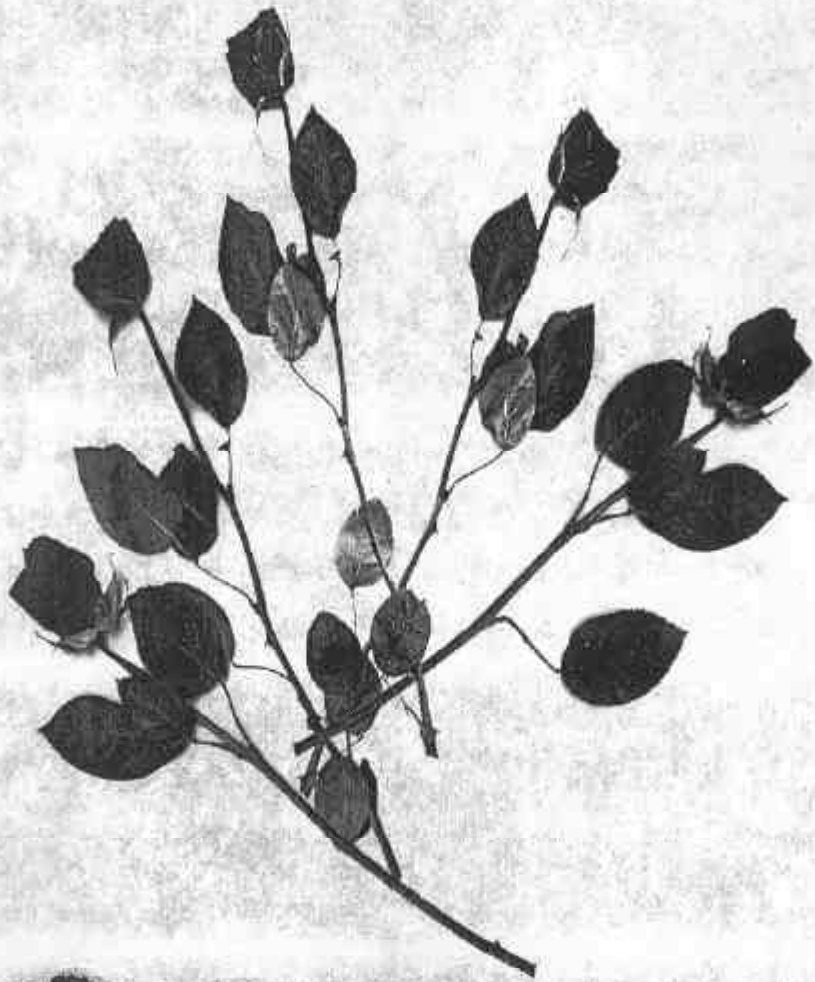
Roleplaying Hints: Crouch and glare a lot.

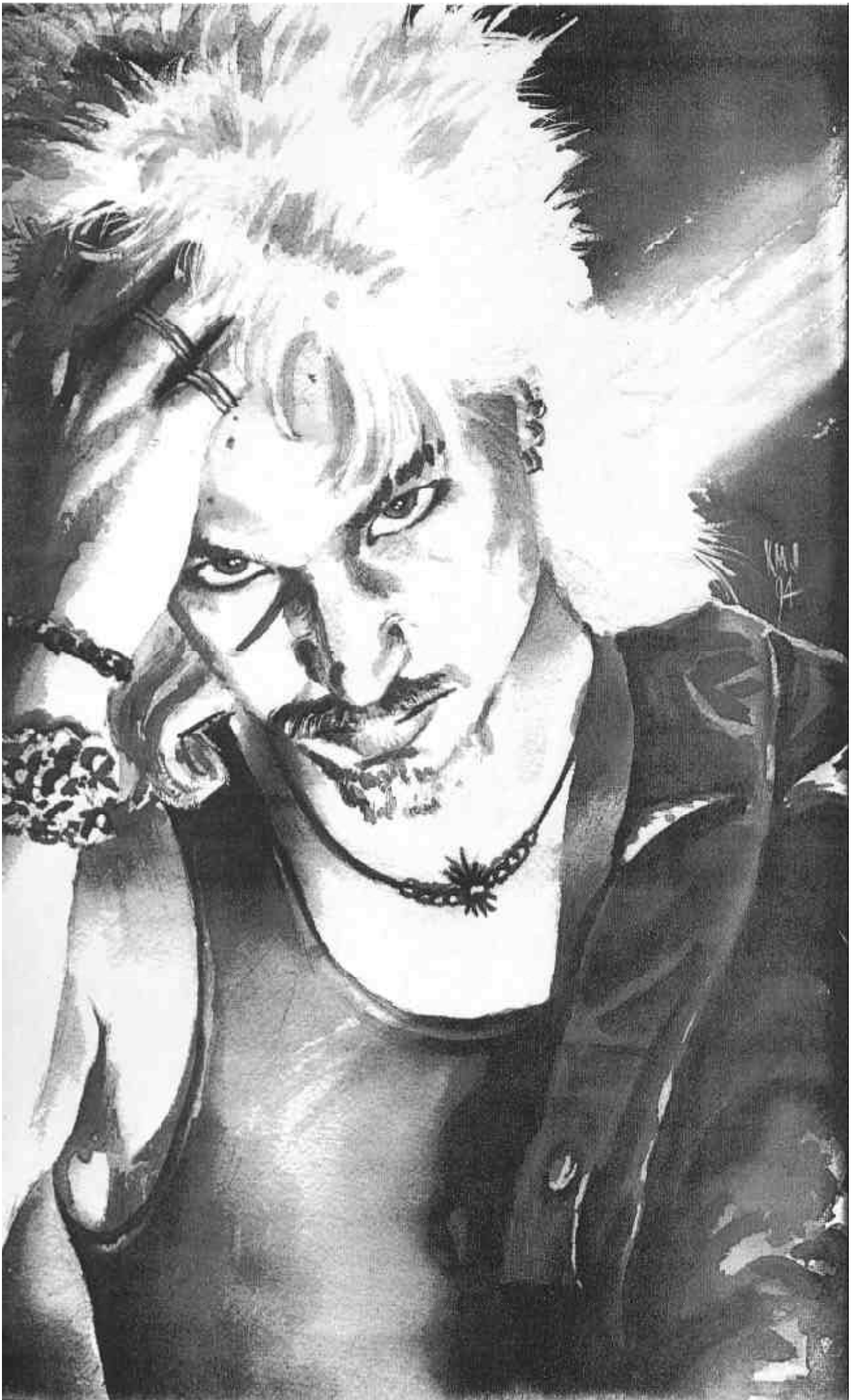
Haven: Sewers

Influence: None

Notes: If you are using **Werewolf: The Apocalypse**, then Ossian's Crinos form and Gifts act normally. If not, then remember that his Physical Traits double in that form and that he can use his Rage to gain extra actions in a turn. Additionally, his Gifts allow him to telepathically communicate with a number of people, resist poisons, scare away animals, take away dice from his target's Dice Pools, make people hear what they want, and make everyone around him run away, frenzy or double over in pain.

Rumors: The Garou are out to wipe you out (T, depending on the tribe); you have been cursed (T); you are travelling with another Lupine which the Garou despise (T); you have two sons (F, you have only one); you are warped by the Wyrn (F, faerie magic did this to you); you have warped versions of Garou Gifts (F).





DYLAN

*Death is given in a kiss; the dearest kisses are fatal;
and into this life, where one thing preys upon another,
the child too often makes its entrance from the mother's corpse.*

— Robert Louis Stevenson, *Pan's Pipes*

His Life

London blacked-out her lights and fires on the night of October 10, 1940. Bombs had been reported in more than 50 districts, with the outer regions suffering the heaviest pounding. Dylan Bruce sat in a sandbag-lined trench along the Thames as German planes whined overhead and dropped incendiary sticks and oil bombs into the shattered streets. It would be a grim night for him as chaos descended on London— although he was more vulnerable to the creatures that he had been hunting for the last two years than to the Luftwaffe.

His father was a simple laborer who worked digging trenches in London's Hampstead Heath during the Munich Crisis of 1938. The British were already anticipating hostilities with Nazi Germany. Having just reach 18 years of age, Dylan toiled to build the air raid shelters with his father and friends. One night in September, he helped his father dig up a vampire. A surprised Brujah opened her eyes in the glaze of the lanterns.

She awoke from her disturbed torpor ravenous with hunger, still grievously wounded by a battle she had suffered with Lupines two centuries before. The vampire's clawed hand exploded from the dirt, seized his father and snatched him to the ground. Dylan watched with horror as ivory teeth seemed to come out of the soil itself and clamp into his father's chest. The man screamed, and his blood sprayed across the face of his son.

Dylan came to his senses too late to save his father, but he assaulted the vampire until the top of

his pick snapped off in her ribs. With a final, desperate leap, he fell on top of the rising creature, burying the wooden shaft in her heart. She was immobilized. He sat shaking as two of his childhood friends, Jan and Herbert, witnessed the unimaginable. Believing the woman dead, the three boys pulled the wooden handle out and hurriedly buried her in a shallow grave.

Dylan himself was beginning to doubt what he had seen with his own eyes, concluding that he had murdered a woman who had somehow been buried alive. It shook him to the depths of his soul. At length, the boys made a pact not to reveal what had happened. Cocolly rational, Dylan himself consigned his father's body to the bottom of the Thames.

The spores of guilt grew into dark nightshade in the boys' minds. Dylan would hear his mother anxiously inquiring searchers for her husband's whereabouts, and was tortured with dreams of his father accusing him from the bottom of the cold river. His friends fared no better, and eventually Herbert went to the police.

The men listened to the incredible tale of the boy. Returning to the Heath, they found nothing. Their search of the river yielded no evidence. Dylan stood on its bank with his distraught mother as they dredged the Thames, still denying all that Herbert had confessed. He felt icy fear run through his bones as he realized that he had failed to kill the monster. Somehow, it had dug itself out again, and it knew who he was.



Eva, the Brujah, understood the danger her starvation had caused the Masquerade, and she believed that the mortals had to be destroyed immediately. She made contact with elders of her clan and warned them of the situation. For her trouble, she was staked in the sun for allowing the situation to go so far. The primogen was especially paranoid because of investigators in the city, including scholars of the Arcanum and agents of the Inquisition. They advised the prince that the mortals be given a wide berth. The prince agreed with this, threatening a Blood Hunt on anyone who sought out Dylan Bruce and his friends. In time, they were sure, the mortals would rationalize the goings-on of that September night and let the reality of their world wrap their memories into a dim cocoon.

Herbert ended his next year institutionalized, while Jan forgot the entire incident and joined the army. Dylan became obsessed with the woman who he knew should have been killed. His career as a hunter was born on the night his mother accused him of killing his father. He left home in pursuit of the creature that had brought his life to ruin.

He didn't have far to go before he was sighted by a Sabbat Infernal Diabolist. To amuse herself, Katherine became a sympathetic ear to the boy. Besides, he was very attractive, and she craved the heat of his passion. He told her of the vampire he'd seen, not understanding that he was speaking to a Kindred of far greater power and evil than the

monster in the Hamstead Heath. She confided to him that vampires were evil beings and began teaching him the weaknesses of the Kindred, seeing the innocence that he still possessed as a tempting possession to corrupt. Additionally, Katherine had loyalist enemies in the Sabbat that she wanted destroyed.

After two years, with the instruction of his beloved Katherine, Dylan became a hunter. His success was understandably dramatic, gaining the attentions of the Camarilla in the city. Katherine kept this prodigy a secret from the rest of her sect. Considering that he had not revealed himself to the Sabbat, even in killing two of their members, Dylan increased his value in her eyes. She began planting seeds to lead Dylan toward the Path of Evil Revelations. Despite her influences, Dylan remained beyond the taint of the Infernal. He remained obsessed with hunting vampires, and ignored what he considered to be Katherine's interest in the occult.

Katherine finally revealed her identity as a member of the Sabbat and told him of the rewards of the sect. Horrified, Dylan went into a frenzy, driving a stake into his lover's heart. Knowing that she was still alive, but immobilized, he left her to be discovered by her Sabbat friends. He was unable to finish the job.

On that night of October 10, 1940, when London was in a state of chaos from the German invasion, Dylan went berserk. During the night, when the city

had to blackout all lights to confuse the Luftwaffe bombers, many of London's Kindred frenzied in terror. Others fled as globes of fire wrapped in black smoke floated over the city. The wisest sequestered themselves in deep shelters. Dylan hunted among the carnage, showing no mercy to the monsters that ran about like animals fleeing from a forest fire. He killed among the bombs, seemingly invulnerable. The Camarilla vampires who escaped him spread the word of his fury and madness.

On the night of October 11th, Dylan was in his most vulnerable state. The German planes had penetrated into London itself the night before and had been turned back.

Up to this point, Anne, the Queen of London, had avoided Dylan. Now, with the death toll of the Kindred during the bombings, she decided that avoiding him was an exercise in futility. He would only continue to successfully penetrate the Kindred's secrets. She contracted Assamites to carry out the hit the same night. The Assamite who took the contract would, ironically, be destroyed while walking over a bomb that had not exploded on impact.

Dylan left his place of safety to make certain that his mother had gone to the Liverpool Subway Station, which was serving as a bomb shelter. He found her in their house, brutally beaten and drained of all blood. The rage and guilt left him without sensation as bombs again shook the city around him.

Dylan wandered, his spirit broken. He stumbled into a world of damnation and guilt. After the failure of the Assamite assassin to return, Anne decided to reinstate the prohibition on contact with Dylan Bruce. She had managed to destroy large numbers of the Anarchs and Sabbat after the confusion of the blitz, but as the British people rallied against the Germans, it became prudent for the Kindred to keep hidden. She hoped that Dylan would lose interest in his crusade or be destroyed by the war.

For a few years, Dylan wandered the slums of London, awaiting death from the vampires; he even sought it. Ironically, Anne's decree saved him from his own path of self-destruction. He sought Katherine as well, but she was nowhere to be found. The Sabbat had to withdraw from London due to Anne's scourge.

His Unlife

Dylan was alone until an ancient, crazy Ventrue sought him out. After embracing the young man, and implanting deep, secret commands in the recesses of Dylan's brain, he disappeared again. Horrified, and driven by orders he did not remember, Dylan left Britain and settled in France. He came into contact with the Sabbat on August 25th, 1944, the same

evening that Allied forces liberated Paris from its four-year Nazi occupation.

Indeed, Dylan's boyhood friend, Jan, had survived the war as an immortal and had joined the Sabbat. Jan and his pack, one among many, hunted amidst the chaos of Paris, attempting to hinder the allies and buy escape for Hitler's agents. The friends met in the streets. Jan, a true Sabbat, convinced his pack to allow him to speak to Dylan. He finally convinced Dylan to follow him, and that true freedom lay with the Sabbat and its Paths of Enlightenment.

Assured by Jan that he could leave the sect at any time, he joined. Although the Sabbat's inhumanity alarmed him at first, he became interested in the Paths of Enlightenment that they pursued. He saw them as his true escape from his guilt. Soon after the creation ritual, however, he was rediscovered by Katherine. Now he was what she was, and his guilt at nearly destroying her made him fall into her infernal web. He gave all that he was to her and her dark Masters. Keeping his Infernal Path an absolute secret, he moved through the ranks of the sect until he was finally accepted into the Black Hand in 1985 as a Remover.

His Purposes

Dylan believes he has purged himself of guilt through denial. His focus has shifted towards bringing the Camarilla to accountability. He hates them with such passion that he will never allow any member of that sect to survive an encounter with him. As a one-time mortal hunter of Kindred and a student of their weaknesses, he has developed methods of hunting Kindred other vampires have not learned. He has spent years in training, giving himself in obedience to leaders of the sect.

Katherine has convinced Dylan that his path is best served by obedience to Infernal Lords. She seeks to continue her quest for power with the hand of Dylan to help her. She envies his rise to power, but sees him as a useful tool. She also has not forgotten his staking her.

Of the Camarilla clans, Dylan hates the Tremere the most. Tremere *antitribu* have convinced him that a Tremere killed his mortal father. The Sabbat sees Dylan's presence as an act of providence, and would like to manipulate him against its misled Camarilla cousins.

He is a member of the Black Hand's Removers, pretending to be on the Path of Caine while secretly advancing his knowledge into far darker areas. Katherine was once a tremendous influence on him, but he has hated her for almost a decade. If she makes a single slip to reveal her true path, he has

determined to quickly silence her. If he could get away with it, he would finish the job that he failed in the 1940s.

More and more, Dylan believes that he is a real demon who has been sent to this world for a special purpose yet unknown to him. He sees Gehenna as a time when demons rise to destroy the world. He considers Antediluvians trivial in comparison.

His Nature

Dylan has rationalized all of the turmoil of his life into believing that it was simple preparation to bring out his true infernal heritage. He serves his Path with utmost loyalty, and has shown his value to the Black Hand as well as other leaders of the sect.

Dylan tries to be utterly without remorse, since it is a weakness. Unfortunately, he is still haunted by the death of his parents on a deep, subconscious level. This makes him avoid older kine if he can do so without being seen by his peers. If not, he blinds himself to the guilt that keeps resurfacing. The religious zeal of some of the Assamite *antitribu* is starting to become a concern to him. He is becoming increasingly paranoid that his true path will be discovered, and has considered that the Creator has sent agents to oppose him within the Sabbat.

His orders from Gotsdam, the crazy Ventrue who sired him, will not take effect until Gotsdam's own site, Tiamat, has risen. Gotsdam ordered Dylan to join the Sabbat, knowing that a sixth-generation neonate had no chance of surviving without friends. He has kept a close eye on him and aided him at every opportunity.

His Modus Operandi

Dylan is a loyal member of the Sabbat. He follows orders without question, using his obedience as a way of deflecting investigation away from his real focus: the Path of Evil Revelations. He uses his Demonic Investments, Two Dimensional and Teleportation, only when he is not being observed by other Sabbat. Because of his fear of the Sabbat Inquisition, he spends a great deal of time manipulating events to keep himself removed from their direct presence. In 1991, he returned to London, where he assassinated an influential Tremere. Being in his old hometown made him a bit more nostalgic (and careless) than he realized, and he was seen by Camarilla Tremere. He barely escaped. He is currently in the United States.

His Crimes

John Dee, London's Tremere leader, has heard reports for years from his subordinates about Dylan and is positive that the young vampire serves some

great purpose. He believes her to be connected to Lady Anne, who he says protected the neonate during World War II. He used all of his influence to put Dylan Bruce on the Red List.

Trophy Clan

Dee is now obsessed with getting Dylan's staked body and wants him to reveal Lady Anne's misdeeds. He has also helped to secure the Trophy by the Tremere. The Assamites have been petitioned to hunt him, but they flatly refused because of their own failure in the past. Even so, Dylan has a growing array of enemies who are tracing his travels in the United States.

Dylan

Clan: Ventrue *antitribu*

Sire: Gotsdam

Nature: Deviant

Demeanor: Rebel

Generation: 6th

Apparent Age: Early 20s

Physical: Strength 6, Dexterity 4, Stamina 5

Social: Charisma 5, Manipulation 4,

Appearance 6

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 4, Wits 5

Virtues: Callousness 2, Instincts 4, Morale 5

Sabbat Path: Path of Evil Revelations 7

Talents: Alertness 2, Brawl 2, Diplomacy 1,

Dodge 2, Empathy 3, Intimidation 1, Leadership 2,

Search 3, Streetwise 1

Skills: Drive 2, Firearms 2, Interrogation 3,

Masquerade 2, Meditation 1, Melee 5, Police

Procedures 2, Research 2, Stealth 3

Knowledges: Black Hand Lore 2, Camarilla Lore 1,

History 1, Investigation 3, Kindred Lore 3,

Linguistics 3, Medicine 2, Occult 4, Sabbat Lore 3

Disciplines: Auspex 4, Celerity 2,

Daimonion 3, Dominate 2, Fortitude 5,

Obfuscate 3, Obtenebration 2, Potence 1,

Presence 3, Dark Thaumaturgy 3 (Chains of

Pleasure 3, Fires of Inferno 2), Vicissitude 3

Backgrounds: Black Hand 3, Pack

Recognition 3, Contacts 2, Herd 1, Resources 3

Willpower: 8

Demonic Investments: Psychic Tracker,

Teleportation, Two Dimensional

Image: Dylan has blue eyes; they're usually covered

by his long blond hair. He favors blue jeans, muscle

shirts and long black coats. Both ears are pierced.

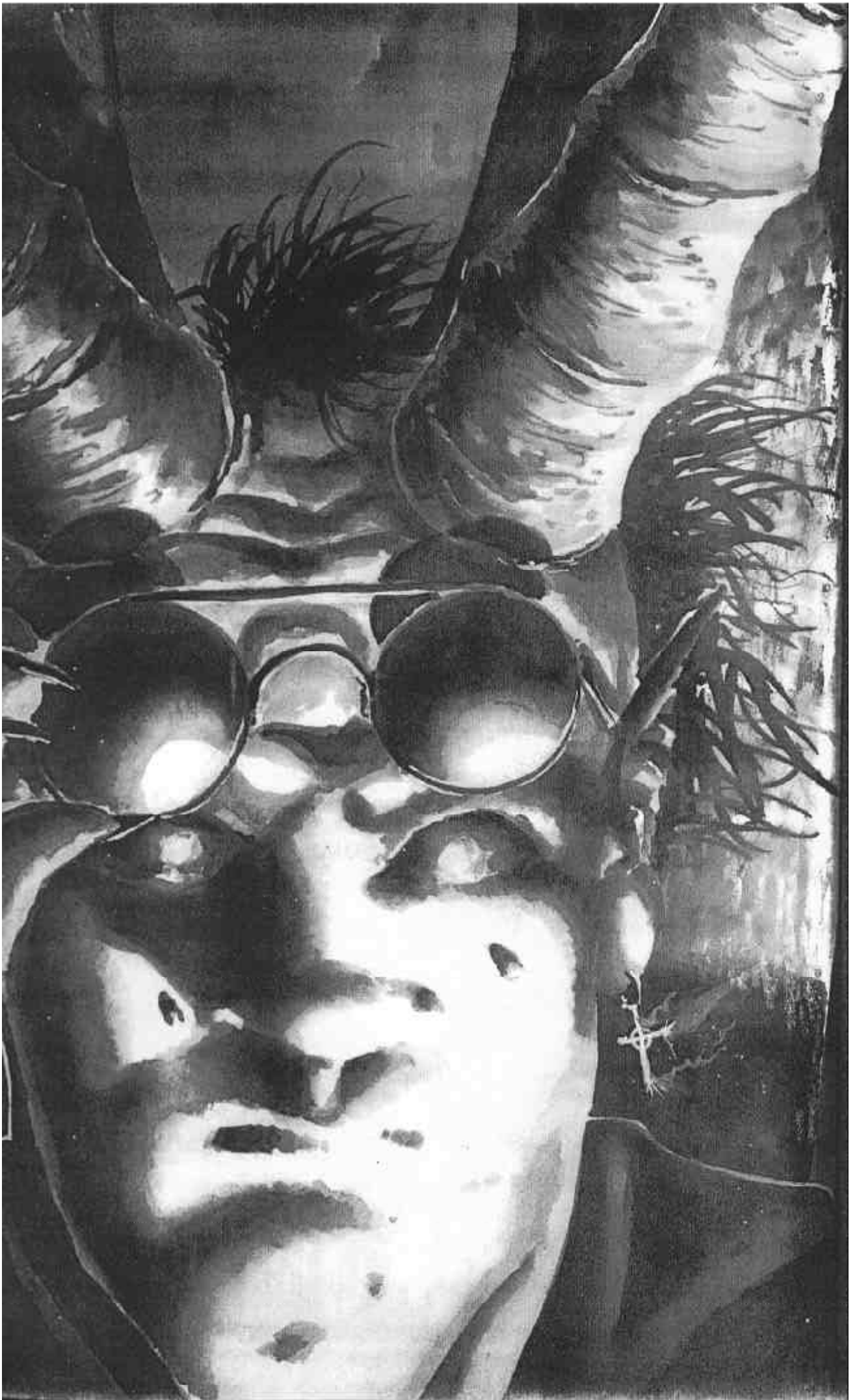
Quote: "Fire is the water of hell. Would you like to

go for a swim?"

Roleplaying Hints: You vacillate between quiet brooding and extroverted intensity. Raise your eyebrows often, and reproach anyone who stares at you.
Haven: Schools, colleges, and high-rise apartment buildings (Dylan likes to sleep on top of elevators).

Rumors: You steal souls (F); you bear a special grievance against the Tremere (T); you are a member of the enigmatic Salubri (E); you are in league with demons (T); you prey exclusively on women (F); you are a known artist in the mortal world (F).





FEROX

*Glasses Man, you always dance in the night.
You are looking for protection
of your interior light*

— Ken Laszlo, *Glasses Man*

His Life

In the wilds of Britain, while Nero contemplated his own godhood in Rome, a tribe of Celts known as the Iceni were mourning the death of their king. His queen, Boudicca, arranged for all of her offspring to be there — including Ferox, a boy fathered by a commoner and kept secret from the king. As a client-king to the Roman Empire, King Prasutagus had bequeathed half of his wealth to Nero, and half to his two daughters.

The officials who arrived from Rome arrogantly tallied the inventory of the dead monarch's wealth, treating Boudicca and her children like barbarians. Boudicca, a hot-tempered woman, railed against the officials when they refused to honor her as ruler of her late husband's territories. Her stinging objections were rewarded with a public flogging and the rape of her children.

In rage, the neighboring tribe of Trinovantes, having also been deprived of its own lands, gathered its arms and came to Boudicca's aid. With a will of iron, Boudicca and her son stood on her great chariot and spread the flames of rebellion throughout the countryside. Ferox guarded his mother with his life, expecting nothing in return. The first target was the Roman city of Camulodunum, which, without a garrison, fell to the Celts. Its 2,000 inhabitants burned within the city's incomplete temple, an edifice dedicated to the dead Emperor Claudius.

The Brujah were delighted to learn of the bloody rebellion. They sent spies to observe the trouble the

Celtic army was causing Rome and her ruling class. Boudicca continued her sweep to Londinium, destroying Roman-sympathizing Celts along the way. When they took the city, some of the leaders allowed themselves to be goaded by Brujah vampires. They commanded that Roman women be impaled and set up before worship altars. The Brujah of Londinium would later pay a weighty price for their meddling; Boudicca's crazed force did not stop with this human sacrifice. They also sacked the city and burned it to ashes.

Drunk with success, Boudicca next marched to the city of Verulamium, where her son Ferox led a host of warriors to completely burn the township. Yet as potent as her fury was, Boudicca's Rebellion would soon be doomed despite Brujah aid. A small army of 13,000 soldiers, led by the brilliant Roman General Suetonius Paullinus, challenged the Iceni Queen. His Ventrue and Lasombra controllers carefully used their Thaumaturgy to beleaguer the Celts with foul weather. In a battle against 220,000 Celts, the lesser Roman force overcame undisciplined enemies and annihilated their army.

Boudicca fled before the Romans as they advanced. The Brujah, knowing that the Romans would quell the rest of the rebellious tribes, decided to salvage what they could. High on their list of priorities was Boudicca herself, whom they wanted to Embrace. As a vampire, she would be able to keep the flame of rebellion hot in Britain.



The group of Brujah elders arrived, but the ferocity of the young man who guarded the queen was formidable. He kept them at bay, but finally collapsed at the end of his endurance. The Brujah were cheated of their prize — Boudicca had managed to poison herself rather than submit to capture by the Romans. Impressed with the boy's courage, however, the Brujah had him bound and brought with them.

They took him to the isle of Mona, where they had gathered a large group of surviving dissidents. Here Ferox became a ghoul guardian of the clan elders. He remained until the island was conquered by its Roman enemies. In the battle for Mona, Ferox again fought as a madman, slaying his overconfident enemies. Ultimately, the opposing Ventrue-Kindred were too powerful, and again he was brought down. He might have been slain if a shrewd Malkavian had not recognized him as Boudicca's son. He was taken to the Ventrue elders, who sought information on their enemy clan, the Brujah. Ferox would say nothing.

Despite his lack of cooperation (which the Ventrue found curiously noble), he convinced them that he would be loyal to them. Again he assumed a role as defender. Being unbondable, their unsuccessful attempts to Blood Bond him were overshadowed by his own code of conduct, which earned their trust.

In the last days of the Old Republic, Ferox converted to Christianity. The Ventrue decided to insert him into the fledgling church as an observer. They tolerated his personal religious practices, which they believed were without any real faith, as a necessity of his new service of infiltration. As Rome passed into the hands of the Christian Emperors, it was imperative for the Ventrue to understand the changes this religion would cause.

Under various guises, Ferox became part of the church. He studied all facets of it. Kept immortal beyond his time, his loyalty was now bought for the vitae necessary to sustain him. He read Gnostic writings and Rabbinical lore, treatises on angels and demonological texts. His faith began to grow. As the church flourished, he made certain that several of the priests were made into ghouls and Blood Bound to secure their loyalty to the Ventrue.

As his faith increased, his divided loyalties bothered him more and more. In the end, he would not betray his masters. He saw, however, the abuses of the Kindred, and repeatedly warned them that the Church would begin to band humanity against the undead if they didn't end their exploitation. The Ventrue ignored him, attributing the warnings to Church brainwashing. They immediately removed him from his position and again made him a guard to their elders. Unwittingly, this saved his life when the

church began its internal cleansing of supernatural influences.

His prophesies of the Inquisition would later haunt the Ventrue, but not until he was far beyond their grasp.

His Unlife

Ferox served the Ventrue only a short time longer before they traded him to the Tremere. Its leaders had watched his involvement with the Church for some time and were impressed with the rumors of his unswerving loyalty to whomever he served. He seemed a perfect subject for an experiment to produce a more intelligent and resourceful Gargoyle, one who would not be susceptible to Domination. Yet, as they were going to submit him to the rituals and magical fluids, the Inner Circle discovered the experiment. Realizing the danger such clever Gargoyles would present to their own masters, they ordered the end of the experiment. Noting the array of occult knowledge possessed by Ferox, however, they kept him as a ghoul to advise them on the nuances of Christianity.

Ferox's ages-long loyalty finally came to an end. Tremere abuses, especially their treatment of the Gargoyles, became worse with each passing year. He felt a compassion for these hideous deformities, stripped of their lives by the Kiss of another Gargoyle or bred from hot ichor as eternal slaves. He could finally no longer sit by and observe the repression. At length, he helped organize the Gargoyle revolt, having earned their trust. In return for his leadership, the Gargoyles aided him in escaping the Tremere stronghold.

He was to discover in those hours the sinister hold the Tremere's vitae held over him. He began aging at an alarming rate, causing the older Gargoyles, out of perverse gratitude, to Embrace him before his mortality squashed him like an insect.

The Embrace transformed Ferox. He lost much of his recollection and identity, yet some things were so ingrained that even Gargoyle blood could not eradicate them. Through the haze of memory and mythology from years of religious study, he came to the realization that he was one of the angels who had fallen from heaven, and that he must redeem himself and those who had plummeted with him.

His Faith began to grow at a truly miraculous rate. Of the Gargoyles, he had the keenest mind, and they insisted that he lead them. When the Inquisition came as he had foretold, he hid with some of the others, daring to go out only to feed. When he encountered the Nosferatu, he saw their lack of wings as a sign that they were the angelic leaders of the revolt in heaven. These, he believed, could not

be saved. He began his personal campaign of extermination against these "demons."

His Purpose

Ferox is an ancient Gargoyle. As he aged for lack of Kindred vitae, he became an albino, and his Gargoyle form still carries those traits. His flesh is grayish-white, his wings are massive, and his eyes are red as blood. He sees himself as an exiled heavenly spirit who can find redemption and return to paradise. He believes that he will gain back a beautiful angelic form and eternal proximity to God as a reward for his services.

He sees all other Gargoyles as other Grigori (Watchers) who rebelled with Satan, and these are the only Kindred he will attempt to woo to God and "save." All other clans he perceives as demons spawned from Satan (Caine?), who opposes the will of God and must be destroyed. Against the Nosferatu, he has a special vendetta; without wings they will be unable to fly into heaven, a sign to Ferox that they are the irredeemable. They are to be slaughtered whenever encountered.

Anywhere he finds Gargoyles, he attempts to convert them. At present, he has more than a few who believe as he does, and this cult is preparing itself for war against the other Kindred during Gehenna. Gehenna itself, they believe, is the Apocalypse mentioned in the Book of Revelations. Among these are six other Gargoyles who form a council, similar to the Tremere Inner Circle, who believe that they are the seven angels of the last days, those who will break the seals and bring the signs to Man of the return of Christ.

His Modus Operandi

Ferox is also trying to get close to the Church itself and be its protector, though he is aware that it would try to destroy him because of his outer form. To this end, he searches for holy men and women who have ties to the church, who can work on his behalf to bring him into the Catholic fold. He travels everywhere, as do the other Watchers, to recruit these people. He moves his haven every night. Gargoyles who merely follow him, as opposed to converting to his religion, are still enlisted in his ranks. Ultimately, they will find forgiveness by following him. His bloodline may be the only one where older vampires defer to, and are ruled by, a weaker individual. His intellect is his greatest resource.

Interestingly, Ferox considers the salvation of humanity as separate from his destiny. Although he will assist in redeeming them (as it is the plan of God), he pays more attention to his own problems.

He sees himself and his followers as the supernatural forces that will fight the minions of the Devil when Gehenna comes to pass.

He will not commit diablerie for any reason, not wanting the corruption of "demons" in his veins. He maintains this prohibition with the other Watchers. Any who break this tradition are put to swift death. Ferox will spare most neonates, as he feels that they are brought into their cursed existence unwillingly, and can still be turned away from Satan. In addition, he has come to realize that neonates can be useful in making contacts that are beyond the reach of mortals.

His Faith is so intense that a bright light floods out of his albino eyes. Whatever the source of this mystic manifestation, Ferox will always wear darkly tinted glasses to conceal it. Rumors that his eyes have incinerated Kindred are false, but they will keep vampires without True Faith at bay. He also wears earrings of crosses and rosary beads. Any vampires encountering Ferox without his glasses on must make a Willpower roll (difficulty 9) or be unable to approach him.

His Crimes

The Tremere would never admit his part in the revolt of the Gargoyles. They secretly fear Ferox as they fear few other creatures. They have noticed his destruction of Nosferatu, even though they try to keep this quiet outside the clan. The Ventrue constantly warn the Tremere not to underestimate him; he will bring another Inquisition if he is successful. The Ventrue Justicar and his Archons work overtime to keep tabs on Ferox and the other Watchers. They believe that the future Gargoyle threat can be nullified only if Ferox is killed.

The Sabbat know Ferox well, and they see him as a potential weapon in the Jihad, especially if they can bring him into their fold. Two archbishops in the sect are discussing the possibility of bringing Ferox in, under the pretext of religious curiosity, then using him at the right time as a foil against the Camarilla. Much more must be learned about Ferox before the Sabbat will attempt to recruit him. The younger members of the sect hunt and are regularly slain by the Gargoyle and his minions.

The Trophy Clan

The Camarilla were surprised when the Nosferatu claimed Trophy on Ferox, then stood up to the Ventrue to secure that right. This revealed to many just how much they had endured from the Gargoyle. The Ventrue have learned that Ferox's faith has grown. There are rumors that the "holy light" which emanates from his eyes has incinerated Kindred.

This has made the Ventrue extremely worried. They are trying to substantiate this and many other rumors.

Ferox

Clan: Gargoyle

Sire: Rocin

Nature: Judge

Demeanor: Caregiver

Generation: 8th

Apparent Age: Indeterminate

Physical: Strength 5, Dexterity 5, Stamina 5

Social: Charisma 5, Manipulation 3,

Appearance 0

Mental: Perception 5, Intelligence 4, Wits 5

Virtues: Conscience 5, Self-Control 5,

Courage 5

Talents: Alertness 3, Brawl 5, Diplomacy 4,

Dodge 4, Empathy 3, Intimidation 4, Instruction 3,

Leadership 5, Streetwise 2

Skills: Animal Ken 3, Climbing 2,

Interrogation 3, Meditation 3, Melee 5,

Research 3, Stealth 5

Knowledges: Art History 2, Architecture 5,

Bureaucracy 5, History 3, Law 2, Linguistics 5,

Literature 5, Occult 1, Philosophy 1,

Theology 5

Disciplines: Animalism 4, Auspex 2,

Celerity 4, Dominate 3, Fortitude 5, Obeah 4,

Obfuscate 2, Potence 5, Protean 2, Visceratika 5

Backgrounds: Allies 5, Contacts 3, Herd 2

Humanity: 9

True Faith: 9

Willpower: 10

Image: Ferox is a white Gargoyle with large wings and pink, albino eyes which glow with the light of his faith. He keeps his eyes hidden behind sunglasses. He has spiraling horns on top of his head, a small mouth and a heavy chin. He usually wears a choir robe trimmed in purple, a crucifix necklace and/or a cross earring.

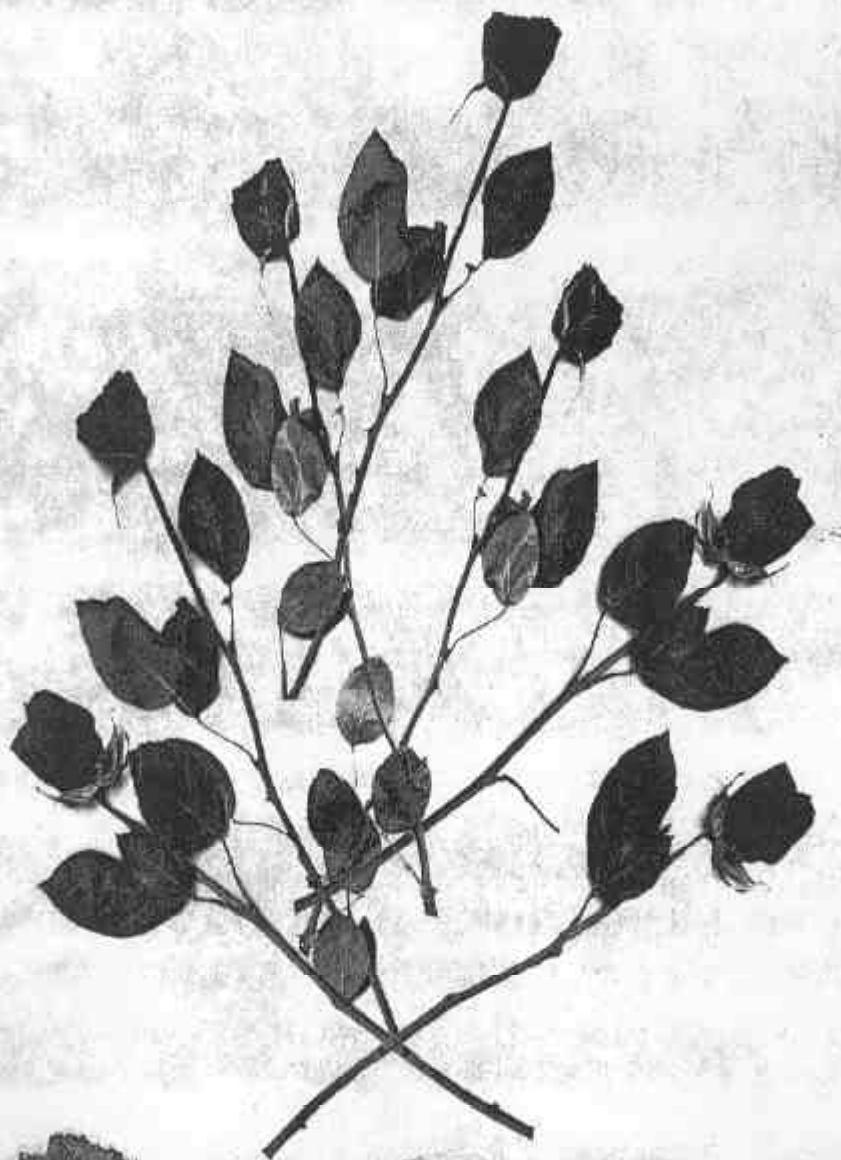
Quote: "God is the only being who doesn't drink blood. Obey the law of God, lest he send his judgment on wings."

Roleplaying Hints: You are constantly saddened by the corruption of the world. You are patient, and won't hurt neonates too much unless they seem bent on destroying you. Keep adjusting your sunglasses.

Haven: Always churches. Ferox moves his haven nightly, although he has several permanent ones.

Influence: Among the Gargoyles, considerable, and increasing night by night.

Rumors: The light from your eyes burns Kindred flesh (F); you are a demon (F); the Baali created you (F); you have a vendetta against the Nosferatu (T); no vampire can get near you (F, but most will find it difficult, considering your Faith).





ALEXIS (DANYA)

One mustn't become too attached to material things . . .

— Regine, Fright Night II

Her Life

At the beginning of the 18th century, most Russians lived in poverty and squalor, with no hope of improving their station. For Alexis, however, these were privileged times. The czar favored her father, who proved especially apt at squeezing the last coin from his serfs. With Peter the Great on the throne, the country lumbered forward, and she was one of the young people selected to travel abroad and learn about the rest of the world.

Alexis supported the Czar's vision and pursued her education in Vienna. Here she studied mathematics, physics, anatomy, engraving and the techniques of art. Art soon captured her attention. It would be a lure that would lead to her immortal career as the greatest thief in the World of Darkness.

Vienna was a dream to her, the artistic capital of the world with its music, drama and fine arts academies. She studied art, but soon found that she had neither the inclination nor the discipline to pursue it with vigor. She dallied, spending her nights among the city's irresponsible wealthy, who considered her a cultured barbarian with an exotic beauty. She used her privileges and her charms to their fullest. She found stealing a bracelet from a rival for a young man's attentions exhilarating. Soon her thefts, each more daring than the last, had

the upper crust of Vienna society in an uproar. Her intrigues successfully deflected suspicion.

Her brilliance showed in her thefts. Such was her cleverness, in fact, that her crimes attracted Kindred attention, though even they could not trace the thefts to her. The Toreador were intrigued; the Ventrue were outraged.

Only a week before she was to return to Moscow, Alexis met a silent, sullen man at a party and instantly fell in love. She had no way to know that the handsome stranger was a Ravnos vampire, one who had been warned by the Tremere lieutenant to keep himself on good behavior. Alexis, with her red hair and sparkling green eyes, enticed the Ravnos across the room. He left with her, intending only to feed.

Alexis had plans of her own. Smitten with this man's noble bearing, she used her seductiveness to intoxicate him. He basked in her intensity as she confided to him her deepest secrets of burglary. Instead of feeding on her, he determined to see how deeply her passion for crime ran.

When he returned to her the next night, she showed him all that she had taken. The collection of jeweled combs and brooches was modest in size, but superlative in value. Dimitri, seeing that he had discovered perfect material from which to mold a Ravnos, was delighted.

Alexis would not return to Moscow. Dimitri told her who he was, what he had seen, and that he loved her. She would not even allow him to finish before begging for the Embrace. In the languid Vienna night, he brought her over to the other side.

Her Unlife

If Alexis had a fire within her mortal body, it flared to a conflagration of avarice and caprice after she became a vampire. Dimitri warned her, however, that Vienna would be an unsafe place to remain. His encounters with the Tremere, in fact, had placed him in an extremely tenuous position. He was hiding something from them, she knew. His tales of Tremere treachery and soubt elitism worried her, and together they left for Paris.

She and Dimitri were a success from the first moment that they hit the city. Alexis soon learned to disguise herself to avoid the Russian surprises, and she learned to devise wigs, makeup and mannerisms that would change her appearance. The Paris theater captured her imagination as art never had.

Dimitri was trading in more than human valuables, however. He fenced staked vampires for the diabolical Blood Market that grew out of a Giovanni intraclan power struggle. He traded in Disciplines, many of which he learned from his kidnapped victims. With Dimitri's help, Alexis mastered the subtleties of Obfuscate and other Disciplines.

It was during this time, however, that Alexis became disillusioned with Dimitri. His trafficking in flesh and blood did not offend her sensibilities, but the practice lacked the glamour and artistry of her own career. She came to consider him a boor, but needed his protection.

Still, she spent as much time away from him as possible. After devising the perfect female disguise, she adopted the name Danya and began mixing with the Toreador of Paris, impressing them with her devotion to art and her Pospur manners. For their part, the Toreador considered her a simpleton, but her beauty and charm were exquisite, so they allowed her to linger in their superior presence.

The Toreador impressed Danya. She began wishing she had been Embraced by them and resented Dimitri all the more. Dimitri, however, sensed her change, and immediately Blood Bound her to him. She struggled against him bitterly, even bonded, but could not break away. He now took on a more sinister role, mandating how she was to live and what she was to do for him. Under his thrall, she helped him rob Paris and other European cities throughout the next century.

Their success attracted more than casual notice within the Camarilla, which now recognized that

there were immortal thieves at work. The Tremere used a ritual to search for clues of their identity, but failed to find any concrete leads. The Toreador were fuming from their robberies in Paris, Florence and other cities dominated by the clan. They sent their best investigators, the most insightful masters of the Auspex Discipline, to find the thieves. Eventually they were led to Danya, but failed to penetrate her dark disguise for the Russian underneath.

Embarrassed that Danya, whom they considered a simpleton, had been stealing them blind right under their noses, the Toreador plotted a revenge overflowing with intrigue and artistry. Other clans had been relatively unscathed and were more amused than wrathful. They quietly refused to involve themselves with such a trivial matter, concentrating instead on the disappearances of European elders (under the stakes of Dimitri and his Blood Market). The Toreador were on their own.

They hatched a plan to bring the two thieves back to Paris. For bait, they used original manuscripts of music from Mozart himself, never heard by mortal (and certainly most immortal) ears. The great composer had written the pieces for a Toreador elder he had known in Salzburg. To the Toreador they were precious, but they were desperate to bring the thieves back to regain their stolen one-of-a-kind treasures.

Up to this point, Dimitri's darker activities were still undetected, a fact which kept the rest of the Kindred from descending bloodily on him and Alexis. When Dimitri learned of Mozart's concerto, he decided to return to Paris to procure it.

Somehow, Alexis smelled the trap. She tried to talk Dimitri out of returning to the Toreador stronghold, but he scoffed. He believed his unlife was charmed and that he could steal with impunity forever. He made preparations, and they returned to Paris.

Alexis knew the kind of creatures they were facing. If she didn't take every precaution she could, she knew that she would be destroyed within the week. The first thing she did was to take her Danya persona. Although she and Dimitri encountered members of the ruling clan several times in the next few nights, the Toreador elders wanted more than their simple capture. They wanted to outfox the foxes, and they wanted to do it in front of the entire clan. To that end, they announced a great ball for their clan.

Alexis cased the building where the ball was to take place. She had never been there before, and visited on pretext of socializing with the Toreador who smugly (and none too skillfully) confirmed her suspicions. Always a master of gossip, Danya used



her skills to ply the Toreador for information. As she smiled and talked shop with the Kindred, she devised her plan for escape, knowing that she might be rid of Dimitri if she could pull it off.

She needed a distraction. Dimitri would suffice, being overconfident and ignoring her warnings about the ball. She convinced him to provide the distraction, explaining that she could slip away, get the music, and be back before she was missed. He agreed, but not before making her drink his blood to strengthen their bond.

She found the ball to be everything she had dreamed life among the undead could be. Toreador embraced those who had been watched by the clan: up-and-coming musicians and artists too talented to be wasted on the grave.

During one of the dances, Dimitri made his move. The flowing blood, mixed with wines and champagnes, had made many of the guests tipsy, so this was the role he chose for himself. He stumbled into the lap of one of the more prestigious Toreador elders, sending both of them to the floor. Ghouls moved to investigate at once. Taking advantage of the chaos, Danya used her *Obfuscate* and *Chimerstry* to become Alexis. She returned to the dance as subtly as she had left it, every bit the Toreador impostor. Ghouls moved to cover the exits. She watched as Dimitri was seized, and for an awful moment, waited for him to call for her to help him. Whether he didn't recognize her or wanted her to escape, she would never know, though she saw him look at her. When he realized that the Toreador had trapped him, he frenzied, forcing the ghouls to stake him.

Without a moment to lose, Alexis tipped candles into the luxurious drapes. Fire quickly rose up the walls and spread along the curtains. Smoke filled the hall. The Toreador who weren't running for the exits in a fearful frenzy ran about to save the priceless *objects d'art* threatened by the hungry flames.

The Toreador were spreading out, terrified of the fire. Some peered in from the outside. The few ghouls not fighting the fires were looking around with weapons drawn. Steeling herself, she *Obfuscated* and ran up the stairs, determined to steal what she had come for.

She moved through the house like a dream, hearing the frustrated Toreador screaming in the streets. As she tore through the rooms, she felt the warmth of the fire on the floor and knew that the lower story of the house was consumed in flames. Finally, she found the music in a display case of old glass. Windows and balconies, no strangers to her, provided her escape. Using her *Protean Discipline*,

she transformed into mist and drifted with the smoke out over Paris.

Her Purpose

Over the centuries, Alexis could not help herself. Her compulsion to steal is still too powerful to suppress for very long. She is still a thief, and has developed a battery of Abilities to assist her respectable Disciplines. Of late, she has returned to her Danya disguise and does much of her actual stealing in that persona. She has perfected such a repertoire of impersonations that it is nearly impossible to read through them. She is proud of her accomplishments and has amassed a nearly unmeasurable fortune in stolen goods. Her sole purpose is to continue on with her career and to maintain her title as the greatest thief ever brought forth on this planet.

Her Nature

Despite all that has happened to Alexis, she is as sociable and personable as she always was. If happiness exists among the Kindred, she enjoys it to its fullest measure. Everything and everyone amuses her, especially the Toreador, who she considers snobbish prima donnas. She delights in humiliating them at each turn.

The darkest area in her life is Dimitri's fate. She doesn't know if he escaped the fire she set, or that he might be searching for her. Because of this, she is all the more cautious.

Her Modus Operandi

Alexis is the mistress of disguise and guile. No one does it with more panache and style than she does. Her list of aliases is miles long, but she has been very careful to keep the crimes seemingly unrelated, though the Camarilla is willing to blame her for anything that is lost, no matter how minor.

Her stealing is so well-known that, in some circles, to be "Danyaed" means to be taken advantage of in view of all others. Danya will steal from everyone but the Tremere, as she fears that they could trace things belonging to them. She has havens in most large cities. In New Orleans, she has an extensive art collection that has a special sentimental value for her.

She will not deal with the Sabbat at all and resists their blind efforts to contact her for hire. To help protect her, she has law-enforcement officers in many cities on her payroll. She has wisely kept her holdings diversified enough to keep them invisible. She has recently mastered computers and is a first-rate hacker. The electronic age has easily doubled her already considerable powers.

Her Crimes

Danya personifies elegant crime. Camarilla leaders are missing so many things that if anyone were to destroy Danya instead of bringing her in, that individual would face Final Death as well. They have cajoled, laid traps and made bargains; Danya has laughingly exploited each one. Whatever else she might do, she is primarily a thief. Of late, she took the Mozart music that she stole in Paris and had it played in music festivals around the world, each time within earshot of the Toreador. The Toreador reaction to this affront has threatened the Masquerade. Danya will not allow herself be forgotten.

Interestingly, most of the Toreador she has stolen from know exactly what she looks like, but do not realize that the red-haired beauty they saw was the real face behind her brilliant disguises.

Trophy Clan

The Toreador will do almost anything to capture Danya. Their rewards for her capture would be extreme. The Malkavians, on the other hand, are so amused that they want to throw her a very lavish party before final justice is dispensed. The other clans simply want to get back what she possesses. Pervading the entire Camarilla is a quiet admiration for Danya. Many will be disappointed when she is brought to justice. This sentiment may even pave the way for assisting Danya in her escapes if absolute anonymity can be maintained.

Alexis Sorokin

Clan: Ravnos
Alias: Danya (and many others)
Nature: Gallant
Demeanor: Jester
Generation: 6th
Apparent Age: 21
Physical: Strength 5, Dexterity 7, Stamina 5
Social: Charisma 7, Manipulation 7,
Appearance 6
Mental: Perception 6, Intelligence 6, Wits 6
Virtues: Conscience 3, Self-Control 5,
Courage 4
Talents: Acting 4, Alertness 4, Athletics 3,
Brawl 2, Dodge 3, Empathy 2, Intrigue 2,
Leadership 2, Mimicry 4, Scan 3, Search 3,
Streetwise 5
Skills: Acrobatics 6, Body Alteration 5,
Bribery 4, Climbing 4, Carousing 3, Dancing 2,
Disguise 7, Drive 2, Etiquette 5, Escapology 6,
Fast-Talk 5, Forgery 3, Firearms 2, Gambling 3,

Lock Picking 6, Masquerade 3, Performance 3, Pickpocket 4, Police Procedures 4, Security 5
Knowledges: Art History 3, Computer 6, Criminology 5, Cryptography 4, Electronics 4, Forensics 4, Law 2, Linguistics 4, Metallurgy 2, Theater 3

Disciplines: Auspex 4, Celerity 5, Chimerstry 6, Dominate 3, Fortitude 2, Obfuscate 6, Presence 3, Protean 5, Quietus 1, Vicissitude 2

Backgrounds: Allies 4, Contacts 7, Resources 6

Humanity: 6th

Willpower: 8

Image: Alexis shines with class, but still possesses a pixyish sense of humor. Her true appearance is a lovely red-haired woman with sparkling green eyes and a slender, well-muscled figure. She likes to dress extremely well, but shuns street fashion. She will often impersonate celebrities with her disguise and shapeshifting abilities. Her favorite is Marilyn Monroe.

Quote: "Oh, don't be so modest! That really *was* brilliant of you."

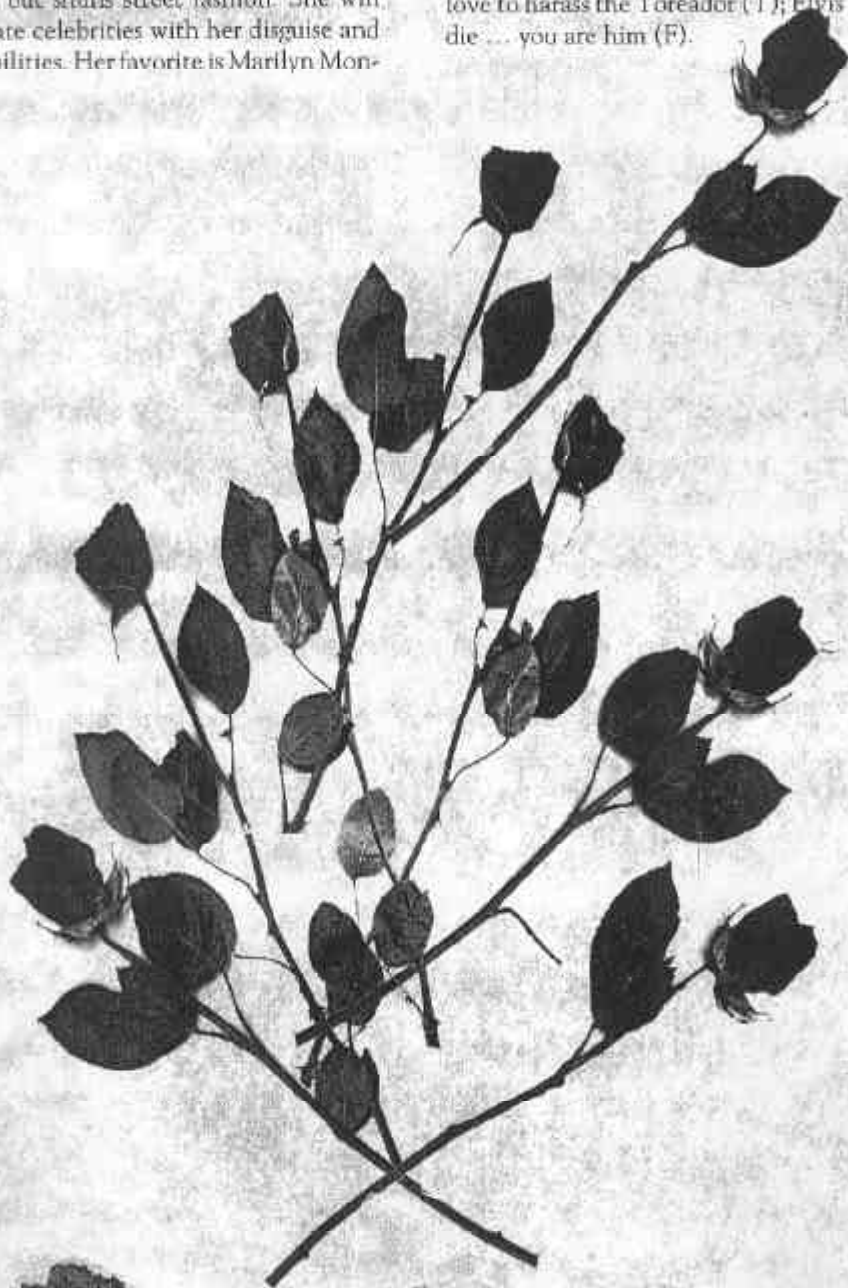
Roleplaying Hints: Flatter people and flirt. Both of these approaches harm no one and can often get you what you need. Leave everyone you meet with the feeling that you could be friends, and that they fascinate you. Life (and unlife) are made for fun.

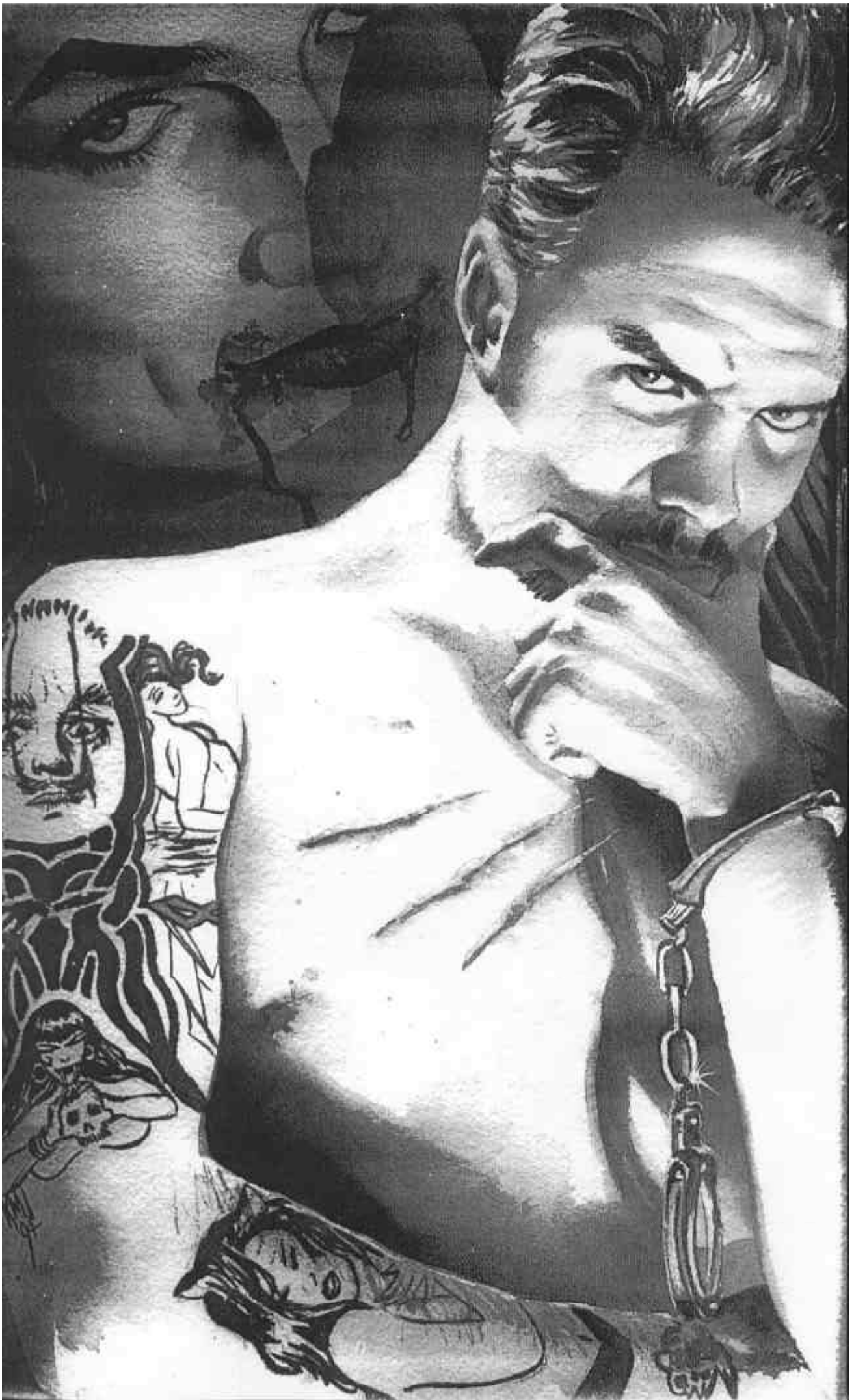
Haven: Her houses and estates.

Influence: Danya's influence through computers is astounding. She has gained a great deal of skill as a hacker. She is also a multi-millionaire, and her "collection" is worth billions.

Notes: Danya's sixth level of Chimerstry allows her to maintain her illusions when she is not around. Her sixth level of Obfuscate lets her aura appear a pale pink.

Rumors: Marilyn Monroe didn't die ... you are her (F); Jane Mansfield didn't die ... you are her (F); you love to harass the Toreador (T); Elvis Presley didn't die ... you are him (F).





GERMAINE

Revolution. Not before the day of its completion will men have faith in it — sublime success! Determination in a righteous course brings reward; regret vanishes!

— I Ching: Hexagram 49: Ko (trans. by John Blofeld)

His Life

When Louis XVI, a rather dull and corpulent man, came to the throne in 1774, he was completely unprepared (and unsuited) to provide leadership in the face of France's financial crisis. Because of this weakness, the court factionalized, with the Toreador maintaining the status quo. The Kindred opposed the reforms of Louis' minister Turgot, forcing the monarch to dismiss him in 1776.

Germaine, a fanatical follower of Turgot, despised the monarchy ever after. His need for revenge brought him into a chance meeting with a group of young men and women who held his same ideals. They called themselves the Girondists, and they dedicated themselves to destroying the king. Unknown to him, they were ghouls.

As France continued to drain her resources with involvement in the American Revolution, Germaine and his friends harassed both the church and the nobility. Germaine gave himself, body and soul, to the dream of a revolution in France. During the next five years, young Germaine witnessed the supernatural abilities of his friends. At first deeply troubled, he soon found how these abilities could be used to further the downfall of the monarchy. During those years, he constantly begged the ghouls to teach him their secrets. The Girondist leader always refused, and Germaine would leave in anger, only to return each time.

Finally, under cover of night, they led him across the border of France to the small Swiss village of Orbe. Here, in a monastery, he met their master, Critias.

Critias seemed self-absorbed, silently listening to Germaine as he railed against the French government. Germaine saw his convictions fall on deaf ears. The bearded man just stared past him, as if he were not even there. At length Germaine pleaded with Critias to be given the blood, to be made a ghoul. Critias quietly dismissed him, informing him that he was not destined to be like his friends. Germaine returned with the ghouls to France, cheated and humiliated.

France's dwindling treasury eventually collapsed into bankruptcy. In May of 1789, the Commons Assembly convened, joined by many lower clergy and a few nobles. They defied the king, proclaiming themselves the National Assembly on June 14. The king's loss of prestige before the National Assembly fired Germaine's excitement, and he redoubled his efforts.

The ghouls kept his identity masked. The Toreador were becoming more active in suppressing the dissident elements and pressing their search for Kindred influences. Despite the Girondists' orders for him to remain low-profile, Germaine would go

on solitary scouting missions, constantly looking for ways of making himself more valuable to his supernatural allies.

On one such adventure, he chanced to meet the Countess d'Adhemar, who became enamored with his handsome face and impertinence. In her, he saw a perfect opportunity to gain information for the revolutionaries, especially after he discovered she was a close friend of the queen, Marie Antoinette. Unknown to him, the Countess was a Toreador neonate of Madame Guill, who was supporting the French Revolution for her own reasons. At first, the Countess was uninterested in learning anything more about Germaine. To her, he was only a mortal rogue, a plaything among the middle class. She soon realized his ties to the revolutionaries, and exploited him on behalf of her mistress. By controlling him, she kept the Brujah one step ahead of the Toreador.

Germaine continued with his double life as a revolutionary and lover of the aristocratic d'Adhemar as the upheaval intensified. Marie Antoinette, unrestrained by her weak husband, began implementing her own counterrevolutionary plots, advised by the Countess. Germaine, swept up in the new surge of revolutionary fever, supplied the Brujah with knowledge to exploit Antoinette's blundering.

The first major Brujah coup occurred in October of 1789, when they were able to incite a mob to march on the Palace of Versailles. The Toreador blocked the Brujah's attempt to assassinate the king, who now understood how bold the anarchists had become. The mob forced the royal family to move to the Tuileries palace in Paris itself, and the Toreador panicked. In 1791, they attempted to spirit the king and queen out of Paris.

The Brujah sniffed out the king's trail, and he was caught. His flight was used as proof of treasonable action. He was forced to accept the constitution of 1791, which reduced him to a figurehead. Finally, in September, the monarchy was abolished. The king would survive for only a few more months before losing his head to a guillotine, and France's elders were on the run.

The Countess now had to cover her role in the events. She immediately set out to hunt Germaine throughout Paris.

At first, Germaine had secured himself reputation with Critias' ghouls, but they soon turned their attentions to the pursuits of their revolution. As their political clout increased, they soon forgot about Germaine. He was left to the enemies he had made among the Toreador. Germaine would have perished if not for his own wits. He survived until October of 1792, but his enemies were rapidly gain-

ing on him. Days after Marie Antoinette was guillotined, Critias returned.

His Unlife

On his way to the New World, Critias Embraced Germaine. The neonate reasoned that he had finally received his reward. Critias didn't dissuade him from that belief. Critias had secretly guided Germaine's steps since the night of their meeting in Switzerland. He saw the boy as a capable tool to use against d'Adhemar, but knew that making him one of his ghouls would be too obvious. After teaching him the use of Disciplines, Critias bade his neonate good hunting and left Paris for America.

Germaine relished his new powers. They were the rewards that he so richly deserved. He hunted through Paris in the aftermath of the revolution. He received grim pleasure when the Girondists were destroyed by their rivals, the Jacobins, said to be at least partially controlled by the Sabbat. They began extinguishing anyone suspected of being a counter-revolutionary. The Reign of Terror eliminated the final enemies of a democratic France, but the Brujah's power slipped away.

Germaine had stopped worrying about the Countess, believing that she had fled the country. There was too much to do during the Reign of Terror, too many Loyalists to ferret out. The Countess, however, had not forgotten him. During a stormy night in 1793, she cornered him in a park.

Countess d'Adhemar attacked him with her full ferocity. Germaine was stunned at the destructive power she possessed. Wounded, he fled, and she pursued him through the streets. If it had not been for Critias' ghouls, Germaine would have met his Final Death. Critias had told the ghouls that Germaine was a vampire, then withheld his blood from them. Germaine, he reasoned, would be their new source. They would become his ghouls and give him added muscle. When they happened upon a wounded Germaine and the Countess, they were already weakened. With nothing to lose, however, they attacked the Toreador.

The ghouls bought Germaine's escape. D'Adhemar destroyed them with little effort, but the rising sun threatened her as dawn approached. She returned to her haven to sleep, preparing to follow him the next night. Germaine buried himself in a mound of garbage as the sun rose.

The other Toreador kept the Countess from following her enemy. How, they wondered, could the Brujah outfox the most brilliant politicians among the Camarilla? Someone had betrayed the clan. The Countess now found herself in political cannibalism

as the clan turned its eyes inward to find the traitor. It took all of her expertise to keep herself above suspicion. Germaine was allowed to escape, but the Countess d'Adhemar was determined to find him, no matter how long it would take.

His Purpose

Germaine followed his sire to the New World, but never found him. Critias had never given his name to this progeny, and the only thing the neonate knew was that his sire had gone to America. Germaine, however, remembers his sire's face. He wants to avenge his near destruction at d'Adhemar's hands on Critias. He is searching all of the cities of North America, looking for the sire whom he knows is a Brujah elder. Once he has found him, he knows that he must proceed cautiously to destroy him. Of course, he has already waited two centuries to do so, and is in no hurry.

Germaine has learned to despise the Camarilla. He sees it in the same light he saw the Toreador in Paris: a privileged class of vampires who wish to rule the rest. Because of this, he will join anarch activities at every chance, keeping his identity secret. He knows that he is wanted by the Camarilla, but is unaware that he was put on the List by none other than Madame Guil, who is the current Toreador Justicar.

His Nature

Germaine is a rebel through and through. He despises authority of any type, even authority structures within the anarchs. He remembers his abandonment by his ghoul "friends" and doesn't care that they died saving him. The memory of the gross excesses of the French Dauphin and his nobility is as clear to him today as it was at the time. He sees the Camarilla as recreating the same situation, but in a far more insidious (and global) manner. Despite this, Germaine sees the Masquerade as integral to the survival of the Kindred (especially himself). He will not directly endanger it unless it would gain him a huge victory against the Camarilla. Germaine doesn't make friends. His mistress is not involved in his various causes; he doesn't care for companionship.

His Modus Operandi

Like any of the Anathema, Germaine moves about as much as possible. His contacts with the anarch element are the only ones he maintains. He never gives out his name, although he suspects that there are Brujah who know who he really is. For the most part, the Brujah don't ask questions. They see one of their own on the Red List as aggression against the entire clan, especially since the Toreador seek him.



Once Germaine commits himself to a cause, he will always follow it through. Although not above working with the Sabbat, Germaine is careful not to be a victim of their recruiting methods. He understands and even appreciates some of their ideals, but doesn't want to be subject to their rule. He sees the Sabbat as a temporary manifestation of Kindred revolution, something to dissolve once the Camarilla is overthrown. He could not possibly care less about the rumors of Gehenna. He sees the entire concept of Gehenna and Goleconda as nothing more than Camarilla propaganda.

His Crimes

Germaine is the perfect example of an Anathema whose presence on the Red List is the result of having the wrong enemy, one who eventually went on to become a Justicar. He is an anarchist, but he's done little to justify his position among the Camarilla's Most Wanted.

Critias understands who Germaine is. He helps Germaine stay a step ahead of his hunters. The Countess, herself deserted by Madame Guill, seeks his life. This is not out of service to Madame Guill, but out of the fear of having her role in the revolution discovered. She understands that the Toreador will not forgive her. Her mistakes have been paid for by lesser Toreador, but Germaine is still out there. His is the last voice to be silenced.

The Sabbat want Germaine. They are just waiting for him to make a mistake and put himself at their mercy. They believe that he would make a decent Sabbat; all he really lacks is the proper direction.

Trophy Clan

The Toreador have trophy on Germaine, but its Justicar has done little to track him down. She does, however, keep him on the List and encourage others to pursue him.

Germaine

Clan: Brujah

Alias: Count Germaine

Sire: Critias

Nature: Fanatic

Demeanor: Visionary

Generation: 6th

Apparent Age: Early to mid-20s

Physical: Strength 4, Dexterity 6, Stamina 5

Social: Charisma 7, Manipulation 4,

Appearance 4

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 5, Wits 5

Virtues: Conscience 3, Self-Control 4,

Courage 5

Talents: Acting 2, Athletics 1, Brawl 2,

Diplomacy 2, Dodge 5, Empathy 3,

Intimidation 2, Intrigue 1, Leadership 3,

Poetic Expression 1, Seduction 2, Streetwise 4, Subterfuge 2

Skills: Acrobatics 2, Carousing 5, Climbing 2,

Dancing 2, Debate 3, Disguise 2, Etiquette 5,

Fast-Talk 7, Firearms 2, Lip Reading 2,

Masquerade 3, Public Speaking 1, Stealth 4

Knowledges: Bureaucracy 2, History 2,

Linguistics 2, Philosophy 2, Politics 4

Disciplines: Auspex 2, Celerity 6, Dominate 2,

Fortitude 6, Obfuscate 3, Potence 4, Presence 6

Backgrounds: Allies 2, Contacts 3, Resources 3

Humanity: 5

Willpower: 7

Image: An average, unassuming man, almost always shirtless and tattooed.

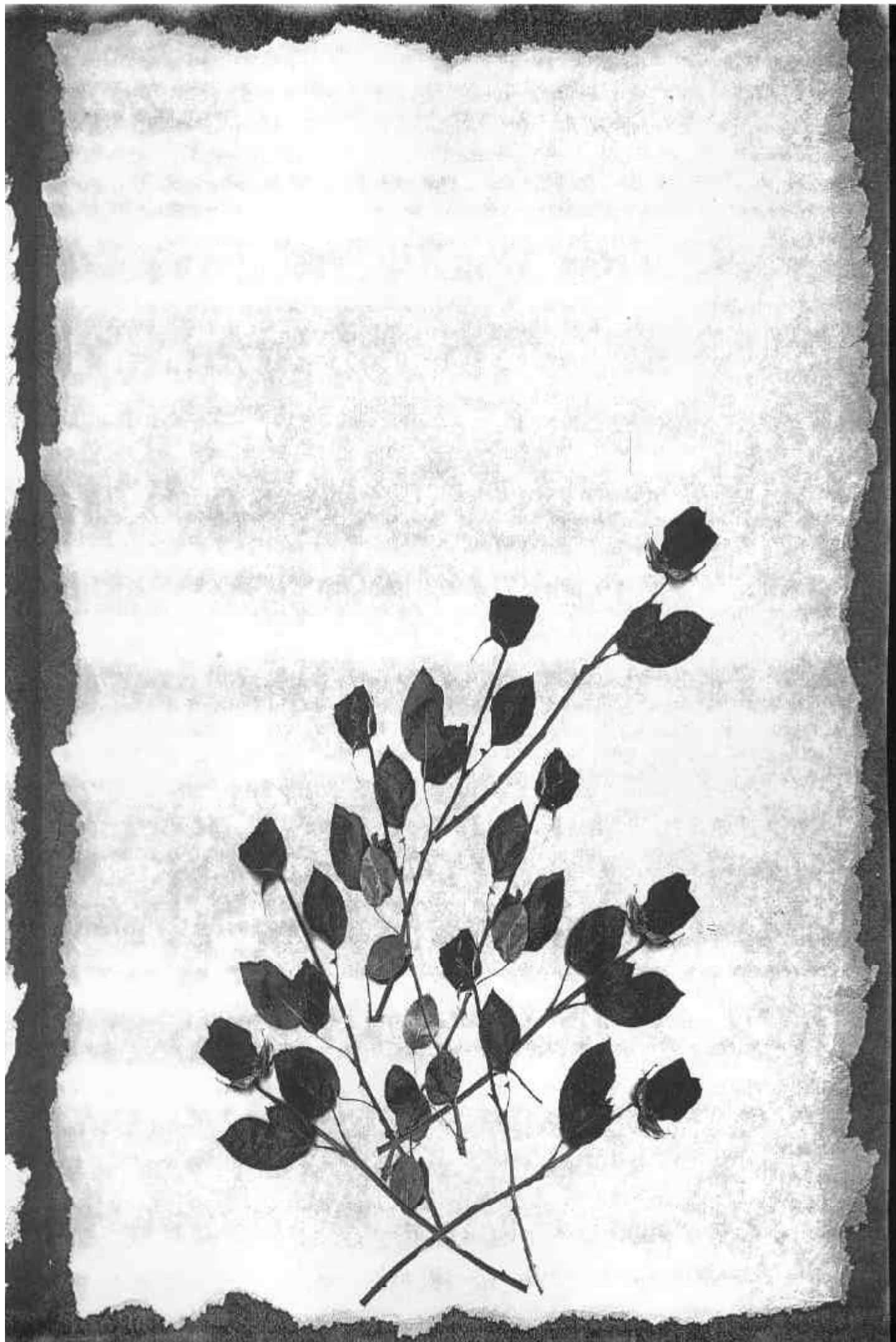
Quote: "If I cared what you thought, I'd have asked you, asshole."

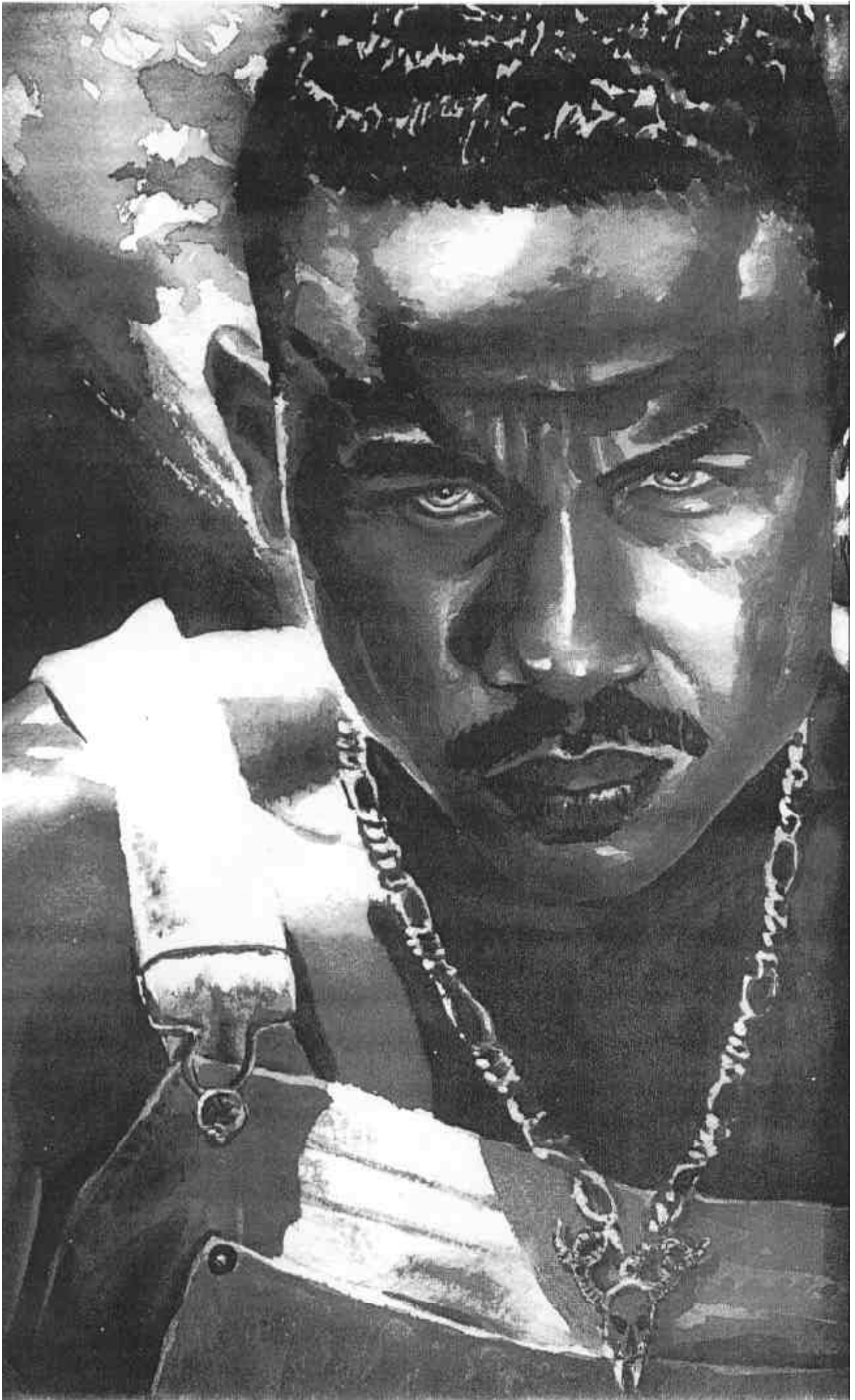
Roleplaying Hints: You are belligerent just for the sheer joy of it. In fact, you will intentionally misinterpret someone's innocent statement as being hostile in order to provoke an argument.

Haven: Any.

Influencer: Some among the anarchists.

Notes: With his sixth level of Presence, Germaine can cause those around him to become enraged.





TARIQ

This is sweet: to see your foe perish and pay to justice all that he owes.
— Euripides, *Heracles*

His Life

During the Seventh Crusade, Tariq, a Bedouin warrior, stood waiting to defend the Saracen city of Mansourah. Tariq followed the teachings of Ali, uncle of Mahomet, which assured the soldier that if he died in the service of his lord, his soul would be transferred into a more powerful and happier body. It was after his study of Ali that Tariq devoted himself to the Old Man of the Mountain. He toiled in his service for seven years, culminating in his defense of Mansourah.

He wore no armor for the battle; he had no fear of dying in the service of his lord. His faith taught him that he could not die before his appointed day. He had been commanded to hold the city, along with 3,000 of his brothers, against the advance of the Christians. He waited with his sword and his spear for the European knights to advance.

The battle was long and wicked. The Saracens and the Bedouins surprised the forces of the Christian kings, along with their allies, the Templars and the Hospitallers. When the kettle drum signaled the attack, Tariq himself threw a dart that plunged into the remaining good eye of the Templar Master. He sent the man screaming to his God.

The Turks were mounted, and yet the Christians were able to make a worthy ground defense, breaking at last through the Moslem ranks. A storm of crossbow quarrels from across the river swept over Tariq, sending him to the ground with blood soaking his robe.

He awoke in a delirium that night. Christians occupied the city. He felt weak and wondered vaguely if death had come to him. A Hospitaller saw him move and brought him to the poles where others of his people were bound and awaiting judgment. The crusader pulled the arrows from his leg and stomach but made no attempt to staunch the bleeding.

The Crusaders questioned him, tortured him. In return, he mocked their cowardly use of armor; they were anticipating death, but he was immune to it until the appointed day. He also taunted them with his success at the slaying of the Templar Master. In a furious rage, they cut out his tongue.

When he awoke again, still hovering near the edge of death, he saw a Bedouin standing before him. The Christian guards walked past, seemingly unaware of his visitor, even though the man stood in plain sight. Grass seemed to die around the man, curling brown beneath his boots as he studied Tariq. The man was dressed in black and bore the symbol of The Old Man on the Mountain. Tariq recognized his mark as one of the very Lieutenants of his Lord and tried to kneel despite the ropes that held him. The man's dark eyes glittered with delight.

The Lieutenant, a man with a face as dark as mahogany wood, told the tongueless man that he was aware that Tariq's dart had destroyed the Templar's Master. The Templar, he said, was a servant of a people he called the Camarilla. Further-

more, he said, Tariq had served the Old Man of the Mountain well for the past seven years. He would now be rewarded and begin his seven-year initiation as a Fidais to his new clan. Tariq swooned at the ecstasy of the Kiss and felt his life being drawn into the mouth of his new master. But before he could cross into the afterlife, the Lieutenant's blood brought him back to his body. As Ali's teachings had promised, his soul was put back into a far more vigorous body, one that would last him forever.

His Unlife

Tariq found the citadel called Eagle's Nest a marvel. During his seven years there, his interest in the Crusaders dwindled as his loyalty to his clan and its immortal concerns grew. Here he met the Old Man of the Mountain, the lord who he had learned to fear and adore. No longer did he require hashish to make him feel invincible and fearless; the blood of these ancient seekers of The One gave him a constant sense of near omnipotence. He served well for the next seven years, doing all that he was commanded and learning with great awe about Caine, the ultimate salvation for his clan.

Tariq, silent and brooding, yet reverent and obedient to his people, quickly rose in the ranks of the Assamites. His skill at collecting vitae gained him much prestige. After his initiation, he stayed on at Alamut. His service was transferred to the Silsila, the priestly Keepers of the Blood. Always fascinated by the mythology of the Kindred, particularly of The One, Tariq applied himself to Alamut's books and ancient documents. When he was dispatched to gather blood for the clan, he spent what free time he had adding to his knowledge.

By the time the Inquisition was in full force, Tariq had achieved a fearsome reputation as a Diabolist. For his service to the clan, he was rewarded with the lowering of his own generation. Still, the taint of corruption had come with his Embrace, and it profoundly effected the way Tariq viewed his spirituality. He felt that he was failing in his journey toward the One, so he redoubled his efforts to be the perfect servant of the Old Man of the Mountain. No enemy, he vowed, would escape his sight.

Things were going well for the Assamites by the mid-13th century. With the Inquisition, the battles between the anarchists and elders, and the birth pangs of the Sabbat, the world's Kindred were vulnerable to the Assamite's ascension through diablerie. Tariq was an angel of death, collecting potent blood for his lords in Alamut. He was a participant in the destruction of the Lasombra Antediluvian and other key members of that clan.

After the zenith of the Anarch Movement, and the subsequent birth of the Camarilla, the easy hunting grounds the Assamites had become accustomed to were no longer available. The seven clans that had bound themselves together called a Blood Hunt against them. The efforts of the Camarilla were determined, despite the losses it suffered. After seven years, when the Eagle's Nest was in danger of discovery, the Assamite elders sent envoys to the Camarilla to negotiate a peace.

When he tried to return to Alamut, Tariq found his way barred by the members of the Silsila. They met him in the wilderness, solemnly speaking of what had transpired. He learned that his reward for his loyal and dutiful service was exile from the citadel. He was to accept the full responsibility of the diablerie that the clan had so openly practiced against others. He was chosen because of his faultless loyalty to bear the onus of the clan.

Unable to voice objections, Tariq accepted the decree of the Silsila. They, however, would not allow him to suffer this sentence alone. After their return to Alamut, they brought forth a spirit, binding it to Tariq to protect and keep him safe. Deserted by his clan, Tariq left as the Silsila dutifully reported his presence to the Assamite elders. Assassins were dispatched to bring him to the Camarilla's Justice, but they returned quickly, and without him. Tariq, they said, had vanished into the desert.

His Purpose

Tariq has avoided the Blood Hunt against him to the present day. His attending spirit keeps him supremely aware of what transpires around him. Tariq sees through the spirit's perception, and over the centuries, he has learned to use it well.

Tariq harbors no resentment toward his clan. He understands what his forfeiture has gained for the Assamites. He is a killer; it is all that he knows. He still seeks reconciliation with Caine and continues to practice diablerie. As he did not submit to the ritual that poisoned Kindred blood in the mouths of his brothers, he hunts vampires for their vitae. He disdains the Assamite *antitribu* of the Sabbat, but will not attack them.

Nature

Of the Anathema, Tariq is the most innocent of the accusations made against him, and one of the most dangerous. The Camarilla has spread a great deal of propaganda about him, most of which is blatantly false and tolerated by his clan. Tariq has disconnected his emotions; he saves all of his passion for the pursuit of his spirituality. He is a callous and careful killer, used by less scrupulous members of the

Camarilla and Sabbat to rid themselves of tenacious enemies. The price he charges is always high.

He trusts no one and allows no appeals or entreaties to sway him from his path of destruction.

His Modus Operandi

Tariq moves as a shadow. His Outer Spirit (as he thinks of it) moves around him to reveal any menace. It is nearly impossible to surprise him. He will travel anywhere to ensure his safety or fulfill his contracts. He will feed only on other Kindred. He has begun to understand that there is veiled support from his clan, but he still remains an absolute loner. Despite his burden, Tariq would return to his clan only if there was open war against the Camarilla.

Crimes

The Assamites have told the Camarilla that Tariq killed some of their elders during his escape from Alamut. This is completely false, but serves a number of purposes. It makes the Camarilla fear Tariq all the more and thus gives him an advantage. It is also a way to convince the Camarilla that the Assamites are hunting him, which they aren't, even if they were to accept a contract to do so. Tariq exists outside the robe of Assamite honor. They will do anything to protect him, as long as their hand is not seen doing such. Assamite assassins are expected to

lie to their elders as to his whereabouts, or to remain silent if they have seen him.

Individuals who need to be brought back into line within the Assamite clan are given the Camarilla contract of assassinating Tariq; this assures a failure which will lower that member's prestige. Those who are beyond the trust of the Old Man of the Mountain will not return from hunting Tariq.

Some of the older Assamites who remember the sacrifice of Tariq are killing members of other clans and sending the skulls to their Justicars as a silent retribution. The Camarilla has attributed this crime to Tariq, but in reality, it allows the Assamites to dispose of their personal enemies in the sect. In his exile, Tariq still serves them.

Trophy Clan

The Brujah remember the sacrifices they made in stopping the Assamites from consuming the anarchs in the early days of their revolt, before the Convention of Thorns. They relish the thought of having Tariq as a great Trophy of prestige to wave in front of the rest of the Camarilla. Next to Kemintiri, Tariq has been on the Red List the longest of any of the Anathema. This is a great embarrassment to the Camarilla because he has eluded capture for so long. Each clan has held the right of Trophy, but each has



had to relinquish it after the allotted time. It is now the Brujah's turn to offer incentives.

The Assamite *antitribu* consider Tariq one of their own, although they don't fathom his loyalties to the transformed bloodline. Still, they seek to recruit him, knowing that he would make a worthy addition to the Sabbar's Black Hand.

Tariq

Clan: Assamite

Alias: The Silent

Sire: Bahr

Nature: Visionary

Demeanor: Bravo

Generation: 5th

Apparent Age: Early 30s

Physical: Strength 7, Dexterity 8, Stamina 6

Social: Charisma 5, Manipulation 5,

Appearance 5

Mental: Perception 7, Intelligence 6, Wits 8

Virtues: Conscience 2, Self-Control 5,

Courage 6

Talents: Alertness 7, Athletics 6, Brawl 8, Dodge 6,

Empathy 2, Intimidation 4, Mimicry 3, Scan 6,

Search 3

Skills: Acrobatics 3, Climbing 5,

Demolitions 3, Disguise 6, Drive 2,

Escapology 3, Fast-Draw 4, Firearms 6,

Meditation 5, Melee 8, Security 6, Stealth 7,

Survival 3, Swimming 2, Traps 6

Knowledges: Alchemy 2, Anthropology 1,

Architecture 2, Astronomy 2, Chemistry 3,
Cryptography 2, Electronics 2, Geography 2,
Investigation 2, Kindred Lore 2, Law 2, Linguistics 2,
Literature 2, Mathematics 1, Medicine 2, Occult 5,
Philosophy 3, Psychology 3, Theology 3

Disciplines: Auspex 4, Celerity 3, Fortitude 4,
Obfuscate 6, Potence 3, Protean 5, Quietus 8,
Visceratika 3

Humanity: 5

Willpower: 8

Image: Tariq is a striking fellow with light eyes against nearly jet-black skin. Seeing him is usually a prelude to combat, which he approaches with professional calm.

Quote: (Tariq's tongue has been severed.)

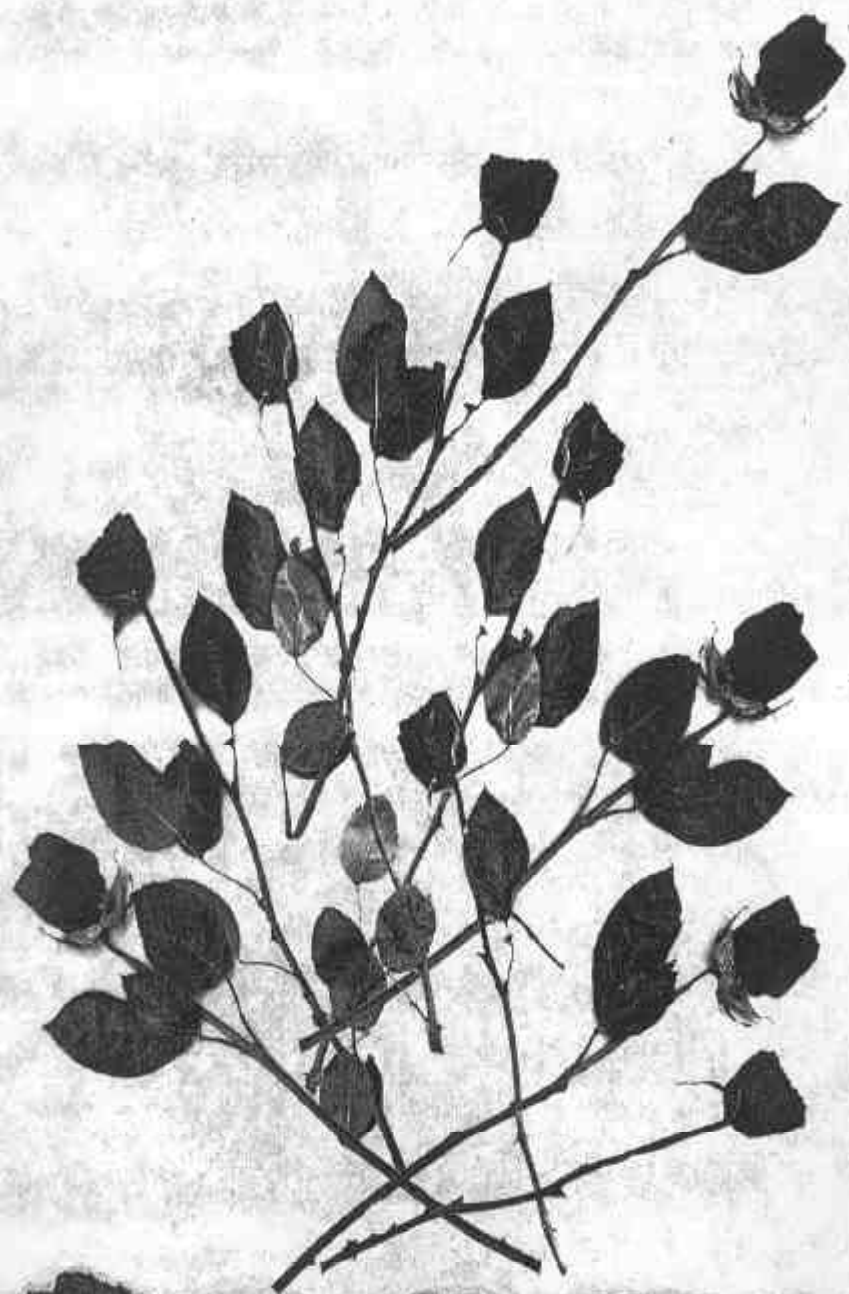
Roleplaying Hints: Listen to others talk, deciding whether to attack or leave. If something interesting about the Assamites is mentioned, stare expectantly.

Hayes: Homeless shelters

Influence: None

Notes: Tariq's sixth level of Obfuscate allows him to block any sort of Telepathy. His three additional levels of Quietus let him use his blood to reduce a target's Mental Attributes, take blood from a vessel through skin contact, and completely experience a target's life when he commits Diablerie.

Rumors: You hunt your own kind with a vengeance (F); you hunt Kindred for sport and send their heads to their clans (F); you have been seen impersonating a female (T); you have some sort of supernatural sense of danger (T).





VALERIUS MAIOR

... they have, besides immortality, one other thing in common — a furious self-absorption. Each one is a separate force which, never questioning or examining the nature of its own existence, moves blindly, ferociously, to the affirmation of its will in action.

— Bernard Knox, Robert Fagles's translation of *The Iliad*

His Life

As a young soldier, Valerius served among the 19 legions that surrendered to Agrippa at the sea battle of Actium in 31 B.C. Rome would no longer tolerate Cleopatra's control over Mark Antony. Once they were vanquished, the doomed lovers fled to Alexandria to commit suicide. Valerius, a common soldier who had fought against his fellow Romans, was labeled a traitor and taken back to the Eternal City in chains.

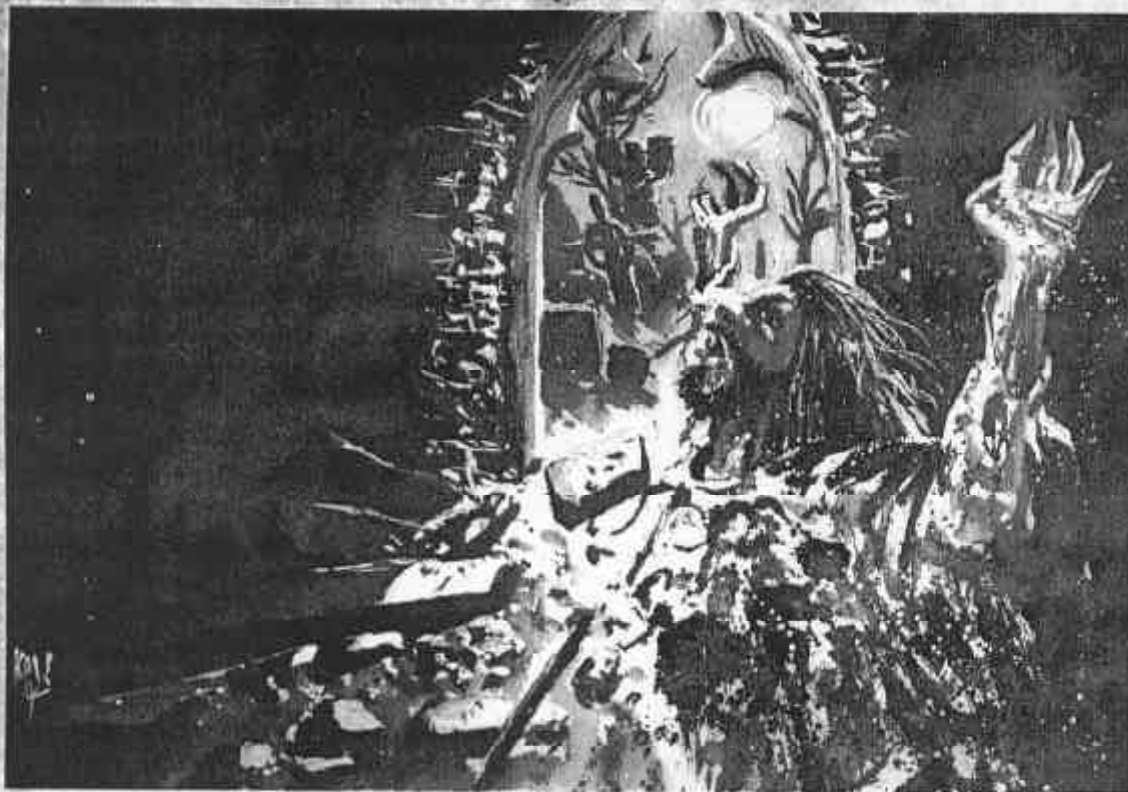
The triumphant celebration that followed was frenzied and violent. Many of his comrades were immediately taken into the arena to satiate the bloodlust of the mob. Valerius was luckier. He showed a little skill and kept himself alive long enough to give the spectators a protracted thrill. The arena masters decided to take him to the gladiatorial barracks in Herculenum to increase his skills.

From early on, Valerius lacked the heart of a soldier, and his tenure at the barracks did little to change this. He was young and had peculiar, mismatched eyes—one blue and one a dark hazel. This quality was interpreted as a mark of favor from Janus, the god of doorways, whose temple doors

were closed only in times of peace. This helped him leave the combat field as he gained the favor of the trainers. He fashioned himself after the god Mercury, building his body to perfection, doing anything required of him to avoid the games. His masters trained him to be a Mercury in the Colosseum. This work was not a divine one. Valerius would move among fallen gladiators with a glowing hot iron to see if they were truly dead. He judged whether those who reacted to his iron could be salvaged to fight again. His partner, the Charon, took a mallet to the head of those who were beyond medical help.

He performed these duties for a few years, the constant roaring of the crowd ringing in his ears. Sometimes he fantasized that he was the god Mercury, walking among the dead and choosing souls to carry across the river Styx. He found this work perfectly suited to his temperament. He saw the Colosseum as his own Mount Olympus, where he watched with excitement the battles between Titans, surrounded by a screaming crowd. He was the god of the games.

For a time, his life was uncomplicated, until his unusual looks caught the eye of a wealthy nobleman



who purchased him from the city. The villa where he was taken sat on the slopes of one of the Seven Hills. His new master, Varro, was an introspective man obsessed with the worship of Terra-Mater, Ceres, Dis-Pater and other gods of the underworld. A member of the Order of Hermes, he instructed Valerius in his knowledge of magic, secretly grooming him as a sacrifice for a ritual in which he would summon forth the Demon Nubarus.

Valerius proved an eager pupil, eager to learn the magic of the gods. Over a short time, he excelled in the craft taught to him. Yet he missed the arenas, a place where he was alone with his own dark fantasies. In the Colosseum, he had been the calm eye of a roaring, bloodthirsty hurricane of human beings. Here, in the dark of the night, his naked body was an altar to Varro's dark gods; the mage sated his lust with the young soldier, intoning words that made Valerius' mind spin. Even in his dark passion, the touch of the mage was cold. It lingered for hours, crawling like a starving fire over Valerius' skin. The magical words Varro uttered seemed so powerful; Valerius could imagine that he saw them floating, distorted, in the black air.

His instructor became more and more sinister. Valerius wandered through the house as if he were a shade in the underworld, and the touch of Varro's hands was always on him — even when Varro was not there. Something dark and terribly hungry coiled underneath the familiar gods he had known in his

childhood. Fear had kept Valerius from resisting from the beginning, and now it was his lack of will that made him compliant. On the night of the sacrifice, he closed his eyes during his rape and waited to die.

If it were not for the final mistake of his mentor during the ritual for which the boy had been prepared, Valerius might have perished... or worse. Nubarus visited early, before the end of Varro's spells. The mage shrieked in horror and stumbled away, dropping his sacrificial knife. Nubarus snarled, cracking stone pillars with a blast of his breath.

Every living thing in the villa was consumed by the raging entity as it broke Varro's mystical constraints. Slaves, animals and the garden were blasted in a cold, dark fire. Valerius tried to mumble protections as he lay at the demon's feet. The creature growled, silencing the young man. He waited for the feeling of teeth on his flesh as fear paralyzed his body. Nubarus shrugged off Varro's attempt to control him with malevolent delight. He pulled life out of the sorcerer and touched Valerius on his closed eyes with a secret smile. The demon departed with his prize, leaving Valerius in a deep sleep.

Valerius woke centuries later, digging himself out of the ruins of the mausoleum that the Romans had buried him in, believing him to be a casualty of the fire that destroyed Varro's home.

The stasis had not stripped away any of the memories. Reawakened and grateful to be alive, he

journeyed through 17th-century Europe. After performing a number of miracles in exchange for money, the Tremere discovered him.

His Unlife

The clan bought him with gifts of money and a place to stay, until he was finally invited to study in the Orleans chantry. He did so for the next decade, proving himself better than almost all the other magi in Western Europe — all except Grimgroth, the Councilor for the region. Still, if Valerius learned a great deal from the Tremere, they learned ten-fold from him. Members of the Inner Circle owe much to Valerius, including key components of the ritual Varro had designed to steal power from Nubarus. Indeed, the Inner Circle did not realize then that he was dangerous, a vessel for Nubarus to fill with his own corruption.

Valerius was a respected member of the Tremere for centuries, and although he sometimes challenged their philosophies, the other sorcerers were tolerant. When Tremere decided to expand his power base, Valerius was only too glad to be back out in the world. He had learned all that he believed he needed in the Council's Haven and was furious that Grimgroth, his rival, had gained the empty seat in the Inner Circle. Besides, he was curious as to the changes that were transpiring in Europe and alarmed at the fading of magic.

Under his clan's scrutiny, he travelled to various havens, instructing and punishing members of the clan as required. His power over others served as incentive for his loyalty. Valerius continued to serve his clan with begrudging loyalty until the end of the seventeenth century, when his unlife was shattered by his past.

From out of the Infernal realms — indeed, from the mouth of the very monster that had consumed him — Varro returned. The mage possessed the dreaming Valerius and locked himself within the corruption that he had bred in the boy's spirit so long ago. This parasite subverted Valerius' personality, and when he rose at the setting of the sun, it was Varro who looked out of Valerius' "odd-eyes."

Tremere himself sensed the possession, and sent others of the Council to return Valerius to him. They would ascertain the intentions and strength of the entity inhabiting Valerius and destroy it if necessary. Tremere secretly saw the opportunity to plunder the enigmas of the Infernal Realms.

For his part, Varro was privy to the knowledge and memories of his victim and was able to sever the Tremere Blood Bond. He fled to the Sabbat for protection, joining the Tremere *antitribu*. The

bounty-hunters dispatched by the Tremere never returned.

His Purpose

Varro calls himself Maior (the Elder) now. He was a Sabbat participant and accomplice until his Path of Evil Revelations was discovered. He has been through hell, literally, and has returned as one of Nubarus' most potent agents. The Sabbat is attempting to destroy him, but his Dark Thaumaturgy and Demonic Investments are too powerful.

Once supremely confident that Valerius has ceased to be, current changes in his personality have alerted Varro that something is wrong.

Presently, Maior's plan is to bring the other members of the Red List under the banner of the Infernal One. To this end, he has dealt with Kemintiri, the Setite around whom the List was built. In order to gain information from her, he has had to provide her with the Concoction of Vitality, a Sabbat recipe. It is quite impossible for him to do this, considering his expulsion from the sect, so he has used his Tremere magic to put a false aura on a placebo version of the potion instead. Even though he has delivered the counterfeit potion, he has not received the information from Kemintiri, and believes she has betrayed him. In reality, the information package she sent him was intercepted by an Archon of the Camarilla. He still wants to seduce the Setite to the Path of Evil Revelations.

In addition, he also wishes to destroy the Camarilla Tremere, his greatest magical rivals. He made his break with the Tremere extremely visible to all, attempting to bring the fear and distrust of rest of the Camarilla against the clan. This did not accomplish his goals. Even in the modern era, Maior continues to publicly embarrass the Tremere, although he will not, under any circumstances, share their (or his) secrets. He threatens to take their knowledge to other mages, but knows nothing of the modern Traditions and is reluctant to put himself at their mercy.

His Nature

Maior doesn't fully comprehend the state of his own mind. As Varro, he possesses the body of the Tremere vampire, and this personality presumes that it is dominant. The mind and experiences of Valerius are not dead. They are integrating with Varro, forming a new, composite whole. The most dramatic result of this is the growth of Maior's conscience. He has struggled to overcome his own guilt to carry out many of his current plots. Part of him (the Valerius part) makes him despise the Infernal Power that he is serving; this clashes with his

necessary devotion. To this end, he has become more and more confused when considering the ethics of his actions.

His Modus Operandi

Maïor is careful not to stray too far from areas with which he is familiar. He prefers to remain in populated areas. He is terrified of Lupines, so he moves from city to city by way of his Journey to the Spirit Realm Investment. Even in this mode of travel, he is constantly on the watch for Garou traveling through the Umbra.

Maïor often attends violent sporting events, as he still retains Valerius' memories of (and affinity for) the Roman arena. He regularly attends illegal dogfights, brawls and street fights. Because of his ordeals in the Infernal Realms, he hears a perpetual horrible din and will always keep noise around as a distraction.

Crimes

The Tremere have made Valerius Maïor their priority, but they do it quietly, not wishing to air their dirty laundry. The rest of the Camarilla do not realize how abominable Maïor is, or that the Tremere are attempting to learn his Infernal secrets. Maïor has committed far more atrocities than he is granted credit for, but the Camarilla knows him as a powerful member of the Sabbat. As far as the Camarilla is concerned, Maïor simply knows too much about them, and the Sabbat would gain a dangerous advantage if the sect cannot terminate him. Because of the recent interception of the Red List information from Kemintiri's agents, the Camarilla have moved Maïor to the third name on the list. Although this restructuring of the List is unprecedented, the Justicars are in agreement that he is capable of making good his plan to form an Anathema sect.

Trophy Clan

The Tremere earnestly desire to get Maïor back into their clutches, as he is possessed by an infernal mage. They believe that they could learn a great deal of first-hand information about the Infernal Realms if they could gain control of the spirit. They do not fear that Maïor will make good his threat to give their secrets to the mages; the Inner Council realizes that Maïor is stingy with knowledge. It is concocting an intricate scheme to draw Maïor into the clan's collar.

Outwardly, the Tremere blame the Sabbat for his "abduction" to save face from his rather showy departure. The clan insists that he is brought to them staked, as he is not considered responsible for his turning. Behind the scenes, Maïor has the potential to be very valuable to them.

Valerius Maïor

Clan: Tremere

Alias: Odd-Eye

Sire: Varno

Nature: Architect

Demeanor: Bon Vivant

Generation: 7th

Apparent Age: 20

Physical: Strength 5, Dexterity 6, Stamina 7

Social: Charisma 6, Manipulation 8,

Appearance 4

Mental: Perception 6, Intelligence 8, Wits 6

Virtues: Conscience 2, Self-Control 6,

Courage 4

Talents: Brawl 3, Dodge 5, Empathy 3,

Intimidation 4, Intrigue 6, Leadership 4,

Subterfuge 7, Teaching 5

Skills: Animal Ken 1, Etiquette 3, Herbalism 4,

Masquerade 4, Research 6, Ride 2, Speed Reading 4,

Style 4

Knowledges: Alchemy 4, Astrology 2,

Astronomy 2, Biology 2, Chemistry 1,

Heraldry 3, History 5, Kindred Lore 5,

Linguistics 8, Magus Lore 5, Military Science 1,

Ocult 7, Philosophy 3, Science 3, Spirit Lore 4

Backgrounds: Allies 2, Contacts 4,

Resources 4

Disciplines: Auspex 7, Celerity 1,

Dairmoinon 5, Dominate 6, Fortitude 3,

Necromancy 4, Obfuscate 2, Obtenebration 3,

Presence 3, Thaumaturgy 8 (Path of Conjuring 5,

Path of Corruption 4, Elemental Mastery 4, Lure of

Flames 4, Movement of the Mind 4, Neptune's

Might 4, Spirit Thaumaturgy 3), Visceratika 2

Humanity: 4

Willpower: 9

Image: Maïor has mismatched eyes: one is blue, the other is brown. He hides one or the other with his hair. He is a brooding man who favors dressing in black or purple.

Quote: "Do you think it's worth the wager? Go ahead, think about it."

Roleplaying Hints: Shake your head as if you hear maddening music repeating in your mind. Hum when there is no one talking. You are a bit twitchy.

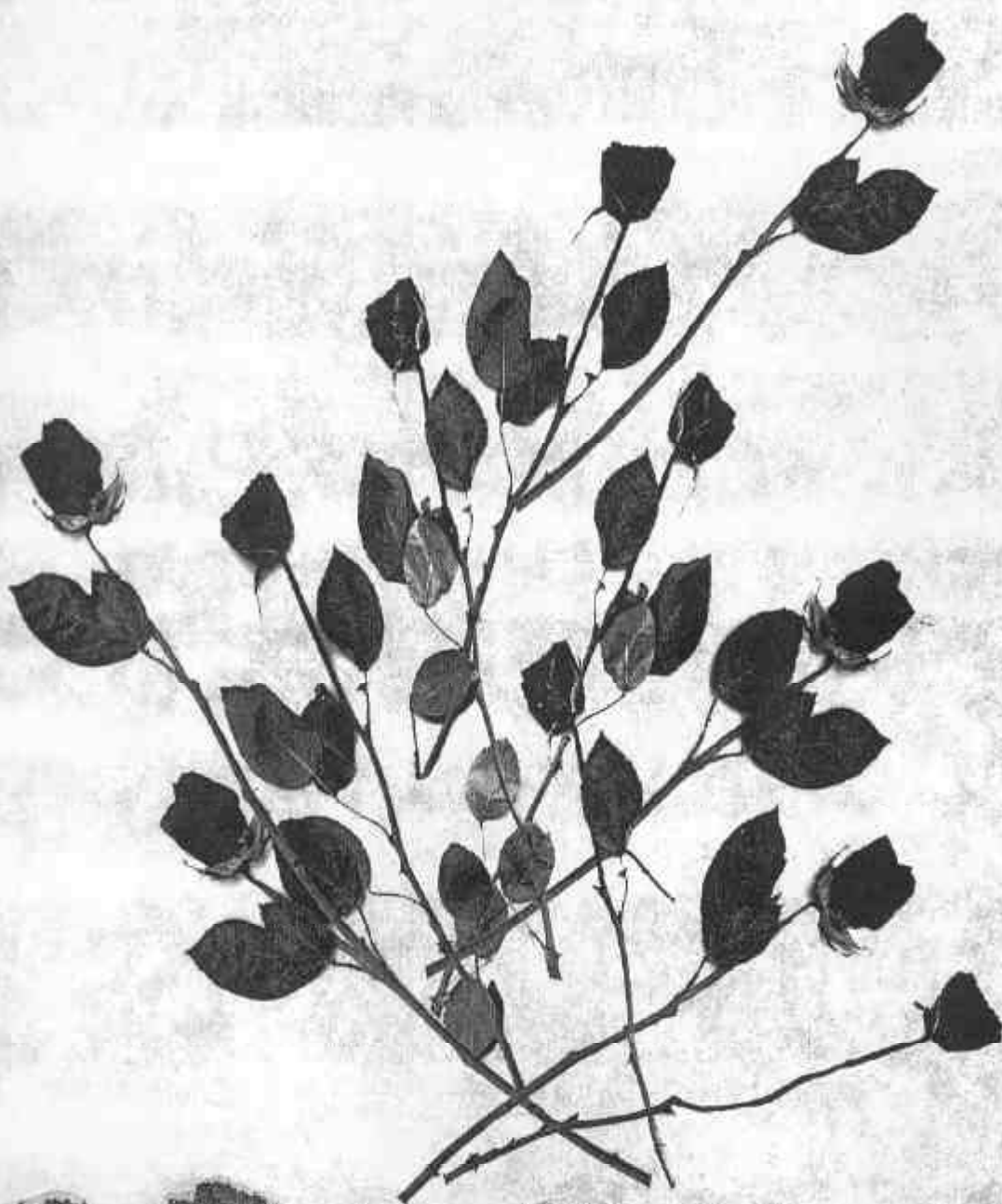
Haven: High-rise apartments

Influence: Once very high up in the Tremere hierarchy, you have a small amount of influence in the Sabbat; you trade them service for what you want (but you keep your identity a secret!).

Notes: Maior has a fantastic variety of rituals available to him, including many that no Tremere has ever discovered. In addition, he has created a number of magical items to serve him. The Storyteller should feel free to give him any powers she desires. Additionally, with his two extra levels of Auspex, Maior can predict the outcomes of contests and competitions which do not involve him and knows

when something around him is mystically concealed (Obscured, Arcane, invisible, etc.). His sixth level of Dominate is a newly developed power which lets him use Dominate on those who see an image of him and hear his recorded voice.

Rumors: You are a Sabbat vampire (F); you are working for the Sabbat (T or F); you are trying to contact the Arcanum (F); you are afraid of silence (T).





PETANQUA

Hunger can explain many acts. It can be said that all vile acts are done to satisfy hunger.

— Maxim Gorky, *Enemies*

Her Life

Myrtale was born a princess of Epirus, a small Greek island owing fealty to the Macedonian Empire of Philip II. She lived a spoiled and carefree life, but as the princess grew to adulthood, she delighted in the discovery of secret knowledge that eventually led her to the woods of Samothrace. The secretive cult of Cybele, the dark fertility goddess, welcomed her. There she met Philip amid the celebrants, and one year later, she became his queen. A year after that, she would bear a son to him called Alexander, who would one day rule the civilized world.

This match was not meant to be lengthy. Philip, a womanizer, made political marriages to cement various alliances. Myrtale, who was now called Olympias, considered him an uncouth barbarian and soon grew to despise him. Philip, at the same time, began to fear his wife and the strange religion she had brought into the hills surrounding Pella, his capitol city. Her violent temper and domineering attitude became more apparent as time passed. A rift split the two soon after the birth of their son.

The religion of Cybele had a hold over Olympias for the next decade. Cybele was a Malkavian Methuselah with a taste for the blood of men who castrated themselves in her frenzied orgiastic cer-

emonies. She had wielded power in some of the Greek city-states on the mainland, but rivals within her own clan had schemed against her. She had to flee into the wilderness, bringing her mysterious religion with her. The violence in Olympias drew the attention of the dark immortal, who allowed the queen to slowly advance her way into the secret and inner mysteries.

As Philip marched away to quell the rebellions threatening his borders, Olympias became Cybele's lover, tasting the blood of her goddess and holding time at bay. She worshipped the Malkavian, serving a fanatical ghoul and using her power in the king's court to protect the Methuselah from other Malkavian plots. Cybele nurtured Olympias' hatred for men. She would only allow Alexander to be immune to that hatred.

Olympias determined to bring Alexander into the glory of her black world. She focused his attention on her supposed divine ancestors, such as Heracles, the mortal son of Zeus. According to legend, Heracles won his own immortality by strength and perseverance.

For her part, Cybele found Asia Minor to be a sound military base from which she could battle the rest of her clan. The struggle for power in the Malkavian clan had driven her from Greece, but now that city was subject to Macedonian dominance. Philip held the title of Hegemon, the military leader of the Greek States. It would be his duty to lead the Greeks in revolt against the Persian Empire that dominated them. Cybele licked her wounds in Pella, secure that the Macedonian barbarians would eventually become a stake in her hands that she would drive into the heart of her enemies.

Poisoning her son against Philip was not difficult, considering the powers Olympias gained from her mistress. She raised a proud and ruthless boy. Thirteen years later, his father returned from a military campaign and took him away to be educated by Aristotle himself. Olympias withdrew even deeper into her religion until, in 337, Philip officially divorced her.

Alexander escorted his mother back to Epirus. Cybele went with her to live in the solitude of the island kingdom. The queen stewed in her hate for Philip. Soon after, Olympias began to dream of Alexander standing on his dead father's neck in an arena where statues of the gods looked on with approving eyes. The dream came again and again, haunting her nights.

During this time, Alexander was falling from his estranged father's grace because of constant arguments between the two. Philip's next marriage quickly produced a son, a new heir to the throne who could take Alexander's place.

When Olympias heard the news, she begged for the Embrace from Cybele and swore to serve her forever.

Shrewdly, Cybele prepared a test to make the haughty Olympias earn her true immortality: the regicide of Philip by his own wife. The goddess knew that Epirus would never be sufficient protection against the Malkavians of the mainland. She considered the possibility that the new heir of Macedon might even befriend her enemies, and perhaps ally with them to destroy her. Alexander, she decided, must sit on the Macedonian throne.

Olympias quickly agreed and contacted her son. He came to see her, and, with his mother, he made plans for the demise of his father.

At the marriage feast for Alexander's sister Cleopatra, Olympias sent her assassin, a young officer in the Macedonian army who had been sexually brutalized by other officers, a man whose complaints to Philip were entirely overlooked. During a parade

in which Philip walked past likenesses of the 12 Olympian gods (an image of himself among them), the assassin delivered the killing blow. Three friends of Alexander, accomplices in Olympias' scheme, pursued and silenced forever the hapless traitor. As Olympias heard of the assassination's success, she realized her prophetic dream had been at last fulfilled.

As Alexander assumed the throne, Olympias opened the city's gates to her dark mistress. She received the Kiss among the revelers of Philip's funeral games.

Her Unlife

In 323, after Alexander had conquered the lands of Greece, Egypt and Carthage and had brought himself the rulership of the Persian Empire, he was wounded in India and died from fever. He was to be the focus of vampiric plots and counterplots his entire life, a victim of his own exploited vanity. Olympias would have travelled to where he died in Babylon, but Cybele would not let her make her son immortal.

Olympias, who had enjoyed matchless power in the greatest empire the world had yet seen, had to flee for her unlife before the mortal nobility that despised her. With her troubled mistress, she left Macedon.

They journeyed to Delphi and took up residence, welcomed by a gathering of 13 secretive vampires, all members of the true Brujah clan. These Kindred, who traced their ancestry to one of Cain's grandchildren, worshipped the sun god Apollo and controlled that city's oracle. Within the underground depths of the oracle, Olympias and her sire found refuge. She told the true Brujah about the prophetic dream of Philip's death, and they taught her to harness her own oracular abilities. She observed their strange manipulations of time and saw them predict the future. The Brujah told her that they had time itself imprisoned somewhere within the underground complex. Olympias became a priestess, divining oracles for mortals who came to the oracle. Her ability to predict the future grew stronger, as did her vulnerability to that gift.

In return for sanctuary in their haven, the true Brujah demanded her cooperation in breaking a curse which prevented them from crossing the borders of land or sea into Asia. She agreed, delivering a talisman to Asian soil at their direction. On her return, Olympias found her sire burned to a wafer-thin husk by the sun. Whatever had transpired in her absence, the sect of vampires had vanished into the night with their strange powers.

Over the next few centuries, Olympias travelled. She feared that the Malkavians had impersonated these true Brujah, since all of the Kindred she came into contact with laughed at the idea that any of the progeny of Brujah escaped Troile. One thing was certain: Cybele had lost her struggle against the clan that spawned her. Olympias was afraid that they would seek her too, but was puzzled that she had been sent away while her sire had been slain. Even worse, she wondered why she had not foreseen the plot. It was as if the true Brujah had blinded her inner vision.

As fear of capture continued to haunt her, Olympias journeyed into what she believed was the solitude of the wilderness. This was when she discovered the Lupines. Using her abilities to prevent her detection, she observed them quietly, listened, and learned their secrets for centuries. Unfortunately, her precognition caught the attention of something far worse than anything she had yet encountered in her unlife. She stepped into the clutches of the Wyrn.

When the Inquisition arrived, obliterating the undead, Olympias came out of the wilds and gleefully joined the newly born Sabbat. Her reasons were simple: she hated men and the patriarchal Christian church that was stamping out all of the old pagan religions. She bore a personal crusade for her departed Malkavian sire, extracting a toll of blood from vampires and mortals alike. The Sabbat accepted her because of the power that she came to wield over the corrupted Garou. Chief among her retainers were the Black Spiral Dancers, drawn to the Wyrn aura that surrounded Olympias. They named her *Petaniqua*, the *Black Eyes of the Wyrn*.

At first, *Petaniqua's* fear of the Malkavians was unfounded. After Cybele's death, the clan had eventually gone on to Rome. They held no personal grudge against the neonate. But as the Sabbat gained force and the Camarilla learned of *Petaniqua* (and her involvement with the Lupines), the Malkavians decided to destroy her for the good of the clan. Despite her web of precognition, *Petaniqua* was caught unaware in her citadel by elders of the clan and nearly destroyed. Black Spiral Dancers came to her aid, saving her from Final Death and chasing the Malkavians away. Still, *Petaniqua* was so weakened and brutalized that she fell headlong into torpor.

In the mid-1960s, the Black Spiral Dancers brought her out of her long sleep with their dark rituals. Despite her amazement at the changes that had reshaped the world, she quickly went about reestablishing her old contacts amongst the Sabbat as a Malkavian *antitribu*.



Her return to the Sabbat was presaged with trepidation and some scorn. She easily survived the Creation Ritual and all other tests of entry with cold indifference. Quickly, she climbed the steps of power; her goal was membership within the Inquisition. This she achieved, travelling to Mexico City to dispense the Sabbat's form of justice. Having achieved a safe position, she was free to accomplish her own various schemes. The Path of Evil Revelations enticed her, but she found her Garou beliefs to be the real answers to her twisted spirituality. She worshipped the Wyrn in secret ceremonies while travelling with her Sabbat pack through Mexico City.

When the leader of her pack discovered the existence of one of the Anathema of the Camarilla's Red List, he conceived of a perfect method of infiltrating the enemy lines: bringing the Anathema down and claiming Trophy. By destroying a Camarilla criminal and gaining privileges, a Sabbat agent could quickly infiltrate his enemy's ranks. He made plans with the rest of his pack to attack the Anathema.

During the planning stages, Petaniqua suddenly saw her chance to redeem herself with her own clan while becoming a Sabbat spy in their midst. She could not allow her pack leader to usurp her chance to get closer to the enemy than any other Sabbat had ever been. In an uncharacteristic feat of daring, she outmaneuvered her pack and staked the Anathema. This done, she moved to claim the Trophy.

Her return to the Camarilla nearly cost her unlife. The Malkavians remembered her and convinced the other clans that she could never be trusted. They immediately called to have her added to the Red List, which was done. She was put in the same place as the Anathema she had just murdered.

Petaniqua escaped, but her realization that there would be no reconciliation with the clan that spawned her overpowered what small spark of sanity she had left. She fled into the wilderness, chased by the Sabbat as well.

Her Purpose

Petaniqua has been enslaved by the Wyrn ever since she began peering into the dark spiritual world of the Garou. She has transferred her loyalty from Cybele to this unholy manifestation. The Camarilla has added her to the List from which she had removed one of their enemies. The Camarilla believes that she still works with the Sabbat. Her pack leader, cheated of his victory and prestige within his clan, searches tirelessly to destroy her.

Petaniqua has focused on the Camarilla, and, in her derangements, will do everything she can to destroy the sect. Ironically, she still desires reconciliation with the Camarilla Malkavians, presuming that she must subjugate them first. She plans for the werewolves to aid her in her ultimate vindication.

Her Nature

Petaniqua cannot rest unless she is controlling her environment. Losing that hold, for even a moment, drives her to rage. Recently she began to have dreams of a world in flames, and saw herself fanning flames which she herself set. She sees ancient vampires rising from the graves — graves she dug up. At this time, she has no idea what these visions signal, but she knows better than to dismiss them.

Her Modus Operandi

Petaniqua used to be a cryptic orchestrator, but her failed gambit with the Camarilla has made her more daring and foolhardy. She has forsaken vampire society and spends most of her time among the corrupted Lupines, preparing her own army to march against the Camarilla. This is a difficult task, especially since her followers are not entirely rational. If the Dancers were more sane, her plans might well come to fruition. In the future, she plans to assault the Masquerade, caring nothing for the consequences. She unequivocally believes that Gehenna is a myth to give the Camarilla control and the Sabbat a cause.

Her Crime

Petaniqua is a modern pariah and an advantageous scapegoat for crimes committed by powerful Camarilla elders when they need to shift the blame. She herself has little to lose at this point. Some vampires quietly suggest that the Justicars have actually reined back their Alastors from pursuing her to maintain this "safety net" of blame for their clans. A few say they have even more sinister purposes for slowing the pursuit.

The Wyrn concentrates itself on Petaniqua, and its hold over her is unrelenting. She will never be free of the corruption, and as such, her taint can be detected over great distances by Garou. Because she has only been awake for 30 years, the Garou do not yet understand the threat that she poses.

The Trophy Clan

The Malkavians want Petaniqua more than any other clan. They will accept her any way they can get her, although how they will reward the Alastor is, as with all their dealings, unforeseeable. The Gangrel fear her. They want her destroyed because of the

hold she has over werewolves. The Lupines are just beginning to learn about her, although most may not consider her a true danger until it is too late. Interestingly, the higher echelons of the Sabbat, impressed by her daring gambit, still consider her one of their own. They plan to reconcile with her after they have learned more about her Lupine connections, though her old pack leader seeks her destruction.

Petaniqua

Clan: Malkavian

Alias: Myrtale, Olympias

Sire: Cybele

Nature: Autist

Demeanor: Autocrat

Generation: 5th

Apparent Age: 30

Physical: Strength 6, Dexterity 6, Stamina 8

Social: Charisma 5, Manipulation 7,

Appearance 6

Mental: Perception 5, Intelligence 7, Wits 8

Virtues: Callousness 5, Instincts 4, Morale 4

Talents: Acting 2, Alertness 3, Brawl 6,

Dodge 7, Dreaming 6, Empathy 2,

Intimidation 3, Intrigue 5, Leadership 6, Sense

Deception 3, Streetwise 6, Subterfuge 7

Skills: Animal Ken 3, Body Alteration 3,

Disguise 4, Etiquette 3, Herbalism 6,

Hypnotism 7, Interrogation 4, Melee 5,

Stealth 4, Survival 4, Torture 3

Knowledges: Alchemy 5, Astrology 2,

Camarilla Lore 2, Faerie Lore 1, Genealogy 2,

History 3, Kindred Lore 4, Linguistics 5,

Lupine Lore 7, Medicine 1, Naturalist 2,

Occult 6, Politics 4, Sabbat Lore 4, Spirit Lore 5

Disciplines: Auspex 6, Chimerstry 5,

Dementation 7, Dominate 4, Obfuscate 5,

Protean 4, Thaumaturgy 7 (Spirit)

Thaumaturgy 5, Elemental Mastery 4,

Path of Morpheus 4, Lure of Flames 2,

Movement of the Mind 2, Path of Conjuring 2,

Vicissitude 2

Backgrounds: Contacts 5, Resources 2

Humanity: 2

Willpower: 8

Image: The most impressive thing about Petaniqua is her bearing; she moves like a queen, as if she owns everything. She has black hair and lovely purple-hued eyes, and dresses like a shaman. She wears rattlesnake skulls, rattles and bird bones as ornaments.

Quote: "I was queen of the world once, and I will be again, I promise you. Now you have my permission to die."

Roleplaying Hints: Be as haughty as possible, then shift into a wild and spooky medicine woman routine. You despise everyone equally, and have no qualms about telling them so. Always remind them that you are descended from the gods.

Haven: Caves and dens, or, in the city, a house with a basement.

Influencer: Some among the Black Spiral Dancers.

Notes: Petaniqua's sixth level of Auspex allows her to peer into the spirit plane called the Umbra. With her two extra levels of Dementation, she can give targets incurable derangements and turn them into cold-blooded killers. Most of her rituals deal with spirits and divination.

Rumors: You are a member of the Black Spiral Dancers (F); you are a Follower of Set (F); you are Alexander the Great's mother (T); you are hunted by the Garou (F, they are just learning about you)



KEMINTIRI

*Which way I fly is hell; myself am hell,
And in the lowest deep, a lower deep
still threatening to devour me opens wide
To which the hell I suffer seems a heaven.*

— Milton, *Paradise Lost*

Her Life

Isis was dead. The cult that had formed around her, keepers of the Spell of Life, mourned her for centuries until Horus, her son, rose again from oblivion as a mummy. The rejoicing of the magicians was muted, for Set's hold on the Egyptian nobility was only freshly broken. They knew that Horus must face the bloodthirsty creature for years to come. Even as they aided him in destroying the Followers of Set throughout the Two Lands, the Cult of Isis was terrified of the retribution of the dark god. As Horus and his followers battled the Setites, the cult tried to isolate itself from the awful carnage.

In their isolation, Horus strengthened them with secrets he had learned beyond the grave. Then, concerned that the mortal magicians would perish before Set's monstrous children, he commanded them to use the precious Spell of Life to create a vanguard of warriors against them. This command was obeyed.

The cult continued to choose Egyptian men and women who were *true of voice*, those whose hearts were balanced on the scales of the gods against the eternal feather of truth. These pure humans were brought into the cult, eventually to become mummies themselves. When at last Horus had to retire into his next death cycle (with Set waiting patiently in the darkness), he commanded that the practice continue. He left the Cult of Isis stronger, but they would not be immune to the sinister arts of Set's corruption.

Kemintiri was born during the 19th Dynasty, in the reign of Seti I. By this time, the Cult of Isis was being carefully guided by Set while the vampire reestablished his domination over the Egyptian nobility.

The Pharaoh marked his reign by calling himself the Son of Set, exalting the Red God. Set's effigies, once defaced, were reconstructed as the protectors of the royal house. His attributes were exalted in the military prowess of the king. The Pharaoh even promised the god that he would build the most magnificent temple to him, if he would insure the long reign of his own son, Rameses.

The temple was built, and the most beautiful women in the land served as priestesses to honor Set. Among these, a young Kemintiri moved quickly to the top of the order. She was a preternaturally skilled chameleon, having a knack at making the right choices as she advanced through the ranks. In the politics of the temple, she was intuitively supreme. Her seeming devotion to all of the fashionable gods of the day gained the attention of the Cult of Isis. Neglecting Horus' quest for those *true of voice*, the magicians chose Kemintiri instead for her beauty and theological expertise.

During her tenure in Set's temple, the dark god himself had seen Kemintiri more than once. She found him fascinating in his beauty, a warrior with hair and eyes as red as Egyptian evil. Although he

never touched her, he spoke softly of her loveliness and insight. This majestic lord entranced Kemintiri.

His flattery was not without purpose; Set wanted to put a retainer loyal to himself within the Cult of Isis. Providence had provided the perfect vessel in the form of this exquisite young woman.

In the Cult of Isis, Kemintiri learned much of the magic taught by the wizards. Set had asked her to procure the Spell of Life for him, and she had agreed. With consummate patience, she waited, learning all she was taught and doing all that was required of her. Set lingered just beyond, biding his time before she brought the secret of true immortality into his hands. After a decade of study, Kemintiri learned the mysterious Spell of Life.

She would have taken the mystery to Set, but Horus awoke from his death cycle. She became suddenly fascinated by this new creature and with the stories he had to tell. She had been taught so much of him; the real person mesmerized her as Set never had. She became a true believer in the cause of Horus and the cult.

Immediately, she confided Set's plot to Horus, ready to die for her treachery. Horus forgave her, finding her now of true voice. He used her example to show the other wizards how Set had exploited them for generations, and had even brought a beautiful viper within their midst. Horus then outlined the strict qualifications necessary for choosing the next mummies. Discipline returned to the cult's everyday life.

Set was livid with anger at his failure. Despite Kemintiri's change of heart, he was determined to wring her secrets out of her broken body. Accordingly, he made her capture the highest priority among his progeny. He then laid plans to distract Horus and his wizards, while the Setites slipped in and captured Kemintiri. The ruse was successful. All of Kemintiri's magic could not protect her from the concerted onslaught of the Setites. She was brought to Set, incapacitated from a lack of blood.

Kemintiri reviled Set now, screaming at him that she would never reveal the Spell of Life to him. He attempted to Dominate her, but her aura was suffused with a white light, granting her immunity to his power. He beat her nearly to death and threatened her with exquisite tortures. All these she grimly endured.

As Horus and the other wizards attempted to rescue Kemintiri from the dark lord, he decided to implement his ultimate threat on her person. He violently Embraced her, polluting her body forever with Kindred blood and devouring her dream of becoming a mummy.

Her Unlife

Thanks to the same mystical powers that made Kemintiri immune to Domination, she could also not be Blood Bound. Set laughingly asked her to go back to the Cult of Isis, which would most certainly destroy her. She was now his, and he was her key to survival. Kemintiri's mind warped under the psychological rhapsody played by Set's expert hands, but she learned the Serpents Discipline that Set used to assault her. Her former cunning returned, a replacement for the void that her vampirism had left in her soul.

Set was still desperate for the Spell of Life, but Kemintiri withheld it in her spite, challenging her new sire to destroy her, thus extinguishing his chances of learning the secret. Set raged, beating the neonate senseless night after night. Inexorably, she was pushed further into her consuming hatred until she finally struck back a blow. As her master stared at her incredulously, Kemintiri used the magic she had learned in the cult, sending Set reeling and then fleeing through walls as though they were not there.

She wandered for centuries. The nomadic people lived in terror of her as she prowled the caravan trails and oases. Set sent some of his other progeny to bring her back. Kemintiri destroyed them. She moved into the burning deserts, a haunted place where Set himself had once been exiled. She let her humanity bleed away as she hunted. The torrent of blood that quenched her thirst carried her like a red river toward a mind controlled by the beast. Wassail, the ultimate defeat of the vampire, claimed her. Everything that her eyes fell upon was doomed, food for the ravenous thing she had become.

Khetamon, the last surviving child of Osiris, found Kemintiri. He had been told of her depredations by members of his sect, the Children of Osiris. Having compassion on one who had been made a beast, he captured Kemintiri with the aid of his followers. She struggled vehemently, but the Children of Osiris contained her without blood long enough to cause her to fall into torpor. Thus immobilized, she was taken away to the depths of India, where Khetamon and his order of humanist Kindred began to bring her back from Wassail.

Khetamon had only rudimentary magic with which to help her, the beginnings of the Discipline which would later become known as Bardo. Her Humanity increased little by little, until Kemintiri was able to understand who she was. With her returning cognizance, she was overwhelmed by hatred for Set and grief over her lost bid of true immortality. She followed the rigid disciplines of the Children of Osiris, regaining more and more of her

memories. The Spell of Life, with a tantalizing formula that she began to believe would rescue her from the curse of Set, remained shrouded in her partial amnesia.

Inevitably, Kemintiri knew she could not remain with the Children of Osiris. Her hatred for Set grew with each passing night. Khetamon saw this and attempted to reinforce the Discipline on her. Kemintiri, always the perfect actress, seemed to turn away from her need for revenge. Her humanity stood in a precarious balance for years until she finally frenzied, falling victim to a vestigial remnant of her wassail. She killed some of the Children of Osiris and fled back to her own land.

She returned to find the battle over. Her land had been transformed, time stolen from her in her desert wanderings. The Cult of Isis, slaughtered to the last magus, was nowhere to be found. Kemintiri was a stranger in her own land, and her mind again sought the solace of madness.

Her Purpose

Set finally destroyed the Cult of Isis. When he disappeared from the world in 31 B.C., Set possessed only a corrupted version of the Spell of Life, forced from the last wizard. His bane mummies are flawed, even if they serve a purpose. Set searches for Kemintiri, who is now one of the most ancient Serite Methuselahs. Besides the mummies, she is the only repository for the knowledge of the true Spell of Life, but she cannot remember it.

Kemintiri has wandered for the last two millennia. She has searched for survivors of her cult, and for mummies. Failing this, she is trying to recover the Spell of Life from her own flawed memories, hoping it will bring her back from damnation. It is her central, all-consuming goal.

Her Nature

Kemintiri has sunk deeper and deeper into indifference concerning all things alive, as she believes she should be. Although there are brief times when she has hope for herself, she also knows that she is racing against the time when wassail claims her again. The philosophies of the Children of Osiris—repression of the Beast by strict self-control—have warped into the belief that all vampires must be rescued from their state. For now, she must accomplish this by murdering them. Some she will offer the gift of eternal life—when she finally remembers the complete Spell of Life. Her repeated failures with what she currently knows only increases her callousness.

At the core of Kemintiri is a hatred for all living things. Anything that is not undead is an affront to her, a cruel joke at her expense. She would make the

cruellest Sabbat gasp at the heinous atrocities she commits on those she hunts. Kemintiri is a cat who likes to play with her mortal mice. She also suffers horrific nightmares, which increase her alien perceptions.

Kemintiri suffers a peculiar amnesia which comes and goes. This makes her disoriented at times, and this is when she is most lethal. Many of her retainers have died when she has abruptly forgotten who they were.

Her Modus Operandi

When the Camarilla came into existence, Kemintiri quietly studied it for centuries, fascinated at the diversity of vampires that put themselves under a single canopy of law. She was especially interested in the Tremere, a group of enchanters who possibly possessed the missing links that she needed to recreate the unflawed Spell of Life. Although the Sabbat also intrigued her, it was composed mostly of young Kindred who could not possess the lore she required for success.

The Tremere presented a problem. Through her magic, Kemintiri knew that it would be possible to impersonate any one of the Justicars of the seven clans. The Tremere, however, were too close-knit and had a dangerous amount of occult knowledge. Trying to place herself within their hierarchy would be too chancy. She looked over the other prospects and finally decided on the Ventrue. They were slaves to their own traditionalism, something that she was truly adept at pretending, and they had an amazing amount of material wealth.

Up to this point, Kemintiri had made archeology in Egypt her constant profession. She went from one dig to another, hoping that sacred texts from the Cult of Isis would come to light. In one tomb, Kemintiri found a gilded wooden statue with a cavity under its skirt. In the cavity lay a sacred text of the Order that brought her closer to the Spell of Life, but not close enough. She stole the document from the tomb before the contents were catalogued.

Digs were costly. Kemintiri wanted to cover more area, but lacked the real resources to do so. Despite her long life, she had never really considered material wealth important to her existence. Now she wanted the Ventrue to finance a variety of digs in Egypt. In 1932, using her magic, she abducted the Ventrue Justicar and replaced him with herself. She assumed his form and memories through a special ritual that she had created in her long years of being a chameleon. Her spells, and the use of Vicissitude, made the disguise even more convincing.

She immediately implemented her plans. She intimidated into silence any who questioned her use



of clan resources. Many of her enemies, acquired over centuries, fell under Blood Hunts. Although she tried to be subtle, her desire for the buried secrets of Egypt consumed her. The Tremere, alarmed at the change in the Ventrue Justicar, began to scrutinize her and finally discovered her real identity. She fled, but not before taking a great deal of clan wealth and information from the plundered Egyptian tombs.

The Sabbat became her next focus, even as the Camarilla created a Most Wanted List with her at its head. She had learned of the Sabbat's Concoction of Vitality, a potion which rendered vampires mortal for a single day. Having finally put together what she believed was the Spell of Life, Kemintiri wanted to use the potion to make vampires mortal long enough to go through the ritual.

She made contact with Valerius Maior, another member of Red List and a criminal who had some truck with the Sabbat. Considering the Sabbat's hatred for Setites, she was not ready to chance a battle with them. She arranged for information on the Red List to be delivered to Maior, and was tricked by a spell that he had put on a placebo version of the potion. She doesn't know that he failed to get the information as well, but would no doubt be pleased to learn about it.

Kemintiri's efforts at making mummies have failed. The Kindred she forces through the horrid ritual die in excruciating agony. She suspects Maior has tricked her, and for that she will eventually repay him. Having so much power and influence in her hand, her lack of success has made her more desperate. Currently, she is traveling, making contact with many private collectors who have illegal Egyptian artifacts. She hopes that she will discover the information she seeks through one of them.

Her Crimes

Kemintiri's greatest crime is her embarrassment of the entire upper echelons of the Camarilla—no easy thing to accomplish. Being a Setite doesn't help. Her impersonation of a Justicar and the murder of dozens of vampires have left a permanent scar on the sect. The Ventrue will never rest until she is found.

The Trophy Clan

For any other clan to offer Trophy on Kemintiri would produce a wicked backlash from the Ventrue, who cling to that privilege. The rest of the Camarilla realizes this and doesn't rock the boat — at least not openly.

The Sabbat have too little information about Kemintiri, but they have heard rumors of a direct progeny of Set in the United States, and they keep an eye out for her.

The Children of Osiris seek her as well. Her abuse of their hospitality is insignificant next to the secret secrets that she has learned. She represents what is worst in vampires, and they see her destruction as a service to all Kindred. In 1971, four Children of Osiris discovered Kemintiri while she was visiting a wealthy collector of antiquities in Calcutta. They were too surprised to be effective, and Kemintiri easily slaughtered them.

The Followers of Set are just now making Kemintiri's capture one of their priorities. She, like the Typhonian Beast, is a link to their dark, ancient past. They constantly circulate rumors of her presence in various cities to stir up the local princes, intending to give her no rest in her travels.

Still, Kemintiri learned so much in her short stint as a Justicar that her resources are truly formidable. The Kindred world faces a Herculean task in dislodging her before she completes her quest to build a race of mummies. When she does, Gehenna may pale compared to her vengeance.

Kemintiri

Clan: Followers of Set

Sire: Set

Nature: Survivor

Demeanor: Deviant

Generation: 4th

Apparent Age: 27

Physical: Strength 7, Dexterity 9, Stamina 8

Social: Charisma 8, Manipulation 9,

Appearance 8

Mental: Perception 6, Intelligence 8, Wits 8

Virtues: Conscience 1, Self-Control 2,

Courage 5

Talents: Acting 8, Alertness 2, Artist 3,

Brawl 6, Dodge 8, Empathy 5, Intimidation 7, In-

trigue 7, Leadership 6, Search 3, Seduction 3,

Streetwise 4, Subterfuge 8

Skills: Carousing 3, Dancing 3, Disguise 3, Drive 3,

Etiquette 4, Falconry 2, Gaming 3,

Herbalism 3, Interrogation 5, Masquerade 4,

Melee 4, Research 6, Stealth 5, Survival 5,

Knowledge: Archeology 7, Astrology 3,

Computer 2, Cryptography 2, History 6,

Investigation 2, Kindred Lore 7, Linguistics 8, Magus

Lore 4, Medicine 3, Occult 7, Politics 5, Science 3,

Thanatology 4, Theology 2

Disciplines: Auspex 6, Bardo 7, Celerity 4, Domi-

nate 5, Fortitude 4, Necromancy 5,

Obfuscate 9, Potence 2, Presence 6, Serpentsis 8,

Thaumaturgy 6 (Path of Corruption 5, Lure of

Flames 3, Movement of the Mind 3,

Path of Conjuring 3, Elemental Mastery 2,

Weather Control 2)

Backgrounds: Contacts 5, Allies 4,

Resources 5, Retainers 6

Humanity: 3

Willpower: 10

Image: Kemintiri's eyes are very serpent-like, a pale green with slit pupils. Otherwise, she is extremely beautiful. Her hair is long, straight, and glossy black, and she likes to compliment it with black clothing and leather jackets. She sometimes wears cloaks and other archaic garb.

Quote: "The Camarilla endures to protect its members from themselves; that is the only worthy purpose it serves. But, it must one day fail, when its ancients arrive to feed at Gehenna's table. One chair will be reserved for me."

Roleplaying Hints: You are quiet, reserved, and deadly serious. You enjoy taunting people with mysteries they could never hope to fathom. Sometimes you become caught up in remembering your bestial days, and will not be listening to what is being said to you.

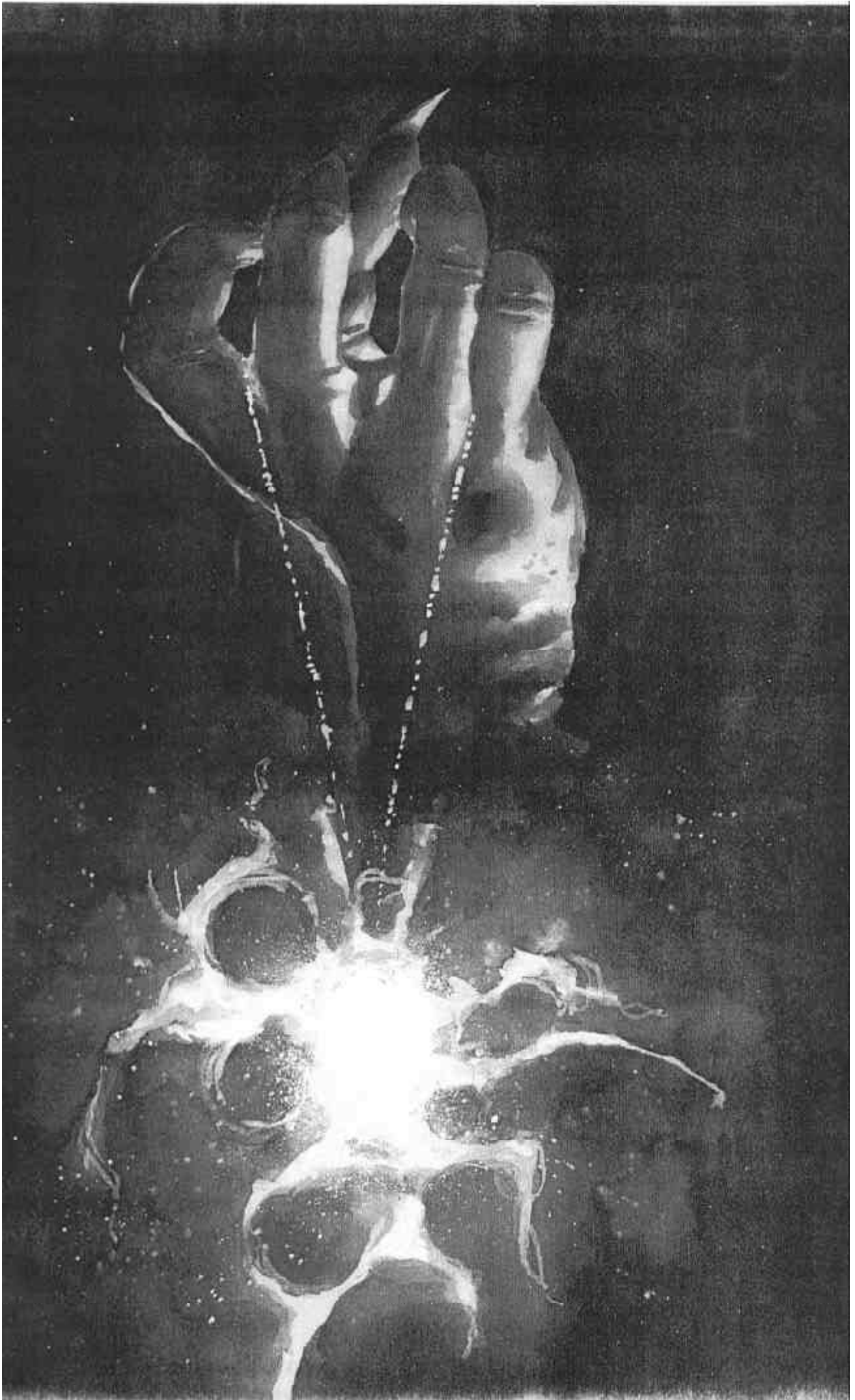
Haven: Archeological sites, houses.

Influence: The Giovanni believe they are using Kemintiri, but the reverse is true. She also has a large network of ghouls.

Note: Anytime Kemintiri makes a roll which includes her Wits, the target number increases by 3. No successes indicates that she enters her amnesiac state. She must then make a frenzy roll at the standard difficulty.

Note that she knows a sixth level ritual, The Eternal Mask, which allows her to take on the form and aura of someone she kills during the ritual. She can also know whatever other rituals the Storyteller desires. Her extra level of Auspex lets her see what is happening at distant locations with which she is familiar. Her extra levels of Obfuscate allow her to cause specific targets to forget what they know about her, create fake thoughts and memories to fool those who use telepathy, appear as someone the victim would like to see and hide the connections between herself and others so that other people will block out any realization of those ties. Her extra level of Presence means that she can make her victims feel a depression so severe that they must spend Willpower to take actions more vigorous than getting out of bed. Finally, with her extra Serpentsis she can make her victims become obsessed with something, refuse to care about something (even life itself) and become extremely sadistic.

Rumors: You are an Antediluvian (F); you are out to commit diablerie on Set (F); you are lying in torpor (F); the Children of Osiris and the Setites are hunting you (T); you hate cold climates (F).



BOOK TWO: REDEMPTION AND DAMNATION

Either men will learn to live like brothers or they will die like beasts.

— Max Lerner, "The Gifts of the Magi"

Redemption and Damnation is a stand-alone story for use in any chronicle involving Camarilla, Sabbat or Garou characters. It could happen in any major city. The Storyteller is encouraged to lead up the story in her own chronicle, developing a plot seed wherein the characters learn of the Red List and the politics surrounding it. This will prepare them for their meeting with Ferox, an Anathema of compelling power, who will attempt to use the players to bring one of his oldest enemies into the open. Whatever the outcome, the menace of the Anathema will become clear to players as they watch the oppressed hunted become the hunter.

Running the Story

Any characters can join in chasing the Anathema, whether they're experienced ancillae, neonates or newly Embraced. *Redemption and Damnation* seeks to integrate even unlikely allies (such as Sabbat and Camarilla) into a cooperative effort for survival. The characters, isolated from their clans and packs, must

depend on themselves, and, hopefully, on one another.

The Plot

Ferox has confirmed the presence of an old enemy of his, a Nosferatu Alastor named Echo, who nearly destroyed the Gargoyle outside of Denver in 1981. Echo has moved into the city and is searching for Ferox. She is following a tip from the Anathema himself. Ferox will use other vampires (the characters) to lure his hunter out to an advantageous battlefield where he can destroy her. For the most part, the characters' cooperation with Ferox will be innocent, but the web that awaits them has other spiders as well. It will take some explaining to extricate both Camarilla and Sabbat characters from Ferox's intrigue.

The Garou Connection

Ferox is not above using Garou in his plots. Glass Walkers would be the perfect choice, but any solitary Lupine will do. From Ferox's viewpoint, however,



werewolves are demonic. After they aid in the destruction of the Alastor, he will send other Gargoyles against the characters in the nights to come.

Ian Callihan, an accomplice to Ferox, is a Shadow Lord who has not undergone the Change: he has never made his transformation. Any Garou who possesses the Gift: Scent of the True Form will immediately suspect that Callihan is a Garou; his Lupine blood is very strong. Using the Sense Wurm Gift will reveal no taint on him. Callihan himself is ignorant of his lineage, although Ferox has taught him what he knows about werewolves.

Prelude Kindred Curiosities

*See the men paint their faces and cry
like some girl, it makes you wonder why
City life
Stare is cool, but it cuts like a knife,
it's your life*

— Aldo Nova, "Fantasy"

The characters come upon an old storefront which advertises *Kindred Curiosities* in the front window. This simple ploy should be intriguing to any vampire who happens to wander by the store. If Garou are involved in the story, they will see something in the window that will get their attention—a large redwood statue of a howling wolf. The Storyteller is encouraged to create a mysterious aura around this old store, and the characters will discover it when they are alone. Suggest that the characters have walked down this street before, but that they don't remember the store being there. It will also seem odd that the store is open at this late hour.

The store is a trap designed by Ferox to trap Echo. When the characters enter, they will see a middle-aged, stocky mortal man behind the counter. This man, Father Ian Callihan, is a priest who ostensibly runs this store to benefit his parish. He does not seem to possess True Faith. Callihan believes that Ferox is a fallen angel on the road to redemption, and he acts as the Gargoyle's primary accomplice. Because he has no real Faith, Ferox considers him expendable.

After Callihan realizes that the characters are Kindred, he will immediately strike up a conversation with them, telling them that something of great value was stolen from his store by a vampire thief. He will ask the characters to retrieve it. He has an uncanny knowledge of Kindred Lore (which he learned from Ferox), and uses any promise of reward necessary to win the characters' cooperation. He

also has at his disposal \$5,000 in cash as an advance against the characters' services.

Callihan calls the stolen item the "Sabbat Brooch." It is a semi-legendary artifact that disappeared in the latter days of the Inquisition. To Camarilla vampires, gaining such an object could be a political goldmine. Information on the Brooch is provided below. If any characters decide not to help Callihan, they will still meet up with Ferox in a future story. The ancient Gargoyle is watching the store from the roof of a church across the street and sees everyone who enters the store.

Callihan believes that the Brooch is real. In fact, it does exist and was in his possession. Ferox gave it to him "for safekeeping," supposedly until Ferox could locate a safer repository for the artifact. The real thief of the item is Ferox himself, who had the assistance of a gullible pawn. Ferox hired a safecracker to steal the actual brooch; all transactions were made in the city sewers. Spirit Touch on the scene of the crime will only reveal the pawn (who has since been Dominated into forgetting everything). Callihan is convinced that he knows who hired the thief, especially after Ferox's pawn left some "clues." He believes the culprit is Echo, the Alastor who is searching for her Gargoyle prey.

The Temptation

*Now I'm yours forever, ate a pomegranate seed,
I only took a little bite, but that's all I need.*

— Book of Love, *Melting Heart*

The Sabbat Brooch is the primary motivation for the characters to become involved in the story. They will be unable to discern any deceit from Callihan. He actually believes that the Brooch was in his possession. Ferox told him that it was a dangerously cursed artifact, and then stole it from the safe where Callihan hid it.

Ferox has since told Callihan to bring the Brooch to him, since the Gargoyle has discovered a safe haven to hide it in. Tearfully, Callihan had to tell Ferox that the item had been stolen. The Gargoyle, with dramatic flair, told Callihan that he would discover the thief, but that Callihan was responsible for retrieving the Brooch. Storytellers can shorten or extend the pace of this story by giving Callihan a deadline by which he must deliver the Brooch into Ferox's hands.

Callihan is no stranger to vampires. Ferox has used his various abilities to convince the priest that most vampires are simply people who are under direct demonic assault, victims in need of patience and forgiveness. Since Ferox has told him that a vampire stole the Sabbat Brooch, he has decided to use vampires to retrieve it. Ferox has Callihan com-

pletely convinced that unless the Brooch is recovered, forces of threatening darkness will be unleashed.

The Sabbat Brooch aided the Sabbat in surviving the Inquisition. Supposedly, it was created by a group of Lasombra elders, and the clan used it to strengthen the will of their own retainers. Ghouls who drank the blood of a Kindred wearing the Brooch would gain resistance against the pain of torture. This allowed them to take secrets of the Kindred to the grave with them, if necessary, and to fabricate, even under extreme agony, false information for their confessions. The Brooch is a fixture of the Sabbat's oral tradition. It has kept many of their secrets from discovery.

A few years after the creation of the Brooch, it was stolen. The Sabbat accused the Camarilla, who denied the theft. Its actual existence is now mostly a question of myth within Kindred society, but the Sabbat consider it sacred, one of the symbols of their struggle against the Camarilla's oppression. The Camarilla Tremere know that the Brooch is real; after all, they were the ones who stole it from the Sabbat. They also know that Ferox, when he led the Gargoyle Rebellion, took the Brooch with him.

Ferox's Motives

*I remember only for an hour,
moves right through me, can you feel the power,
I don't know what's going on,
Scares me, but it won't be long.*

— Yaz, *Situation*

Ferox knows exactly where his old enemy Echo is. His Gargoyles have been watching for her entry into the city ever since Ferox leaked knowledge of his presence here, and one of them has located the Alastor's temporary haven. Having confirmed the identity of his ancient rival, Ferox is now fully prepared to destroy her. He knows that Echo has a number of guardians in her lair, so he is using the Brooch as a foil against the Alastor. His primary goal is to get Echo on his own turf, where he will slay her. He sees her as he sees all Nosferatu: angels who have had their wings clipped by God, creatures who do the work of Hell. This, coupled with the wounds she has caused him in the past, make Echo's destruction very important to him.

If the characters manage to slay the Alastor (an unlikely possibility), Ferox will have had his work done for him. He will allow the characters to go on their way, unless there is a Nosferatu among them. If the characters lead the Alastor to the antiques store, Ferox will dispatch her and any other vampire who tries to defend her. If the Sabbat descend on the Alastor's haven to gain back the Brooch, his work

will again be done for him. The only way Ferox can lose, in his own mind, is to be defeated in combat by Echo. His Faith has grown since his last battle with her, creating new abilities. Simply put, Ferox believes that he holds all the cards, and he does.

Sequence of Events

After the players meet Callihan, the story can proceed in any direction the Storyteller sees fit. The possibilities all end with a confrontation between Ferox and the Alastor Echo. Ferox will almost certainly destroy her in a one-on-one confrontation. The following scenes are suggested, each bent toward a specific type of character involved in *Redemption and Damnation*. All characters will be ignorant of the identity of the Alastor until they confront her in her haven.

Camarilla Characters

Camarilla characters have politically expedient choices. They might be encouraged to gain the Brooch so that the Sabbat doesn't get it first. Some might want to gain Callihan's promised rewards by returning his property. Some may want to double-cross him, find the Brooch, gain the reward, and then eliminate him, especially if they can somehow detect that he is a Lupine. Whatever their motives at the beginning of the story, they will have vital decisions to make at the climax.

When they enter Echo's haven (an old warehouse filled with crates of bulk tea), they might want to kill the thief before searching the crates for the Brooch (a disheartening prospect at best). Depending on how compassionate the Storyteller is feeling, he may wish to have Echo make her identity known. This can give the Camarilla players a reprieve from having to battle her. She can then discover their purpose and "deputize" them to follow her to Callihan's store, where they can discover what's really going on.

She immediately suspects Ferox's involvement, but will not necessarily believe he is brave enough to ambush her. Just in case, the Camarilla vampires will have to accompany her or face her retribution. Camarilla characters have the best chance of witnessing the climactic battle between Ferox and the Echo.

Sabbat Characters

Sabbat characters will most certainly want to go to Echo's haven and regain their precious artifact. They will probably want to fight first and ask questions later. Considering all of the crates of tea in the warehouse, they may keep Echo alive long enough to learn where she has hidden the Brooch. Of course, she will tell them that she doesn't have it.

She will try to shift their attention to Ferox, advancing the idea that he stole the Brooch, and will attempt to save her life by telling them that she can lead the Sabbat players to the Gargoyle. Otherwise, Echo will become a casualty of Ferox's plot.

The truly unscrupulous Sabbat may attempt to secure the Brooch for themselves and commit diablerie on the Nosferatu Alastor.

Confronting the Gargoyle will be a different story for Sabbat characters than facing Echo. He has a Faith rating of 9 and has been responsible for forcing vampires into suicide from remorse. The Storyteller can give Ferox whatever powers she considers appropriate (see *The Hunters Hunted* or *The Vampire Players Guide* for more information). Ferox can also call upon other Gargoyles.

He may decide to destroy Sabbat vampires to keep them from reporting to their superiors, if they haven't already. He might simply fly away and leave them with what little victory they have already enjoyed.

Garou Characters

Since Callihan is a mystery to any Garou (and expendable to Ferox), the Garou characters might want to help him out. In addition, they might realize that he is being duped and want to reveal Ferox for what they believe he really is. Callihan is doomed without the Garou's help; Echo will certainly kill him for sending the characters after her. Conversely, it might be interesting to have the stress of his struggle against the characters or vampires cause him to transform into Crinos form. Garou characters may want to help him then, even if they have cooperated with the vampires up to that point.

Cooperation and Help

The cooperation of characters with members of other sects is tricky, but would make for a satisfying free-for-all. The Storyteller can have the characters encounter Echo's retainers as they approach her haven. This is a good way to get Sabbat and Camarilla vampires to band together in defeating the retainers, then make an uneasy truce to destroy the powerful "thief" together.

Force the player characters to remain isolated from their sects. Camarilla and Sabbat players who go back to their superiors should be laughed at, scoffed at, or amusingly given the challenge to "go and get proof." In any event, leave them to their own devices. If the Storyteller really wants to kill Ferox, the odds can be stacked any way that she wishes.

Conclusion

The conclusion is designed to be as flexible as the rest of the story. The Storyteller is in charge of



Ferox's and Echo's destinies. If she truly wants to impress the players with the terror spawned by the Anathema, allow Ferox to achieve his kill and fly away. He will thank any vampite who helped him take Echo down. The mysterious Brooch will never be seen (Ferox has it well hidden), but the Gargoyle will be able to reward the players. If they help him, give them a Background point for their new Ally. Of course, helping Ferox will damn any Camarilla vampires if word about their actions gets out. Similarly, the Sabbat players will face problems when their sect discovers that they were telling the truth about the Brooch and will be blamed for "not getting the rest of the sect involved." In other words, they are damned if they do, and damned if they don't. Fairness is a lot to expect from either sect, and being Damned is a fact of unlife.

If the characters manage to take down Ferox through some miracle, they will find Echo to be of benefit to them. Aiding Echo in the Gargoyle's destruction gains the characters a point of Ally as well, although she will hint that they should let her claim the Trophy. This arrangement will work out better for the characters in the end: Echo can pull a lot of strings. If the Sabbat kill Ferox, they will not find the Brooch and will have the wrath of the Gargoyles to contend with later. Again, there is always diablerie as a consolation prize for anyone involved, although they may have to fight one another to get the precious vitae.

Echo's Coterie

Echo can be travelling alone or with comrades, depending on how the Storyteller wants the story to go. Feel free to add more vampires, ghouls and other supernatural creatures. As described here, Echo has three vampire retainers, all of whom are Blood Bonded to her (one was a Sabbat scout), and two hellhounds (both are German Shepherds with guard dog training).

Echo

Clan: Nosferatu

Embraced: 1875 (born: 1853)

Alias: Britney

Sire: Ghanat

Nature: Praise-Seeker

Demeanor: Architect

Generation: 8th

Apparent Age: mid-20s

Physical: Strength 4, Dexterity 5, Stamina 5

Social: Charisma 2, Manipulation 5

Appearance 0

Mentals: Perception 3, Intelligence 4, Wits 5

Virtues: Conscience 1, Self-Control 3,
Courage 4

Talents: Alertness 3, Brawl 4, Dodge 5,

Empathy 4, Intimidation 3, Intrigue 5,

Search 2, Seduction 1, Streetwise 3,

Subterfuge 2

Skills: Bribery 3, Carousing 2, Disguise 3,
Etiquette 2, Firearms 2, Fast-Talk 5, Interrogation 3,
Lock Picking 3, Melee 3, Police Procedure 2,

Security 2, Stealth 4

Knowledges: Area Knowledge (current hunt-
ing area) 3, City Secrets (current hunting area) 2,
Kindred Lore 4, Investigation 1, Politics 2, Sabbat
Lore 2, Sewer Lore 1

Backgrounds: Allies 2, Contacts 2,

Generation 5, Retainers 5

Disciplines: Auspex 4, Celerity 5,

Chimerstry 3, Dominate 4, Fortitude 4,

Obfuscate 3, Potence 4, Presence 1, Protean 2

Humanity: 5

Willpower: 7

Image: Echo is small (five-foot tall), with bleached blonde hair. She continues to dress like the attractive young woman she once was. Her manner of dress is totally unsuited to the mass of wrinkles and warts that make up her face. She wears heavy make-up and favors black lacy dresses and dark scarves. She uses Obfuscate and Chimerstry in public to appear as she once did. Only her black nails hint at what lies below the illusion.

Quote: "We have enough time before the sun rises to go over this one more time. I had better get some answers"

Roleplaying Hints: You are a screeching harpy to anyone under your command.

Haven: Warehouses

Influences: You have a reputation in the clan as a bootlicker (not good in this clan of pragmatists!). Your station as Alastor is your ticket through eternity, so you guard it very carefully. You are pretty good at your job.

Hellhounds

Physical: Strength 4, Dexterity 4, Stamina 4

Mentals: Perception 3, Intelligence 2, Wits 2

Talents: Alertness 3, Brawl 3, Dodge 2

Skills: Stealth 2, Tracking 3

Disciplines: Auspex 1, Celerity 1, Fortitude 1,
Potence 1



Hut

Clan: Nosferatu

Alias: Touchdown

Sire: Echo

Nature: Curmudgeon

Demeanor: Sycophant

Generation: 9th

Apparent Age: 50

Physical: Strength 5, Dexterity 2, Stamina 5

Social: Charisma 2, Manipulation 2,

Appearance 0

Mental: Perception 2, Intelligence 2, Wits 3

Virtues: Conscience 2, Self-Control 3,

Courage 5

Talents: Athletics 5, Brawl 4, Dodge 3,

Intimidation 4, Search 2, Streetwise 3

Skills: Firearms 3, Gambling 2, Haggling 2,

Interrogation 2, Melee 3, Police Procedures 2,

Stealth 3

Knowledges: None

Disciplines: Animalism 2, Celerity 1,

Fortitude 4, Obfuscate 1, Potence 5

Backgrounds: Contacts 2, Herd 3

Humanity: 5

Willpower: 5

Image: Hut is a hulking giant of a man (6'9", 400 lbs). His face looks swollen, but pale. He has cauliflower ears and a huge nose. He presents the image of the perfect goon: big, dumb and mean. He dresses in sweatsuits, which are always dirty. A Green Bay Packers stocking cap covers his scabrous head, and an old scarf covers his face.

Quote: "Hey youse guys better get your asses outta here 'fore I count t'ree. One ...uhhh ... uhhh ..."

Roleplaying Hints: You are an ex-football player gone to the bottle. You still drink, and like to mix your gin with blood. You are a palooka—no more, no less. You intimidate others with your size, and you're very protective of your sire Echo (who has Blood Bound you).

Devyn

Clan: *Ravnos antitribu*

Sire: Sasha

Born: 1965

Embraced: 1988

Nature: Rebel

Demeanor: Deviant

Generation: 11th

Apparent Age: Early 20s

Physical: Strength 4, Dexterity 5, Stamina 3

Social: Charisma 3, Manipulation 3,

Appearance 4

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 3, Wits 3

Virtues: Callousness 2, Instincts 3, Morale 5

Talents: Alertness 2, Athletics 2, Brawl 2,

Dodge 4, Empathy 3, Intimidation 2, Leadership 2,

Mimicry 2, Seduction 3, Streetwise 3, Subterfuge 2

Skills: Animal Ken 2, Acrobatics 1, Bribery 2,

Carousing 2, Climbing 2, Drive 4, Fast-Talk 3,

Firearms 3, Forgery 2, Haggling 2, Interrogation 2,

Lock Picking 4, Mechanic 2, Melee 2, Pick Pocket 2,

Security 2, Sleight of Hand 2, Stealth 4, Survival 3

Knowledges: Camarilla Lore 2, Geography 2,

Investigation 3, Kindred Lore 2, Occult 2, Sabbat

Lore 1, Sewer Lore 2

Disciplines: Animalism 2, Auspex 2,

Celerity 3, Chimerstry 2, Dominate 2,

Obfuscate 1, Presence 3, Quietus 2

Backgrounds: Alternate Identity 5

Sabbat Path: Path of Harmony 6

Willpower: 6

Image: Devyn is a young handsome man with long dark hair, stormy blue-gray eyes and a killer smile. He's a lady's man, despite his dressing as a biker. He favors leather pants, jackets and gypsy-style shirts. Devyn is in this occupation for the money, a true mercenary.

Quote: "Who asked you?"

Roleplaying Hints: You are slick, out for the action, babes, and everything else life has to offer. You are Echo's right-hand man. You run the show for her. Everyone else is your lackey, but you're not hard to get along with, as long as you're the top dog. You miss the freedom of the Sabbat; of course, you can always go back later and blame the Camarilla for abducting you.

Haven: With Echo

Thackery

Clan: Nosferatu

Sire: Echo

Embraced: 1984 (born: 1929)

Nature: Architect

Demeanor: Jobsworth

Concept: Scholar

Generation: 9th

Apparent Age: mid-50s

Physical: Strength 3, Dexterity 3, Stamina 4

Social: Charisma 3, Manipulation 3,

Appearance 0

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 5, Wits 3

Virtues: Conscience 3, Self-Control 5, Courage 2

Talents: Brawl 1, Diplomacy 3, Dodge 2, Empathy 2, Intrigue 4, Sean 2, Subterfuge 2, Teaching 5

Skills: Debate 3, Etiquette 3, Hypnotism 2, Psychoanalysis 3, Research 3, Speed Reading 2, Stealth 2, Traps 3

Knowledges: Archeology 1, Astronomy 2, Biology 1, Chemistry 2, Computer 1,

Criminology 2, Engineering 1, Forensics 1, History 2, Investigation 5, Kindred Lore 3, Mathematics 1, Medicine 2, Occult 3, Psychology 3, Science 3

Disciplines: Auspex 5, Obfuscate 5, Potence 2, Presence 2, Thaumaturgy 4 (Lure of Flames 1, Movement of the Mind 3)

Backgrounds: Contacts 2, Herd 3

Humanity: 6

Willpower: 5

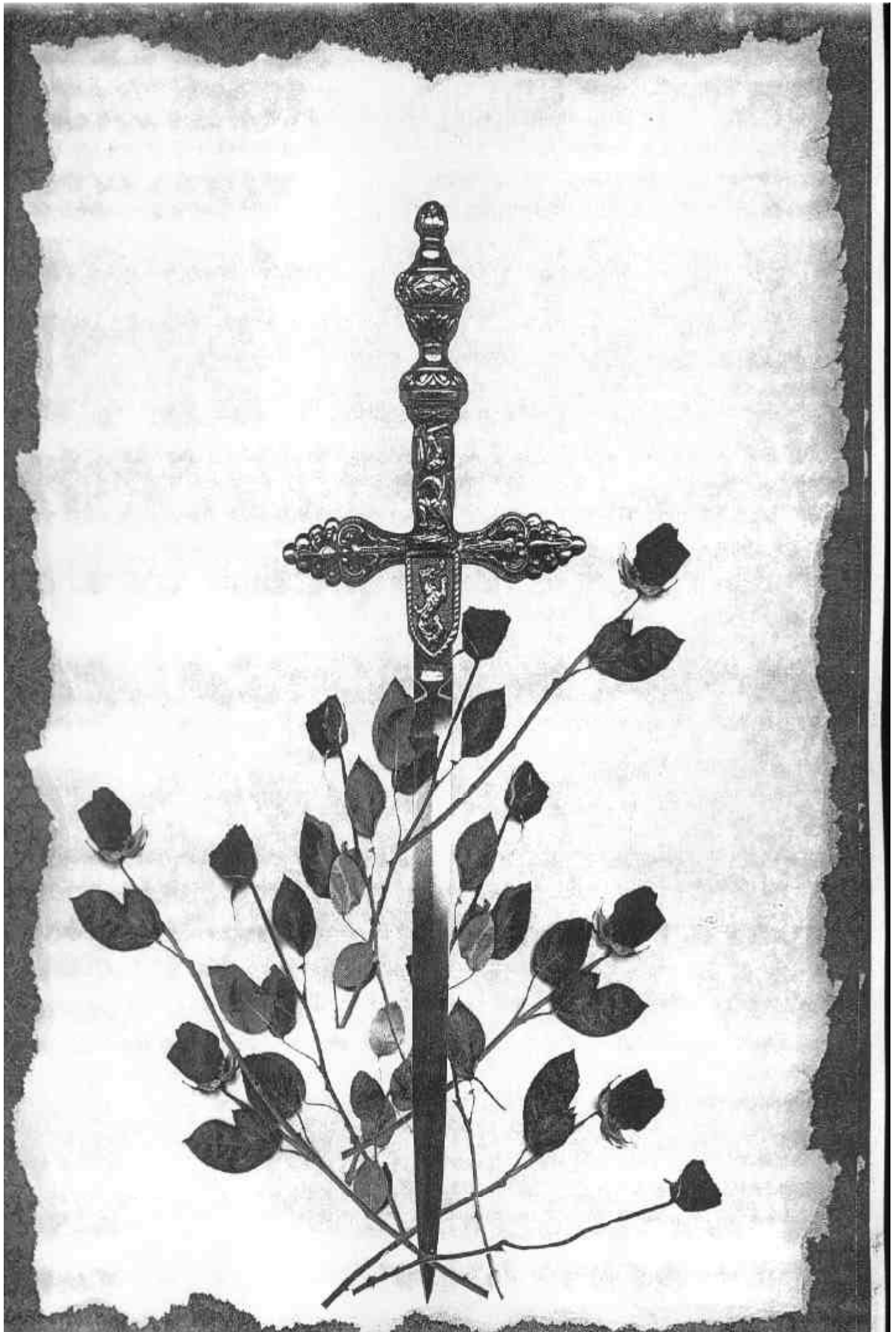
Image: Thackery is tall and thin (6'11" 145 lbs). He is completely bald, but has a patchwork beard that stands out like bristles on a boar. He wears coveralls like those worn by sanitation workers. He always has a pipe with him, which he lights up whenever he talks, but he says little.

Quote: "Mastery is shown by brevity."

Roleplaying Hints: You are the mind behind Echo's successes as an Alastor. You analyze every situation, saying nothing until you believe you understand what is going on. Light up a pipe whenever you go to speak, and do so around puffs. You were a failure as a mortal, but all that changed when you became Kindred. Always speak intellectually — pontificate and throw in every three-cent word you can.

Haven: With Echo

Influence: None



The Kindred Most Wanted



Kemintiri
Allegiance: None
Notable Disciplines: Serpents
Preferred Weapons: Complete and total corruption
Feeding Habits: Cainites
Last Known Location: Cairo
Aliases: Too many to number
Trophy Clan: Ventrue



Petaniqu
Allegiance: Sabbat
Notable Disciplines: Thaumaturgy
Preferred Weapons: Her allies
Feeding Habits: Anyone
Last Known Location: Glasgow
Aliases: Myrtle, Olympias
Trophy Clan: Malkavian



Valerius Maior
Allegiance: Sabbat
Notable Disciplines: Thaumaturgy
Preferred Weapons: The darkest of magic
Feeding Habits: Old men
Last Known Location: Mexico City
Aliases: The Elder, Odd-Eye, Shaitan
Trophy Clan: Tremere



Tariq
Allegiance: Assamite
Notable Disciplines: Quietus
Preferred Weapons: Every tool of the assassin
Feeding Habits: Kindred
Last Known Location: Baghdad
Aliases: The Silent
Trophy Clan: Brujah



Germaine
Allegiance: Anarch
Notable Disciplines: Presence
Preferred Weapons: Lies and deceit
Feeding Habits: Prostitutes
Last Known Location: Milwaukee
Aliases: St. Germaine, Comte
Trophy Clan: Toreador



Danya
Allegiance: Raynos
Notable Disciplines: Chimerstry
Preferred Weapons: Trickery, stealth, illusions and seduction
Feeding Habits: Handsome young men and women
Last Known Location: Monte Carlo
Aliases: Hundreds — notably Elizabeth, Catherine, Marilyn, Jane, Jimmy, Jim, Jimi, Elvis, Alex
Trophy Clan: Toreador



Ferox

Allegiance: Gargoyles
Notable Disciplines: Visceratika
Preferred Weapons: His evil nature
Feeding Habits: Priests and nuns
Last Known Location: Rome
Aliases: None
Trophy Clan: Nosferatu



Dylan

Allegiance: Sabbat
Notable Disciplines: Thaumaturgy
Preferred Weapons: Magic and submachine guns
Feeding Habits: Anyone, but especially Kindred
Last Known Location: New York City
Aliases: Bruce, Thomas
Trophy Clan: Tremere



Ossian

Allegiance: Werewolf
Notable Disciplines: —
Preferred Weapons: His claws and teeth
Feeding Habits: Vampires
Last Known Location: Milwaukee
Aliases: Finn MacCumhall, Patrick O'Flainn
Trophy Clan: Gangrel



Genia

Allegiance: Samedi
Notable Disciplines: Thanatosis
Preferred Weapons: Her apparent innocence
Feeding Habits: Pedophiles
Last Known Location: Seattle
Aliases: The Red Poet, Lucy, Darla, Brigitte
Trophy Clan: Ventrue



Enkidu

Allegiance: Rogue Gangrel
Notable Disciplines: Protean
Preferred Weapons: His body
Feeding Habits: Animals
Last Known Location: Illinois
Aliases: Noah
Trophy Clan: Gangrel



Rabbat

Allegiance: Nosferatu
Notable Disciplines: Disease
Preferred Weapons: Her vitæ
Feeding Habits: The homeless, loners
Last Known Location: The Southeast United States
Aliases: Cloacina, the Sewer Goddess
Trophy Clan: Nosferatu



Angelo

Allegiance: Anarch
Notable Disciplines: Vicissitude
Preferred Weapons: Heavy machine-guns and flamethrowers
Feeding Habits: Young Hispanic males
Last Known Location: Baltimore
Aliases: None
Trophy Clan: Tremere

Alastors — as far as we can determine, the above information is accurate. As always, rely on your own judgement and senses, but not too much. Good hunting.

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