

The Guide to the Bloodlines



AN UNOFFICIAL SOURCEBOOK TO THE OVERLOOKED KINDRED

THE GUIDE TO THE BLOODLINES

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A Net Sourcebook for



COMPILED BY

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Brom – For painting the cover that provides us with a look at the Red Death.

Every author who helped make this book everything it is and can be.

INTRODUCTION

I wanted to provide the most complete source for information on the various different Bloodlines within the *World of Darkness*. I have also added sections on both the Caitiff and Panders, as they are easily classified as Bloodlines as well.

This book is not an original piece of work. It is the compilation of many resources posted all over the Internet. I have done editing where it has been needed, but the articles contained within are still the sole property of their original authors. There is also some material I have found on the Internet that may have been taken directly from various WW books. The materials I was able to clearly define as from a WW book is labeled as such. I do not intend to infringe on any copyrights that White Wolf holds on the *World of Darkness* or *Vampire: The Masquerade*.

There are several “dead” or “dying” Bloodlines contained within. I provide these for the Storyteller’s out there who wish to include them into their stories. Perhaps in you chronicle the Children of Osiris are still Kindred fighting against the Followers of Set. Perhaps the Niktuku are a bigger threat than just a scant handful. Maybe the Blood Brothers are prospering through the rituals of the Tzimisce since the deaths of the Tremere *antitribu*. [Scary thought, isn’t it?]

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FOREWORD

BLOODLINES OF THE FINAL NIGHTS

Independent Bloodlines

Several bloodlines swear allegiance to no sect, preferring to fence-sit or pursue private affairs away from the treachery of the Kindred population at large. The Samedi and the Daughters of Cacophony are the most truly neutral of these groups; both have members who claim allegiance to the Camarilla or the Sabbat, but no majority commitment has been made in either direction. The Gargoyles are nominally independent as well, though a proportionally greater number of these grotesque creatures serve the Camarilla, either through blood bonds or on their own terms. The Salubri, either pitiful remnants of a once-great clan or soul-stealing abominations according to one's viewpoint, eke out a pathetic existence in the cracks of Kindred society, although one Salubri brood has claimed a significant population boom after joining the Sabbat sometime in the past decade.

Several other clan-based bloodlines hold their independence. The most prominent of these, as bloodline prominence goes, are the so-called True Brujah, some inscrutable line of Tzimisce and the aquatic Gangrel subset known as the Mariners. These lines have always held themselves apart from sect affiliation, regardless of their parent clans' allegiances.

One final bloodline worth mentioning is the Baali. Though no longer as prominent as they may have been in ages past, this dedicated family of infernalists still creeps through the shadows of the Kindred world. Their exact numbers and agendas are unknown, but the few Kindred who know of them assume them to be continually undermining Cainite and mortal society alike in unending service to their dark masters.

Camarilla Bloodlines

In an odd turn of events for a sect that claims to represent all Kindred, few bloodlines claim Camarilla allegiance. The only one of any note is the Lasombra antitribu, who see the Camarilla as their best source of allies and support in their eternal vendetta against their parent clan.

Persistent rumors imply that a sizeable faction of one of the independent clans has petitioned the Inner Circle for Camarilla membership, but none can say with any certainty which of the sectless this is. Speculation implies the Giovanni or the Ravnos, while the gossip of undead tongues suggests the Assamites or even a rogue cult of Setites.

Sabbat Bloodlines

If one includes the political bloodlines in the equation, more distinct non-clan lines claim Sabbat membership than hold to any other allegiance (or lack thereof). The Assamites, Brujah, Gangrel, Malkavians, Nosferatu, Ravnos, Salubri, Setites (in the form of the Serpents of the Light), Toreador and Ventrue all have antitribu bloodlines within the Sabbat, though the majority of these differ more in outlook than in sanguine manifestations. The freakish Blood Brothers, the malevolent Harbingers of Skulls and the enigmatic Kiasyd all claim Sabbat allegiance as well, though this is a matter of creator-designed loyalty in the former case and convenience in the latter two.

Extinguished Lines The Final Nights have been no kinder to the lesser lines than they have to the great clans. At least three bloodlines have vanished from the face of the earth in the past few years, and every Cainite who knows of their disappearance wonders who will fall next.

The Ahrimanes were an Appalachian-based Gangrel offshoot composed entirely of female mystics and warriors. They were nominally loyal to the Sabbat, but only due to political legacies. This line originated with a rebellious Gangrel antitribu who attempted to break her Vinculum with Native American shamanic rituals. Her efforts succeeded partially, destroying her bonds of loyalty but leaving her with infertile vitae and a predilection for contact with the spirit world (Auspex) in place of her former resilience (Fortitude). She retreated to the wilderness to assess the changes she had wrought upon herself. Through painful experiments, she managed to refine the process she had used to free herself, and like-minded female Gangrel began to join her in self-imposed exile. The Ahrimanes were never a numerous line, both because of their progenitor's elite feminist attitudes and because the ritual of "freedom" rendered them unable to Embrace. Gangrel antitribu in the Appalachian area respected the domains of the Ahrimanes out of convenience until mid-1998. Sometime during that summer, the bloodline simply disappeared; a nomadic pack investigating the sudden silence found the Ahrimanes' West Virginia enclave deserted. Since then, no member of the bloodline has been definitely identified as active in Sabbat territory, though occasional tales of their presence arise in Georgia, South Carolina and Florida.

Late in the 18th century, a small band of Tremere, led by the elder Goratrix, defected to the Sabbat, establishing a chantry in the Sabbat-held catacombs beneath Mexico City. They became known as the Tremere antitribu, though they always referred to themselves as House Goratrix. For nearly three centuries, the Tremere antitribu were the Sabbat's foremost thaumaturges, creating unholy creatures such as the Blood Brothers and martial paths of unprecedented power. Unfortunately for House Goratrix, something (just what that "something" might have been is still a matter of speculation) went horribly wrong one night. No eyewitnesses to the actual event have come forward as of yet, but evidence suggests that the Tremere antitribu, while meeting in their central chantry for an

annual auctoritas ritus, were immolated en masse by a conflagration so sudden that they were unable to so much as move before the flames consumed them. Tzimisce forensic thaumaturges are still attempting to properly identify all of the remains found at the site, but preliminary evidence suggests that the entire bloodline was present and perished in the incident — with the exception of Goratrix, the head of the line. Scattered rumors persist that one or more lesser Tremere antitribu were out of the chantry on house business when the event occurred, but none have come forward understandably as of this night.

The Nagaraja were an Indian bloodline of dubious origin and odious personal habits. They were relatively unknown outside their direct spheres of influence and never numbered more than several dozen. Their demise went largely unnoticed in the greater chaos surrounding them.

In earlier nights, occasional rumors from Egypt spoke of a mysterious line known as the Followers of Osiris. Over the past decade, the Osirians' opposition to the Setites allegedly grew into an outright war. The rumors of conflict have since stopped, and the Setites appear unchanged and as strong as ever. Most Kindred who had heard of the Osirians have drawn the obvious conclusions.
(Vampire Storytellers Handbook pg 51-52)

AHRIMANES



The Ahrimanes originated with the Sabbat Gangrel. Upon arriving on this continent, Gangrel of both the Camarilla and Sabbat went into the southern wilderness, encountering a number of native tribes. Many of these Gangrel set up their havens near villages of these people. They preyed upon the villagers and defended them from white man's intrusion.

The founder of this bloodline was a Gangrel *antitribu* named Muricia. She studied the powers of the local shamans and used their magic to break her Vinculum with her sire, not wanting to get caught up in the constant warfare between two rival leaders of the Sabbat Gangrel. Most Sabbat Gangrel were busy killing each other off in feuds between the city and country factions.

When Muricia utilized the thaumaturgic powers of the native shamans, she effectively separated herself from her clan and her blood forever altered. The magic rituals she used on her body affected and mutated her own vampiric appearance. She soon combined the spiritual magic of the shaman with her own Gangrel powers, giving her an unusual edge over most of her type.

Muricia tried to create others like herself, but soon discovered she could not, for her vitæ was infertile. She learned she could choose existing Gangrel's and, using the same ritual the shamans used on her, make them like her. Because of this, all Ahrimanes are Gangrel's before they become Ahrimanes. In addition, Muricia allowed only females to join her brood, believing men to be inferior and the reason for most conflict. This tradition remains in effect to this day.

The Ahrimanes are more of an artificial bloodline. All Ahrimanes must renounce their former clan before they are accepted into the bloodline.

The Ahrimanes number only a handful, existing primarily in Alabama, Georgia, Mississippi, Louisiana and some surrounding areas. They are extremely secretive and violent, enjoying material wealth and controlling many human pawns. They form packs of their own despite the opposition of the Lasombra. The Sabbat accepts their ways, because the sect values freedom. Besides, the Ahrimanes aid the Sabbat tremendously by watching the Lupine threat.

Nickname: (Something) Cat - Alleycat, Fatcat, Hellcat, etc.

Appearance: There are no male Ahrimanes. Most dress in practical styles, wearing leather and other durable materials. Many have long hair, and most are of Spanish or Mexican ancestry, though this is changing. They have slightly darker skin than most Kindred, allowing them to better pass as human. They are invariably armed, carrying both melee weapons and firearms.

Haven: Ahrimanes dwell in large mansions on the outer fringes of populated areas. They all maintain underground lairs, impenetrable to all but the most powerful enemies. There are no nomadic Ahrimanes. All stay involved in mortal affairs, and travel a good bit, but only within their territory.

Background: The criteria are that they be female, are capable fighters and true survivors. Despite these traits, there are only two or three Ahrimanes in the Black Hand. Each Ahrimane receives a mentor who becomes responsible for training her in the ways of the newly adopted bloodline.

Character Creation: All Ahrimanes, without exception, are female. Most have Professional or Working Jane Concepts. Their Nature is usually Survivor or oriented towards survival or power. Their Demeanors may be anything, but most are Survivors or Loners. Common Background Traits include Contacts, Resources and Retainers. All Ahrimanes have at least three Background points in Mentor.

Weaknesses: Because of the nature of their existence, Ahrimanes cannot create offspring and cannot use their blood to bond others. They can still be bound to others. If Merits and Flaws are used in the Chronicle, they can still take the flaw "Thin Blooded" but it is only a one-point Flaw.

Disciplines: Animalism, Presence, Spiritus

Quote: "Little man, you have crossed into my territory. For you, I am the very meaning of death."

Stereotypes:

The Sabbat - We may come from it, but we have found our own way within its walls. Always show obedience, but never show your throat.
The Camarilla - These little pawns want their hands in everything. The only thing good about them is their blood, and it should be freed from their bodies at every opportunity.

BLOODLINE BOOK: AHRIMANE

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Chapter One: History and Practices

History

Like the Gangrel from which they came, the Ahrimane have a very strong tradition of oral history, and storytelling is customary at any of their gatherings. Given the small size and relative youth of the bloodline its not surprising many stories do not involve its members at all, but draw their sources from the native myths and legends of the spirit world. One story that is about an Ahrimane is story of Muricia, the founder and mother of the bloodline. That story is told to all Ahrimane, and although as with any culture with an oral history, the details change with each telling, the following is something that all Ahrimane can usually agree upon. The history of the Ahrimane bloodline starts with the history of its founder, the Gangrel *antitribu* Muricia. Muricia originally came to America with her sire and his pack, but before then they had been roaming the dwindling wilds of Europe. As befitted a Country Gangrel, Muricia often traveled apart from her pack, and it was during one of these periods that the seeds of the Ahrimane's creation was sown.

While journeying by herself, Muricia came across a burial mound surrounded by standing stones, hidden in the depths of a forest and long neglected. Intrigued by this place she decided to force her way inside to see what it contained. The large stone over the entrance would have kept out any mortal, but eventually her vampiric strength enabled her to shift it and enter the mound.

The darkness inside was no obstacle to one as adept at Protean as she, and with her powers she could clearly see the inhabitant of the mound. Lying on stone slab was the form of a torporus vampire. Completely naked, she was covered from head to foot in ancient symbols, etched into her flesh with blood. Having found what she believed to be the resting placed of an Elder, Muricia did what any Sabbat would do, she Diablarized her.

It soon became clear that this elder had been a practitioner of some form of blood magic, as Muricia soon found herself exhibiting some strange new powers under stress, although she was unable to call upon them at will. Fascinated by this she started to study pagan history, beliefs and magic, as she was finding herself being drawn closer to nature and the spiritual, and she was convinced that this was the root of her new abilities.

However her studies were soon cut short by her sire, who was taking his pack to America where the Sabbat were rapidly expanding and fighting a bloody war against the Camarilla for control of this new land. Unable to resist the ties of the Vinculum, Muricia went with him to the new land, but the war she found there was not the one she had been expecting. Factions within the Gangrel *antitribu* had gone to war with each other, and her sire had joined the war against his own kind with a relish that revolted her.

Taking the first opportunity she could to separate herself from her sire, Muricia journeyed among the native peoples and renewed her studies, this time into the magic and powers of the Shamans. It took time to win over a few of the native magic workers, but her closeness to the animal world and her protection of their tribe from its enemies eventually won them over. One of the first applications of their magic that Muricia used was a variation of a native cleansing ritual, which she used to break the Vinculum with her sire. This and possibly the other rituals that she practiced had a wholly unexpected side effect, and the very nature of her blood seemed to be altered by them. She found her powers taking on a new direction, what once had been a tie with the animals and the land became a tie with the animal spirits. Where before she spoke to the animals, and they would answer her call, now she could speak to their spirit brethren as well, and they too, would come when she asked. Her joy at this new power soon turned to frustration however, as she found herself unable to teach it other vampires, and indeed incapable of even siring. After several abortive attempts at both, she came up with a new solution. She would adapt the ritual she had used upon herself and perform it on other willing Gangrel whom she thought were worthy.

Journeying south, Muricia found a few others whom she considered worthy and together they formed the first pack of Ahrimane. As their numbers grew, Muricia taught her most trusted companions the rituals that she had learned, and they began travels of their own, finding others who were worthy and eventually founding packs and havens of their own. Slowly they claimed several territories for themselves, when possible removed from mortals, and set themselves up in control of them.

Organization

As befits their origins, the Ahrimane organization is loose with no formal ranks or titles. They own several large estates in the deep south, all of which are far from civilization. All the Ahrimane at one estate make up a founded pack, with the estate as a communal haven and temple. A certain area around the estate is considered by the Ahrimane to be their territory, and members of the pack move around it freely, often staying away from the estate itself. Members of the bloodline frequently travel to other estates to maintain contact and exchange news, and every member of the bloodline knows every other member, if not by sight, then at least by name and reputation.

Unusually for Sabbat the Ahrimane maintain a tight grip on any mortals of influence within their territory. Although they cannot use the Blood Bond, they make heavy use of Presence, and some of the older ones also employ Dominate. Their influence is usually limited to keeping others out of their areas and insuring they are not disturbed, although in more recent times their interference in mortal affairs ahs increased.

In addition to their control of mortal, the Ahrimane have strong influence over both the animals and the spirits within their territory. This means that almost nothing happens of which they are not aware, and the power they have within their territory is immense.

Recently some of the younger and more impulsive Ahrimane have come together to form nomadic packs. Rather than stay in one estate they travel across America and Mexico, taking a more active role in the Sabbat's war than most of their sisters. Despite their wandering ways, they keep in close touch with their fellows, often using spirits as messengers. They always make sure that they return to one of the estates for the important Ahrimane Rite. A few of the most recently created Ahrimane have not even joined all Ahrimane packs. Rather they have returned to their former nomadic packs, although like all their sisters, they return for the major rites.

Muricia herself remains very much in control of the bloodline that she created. While she does not order the others around, her advice is always heeded and her suggestions almost always acted upon. She keeps regular contact with all the pack leaders, either through spirits or animal messengers or often through frequent meetings. She regularly travels around the Ahrimane territories and it is not uncommon for her to simply turn up at an estate unannounced. The younger Ahrimane treat her with something akin to awe. After all, how many other vampires get to meet their founder in person?

It's thought that Muricia has tacitly encouraged this break with tradition to answer some of accusations of secrecy that have been leveled at her bloodline. However, some younger Ahrimane suspect that their founder may also have some other motivations. Before their travels several have been invited to visit her and she has asked them to look out for information regarding certain things. Some have been asked to investigate a large company called Pentex that many Sabbat seem to have prominent positions in. Of particular concern is the nature of the spirits that seem to congregate around Pentex facilities. Others have been told to investigate stories, apparently brought to Muricia by the spirits themselves, of a male Native American vampire who exhibits powers very similar to the Ahrimane own. The fact that he is supposed to dwell in the north of the USA has led to some Ahrimane traveling much farther afield than normal, although none have yet found the truth behind these rumors, and none are sure what plans Muricia has would any find him.

Recruitment

The choosing of a new member is a long and careful process. The first step is when an Ahrimane see a female Gangrel who she thinks may be suitable. The potential recruit is usually quite young, so that she will be open-minded enough to learn; she must also be a competent fighter and above all a survivor. Attitude is also important; respect must be shown for the world around her and all living things. The Ahrimane then spends time observing the potential recruit, sometimes through personal contact, other times by using animals and spirits to observe her. If after the observation the Ahrimane still thinks she has found a worthy candidate she will go to a more senior member of the bloodline, most often her own Ritemother. This elder will also observe, and if she too believes the candidate is worthy, they will approach her with the offer to join the bloodline. Not all candidates accept, for some the ties with their pack are too strong for them to wish to leave.

Recently a number of Ahrimane have been created who have not been members of other Sabbat packs first. All of these have been Mentored by older Ahrimane who are close comrades of Muricia. The rumor among some of the younger Cats is that Muricia has obtained a source of potent Gangrel blood from somewhere and is choosing people to embrace with this blood, then transforming the worthy ones into Ahrimane.

Training

Training takes place at one of the Ahrimane estates. Some of the training is physical, but since any candidate must be a strong fighter and survivor, they are already assumed to be competent in this. Most of the training is the teaching of spiritual knowledge, on the nature of the spirit world and the relationship the Ahrimanes have with it. Instruction in the path of Harmony is also part of the training as it is tied closely to the Ahrimane beliefs about balance.

During the training the candidates pack are allowed to stay nearby should they wish to, although the candidate herself is usually too busy to spend much time with them. Most packs choose to let their member go by herself for training, being told that she will be free to return once the training is over and the ritual performed.

The training is carried out by the Ahrimane who first found the candidate, and is known as her Mentor. The Mentor may call upon other Ahrimane, spirits or Shamans of the local tribes to help in the training, but it is ultimately her responsibility. During the training the student takes part in the Vaulderie between the Ahrimane of the estate. This helps bring her closer to the other members and strengthens their ties. She does not however take part in most of the Rite, although she is allowed to observe some of them as her training progresses.

If at any stage in the training the student proves herself incapable or unworthy, she will be taken before the elder of the estate. Using Dominate, her memories of training and the Ahrimane will be removed or altered and she will be returned to her pack.

The Mentor and Ritemother

The tie between the Mentor and her student is a close one. During the training they spend much of their time together, although sometimes the student believes she is on her own, the Mentor is almost always watching her through some power or intermediary.

During the Rite of the Third Birth the Mentor becomes something else, she becomes the newly created Ahrimane's Ritemother. Now the Ahrimane is responsible for herself, but the bond between her and her Ritemother always remains strong and the Ahrimane often regard it as almost sacred. Even after years as an Ahrimane it is not uncommon for one to go to her Ritemother for help or advice. In many ways the Ritemother is a surrogate sire, and the relationship reflects this.

Ritae

Like all Sabbat, rituals are important to the Ahrimane as a means of providing unity and strengthening comradeship, lead by the pack Priest, who the Ahrimane often call Shaman. On their estates, Ahrimane perform many rituals unique to the bloodline, and closed to outsiders. These rituals draw very heavily on their shamanistic origins and at most major rituals both spirits and animals are summoned to play a major role.

During the rituals the Ahrimane also often paint their bodies with sacred symbols using their own blood, the blood given by a summoned spirit and sacred herbs and roots. They also burn the herbs and roots to drive away the evil spirits. The Ahrimane do not regard vampirism as an unnatural state and their rituals are seen as a means of increasing their connection with the worlds of beast and spirit. Even the common Ritae of the Sabbat are adapted and changed, and are often rather different in both appearance and function to the original. Ritae are held each month, on the night of the full moon. Major Ritae are also held at the equinox, and at lunar eclipses. These rituals are most often held a sacred site, where it is easier to reach the spirit world. The greatest of their rituals, however, is the creation of a new Ahrimane and her introduction into the bloodline, and the vision quest.

The Rite of the Third Birth

This is the greatest and most sacred of the Ahrimane rituals. It is through this rite that a new Ahrimane is created and the bloodline is perpetuated. The Ahrimane assemble at a sacred site where the Mentor presents her student to her peers. The student must state why she is worthy to become Ahrimane, and is often strongly questioned by those assembled.

The student is held down and her blood drained from her and spilled onto the ground, in a spiral pattern. The assembled Ahrimane contribute their blood to a bowl, with the student's Mentor giving the most. Then a spirit is summoned and is asked to contribute its blood to the bowl. This spirit is always a cat spirit of some kind. Finally certain plants are added to the bowl and mixed in; these plants are believed to allow contact with the spirit world and cleanse the vampire and include the yaryan root and peyote. A fire is lit and the bowl is passed through it several times, representing the tempering of the vampire into an Ahrimane. Then the blood from the bowl is used to paint the vampire's flesh with symbols sacred to the spirits that will encourage them to accept her, as well as protecting her. Finally the remainder of the blood is poured into the vampire's mouth and she is reborn. Like her first two births, this one is not easy. The Ahrimane is assailed by voices and visions from the spirit world, as well as visions from her past and sometimes her future. These visions last several hours and only if her will and spirit are strong enough will she emerge with her sanity intact. During this period the other Ahrimane, lead by her Ritemother, join in a chant to the spirits to guide and protect her.

When the ritual is over, any existing blood bonds or Vinicula are severed, this applies to the Ahrimane and to anyone who has any ties to her. The only exception is ties to anyone whose blood has been in the mixture which remain. It is because of this that few Ahrimane have much inclination to return to their old packs, and few members of the packs make much of a fuss about it. After all, in a sect that promotes freedom a vampire is free to leave her former comrades. Finally, they celebrate the arrival of their new sister with a wild party, vampire style.

Visionquests

Visionquests are another ritual that is of vital importance to the Ahrimane. They are used to bring themselves closer to the world of spirit and enhance their understanding of both it and themselves. A successful visionquest often results in improved understanding of the Spiritus discipline.

For the visionquest the Ahrimane first drinks her fill of blood, as she knows that during the quest she will not be thinking of such things. Then she journeys by herself to a remote location with a special preparation. This contains many special herb and roots, including such potent ones as peyote, mixed with the blood of animals and a small quantity of blood taken from a summoned spirit. Using this concoction the Ahrimane first paints her body with sacred symbols, then consumes the remainder. The powerful mixture puts her into a trance-like state lasting several days, where she see visions from the spirit world. In this state the Ahrimane has just enough awareness of the real world to avoid getting herself killed and to find cover come sunup, but little more.

Chapter Two: Beliefs and Opinions

Three Worlds, Three Births

The core of Ahrimane belief revolves around the concept of the three worlds. These are the world of Man, the world of Beasts and the world of Spiritus. The journey to becoming an Ahrimane is a journey through all three, as woman, Gangrel and finally Ahrimane.

For each stage there is a birth, none of them easy, and with no guarantee of survival. Each birth is in blood.

The World of Man

The first birth is the birth into the World of Man; it is the birth from the womb. Once the World of Man was shared evenly between men and women as equals, but that is no longer the case. From the beginning, woman had a closer tie to the World of

Spirit, and in the beginning that was honored and respected by men. Man and woman knew of the three world, and lived their lives close to them, interacting with them every day.

In time however, this respect succumbed to jealousy. Envious of woman's place closer to the spirits, men upset the balance between them. In doing so they caused the World of Man to grow more distant from the other worlds, and now many humans fear the worlds of Beast and Spirit because they do not understand them. Due to this, the World of Man is the most unbalanced of the three worlds. The Ahrimane have more to do with the worlds of men than many Sabbat. As Harmonists they freely acknowledge their former human nature and accept that it is still a part of themselves. Therefore, despite their isolationism, they still make more effort than many Sabbat to retain some contact with the affairs of mortals. They also maintain a tight control of the mortal world within their own territories, giving them a surprising amount of mortal pawns.

It is through their discipline of Presence that the Cats influence the World of Man. The Ahrimane originally used this influence just to protect themselves, but over time they have started to use it to follow their own agenda. They have used their power to protect the native tribes where possible, and younger Ahrimane have also gotten involved with the women's rights movement, and have used their influence to try to further its cause. Even in the modern world, woman's greater spiritual connection remains, even though few of them realize this. It is because of this connection that only women are chosen to become Ahrimane.

The World of Beasts

The second birth is the Embrace and the creation rites. It brings the vampire away from the World of Man and places the vampire in balance between the Worlds of Man and Beast, for a Gangrel is closer to the beasts than any human. The Embrace awakens a Gangrel's own Beast and brings her back in touch with her instincts and animal side.

By respecting and studying beasts, a Gangrel can learn much about her own Beast. By talking to animals, and by becoming animals, they learn, understand and become a part of this world. Ahrimane havens are always open to animals who are free to come and go whenever they wish. Despite this they rarely make Ghouls of animals, and rely on developing a relationship with them and their powers of Animalism rather than the Blood bond. Ahrimane often keep pets, and cats are especially common, although they are rarely of the domestic variety.

Ahrimane interact and influence the World of Beasts with their Animalism discipline. Through it they can commune with the beasts and even with Beasts. All vampires have a strong connection to this world because of their Beast, but only the Gangrel are close enough to be balanced equally between the two worlds. That is why only Gangrel are chosen to be Ahrimane.

The World of Spirits

The third birth is the ritual of the same name. Like the other births it is a birth in blood and pain, but when it is over the Ahrimane has now forged a connection to the World of Spirits.

As with man and beast, the spirits too must be afforded respect. They can have great powers and great wisdom, and to deal with them without understanding is both foolish and dangerous. After her initiation and her third birth, an Ahrimane will be instructed on the ways of the spirits by her Ritemother. The spirits do not dwell in isolation, rather each spirit is tied to something in the other worlds, be it a beast, a tree, a place or even an idea. How someone treats what they are connected to influences how the spirit will react to them. This is why the animal spirits respond to the call of the Ahrimane, for they know the respect with which they treat their corporeal cousins.

This tie can be used when calling upon a spirit. By having something of what the spirit represents present, it can make the summoning easier and the spirit more responsive. While sometimes the spirits are summoned to perform tasks for the Ahrimane, at other times they are summoned for wisdom, advice or even companionship. Some less powerful spirits are unable to enter the physical world, and even ask the Ahrimane to call on them, so that they may carry out some desire of their own.

Some Ahrimane choose to strike bargains with a particular spirit, often one that appeared to her during her third birth. Rather than needing to be summoned each time, the spirit will stay close to the Ahrimane, usually in the spirit world, but sometimes in the physical one. The spirit is not a servant however, and will want something in return. Bargaining with a spirit can be a long and tricky process, as vampire and spirit agree what they will provide one another. Sometimes what the spirits want is straightforward; protection and good treatment of their animal counterparts is common. Sometimes however, their demands are strange and irrational, and an Ahrimane must simply agree to it without understanding why if she wants the spirit to be her companion. The Ahrimane are very aware that not all spirits are as harmonious as the animal spirits that they call upon. They know something of the darker spirit beings that dwell in the World of Spirit, and some make it their duty to combat them. While they rarely can confront them directly, they know that if they destroy what they are connected to in the physical world, they can break the power of the spirit and force it from the area.

Spiritus is the Ahrimane's way of contacting and influencing the World of Spiritus. It is the unique power that sets them apart from all other vampires. Through it they may call the spirits into the world, and into themselves.

Vampires and the Three Worlds

Having journeyed through all three worlds, and being a part of each, the Ahrimane can affect each. They have a part that is of the World of Man, the human part that thinks and reasons. They have an animal part, a part of the World of Beasts, that is the Beast the part that is irrational, that is the source of instincts and emotions. They also have a part that is of the World of Spirits, the source of their supernatural powers.

All vampires have these parts and connections, indeed all creatures off the three worlds are connected to all the worlds. Of the vampires however, it is only the Ahrimane that can achieve the proper balance. That is why their powers lie in all three worlds.

Prestige

Amongst the Ahrimane prestige is gained in several ways. The single greatest way is to become a Ritemother and successfully tutor a new Ahrimane. Although a Ritemother is not responsible for her student after the Rite of the Third Birth the behavior and actions of an Ahrimane reflects strongly upon her mentor. Treatment of spirits and animals is also very important. The respect that the spirits have for an Ahrimane has a strong influence on the respect that her sisters will have for her. All Ahrimane are expected to be able to look after themselves and be self-sufficient, although prestige is not lost for requiring help if a task is genuinely difficult.

Opinions and Relations

The Sabbat: Generally the Ahrimane have little involvement with the workings of the Sabbat. They are members, and serve the sect when it is required, but beyond that, they tend to keep very much to themselves. Visitors to Ahrimane estates are welcomed and allowed to stay should they wish, but the treatment they receive is hospitable the reception is rather cool. Ahrimane most often deal with other Sabbat when their skills are required to serve the sect.

Lasombra: The Ahrimane have a rather poor relationship with the sects leaders. Their very strong sense of independence, their secretive nature and their rather large mortal influence in the area around their estates all make the Keepers highly distrustful of them. This distrust is returned by the Ahrimane, who are less than convinced of purity, the Lasombra's motivations. However, their lack of involvement in sect politics and their loyal and valuable service to the Sabbat prevents the Lasombra making any open moves against them.

Tzimisce: The Fiends appear to have no interest in the bloodline, and rarely interact with them. This suits the Harmonist Ahrimane who find the practices of many Tzimisce quite appalling. The only exceptions are a few of the older Tzimisce who still practices the Koldunic arts and remember the ties that the clan once had with the land and the spirits of the land. A few of the older Ahrimane maintain a limited contact with these ancient sorcerers, although they refuse to share any of their deeper secrets with them.

Country Gangrel: More recruits come from the Country Gangrel than from their city cousins. The Ahrimane see the Country Gangrel as having a better balance between man and beast, and so are more likely to be a suitable candidate for becoming an Ahrimane. The Cats have more respect for the Country Gangrel than any other vampires, and when they do spend time with non-Ahrimane, it is the Country Gangrel they choose for companions. It is not unknown for an Ahrimane to attend a gathering of Country Gangrel and participate and the storytelling and the Ordeal. Many Country Gangrel are of Native American stock, and this gives them a greater understanding of the Ahrimanes and their ways. When an intermediary is needed between the Cats and the rest of the sect, it is the Country Gangrel who are called upon.

City Gangrel: Most Ahrimane, even those who came from the City Gangrel, feel that the City Gangrel are less connected to the World of Beasts due in part to their lack of the Animalism discipline, and also their living in the cities. Due to this, fewer of their recruits come from the City Gangrel, although recently this is less the case.

Tremere *antitribu*: The Warlocks would love to increase their understanding of the spirit world and increase their power there. The Tremere's approach to spirits, controlling and binding them, is contrary to the Ahrimane approach, which involves bargaining and mutual respect. Consequently the Ahrimane have refused to share any of their knowledge or lore with the Tremere, and some have even refused to allow them into their territories.

Serpents of the Light: The Ahrimane in Louisiana have had clashes with the Setites in the region. They have learned something of the undead organs that belong to the Clan, and despise their attitudes to the spirit world and the dark spirits they consort with. This has carried over to the Setite *antitribu* and has lead to a distrust of the Cobras as great as that of the Tremere.

Other *antitribu*: Generally speaking the Cats have little to do with any of the other *antitribu*, and tend to treat each one on a case by case basis. Usually an Ahrimane will be more friendly towards a female Sabbat than a male one, but not all Ahrimane have this attitude. Many of the city dwelling Sabbat have never heard of the Bloodline, and very few Sabbat in general have even met an Ahrimane.

The Black Hand: Only a few members of the bloodline have chosen to join the Hand, despite several being offered. Their skills in fighting and survival combined with their unique abilities make the few Black Hand Ahrimane highly prized. For themselves the secretive Ahrimane dislike serving anyone other than themselves and many distrust the Hand and its motivations.

Camarilla: The Ahrimane hold the Camarilla in contempt. They are the pawns of the elders and must realize this or be destroyed. The only clan they have any respect for is the Gangrel. For their part the Camarilla knows nothing of the Ahrimane, the nearest they came was an abortive investigation attempt by a Gangrel Archon, who died when she did.

Mages: The Ahrimane know the Shamans of the native tribes and understand much of their ways. In turn the Ahrimanes are respected for their closeness to the spirit world. The Ahrimanes have some contact with both the Penumbra of the Grey Squirrel and the Eyes of the Sun as well as some other groups that are a part of the Dreamspeaker Tradition. On a few occasions Ahrimane have encountered magic wielders who have called upon darker spirits. When they have done so they have gone out of their way to find and destroy them, usually calling on their own spirit allies, who are only too willing to give aid.

Garou: The Ahrimanes treat the Garou like they would a dangerous animal. They have great respect for their balance between the three worlds and their formidable battle prowess, and understand their spiritual ties in a way few other vampires could. Despite

this they are hardly friends, and while they would rather leave a Garou in peace than fight with them, if their duty to the Sabbat requires it they do so with all the powers at their command. The two tribes that they have some contact with are the Uktena and the Black Furies. These contacts have arisen due to the Ahrimane interference with mortal's affairs. Their protection of the native peoples close to their estates has brought them to the attention of the Uktena, and the involvement of some younger Ahrimane in women's rights issues in their territories has led to some contact with the Furies. Generally the contact is reserved, with the occasional co-operation and trade of information, but mostly just an unspoken agreement to leave each other alone. The Ahrimanes refuse to have anything to do with the sect's Black Spiral allies. They find the spirits that associate them to be repellent and their own spirit allies have warned that they will not assist them in anything they do that aids the mad tribe.

Other Changing Breeds: The Ahrimane attitude to the Garou extends to others of the changing breed. Those with ties to the native tribes, the Corax, the Nuwisha and the Pumonca are held in particular respect. Again this respect does not translate into open friendship and an Ahrimane will fight one if she must, but generally the Cats will try to find a peaceful solution to any encounter. Special mention must be made of the Bastet. The legends of cat shifters have intrigued some Ahrimane and several have set out to uncover the truth behind this. The Bastet are a secretive people, but also a curious one and a few Ahrimane have managed to befriend them.

Pentex: The Ahrimane reclusiveness has meant that until recent times the bloodline has been completely unaware of the wrymcorp and the ties that it has with the Sabbat. As younger members have become active within the sect they have started to come into contact with the Megacorp and the Sabbat who work for it.

Appendix: Rules and Powers

Character Creation

Character creation for the Ahrimane is handled in almost the same way as for any other character. The difference is that all Ahrimane were Embraced as Gangrel, and so many have at least a rudimentary knowledge of their disciplines. When creating an Ahrimane character, choose starting disciplines from Animalism, Fortitude, Presence, Protean and Spiritus for former Country Gangrel and Animalism, Celerity, Obfuscate, Presence, Protean and Spiritus for those of City Gangrel descent.

Ahrimane Blood

While the Ahrimane blood cannot create the Blood Bond, it can create a Vinculum rating if used in the Vaulderie (as stated in the live action rules). However the effect will be slightly less strong than normal; other participants should subtract 1 from their dice rolls when determining Vaulderie ratings, unless all the participants are Ahrimane. Few Ahrimane are in packs with members of any other clan anyway.

Ahrimane can create ghouls, but their thinner blood means that the ghoul will require more sustenance. An Ahrimane's ghoul will require two blood points every month to remain a ghoul.

Merits and Flaws

Animal Features: (1-6 pt Flaw) During your time as a Gangrel you have acquired one or more animal features. The number of points you have in this flaw determines the number of features that you possess. For every three features you have, remove a point in appearance. Strangely enough, although the features were acquired before the transformation ritual, most Ahrimanes have animal features of a feline nature.

Bastet Ally (3 pt Merit) You have a friend and ally who happens to be a Bastet. Both of you are curious each other, and willing to help each other. This Merit functions in most ways as the Merit Werewolf Companion from the Vampire Players Guide. Unlike most other supernatural allies, it's unlikely either of your own people would strongly object to this friendship, providing you are careful.

Discipline Affinity: (3-7 pt Merit) You have kept an affinity for your former Gangrel disciplines. For three points you may buy one discipline of your former clan at clan rates, for five points two and for seven points three. Former Country Gangrel may choose from Protean or Fortitude and former City Gangrel from Celerity, Obfuscate and Protean.

Gift of the Cat: (2 pt Merit) Similar to the Gangrel Merit, Gift of Proteus, this applies to an Ahrimane's Protean 4 power. Rather than a wolf, the Ahrimane has the form of a native wild cat such as a Puma.

Feline Affinity: (1 pt Merit) This works in the same way as the Merit Animal Affinity from the Vampire Player's Guide, but applies only to felines. In addition, the Ahrimane reduces by two the difficulty of any roll that involves felines or felines spirits.

Spirit Magnet: (variable cost Merit or Flaw) This is described in the Book of Shadows.

New Backgrounds

Several Ahrimane have animals or spirits for companions. An Ahrimane character may take the backgrounds of Familiar (lesser) from World of Darkness: Sorcerer, providing she takes an animal and has at least one point in Animalism. Alternately she may take the background Familiar Spirit from the Werewolf Players Guide, providing that she has at least a point in Spiritus. Obviously familiar spirits cannot hold Rage or Gnosis for an Ahrimane, but she can hold "blood" instead of Gnosis. This is not true blood, but spiritual energy that it can transfer to the Ahrimane.

New Knowledges

Ahrimanes may have the Knowledges of Spirit Lore and Cosmology at character creation. Cosmology is described in *Mage: the Ascension* as is the Lore knowledge.

BAALI



This line of Vampires originated in Mesopotamia; it was once much more extensive and powerful, but was decimated by a coalition of several other Clans who found the Baali's rituals vile even by Kindred standards. Since then, the line has existed in anonymity for millennia; most other Kindred believe them to be a legend, and Baali usually pose as Caitiffs around other Kindred. They have slowly spread over Europe and into the Americas, and some have joined the Sabbat.

Baali are devil-worshippers. They are more committed to utter evil than the most psychotic Malkavian or brutal Sabbat Bishop. They firmly believe in the eventual ascension of utter darkness and that Vampires are the chosen minions of the Powers that Wait on earth. They do not wish to maintain a Masquerade from their chosen prey, or even for vampiric supremacy like the Sabbat - they wish to summon their great lords back into the world, to turn the planet into a demon-ridden hell.

Appearance: Baali are almost studiously nondescript, but those with high Presence seem to give off an aura of evil. They can be of any race and either sex.

Haven: Baali usually maintain Havens far away from Kindred or kine, such as in abandoned houses or farms - the better to practice their rites.

Background: Baali only choose to Embrace humans who are intelligent, driven and completely callous. Most of their Progeny are interested in the occult even in life, and all Baali practice it once embraced.

Character Conception: Most Baali are between 25 and 45 when embraced, although some are Chosen at a much older age. Many come from a Dilettante or Professor background. All Baali have an Occult score of at least 1; Mental Attributes and Talents are primary.

Organization: Baali usually form small, coven-like groups ('flocks') of between three and six Vampires. The most powerful sorcerer of the flock is the leader, ruling with an iron fist.

Weakness: Baali are affected by religious symbols, just like the traditional movie Vampire, and take double damage from Faith.

Quote: *"Your struggles are futile. What is to be will be. Accept your place in the fires eternal."*

Disciplines: Obfuscate, Presence, Daimoinon

CLANBOOK: BAALI (VERSION 1.5) By Andrew Cram

The Dance of Corruption

*"But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidst the wars of elements,
the wrecks of matter,
and the crash of worlds."*

-- Joseph Addison (1672-1719)

Chapter One: History of Clan Baali

"The backward look behind the assurance of recorded history, the backward half look over the shoulder, toward the primitive terror."

-- T.S.Eliot, 1941

Demon worshippers, serial killers, diabolists, and traitors -- the Baali are all these things and more. The Baali represent the darkest side of the kindred and provide a mirror which reflects our darkest desires. They live a life of fear, forever hiding from vampiric society, pretending to conform, just as many of us do every day of our own lives.

A Brief History of the Baali

"History, n. An account mostly false, of events mostly unimportant, which are brought about by rulers mostly knaves, and soldiers mostly fools."

-- Ambrose Bierce (1906)

(A knowledge of the Clan's early history was gained by Baali using the Dark Thaumaturgical path of Secret Knowledge. It may have been deeply corrupted, or indeed be truly falsified, by the infernal powers for their own reasons).

Origins

"Nemo repente fuit turpissimus." (No one ever became thoroughly bad in one step.)

-- Juvenal (A.D. 60-130?), Satires, 2, 83

The Baali believe that the Clan arose in the mythical first city. Their sire, Baal, was one of the third generation, and was the younger brother of Saulot in both the mortal and vampiric sense. Both brothers were scholars, and maintained a highly competitive relationship. Each sought to show up the other and win the favor of Caine. Each delved into great mysteries, communed with ancient spirits, and sought the council of moonbeasts. One night Saulot came to Baal with a plan to contact the infernal powers. Baal initially resisted, but finally the lure of knowledge swayed him and he collaborated with Saulot in a series of rituals. Saulot however had betrayed him, the next night when Baal began the ritual, Saulot arrived with Caine and the Second and Third Generations. Caine was horrified by these dealings and before Baal could raise a word in his own defense Caine, father of all kindred, slew him. Caine cursed all of Baals' offspring (for he had sired in order to gather information from around the world) to forever live in fear of the One Above's true sign, creating the clan's weakness.

Mesopotamia

"And there was war in heaven."

-- Revelation 12:7

When the Third Generation came together after the flood, the children of Baal were not among them. Instead they founded cities in what was to become Mesopotamia, flourishing with the passing years and gaining great strength from the infernal powers. When the Second City fell, the cities of the Baali still thrived, but several centuries later, a coalition of clans attempted to destroy the Baali, each for their own reason. The Capadoccians (forerunners of the Giovanni) led the assault, hoping to gain the dark knowledge of death and the afterworlds that the Baali possessed. They were supported by the Followers of Set who sought to expand their own powers of corruption, the Brujah (True Brujah?) who sought, for their histories, the ancient records of the cities, and the Tzimisce whose goals remain unknown. The Salubri did not participate, Saulot apparently having had a change of heart after his brother's destruction (he had apparently only expected a punishment of banishment).

The battles raged for decades, with the vastly outnumbered Baali losing ground with each year. Just before the final assault, the Baali decided to win the war in the only way they were able: from within. They put in place the mechanism for the great dispersal whereby the surviving members of the clan would infiltrate the other clans from within and slowly corrupt them. They also swore undying revenge against the five clans (including the Salubri) that had attempted to destroy them. When the allied clans attacked the next evening they found only a few newly embraced kindred and a handful of ghouls. They declared the war over, the Baali destroyed and their dark knowledge forever lost. The Baali were stricken from the vampiric histories and in a few centuries forgotten.

The Ancient World

The first taste of revenge on the Baali's lips was the destruction of the Brujah city of Carthage by the Ventrue led coalition of Clans. Much of the 'evidence' the Ventrue used to prove Carthaginian demon worship was fabricated by the Baali (for who else had a better knowledge of demonic practices?) With Carthage's destruction the Brujah degenerated into the fractious rebels that they are today. The Baali had gained their first success.

The Middle Ages

"In revenge, there is something that satisfies one's sense of justice. Our sense of revenge is as exact as our mathematical faculty, and until both terms of the equation are satisfied, we cannot get over the sense of something left undone."

-- Inazo Nitobe c.1900

The Baali gained a fair portion of the revenge they sought during the Middle Ages. By now firmly entrenched in all the Clans (and some other organizations), the Baali began a series of great schemes which were to have incredibly far-reaching results. They ultimately culminated in the formation of the Giovanni (and the consequent destruction of the Capadoccians), the rise of the Tremere (which both hurt the Tzimisce and resulted in the destruction of Saulot and most of his offspring), and the Anarch revolt which was not started by the Baali but which was certainly helped along by them (and which destroyed virtually all of the Old Clan Tzimisce and hurt almost all of the other clans). The formation of the Sabbat gave the Baali a fertile ground from which to corrupt, and the clan truly flourished.

The Age of Reason

"Ubi solitudinem faciunt pacem appellant." (They create desolation and call it peace.)

-- Tacitus (AD 55?-117?), Agricola, 30

Wherever the other Clans went so to did the Baali; they spread into the New World with the great vampiric sects. During this period they created several minor incidents but did not instigate any sweeping changes. They did, however, found the Path of Evil Revelations (see: Players and Storytellers handbook to the Sabbat) which has since become one of the central precepts of Baali 'morality'.

The Modern Age

"Remember them as they were; and write them off."

-- Ernest Hemingway

In the modern era the Baali continue to infiltrate and corrupt the other clans, playing the role of devil's advocate with great skill. None outside the Clan know the full extent of their power, and few are even aware of their existence. They remain the expression of ultimate evil in the kindred, while possessing a measure of the power that could stave off Gehenna.

Around the World

"If you ain't were you is, you're no place."

-- 'God', Robert Rankin, They came and ate us.

Almost anywhere you can find a group of kindred you find a Baali. They are, however, more active in some areas than others.

North America

The Baali have infiltrated American kindred society to a greater degree than any other; they hold places of power and authority in the Camarilla, Sabbat, Anarchs, and even Inconnu, and are thought to make up almost 10 percent of the kindred of this continent.

South and Central America

Sabbat run Mexico has a large number of Baali, but most of the rest of the area only has a few of the Dark Clan. They have found it hard to infiltrate the scattered and untrusting kindred of the South, and prefer to concentrate on the more populated North.

Europe

The Baali account for around 5 percent of Europe's kindred. They find it harder to infiltrate the more established areas, but some ancient members of the clan have long established identities on the continent, thus providing the Clan with an entry point into the close knit society of the European Damned.

Eastern Europe and the Commonwealth of Independent States

The current turmoil in the eastern states caught the Baali as much by surprise as the Brujah council, and many clan members met with similar fates under the claws of Baba Yaga. Many clan members are being sent to the area to try and make a truce with the night hag, but none, so far, have been successful.

Africa

The Baali are strong in the far north and south of the dark continent, although they struggle to maintain a foothold in the so called dark heart of Africa.

The Middle East

The Clans' former homeland holds very few members of the Baali. Some infiltrators within the Assamites make this area their home, and there are persistent rumors amongst the clan hold that an elder sleeps in torpor under the ruins of Megido (Armageddon).

Asia

Less than one percent of Asia's kindred are Baali; the Clan has had some success in the island states (Japan, Taiwan, and the Philippines) but has largely failed to infiltrate the Asian kindred of the mainland.

Australia

With around ten percent of the continent's kindred being Baali, Australia is infiltrated to the same degree as North America. The clan has met some resent problems with spirits, and has lost most of its influence with the Black Spiral Dancers however, and is currently trying to regroup.

Views on Others

Mortals: Pawns and nothing more. Corrupt, kill, or aid them as you see fit -- they are of know value.

The Inquisition: A reminder of the danger mortals can pose. They would surely destroy us if they knew of our existence.

The Camarilla: It is easy enough to corrupt these petty kindred. They lack real cohesion. Many are still manipulated by the third generation, and for that reason they must be destroyed.

The Sabbat: Evil is strong in these children. We have fostered it over the years. Of all the Sects, theirs is most under our control, even the Regent knowingly follows our commands.

The Inconnu: These elders have long memories. They still remember us, and hate us. We will defeat them, eventually, but now is not the time.

Black Hand: They do our work for us. By following the Aralu, they walk the same road as we do.

Giovanni: This clan is a testament to ourselves. We created them and in the process destroyed Capadocius and his wretched child. By their very nature they serve the darkness.

Setites: Fools in the dark. They have not yet grasped the power of Hades. Still, in time they will serve us well.

The Daughters of Cacophony.: The Baali know more about this bloodline's origin than any other group. The reason for this is quite simple -- the Daughters are not (regardless of what anyone believes) a bloodline of the Toreador or Malkavian Clans. They are, in truth, a Bloodline of the Baali. The fact that other kindred have not realized this shows the current lack of knowledge about the Baali. (Note: most Daughters of Cacophony are unaware of this heritage; and hence are no more corrupt than the other clans.)

Chapter Two: Dark Culture

The Life of the Corrupter

"And were you pleased?" they asked Helen in Hell.

'Pleased?' answered she, 'When all Troy's towers fell;

And dead were Priam's sons, and lost his throne?

And such a war was fought as none had known;

And even the gods took part; and all because of me alone! Pleased?

I should say I was!"

-- Lord Dunsany

The Baali are the darkest of the kindred. They serve the darkest powers in existence and strive to create a world of corruption, ruled directly by the great infernal Demon Lords. They are not, however, senseless killers. Rather they are the gentle corrupter who tempts mankind. They are the serpent in the garden, the dark voice in us all, whose tool is temptation. The Baali maintain a great masquerade, greater than that of all other clans. They survive only by hiding amongst their enemies, slowly manipulating others to do their will.

The Baali value this charade greatly, for it literally is the only thing that keeps them alive. They carefully maintain false identities, secret havens, cover stories, and hidden contacts. They are part of kindred society while forever being debarred from it. They can never drop their guard lest they be found out. They cannot trust those who trust them, nor can they even rely on others of their kind. Amongst the Baali it is survival of the fittest; and the weaklings do not survive long.

Playing the Innocent

Baali carefully create identities beyond suspicion. They play the role of Caregiver, Loyalist, Traditionalist, and Mediator. Only those who infiltrate the darkest groups (such as the Minions of Set, or Black Spiral Dancers) allow even a fraction of their dark soul to show. They nurture friendships with kindred and kine alike, often going out of their way to help others. They commit selfless deeds, shy away from brutality, and advocate peace, but all with the goal of eventual corruption. They pursue the most far-sighted of plans, and are meticulous plotters. The effectiveness of this strategy is shown by the conspicuous absence of their greatest enemies, the Salubri.

Organization

"Know thy enemy and know thyself; in a hundred battles you will never be in peril."

- Sun Tzu c. 500BC

Since the Great Dispersion, the Baali have held a very open structure. They are organized into Orders which fall into two main categories: the Loyalist Orders and the Infiltrator Orders. The Loyalist Orders bind the Baali in corruption, each reveling in one dark power/emotion. They are the basic structure of Baali society. The Infiltrator orders were established to aid clan members in their masquerade amongst the other Clans.

The Loyalist Orders

All Baali are members of one and only one of the loyalist orders.

The Pleasurists

"The devil hath power. To assume a pleasing shape."

-- William Shakespeare

These Baali corrupt through pleasure. They are masters of the Dark Thaumaturgical path of Pleasure and are allied with Lucricia the Succubus (see Storytellers Handbook to the Sabbat) or Empress Aliara, the Maeljin Incarna of Desire (see Book of the Wyrms) whom the Baali see as aspects of the same dark being. This is the most popular of the loyalist orders.

The Seekers

Those Baali who seek Dark Knowledge above all else are members of this order. They are masters of the Dark Thaumaturgical path of Secret Knowledge. They are allied with Grantel the Mandragora (see Storytellers Handbook to the Sabbat) or, less commonly, with Mahsstrac, the Urge Wyrms of Power (see Book of the Wyrms). This is the second most popular Loyalty Order, and the most ancient.

The Terrorists

Baali who revel in fear are most often members of this order. They are masters of the dark Thaumaturgical path of Phobos. They are allied with Hakaken, the Bane-Totem of Fear (see Book of the Wyrms)

The Bringers of Pain

The Order for torturers, the members of this dark order are all skilled in the Dark Thaumaturgical path of Torture. Their dark allies are Lady Aife, the Maeljin Incarna of Pain (see Book of the Wyrms) and Tivilio, the Injurer of Cats (see Storytellers Handbook to the Sabbat). Many elder members of the clan see this order as a bit juvenile as it seldom manages to corrupt the innocent.

The Bearers of Pestilence

These Baali delight in the spreading of disease. They are allied with Thurifuge, Maeljin Incarna of plagues; Collum, Lord of Sludge; and Lady Yul, Mistress of Toxins (all see Book of the Wyrms). This order has been instrumental in the rising disunity and paranoia within the Sabbat.

The Harbingers of Decay

Baali masters of the Hands of Decay. These Baali revere Knight Entropy, the Maeljin Incarna of decay (see Book of the Wyrms) although they have never managed to fully ally with it.

Bearers of the Inferno

The smallest of the Loyalty Orders, these Baali are masters of the Fires of the Inferno. They have no specific ally although they have been attempting to make contact with Kerne, the Maeljin of Hellfire (see Book of the Wyrms).

The Summoners

Specializing in the Path of Summoning (see Book of Madness for Mage), these Baali are few and far between. Their powers are amongst the most indirect of all the orders. Although they can call on great power through their contact with Banes, Wraiths, and Demons, they are not allied to any specific individuals.

The Corrupters

Whilst corruption is the heart of Baali life, this is a small and powerless group within the clan. This is largely due to the fact that its members specialize in the Path of Corruption, which is both a Path of Thaumaturgy and Dark Thaumaturgy.

Infiltrator Orders

*"All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players;
They have their exits and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts."*

--As you like it, Act 2 Sc 7, William Shakespeare

As well as being members of the loyalist orders, most Baali are also members of an Infiltrator Order which helps them blend in with those around them. Most orders have several sub-orders based on the political separation of the clan/group in question.

Assamite Order

The Baali had tried for years to gain a toe hold amongst the assassins. They finally managed it during the Anarch revolt and now maintain a small but strong presence in the clan. The only sub-order is that of the Assamite *antitribu*.

Brujah Order

Set up to allow members to gain power within the rebel clan, they revel in corrupting the rebels and fostering friction between Brujah and other clans.

The main sub-orders are; Brujah *antitribu*, and Anarchs.

Gangrel Order

Not the most popular of clans for infiltration, the Gangrel still offer a wide variety of possibilities. Members of this order often go on to be members of the Shapechanger orders. Sub-Orders include; City Gangrel *antitribu*, Country Gangrel *antitribu*, and Ahrimane.

Giovanni Order

One of the great monuments to the Baali was the Giovanni destruction of the Capadoccians. They have maintained a small presence amongst the Giovanni ever since. This is the smallest and most closed of the Baali Infiltrator Orders, and most members are elders.

Lasombra Order

One of the hardest clans to infiltrate due to their weakness, the Baali have nonetheless been able to riddle the Lasombra with infiltrators. They are currently debating whether or not to set up a Lasombra *antitribu* sub-order.

Malkavian Order

One of the smallest infiltration orders, the Malkavians have proven difficult to infiltrate, but the rewards are great for those who do manage it. The only known Sub-Order is the Malkavian *antitribu*.

Nagaraja Order

One of the oldest of the infiltrator orders, the Nagaraja order is a perfect example of just how far the Baali have seeped into kindred power structures. This order (together with the True Brujah and Old Tzimisce Sub-Orders) have gained moderate power within the true Black Hand, although they are far from controlling that body.

Nosferatu Order

Members of this order have all had their appearance altered by Vicissitude or the Path of Corruption. The Nosferatu's clannishness has proven a great boon to the Baali as has their love of information. Sub-Orders are Nosferatu *antitribu*, and Gargoyle.

Pander Order

The newest order, this group has been set up to gain control of this new Sabbat "clan." A Caitiff sub-order exists, although most Caitiff infiltrators do not bother to join.

Ravnos Order

The trickster clan is the most popular independent clan amongst infiltrators although a great percentage of members are part of the Ravnos *antitribu* sub-order.

Setite Order

The minions of Set are not a popular infiltration target. There is no challenge, and Serpentis is a difficult power to mask. The recently instigated Serpents of Light sub-order is proving a more popular group.

Toreador Order

One of the more popular orders amongst the Baali, it delights in perversion of all types. Some of the greatest elders of the Baali control this order. The only real sub-order is that of the Toreador *antitribu*.

Tremere Order

The Baali are partially responsible for the rise of the Tremere and it is rumored that the head of this order is one of the circle of seven. Only the Tremere *antitribu* have a sub-order.

Tzimisce Order

Most Baali see the score with the Tzimisce settled but some still carry a grudge, and these make up the majority of this order. They spend most of the time trying to find out the true fate of Tzimisce himself (they do not believe the official stories of his final death). There is an Old Clan Tzimisce sub-order, although there are currently only a handful of members at any one time.

Ventruue Order

Legendary manipulators, the Ventruue present a tempting challenge to the Baali, especially as this clan controls so much power. Very few members of the order belong to the Ventruue *antitribu* sub-order due to its lack of temporal power.

Shapechanger Order

One of the smallest and most prestigious of orders, these Baali masquerade as one of the changing breed (most commonly Garou). Very few are neonates and most have been members of other infiltrator orders before joining this one. The largest sub-order is that of the Black Spiral Dancers whom the Baali consider to be useful tools.

Other Orders

Rumors of other micro-orders exist, including those for magi. Quiet rumors tell of elders who have infiltrated the order of Mummies, the Society of Leopold, and the Arcanum, amongst others. At some point in the distant past there may have been an Osiran Order that has since become defunct.

Banned Order: Inner Light

"Even while a thing is in the act of coming into existence, some part of it has already ceased to be"

-- Marcus Aurelius, Meditations, 2nd Century AD

This order is outlawed and reviled by the Baali. Its followers believe in the use of dark powers for the greater good. They hide amongst the other Baali, professing allegiance to the Loyalty and Infiltration Orders whilst secretly trying to convert their kin. Virtually none of its members hold much power among the Baali as the great dark powers are supremely corrupting; still they maintain enough power to survive under the noses of their dark kin. This order had an hand (albeit hidden) in the creation of the Daughters of Cacophony.

Chapter Three: Playing the Baali**The Nature of Darkness**

"The mind is its own place, and in itself can make a Heaven of Hell, and a Hell of Heaven."

-- John Milton, Paradise Lost

Pure, unremitting evil is rare, and so are the Baali. They are not by any means stupid. They tempt others to let their dark side free. To just give in; after all it's so much easier. Baali players should be rare; they exist to try to corrupt kindred and kine

alike to the dark powers without ever revealing their true identities. By playing a Baali we vent these dark desires, and thank every good power we know that such beings do not really exist. By looking at our own dark sides we can better ward against those of others, and become more aware of the danger of "just giving in." It is suggested that most player character Baali be followers of the Inner Light, the small seed of hope in the heart of darkness.

Baali Endowments

The Baali have a greater connection to the powers of darkness than any other kindred and this is reflected by several unique Disciplines, Merits, Flaws, and Rituals.

Semi-Disciplines

Because of the structure of the Baali, different clan members have affinity with different disciplines which help them in their masquerade. All clan members have Obfuscate, Presence, and Daimoinon as their clan disciplines. In addition, all members also have two semi-clan disciplines. Semi-Disciplines are easier to learn than non-clan disciplines but harder to learn than clan disciplines (6 x current level). All Baali have Dark Thaumaturgy (see Storytellers Handbook to the Sabbat) as one of these Semi-Disciplines, with the primary path determined by membership in one of the loyalty orders. Each Baali also possesses a second semi-discipline which is determined by membership in the Infiltrator Orders as follows:

Assamite	Quietus
Brujah	Celerity
Gangrel	Protean
Giovanni	Necromancy
Lasombra	Obtenebration
Malkavian	Dementation
Nagaraja	Nihilistics
Nosferatu	Animalism
Gargoyle	Viceratika
Ravnos	Chimersty
Setite	Serpentis
Toreador	Auspex
Tremere	Thaumaturgy
Tzimisce	Vicissitude*
Old Tzimisce	Animalism
Ventrue	Dominate
Shapechangers	Protean

* the Tzimisce Order does not treat Vicissitude as a semi-clan discipline, rather it is treated as a disease as described in the Storytellers Handbook to the Sabbat.

Changing Infiltrator Orders (and hence Semi-Disciplines)

To change Semi-Disciplines a Baali must pay experience points to convert the old Semi-Discipline into a non-clan discipline and then purchase the first level in the new Semi-Discipline (if not already possessed). The experience cost is the quantity of experience points saved by the semi-discipline above and beyond what would have been saved as a non-clan discipline.

e.g. A member of the Ravnos Infiltrator Order with Chimersty 3 wishes to join the Gangrel order. To convert Chimersty to a non-clan discipline will cost 3xp (1 for the second level and 2 for the third level). It will cost the Baali a further 10xp to gain the first level of Protean as a Semi-Discipline (on the assumption that the Baali does not already possess Protean) for a total XP cost of 13. Had the Baali possessed Chimersty 5 (and no Protean) the whole thing would have cost 20xp. A large proportion of the Baali change Infiltrator orders at least once during their unives.

Merits and Flaws

Clear Sighted (3 point Merit)

Because of their connection with the powers of darkness, some Baali gain the ability to see through Obfuscate. The individual can see through any level of Obfuscate with a Perception + Alertness roll against a level of Obfuscate + 3.

Dark Faith (7 point Merit)

The opposite of true faith, Dark faith is the Baali's faith in the infernal powers. It may pre-date the individual's embrace or be an effect of it. The Baali now has a rating of one in Dark Faith, which adds to all willpower and virtue rolls. The exact nature of Dark Faith varies, although its relation to True Faith is constant. If a Baali tries to use Dark Faith against an individual with True Faith he must subtract the True Faith rating from the Dark Faith rating, this is the effective rating for all purposes. If the result is negative (True Faith greater than Dark Faith) then the Baali is susceptible to the wielder of True Faith. It takes experience equal to the current rating times three to gain Dark Faith up to rating five and rating by five from then on. The maximum rating in Dark Faith is ten.

Note: an individual with Dark Faith may enter a building/area with True Faith (such as a religious site) if her rating is higher than or equal to the area True Faith rating.

Piggy-Backer (1 point Flaw)

You have a small demon or imp along for the ride. Only you can see it and it is never of any help; in fact it is totally insane. This demon takes over at certain times and is quite a hindrance to you. Choose the occasion; it can be anything from "on the night of the full moon" to "whenever someone mentions avocado." Create the demon: give it a name, detail his madness, and give him some abilities. Play this out to the max when the situation arises. If the storyteller deems that you are not playing this well, he can declare that you have spent a willpower point to suppress the little imp.

Daimoinon

The Baali clan discipline holds great power and great limitation. Daimoinon is a true Discipline, although few know of its sole 10th level power.

Demonic Ascension (Level 10)

On achieving this power the Baali follows in Baal's footsteps (or is it hoof-prints?), ascending to become a True Demon (although one of only moderate power). At least one Baali (apart from Baal) has achieved this power, although there is great argument as to which demon this is. Common consensus tends most often to rest at the feet of Nubaris, Grand Vizier of Hades...

Dark Thaumaturgic Rituals

Dark Thaumaturgy has many rituals, some of which are detailed here, although more are being created every day and many more are sure to exist.

Level One

Rite of Contact: This is a method by which Baali can announce their presence to others of their clan in a city. When a half hour incantation is recited, with the Baali enveloped in total darkness, a telepathic message is sent to the oldest Baali in the area and then to all others in order of age. The ritual allows a one minute dialogue with each individual, contacted at their discretion. This ritual has also been used as a distress call.

Level Two

Power of the Invisible Flame: as the Thaumaturgical ritual, Players Guide to the Sabbat except that it effects the Dark Thaumaturgical path Fires of Inferno.

Level Three

Summon Gremlins: This simple ritual sends one chosen machine of small size haywire. This is especially damaging to computers which are usually irrevocably damaged, all their data corrupted and their hardware beyond repair.

Shaft of Belated Quiescence: as the Thaumaturgical ritual, Vampire Players Guide.

Level Four

Balefire: This ritual allows the Baali to draw upon the Balefires of Hades to bathe her body in a sickly blue green glow. The Baali is able to throw bolts of this toxic stuff at her enemies. Any number of bolts may be thrown, at the rate of one per turn, but each costs the Baali one blood point. Hitting requires a Perception + Firearms roll (difficulty 6); he take three points of aggravated damage and in addition mortal victims must roll stamina+4 and match the Baali's number of success's or suffer a damaging mutation (storytellers discretion).

The material component is a piece of radioactive waste or raw uranium.

Drawing upon the Bound: as the Thaumaturgical ritual, Players Guide to the Sabbat.

Unlock Dormant Wisdom: This ritual allows the caster to gain some part of the knowledge of a dead being by consuming her brain. The age of the corpse is irrelevant, so long as some part of the brain is intact. The caster must role Intelligence + Occult versus a nine. The number of Successes indicate the degree of transfer (one for minor/most recent, five for total recall). This ritual can be performed on any being with a physical form (vampires, Garou, mortals, etc.) except mummies (including bane mummies) but is ineffective on such creatures as demons or other spirits.

Level Five

Bone of Lies: as the Thaumaturgical ritual, Vampire Players Guide.

Thirst Unquenchable: as the Thaumaturgical ritual, Players Guide to the Sabbat.

Level Seven

Shadow of the Wolf: as the Thaumaturgical ritual, Players Guide to the Sabbat. This is used by the masters of the Shapechanger Order.

Level Eight

Form Theft: The Baali have found it useful to take the forms of others. This ritual is a higher level version of Transfer Essence (see Storytellers Handbook to the Sabbat). It allows the Baali to steal the body of a recently slain human, vampire, or Shapechanger using the same system as Transfer Essence.

Bargaining with your Soul

The Soul is a valuable, although often undervalued resource. The Baali value souls more than any other kindred, whilst often giving them away in exchange for temporal power. All human based individuals (including Kindred, Lupines, Magi, and changelings) possess 10 soul points at birth. They may be sold off, (either whole or piecemeal) for worldly power. The most commonly granted powers are Investments, Disciplines and Paths, and Backgrounds.

Note: Each soul point bargained has a cost. The individual's Corruption Rating (number of Soul points used) affects her Humanity (or path of Enlightenment). Any individual with a Corruption Rating must make rolls for infringements of the Hierarchy of Sins of the Path of Evil Revelations, even if following another path. For example a Baali on the Path of Ecstasy with a Corruption Rating of 4 must make a Path Loss roll for any infringement of the Hierarchy of Sins for the Path of Evil Revelations rated at 4 or below. This is independent of the actual Path of Enlightenment, which may or may not have been infringed. This is the reason most Baali follow the Path of Evil Revelations.

Demonic Investments

The Baali's connection to demons gives them a source of power largely unavailable to the other clans. This power does not come without cost however; the Baali literally sell their souls for this power. As well as the Demonic Investments presented in The Storytellers Guide to the Sabbat, the Baali have been known to gain other powers more closely suited to their lifestyle of infiltration. Each point of Investment costs 1 soul point (of the individual gaining the powers souls unless they are a Devil's Advocate -- see below).

1 Point Investments

Aura Perception: The infernalist can see auras of other beings, the colors indicate their moods, identities and levels of hostility. This power operates in all ways as the second level Auspex power of the same name with one exception, the Auras of individuals with True Faith, or vampires in Golconda will blind a Baali viewing them for 1-10 turns.

Eyes of Hades: For the expenditure of 1 blood point the Infernalist's eyes glow with hellfire (red if not observed closely). The Infernalist may then see objects via heat rather than by light (allows vision in total darkness). Anyone looking directly into the eyes will see dancing flames, and feel distinctly uneasy at the sight. The power may be 'turned off' at any time with no cost.

False Purity: The Infernalist's aura is permanently set at one specific color, masking true feelings and diabolic taints.

Gaseous Form: The Infernalist is able to diffuse her body into a gaseous state; this takes only 3 seconds. However, the infernalist must expend one blood point to become gaseous and expend another point to become solid again. The gaseous form remains cohesive in a strong wind. The infernalist emits a horrible stench while in this form.

2 Point Investments

Begin Decent: With the expenditure of one blood point the infernalist descends into the earth, thereby moving closer to hell. The infernalist can rest during the day without fear of exposure to sunlight. The power can only be used in soil or other loose material. It has no effect on stone or concrete surfaces. The infernalist can choose to end the power at any time, rising from the earth.

5 Point Investments

Devil's Advocate: One of the most subtle and devious of investments, Devil's Advocate allows the infernalist to act as a type of middle-man in the soul trade. By finding individuals willing to bargain away their souls the infernalist may receive a percentage of the take in the form of investments. Most often Baali form cults, and double the cost of investments received by their mortal followers. The remaining soul points are used by the Baali themselves to gain more powers. The other party must sign a contract in her own blood for this power to work. Some Baali are known to collect soul points for such things as fleshcrafting, or wealth, thereby insuring a larger profit margin for themselves.

8 Point Investments

Ignore the Blinding Light: This grand investment gives the Baali some degree of resistance to sunlight. In an area of high smog, or on days with significant cloud cover, the Infernalist has only to wear high SPF sunscreen on any exposed skin. In all other situations the infernalist takes only one aggravated wound per turn in sunlight (rather than the usual three).

Disciplines and Paths

Demons find it easy to improve an individual's Disciplines and or Paths through the mortgaging of the Soul. Disciplines can be gained, and improved at an initial cost of 1 point. Advancement is at a rate of New Level -- hence Potence 3 for an individual without Potence would cost 1+2+3 or 6 of an individuals 10 soul points. Paths of Dark Thaumaturgy and Thaumaturgy are far less expensive, costing 1 point per dot, regardless of level. For some reason, Demons cannot, or will not, grant power with the Disciplines of Bardo, Obeah, and Temporis.

Backgrounds

Demons offer mortals many things that are seen as Backgrounds -- the most common being Resources, Status, and Prestige. These cost 1 point per dot regardless of level.

Paths of Enlightenment

Many Baali had abandoned their Humanity well before the Embrace, and none maintain it afterwards. All Baali, therefore, follow Paths of Enlightenment. Currently, only three such Paths are sanctioned by the Baali council. These are; The Path of Evil Revelations (see The Storytellers Handbook to the Sabbat), The Path of Ecstasy (see Clanbook Settites), and the Path of Baal.

Character Generation Rules

Baali undergo an embrace not too dissimilar to the creation rites employed by the Sabbat (who inherited the practice from the Baali regardless of the beliefs of the True Black Hand). This is reflected in the point allocation during character generation. Baali characters have the following point allocation during creation:

Attributes: 7/5/3 (Mental usually primary)

Abilities: 13/9/5 (Talents usually primary)

Disciplines: 4

Backgrounds: 1

Virtues: 5 (Demonic virtues, Treachery/Cruelty/Courage)

Freebie Points: 14 (7/5/2/1)

Baali do not have humanity; instead they follow Paths of Enlightenment. Only the Paths of Evil Revelations, Ecstasy, and Baal are condoned by the clan although members of the Inner Light (the majority of player characters) frequently follow the Path of Death and the Soul or other less 'Evil' paths.

Virtually all Baali have the Autocrat, Bon vivant, Bravo, Conniver, Critic, Deviant, Fanatic, or Sycophant natures but may (and usually do) have any Demeanor.

Baali have certain minimum requirements. They must have an Occult of at least one, a Linguistics of one (Latin), and must possess the Background: Alternate Identity. Also during character generation the Baali must choose a loyalty order and corresponding primary path of Dark Thaumaturgy (even if the individual does not have any rating in Dark Thaumaturgy). All Baali must have a rating of at least one in either Daimoinon or Dark Thaumaturgy. Mental Attributes and Talents are usually primary. Many Baali also know the Dragon Tongue of the Nephandi.

Baali have a Corruption rating from 0 to 10 that represents how much of their soul has been given over for investments (0 indicates a normal human, 10 is a totally corrupted soul). All Baali must have at least 1 investment, and some have several. No player Baali can start with more than seven points of investments, and most have between 1 and 4.

Chapter Four: Baali Templates

It may be that the stars of heaven appear fair and pure simply because they are so far away from us, and we know nothing of their private life."

-- Heine, The Romantic School, 1853

Being purely evil doesn't make the Baali dull or uncreative. Indeed because of their lifestyles they are amongst the most varied of all the clans. The Baali use the character generation system detailed in the Players Guide to the Sabbat and follow the Paths of Evil Revelations, Ecstasy, or Baal (or the Path of Death and the Soul if a member of the Order of the Inner Light). Any templates that follow can be used for a Light as well as a true Baali.

Feel free to alter the numbers, Nature, Demeanor or any other aspect of the character you would like to. Templates are guidelines, the best characters are those which spring from your own imagination.

Aristocrat

"A prince should therefore have no other aim or thought, nor take up any other thing for his study, but war and its organization and discipline, for that is the only art that is necessary to one who commands."

-- Machiavelli

Quote

"It's always nice to see when someone of that class makes good of themselves. After all it happens so rarely; now where did that naughty fox go? "

Prelude

You grew up in the minor aristocracy. Your parents were nice enough when you saw them, but that wasn't very often. You went to all the right schools, were seen at all the right engagements, and had all the right interests. You were unfulfilled though. You quite enjoyed hunting, as befitted your station, but didn't really enjoy much else.

When you were twenty, you fell in love with a lower class girl. Although you knew it would cost you standing, you pursued her, and eventually the two of you began dating. A few months later you found out that she had worked as a prostitute. You were livid, and the next time you saw her you beat her into a near coma before she managed to escape. You fled to the family's summer home in the highlands.

The old house hadn't been used for quite a while and there was very little to do so you began reading some old tomes you found in the library. You found that one of them dealt with demon pacts. You read the spell aloud, promising your life for the power to find your ex-girlfriend and punish her. It was then that the demon appeared and granted you your wish by leading your sire to you.

Concept

You are the ultimate snob. You feel no remorse for your life, and feel that your new life only elevates you above even the kindred masses. You play the part of a Ventrue well, and have even managed to bring some of that clan closer to damnation. You secretly wish to become one of the Dukes of Hell and will find a way to do so.

Role-playing Tips

You feign interest in the unlives of other Ventrue and upper-class Toreador. Sneer at those of lower birth and/or status than yourself. You are cultured and make sure everyone around you knows it. A stereotypical Ventrue (apart from the small fact of your true clan).

Equipment

A classic sports car. A wardrobe of conservatively tailored suits. A silver cigarette case with your family crest. A signet ring bearing the family arms.

Nature: Autocrat

Demeanor: Director

Concept: Aristocrat

Generation: 13

Loyalty Order: The Harbingers of Decay

Infiltrator Order: Ventrue

Physical: Strength 2, Dexterity 2, Stamina 2

Social: Charisma 3, Manipulation 5, Appearance 2

Talents: Acting 1, Alertness 1, Dodge 1, Empathy 3, Leadership 3, Subterfuge 5

Skills: Drive 1, Etiquette 3, Firearms 1 **Knowledge:** Bureaucracy 2, Finance 2, Investigation 1, Law 1, Linguistics 1, Occult 1, Politics 1

Disciplines: Dark Thaumaturgy 1 (Hands of Destruction 1), Dominate 3

Backgrounds: Alternate Identity 2, Resources 4, Status 1

Virtues: Treachery 2, Cruelty 2, Courage 4

Path of Evil Revelations: 4

Willpower: 10

Corruption: 2

Investments: Psychic Tracker

Dark Warlock

"Where shall we meet again. In thunder, lightning or rain?"

-- Shakespeare, Macbeth.

Quote

"Non erravi perniciose!"

Prelude

You grew up in a family devoted to the dark powers. Your parents were both demon worshippers and had sacrificed your younger sister to the dark powers. When you weren't with the coven, you were at school. So good were you at hiding your family's secret that you were made president of the school's inter-faith society.

You learned all you could from your family's own coven, and then began searching further afield. During these apprenticeships you gained much ability but little in the way of real power. You dreamed of the day you could toss a fireball at your high school. One night you participated in a dark rite with a new group. They were Baali and one of them embraced you after you had managed to summon an Imp from the abyss.

Concept

Brought up around magic, you are still fascinated by it. You don't like to 'waste time' however and take shortcuts in your magical learning. So far these have not affected you but...

Role-playing Tips

You are fascinated by magic, the flashier the better. You pretend to support House and Clan Tremere but in reality consider them a pack of doddering old fools of no value as anything except food. You do, however, go out of your way to learn new rituals from any source.

Equipment

Spellbook, libation cup, black robes, and of course an imp (who masquerades as a homunculus).

Nature: Deviant

Demeanor: Traditionalist

Concept: Dark Warlock

Generation: 13

Loyalty Order: Bearers of the Inferno

Physical: Strength 2, Dexterity 3, Stamina 3

Social: Charisma 1, Manipulation 3, Appearance 2

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 5, Wits 2

Talents: Intimidation 3, Subterfuge 2

Skills: Drive 1, Etiquette 3, Melee 1, Stealth 2, Survival 2

Knowledge: Computer 1, Law 1, Investigation 1, Medicine 1, Occult 3, Politics 2, Tremere Lore 1

Disciplines: Dark Thaumaturgy 3 (Fires of Inferno 3), Thaumaturgy 3

Backgrounds: Alternate Identity 1

Virtues: Treachery 2, Cruelty 3, Courage 3

Path of Evil Revelations: 5

Willpower: 3

Corruption: 5

Investments: Magic Sense, Guardian

The Disturbed Child

"There is a pleasure sure in being mad, which none but madmen know."

-- Dryden

Quote

"These big kids came up and started hitting Terry all over. I tried to stop them but they were too big. How come I'm not hurt?... They held me down, just like Daddy does when I'm naughty..... Oh Daddy says I can't tell you, otherwise I might get hurt."

Prelude

You were brought up in a loving household. Nothing bad ever happened to you but something was wrong with you. When you were six you convinced your best friend to drink some chemicals in the garage and sat enthralled as he writhed in agony and died. After that a series of 'accidents' followed you. It wasn't until your eighth birthday that you got caught in the act. You were attempting to burn down the neighbors' house while they were in it.

After a lengthy period of psychoanalysis you were diagnosed with a mental disorder. The psychologists were horrified by the stories of physical and sexual abuse you told them. Your parents were sent to jail on your 'evidence' and nobody ever realized that the stories were just that, stories.

You were placed in a mental hospital, and it was here that a Baali masquerading as a Malkavian found you. She could see why you were so evil; you had a malicious imp following you who were the cause of your 'temporary insanity' but you still seemed to enjoy the evil it created. She saw your potential and embraced you then and there.

Concept

You are an unbalanced individual. No longer mentally a child, you still inhabit a child's body and don't really mind; after all, everyone is so careless around you.

Role-playing Tips

Play up the child angle. Make everyone believe you are a victim, that others are being nasty and trying to hurt you. Never admit guilt. Accidentally give away 'information' that you "don't understand". And always act the innocent.

Equipment

Oversized child's clothing, matches, and a bottle of cleaning solvent.

Nature: Conniver

Demeanor: Child

Concept: Disturbed child

Generation: 8

Loyalty Order: The Bearers of Pestilence

Infiltrator Order: Malkavian

Physical: Strength 3, Dexterity 1, Stamina 2

Social: Charisma 2, Manipulation 3, Appearance 3

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 3, Wits 3

Talents: Acting 3, Alertness 2, Brawl 1, Dodge 2, Empathy 2, Streetwise 1, Subterfuge 2<

Skills: Melee 2, Stealth 3, Survival 3

Knowledge: Linguistics 1, Occult 1, Malkavian Lore 2, Medicine 1

Disciplines: Dark Thaumaturgy 2 (Path of Pestilence 2), Dementation 2, Obfuscate 1

Backgrounds: Generation 5, Alternate Identity 1, Status 2, Resources 1

Virtues: Treachery 5, Cruelty 1, Courage 2

Path of Evil Revelations: 6

Willpower: 5

Flaws: Child, Piggy-Backer

Corruption: 3

Investments: Grim jaws, Invisibility to Animals

Family Member

"I deal with the dead as though they were living, and similarly the living as though they were dead."

-- Gilbert Lely

Quote

"I've got an offer you can't refuse."

Prelude

You had an unusual upbringing. Born into the Giovanni Family, your earliest memories are of crime-lords, and your uncle who was a Vampire. You spent years as an apprentice to the family. You learned how to kill, steal, and rob-graves -- all-important family skills. Your whole life was spent surrounded by the undead members of the family, but the only one you really got on with was your uncle. The two of you held many long discussions into the early mornings. Your discussions frequently dwelt on the darkest side of death. After one particularly dark discussion on demons, he embraced you.

Concept

For the first time in your life you have some power and status in your family, while at the same time no longer really being one of the family. Your uncle is still around although he does not wield much power. He has helped you in your demonic abilities, and you enjoy them very much.

Role-playing Tips

You seek power within your family, although you never do anything to indicate you are anything but Giovanni. Still a few allies outside the family wouldn't hurt.

Equipment

Italian suit, briefcase, cellular phone, European sports car, and more gold and platinum credit cards than most medium sized corporations.

Nature: Sycophant

Demeanor: Architect

Concept: Family member

Generation: 13

Loyalty Order: Terrorist

Infiltrator Order: Giovanni

Physical: Strength 2, Dexterity 2, Stamina 2

Social: Charisma 3, Manipulation 2, Appearance 2

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 4, Wits 3

Talents: Acting 1, Empathy 1, Alertness 2, Subterfuge 1

Skills: Drive 2, Etiquette 3, Music 2, Security 1, Stealth 1

Knowledge: Bureaucracy 2, Finance 2, Linguistics 2, Occult 5, Politics 1, Giovanni Lore 1

Disciplines: Daimoinon 1, Dark Thaumaturgy 1 (Path of Phobos 1), Necromancy 3

Backgrounds: Alternate Identity 2, Mentor 1, Resources 4, Retainers 2

Virtues: Treachery 3, Cruelty 3, Courage 2

Path of Evil Revelations: 6

Willpower: 2

Corruption: 1

Investments: Smell Fear

The Glamour Queen

"Fashion, A despot whom the wise ridicule and obey."

-- Ambrose Bierce

Quote

"Thank you. You're too kind....I think it's simply wonderful...it's fabulous darling...I know, what rock did she crawl out from under?"

Prelude

The ultimate blonde. You grew up never particularly worried about money. Your parents provided what you wanted, with a minimum of stylish pleading. You drifted through school and university without ever really paying attention; after all nothing except your appearance was important. You had a number of relationships with both men and women, but never really cared about any of them, and quickly dumped them when they became inconvenient.

One night, when you were leaving a club you saw a small child bleeding in the gutter. Instead of going to its aid or calling for help you began to walk away; after all you couldn't get all messed up could you?. The Baali who had caused the child's discomfort liked your blase attitude, and embraced you on the spot. You haven't looked back since.

Concept

You are the blaze glamour queen. To you appearance is everything. You have started to enjoy manipulating others and quite enjoy the Baali lifestyle; although you lack any real commitment to the clan. You are *never* impressed by anything or anyone.

Equipment

Whatever is the cutting edge in fashion.

Nature: Bon-Vivant

Demeanor: Praise Seeker

Concept: Glamour Queen

Generation: 13

Loyalty Order: Pleasurists

Infiltrator Order: Toreador

Physical: Strength 2, Dexterity 2, Stamina 2

Social: Charisma 2, Manipulation 2, Appearance 4

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 4, Wits 3

Talents: Acting 3, Athletics 2, Brawl 1, Dodge 1, Empathy 2, Seduction 1, Style 3

Skills: Drive 1, Etiquette 3, Firearms 1

Knowledge: Linguistics 1, Occult 4, Demon Lore 2, Toreador Lore 2, Investigation 1

Disciplines: Daimoinon 1, Dark Thaumaturgy 2 (Chains of Pleasure 2), Presence 2
Backgrounds: Alternate Identity 1, Resources 3
Virtues: Treachery 3, Cruelty 2, Courage 3
Path of Evil Revelations: 5
Willpower: 3
Merits/Flaws: Blase, Deep Sleeper
Corruption: 3
Investments: Kiss of Hades, Pheromone Powers

Light Bearer

"I have loved righteousness and hated iniquity, therefore I die in exile."

-- Pope Gregory VII, 1085

Quote

"Well that is one way of looking at it, I'd prefer to think of it as a slightly dubious action. Now let's get right down to it: where did you say that ritual was?"

Prelude

You were the quiet neighbor. Nobody really knew you and you didn't really socialize much. You lived with your parents until you're mid twenties when they both died. You stayed in the same house, and didn't go out much.

A series of mysterious disappearances led the police to you. When they dug up the back yard they found more than 30 bodies, all victims of rather gruesome murders. You were thrown in jail, but were freed by a group of Setites; one of who embraced you. Later you found out that your sire was really a Baali. Nothing could have been better. You loved the power that the demons promised and reveled in the evil around you.

One night while you were hacking into a pregnant mother, you had a sudden attack of conscience, and since that time have begun to doubt the point of your existence.

A few weeks ago you received a visit from a strange vampire that helped you break from your old nature. You now try to purify your darker kin, and try to learn as much as possible to achieve this end.

Concept

The image of evil. You aren't. Try to lead others into the light without letting them connect this to your actions. Try to gain others trust, but do not let your true self show to anyone else of your clan.

Role-playing Tips

You aren't ultra friendly to anyone. In fact you're really a bit cold. Deep down you desire friendship. You help others in the background but rarely can these forms of aid be traced back to you, and that is how you prefer it. If you encounter others of your true clan you try to fit in but would rather not deal with them. If anyone presents a source of knowledge to you, you will pursue it regardless of its flaws.

Equipment

A large library crammed into your small haven.

Nature: Architect

Demeanor: Deviant

Concept: Light Bearer

Generation: 13

Loyalty Order: Seekers (Inner Light)

Infiltrator Order: Setite

Physical: Strength 3, Dexterity 1, Stamina 2

Social: Charisma 2, Manipulation 3, Appearance 3

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 4, Wits 3

Talents: Acting 3, Alertness 1, Dodge 1, Empathy 3, Intimidation 3, Subterfuge 3

Skills: Animal Ken 1, Drive 2, Melee 1, Stealth 3

Knowledge: Linguistics 3, Medicine 1, Occult 3, Setite Lore 2

Disciplines: Dark Thaumaturgy 1 (Secret Knowledge 1), Obfuscate 1, Serpents 2

Backgrounds: Alternate Identity 1, Resources 1

Virtues: Callousness 1, Instincts 5, Courage 2

Path of Death and the Soul: 6

Willpower: 9

Corruption: 1
Investments: Bat Ears

The Mentor

"It is not an open enemy that has done me this dishonour, for then I could have bourne it. It was even thou, my companion, my guide and my own familiar friend."

-- Lord Henry Darnley, 1567

Quote

"There, there, its all right. Now, just relax. O.K. What's up?... now what exactly did he say?... Look, don't worry, just do what seems natural... Don't worry about the rules, rules are only made to be broken aren't they?"

Prelude

You were always a shoulder to cry on for all your friends. You despised them for their weakness but never let it show. The losers who cried on your shoulder did provide you with valuable information that you used to bribe a number of minor personalities. Unfortunately one of them proved to be a Baali.

After a short time of moderate wealth, your new 'friend' closed down your business and you went totally broke. You didn't see this Baali again for almost a year when she stumbled upon you as you were stealing money from a sleeping drunk, it was then that she chose to make you one of the truly damned.

Concept

You are the confidant of the younger members of the clan (Nosferatu not Baali) and provide aid and information from the goodness of your heart. Every thing you do, though, either builds your power or serves to subtly corrupt others. You have even begun corrupting the ghouls who serve the Nosferatu of your city.

Role-playing Tips

Never be judgmental or condescending. Appear to be genuinely interested in the unives of others. Give advice often, although make sure it's good advice when it might be checked up on, so that if anything is ever traced back to you, you smell of roses.

Equipment

Just your comfortable, lived in clothes.

Nature: Conniver

Demeanor: Care-giver

Concept: Mentor

Generation: 8

Loyalty Order: Seeker

Infiltrator: Nosferatu

Physical: Strength 3, Dexterity 2, Stamina 3

Social: Charisma 2, Manipulation 3, Appearance 0

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 3, Wits 3

Talents: Acting 1, Alertness 3, Empathy 3, Intimidation 1, Streetwise 3, Subterfuge 2

Skills: Drive 2, Etiquette 1, Firearms 3, Melee 1, Stealth 1, Survival 1 Knowledge: Linguistics 1, Occult 1, Nosferatu Lore 3

Disciplines: Dark Thaumaturgy 2 (Secret Knowledge 2), Obfuscate 2

Backgrounds: Alternate Identity 4, Generation 5, Status 3

Virtues: Treachery 3, Cruelty 1, Courage 4

Path of Evil Revelations: 7

Willpower: 4

Corruption: 4

Investments: Disgusting, Grim Jaws, Razor Fangs

Orphan Garou

"Whenever you observe an animal closely, you feel as if a human being sitting was inside there making fun of you."

-- Elias Canetti, The Human Province, 1978

Quote

"I'm so glad I found you guys. I thought I was some kind of freak. Its such a relief to know I'm not. I gladly offer my services to defeat the forces of corruption that are all around us."

Prelude

You grew up on a small farm. You never knew your birth parents having been put out for adoption. The couple who adopted you did so only to get some cheap labor; they worked you like an animal, for that was all you were to them.

You spent years slaving on the farm until a strange man arrived one day. He went and saw your 'parents;' there was a loud argument and a fight broke out. You hid in the roof and watched the fighting; the stranger had turned into a huge man-wolf. His fur was black and green and he tore savagely into your 'parents.' He heard a noise you had made, and stared straight at you. You presented yourself to him, showing no sign of fear. He was surprised by your behavior and forced you into his car with him. During the drive he told you of the Garou, and of his tribe -- the Black Spiral Dancers. He said you must be kinfolk to have behaved as you did. After an intense examination at his house he declared that you were not a werewolf, rather you were a distant descendant of one.

That night he delivered your semi-conscious body to an ally in the Sabbat, and you received your induction into the unlife of the Baali.

Concept

You hate the fact that you are not a true werewolf. You use your vampiric qualities to appear to be a member of the changing breed. You find the Black Spiral Dancers wonderful, and the other tribes disgusting. Still, what's the fun corrupting a Dancer? Now one of those Children of Gaia is another matter all together. Isn't it?

Role-playing Tips

You find it easiest to convince the Garou that you are a newly changed orphan still trying to get his feet. You try to play the wolves against each other and work with the Black Spirals to bring about their downfall. However you are not beyond betraying the odd dancer; it is not in your interest for the tribe to grow too strong.

Equipment

Revolver with silver bullets hidden on your person. Otherwise nothing to endanger your cover.

Nature: Bravo

Demeanor: Deviant

Concept: Orphan Garou

Generation: 13

Loyalty Order: The Bringers of Pain

Infiltrator Order: Shapechangers

Physical: Strength 2, Dexterity 4, Stamina 4

Social: Charisma 2, Manipulation 2, Appearance 2

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 2, Wits 3

Talents: Acting 2, Alertness 2, Brawl 5, Dodge 3, Subterfuge 2

Skills: Animal Ken 3, Etiquette 1, Stealth 3, Survival 2

Knowledges: Linguistics 1, Lupine Lore 1, Occult 2, Wyrms Lore 1

Disciplines: Dark Thaumaturgy 1 (Path of Phobos 1), Protean 4

Backgrounds: Alternate Identity 2

Virtues: Treachery 3, Cruelty 1, Courage 4

Path of Evil Revelations: 4

Willpower: 4

Merits/Flaws: Gift of Proteus (2), Baby Face, Ruse of Wolf's Clothing

Corruption: 7

Investments: Journey to the Spirit Realm

The Twisted Psycho-Therapist

"Mens cuiusque is est quisque." ("The mind of each man is the man himself.")

-- Cicero (106-43 B.C.)

Quote

"Now just lie back and tell me about your childhood; did you have any dreams about being in confined spaces? So you are quite sure that you weren't abused? I think you might be just blocking it out; don't you think that's the most probable conclusion? Now let's talk about those dreams, shall we."

Prelude

You always got a perverse joy out of sick mind games. You loved making people doubt themselves, but for most of your life didn't have a real outlet for this vice. You were driven, however, and decided early on that you wanted to be paid to screw around with other people's brains. So you studied hard and went to one of the country's best psychology schools, graduating with top honors. You set up your own practice and soon had a string of clients.

After much experimentation you settled on helping people to "remember" their parents as Satanists, and ritual abusers. This gave you a perverse thrill for three reasons: first it destroyed the life of your patients. Secondly, it destroyed the lives of the patients' families, often leading to suicides. And third, in the long term it would hurt those few people who had actually suffered this type of abuse.

The party did not last long. After two years you were under investigation by the federal courts and your practice was bankrupt. It was then that your sire embraced you, opening up to you a whole new group of beings to play your little mind games with.

Concept

A medical professional out for some fun. You cared nothing about the people whose lives you destroyed and feel much the same way about those who you currently deal with.

Role-playing Tips

You are basically sick. Constantly try to get others to doubt each other, those they deal with, and even themselves, all the while portraying yourself as the voice of all reason.

Equipment

Everything that is appropriate for a professional. You always carry a gold fob watch for those episodes of 'hypnotherapy.'

Nature: Deviant

Demeanor: Architect

Concept: Twisted Psycho-Therapist

Generation: 13

Loyalty Order: Bringers of Pain

Infiltrator Order: Tzimisce

Physical: Strength 2, Dexterity 2, Stamina 2

Social: Charisma 3, Manipulation 4, Appearance 2

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 4, Wits 3

Talents: Alertness 1, Dodge 1, Empathy 1, Intimidation 3, Subterfuge 2, Body Alteration 1

Skills: Drive 2, Etiquette 1, Firearms 1, Survival 1

Knowledges: Finance 1, Investigation 3, Linguistics 3, Occult 4, Politics 2, Science 1, Tzimisce Lore 1

Disciplines: Daimoinon 1, Dark Thaumaturgy 1 (Path of Torture 1), Vicissitude 2

Backgrounds: Alternate Identity 1, Resources 2, Status 1

Virtues: Treachery 3, Cruelty 2, Courage 3

Path of Evil Revelations: 5

Willpower: 8

Corruption: 3

Investments: Razor Fangs, Razor Fingers, Smell Fear

Rebel Arsonist

"A great flame follows a little spark."

-- Dante Alighierei

Quote

"In everything, burn, burn, burn..."

Prelude

There was nothing out of the ordinary about your childhood. Your parents loved you but didn't spoil you. You lived in a medium sized house in a nice suburb. You weren't one of the 'in' crowd in school but neither were you a nerd. You got average marks, had average relationships, and were generally average.

You did have one unusual hobby though. You enjoyed lighting fires. Something about the way flames consumed things fascinated you. You used to sneak out to the edge of town and light small fires whenever you could. After a while the small fires held no fascination for you and you moved on to bigger things. You burnt down an abandoned house, and that made you really happy. So you moved on to even bigger things. During your last year of school you started two major fires. The first one burnt out several acres of National Park. The second burned down half a city block and unknown to you, killed the city's vampire prince.

After the second fire you met a strange woman who offered you the chance to light as many fires as you wished. You readily accepted, and love every minute of your new unlife.

Concept

Whilst most members of your clan are subtle, you certainly aren't. Your greatest joy is starting fires. Preferably under some stuffy vampire who thinks you're a common thug. You don't use your supernatural powers to start fires where others can see you. At least not without burning them down as well.

Role-playing Tips

You act the rebel to the hilt. Your only real interest is fire. You are not scared of it, and in fact have mused that if you die you will get to spend a lot of time with it. That makes you happy. Still, you are not in any hurry, after all there is nothing flammable in Hades.

Equipment

Your most treasured possession is your grandfather's silver cigarette lighter that has help make the happiest moments of your life.

Nature: Bravo

Demeanor: Cavalier

Concept: Rebel Arsonist

Generation: 13

Loyalty Order: Bearers of the Inferno

Infiltrator Order: Brujah

Physical: Strength 4, Dexterity 3, Stamina 3

Social: Charisma 2, Manipulation 2, Appearance 2

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 3, Wits 2

Talents: Alertness 2, Athletics 2, Brawl 5, Dodge 2, Intimidation 1, Streetwise 1

Skills: Drive 2, Firearms 5, Melee 3, Stealth 2, Survival 1

Knowledge: Linguistics 2, Brujah Lore 1, Occult 2

Disciplines: Daimoinon 3, Dark Thaumaturgy 2 (Fires of the Inferno 2), Presence 1

Backgrounds: Alternate Identity 1

Virtues: Treachery 4, Cruelty 1, Courage 3

Path of Evil Revelations: 5

Willpower: 3

Corruption: 4

Investments: Toxic Blast

Appendix: Baali of Note

"I was not born to live a man's life but to be the stuff of future memory."

-- 'King Arthur', R. Rankin.

Commodus Antoninus

The son of Marcus Antoninus the so-called philosopher emperor of Rome, Commodus embodied all the worst aspects of the Roman character. He was, in life, base, shameless, cruel, lecherous, and debauched. He was removed from power by a great conspiracy of individuals who were horrified by his wanton cruelty. He was then embraced by the Baali who replaced him with a flesh-crafted ghoul who was then put to death by the conspirators. His years as a Baali have been unusual. At first he reveled in his newfound powers, cavorted with demons, and increased his cruelty tenfold. However deep down in his soul was a small part of his father's goodness. After centuries of reveling, Commodus grew bored. It was then that the seed of goodness started to grow within him. The lessons of his long dead father began to make sense. He founded the secret order of the Inner Light, trying to sway other members of the Clan to the side of good. He is now a fugitive amidst a clan of fugitives, and has remained in hiding for many years. He can appear as anyone, male or female, and has been known to visit those Baali who are beginning to have second thoughts to persuade them to embrace the inner light.

Gilles de Rais

The famous medieval torturer of small boys was one of the vilest Baali. He committed most of his known crimes during life and was snatched away from his final doom by a group of Baali who embraced him. His reign of terror continued for years, and he became head of the Bringers of Pain. All this ended when a Baali tribunal (a rare thing indeed declared his evil "too obvious" and called a blood hunt on him. It is unclear if he was destroyed or not, but none have heard of him since the early 1700's.

Rasputin

The Mad Monk of Russia is the source of much kindred gossip. Some claim him as a Malkavian, others as a Ventrue, and still others as a Nosferatu. In truth he is one of the most successful Baali Infiltrators. He has managed to infiltrate all three clans (and possibly others) without having to change identity. His flamboyant nature and visibility has led several Baali elders to consider him something of a liability to the clan, which may explain something of his current silence. He is known to possess the Merit: Dark Faith and it is rumored that he has attained the maximum level possible in this field.

Semiramis

In life Semiramis was Queen of Assyria. She conquered Egypt, Libya, and most of Ethiopia. She built great walls around Babylon, built two mighty palaces and connected them via a magnificent tunnel, dug under the Euphrates. After a failed attack on India she handed the kingdom over to her treacherous son Adadnirari III, and withdrew from public life. It was then that she became one of the Baali.

Since her creation she has been one of the most important Baali elders. She has been a member of almost all the infiltration orders and is the current head of the Pleasurists. Her current identity is unknown as is her location. All that we know is that wherever she is she's up to no good.

Shaitan

Not a true Baali, Shaitan is one of the rare converts to the Baali cause. He is, in truth, a Capadocian, although even he barely remembers this fact. He is one of the most ancient of the 'Baali', and represents the brief time long ago, when the Baali actually recruited amongst the other clans (a practice long since abolished). For more information see: Chaos Factor.

Veronica Iscariot

Barely more than a Neonate, Veronica is one of the most successful Baali of recent years. She has gained great power from trafficking souls (rumored to be in excess of 300 within her first two years) to hell. Her current goal is to corrupt a group of Mages in order to improve both her own power, and to gain greater Prestige. She is nearing her goal of becoming a true demon (at least that is what she thinks...).

Through extensive misuse of Sanguinus, Serpentis, Visceratika, and Vicissitude she has changed her true form to that of a beautiful six armed woman, with the lower body of a serpent. Huge bat wings rise from her back. She rarely appears in this form though, as she can change her form at will (Vicissitude 9).

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BLOOD BROTHERS



The Sabbat continually seeks new ways to overthrow the Camarilla, and many of their efforts involve the creation of Vampiric shock troops. The Sabbat is also renowned for its creative uses of the Blood Bond. Recently, a conclave of Sabbat Tremere and Tzimisce gathered in a certain unnamed stronghold in Eastern Europe for a bizarre experiment. Their devilish plan: to refine the Blood Bond to new heights, thus creating a pack of Vampiric warriors who would for all practical purposes think and act as one. With the Tremere using their Blood magic and the Tzimisce employing their flesh-altering powers, they would create an army of invincible servants.

A band of captured Caitiffs provided the first test subjects. And the second. And so on. Finally, after a number of grotesque failures, a pack of fanatically loyal soldiers, with their own unique abilities related to their bond, crouched before them. This was the origin of the Sabbat's special weapon, the bloodline known ironically as the Blood Brothers.

Appearance: Blood Brothers usually look a little strange, as their reshaping and blood exchanges often leave them a bit misshapen. They generally shave their heads and prefer to wear simple T-shirts, jeans and boots.

Haven: Blood Brothers often live in Sabbat communal havens or in secret bases under the cities of the Camarilla, where they can venture out to wreak havoc.

Background: Blood Brothers are chosen by the Tremere and Tzimisce for their tough-mindedness and skill at keeping themselves alive. Individuality is not a prized quality. Many Blood Brothers come from military or criminal backgrounds, and members of street gangs seem especially prevalent.

Character Conception: Most Blood Brothers come from criminal or gang concepts. Physical Attributes and Talents are primary.

Organization: Blood Brothers are bound in tightly-formed packs, or "circles," of between three and seven individuals. Usually all are equal, but the Brother with the highest generation is the nominal leader; they are virtually a communal being anyway, so questions of leadership are nearly irrelevant.

Disciplines: Celerity, Potence, Sanguinus

Weaknesses: All Blood Brothers feel each others' pain. If one is damaged, all the rest take the same wound penalty to their actions for the next round (only). If more than one is hit, the highest penalty is taken. They are also all Blood Bound to each other.

Quote: (in unison) "DIE!"

BLOOD BROTHERS CONCEPTS

TAKEN FROM THE ALT.GAMES.WHITWOLF NEWSGROUP.

BY VIS SIERRA (VIS@JPS.NET)

Damsels in Distress

Identical and beautiful through Vicissitude, these Blood Sisters have more Obfuscate and Presence than Celerity and Potence. Hopscotch reappearance's (one ducks down an alley, another disappears over the top of the fence at the end, allowing the first to get behind the pursuer) and the more grisly uses of Sanguinis contrasted with their normally attractive appearance make this circle shocking and memorable.

Men in Black

They ask you for ID and they have funky pale auras. They're not from the government and they fade away on the wind when you kill them. It's still a surprise when three stand in front of you and raise their faces: two with blank masks, one with a clutch of six eyes.

Fox Hunt

Some Sanguinis, a little more Potence, but they're mostly about Celerity and their handler's Vicissitude. Although the eldest Blood Brother is in control, their Tzimisce pack leader directs them the way other Tzimisce would direct a Ghoulded dog pack. Vicissitude modified limbs for running on all fours, and extruded fanged muzzles complete the parody. [1]

Hall of Mirrors

A circle with Sanguinis and Vicissitude, plus a dash of Obfuscate. They pick a target coterie and dress like them. They photograph them and `craft themselves into them. Lacking personalities of their own, they **become** them. Confusion reigns when fighting does

break out. They'd be incredibly powerful if they could actually replace their targets and infiltrate the city. Unrelated vampires could actually be a circle of Blood Brothers with a coordinated plan. Their effectiveness is limited by how able they are to act as individuals ("act" being the operative word) and whether their creators would even think of this application.

Leviathan

Rather than rolling into a ball, this circle has an animal it mimics. A dozen arms and legs form a centipede-like shape of once-human components as they form a coagulate entity. Their tattoos line up in this form, torso to torso, and would be art unique enough to distract a Toreador - if the combination of all the teeth from six mouths, twenty-four canines in one mouth, wasn't such an attention getter. (Crabs, spiders, or even sea urchins could be abstractly duplicated, but I think the centipede shape works best from the materials at hand.)

Team Blood Brother

By Mant

For a slightly less serious game, a Blood Brother circle that works like an Anime team. As well as the standard Disciplines, each member has expertise one other Discipline unique to them giving them their 'special thing'. The handsome leader might have some Dominate or Presence, the dangerous rebel some Protean or Obtenebration, the beautiful girl might be Presence or Protean, the big bruiser just a load of Potence and Fortitude and the clever geek some Thaumaturgy.

They all wear a similar, but slightly different 'uniform' and when threatened they form up and combine into their special multiple form, go go bloodatron...

The Outcast

By Sawyer Rankin

Quote: Why can't we all just get along?

You were a normal child, always doing average things. Average grades, average teen age years with stereotypical things for you desires and wants, experimenting with drugs, going for your crush...and getting rejected, maybe. Then when you were 18 you were grabbed and smacked in the face with a shovel.

When you awoke there were many strange looking people over you, a freaky demonic one with a notebook, a strikingly LOVELY man that kept catching your eye, and one who called...itself Sascha... They said they had found notes on the old ways of creating Blood Brothers, one that didn't require any Thaumaturgy at all.

You didn't know what the fuck Blood Brothers were nor what Thaumaturgy was, except a kind of magic in a book you read. But, as you started to feel yourself go faint, you knew you'd die. And you were right. You woke up, looking around. Amazingly, everyone looked like YOU! There were four other yous there that said they weren't you. But then the pretty man came in and said he was your technical "sire." He then explained the Vampiric life to you, thinking you too dull witted to get it. but when the people began to react, he was shocked. He wondered how they remembered their past. But that didn't matter, he had said he was going to care for you.

But ever since then it's been hell. They all blame YOU for this. Saying that it's YOUR fault. You think it's because they look like you. The woman really seems pissed, she doesn't like having a man's head on her feminine body. None of them ever use their powers to help you, yet you help them out, trying to win them over. But all that seems to do is get you punched or kicked by their strong bodies. Though, you've built up a rather potent resistance because of it...

Concept: Some say you're a pussy, others say your a wimp, but they all agree on one thing, YOU caused this. Though, none of them thank you for their new found strength or power. Not even the one that was homeless before you. But you try to make amends. You always have to be nice to them, after all, you did this...

Role-playing hints: You are a martyr and conformist. You give and give trying to please the ones you harmed, but every now and then you just lash out at them. Though, that just makes you be more careful, until the next time...

Equipment: Whatever the pretty boss gives you, clothes.

BLOOD BROTHERS

Created by Kolduns in the old days because their Sclatcha looked too...well, you know. So they needed something that looked "inconspicuous" so they combined magic with Vicissitude to create these spies. They would use them to mimic Tremere they captured and killed, and send them in the castles and stuff, so they could gather information without getting caught, and kill off the Tremere, so their knowledge couldn't be used. Unfortunately, the Kolduns who began this were soon found out (maybe a 100 years after or so) and were killed in the morning by some of the now Dutcheski Revenants under the influence of the Tremere, leaving the Blood Brother secrets in the hands of a few Tzimisce. They started making fewer and fewer since they didn't want to meet the same fate as others,

and soon they began stopping for awhile until the Tremere Anti's came in and started making the ritual more "perfect" (they add the mindlessness of the Gargoyles to the ritual, if done by just a normal Koldun the Blood Brothers retain most of their mortal memories and personality, just usually their nature becomes conformist) and they started making more of them. Though, with the destruction of the Tremere, the Blood Brothers are again fading into history...

WHO'S WHO

Mark, Bishop of Torrance



CHILDREN OF OSIRIS



While many Kindred have heard of this strange Vampire group, few believe it ever existed, and those who do believe, are under the assumption that all its members have been destroyed. In fact it still exists, in hiding and deep secrecy and its members are the age-old enemies of the Followers of Set.

History: Long ago, along the Nile River, a war was waged between two Kindred, Sutekh (later called Set) and Osiris. They sent their broods against one another, violently opposed to each other's moral views. Whereas the Followers of Set represented the darkest things in the world, the Children of Osiris longed for a return to the values of humanity, to preservation of the precious Humanitas. Set was eventually defeated, but not before his Followers managed to destroy most of the Children.

Osiris was once a philosopher in a grand Egyptian court. Embraced by a powerful aristocrat who longed for him to join in the ecstatic joy of Night (and to use his skills in the growing Jihad), Osiris' new abilities repulsed him, and the moaning of the Beast deep within him shook his spirit. He fumed to ancient methods of meditation to escape the horrible desires his new body thrust upon his consciousness. Through great will, magical lore and deep mystical enlightenment, he achieved an incredible state of control over his degenerating Virtues. But the price was an unlife of strong abstinence and discipline.

His way differed from Golconda in that it had not the joyful feeling accompanying that mystical state of being. It was not permanent, but dependant on rigid discipline and dogmatic rules of behavior. But, if practiced diligently, a Vampire could prevent his Humanity from decreasing, and gain new powers therefrom.

He went and preached his new found way to other Kindred, and some joined him, seeking the control over the Beast that he had made evident in himself. His way was marked by an intense feeling of rebirth upon attainment of the consciousness he preached. In this way, the Children of Osiris grew. So to did the hatred of Set and his Followers.

In the most famous incident of the war, Set personally hacked Osiris limb from limb and scattered his body to the far -comers of the land. Osiris' first follower, Isis, searched everywhere for the parts, desperately hoping to bring him back, but fearing that it was impossible for even a Kindred to survive such destruction. She eventually, after long travail, reconstituted his body. All his Children gave of their blood to try to revive him. As their blood poured into his damaged veins, the flesh began to mend, and come together whole. Osiris' eyes opened and he arose. A great cheer arose from his Children. Through force of will, he had maintained his consciousness through even the Final Death, and had re- turned.

But there was one consequence of his maiming. His blood was not the same after his rebirth, for it no longer had the power to create Progeny. It could still heal his injuries, but it had no power to create more Kindred, or even turn mortals into Ghouls. Since that time, none of the Children of Osiris have ever made their own Progeny. Their ranks come from the disillusioned of other clans.

The Followers of Set believe all the Children to be gone from the Earth, but this is due to the Children's highly secret methods, using only their allies and retainers to act for them. Their extremely ascetic ways require that they not risk the impurities of the world of Kindred society. They will leave their hidden Havens to recruit new members, but candidates are very rare, with invitations extended only to those already inclined towards the search for mystic truths.

Motives: Their main concern is the keeping of their Humanity and Virtues. To do this, they must practice time-consuming rituals of meditation, and maintain rigid rules of behavior. Greatly aided by the sanctity of a Temple; some find that if they are unable to meditate in its pure environs they will quickly degenerate in virtues.

The Children abhor the Followers of Set, and their only contact with the Kindred, besides recruitment, is to move against the Followers and their kind. The current drug war in America has provided excellent cover in attacking the Followers of Set's criminal retainers. On rare occasions, a Child will work against the plans of the Sabbat, for they revile the Sabbat as petty imitators of the Follower's true evil.

Appearance: Their physical traits vary, as they recruit from various other clans, including Nosferatu. They are usually adorned in pure white robes, sometimes trimmed with mystical symbols and mandalas. They never wear items that would distract them from their all-important discipline, like the secular distractions of T-shirts or expensive clothing. They are all shaved bald, including females.

Haven: They prefer very secluded locations, such as mountaintops, or ancient ruins that have a history of mysticism associated with them. They live communally in Havens called Temples, which are necessary to attain their Discipline of Bardo. These Temples are adorned with magical symbols, mainly Egyptian, but also many of eastern origin, for the Children have become mystically eclectic over the years, as exhibited by the Discipline of Bardo. The Grand Temple is located on a snowy mountain in Nepal, nearly inaccessible to the world. The First Temple lies abandoned under the sands of Egypt, destroyed by the Followers of Set long ago.

Background: All their members come from other clan, or are Caitiffs. Thus there are few neonates in their ranks, but likewise few Elders join, as their Humanity is usually too low to maintain the Children's lifestyle. Humanity must be no lower than 8 to be invited.

Sect Disciplines: Whatever the Kindred possessed before joining; also, all must learn the Discipline of Bardo.

Organization: The Children are gathered together in their rare and isolated Temples. Each Temple has a grand master, called the Undying King, and his consort, the Queen, some- times called the Daughter of Isis. He leads the others in his example of asceticism. Other than that, hierarchy comes in levels of respect, gained through degree of adherence to discipline.

Status: Status is gained by the number of Children who have attained a balance under the example and tutelage of the Kindred in question. This is rarely forced tutelage. Is it is more like learning simply by example. Thus the Kindred whose existence is the purest gains the most status.

Common Archetypes: Visionary, Penitent and Perfectionist. After a few years among the Children, one's nature and demeanor will be the same. They put forth no illusions about themselves.

Quote: "We are those who have refused the call of the Beast. He no longer wails in us for we have shut him out. We have been reborn in the Light of the Way, the only light our kind can now withstand. The True Light of Humanity. We are accursed, but through Will and Contemplation, we can be redeemed."

Stereotypes:

The Followers of Set -- Fools who have doomed their souls to enslavement by the Beast. They threaten to blot out the True Light from the vision of others. They must be destroyed before their darkness can rule the world.

The Camarilla -- Pity those who struggle in the impure forces of the world. They are accursed, but some try to see the Light and seek peace within. These we shall aid and bring to Rebirth.

The Sabbat - Evil, damned fools, who dream of being what the Followers of Set already are. Most do not realize the ultimate end to their aims, but they all lie in darkness. They should be destroyed just as the Followers of Set.

Inconnu - To be so old yet so naive and ignorant. It is to be pitied. They are too impure because of their years in the world, and they have heeded the Beast too often to be saved. Children of Osiris

THE CHILDREN OF OSIRIS

By Sammy Coker (smcoke19@idt.net)

Description

Egypt was the birthplace of not only culture, but also of great magics long since forgotten. From these magics was Mestha turned into the first mummy, Horus and others being mummified later. Some of the greatest sorcerers of all time, Isis, Nephthys, and Anubis, became deified in myth. And from Egypt sprang two of the most unusual bloodlines among all of the Kindred -- the Followers of Set and the Children of Osiris.

As told by Mestha, Osiris was a cruel overlord who banished his even more cruel brother from the Delta region only to later be embraced. After his destruction at the hands of his also embraced brother, Osiris was finally reformed by the magics of a grieving Isis and a vengeful Anubis to destroy the monster Set to save her son and Anubis' brother, Horus. But Osiris was even more evil than they suspected. After being reformed, Osiris immediately attacked the son who had helped in his apparent resurrection from final death, draining him to the point of death, as Mestha recounted. And then it began -- the titanic battle between first Set and Osiris, and then Set and Isis, Set being the victor. What the recently-risen Mestha did not notice, however, was that the lifeless body of Anubis was not so lifeless, after all.

As Osiris feasted upon his son, he realized that he would need aid to face his younger brother. Deciding he had found such a way to defeat his brother, he began to embrace his son. But the process was to be interrupted. Anubis' half-embraced body was left to witness the destruction of his father by his step-father and uncle.

When the battle ended, Set took Isis, Horus, and the half-embraced Anubis, and fled into the desert. There he would hold Isis and Horus prisoner as he tried to understand the magical process which turned Horus into a Mummy. Knowing, however, that his sister would not reveal her magics, and knowing that, should he embrace her, her magics would be lost, he turned to his nephew, Anubis. Anubis would reveal the secrets to him, for even though his magics slipped away, his knowledge remained, and with the knowledge Anubis gave him, Set would have himself mummified and rule the world with an army of immortal soldiers, not hindered by Ra's light. So Set completed the embrace of Anubis.

Anubis, however, was of an incredibly strong will, and his hatred for his sire was carried over from his life into his unlife. As his magics drained away with the last embers of his life, he was able to use the last of them to escape Set's clutches and his realm, and he immediately began to try and build an army to destroy Set and rescue his aunt and half-brother. But this could be no ordinary army; it would have to be an army capable of destroying the evil that Set had become. Without his magics, he would have to use the one thing he had left -- his own unlife, which had been made much in the image of the evil which he wished to destroy. So, in the same method that Osiris had created a strong army, so Anubis created an army, and he would claim his father's vengeance as his own, declaring he and his progeny the Children of Osiris.

These early children were much like their grand-sire's, and their morals decayed as quickly. They fought Set for centuries, eventually freeing Isis and Horus, but ever being denied the final victory that they sought. Anubis, however, contemplated his situation, and, with the help of his aunt and half-brother, came to the conclusion that the only way to truly continue the struggle against his uncle was to retain those shreds of humanity that seemed to try and slip away. With Isis' help, he developed a new discipline to this end, one that would become known as Bardo.

As Egypt's power waned, so did the power of the Children of Osiris. They followed their sire, Anubis, who himself followed Set, hunting him and those who aided him. Many of the original Children of Osiris, those sired by Anubis before he developed Bardo, could often slip among the Setites, appearing to be much like the evil lord himself. Those created later reflected the calm demeanor of their sire after he achieved a state of being able to retain and restore his own humanity. Always they hid among the

Kindred for fear that the growing Setites would overtly destroy them. So they sought to covertly infiltrate the Kindred society, never publicly acknowledging their bloodline, their one constant ally an Antediluvian who shared what he knew of the peaceful arts with Anubis while Anubis shared with him the discipline of Bardo.

For aeons, the battle between the Followers of Set and the Children of Osiris raged on. Finally, the Children's greatest hope came in the middle ages when the Code of Hermes and the Hermetic orders were established. However, this hope would be destroyed as Set's corruption extended even into the Order, planting the idea in a young magus in a small house that immortality might be gained by studying the undead, an idea which eventually led to the founding of Clan Tremere. The Children, however, had their own ideas, and they influenced a rival of that young man, a man named Etrius, to foster virtue and maintain his conscience despite the inhuman influence about him. And through him they learned a new discipline -- Thaumaturgy. Set, however, plotted against the Children, and information which he fed to the newly-embraced lord of House Tremere led to the destruction of Anubis' friend and ally, Saulot. Destroying the allies of his enemy, Set anticipated, might break the spirits of his hated nephew's bloodline and its vindictive crusade.

The Children, already secretive, became even more so, concerned with the prospect that what had befallen the Antediluvian might also befall them, and they became all but lost to the myths and legends, only the Salubri remembering anything of them.

Today the Children are a hidden and scattered lot. They have greatly evolved from their original state as being almost identical with the Setites to appearing at times to look like Salubri or Tremere. Their evolution has caused their blood to grow thin over the centuries. Anubis, himself, remains in hiding, but he and his progeny, the Children of Osiris, despite the changes they have undergone over the millennia, remain united in their common cause, awaiting the day they will rise up and destroy Set and all his evil.

Nickname

None, not known enough to have one.

Appearance

Children of Osiris are chosen from people who are altruistic, many being soldiers, homemakers, philosophers, and theologians. Children, young teenagers, and the elderly are rarely chosen for fear they will not be able to defend themselves. In reality, there is little as far as appearance that unites the bloodline.

Haven

The Children of Osiris make their homes anywhere they can be in secret, but they often times choose large cities so as to be able to monitor and combat growing Setite influence.

Background

Depending on the time of the creation of the Child, Children can have almost any concept, from warrior to magician to philosopher. Earlier Children may have lower Humanity, usually never lower than 6, and those embraced by them might do so, as well. Later Children, although in reality they may be of equal or even lower generation, those who were embraced by someone with Bardo or Obeah may have higher Humanities. Children take many different forms, their common goal to quash the evil influence of Set being their unifying force.

Character Creation

Children can potentially have nearly any concept. They often have altruistic natures, although demeanors vary. Very few, if any, have the Deviant nature. Mental Attributes and Mental Abilities are often primary, but this is not always the case depending on when and by whom the character was embraced. Mentor is a common Background, as is Allies.

Clan Disciplines

See Weakness below.

Weakness

The blood of the Children of Osiris is inherently weak, not so much that those who possess it have the Weak Blood flaw. Each Child begins with three dots in Disciplines. Typically, older Children, those who were Children before Anubis created Bardo or studied Obeah or Thaumaturgy, have the disciplines of Protean, Serpentinis, and Dominate. After Anubis created Bardo, those embraced by him and their progeny typically had the Disciplines of Protean, Bardo, and Dominate, although, after Anubis gained an ally with Saulot, rare Children had the Disciplines of Protean, Bardo, and Obeah or Bardo, Dominate, and Obeah. After the creation of Thaumaturgy, some developed Thaumaturgy as a Discipline. In reality, any beginning character gains the advantage in that he or she can have reasonable background to distribute their dots in Disciplines among Protean, Serpentinis, Dominate, Bardo, Obeah, or Thaumaturgy; however, all share the drawback that only one of those Disciplines chosen at creation is treated as a Clan Discipline for the purposes of advancement, paying 8 times the current level to advance in any others, and learning others from this list as non-Clan Disciplines.

Organization

There is very little organization left among this bloodline. At one time, there were armies composed of Children, but times have changed. With the Children and their allies, the Salubri, in hiding, it is hard to maintain organization. Many cities, however, have Pillars of Osiris in them, their guardians constantly alert to the ever-growing Setite presence.

Gaining Bloodline Prestige

Since Children are rarely able to meet with one another and spend most of their time seeking ways to destroy the Setites, they have little time or desire to develop prestige. When it is a concern, one's efforts and success at their primary mission determines one's prestige.

Quote

"You who see the serpent's eyes often forget this is only to entrance you before it strikes. See the serpent as it is, for, if you do not, it will destroy you and everything in its quest for ultimate power."



D



The Daughters are distinctly modern phenomena despite their classical name. No Kindred claims to have heard of them before the 1700s, and if they had existed, vampires feel sure they would have known. The Daughters are such masters of song that most Kindred believe they are an offshoot of the Toreador, though those who have been on the receiving end of their powers think the Malkavians had more influence.

The Daughters of Cacophony are singers without peer, but their melodious harmonies are not their main claims to fame. It is the damage their songs can do to the mind that causes their Kindred concern.

The Toreador are of two minds in their dealings with this bloodline. While they cannot deny that the Daughters have incredible skill in their chosen art, more than one Toreador has been forever twisted by one disjointed note. The Daughters' songs can be as horrid as they can be beautiful, and there is no way to know their intentions until they act.

The Daughters are a small bloodline, centered mainly in the New World, and members Embrace only those who show real singing talent. Most create no more than one or two childer. The childer learn from their sires for years before being released into the world.

The Daughters go to great lengths to avoid Embracing anyone of wide renown, but most of the line's members were beginning promising careers in music at the time of the Embrace. They retain their love of performance, but perform mainly for each other and for their small Herds. They keep their Fame minimal, but often find the lure of small clubs too much to ignore. Hearing such a performance can be an unmatched experience for anyone.

While they seem to abide by the Masquerade, Daughters can be found in both the Camarilla and the Sabbat. Some Kindred insist the Daughters have undying loyalty to whatever sect rules the city in which they reside.

For instance, one famous Daughter, Sayshila, is known to have stopped a Sabbat attack on a Miami concert house. On the other hand, she is believed to have driven a Gangrel Archon mad after the pair spent a night together howling at the moon.

Nickname: Sirens

Appearance: There is no standard look to this bloodline. Its members have included beefy opera singers, pencil-thin divas and everything in between. While some of its most prominent members have been female, the bloodline includes a fair number of males, though most are rather young.

Haven: Trendy apartments, lofts and nightclubs seem to be their residences of choice.

Background: Anyone Embraced into this bloodline will have a beautiful voice, but does not have to be a professional musician. Still, most were.

Character Creation: Daughters of Cacophony almost always have entertainer concepts. They split their most popular Natures between Visionary and Praise-Seeker, though they may take any Demeanor. Social Attributes and Talent Abilities are almost always primary. They always have at least some Fame, but can have any other Backgrounds they desire. Most will also have Herds for whom they perform. Many have developed the Baby Face Merit.

Disciplines: Fortitude, Melpominee, Presence

Weaknesses: The Daughters of Cacophony are so caught up in their music that they hear it constantly. As a result of this distraction, the difficulties of all a Daughter's Perception rolls are increased by one. Additionally, a Daughter's Alertness can never exceed three.

Organization: The bloodline has no formal organization, but younger members generally follow the lead of the older, more talented members. Occasionally a number of Daughters gather to give a concert of great beauty.

Gaining Bloodline Status: The easiest way to gain Prestige among the Daughters is through musical ability. Some rumors speculate that Daughters also gain Prestige based on the number of Kindred and kine their music has driven crazy.

Quote: "Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh." (Crash, as the glass breaks)

Stereotypes:

* The Camarilla - This sect supports the arts, at least to some extent; however, very few of its members understand the true depths of what we do.

* The Sabbat - The Sabbat has given a number of true artists the freedom they need to explore new areas of beauty, but even it does not grasp exactly what it is we do. Maybe the use of our powers upon its members will enlighten them.

* The Inconnu - They either appreciate our talents more than most, or fear us more than most, for they watch us intently. Whatever the reason, we seem to be drawing an undue amount of attention from these old coots.

CLANBOOK: DAUGHTERS OF CACOPHONY

By Jem Jemison and Margaret O'Quinn

Music above all, and for this choose the irregular.
-Paul Verlaine

Please note: Much of the basic information in this Clanbook was gleaned piecemeal from various White Wolf-published sources and no infringement of copyright is intended. The information found in the *Vampire Player's* and *Vampire Storytellers Companion* regarding characteristics, disciplines, etc. is no longer duplicated here. Buy the books already. A great deal of new information was developed and researched by the above individuals. The Mobile by Night Chronicle adheres to the following, and any Daughter of Cacophony characters playing in said Chronicle must conform to these specifications.

Acknowledgment is given to Andrew Cram, author of the Baali Clanbook, for his excellent work. The authors are aware of the supposition in the Baali Clanbook that the Daughters of Cacophony are actually a Baali bloodline, and with all due respect have this to say: "It ain't necessarily so."

Chapter One: History of the Bloodline

Too many pieces of music finish too long after the end.

--Igor Stravinsky

Singers in shadow, tortured divas, famed and feared, cloaked in mystery. The Daughters of Cacophony are the subject of much rampant rumor and conjecture because the origins of the bloodline are so obscure. Only now is the truth finally coming to light...

A Brief History of the Daughters of Cacophony

Origins

Music and women I cannot but give way to, whatever my business is.

--Samuel Pepys

The first Kindred whose voice was the very source of her power appeared at the dawn of the 17th Century. Little is known of this beautiful singer; her name has come down to us as Alyssa. The name "Daughter of Cacophony" was not applied to her at the time, yet today those few who know of her existence consider her to be the originator of the bloodline.

There have been recent widespread rumors that the Daughters of Cacophony are actually a bloodline of Clan Baali, the most evil of Kindred. While an amusing concept, this is simply not the case. It is generally assumed that the Baali themselves began spreading these allegations in order to undermine the bloodline's reputation in the Camarilla, to prevent its members from gaining too much influence. It is also possible that Alyssa herself began these rumors in order to discredit her rivals.

France

Music is the brandy of the damned.

--George Bernard Shaw

Alyssa held an unspeakable hatred of one particular Kindred-- a Toreador of ancient years known as Simon. No one is certain what caused the falling out between the two. Even the truth about the relationship between the two is obscure, but it is generally believed that Simon was Alyssa's sire. Whatever the facts, Alyssa wanted Simon banished from existence forever and was willing to expend every ounce of her power in order to secure his demise.

She began in France by gathering a small, select group of obscure but extremely talented singers. All of her childer were female-- perhaps because Alyssa did not trust males, perhaps because females at that time were seldom missed, particularly those of common birth and destitute heritage. She dubbed her proteges the Sisters of Harmony.

The Sundering

With your whole body, with your whole heart, with your whole conscience, listen to the Revolution....This is the music everyone who has ears should hear.

--Alexander Blok

Of Alyssa's many "recruits", only one had the fortitude and presence of mind to resist her power. Christine d'Ange had the voice of a shadowed angel, she refused the Dark Gift for the sake of her unborn child; she was pregnant by the King at the time and was a favorite at the French court. Not one to accept rejection gracefully, Alyssa bided her time until Christine was ready to give birth. Alyssa burst into the unfortunate girl's bedchamber, slew the helpless midwife, and Embraced Christine even as her child's first cries rent the midnight air. Christine, however, surprised Alyssa by retaining enough self-will to flee with the baby into the night. Alyssa gave chase, but she was foiled by the sudden unexpected appearance of her nemesis, Simon. The Toreador elder and future prince of the New World saw an opportunity to gain leverage against his former ally and present enemy, and took Christine under his protection and to his private estate.

The Confrontation

Music I heard with you was more than music, and bread I broke with you was more than bread. Now that I am without you, all is desolate; all that was once so beautiful is dead.

--Conrad Aiken

Alyssa wasn't about to give up so easily on her immortal enemy or on her wayward child. In the latter part of the 17th Century, Alyssa attempted to destroy Simon once and for all. She stole onto his estate while he was recovering from a particularly grueling bout with the anarchs who were struggling to take control of Paris and launched a bold attack against him. While Christine held the other Sisters of Harmony at bay, Alyssa was confronted by one of Simon's ghouls, an English noblewoman by the name of Arabella. The battle was as brief as it was fierce, and Alyssa was foiled in her attempt on Simon's unlife only by the fact that she did not expect a mere ghoul to fight so fiercely and so well for her Master. Still, Alyssa won out and mortally wounded Arabella--indeed, would have killed her, except for the arrival of Christine who, with a rallying Simon, managed to drive Alyssa and her minions away into the darkness.

Arabella lay dying, and Simon chose to preserve her existence the only way possible: by the Embrace. Arabella developed her own singing abilities alongside Christine, and the pair took a name for themselves that was a deliberate slap in the face to the now-exiled Alyssa. They called themselves the Daughters of Cacophony.

As the fame of the accomplished singers spread--particularly word of how they managed to hold off Alyssa and her finest hand-picked followers--several of the Sisters of Harmony abandoned their obsessive and domineering sire. While Simon explored the New World and built a promising new city there, the refugees from Alyssa's tyranny made contact with Christine and Arabella in France, suing for peace. Once the self-proclaimed sisters determined that the petitioners were sincere, they accepted the offer, and shared their adopted name with the newcomers. Thus the bloodline was formed.

The Age of Romance

Such sweet compulsion doth in music lie.

--John Milton

In the 18th and 19th centuries, Arabella sired at least a dozen childer, but admonished those she Embraced to be highly selective when the time came for them to sire in their turn. Christine, on the other hand, chose to sire no Progeny at all, deeming no one worthy of the privilege. The other Daughters who affiliated themselves with the bloodline followed Arabella's advice and took great pains to Embrace those of great talent yet little renown--a tradition which is carried on to this day.

The Modern Age

Classical music is the kind we keep thinking will turn into a tune.

--Kin Hubbard

The Daughters are an exclusively female bloodline. During a visit to her native England at the end of the 19th Century, Arabella Embraced a baritone by the name of Jonathan Drake. In honor of this first "Son of Cacophony", subsequent male members of the bloodline were called "Baritones" regardless of their actual vocal classification. Jonathan Drake died in the early 1990s, and shortly thereafter all males were expunged from the bloodline. A few survived by affiliating themselves with clans willing to accept them into the ranks; many more were simply destroyed, some by their own Sires. By the beginning of the 21st Century, the Daughters of Cacophony once more were true to their title, and not a single male remained among their number. The reason for this expungement remains a mystery.

The Daughters have more than tripled their number since the beginning of the 20th Century. They are found on every continent, but are most common in the New World. Some Daughters have even utilized mass media to gather acclaim, though this practice is generally frowned upon. Most older members of the bloodline consider their music to be far too refined for the masses to appreciate.

Around the World

Of course the music is a great difficulty. You see, if one plays good music, people don't listen, and if one plays bad music people don't talk.

--Oscar Wilde

Although most Daughters claim the Americas as their home, they may be found anywhere in the world there are Kindred and an audience.

North America

This is where the vast majority of Daughters make their home. For reasons not completely understood, most make their home either on the East Coast or in California. There is a fairly high concentration along the central Gulf Coast, ranging from the Florida panhandle to just west of New Orleans. A typical Daughter will either own or be closely associated with a small club with an exclusive clientele. Although the bloodline as a whole claims absolute neutrality, their numbers seem equally divided between the Camarilla and the Sabbat.

South and Central America

These Daughters have fanatically loyal Herds. Most Central American Daughters are affiliated with the Sabbat and there are even a few who work closely with Clan Baali to perpetuate the false rumors that the Daughters are a Baali bloodline and not an offshoot of the Toreador.

Europe

Although all of the first three Daughters hailed from the Continent and the British Isles, there are few who remain in the Old World today. The restrictive rigidity of Old World vampire society is unsuitable to most Daughters, who generally love a certain amount of spontaneity.

Africa

There are rumors of one particular Daughter in South Africa, Nkeida, who after her Embrace in the mid-1980s began to gather support for the end of apartheid. Her involvement with mortal politics was greater than that of most of her bloodline, since matters of race and heritage are usually a secondary consideration to Kindred.

The Middle East

There are a handful of Daughters in Egypt and the Arab states, and there is speculation that Saddam Hussein himself is the pawn of a particular Baali-affiliated Daughter who directs him in his mad dreams of conquest.

Asia

There are no known Daughters in the East, although one or two idol singers have been recruited by visiting members and spirited away to the New World.

Australia

There has been a surprising increase in the number of Daughters down under in the last few decades. The popularity of the bloodline here makes it the greatest concentration of Daughters outside the New World.

Views on Others

The man that hath no music in himself, nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds, is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils; the motions of his spirit are as dull as night, and his affections dark as Erebus: let no such man be trusted.

--William Shakespeare

Mortals: They are necessary to our existence, for their blood gives us life. Performing for them can be amusing, although they cannot appreciate the true beauty of our skill.

The Inquisition: Sometimes the best place to hide is in plain sight.

The Camarilla: With its close association with the mortal world, this sect provides ready access to venues in which we may perform and gather Herds.

The Sabbat: They try so hard to be evil it's almost amusing. If they only knew!

The Inconnu: They have lost touch with reality. What good is immortal existence if no one is around to appreciate you?

Chapter Two: The Music of the Night

A Little Night Music

Let us have music again when the light dies (sullenly, or in glory) and we can give it something to organize.

--Peter Ustinov

The Daughters are a small, widely scattered bloodline with no visible means of organization. How the various members remain in contact with one another is a mystery yet to be penetrated. They seem to be firmly ensconced in the New World, being almost unheard of in Europe. There are two known factions of the Daughters--Alyssa's brood and the childer of Arabella--but despite the long enmity between these two, the night-to-night dealings between Daughters of different heritage is generally amicable. Many Daughters cannot be certain from which they descend, and therefore the argument is essentially unimportant to them. Also, as Arabella has had no recent unpleasant encounters with any who are acknowledged to be of Alyssa's line, she bears them no ill will.

Organization

The bloodline has no formal organization. The members abhor political entanglements and avoid them whenever possible.

Affiliation

The Daughters of Cacophony are a neutral bloodline; the group as a whole claims adherence to neither the stoic traditions of the Camarilla nor the infernal excesses of the Sabbat. However, as Daughters are widely scattered and often solitary, each individual tends to conform to the society in which she finds herself involved. Elders of both sects tend to ignore Daughters as being inconsequential. This might be a mistake.

Dealing With Others

Sirens (as some call these Kindred) are generally courteous and charming. A Daughter can work her way into virtually any social group. Arabella, for example, is equally at home at a Toreador gathering or a Brujah rave. They are excellent communicators and skilled at diplomacy and public speaking; however, aside from the occasional Harpy, no Daughters take active part in governmental duties--it would take time away from their music, and in any case a Daughter has such a short attention span as to be worthless during political debate.

Chapter Three: Playing a Daughter

For information about generating a Daughter of Cacophony character and on bloodline Disciplines, Traits, etc., please consult the *Vampire: Storytellers Companion* published by White Wolf Games.

Entertainment

I don't know anything about music. In my business you don't have to.

--Elvis Presley

Daughters of Cacophony are, first and last, performers. They often have Influence in Media and High Society, but they are also very active in the Entertainment industry. This includes everything from theater to MTV to the small club circuit. Most Daughters will start out with at least one point in Entertainment.

Entertainment Influence Chart

1

- Get past the ropes into a trendy, exclusive nightclub*
- Book Liz Phair for one performance at the venue of your choice (public or private, no nudity or weird junk please)
- Organize a decent band
- Attend a party thrown by MTV
- Appear on the Grind as a dancer

2

- Get a guest appearance onstage at the Lumber Yard
- Organize a really good band
- Organize a local band concert and pocket the proceeds (\$1,000)
- Perform a full set at Hayley's Downtown*
- Attend a party thrown by Madonna

3

- Organize a band that kicks serious musical ass
- Record a full-length album
- Produce a video
- Get a single played on TK101
- Open for Sarah McLachlan at the Lumberyard
- Produce a video for Madonna (\$1,500)

4

- Get a single played on FM 97 (yeah, 101's better, but more people listen to WABB!)
- Book Marilyn Manson for the Civic Center and pocket the proceeds (\$2,000)
- Get your album to appear in Billboard's Hot 100
- Get a favorable review in Spin Magazine*
- Go to a party with Madonna

5

- Get your album to appear in Billboard's Top 20 list
- Get a video on standard airplay on MTV
- Open for Marilyn Manson at the Civic Center
- Get nominated for an MTV Music Award*
- Have Spin magazine trash someone else's album
- Record a duet with Madonna*

6

- Have Rolling Stone do a cover story about you (gonna buy five copies for my sire...)
- Have a rival singer's performance cancelled due to poor ticket sales
- Have Blockbuster Music carry your video album
- Win an MTV Music Award
- Have sex with Madonna*

7

- Get an MTV Music Lifetime Achievement Award
- Have Marilyn Manson open for you at the Civic Center!
- Appear in your own MTV Rockumentary
- ~~Have sex with Madonna~~ (okay, okay, just kidding...Simon's already done that anyway.)

* = No difficulty roll required

Performance

The following Performance chart was developed by Khlaire and is part of the Daughters of Cacophony Revisited page.

This chart is adapted from the Toreador Clanbook for use when characters are actually performing their (less deadly) songs. It measures the combination of their voice and their advantage in singing.

System: For each success you receive one more level of Presence against the target(s). Roll Music + Charisma, diff. WP -2 (-4 for Toreador).

Successes	Effect
Botch:	You thought you were wonderful, but everyone else is laughing at you.
0:	Terrible and you know it.
1-2:	You were okay, but only a few really liked it.
3-4:	A good performance, but nothing extraordinary.
5:	You were better than average.
6:	You were outstanding.
7+:	You gave the greatest performance most of your audience have ever heard. The Toreador were entranced (without Melpominee) and everyone is in awe of you (indeed, almost in Awe of you).

Secondary Abilities

These abilities require a roll of Music + Charisma, difficulty level WP-3 (-5 for Toreador targets).

Mimicry

You can use your voice to reproduce any sound you want, from the voice of another person to a telephone ringing to a fire engine's siren.

* People will know you're making the sound.

** You can pass as someone or something else over the telephone.

*** When you reproduce a gunshot, people run for cover, and friends of the person you're mimicking won't know it's not her voice.

**** The target's own birth mother can't tell the difference.

***** The target will think it's her own voice, and not understand why she's saying such things.

Ventriloquism:

Although certain uses of Melpominee allow you to "throw your voice", this ability allows you to take any other action simultaneously without penalizing your dice pool. You must be within hearing range of your target.

* Your lips are still moving.

** The voice is coming from that general direction, but something still sounds odd.

*** Hey! That cat can talk!!

**** "Okay, who's the Ravnos making me hear things?"

***** "Why is this strange voice coming out of my mouth? Am I speaking in tongues?"

Chapter Four: Daughter Templates

She was one of the people who say "I don't know anything about music really, but I know what I like."

--Sir Max Beerbohm

Feel free to alter the numbers, Nature, Demeanor or any other aspect of the character you would like to. Templates are guidelines, but the best characters are those which spring from your own imagination.

Prima Donna

Quote

"Of course I do the clubs! What good is a spectacular talent if it's not displayed for the appreciation of those fortunate enough to hear?"

Prelude

Your greatest dream from childhood was to be a star. When you were small, your mother would often encourage you to sing for company, and your favorite subject in school was music. You knew that someday you were destined for greatness, and you let everybody around you know it.

By the time you reached your teens, you were ready to make your dream come true. Unfortunately, the recording companies failed to beat a path to your door. Frustrated, at 18 you emptied the bank account containing your college fund and headed for California. After five years of struggling, you were almost broke and desperate. Then you attracted the attention of a darkly beautiful club owner...

Concept

You live for the music, and you live for people to hear it. You will perform at the drop of a hint and love praise (and tend to sulk when you don't get it). Although your sire cautions you to keep a low profile, you still dream of one day being a star.

Role-playing Tips

Be sure that everyone knows you're a singer, and that you love to perform. Accept any opportunity to show off.

Equipment

A portable stereo, microphone and prerecorded background music is key.

Nature: Praise-Seeker

Demeanor: Bon Vivant

Concept: Prima Donna

Generation: 8

Physical: Strength 1, Dexterity 2, Stamina 3

Social: Charisma 5, Manipulation 2, Appearance 3

Talents: Acting 2, Alertness 2, Intimidation 3, Streetwise 2

Skills: Drive 2, Etiquette 2, Music 5, Survival 3

Knowledge: Finance 2, Investigation 1, Politics 1, Computers 1

Disciplines: Melpominee, Fortitude, Presence, Animalism

Backgrounds: Entertainment 4, Media 3, Finances 2

Virtues: Conscience 2, Self-Control 1, Courage 3

Willpower: 8

Tortured Artist

Quote

"They have a saying in China...love always ends in tears."

Prelude

Your parents separated when you were very small, and your mother gained custody of you. She sensed your singing talent and became the quintessential stage mother, parading you from audition to performance relentlessly. You had no friends, only contacts; no playtime, only rehearsal; no schoolmates, only a terse old tutor who drilled you in your lessons with a harsh tongue and relentless standards.

You were overjoyed when, in your teens, the offers began to taper off. You longed for friends, school, a normal life like any other teenager. Yet your mother insisted on dressing you as a child, and forbade you to date or to give any hint that you were growing up. When you began to put on weight, she put you on diet pills to which you became addicted. The pills led to stronger, unprescribed substances. At nineteen you were living on the street, a burned-out addict, when you heard the most beautiful music you had ever known. It drew you like a moth to the flame to a small park, where the singer caught your eye--and, more importantly, you caught hers.

Concept

You have a new addiction: The Music. It doesn't matter whether anyone is listening; you must sing, and you do. Almost constantly. You burst into spontaneous song to express every emotion, and most of them are dark. You've never known happiness, and your art reflects that.

Role-playing Tips

Dress in black a lot. Sing passages from Tori Amos or Trent Reznor to punctuate your conversations.

Equipment

A razor blade on a chain around your neck. A guitar or portable keyboard to make music.

Nature: Visionary

Demeanor: Doomsayer

Concept: Tortured Artist

Generation: 10

Physical: Strength 2, Dexterity 3, Stamina 2

Social: Charisma 1, Manipulation 1, Appearance 5

Talents: Acting 3, Alertness 1, Brawling 2, Streetwise 3

Skills: Drive 1, Music 5, Survival 3

Knowledge: Medicine 1, Law 2, Computers 1

Disciplines: Melpominee, Fortitude, Presence

Backgrounds: Entertainment 2, Media 1

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

Willpower: 5

Appendix: Daughters of Note



Alyssa

When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music.

--Henry Longfellow

The first acknowledged Daughter of Cacophony, although she herself never claimed the name. After her failed attempt on her sire Simon's existence, she retreated to Switzerland and continued to gather promising singers from around Europe. These performers, faithful to Alyssa, also called themselves Daughters in order to move more easily about in Kindred society. In the early 1990s Alyssa made one final brave strike against Simon and the two Daughters most closely associated with him, Christine and Arabella. She was slain by Arabella.



Christine

Music heard so deeply that it is not heard at all, but you are the music while the music lasts.
--Thomas Eliot

Christine d'Ange was an early fancy of the French composers. She performed in many small theater houses and was soon directed to perform for the Sun King himself, Louis XIV. The lovely singer attracted the monarch's wandering eye, and like many other beauties of the French Court, she became pregnant with Louis' child. Illegitimacy was hardly a stigma when the father was the ruler of the country. The King promised to provide well for Christine and to legitimize their child as well. At this time, Christine was approached by Alyssa and offered a chance at immortality. Mindful of her unborn child, Christine refused. Months later, as she was helpless in the throes of childbirth, Alyssa appeared in her bedchamber, murdered the midwife and Embraced Christine even as her child was being born. Christine summoned an incredible amount of willpower and fled into the night with her newborn. Alyssa would have reclaimed her at once except for the unexpected appearance of Simon, who took the fledgling vampire and her

mortal offspring into his care. For many years Christine was devoted to her Grandsire, even calling him "Father". She also formed a close bond with Simon's ghoul, Arabella, a bond which only strengthened after Arabella's Embrace. At some point in the 20th Century, however, Christine discovered a terrible secret about her beloved "father", a secret so horrible she turned against him because of it. Although she maintains a close association with Arabella, her "sister", she has been known to take actions against Simon and currently declares herself his enemy. Christine is the oldest surviving Daughter of Cacophony.

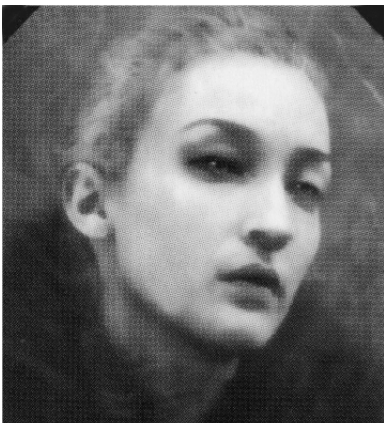


Arabella duChagne

Music my rampart, and my only one.
--Edna St. Vincent Millay

She was born Arabella Stuart in 1575, granddaughter of Henry VII, great-niece of Henry VIII, and first cousin to James, heir to the throne of Scotland. Her parents died of a mysterious wasting disease when she was very young, and her grandmother, Bess, was determined to see her on the throne of England as Elizabeth I's heir. Bess was under the influence of Simon, who was at that time in control of the French monarchy and sought to wrest England away from the newly formed Camarilla. Alyssa's rebellion at the beginning of the 17th Century foiled those plans, and Arabella was forbidden to marry by the new King when James ascended the thrones of both England and Scotland. Indeed, since the age of twelve Arabella had been promised to many young nobles, but each of them perished of the same "wasting disease" that had claimed her parents. Simon was not ready to give up on having Arabella crowned Queen of England, and in the guise of a young nobleman named William Seymour, Simon secretly wed Arabella in 1610. However, word reached the King and he had "William" imprisoned. Arabella, who by this

time was Simon's ghoul, engineered a daring plot to free him and escaped with him to France, leaving an entranced double in her place to face death in the Tower of London. For nearly a hundred years Arabella served Simon both faithfully and well, and when she nearly lost her life in a battle with Alyssa, Simon preserved her existence the only way possible, by Embracing her. With Christine, Arabella named their bloodline, and while Christine is older, Arabella is by far the more visible of the two. She remains active to this day, currently performing under the stage name Arabella duChagne, with a surprising amount of fame. She is said to know all of Simon's darkest secrets, but remains utterly devoted to him.



Celeste

Progeny of Harlan Graves. Transsexual and only surviving male member of the bloodline.

GARGOYLES



In the early days of the Middle Ages, the newly founded Tremere line was in grave danger. Hounded from all sides by agents of the Inconnu, even the power of the recently created Circle of Seven did not seem enough to save the line from extinction. Though they were individually mighty, they simply did not have the hordes of lesser shock troops that they needed to fend off their enemies.

It is rumored to have been the Clan founder himself who thought of a solution. Capturing several other Vampires and mystic creatures, including a Gangrel and a Nosferatu, Tremere and his Circle used their extensive alchemical knowledge to synthesize a race of new Vampires, ones which would serve the Tremere. Deep beneath the Carpathians, the first Gargoyle rose from the steaming ichor of their cauldron. In a mocking parody of the Bible, they commanded it, "Go forth and multiply."

And go forth it did, rapidly creating swarms of Progeny from the terrified peasantry and leading them against the Inconnu. It was largely due to the terrible strength of the Gargoyles that the line of Tremere survived their first great battles.

For centuries the Gargoyles served the Tremere with great loyalty, despite the numerous abuses heaped on them by their masters. Finally, the ill treatment grew too great for even their dull spirits to tolerate. During the late Middle Ages, the Gargoyles broke away from the Tremere; some scattered into the wilds of Europe, some flocked to the great cities such as Paris, while others offered their services as mercenaries and sentinels to any Kindred or Magus who could pay their price in gold and vitæ.

Appearance: Gargoyles are grotesque and repulsive, much like Nosferatu, and generally have a "demonic" appearance. They begin with small bat-like wings which grow as they advance in the Discipline of Visceratika. Each level they have gained in that Discipline allows them to fly at an additional five mph. Also, as they age, their skin becomes more rocklike and various strange protrusions appear on their bodies.

Haven: Gargoyles greatly prefer interior or underground areas with lots of stone and earth to manipulate. Abandoned buildings (particularly tall ones, where they can sit at night), warehouses, sewers, caves and the like are ideal.

Background: Gargoyles reproduce rarely, and only for their own twisted reasons. As Gargoyles are a composite and artificial race, once a victim is chosen, his own mind becomes sublimated in the wash of magic and memories already ingrained in the Sire's vitæ, and he almost forgets his prior life. Gargoyles can come from any background.

Character Creation: Gargoyles are not really suitable for playing, but make ideal sentries, guards and mercenaries. Physical Attributes and Talents are primary.

Weaknesses: Gargoyles have an appearance of zero, much like the Nosferatu from whence they are partially derived. Also, as a race created to be slaves, their Willpower is treated as two lower when resisting Domination or Magi mind-control spells.

Disciplines: Fortitude, Potence, Visceratika

Quote: *"You intrude on master's property. I count to 10 - you leave or I feed the earth with your entrails. One 10."*

A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE GARGOYLES

By Andrew Cram (A.CRAM@student.anu.edu.au) (4 May 1995)

History

Creation

The history of the Gargoyle bloodline begins quite precisely, one hour after dusk on the 5th May, 1086AD. The first Gargoyle, a synthesis of Nosferatu, Tzimisce, and Gangrel kindred had been created by a series of dark rites unseen before or since. What exactly occurred during that ritual is unknown to any but Tremere and his circle of seven who conducted it. Rumors suggest that a powerful artifact called variously the branch of Diedne, the tree of life, or the ashes of hope, depending on exactly who tells the story, was sacrificed during the ritual. Regardless of the truth or falsehood of these myths it appears that the Tremere have been unable (or unwilling) to repeat the experiments.

With the conclusion of their rite, the eight former magi ordered their creation to 'Go forth and multiply'. The first Gargoyle descended on the nearby peasantry, embracing many of them. One week later the Tremere had an army of slavishly loyal shock troops to fight in their war with the Inconnu.

The Early Years

For many years the gargoyles served the Tremere unquestioningly. They acted as bodyguards, lab assistants and shock troops. The Tremere treated them as mere tools, frequently sacrificing large numbers of them to obtain the most minor objectives. For their part the gargoyles showed no resentment, seemingly totally willing servants, they could not be faulted. This image seems however to have been false, for deep within their souls the Gargoyles chaffed at the Tremere's treatment.

The Revolt

Resentment built up among the gargoyles but it was not until the first hour of the fifteenth century that any of the Tremere realized. By then it was too late. As one the Gargoyles rose up against every Tremere Chantry. A night of carnage ensued. In that single night one third of the Tremere and more than one half of the Gargoyles had been destroyed. More than one quarter of the Tremere Chantries no longer existed and none of the surviving Gargoyles could be found. Among the casualties was at least one member of the circle of seven as well as the first Gargoyle.

Hiding

For the next 300 years the Gargoyles hid, often melding with the stone of high mountain peaks for a decade or more at a time. They slowly increased their numbers, eventually replacing those individuals lost during the revolt. Few others among the kindred had any dealings with the Gargoyles during this period although it appears that they contacted the Kiasyd bloodline at some stage during this time as well as a few members of the Gangrel Clan. An unsubstantiated rumor claims that a force of Gargoyles protected members of the Salubri line from a group of Tremere during this time.

The Return

Beginning in the early years of the seventeenth century the Gargoyles began to make themselves known to the other kindred. Initially in groups of one and two and then in flocks of up to twenty the Gargoyles made appearances in cities all over the old and new worlds. The Tremere attempted to destroy more than one of these groups but after several attempts decided such an action would be far too costly. The Gargoyles for these part presented themselves to the Princes and Archbishop's of the world as soldiers for hire. A role they have maintained to the present day.

Traditions of the Gargoyles

1. Thou shalt not follow a Tremere. - ever since their revolt, no Gargoyle has accepted work of any sort from a Tremere (including the Tremere *antitribu*)
2. Thou shalt be loyal to thine employer in so much as they are loyal to thee. - Gargoyles acting as mercenaries will not switch side unless they discover that their employer has been treacherous.
3. Thou shalt not rule over others. - No Gargoyle has ever been a Prince, nor do they have rulers within their own clan. The oldest is usually the leader but they may not rule.
4. Thou shalt not embrace the unworthy. - the Gargoyles refuse to embrace the diseased, the insane, children, or the elderly. They are soldiers and tend to embrace only the most fit among mortals. They also tend to embrace persons with a group mentality and low individuality.
5. Thou shalt not practice witchcraft. - it is forbidden for a Gargoyle to practice Thaumaturgy in any form (including Dark Thaumaturgy)

GARGOYLES

BY PETRI LEINONEN

*"You beg for mercy? Sorry I can't help you.
but mercy happens to be... an aspect of humanity."*

*- Richard, the Gargoyle servant of Emmanuelle D'Arté,
the Regent of Birmingham Chantry*

About the history of the Children of Stone and Flesh

In the Middle Ages, soon after the destruction of Saulot, the Tremere clan found itself surrounded by its enemies... The Inconnu, Werewolves, jealous Mages, the Tzimisce... The proud, young clan didn't really have to bother with the Werewolves or the Mages. The first weren't great in numbers and the Tremere knew all about the second's tactics. After all, they were dealing with the thing they had been earlier. But the real enemies it had to face were the Inconnu and Clan Tzimisce. The Inconnu were angered by the death of "The greatest and wisest of all Antediluvians", Saulot, and the Tzimisce were angered by the presence of a competitor-clan in their "neighborhood".

They were facing two totally different threats. The ancient vampires of the Inconnu, who used their highly specialized disciplines against the young clan with deadly efficiency. And the Tzimisce, who had their *vohds* and *szlachtas* to help them (war and guardian ghouls whose fighting abilities are multiplied by the treatment the Tzimisce give them by using their discipline, Vicissitude). Tremere himself had the powers of Antediluvian, and could have easily resisted the Inconnu, but the Tzimisce were another thing... Their Antediluvian was still awake. They had more Elders than the Tremere had. They had armies of their Ghouls. And the worst of all, as the Tremere quickly found out, Tzimisce Antediluvian had an Awakened Avatar, which meant that he had the ability to use magic, just like Tremere himself.

The Tremere needed a force that was able to face the threat the other clan posed. By using great magical rituals, the Tremere created an artificial creature. It was created by mixing Nosferatu blood with Tzimisce blood and covering a statue with this mixture, and then, by using the magical powers and blood of the Antediluvian himself, gave it life. The eyes of the statue opened. The mouth opened also. The statue originally was a six-armed warrior, but to the Tremere's surprise, the stone molded itself to the shape of a "normal-looking" humanoid creature with spiky skin and wings. It looked at its creators with newfound intelligence. The Tremere Lord quickly dominated its still-shaping mind, and forced it into his servitude. He smiled diabolically and told it to "go forth and multiply".. So it did.

It attacked the near-by villages with rage and embraced new vampires with the speed which made even the Tremere a bit afraid of them. But the Tremere Antediluvian was happy, for he still maintained control over the First One and through him, all his children. The Antediluvian smiled again, as his army of gargoyles tested their wings and flew to his castle just in time to save it from destruction by the attacking Tzimisce Force. The First One was more powerful than anyone had expected. He possessed the powers of a dozen of Tzimisce' best War Ghouls. The battle was turned.

The war raged on, and the Tremere survived it as winners. The gargoyles served Tremere and his children with great loyalty. The First One was the only one capable of creating a child, for those of the "second generation" had too weak blood. But then, Tremere fell into torpor. The gargoyles were under his mental control, which meant that they were set free. But this didn't happen. Once the Antediluvian closed his eyes, all the "second generation gargoyles" howled in pain and turned into dust. Only The First One survived the lack of mental control. It flew to its master as soon as it could. And stood next to his chest, guarding it with his life... The Tremere Clan was once again without its' "muscle", and without a defender, so the Council of Seven decided to repeat the Antediluvian's ritual and create another Gargoyle. The ritual worked again, but the council noticed, that the created gargoyle was unable to create progeny and was far weaker than The First One. And that one person could control only one gargoyle a time. If the controller died or lost control over the creature (by falling into torpor or something like that, because they found themselves being unable to end the mental control), the Gargoyle turned into dust. So it the Tremere couldn't gain a potential army, at least after they found out, that no Tremere of the Eight Generation or higher (ninth, tenth, eleventh...) could create a Gargoyle. That was the end of the armies. But the birth of the Gargoyles.

The creation of a Gargoyle is well kept secret amongst the Tremere these days, and only the most powerful of the clan know how to do it..

Creating a Gargoyle Character

As their history points out, the Gargoyles are infertile. They cannot embrace new vampires. This is mainly because their blood is a bit different than normal humans' vitae. If ingested, it causes the person drinking it mild nausea and if drunk in large quantities, a painful death from reasons unknown (some vampires think this is because of the Tzimisce blood used in the creation ritual). The only way to create a Gargoyle is to animate a stone statue by using the ritual involving the blood of a Tzimisce, the blood of a Nosferatu and the blood of the Tremere casting the ritual. The generation of the gargoyle-to-be depends on following factors:

- Of which generation the ritual's caster is. No vampire of 8th or higher generation is able to create a gargoyle, even by using Blood of Potency or similar means to raise the Generation temporarily. Add 2 to this number, that will be the generation of the new gargoyle (so a 5th generation Tremere creates a gargoyle, it can be of the 7th generation)
- The generation of the Tzimisce and the Nosferatu the blood is taken from
 - If the weaker of the bloods is of 3rd to 5th generations, the gargoyle's generation will come from its master's generation like mentioned above
 - If the weaker of the bloods is of 6th generation, gargoyle's generation becomes one higher (so 5th generation Tremere creates an 8th generation Gargoyle)

- If the weaker of the bloods is of 7th generation, gargoyle's generation becomes two higher (so 5th generation Tremere creates an 9th generation Gargoyle)
- If the weaker of the bloods is of 8th generation, gargoyle's generation becomes three higher (so 5th generation Tremere creates an 10th generation Gargoyle)
- If the weaker of the bloods is of 9th to 12th generation, gargoyle's generation becomes four higher (so 5th generation Tremere creates an 11th generation Gargoyle)
- If the weaker of the bloods is of 13th or higher generation, the ritual fails.

The gargoyle is blood-bound to its master and the Gargoyle will do whatever he says, usually without questions. The gargoyle can empathetically sense, if its master needs its help (like The First One sensed Tremere's torpor). If the gargoyle's master dies, it dies the same instant. This restricts the playing of a gargoyle a bit, but also can make it very interesting. Especially if the chronicle is such, where players are playing elder characters, and one character happens to be a Tremere, who owns the gargoyle, who the other player is playing. But the mental link isn't one-way. If the gargoyle dies, the master will suffer great pains, and because of the magics that unbound upon the creature's death, he will take two points of damage because of the shock. It seems, that the only reason for a gargoyle to live is to serve its master.. A duty in which a gargoyle is unbeatable.

Nicknames: Blockheads or Stone-faces

Appearance: Gargoyles' appearance varies quite a bit, but to a human, they all seem like grotesque statues with repulsive appearance. They usually have a "demonic" appearance, with tiny horns and wings which grow as the gargoyle gains age. A young gargoyle has fragile and weak bat-like wings. They can fly at the speed of five miles / hour. For every 100 years they live, this speed increases by 5 mph. Their skin appears to be stone and becomes harder the older they grow (for every 200 years a gargoyle has lived, give it one extra soak dice).

Haven: Gargoyles maintain their havens just there, where their sire's hold their havens, usually at the Tremere Chantry (because usually the Tremere, who own gargoyles are at least regents). If a gargoyle is sent on a mission, it usually prefers gothic cathedrals where no-one notices a gargoyle statue. But these are extremely rare situations.

Backgrounds: A Gargoyle has the generation which comes from it's creator. A Gargoyle character who is new begins the game with no background whatsoever (we are talking about a piece of rock that has just been animated...)

Character Creation: A Gargoyle usually has Martyr or Sycophant nature and either a Bravo or Traditionalist demeanor. Their primary attributes are always Physical and Talents are primary abilities. As said earlier, Gargoyles begin the game with no background-picks.

Bloodline's Disciplines: Potence, Fortitude, Visceratika

Weaknesses: Gargoyles have appearance of zero. They are infertile. They die if their master dies. Because they are not normal vampires, they are unable to close the wounds they cause by their bites and because they have very different biochemistry from normal vampires, they are unable to commit diablerie

Advantages: Gargoyles are immune to mind-control of any sorts because their minds are artificial and already bid to servitude for their master. If they don't use blood on anything else, they use only one blood / week to sustain themselves. Their blood serves as a mild poison to mortals. If someone tries to commit a diablerie on a Gargoyle, and proceeds to the "soul-diablierie"-phase, the diablerie will fail and as the "soul" of the Gargoyle is sucked from its body, the diabolist takes two points of aggravated damage because of the magical energies which create the "soul"...

Organization: One could easily imagine, that the bloodline has no organization and each one of them just serves his own master. This isn't true. The Gargoyles share the same blood and somehow each new Gargoyle is aware of others existence even if its Tremere master never tells it of the bloodline. As the Tremere all meet on Tuesdays on their chantries, so will the gargoyles. The meetings of the Tremere are so secretive that even Gargoyles aren't allowed to be there and during these meetings, the Gargoyles gather in a place that is either a node (a source of magical energy) or someplace near a place with a Faith rating (meaning there is something "divine" in it). These places are important to the gargoyles because of their magical nature. In a meeting the Gargoyles discuss the possible threats their masters might be facing and which are the best ways to deal with those threats. They never discuss their masters' secrets with each others because that would force the other gargoyles to tell it to their masters, which would harm the Tremere the facts are told about. Because of this race-link, a gargoyle will never, under any circumstances, attack another gargoyle, or another gargoyle's master, which would destroy a

Tremere. This has unfortunately leads to that, that the Tremere who know how to create Gargoyles rarely pass on the secret. It makes easier to defend oneself from someone if you have a bodyguard who can attack the guy who is trying to kill you.

The Path of Stone

The Gargoyles' path of enlightenment is basically centered around their need to serve their masters the Tremere. A newborn Gargoyle will not be a True follower of this path until it has been in a meeting with the other Gargoyles, who teach the new creature who it is and what is its history. They tell it about their origins, how the First One was created by the Antediluvian and how it was ordered to breed. It will be told how the "Second Generation" helped the Tremere to survive and how it was because of their efforts the Gargoyle bloodline now exists. The new Gargoyle will be told about the downfall of the Tremere Antediluvian and how The First One still guards his sleeping body. And it is told about Gehenna, the time when the Antediluvians will rise... When Tremere will rise... and when The First One will rise.. And when Gehenna comes, the Gargoyles will all unite and bid their servitude to The First One.. And to Tremere himself. And after the Antediluvians have killed everyone else, the Gargoyles will remain. They are not human and not real vampires. They will survive.

To any Vampire who thinks about the ethics of a Gargoyle, finds it very simple "serve your master and be happy with it"-type thinking. But actually the Path is far more complex... The path's ethics are centered around the belief that the First One had the powers near to those of an Antediluvian and because he served the Tremere, so should all his "childer". They believe that the Tremere Antediluvian was something far more powerful than the other Antediluvians (The only worthy opponent was the Tzimisce Antediluvian, but he got himself killed, so he wasn't that powerful anyway) and that by serving him the Gargoyle race could achieve a greater sense of understanding. They seek to advance the Tremere's plans the best way they can, because they believe that when the Tremere's Pyramid of Power will be ready (when there will be 1 Antediluvian, 7 Councilors, 49 Pointifexes, 343 Lords, 2401 Regents and 16807 Apprentices), the Gehenna will come and the Tremere Antediluvian will awake from his Torpor, releasing The First One to unite his bloodline into a united force, serving under his rule, de-binding them from their former masters. They will be free when the time of Gehenna arrives. Then they will find out the truth about everything from their master, who has served the mightiest of the Antediluvians for a thousand years.

Even if the gargoyles seem like solitary creatures, the ethics of this path make them work together, if the security of the Tremere is at stake. For example if a force (Sabbat, Witch-Hunter, Anarchs...) tries to destroy a Tremere chantry, and a gargoyle find out about it, he will tell it to his comrades as soon as possible, and then every gargoyle will tell this information to their masters, trying to get them to destroy the force, possibly by sending the Gargoyle to do it. This on the other hand might lead to a surprise on the behalf of the force. A flock of gargoyles is an impressive opponent by any standards.

The Gargoyles aren't afraid to die, because a Gargoyle believes that it will be reborn, if the same master who created it creates another one. So all that matters is to keep the master alive so that the gargoyle will live forever.

Ethics

- Serve your master
- Serve the Clan Tremere
- Never destroy a gargoyle, we are too few anyway
- We are not humans nor vampires, we are something far more complex
- Never reveal your master's secrets
- Never reveal your bloodline's wish for Gehenna
- Death means nothing, your master will create you again, if he survives
- Manipulate your "sire" to create childer so the Pyramid can be complete
- The Sabbat tries to prevent Gehenna, they must be destroyed
- The Tzimisce are a mockery of our masters and their creations are a mockery of us, they all must be destroyed

The Hierarchy of Sins

10. Speaking to anyone outside Clan Tremere or Gargoyles
9. Not killing a creature who seeks to harm one's master (if the vampire is not Tremere)

8. Not attacking a Sabbat vampire at sight
7. Helping a Vampire who is not a Tremere or Gargoyle if master does not specifically order one to do it
6. Not showing up at the meetings of the bloodline more than twice a month
5. Unintentionally harming Clan Tremere
4. Not killing a vampire who attacks one's master
3. Intentionally harming Clan Tremere
2. Failing to protect one's master
1. Killing another Gargoyle unwillingly or willingly

As you can notice, the hierarchy of sins is very complicated, and in some situations, the Gargoyle character is bound to breaking it, no matter what they do. But this actually helps to understand the Gargoyle-way-of-thinking. Their minds are not actually human, and will break down very easily. For example a Tremere attacks the Gargoyles master. If the gargoyle defends his master and kills the Tremere, he is "Intentionally harming Clan Tremere". If he defends his master and does not kill the attacker the sin he is committing is "Not killing a vampire who attacks one's master". If on the other hand he does not defend his master, he is "Failing to protect one's master". So the Gargoyle probably will attack the Tremere and let the Tremere to live (and even then his master might kill him)... And hope that he isn't drawn closer to the beast.

The Discipline of Visceratika

The discipline presented in the Storyteller's Handbook is actually very functional. And when you think at it, most of the Gargoyles who are of the 7th Generation are living in Vienna and those of the 6th Generation live to defend the Central chantry. The powers they can use are quite impressive. And still people wonder, why the Assamite Elders keep failing in their attacks against the Central Chantry.

The World View of a Gargoyle

The Camarilla

They are our masters' leaders, so we must obey their rules. At least make sure we don't get our masters into trouble by breaking them. It is good, that everyone is convinced Clan Tremere lost control of us somewhere during the late Dark Ages. We do not have to care about any of their laws if we don't want to.

They are a failed Tremere experiment. Some of them are still loyal to the Clan that created them, but most of them are just idiotic mercenaries. If one should ever cross the borders of my domain, I would first consult Emmanuelle, my Tremere Primogen, and then have it destroyed...

- Sir Douglas, Ventrue Prince of Birmingham

- **Clan Brujah:** The young ones are very interesting indeed. They rebel against the society with such passion I have never encountered before. They fight, until they die. Most princes don't like them, because they break their precious system. They have the passion to live, while they still can. The Elders however are stupid, trying to make the system fall from within. Both the old and the young usually have different goal than our masters, so we come face-to-face with them often. They are quite worthy fighters but frankly, all I've fought with, are now dead.
- **Clan Gangrel:** They are the best fighters I've met, and I'm glad they are so peaceful and do not seek to harm our masters. They turn into animals as the years go by, just as we become like stone. I guess that it reflects our inner selves...
- **Clan Malkavian:** They are nothing but fools and idiots. They are very unpredictable, so they must be watched more carefully than the other vampires of Camarilla. Simple as that.
- **Clan Nosferatu:** Great folk. They look worse than us and never try to harm our masters, at least in the open, physical, way...
- **Clan Toreador:** Well, I kinda understand them. They must make peoples' life worth living. Humans... Nothing more than humans, pretending to be Vampires...
- **Clan Tremere:** [Spoken with an admiring look in its eyes] Master.
- **Clan Ventrue:** Killed many of them. No good an opponent. Too bad, because I kill them a lot.

The Sabbat

Yes, we know what they are. They are "The savior of all vampires, who fight the evil antediluvians"... Yeah, sure. You ask me how I know that? Well, I have the blood of a Tzimisce in me. I know exactly what they think, don't I? Well. They are trying to save the world from the Antediluvians awakening, but that happens to be the goal we are attempting to do. For our sake, I hope they fail. And we must make sure they do. Kill at sight. Thank you.

The tool of the Antediluvians. They must die if they stand in our way.

- Ritz, Lasombra Archbishop of Venice

- **Clan Lasombra:** They are much like the Ventrue with three exceptions. They are of the Sabbat. They are at least twice as tricky. And they put on a hell of a fight when attacked...
- **Clan Tzimisce:** The Enemy #1. As I said earlier they want to be just like our masters in every way, but they are much less-talented than them. They create monsters which should be worthy enough to oppose us. They all must die.
- **Tremere *Antitribu*:** The Enemy #2. They betrayed the Antediluvian. They will suffer.

The Inconnu

They still hate our masters, because they happened to destroy Inconnu's role-model. They still hate our masters for that. If one should ever cross my path, I'd rip his heart out and be happy with it.

They are the tool of the Tremere. Unfortunately for them their numbers are few. I would like to see how the situation develops.

- Stewart, London Monitor

Independent clans

- **Setites:** Garbage. They think they know something about corruption. Well let them look at the Tremere for a while and think about what they are saying.
- **Assamites:** Worthy fighters, but they simply cannot let the past be forgotten. They still keep attacking us and our masters like hundreds of years ago.
- **Ravnos:** Kill on sight. They are anyway planning to harm our masters
- **Giovanni:** I have never crossed paths with one, and I'm glad, because I don't have the slightest clue how would I deal with one.

Bloodlines

- **Samedi:** Well, they make a nice squishy-kinda-sound when you hit 'em really hard.
- **Daughters of Cacophony:** Crazy as any kooks, artistic as the Toreador

THE GARGOYLES

In the early days of the Middle Ages, the newly founded Tremere line was in grave danger from all sides. Though they were individually mighty, the Tremere simply did not have the hordes of lesser shock troops that they needed to fend off their enemies. It was Goratrix himself who thought of a solution. At the Chantry of Coeris in 1167, Tremere and his Circle gathered around a smoking cauldron. Throwing a captured Gangrel, Tzimisce and Nosferatu into the bubbling pot and adding several handfuls of rock, stone and other - more eldritch - substances, the Warlocks synthesized a new race of Vampires, which would serve the Tremere. Deep beneath the Carpathians, the first Gargoyle - Primax the Sireless, a creature of rippling muscle and dark gray, stony skin - rose from the steaming ichor of their cauldron.

It was largely due to the terrible strength of the Gargoyles that the line of the Tremere survived their first battles. For centuries, the Gargoyles served the Tremere with great loyalty, despite the numerous abuses heaped upon them by their masters. But soon this grew too much for them and the Gargoyles began to exhibit signs of a growing consciousness. The first rebellion against a Tremere Chantry was led by Quartz and Mica, Childe and Grandchilde of Primax, and left all the magi dead or gravely wounded. Like wildfire, a general Gargoyle uprising resulted in the deaths of many Vampires - Tremere and Gargoyle alike. The surviving Gargoyles, hopelessly outmatched, fled to the mountains in packs, or hid out in large cities.

Many rumors have been told about the Gargoyles' activities since that time, not the least of which is the claim that they have learned how to reproduce naturally by means of egg laying. A number of Gargoyles have adapted to life with other Vampires, acting as guards, sentinels and servants for other Kindred, Magi and others - in fact anyone who can pay their price in gold and vitae.

Appearance

Gargoyles resemble statues, with stony skin and features that seem to be carved from living stone. Most Gargoyles are hideously ugly, with foul, demonic visages. All Gargoyles have a pair of stony wings which sprout from their shoulders - these are usually bat-like, but some Gargoyles have been known to have eagle-like, angelic wings. As Gargoyles age, their skin becomes thicker and tougher, often growing strange protrusions and bumps, and their wings enlarge.

Haven

Gargoyles greatly prefer interior or underground areas with lots of stone and earth to manipulate. Abandoned buildings (particularly tall ones, where they can sit at night), warehouses, sewers, caves and the like are ideal.

Background

Gargoyles reproduce only rarely. As Gargoyles are a composite and artificial race once a victim is chosen her mind becomes sublimated in the wash of magic and memories already ingrained in the Sire's vitae, and she almost forgets her prior life. Therefore, Gargoyles can come from any background. Although Communities of Gargoyles do exist, they are founded on post-Embrace lives, and not on previous existences.

Character Creation

Gargoyles are rather complex to create, as - in addition to choosing Attributes, Abilities, Merits and Flaws and so forth, one must also choose an Aspect. This is the kind of stone that the Gargoyle is made from. Physical Attributes and Talents are usually Primary (All Gargoyles begin with two dots in all physical attributes). Gargoyles - if they wish to be able to fly with any degree of skill - must purchase the Secondary Talent of Flight.

Bloodline Disciplines: Fortitude, Potence, Visceratika.

Weaknesses: Gargoyles are hideously ugly and have an Appearance of zero, and may not increase it above this number. They can never - short of using Obfuscate - pass themselves off as human. Also, as they were created to be a race of slaves all Gargoyles are unusually susceptible to magic and mind-control. Their Willpower is being two lower when resisting mind-control spells or Domination. They may not take any Merits or other benefits to make them more resistant to Domination or mind-control (such as the Merit Iron Will).

Special Rules: Gargoyles are creatures of stone and the night, and have some interesting aspects to their nature because of this. As soon as the sunlight reaches the longitude where the Gargoyle is standing then she begins to petrify. When a Gargoyle turns to stone, all her personal possessions also petrify. Her soak value is doubled with respect to everything except sunlight. Fire does not damage her in the normal sense - only prolonged heating will expand the stone at uneven rates and result in cracking. If the Gargoyle makes her roll to stay awake during the day, she may view everything she can see as normal. However, she may not move herself or her eyes. If the Gargoyle does not possess the Visceratika power Dark Statue then she will take normal damage from sunlight if it comes into contact with her. Even if she does possess this power, she must still roll to avoid entering the Rotschreck upon sighting the sun. When the sun sets again, a Gargoyle will reassume their "flesh" form. Any Gargoyle (except Sandstone Gargoyles) knocked into Torpor will assume the stone form automatically and instantly. Any physical damage done to the stone form is considered to be aggravated as major cracks appear in the stone, and may not be healed until the Gargoyle is once again flesh. The blood of Gargoyles is a hot, lava-like liquid, and any creature not a Gargoyle drinking it will have to make a soak roll (difficulty eight) to soak one level of Aggravated damage per Blood Point drunk in a single turn. Vampires still gain sustenance from the blood. If the blood is allowed to cool, it solidifies and becomes worthless.

Combat Maneuvers: Gargoyles are equipped with claws on their fingertips and feet, and also long, lashing tails. They may therefore use the Claw maneuver (difficulty 6, Strength +1 damage), the Raking Kick (difficulty 7, Strength + 2 damage) and the Tail Lash (difficulty 7, Strength +1 damage, may be used to the Gargoyle's rear). These maneuvers do not do aggravated damage.

Aspects

There are nine Aspects of Gargoyles, and a player must choose one for her character at creation. The aspect of the Sire does not in any way determine the Aspect of the Childe. Primax was a Granite Gargoyle and his Childer were from all the Aspects.

Brimstone: Gabbro is a Brimstone Gargoyle. The Brimstone Gargoyles are perhaps the most evil-looking of all, despite their relatively human outlook. They are black, demonic monsters, with a reddish tinge to their skin and glowing, fiery eyes. They stink of sulphur and the Pit, and their flesh is boiling hot to the touch. A Brimstone Gargoyle may - if she so wishes - expend one Blood Point and raise the temperature of her flesh to such a degree that all her Brawling attacks do Aggravated damage. In addition, any character struck by the Gargoyle must make a Willpower roll (difficulty 6) to act next turn. Those who fail the roll are incapacitated by agony as the fire seems to burn through their bodies. The sheer heat of the Brimstone Gargoyles is often as dangerous to them as it is to their enemies. Each turn that they exert themselves greatly (using Celerity, running, flying, in combat etc.) then they must make a Stamina + Fortitude roll. The difficulty depends on the level of activity - running or flying would be difficulty 5, while using Celerity in combat would be an eight or nine. If this roll is failed, then the Gargoyle takes one level of Aggravated damage as her boiling Vitae sears even her flesh. If the roll is botched, she takes three levels Aggravated damage. Other Gargoyles must make the roll made by non-Gargoyles when they drink Brimstone Gargoyle Vitae, and those who are not Gargoyles do not get a soak roll at all.

The other eight aspects are, in brief:-

- **Basalt:** Huge, hulking, heavy black monstrosities whom it is almost impossible to stop or destroy. However, with this solidity comes emotional detachment and a fast-loss of Humanity. Quartz, leader of the Gargoyle rebellion, is a Basalt Gargoyle.
- **Crystal:** A new aspect designed to be the ultimate modern urban warrior. They are formed of translucent crystal, and are virtually transparent. This means they suffer less from the effects of sunlight, but their crystalline structure means they are more fragile than most. A somewhat experimental power they possess is the ability to digest their bodies and send them down 'phone and data lines.
- **Granite:** Granite Gargoyles are gray, stony, gritty-looking creatures. They are the commonest type of Gargoyle and have no special advantages or disadvantages. Primax was a Granite Gargoyle.
- **Limestone:** Limestone Gargoyles are a pale yellow-gray color, and look gentle and delicate. A Limestone Gargoyle may - upon contact with a running source of water - dissolve her body into it and flow away, to deposit herself further down the stream.
- **Marble:** Marble Gargoyles are smooth-skinned, often being white or very pale gray. They are generally more-human looking than most other Gargoyles. They are quite slim and look more fragile than other Gargoyles. The Childe and mate of Quartz, Mica, is a Marble Gargoyle.
- **Obsidian:** Shiny, black and angular, these creatures of volcanic glass are partially immune to the effects of flame and sunlight. With this, however, comes a heavy price. In addition to the difficulty they have healing their wounds, Obsidian Gargoyles are untrustworthy and are closely watched by those in the know. The classic example of an Obsidian Gargoyle is the traitor Demona.
- **Sandstone:** Sandstone Gargoyles are generally kind and welcoming. A Sandstone Gargoyle knocked into Torpor or suffering wounds that would normally be fatal crumbles into a pile of sand. The Gargoyle can only be killed by "slagging" - the melting or sun baking of the remains. The scattering of the sand will not work, although all the sand must be in one place to reform. If some sand has been lost, normal sand may be used, but the Gargoyle will be weaker. If sand from two Gargoyles is mixed together then the resulting creature is quite schizophrenic.
- **Slate:** Slate Gargoyles have weird, buzzing voices and twitchy mannerisms. They are exceedingly quick in all things, but with this speed comes a nervous disorder - if stones have nerves. Many Slate Gargoyles resemble giant humanoid flies, with multifaceted eyes and semi-transparent wings.

Organization

Gargoyles generally live lonely, secluded lives far from those who might hunt them. Some of them find employment working as guards, sentinels or warriors for the Sabbat, Camarilla or independents - in fact any who can pay their price in gold and Vitae. Certain groups of Gargoyles have taken to living in-groups known as Communities which live in and around large buildings (Cathedrals, skyscrapers and the like). Both Notre Dame in Paris and the Sagrada Familia in Barcelona are rumored to be the home of Communities of Gargoyles. Gotham Cathedral would be the perfect site for Gargoyles, but - of course - no one knows the truth of this, for nothing comes from the Third City to Cainite ears. The Community of Notre Dame is rumored to be lead by Quartz and Mica, the leaders of the Gargoyle revolt, although this has never been confirmed. What is certain, however, is that certain Kindred investigating the Cathedral have mysteriously disappeared. Carried off, some say, to feed the Gargoyles' chicks . . .

Stereotypes

- **Assamites:** Yeah boys, you were never slaves, but we got out with our asses un-hexed.
- **Brujah:** Rebels? Rebels? Erm, against what, exactly?
- **Gangrel:** They got little bat wings - they're cute.
- **Giovanni:** Crypts - okay. Corpses - bleugh.
- **Lasombra:** Shadows. Night. Spain - Barcelona - Cathedrals - see where this is heading?

- Malkavian: Just because they are crazy does not mean they are stupid - be careful.
- Nosferatu: Hey, at least we look like *something*.
- Ravnos: A Ravnos once tried to steal a Gargoyle's diamond eyes - quite amazing how small they will scrunch up.
- Settites: There are two things to remember about being a snake; 1) it sucks big time, and 2) fangs don't penetrate stone.
- Toreador: They make great architecture - nice Cathedrals, you effete b*st*rds.
- Tremere: *Where?!?*
- Tzimisce: They told us to, okay? We hate them as well.
- Ventrue: Even Blue Bloods - especially Blue Bloods - need bodyguards.

Gargoyles of Note



Ferox

Progeny of Rocia. Was a Celt from Britain. Ghoul of the Brujah, then of the Ventrue. Unbondable. True Faith. Freed the gargoyles and was embraced in return. He is the 7th of the Red List.



Luma "Stone Beauty"

One of the one of the original Gargoyles who were 'born' instead of embraced or transformed by ritual. Exceptionally attractive for a Gargoyle. Many male Gargoyles desire to mate with her.

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HISTORICAL BACKGROUND FOR THE HARBINGERS OF SKULIS

By Randy Price (prices@one.net)

History



The "Capuchin"* mentioned in the Giovanni Clanbook is actually Lazarus, the outcast and last surviving child of Cappadocius. Lazarus was watching from the shadows when Claudius Giovanni and his lackeys arrived at the abandoned Erciyes Temple in search for the fabled Khazar's Diary. He had made the temple his interim haven while he studied its secrets. Months before the Giovanni's arrival, he had unearthed the secret alcove which held "the True Vessel" containing the last bit of Augustus Giovanni's mortal blood.* Lazarus carefully stashed this away in the folds of his cloak and protected it. When he discovered what it held, the corners of his emaciated lips quirked into a slow grin. If Augustus Giovanni were to imbibe the True Vessel, he would instantly regain his mortality -- as well as the hundreds of years that have passed since his undead transformation. The mighty usurper of his vain and foolish sire would be reduced to ashes within seconds. Lazarus gently patted the clay container as he withdrew from the catacombs to his daytime sanctuary, and a plan begins to unfurl in his ancient mind . . .

Claudius Giovanni searches long and hard for the Khazar's Diary, blunderingly plundering the tomb's remains. He never finds it. Perhaps this is because Lazarus already found it and tucked it safely away alongside the True Vessel? Perhaps it was never at Erciyes to begin with. Regardless, the foolish and frustrated Claudius orders the temple burned to the ground after salvaging as many scrolls, tomes, and trinkets that he can find. Lazarus watches in horror from his nearby village sanctuary as the Necromancers utterly destroy one of the last remaining ancient libraries in all of the known world. His frown slithers into a smirk as he envisions a way to destroy Claudius.

Now that the Necromancers hold claim to the remaining secrets of Erciyes, the "Capuchin" visits the infamous Giovanni leader and proposes a barter: in exchange for teaching him the secrets of Necromancy and access to the Giovanni's libraries and treasure vaults, Lazarus offers to personally hand-deliver Augustus' rare manuscripts from the coveted subterranean vaults beneath the Vatican. Lazarus has no further need of them, having satiated his curiosity with them decades ago. Lazarus uses this ploy to gradually build trust between himself and his loathsome "step-brother."

Between trips to Venice, Lazarus meets a Turkish stranger who travels by the name of Rene Caraos and seems to know all about Lazarus' "Capuchin" facade. As Lazarus quickly plans the death of this presumptuous man, the Turk offers to help the old Cappadocian in his dark quest. Lazarus listens to the man, bemused by his offer. Mr. Caraos seeks access to Lazarus' personal archives as well as his powerful vitae. In return, Caraos will revive and release the hundreds of Lazarus' Infitiore brethren who lie trapped in bloodless torpor deep within their tomb-like prison of Kaymakli*. Lazarus is stunned. How could a mere mortal know so much about his extinct clan? The strange man smiles and informs Lazarus that he is an Obertus revenant -- a ghoulish family, bred over 800 years ago by the ancient Tzimisce lord known as "The Dracon." The topic of Gehenna has preoccupied Rene ever since he was a youth, and when he learned of Lazarus, he knew this was the opportunity he'd been looking for.

Lazarus considers Rene's offer and agrees, sending two of his strongest ghouls with Rene to "help out." Lazarus' ghouls are actually sent to watch after this insane Turk in the event that he should feel compelled to share his newfound knowledge with the Giovanni.

Still, Lazarus is curious to see if the man's plan works. So, the three of them travel to the outskirts of the Kaymakli ruins and hire a team of diggers to assist them in their "excavation." Once they reach the entrance to the bottom-most catacombs, Rene orders the others to take a break, as he wanders alone under the guidance of his lantern and his ambition. Finally he reaches the glyph. According to legend, Cappadocius magically sealed the depths of Kaymakli with a powerful ward. It prevented humans from passing beyond this point, while forever trapping all Cainites who passed beyond its watchful eye. Rene calls for the diggers and the ghoulish assistants to help him push aside the huge millstone blocking the entrance beyond the archway. Afterwards, he then orders them back to the surface to retrieve the rest of their tools and supplies. Once alone, Rene sets about chiseling at the glyph, reciting a few Koldunic verses he'd learned in an attempt to further weaken the glyph's protective magics. After an hour of furious effort, the glyph cracks! He passes his hand into the archway beyond and nothing prevents his passage! It works! Cappadocius'

ancient curse has been broken. Or has it? His revenant blood may have excluded him from the curse as he was neither human nor vampire... He steps through and back again. He then calls for the diggers and his ghoul assistants to join him. He stands all the way at the end of the entrance passageway -- beyond the protective arch. When the men manage to reach him, he breathes a sigh of relief and knows with certainty that the curse has been lifted. He turns and sees a huge stone-hewn pit filled with thousands of skeletons and dried, husk-like corpses. All are dressed in the torn and dust-covered remnants of an era that coincides with the fabled "Feast of Folly," where Cappadocius ordered his loyal childer to entomb their worldly brothers and sisters. * Rene orders the men to attach large chains to the stone dome covering the pit. The men hesitate, looking confused as to the purpose of this, but do as they are told -- after all, this man is paying them very well. Once the chains are hung, Rene nods knowingly to his two ghoul assistants and all three pull scimitars from the folds of their robes and quickly kill all of the men. The diggers' bodies are hung upside down from the chains and decapitated. As blood fills the pit, Rene draws forth an aspergillum filled with Lazarus' vitae and splashes droplets of the powerful blood across the undead legion that lie in silent torpor. When the baptismal device is empty, he turns and scrawls a message in Greek onto the wall with a piece of coal: "All who seek vengeance, prepare thyself. The time is nigh!" Rene then turns and escorts his two accomplices back the way they've come and resurfaces into the dwindling sun aboveground. Before Mother Night draws all into Her soothing swathe of darkness, Rene pays for another dozen diggers to meet his party at the bottom of the catacombs. With a sinister grin, he turns to his accomplices and all three watch as the mortal herd descends beneath the ruins to their deaths.

~And so begins the rebirth of the Harbingers of Skulls and the nights of Gehenna

References

*For more information, read the following:

- Clanbook: Cappadocian by Justin R. Achilli. (pages 13-22)
- Clanbook: Giovanni by Justin R. Achilli (pages 16-18)
- Giovanni Chronicles III: The Sun has Set by Christopher Howard (pages 136-137)

Also, look up the words "Capuchin" and "Cappuccino" in a good dictionary. The Franciscan monks responsible for this delicious coffee have links to Cappadocia (sound familiar?)

The Harbingers of Skulls claim a history of treachery for which it seeks to exact a hellish vengeance. Members of the bloodline are all quite powerful necromancers and claim to have returned from their banishment to the realms of the dead after a rogue society of sorcerers had hunted them for their blood, stealing immortality to further their own arcane lusts for power, resulting in said banishment.

Few Sabbat believe this fairy tale of ancient injustice, but the Harbingers are afforded a wide berth nonetheless, given the immense potency of their magics and their discomfiting eccentricity. It would seem however, that for all their polemics, something rots below the surface they present. Like the corpses they themselves resemble, something eats away at them from within.

The Harbingers have been members of the Sabbat for only a few years, and few of the youngest members of the sect have ever heard of them, let alone seen one. But since their arrival in the Sabbat, the Harbingers have amassed unheard-of power in the sect, especially if you consider only a few hundreds of them roam the night. The Black Hand, the Inquisition and even the ranks of the prisci now claim members of this infamous clan among them. The fact the Sabbat can use the Harbingers' death magic to maintain contact with fallen allies or torment enemies from beyond the wall of Final Death might have played a key role in how receptive the sect has been to this otherwise unknown clan.

Cursed by Caine's blood with the countenance of corpses, the Harbingers often flay the tattered, grave-tainted flesh from their heads, leaving them with the grinning rictus of their namesake. Masks and ceremony play an important part in the bloodline's culture. It has been rumored that the vitae in their veins is ancient and quite potent, and perhaps their claim of grandiose history are not far from the mark.

Nickname: Lazarenes (after Lazarus, who observed Christ's return from the dead)

Appearance: The Harbingers have an emaciated, corpselike appearance, accentuated by flesh that shrinks to fit the vampires' skulls. They prefer loose-fitting, flowing cloaks and burial shrouds, the better to represent their death magic and make dramatic impressions.

Haven: The Lazarenes never belong to packs, and thus, they never make their havens with packs (unless doing so temporarily). They prefer their own private havens, which often have laboratory annexes where they may conduct their grisly studies. Such havens tend to be far from prying or mortal eyes, beneath places like cemeteries, mausoleums, morgues and slaughterhouses.

Background: Their background is unknown - it is believed that the bloodline has not embraced since its introduction to the Sabbat. If this is true, the Harbingers must be ancient, accomplished and critical, as they seem not to deem children of the modern nights worthy of their brand of Caine's curse.

Disciplines: Auspex, Fortitude, Necromancy

Weaknesses: Regardless of the quantity of blood they consume, their skin maintains a deathly pallor. Additionally, the skin shrinks to make these Cainites appear skeletal, with bony limbs and faces frozen into an immortal death's grin.

Who's Who



Unre, Keeper of Golgotha

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KIASYD



During the reign of Julian the Apostate, more than a millennia before the Sabbat was formed, three Lasombra created the Kiasyd bloodline as a means to discover the nature of their own Obtenebration Discipline. They captured faeries of the Unseelie court from the surrounding area and bartered with a powerful Teutonic sorcerer for a substance believed to be the "blood of Zeernebooch, a god of the underworld."

A curious and brave member of the group, a fifth-generation Lasombra named Marconius, volunteered for the experiment. Through transfusion and experimentation, he transformed into something only part vampire. The fey blood and the supposed blood of the Teutonic deity drastically altered him. He grew gaunt, even by vampiric standards; his skin took on a translucent whiteness. His eyes took an odd shape and turned solid black, without pupils. He even grew by more than a foot. His fingers grew longer; his ears, nose and cheekbones became much more angular and defined.

This unusual Kindred found little peace within the tightly knit and snobbish Lasombra clan and left one night. Little was heard of Marconius until the late Middle Ages, when he resurfaced in Strasbourg with a number of childer, all with the same strange physical characteristics as their sire. The Kiasyd, as Marconius called his bloodline, challenged the Ventrue of the area and defeated them, taking over the city and the surrounding area.

With the exception of this incident, Kiasyd are known to be very passive. They do not usually engage in combat and seem primarily to be scholars. They are usually found alone, and if two Kiasyd other than sire and childe inhabit the same city for an extended period of time, it is a breach of Kiasyd etiquette.

The Kiasyd undergo a dramatic physical alteration after the Embrace, growing six inches to two feet taller and becoming thin and gaunt. Their skin color blanches almost chalk white and gains an unusual luminescence under moonlight. Their eyes take on a more oval shape and deepen in color until they are entirely black, with no color differentiation among sclera, pupil and iris. The cartilage in their ears, nose and cheeks seem to crystallize, becoming more angular and pronounced.

These changes occurs rapidly, usually during the first night or two after death. The Kiasyd must be locked away during this time, because they suffer uncontrollable frenzy during the entire period. They shift from one type of madness to another, going through no set pattern.

Even stranger than their appearance is their behavior after the change. They are invariably the calmest of all the undead. They are remarkably polite, congenial and honorable. They never get angry or agitated, though they are still quite emotional beings. They do not like to drink directly from vessels, considering it vulgar. They prefer to drain the victim's vitæ into a glass or other container before partaking of it.

Nicknames: Darklings, Shades and Weirdlings

Appearance: Kiasyd are usually six-to eight-foot tall. They are all extremely skinny. Their skin is completely white. They have very angular features. Their eyes are oval shaped and solid black. They usually wear dark clothing, and some even wear cloaks, outdated though they may be. Their skin takes on a slightly bluish tint after they drink their fill of vitæ.

Havens: All Kiasyd maintain permanent havens. They usually stay in the same haven until it begins to fall apart. Their home is always roomy enough for guests; though Kiasyd will not live in the same city, they often visit each other. They always construct vast underground galleries full of unusual stonework of their own design.

Backgrounds: Those who become Kiasyd are usually picked from the most polite and intelligent of humans. While most Kiasyd unusually, most were normal in life. The bizarre vitæ coursing through their veins is responsible for much of their weirdness.

Character Creation: Most Kiasyd have a Dilettante or Working Joe Concept. Their Demeanors should be something normal, but their Natures should be completely different. Mental Attributes are always primary, as are Knowledges. Common Background traits are Herd, Resources, and Retainers.

One unusual knowledge many Kiasyd possess is Faerie Mechanics. This knowledge allows the individual to construct illogical machinelike objects of any size and shape, capable of producing odd, preternatural effects.

Blood Disciplines: Mytherceria, Necromancy, Obtenebration

Weaknesses: The Kiasyd's strange physiques may be unsettling and inhuman, but it does not limit their appearance. In fact, many are considered quite beautiful. However, they do have a problem with pure iron. Being around it raises Frenzy difficulties by one, touching it causes an immediate Frenzy roll, and being damaged by it causes aggravated wounds.

Quote: "Be gone, vulgar one. I am best not trifled with. Return to your petty games."

Stereotypes: The Sabbat - The clan of our creation leads these beasts and sought our vitæ when they went to war with the Camarilla. We taught them better.

KIASYD REVISED

BY KABAEI (KABAEI@BU.EDU)

Born of a mixture of Fae and Kindred blood, the Kiasyd are an odd breed, and seem possessed with an almost unnatural luck. Perhaps the Fae protect their own....

History

Long before the Sabbat or the Camarilla, in the first few centuries after Christ, during the reign of Julian the Apostate, a trio of Lasombra formed a pact to discover the source and nature of their shadowy-Discipline Obtenebration. They studied Thaumaturgy; they took spirit journeys; they bargained for and stole information. Finally, after having little success, they began a new avenue of approach. Inspired by passages in the *Book of Nod* and the *Lillith Cycles* detailing Caine's own realization of his powers, they turned to blood experimentation. Convinced that their Discipline arose from the shadows of hell itself, they set out to delve deeper into their only "lead." They hunted down and capture darker fae, specifically the Unseelie faeries who hid among the shadows and spoke with the dead. They bartered with an unnamed Teutonic magi for a vial of the "blood of Zeernebooch, a god of the underworld."

The "bravest" of the trio, the fifth generation Lasombra Marconius, volunteered his vitae for the experiment. Although they began at first with mere samples, a lack of results pushed the three to more desperate measures. Through transfusion and experimentation, they altered Marconius' very soul, and he became something only part vampire. The fae blood and essence and the supposed blood of the Teutonic deity drastically transformed Marconius. He grew thin and gaunt, even for one of the undead, and he grew by more than a foot in height, dwarfing his erstwhile companions. His eyes deepened and clouded over, turning completely black, without any sign of a pupil. His skin assumed an almost perfectly smooth feel, becoming nearly translucent and almost an otherworldly white. His fingers stretched out. His eyes, nose, and cheekbones took on a more defined and angular look to them. His ears gave almost the hint of a point. His hair became silken-smooth and light, even the slightest breeze sent locks wafting into the air.

Marconius became something that looked otherworldly and ethereal, something no longer wholly vampiric. Needless to say, the Lasombra were little pleased by the groups endeavors, and Marconius' companions were slain. Marconius, luckily, was spared. Some say that it was because the Lasombra were led to believe that the local fae wanted to deal with the creature themselves. They pushed Marconius into the wilderness, leaving him to the fae, and put the whole nasty issue out of their minds. After all, even if the fae left him alone, how could such freakish monstrosity survive?

For nearly a thousand years it seemed that they were right, until Strasbourg.

The Ventrue of that region of France were frantic, giving reports of "pale, gaunt monsters with the Devil's own luck." From the detailed words of their spies in the Ventrue courts, the Lasombra knew the attackers to be Marconius and several childer. Not only had Marconius survived, but he had managed to do well enough to Embrace several others. It seemed that the fae had not punished Marconius, but had instead given him succor.

Evidencing odd powers and a dangerous unpredictability, Marconius and his Kiasyd, as he named his childer, defeated the Ventrue and took the city. The Lasombra debated stepping in, but decided against it. After all, the bloodline was small, and they were bothering the Ventrue, the Lasombra's major rival in politics, and it seemed that Marconius bared no ill will toward his former Clan. Also, many believed Marconius' success to be a mere quirk of fate. He got lucky and nothing more. They were unaware how right they were.

Excepting their appearance at Strasbourg, the Kiasyd are known to be a very passive bloodline. They have gained a reputation as quiet scholars, although younger members of the bloodline commonly go through a few century period of dramatic adventure in the name of knowledge. Marconius still holds Strasbourg to this day, despite repeated attempts by the Ventrue and their allies from France and Germany to retake it. He rules loosely, as few vampires live in the city regularly. A few of his brood live in the city with him, but most Kiasyd have their own, personal havens in libraries or historic ruins around the world.

The Kiasyd, the Fair Folk, and the Past

No one is *quite* sure just what happened over 16 centuries ago to create the Kiasyd, and no one is sure just *where* Marconius was during the 800 years before Strasbourg, but there are theories.

As far as the experiment itself, many believe that the Lasombra trio used powerful magics to capture several Unseelie Sluagh (whispering tunnel crawlers and information gatherers) and Eshu (travelling bards and storytellers with a preternatural luck for being in the "right place at the right time."). They point to the Kiasyd's appearance and ease of hiding and their phenomenal luck as evidence of the kiths involved. They then melded their faerie souls with the blood they obtained from the magi (the blood of "Zeernebooch, god of the underworld") and applied the mixture to the unsuspecting Marconius. Less forgiving theorists say that Marconius, perhaps full of the power of "Zeernebooch's" blood, consumed the fae whole, drinking their blood and their souls, fully aware of what he was doing. Another variant on this is the idea that Marconius (or another of the trio) Embraced the fae and then diablerized them. There is little to support this idea, however. Either way, the Kiasyd have fae blood as well as kindred vitae flowing through their dead veins.

As for where Marconius was after his exile and before Strasbourg, even less is known. Marconius has refused to ever speak of it, even flying into a rage at persistent questioners, breaking his usual calm demeanor with terrifying brutality. The most commonly believed rumor is that Marconius was taken to Arcadia by Unseelie nobles and taught his powers of Mytherceria. Those more knowledgeable in Fae Lore and Gremayre dispute this, claiming that no fae would trust a vampire so much as to bring them into Arcadia. It is much more likely, they say, that Marconius was taken into a freehold or into the Near Dreaming. They are also doubtful to any claims that the Unseelie Sidhe sheltered Marconius out of a feeling of kinship, pessimistically saying that the Sidhe wanted to study Marconius to understand the transformation. There is mention of a Sidhe changeling (rare in that time) who wanted to incarnate into mortality permanently and become immortal. He lived in Spain, the center of Clan Lasombra's power, and disappeared just after the disastrous experiment. Most Lasombra believed that the fae had left the local vampiric court out of anger at the experiment. The suspicious and conspiracy theorists believe that the Sidhe reappeared in Strasbourg just before Marconius and his childer, based on sketchy descriptions from frantic Ventruue.

Whatever the case, even the most optimistic of Kiasyd are deeply bothered by the fact that the gates to Arcadia closed forever a scant two centuries, a blink of an eye for an Elder, after Marconius' return and capture of Strasbourg. Did Marconius leave Arcadia of his own accord? Was he expelled? Was he ever actually there?

Nicknames

Darklings, Shades and Weirdlings

Behavior

The Kiasyd are an oddly mannered lineage. Strasbourg is the only time that they have ever gathered aggressively in large numbers. Usually they seclude themselves and conduct their research. It is often considered a breach of etiquette if two Kiasyd other than sire and childer inhabit the same area for an extended period of time; the only exception to this is Strasbourg, where all Kiasyd are welcome.

Etiquette is very important to the Kiasyd. All members of the bloodline treat each other as brothers, despite what reservations they may have. If two Kiasyd happen to encounter each other, they always indulge in some polite conversation and blood. The blood is often treated with fine wine and rare herbs to create enticing concoctions. Many a Toreador wishes she had the skill at blood preparation that the Kiasyd do. They almost never drink directly from a vessel, considering it "vulgar" and "dirty." Many Kiasyd had crystal goblets or finely engraved chalices that they prefer to feed with.

Oaths, duty and responsibility are important concepts that lie at the core of Kiasyd thought. A sworn oath is inviolate; there are no mitigating circumstances. All have a duty and a responsibility to their fellow Kiasyd and to their fae brethren. Succor and aid should be given without a second thought. Kiasyd will unite in the face of any opposition. While two individual Kiasyd may not like each other, and they may even actively undermine each others plans, they will never allow the other to be attacked by an outside force if it is in their power to help. "Me against my brother. My brother and I against the world." Many Kiasyd tell tales of ill-fated vampires who abandoned their duties and responsibilities and ignored their fellows in their time of need, or those who betrayed another Kiasyd or fae to an outside force. Every story ends with the offender's luck abandoning him in turn and often it actually turns on him. Such Kiasyd storytellers are great lovers of Greek tragedy.

Kiasyd are also among the most calm of vampires. They never anger or become agitated, though they still feel and express emotions. Even their frenzies are disturbingly silent and seemingly calm. A Kiasyd in a frenzy makes no excess noise and their facial expression barely changes, if at all. Even in Rotschreck their unearthly visages are menacingly calm.

While older Kiasyd invariably settle down to secluded havens with their stores of occult knowledge, younger Kiasyd are almost expected to be adventurous and explore to world for their first century or so. A few never really outgrow their "Indiana Jones"

stage, and other Kiasyd generally look upon them as childish. Many point to Marconius himself as an example of the Kiasyd "cycle." When he appeared in Strasbourg, he was in a flurry, constantly flying about the city. Eventually though, it seemed that his energy was used up and he lapsed into the passivity common to older Kiasyd. However, this does not account for the centuries between his transformation and Strasbourg. Most Kiasyd believe that Marconius was taken to Arcadia by his faerie allies, and it was there that he developed his Discipline Mytherceria.

Organization

The Kiasyd are nearly as informally organized as the Gangrel. There is no hierarchy among members, *per se*, but respect is due Elders. Kiasyd do no order each other around -- even Marconius does not -- but they do give each other "suggestions." It is considered rude to not give at least some consideration to the requests of a fellow.

The only really close intra-Clan relationships are between Sire (or mentor) and childe (or student). This bond lasts throughout the Kiasyd's unlife, and sire and childe often visit each other, if they don't live in the same city already.

Current Activities

Breaking with normal Kiasyd behavior, Marconius seems to be stirring in Strasbourg. Since the early seventies, he has become more and more active, taking a tighter grip on his city, despite renewed attempts to retake it from bitter Ventrue. Marconius has reportedly sent many Kiasyd out, looking for lore on Gehenna and the End Times, which he refers to as "Winter." By his side constantly now are three changelings: a pale, thin woman who never speaks; a child of such striking beauty that Toreador have traveled to the city on the mere rumor of her appearance; and an elder man of African heritage who has expressed powers remarkably similar to the Kiasyd's own Mytherceria Discipline.

All Kiasyd know that something is stirring Marconius from his passivity in Strasbourg, and many are worried. While most Kiasyd have increased their travels of late, meeting more and more with their fellows and the fae, many have become even more insular, retreating into their havens, coming out only to feed and scare off intruders. Even fellow Kiasyd have been turned away, something that up till now has been totally unheard of.

Appearance

The Kiasyd undergo a dramatic and violent change upon the Embrace, growing anywhere from six inches to two feet in height and becoming nearly painfully gaunt and thin. Their skin color pales beyond belief and becomes almost translucent. Kiasyd skin is so white that it is nearly reflective; sometimes it even seems to glow faintly, especially soon after feeding. Their eyes become more oval and darken to ebony, losing any sign of a pupil. The cartilage and fleshy tissue in their ears, nose and cheeks seems to crystallize, becoming more angular in form and smoother in detail. All the little wrinkles in the skin smooth out, adding to the alien effect of the skin's color. The ears distend slightly, almost gaining an elfin point. The fingers and toes also extend, becoming inhumanly long and thin. The Kiasyd's hair also changes, becoming fine to the point of feeling like rich silk. Even the smallest movement of air can send the Kiasyd's fine tresses tossing in the wind. All of this adds up to create a unearthly and fey beauty about the vampire. Those who see a Kiasyd's true form are often entranced by it, and none mistake it for a human.

All of these changes occur rapidly, usually within the first night of two after the Embrace. The neonate must be locked up during this time, because the transformation is excruciatingly painful to endure. The newly dead vampire suffers uncontrollable fits of frenzy during this period of change. Rage and sadness sweep through the Kiasyd as she flits from one madness to another during this time, following no set pattern. Some never recover from this and must be killed out of mercy.

Fashion among the Kiasyd is a mark of true style. Most prefer dark clothing, and many wear expansive cloaks, outdated as they are. There is a distinct taste for the Victorian in the wardrobes of many Kiasyd, and the average goth would be right at home in a Kiasyd's clothing.

Havens

All Kiasyd, even the young ones, maintain at least one permanent haven, and some of the older ones often have several scattered about the world. Most Kiasyd are rather sedentary and stay in the same haven until it begins to fall apart. The haven is always roomy enough for guests, since although the Kiasyd are very solitary, they often visit each other.

Among the younger Kindred, library and university basements are prized. Elders prefer castles and old ruins, often constructing vast underground networks of stone tunnels, often enlisting faerie aid. Either way, Kiasyd almost invariably choose to live and sleep below the ground, preferably in stone constructs.

Backgrounds

Potential Kiasyd are generally chosen from the polite *ingelligensia* of humanity. Scholars, scientists, nobles, and the affluent are common candidates. Kiasyd have been known to Embrace less intelligent people, generally if they are desperate for vampiric

power to defend against some threat. Although there is no control or regulation on Embracing, few Kiasyd stray too far and only a fool would give eternal life to a rude and vulgar boor.

Character Creation

Most Kiasyd have Dilettante or Scholar concepts. Their Natures and Demeanors are often wildly different. Their Demeanors are commonly odd and abnormal, but their Natures are generally calm and deep. Mental Attributes are almost universally primary, although high Manipulation ratings are also common. Knowledges are generally primary as well, especially Academics, Occult, and all the Lores. Common Background traits are Resources, Contacts (often gained in their "youth"), and Generation. Aside from Clan Disciplines, the Kiasyd are quite fond of Potence (from the Lasombra heritage), Auspex (the better to receive visions and to pierce fae glammers), Thaumaturgy (from their love of the occult), Chimersty (although few ever gain to opportunity to learn it, Ravnos love to taunt and tempt them with it), and Necromancy (another way of gaining information, although Kiasyd necromancers take a much more polite method than the average Giovanni). Many Kiasyd also have the Eerie Aura flaw or the Faerie Blood merit.

Due to their trucking with the fae, many older Kiasyd pick up more than just Faerie Lore, some actually learn many odd Knowledges. *Faerie Mechanics* (called *Gematia* in the Nocker Kithbook, for those with access to it) allows for bizarre mechanical creations that defy logic, producing strange, preternatural effects. Sadly, such machines require highly developed Mytherceria to function fully and they inevitably break down, especially when under scrutiny or stress, and often malfunction rather *spectacularly*. *Gremayre* is another Knowledge that details even more exacting fae lore than the Knowledge Faerie Lore. *Gremayre* requires direct fae tutelage, and only those with the Fae Blood merit (kinain) can learn it, since it taps into their inner natures. The Kiasyd (and the fae) use it when creating Oaths or interacting with fae magic or chimera. Finally, *Kenning* is talent that comes naturally to the fae (and as a background to the kinain); a Kiasyd, however, is not so lucky. An Elder with Mytherceria 6 or above *may* develop Kenning as they would another talent. The effects are similar to always having Mytherceria 1 *Fae Sight* on at all times. Roll Perception + Kenning to see if the Kiasyd notices the fae nature of faeries she meets (average difficulty of 7), or powerful faerie glammers or enchantments (difficulty 8). The difficulty can vary drastically based on many factors (For those with Changeling: the Dreaming; Glamour rating, Banality, any Arts active, etc.), it is really up to the Storyteller.

Disciplines

Mytherceria, Obtenebration, Obfuscate

Weakness

The Kiasyd's strange appearance, while it may be unsettling and disturbing, does not limit their appearance. In fact, it often enhances it; their otherworldly quality causing many to consider them quite beautiful. Many among the Toreador and the darker Sidhe have found the Kiasyd to be alluring lovers.

It is from their fae nature that the Kiasyd derive their weakness. *Cold Iron* (unwrought and pure) causes quite a problem for them. Being around it increases all Frenzy difficulties by one (Rotschreck difficulties increase by two). Touching it causes an immediate Rotschreck roll, and also causes 1 health level of damage per turn (soakable only by Fortitude, but it is not aggravated). Actually being damaged by a cold iron weapon causes aggravated wounds.

Cold iron, specifically, is iron that has not been melted down during its working, which means that actual cold iron is really, really rare. Steel, and all alloys, do not count because they are not pure and have been melted (part of the alloying processes).

Preferred Paths of Enlightenment

Like most vampires, most Kiasyd retain their Humanity, despite their traumatic Embrace and their aloof nature, most Kiasyd still feel somewhat human. Average ratings float from 4 to 6.

There are, however, some darker and more extreme Kiasyd who follow Paths of Enlightenment. The Path of Caine and the Path of Metamorphosis are the most common Paths, although walking down those require the abandoning of Self-Control for Instincts, and many Kiasyd frown on that. Path followers retort that they are abandoning not Self-Control, but a restraining and unnatural set of morals. Instincts, they claim, is in itself a better form of control, since it acknowledges the true nature of being a vampire. The eldest of the Kiasyd are rumored to follow a stoic path, whispered about as the "Path of the Scorched Heart."

Quote

Off with you, child. Your lack of manners bores me, and I am not one to trifle with. Return to your meaningless manipulations and disturb my solitude no more.

Stereotypes

The Sabbat: The sires of our sires now lead this rabble, having fallen from any dignity and thrown away all their manners. They turned their teeth toward us during their petty war with the Camarilla. They have not done so since.

-- The Arcadian, Elder Kiasyd

"The Kiasyd are demons clothed in flesh. Trust not their nice manners and polite smiles and 'How do you do?', they are maddened freaks behind their careful facades, and they are more than willing to twist your reality into any hell which pleases their whim. Malkavians with the blood of faeries running through their veins, the darklings could put one of the madmen to shame with his tricks."

-- Paulo, Lasombra priest

The Camarilla: Petty children. How they fear the tread of their parents' feet by their door at night, all the while plotting mischief when they think no one is watching. Behind their false dignity and pathetic attempts at order and culture lies a void. At least the Sabbat is honest in their dealings; to them you are dinner. To the Camarilla, you a tool called "friend."

-- Albertus, Kiasyd Inconnu

"They are under our dominion, as are all Kindred, but they deign to remain aloof and distant. Perhaps that is for the best, but when the End Times come, they will have no shelter."

-- Folken, Tremere Noddist

The Inconnu: The few who understand, at least somewhat. The Jyhad is meaningless. The Camarilla-Sabbat War is meaningless. The Anarch War is meaningless. Detect a pattern?

-- Davis, aspiring Kiasyd Golcondist

"Often the odd ones out, the Kiasyd are deeper than they seem. Behind their smiles and manners lies a deeply unfathomable and inhuman nature. All Kindred are no longer human; the Kiasyd are no longer of this world. The superstitious called the fae the "Fair Folk" because they wanted to avoid their inhuman and illogical ire. Similar logic fares one well with these creatures of two worlds."

-- Salius, Ventruue *antitribu* Monitor of Strasbourg

The Ravnos: Brothers in spirit if not in blood, these tricksters delight in playing with us. They *always* know more than they are telling, don't forget that. Do, however, extend them the courtesy you would a sibling, but trust them as much as you would rival relative. Older in blood and younger in spirit, the Ravnos still have a tie to the fae that is a mystery to us.

-- Isanwayen, Hindu Kiasyd Occultist

"Mysterious as they are odd, the Kiasyd are an enigma, and an extremely entertaining one at that. They seem fascinated by our powers of illusion, and they will go to great length to learn it. Beware toying with them, however, for they have the luck of Hanuman himself. Things always seem to go their way and they always know more than they let on."

-- Talos, Ravnos ancillae

The Malkavians: Madness does indeed grant them insight into the world behind the world, but they seem incapable of expressing their knowledge. Listen and watch the madmen, and take their words to heart. Hold the speaker close, however, and you embrace their madness. They seem fae-touched at times, but they are dangerous as well. Play with fire and risk getting burned. Play with a Malkavian....

-- The Arcadian, Kiasyd Elder

"They keep a tight grip on their minds. Control is precious to them. Very, very, very precious. They forget that that which is most precious is most easily lost."

-- Thomas the Thomas, Malkavian psychologist

The Fae: Gruesomely tied by blood as we are, we share a long history and a longer tie. Do not treat them as if they were one of us, they *are* one of us. Extend them every courtesy and favor. They, like us, are more than they seem to the naked eye. Changelings can hide within the most mundane of shells, and their powers of misdirection and trickery are second to none. With the Sluagh and the Nockers, we keep close ties, as our interests often coincide. They are often quite surprised by our nature, for some reason it seems that the mere presence of "normal vampires" is painful to the fae-born. As an aside, Malkavians seem to share our trait of not being "poisonous" to the fae. That frightens me....

-- The Arcadian, Kiasyd Elder

"Normally I would warn you away from any leech, the weight of their years bears down upon anyone near them and they are suffocatingly Banal, but the Kiasyd are different. Like the Malkavians, the Kiasyd seem blessed by the Tuatha De Danaan. They possess fae blood and can even affect the Dreaming, but they do not suffer from the same Bedlam that wracks the others' minds. Beyond even this, they are possessed of manners and etiquette that even our fae brethren often lack. Were they still not vampires, I would call them "Sluagh" and "brother" and be done with distinctions."

-- Dalain, Sluagh medium and advisor to High King David

Merits and Flaws

Geasa

(1-5 point flaw)

You begin the game with a *geasa* of some sort (and not the 6th-7th level Mytherceria powers). Either a Ban or a long-term quest, it may be a family debt or a duty imposed upon you (fairly or not). The difficulty or imposition of the *geasa* depends upon the

level of the flaw. Something minor (a ban against harming animals, a requirement to give to charity) would be worth only one point. More difficult *geasa* (a ban against sleeping in the same place twice, a quest requiring you to help everyone who asks for aid) are worth more points and affect your entire life.

Surreal Quality

(2 point flaw)

From Changeling: the Dreaming 2nd Edition

There is just something alluringly *odd* about you. Most Kiasyd look odd, but you seem to draw people to you, even if Obfuscated to look normal. People will walk over just to start a conversation with you, or choose you over another for a victim for one form of crime or another...

Chimerical Magnet

(3 point flaw)

From Changeling: the Dreaming 2nd Edition

For one reason or another, chimera actually like you, *a lot*. Chimera never leave you alone; they constantly tamper with your life. Dangerous faerie spirits will always attack you first. The cloud of malicious spirits surrounding you will make you the butt of constant pranks.

Spirit Mentor

(3 point merit)

From Changeling: the Dreaming 2nd Edition

Some spirit has decided that you are sorely in need of teaching. Whether chimera or another kind of spirit, the creature has become a mentor figure to you. While it may employ minor effects after a great deal of exertion, its main role is as teacher and advisor. Possible natures for the spirit include "helpful" chimera, ghosts, nature spirits, totems, etc. Characters with this merit must take the Mentor background to gauge the usefulness of the spirit's knowledge.

The Bard's Tongue

(1 point flaw)

From Changeling: the Dreaming 2nd Edition

You speak the truth, uncannily so. Things you say tend to come true. While not an ability at blessing or cursing, and not under conscious control, you will spew forth and uncomfortable truth about someone once per story. To avoid this, you must spend a point of Willpower and take a Health Level of damage from the strain of resisting.

Sidhe's Curse

(4 point flaw)

Kiasyd with this flaw are closer to their fae natures than their fellows, but instead of gaining power, they gain a susceptibility to Banality (see Changeling: the Dreaming). You have a Banality rating like any other changeling and can gain Banality in just the same way (killing fae, destroying chimera of faerie treasures, spending too much time with other old vampires) and if you ever reach 10 permanent Banality, your faerie soul dies and you lose all ability are Mytherceria. Then things *really* get bad when all your pent-up "karmic balance" from ages of fate manipulation comes back to haunt you, with a vengeance.

Changeling Ties

(3 point merit)

You have significant contacts in faerie society. Whether you're well known among Sluagh circles or the local Nockers, you have close friends among the fae. You can call upon aid and favors, but so can they....

Bedlam

(2-4 point flaw)

You are afflicted with *Bedlam*, a special breed of insanity brought on by too much exposure to the fae. For 2 points, you suffer minor hallucinations: color changes, hearing whispers, etc. For 4 points, the hallucinations and delusions are greater: the character believes he is in a fantasy realm, delusions of grandeur, acute paranoia, etc. There is a third threshold of Bedlam, but the effects are too debilitating for a starting character.

Playful Shadows

(1 point flaw)

The shadows you summon with Obtenebration don't *quite* do what you want them to. They don't actually disobey, *per se*, but neither do they behave. Possessed by mischievous chimera, the shadows will act on their own and perform whatever pranks they can. Tentacles will move objects or trip up allies. Cloaks of shadow will cover and muffle your mouth during an important speech. Nothing actually dangerous, but certainly inconveniencing.

Ravaging

(7 point merit)

The Kiasyd can rip energy from mortals, living off their Glamour instead of blood. After forming at least a loose relationship with a mortal, the Kiasyd may roll Willpower (difficulty 6) to rip Glamour from the victim. Each success counts as one blood point gained (although the victim doesn't lose blood). For days (a number equal to the blood points gained) after the Ravaging, the mortal will be uncreative, passive and Banal. Seelie fae will *not* look kindly on a routine ravager. The Unseelie are a different story, however. The character must choose the method with which they rip Glamour, such as destroying love or hope, or causing despair.

Dexterous Toes

(1 point merit)

From Kithbook: Sluagh

Your toes were so lengthened by the Embrace that they are now prehensile. You can use them as a second pair of hands, just as well as you could if they actually *were* hands.

Prehensile Tongue

(2 point merit)

From Kithbook: Sluagh

Your change during the Embrace had some *very* strange effects. You grew a two-foot long, prehensile tongue. While virtually useless in combat (this is not Serpentinis two), this can be used to utterly disgust opponents.

Recluse

(3 point flaw)

From Kithbook: Sluagh

Beyond the normal Kiasyd proclivity toward aloofness, you nearly have a phobia about leaving your haven. Feeding is hard enough, but it takes a Willpower roll (difficulty 6) for you to leave your haven for any other reason. You are only truly comfortable at home, by yourself and suffer -1 to all dice pools unless you succeed in another Willpower roll.

Vibes

(4 point merit)

From Guildbook: Oracles

You get an instantaneous -- and usually accurate -- gut feeling about anyone you meet. There's no detail involved, just a visceral reaction as to whether someone is good news or not. Obviously, this involves asking your Storyteller for a reading. Just remember, the Vibes you get on someone are usually correct, but not always. Over-reliance on this merit can get you in very deep trouble indeed.

Bearer of Bad News

(1 point flaw)

From Guildbook: Oracles

Some Kiasyd are die-hard pessimists. They are quick to mention dire fates and consequences to any and all who will listen, but are loathe to say anything pleasant or uplifting. "Seek and ye shall find" is the best advantage a Bearer of Bad News can have. With an eye for gloom and doom, it's no wonder they find it so readily. With this flaw you are at -2 difficulties on all rolls to see something awful in the immediate future (via Mytherceria 3 or Auspex or whatever). On the other hand, you are unable to mention something good you see, even if the vision benefits you as well.

Rule of Three

(2 point flaw)

From Guildbook: Oracles

The root of the Wiccan faith -- "Whatever you do will return unto you threefold," -- is true for both positive and negative energy. You are cursed/blessed with this flaw, and everything you do reverberates back to you with three times the oomph you put into it. This flaw carries with it huge risks as well as some rewards. For, while all good you do gets showered back upon you, any harm that you do returns as well. As for the consequences of committing diablerie....

Serendipity Reversed

(3 point flaw)

From Guildbook: Oracles

You are always just in the *wrong* place at the *wrong* time, despite the legendary Kiasyd luck. You're the first vampire the mortal hunter decides to take out. You are the one the Prince always sees first when he's in a bad mood....

Kassandra Complex

(5 point flaw)

From Guildbook: Oracles

As punishment for spurning the love of Apollo, Cassandra received a devastating addendum to her gift of Sight -- no one would believe any of her predictions. No matter how accurate the reading, how clear your vision, or how often you have been proven correct in the past, your word carries no weight with those around you. Obviously, this flaw requires the full cooperation of the other players.

Speaking in Tongues

(5 point flaw)

From Guildbook: Oracles

When receiving a vision, your ability to communicate it is lost. What manages to emerge from your lips is horribly garbled, mangled to the point of incomprehension. The style of gibberish can be anything from ancient dialect no one knows to a mish-mash of different languages all strung together to a nonsense babble of hysterical sounds. Only one thing matters, though: In essence, no one can understand the divination, and thus no good can be extracted from it. Any attempt to transmit the content to the vision, whether written or spoken, falls prey to this misbegotten glossollalia. You can still act on what you've seen, but others may not understand what you're doing, and your explanations will do you no good.

Déjà vu

(7 point flaw)

From Guildbook: Oracles

You are destined to repeat the same thing over and over again. A snag in the loom of fate has caught your thread and warped you into a knot that is inescapable. You are doomed to find yourself in the same situations again and again, regardless of the choices you make. This is a very frustrating flaw.

Echoes

(2-5 point flaw)

From Changeling: the Dreaming

Your faerie connection is stronger than others. As a result, you are more susceptible to old wives' tales of things which traditionally affect faeries.

For two points, salt thrown over the shoulder will ward you off and negate your Disciplines. You may physically attack them, but no supernatural abilities will work. Anyone knowing your true name may demand three services of you and you must follow the word of the command, but not the desire.

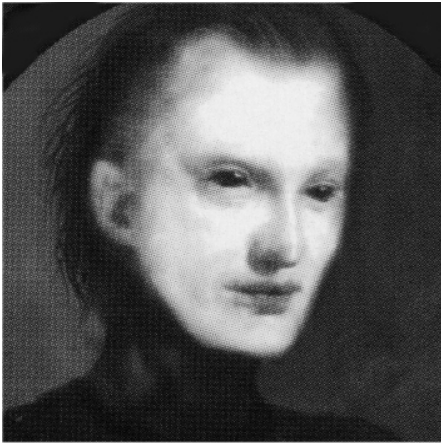
For three points, you may not enter a home without invitation, unless you perform a small favor for the residents. However, the invitation may come from anyone. Cold Iron in a residence will bar you from entering the place under any circumstances. Religious symbols of any sort will prevent you from physically or magically affecting mortals. The sound of church bells cause you pain, just like Cold Iron (but only pain).

For four points, four leaf clovers have the same affect as religious symbols. If *you* pick up a clover, it will bring you good luck (cannot botch or gain the favor of someone powerful, etc) so long as the leaves remain intact. A mortal wearing his coat inside out is invisible to you. You may not cross running water, except by a bridge. Religious symbols repel you from mortals wearing them. The shadow of a cross causes a health level of damage per a turn of contact. Standing on holy ground causes one level of damage per turn as well.

For five points, mushrooms grow wherever you live, no matter where it is (they'll grow out of plush carpets). Chimerical creatures and other spirits can affect you with impunity, although you cannot necessarily see or affect them. Difficulties regarding things involving mystical interaction (Disciplines, etc.) with the fae or the Dreaming are reduced by 2, although those wearing cold iron or religious symbols are immune to your influence. You must make a Willpower roll (difficulty 7) to enter holy ground. Even if you succeed, you still take damage.

Every level of this flaw includes the previous ones as well. Buying the level 5 flaw makes you subject to *all* of the above.

Kiasyd of Note



Marconius

Sire of Bartholomew. Originally a Lasombra, was changed by the "Blood of Zeernebooch" in 439, and is the ancestor of all Kiasyd. Prince of Strasbourg, France, since late middle Ages.

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LIFE AMONGST THE UNDEAD:

KAMIAN NAGARAJA

By J.D. Carriker, Jr. (oakthorne@hotmail.com)



INTRODUCTION

The exact time of my life I now consider irrelevant. Suffice it to say that I was born mortal, in the city of Calcutta. Surrounded by the opulence of the Maharaja's palaces and pavilions, I was still discontent. It was unseemly for the son of nobility to wander the streets, especially that place we called the Screamstreets for the undying echoes of screams, moans and insane laughter. The dead were everywhere...but so were the living. It was a testament to the city's treatment of the poor and downtrodden that one could not tell the two apart. I hated my own life, but did not want to live theirs.

No, instead, I wanted to watch. To observe. I wanted to see them live...and see them die. I wanted to watch as vast sections of the city gave way to decay, to watch as even my father's castle rotted and he decayed in an opium-ridden stupor. I heard the whispers from the servants. They said that I did all kinds of things--fornicated with the dead, killed children and even ate dead flesh. My response was that I was the son of the Maharaja and answerable to none. You will note that I denied none of it.

Then I met the one called Abmen-Takal. As I was reviled by the common folk, so he was feared. Called the Lord of the Screamstreets, Abmen-Takal decided to speak to me one day as I passed him.

I had mistaken him for a corpse, so gaunt and withered was he. It wasn't until I saw his eyes that I knew he was more alive--and yet more dead--than any I had ever met. I went to live with him and he told me of great and marvelous things. He told me of another land, called the Land of Shadows where the spirits of the dead are. He told me of the Children of Kali, the blood drinking dead. I stayed with him for ten days and nights, and we stopped talking only long enough to sleep and eat.

Then came the day when my father's soldiers burst in upon us as we sat on the dirt floor of his dwelling. Without a sound and with nothing but a gesture, Abmen-Takal slew the men. He then told me I should return to my father's home. With heavy and bitter heart, I did so. My father was too stupefied on the thick black opium he loved so well to notice that I was back, but my father's chancellor scolded me. I struck him and smiled as I watched him crumple.

When he awoke, he was tied to my bed. Without further ado, with my sharpest knife, I began to slice swaths of his flesh from muscle and eat them--before his unbelieving eyes. I took the liberty of removing and consuming his tongue first, so as to ensure our privacy. When I was done, blood covered everything and there was a warm glow in my belly. A glow that mere plant or animal had never provided. I felt so satiated and content that I curled up on my bed, amidst the gore and hugged the chancellor's remains to me and fell asleep. I remember being strangely comforted by the man's unblinking gaze and rictus grin...

When I awoke, I found my father and several soldiers around my bed. My father looked as though he might pass out and the stench of vomit filled the room. Apparently, several of the guards had terribly weak stomachs. I sneered at them, my lips cracking with the dried, crusted blood and several of the guards retreated from the bed. My father finally did pass out. With my father's authority deprived them, the guards fled, dragging him with them, lest the horrible cannibal heir devour his father, too.

Fools. I couldn't have eaten another bite.

I remained in my room for two days and discovered guards posted there. I did not care. On the third day I awoke to find Abmen-Takal in my room, seated upon the floor beneath the window. We spoke again and he complimented me on my success. When I questioned him further, he explained that few have the peace of mind to devour a fellow man and not go raving insane. I told him that I didn't consider anyone, save perhaps Takal himself, to be a fellow. I felt that I was outside of mankind, exempt from their petty laws and morals, but also forever denied their happiness.

He took a knife from his robes and I was suddenly curious as to if he would kill me. Not afraid, but curious. He did not. Instead, he used it to cleanly slice a piece of his withered breast from the muscle beneath and offered it to me. Astounded at this great gift and show of respect, I solemnly took it, muttered a small thanks to Kali and Abmen-Takal both and brought it to my thin, parched lips.

When my teeth broke the flesh, which was tough like leather but so much sweeter than any I had ever tasted, my mind shattered. Or perhaps I should say it shattered its bonds -- and I Awakened.

EUTHANATOS

For many years did I remain with my Mentor. I learned much, about the Sacred Wheel of Rebirth and Death and of our Sacred Mission. I dealt many the Good Death, but I also dealt many simple, mortal death. Because I enjoyed it. And always did I eat the flesh of my victims when I could. Even other Euthanatos found me repulsive, but I did not care. To me they were still foolish mortals who had been fortunate enough to be made privy to a valuable secret. Like children playing with fire were they, while I was living my birthright. Any who know the ways of the Awakened will recognize my thoughts for the flaw that they were--simple hubris, common among those who Shape Reality.

I fought with the Ahl-i-Batin and the Akashic Brotherhood over the various foolishness that afflicted us all, but my heart was never in it. Rather I sought to go places to do other things and so I left the conflicts to those who actually cared for what they fought. I journeyed out of my beloved homeland and I traveled away to the West. It was in the dreary land now called England that I met the one called Inhautep. He was accompanied by a beautiful woman of pale skin and sonorous voice. For the first time in my existence I felt something other than hunger or lassitude. I hesitate to call it love, but it was not lust either. Perhaps I felt a kinship with her -- and I found out why. Like myself, she viewed the world around her as an outsider, as only a predator, above all. She was a child of Kali, or Kindred as she preferred to be called. We spoke at great length and I introduced them to the Ways of the Euthanatos. They spoke in private and finally asked me to join them in a great experiment --

The Tal'Mahe'Ra. The details of the formation of the Manus Nigrum are long and exhaustive and detailed elsewhere. Suffice it to say that I joined their Great Experiment and we formed the True Hand.

Still I longed for more. I felt so alone in my viewpoint and personage. I met and knew many Kindred and they were just that -- Kindred. Even the bitterest enemies could meet on a common ground and share a common viewpoint. The fact that they were so close together allowed them to form such intense relationships -- Love and Hate. I knew only apathy and decay.

So, I left the august assemblage of Enoch for fifty years to study and search for knowledge. Finally, in the greatest temple to Kali in all the Earth, in my birth country and home city of Calcutta, I performed a horrible rite -- one that involved the deaths of twenty Kindred and a hundred humans.

To this day, the people of Calcutta still speak of the day the Temple of Kali bled. She came to me -- my Avatar, in the form of Kali. Her terrible face and horrid tongue, stinking hair and four arms, her necklace of skulls and skirt of hands, She came before me. She threatened me with dire consequences if I continued this rite. I should lose my Magic she told me, for I would deliver the True Death to that which cannot die -- my Avatar. With a sneer on my face, I did not answer her, but instead plunged the knife into my final victim. She screamed and literally Shattered, to return no more. I was Kindred now and could join my kind.

NAGARAJA

I had trouble returning to Enoch, for much time had passed and I had no more Spirit Magic to rely upon. Therefore, I gathered my chronicles and traveled further to make myself known in the world of the Kindred. I found that simple blood would not sustain me, however. I must eat the flesh of my victim as well and this did not go over well with most Kindred. It was difficult to preserve their precious Masquerade when I must strip flesh to feed. I traveled for much time and eventually entered Torpor in southern Gaul. When I awoke, I had created the ritual necessary to open a gate into the Shadowlands and did so. The trip to Enoch was difficult and I was cast out again and again from the Tempest by the damnable Spectres.

I ended up in the peninsula of Italy, in a small township. There I met the woman called Adrianna Giovanni. She was interested in the Shadowlands and the Tempest and I told her all I knew in return for being taught Necromancy. She would have been cast out of her Clan for teaching me this valuable secret, so I told none of my tutoring. I even took her to the Shadowlands of her city, but I refused to show her the horrors of the Tempest until I could defend us both properly. I stayed with her for four decades and I formed a bond unlike any other I have ever known -- one of friendship.

Once I had gained sufficient lore in the Dead Arts, I bid her goodbye and returned to Enoch. In Enoch I found that our Great Experiment was a rousing success. The True Hand was everywhere and part of everything. We were allied with Silent Striders, Euthanatos, the Restless Dead and many other denizens of the supernatural. My one love was now the Del'Roh and welcomed me back, but she was unable to spend too much time on me or any other, for she was in a position of much responsibility. I accepted this

with far less bitterness than I thought I would. I founded my own bloodline. I have passed on the arts I was taught by Adrianna, as well as my own insight. From my previous mastery of Entropic Arts, I mastered the power of Oblivion and crafted many rituals that are used by the True Hand even now.

When the Del'Roh informed me that she wanted a link into Clan Giovanni. I gladly accepted this mission, for it would allow me to take time away from the nuances of the True Hand. So, I journeyed to Adrianna and begged to become her bodyguard. She accepted, not for need of a bodyguard and servant, but for friendship's sake. We two have become fast friends -- both so fast that we have taken to putting one another before our respective sects. To the outside world, I am her enigmatic guardian. But in actuality, we are partners and a pair of friends. And together -- unstoppable.

NAGARAJA

Long, long ago the mages of the Euthanatos Tradition experimented with the blood of the Kindred. Some of the most foolish actually managed to turn themselves into vampires without being directly Embraced. Their own manipulations of the blood, combined with their innate magical natures, produced the Nagaraja, a bloodline of cannibals, Necromancers and feared servants of the Black Hand.

The Nagaraja are unlike other Kindred in that they must consume flesh, making them among the most reviled and "unnatural" of the bloodlines. To add to this disgust, they are masters of Oblivion, the nothingness of the Underworld. The Nagaraja are also masters of Necromancy -- an art learned from the Euthanatos and Inauhaten the Mummy.

The Nagaraja engage in many strange and terrible Thaumaturgical and Necromantic experiments. They are even believed responsible for the creation of the Samedi, though they refuse to take credit for their awful kind.

Nickname: Flesh Eaters

Appearance: Nagaraja prefer black, white and blood red clothing. They commonly dress in suits, though some favor leather. They wear hooded cloaks and carry about the components needed to work their Necromancy even while in the Living World. In the Underworld, they usually dress in the ceremonial garb of the Euthanatos. They carry sacrificial daggers, in addition to scalpels and other medical (culinary) accouterments needed for removing the human flesh they must consume.

Haven: On Earth, the Nagaraja often "live" in places believed haunted, which are said to provide easier passage in and out of the Underworld. They usually keep their coffins and their laboratories (along with their food supply of cadavers) in the basement, while using the rest of the house to entertain guests and as living quarters for servants.

Background: Most of the mortals who are chosen already have an intense interest in the study of death, but not in causing death for themselves or others. Indeed, they often choose doctors, priests, cultists, philosophers and Parapsychologists. The chosen are often middle-aged, though some prefer Embracing even older mortals.

Character Creation: Most are dilettantes or professionals, though some criminals and outsiders are occasionally chosen. They can have any Nature or Demeanor, though a Deviant Nature and Loner Demeanor are the most common. Mental Attributes are generally primary, as are Knowledge Abilities. Their preferred Backgrounds include Allies, Contacts, and Retainers.

Bloodline Disciplines: Auspex, Necromancy, Nihilistics

Weaknesses: They must eat raw human flesh as well as drinking blood. The corpses must be fresh, and the Nagaraja often know rituals that preserve corpses for weeks or longer. For each night they do not partake of fresh human flesh (be it from a living or dead source), they lose one die from rolls involving their Physical Attributes. Consuming one Blood Point worth of flesh restores one die to the pool. An average human body has 10 Blood Points worth of flesh, and each point taken from a living victim inflicts one wound level.

Preferred Paths: The Path of Death and the Soul and the Path of Self-Focus are the two most popular paths among this bloodline, though some follow the Path of Lillith or the Path of the Scorched Heart.

Organization: They almost never gather together, as each member is extremely secretive. Most have invented their own secret rituals, and they are only willing to share such knowledge with others as costly boons.

Gaining Bloodline Prestige: They commonly gain prestige through discovering new understandings of art, death and magic. They also gain it through their exploration of the Underworld.

Quote: The greatest fear is the fear of the unknown --fear of death. You know not from whence you came, but I, my friend, know where you will be going, for I have been there. I could take you there, but you would not like what you would find. Your fate is inevitable, but serve my interests, and I will protect you from it for as long as I can.

NAGARAJA REVISITED

BY TIM EARNSHAW (SHAITH@DLCWEST.COM)

History

There are many rumors as to the origins of these Kindred, almost all having them created by the Tal'Mahe'Ra or as it is now known, True Black Hand, or the doing of the Euthanatos mage tradition. Those that do not mention them having strong ties to the sect and the bloodline being subservient to the sects goals. This is far from the truth of this little known bloodline, and perhaps they would like to keep the truth known only to them.

The bloodline originated much farther back in history than most realize. Far from a more recent bloodline, the Nagaraja are one of the most ancient of kindred, with only the Baali and now virtually extinct Children of Osiris being older in heritage. The first of the Nagaraja came about roughly 3000 years B.C., in the ancient city of Mohenjodaro within what is now known today as India. How these kindred came about echoes a similarity of how the clan Tremere first became kindred.

The Nagaraja was originally in ancient times a Craft of Mages. The traditions and spheres having yet not been formed; their magic reflected their beliefs; their Craft was obsessed with crossing the barriers between the lands of the living and the dead and had succeeded through their True Magic to a limited degree. They interacted with the dead much more readily than most others, and gained knowledge of how the afterlife, and the Underworld truly was; it frightened them. But as with all Mages, they were still mortal. While they could prolong their life, they could never be outside the cycle of entropy in the world completely. While they knew they may become wraiths or destroyed by Oblivion, it was not guaranteed, and their studies of the afterlife could very well be put to a halt, or destroyed much too readily being trapped in living bodies. They, as the Tremere, thirsted for immortality to keep Oblivion at bay, and were granted it . . .

Ashur, later to be known as Cappadocius, had long sought knowledge of the soul, the afterlife and death. He came upon the Nagaraja craft in his travels into the Indian continent, and thought he would finally have an answer to The Riddle. He gave his vitae to the unwary Mages, the gift of immortality, in exchange for what they knew. However, the Nagaraja did not fill their end of the bargain in full, only giving sparse, cryptic answers to his questions, half truths with half-lies knowing their survival would rely upon what they knew. Ashur left them, satisfied with the knowledge they gave, unknowing it would later become his downfall with the creation of the Giovanni, using the information given. The Mages then worked their magics on the vitae given by the Antediluvian, altering it to suit their purposes, denying Oblivion its destruction of themselves in the end -- and succeeded. The leader of the Nagaraja became the first Nagaraja as a bloodline. But with vampiric immortality came a cost; they grew smug knowing they were free from Oblivion and sought to harness it and the Underworld in their fledgling discipline of Nihilistics. They succeeded -- to some degree -- but Oblivion, as always was a voracious force, and the discipline came at a drastic cost to them.

By using Oblivion in their discipline it tainted them. The more they used the force of entropy the more its influence took hold with them until it began eating away at their very bodies. Infused with entropy, they began to weaken as it drained them. In essence they were walking channels of Oblivion on the Living Lands, and while it could not destroy them it made them easy prey for others. They found they needed to consume the flesh of others of the Living Lands more and more to keep themselves free of Oblivion's grasp lest they be subjugated by its power. Even then, as centuries passed, they found they became almost mummified in appearance as entropy robbed them. With age, as Oblivion robbed them of their human appearance, came an added hunger of not only human flesh, but that of other Awakened beings. Nevertheless they established many mystery religions and cults to keep their influence over the city and surrounding area, as well as to keep an ample supply of sustenance.

It was around this time they took the name Nagaraja to be that of their bloodline. The translation of Naga and Raja separately can mean different things to different people, but together it means King Cobra, one of deadliest of serpents in the world, and more than capable of killing the living with but a single small bite. They found it quite an apt name for themselves as well as fear inspiring. They had the population under their control with fear for their lives, their souls and their ancestors spirits for more than a thousand years. This, however, as with everything, was not to last. In 600 B.C their city of Mohenjodaro was destroyed. Human history blames the invading Aryans for its destruction as well as the city of Harappa. Perhaps it's better humans think that, for in truth it was destroyed by invading kindred of other clans lusting for control of the cities. To rid the country of as many of the intruding Cainites as possible, the Nagaraja, in a joint effort of power harnessed by the First of their kind, sacrificed the city, obliterating most of its inhabitants. They knew the city would rise within the Underworld with an abundant supply of the intruders souls to feast upon. With that the Nagaraja retreated to the Underworld, their oldest and most powerful entering torpor to replenish the power that was lost from the destruction, the others residing within the new city, leaving it only to harvest the flesh they required. Even as wars and invasions occurred in the Living Land, they knew their time to take control would occur once more when the first of them would rise again.

In their time in the Underworld they met with Inauhaten the Mummy as his essence was going on to begin his next reincarnation. The soul fragments spoke to the Nagaraja, telling them of the True Black Hand, as well as the power they could give them if they were to join the sect. A small number of their ranks did and as a sign of goodwill, Inauhtaten taught those Nagaraja the art of Necromancy. In turn, those young Nagaraja pledged themselves to serve the Hand. Not all did join; the majority did not, knowing the sect would keep too tight a reign on them. They remained within Mohenjodaro in the Underworld, staying within India to run

it as it should be. Only occasionally did the Nagaraja of the Hand come back with knowledge, and did teach those remaining Necromancy, which later became a discipline the majority knew. Fortitude went on the decline.

The Nagaraja still wait to this day to awaken and wrest control of India from outside forces, amassing power and influence within the Underworld until they can quash the intruders. Many hope they can count upon the help of other Nagaraja more recently embraced and not of their country to join the effort, as well as that of the Nagaraja of the True Black Hand so they may continue to explore the afterlife.

Nicknames

Cannibals, Flesh Eaters, Liches

Appearance

Black Leather attire is common for the younger, with funeral wear common for the older, although long tattered black robes tend to be worn by those who's human appearance has been lost. Most are of Indian heritage, although they have been embracing those from other cultures with ties to Deadland areas other than Stygia. It's rare to see a Nagaraja not carrying a pouch of some sort, carrying ritual and culinary components.

Haven

The Nagaraja tend to take havens in areas with a thin Shroud, old cemeteries and crypts. Haunted places, as well as mortuaries, are quite common. Many are making residences under city morgues.

Background

The Nagaraja pick prospective childer from those close to death or already dead, with strong knowledge of the occult, wraiths, thanatology or similar knowledge of death and the afterlife. Parapsychologists more recently have been strong candidates for becoming Nagaraja.

Character Creation

Social or Mental attributes are almost always Primary with most usually taking one or the other as Secondary attributes. Physical generally is left Tertiary although it's not rare to find a Nagaraja strong in that area.

Deviant and Loner natures and demeanors tend to be common, although Explorer and Scientist natures and demeanors have been seen as well more recently.

All Nagaraja characters should possess at least 2 dots in occult and or 1 dot in Wraith or Underworld lore; Thanatology is quite common as well. Older Nagaraja tend to have Knowledges or Talents Primary or Secondary although increasingly younger Nagaraja have had strong Skills.

Allies (Wraiths), Contacts and Generation are common backgrounds. Most elders possess Occult Libraries as a given.

Advantages

Nagaraja have the strongest ties to the restless dead and Underworld, making dealings with wraiths and spectres much easier than with most clans. As an added bonus the Nagaraja's strong ties to the dead allow them to Embrace corpses up to one hour dead, dragging the victim's wraith (or spectres in some unfortunate cases) back into the body. Those who transcended or had their spirits destroyed cannot be embraced this way.

Disciplines

Nihilistics, Necromancy, Auspex (Spirit Thaumaturgy is also quite common with them.) Most Nagaraja embraced by members from before the True Black Hand have Fortitude instead of Necromancy as an in clan discipline.

Weakness

Nagaraja must eat one point worth of fresh human, or better yet Kindred or Garou (now you know why most are loners (;) each day, or be down to 1 dice involving Physical Attributes for each day without. An average human body contains 10 points worth of flesh. Beings are down 1 health level per flesh point removed from them. It takes flesh points equal to the number of days without eating for them to be back to full strength. Nagaraja also have an unfortunate side effect of losing one Appearance dot for each century past 300 years old, becoming withered corpses as they grow older. They lose appearance as well as strength until they feed off of flesh. The appearance only returns after eating the flesh of a supernatural, and then only temporarily (one night per flesh point consumed).

Organization

The Nagaraja are not as small a bloodline as many believe, their numbers verging on a small clan throughout the world. Due to their sparsity outside India, those outside the country rarely meet each other. In India however they are very well organized, with a strong power base hidden by a number of local religions and cults. While some clans believe to have control of the country, most are purposely misinformed by Nagaraja allies.

Gaining Prestige

Gaining Prestige for the Nagaraja generally deals with knowledge. Creating new rituals involving the Underworld for Thaumaturgy, learning of new areas within the tempest and gaining lore and secrets of the dead are the most common ways. Keeping India free of outside control and undermining other clans power within the country also garner prestige with those from the country.

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This widely hated bloodline has far more enemies than it really deserves. Only seven of these Cainites exist at a time, for after a Salubri attains Golconda, she ends her existence and passes her blood to the individual she has chosen to take her place. Almost none survive for more than a few hundred years, for the Salubri consider vampiric existence to be agony. These vampires can usually pass as humans until someone notices that they possess a third eye.

Other clans perceive Salubri as murderers and diabolists of the worst kind. Princes have been known to call a Blood Hunt at the merest suggestion that a Salubri might be in their domains; the Tremere are especially known to hate them.

The reason for this animosity lies far back in the legends of the Salubri, once a small clan of the same name. Saulot, the founder of this clan, is believed to be the first of the Kindred to reach Golconda. It is considered fact that when he returned from his journeys to Asia, a third eye had opened in his forehead, giving him access to new powers no other Kindred had ever developed.

For the next several millennia, Saulot spread rumors of Golconda through Kindred society. He is thought to have had a hand in the development of Carthage and the creation of the Inconnu, though he never joined this august group.

During this time Saulot sired very few new Kindred, but those he did sire followed him on his path to redemption. It is said he created his last vampire during the reign of Caligula, and then removed himself from the company of both Kindred and kine. This voluntary separation lasted until the Middle Ages, when an order of magi managed to find Saulot lying in torpor. The Salubri say the order's founder himself tracked down the Antediluvian and sank his teeth into the Ancient's neck. The Salubri also claim their founder did not resist. After this, the order methodically tracked down Salubri descendants and slew them.

They did not slay them all, however. The older ones were actually the easiest to kill, while the ones created after Saulot reached Golconda proved somehow resistant to the order's magics. Thus the order did everything in its power to turn the world against the Salubri, hunting them, terrorizing them, and leaving them unable to use their healing powers without fear of being sought out and killed.

Despite this, the only force that manages to kill most Salubri is themselves. When a Salubri sires, she takes great effort to teach her childe the ways of the lineage and how best to protect himself. She also prepares the neonate's path to Golconda, and then commits suicide by forcing the childe to drink her blood.

Salubri believe the spirit of a vampire to be tortured, and to have no hope for peace unless Golconda is attained. In fact, they think that anyone, Kindred or kine, who is extinguished before reaching Golconda is eternally condemned to be a bound spirit (a ghost that is restricted in location or temperament, and can be summoned and controlled by mortals). The sole goal of the Salubri is to pass from this existence and thus be free.

Salubri consider it their duty to teach their beliefs to others, and take great efforts to explain "the facts of things" to others. Because they cannot imagine wishing to live an eternity of pain, they cannot imagine that other vampires would not like to listen to their words. This is perhaps part of the reason why they are so widely disliked.

These Kindred find the path to Golconda easier than do most, but even for them it is no automatic thing. Salubri sires often hide clues in books, people and places for the vampire to find. Once a Salubri has reached Golconda, he finds life easier in many ways. Besides providing freedom from the Beast, Golconda lets Kindred open themselves to Disciplines with ease. Instead of having to lower his generation to learn Disciplines higher than five, a vampire in Golconda can learn new powers with but the expenditure of experience. Thus Salubri ready to sire use the precognitive powers of Auspex to determine their childer's fate and work to aid them along the path to Golconda.

Nickname: Cyclops

Appearance: The members of this lineage are chosen from all varieties of people. Children, old men, teenagers and middle-aged women have all been chosen. Once they have been Embraced, however, they begin to develop the clan's third eye. While it is not always noticeable (when it is closed, only an eye-slit, which appears to be a small scar, can be seen), the third eye is extremely prominent when in use.

Haven: Anywhere, but their havens are usually far from other Kindred and protected by mortals.

Background: The Salubri Embrace only those who have proved themselves to be of the highest Humanity. Healers, holy men and women, and true philanthropists have all been chosen at one time or another.

Character Creation: Salubri can potentially have nearly any concept, but it is exceptionally rare for them to come from a criminal or soldier concept. Almost all have a Caregiver Nature, but they can have any Demeanor. Mental Attributes and Mental Abilities are usually primary,

but this is not always the case. All Salubri must take five dots in the Generation Background to represent their sires' sacrifice for them, and because of their problems with feeding (see Weaknesses), many have Herds of faithful followers.

Clan Disciplines: Auspex, Fortitude, Obeah

Weaknesses: Whenever one of the Salubri takes blood from someone who resists the Kiss, the Salubri loses one Health Level for every Blood Point taken. It must be healed normally (with blood). The vampire must know the target is not resisting and is at peace in order to avoid the damage. This is why most of this Lineage are either Casanovas or Sandmen. Additionally, the character must continually persevere towards Golconda; any straying from this path will lead to dire consequences (like the inability to regain Willpower). When Golconda is finally reached, an end must come to this existence when a successor is ready.

Organization: There is no organization to this lineage - indeed there is little contact between its members - but they will do anything within their power to help others of their line. This extreme loyalty is part of the reason the Tremere have not done more to wipe this clan out - the cost would be just too high. All Salubri are of eighth generation, and it is usually believed the elders were all wiped out years ago. However, rumors frequently surface that one elder or another was seen in some far place.

Gaining Bloodline Prestige: In general, they do not spend enough time with one another to make Prestige important. When it is a concern, it depends entirely on how far along the road to Golconda one is. If one has actually achieved that state, then continued existence loses all of its meaning, and while others of the lineage will still do anything for the character, they expect her to extinguish herself soon.

Quote: *"Nothing can be considered more important than the freedom of souls. Not just your soul and mine, but the souls of everyone on Earth. Thus we should consider our trials and tribulations a gift, for such freedom is impossible without overcoming adversity."*

Stereotypes:

* The Camarilla - These pitiful pawns of the Tremere have no idea of the harm they are doing the world and themselves. They want to live lives of evil but have given no thought to what that really means.

* The Sabbat - These murderers are a more traditional evil than are the members of the Camarilla, but this makes them neither better nor worse. They are blind, and in their blindness they destroy things of great value - their souls.

* The Inconnu - Many of these powerful elders know the truth about us and are willing to help us. This is not true for all, but it seems to be true for most.

SALUBRI ANTITRIBU

By connorbd@bc.edu (11 March 1996)

Description

There aren't many of these freaks around, but they're more numerous than their tiny forbear clan. A particularly tortured Salubri named Roisin embraced a British soldier in Ireland in 1882, but the soldier disappeared before Roisin could properly teach the child the ways of the Salubri. Roisin embraced another child later on, but could never track down the soldier, who ultimately fled the British Isles.

The nameless soldier's descendents resemble the Salubri only in the extra eye. These vampires see themselves as the modern heirs to the cursed legacy of the Assamites, and they interpret the idea of vampiric agony that the orthodox Salubri feel as a justification for moving all Salubri to Golconda as a justification for the wiping out of any vampire. They are a Sabbat clan through and through.

The one oddity in their bloodline is that they are immune to the cockeyed tunes of the Daughters of Cacophony.

Stereotypes

Camarilla: Blind, that's what they are. They should be crushed.

Sabbat: Hey, they sign our paychecks. IMHO they're wimps about the whole Jihad, though.

Salubri: They do miss the whole point. If vampire existence is agony, why do they continue this silliness?

Tremere: They fear us because they know we know we both have nothing at all to lose. May Gehenna take them first.

Brujah: Channel that fanaticism, which's what they need to do. We could use them.

Malkavians: You can't control that which has no control over itself. I'd just as soon see them exterminated; they are worth nothing to the Sabbat.

Malkavian antitribu: They think we're dangerous? Try dealing with one of them...

Nosferatu: Blech. Almost as bad as the Salubri, with spades of denial to boot.

Gangrel: No matter whose side they're on, they're all the same. Granola tree-hugger lupine lovers, as far as I'm concerned.

Ventrue: Poles up their asses. They *like* this life.

Toreador: I merely offer this: a very effective way to torture one of those degenerates is to sit them down in front of a Monty Python marathon. Trash they are, trash they shall remain.



Ravnos: Ooky. That's the word for them.

Giovanni: Someone ought to remind them that they're vampires. I think they tend to forget that.

Setites: Why do I think that the vampire who embraced the House Tremere was a Setite? I know it's not supposed to be the case, but I'm not convinced...

Assamites: All things considered, they're toys. We do the work they were intended to do.

Lasombra: Who do I fear? This is what you get when you teach a Ventrue what life really is.

Tzimisce: Pawns. And barely worth that. I'd rather trust a Brujah.

Samedi: They generally mean well, but from what I hear, if they only knew where they really came from...

Daughters of Cacophony: I kind of like that screeching of theirs.

Baali: AAAAAGH! Let us do our own work! They're muscling in on our territory!

Magi: Arrogant bastards. I try not to bother them.

Garou: Most vampires hate them. I simply don't care.

Wraiths: I'll believe if you will.

Changelings: Wouldn't know one if I fell over one. I can't tell a Sluagh from a Toreador anyway.

Salubri Antitribu

A recent development in Sabbat history has seen the conversion of a member of the reviled Salubri bloodline to the Black Hand. Bringing and Embracing a small, elite army of followers, this Salubri has declared a personal vendetta against the Camarilla, which he claims has sheltered murders and kin-slayers since its inception. While the Sabbat seems like a strange place for those who take offense at the destruction of elders (at least to other Sabbat) the Salubri *antitribu* seem to regard the sect's larger philosophy with only lip service. In their minds, their allegiance with the sect begins and ends with the war on the Camarilla. In the tradition of *antitribu*, the Sabbat Salubri have turned utterly away from the "clan" that spawned them, regarding their progenitors with antipathy for they consider weakness and fatalism.

The tumultuous approach of Gehenna has wrought many strange events in the modern nights, not the least of which is the introduction of the Salubri to the Sabbat. While the mainstream Salubri suffer reputations as soul-stealers and diablerists, the Salubri antitribu have put the nigh-incomprehensible practices of that bloodline behind them. With a rage borne of centuries of persecution, the Salubri antitribu have developed a consuming hatred for the Camarilla and joined forces with the Sabbat to bring about its destruction.

The Salubri antitribu have existed among the Sabbat for a mere handful of nights, and probably little before that. During this time, however, they have made names for themselves as vicious opponents of the Camarilla, whom they blame for the destruction of some powerful vampire somewhere back in their lineage, whose name has been forgotten in the modern nights. They have little love for the philosophy of the Sabbat, choosing to ally themselves with the sect out of martial necessity rather than subscription to the grand scheme. The Sabbat will take any soldiers it can get, however, and the Salubri antitribu know how strongly the Sabbat despises the Camarilla.

The Sabbat Salubri have made bold claims as to their effectiveness, saying that they have destroyed the cabal of sorcerers who brought about their bloodline hero's demise. (The name Salubri antitribu is a bit of a misnomer, as the Salubri do not have a Third Generation progenitor, but this matter is one of semantics and - if brought to the Furies' attention - histrionics.) They profess to have taken the war to the Camarilla, which they claim has hunted and persecuted them for close to a millennium. Spurred on by vengeance, Salubri antitribu have little time to pursue the rumors of Golconda put forth by the cowards of the bloodline from which they split. Indeed, non-Sabbat Salubri supposedly give themselves up when they Embrace a new childe, sacrificing themselves so that the childe may have every advantage she can get. This "sacrificial lamb" metaphor offers little to the Salubri antitribu, who reason that the flawed shall fall in battle while the strong uphold the clan's private Jihad.

The Salubri antitribu serve the Sabbat as reluctant warriors, easily distracted by their own internal quests. The rest of the Sabbat considers them anomalies, useful allies in times of war, but intolerable proselytizers when not in combat. To the Sabbat Salubri, this is fine - unlife is a hell of endless torment, ameliorated only by glorious death or victory in battle.

Vitae taken outside the heat of passion offers no sustenance to the Salubri antitribu, nor does blood given freely. Unless the Fury takes blood by force, drinks in the throes of undead passion or slakes her thirst on a fallen foe, any blood points she consumes do not replenish her blood pool. Additionally, no Salubri antitribu may start the game lower than tenth generation or higher than twelfth generation, as the bloodline's vitae has yet to spread across the broader spectrum of Cainite potency.

The History of the Salubri

By Kenneth Madsen

"Fear not for the suffering you will be made to endure!
The Devil will imprison some of you, to test your determination.
Be faithful until death, and I will give you the wreath of Eternal Life"
- Revelations 2:10

And so the Clans fell upon Us
They drove Us from Their cities
Hunted Us in the night
And named Us criminals and murderers

Why did They do this, many of Us ask?
Why were We accused of spilling the Vitae of Our Brothers and Sisters?
Why were We accused of burning Their Temples?
Why were We accused of murdering Their servants?
We who desire only serenity

We spoke gently to Them of Their mistake
They answered with wood, iron and fire!
We left Their Domains and abandoned Them to Their anger
They hunted Us beyond Their Domains wielding Their anger like torches!
We desired only peace

Some of Us tried to show Them Their erroneous ways
They were destroyed!
Some of Us set afire Their own Anger and fought Them in battle
They were destroyed!
Some of Us went to sleep in the Earth Mother
They escaped!
Some of Us believed Their accusations and killed themselves by the hands of Their Childer
They are fools!

And finally some of Us wanted to know Why
We became as silent and as unnoticed as the Shadows
We watched
We heard
We learned
We know
and We live still!

- Excerpt from the Scrolls of Salubri: the Book of Nights not Forgotten

The Salubri have become hated and feared throughout the World of Darkness because of the lies and machinations of the Baali and the Tremere. They were healers and the Keepers of Golconda. Thus they were a threat to all the values which the Baali held dear. They knew what Tremere did to their Founder. Thus they posed a threat to the newfound power of the House of Tremere, which would later become the Clan Tremere. But although the Clans believe these "criminals" to be almost destroyed, but that only proves how well the Salubri's own Masquerade functions. They are not destroyed, true enough, many were destroyed by the pogrom which the deeds of the Baali caused, Saulot was slain by Tremere and the Magi of the House of Tremere managed to track down those Elders of the Salubri Clan who no longer desired to exist. But just as True Evil can never be truly extinguished, so neither can True Good.

Open now the pages of History and learn what have truly become of the Salubri:
The Past of Shadows According to certain fragmented passages from the Book of Nod, Saulot the Healer was Sired by Enoch First-Ruler, First-born of Caine. When Enoch followed his Father into the Land of Nod to make him return and stop the atrocities which his Childer and Grand-Childer committed.

Long did Enoch First-Ruler wander in the hellish wasteland of the Land of Nod, hiding at day from the piercing Rays of Raphael, the Arch-angel, the Driver of the Sun, the Ward of the East and at night feeding on the creatures of Lillith, the Wife of his Father Caine. Disgusted by the crimes he and his brethren had committed to drink Vitae, Enoch had sworn never again to take nourishment from the Children of Seth's House.

But for each drop of animal Vitae Enoch drank, his Hunger grew. Each time he denied the Curse of Uriel, the Angel of Death, Enoch's desire grew. The Beast rose in the First-born and drove him through the sands of the desert in search of prey. He came upon an oasis where a mortal man was sitting, allowing him a rest and his camel's water before the travel continued. Enoch came rushing from the darkness like a Beast of Legend, and the man only had brief moments to wonder why his camels were fleeing into the desert in a panic. Then Enoch was upon him and his life's Vitae was rushing from his body at the pace of a Great Desert Storm. Only when the last of the mortal's Vitae passed the stony lips of Enoch, did his Hunger release its grip on his soul and he looked at the face of his victim.

The man had a gentle face, on which was visible a compassion and a gentleness which rivaled the divine light which shone from the eyes of Gentle Gabriel, the Lord of Mercy. Enoch wept tears of deep red for the breaking of his own oath, and for the shame he felt at having ended the existence of such a gentle creature.

He was weak from the years of wandering, and this weakness combined with a desire to talk with another thinking creature, made Enoch share his Vitae with the man and thus Saulot became the Childe of Enoch First-Ruler. Saulot was a philosopher and a gentle soul. Enoch spend an age with his Childe, feeling a measure of happiness for the first time in what felt like an eternity. He treated his Childe with the respect of a brother and spoke with him like he would with an equal man. Saulot was a great comfort to Enoch, and just as Enoch did learn Saulot many secret things, so did Saulot possess wisdom which was a Sweet Vitae to the First-born.

But even the gentle manner of Saulot was no match for the Beast which lies ever waiting within the breast of the Ancients and their Childer alike, a Beast seemingly more powerful the closer the Cainite is to the Great Father. Enoch watched helplessly as Saulot began to display the same behavior, which had driven Enoch to search for his Father. He watched as the morals of Saulot began to crumble like a poorly constructed house during a storm. He watched as Saulot the Healer became Saulot the Beast. Finally he could stand no more, and fled into the Land of Nod, and out of the Chronicles of the Cainites, forever.

Saulot created Childer of his own, and like Enoch his Beast loosened its claws from his soul and he watched in shame the actions of his Childer. He saw his own first-born Shaitan, a philosopher like himself, turn ever more vile and corrupt. He saw how the debate war he and Shaitan had waged upon each other for centuries began to evolve into something more. Saulot had claimed that the Curse was merely an obstacle on the path towards perfection. Shaitan had argued that while his Sire and all other Cainites accepted the Curse, he would not! He would not have a powerful curse upon him for something Caine had done, nor would he let the power which came with it be unused. If the One Above had put Shaitan and his fellow Cainites above all other creatures in Creation, then surely that position should be used to attain absolute power and thus exact vengeance upon the One Above. Shaitan seduced many of Saulot's Childer to his way of thinking, and they build a city in the lands of Kala-At-Shergat, which they turned into a Hell on Earth.

At this Saulot, like his Father, and his Father before him, he cried crimson tears over the crimes of the Cainites and walked East, into the Land of Nod and away from the hell he had been partly responsible of creating. In the wastelands of the Land of Nod, Saulot freed himself of his Beast. He regretted his actions and those of his Childer, and wanted to right what was wrong. He desired forgiveness, and to rid his soul of the Beast. In his sleep the Archangel Gabriel appeared before him, as he had before Caine, and he said unto Saulot: "Grand-son in Darkness of Caine, the Son of Adam and Eve, you alone of all your brethren has asked for forgiveness. The mercy of the Father is greater than any of your kind will ever know, for he has laid open a path for you, a road of Mercy which is known as Golconda. For those of you who desire it, they may walk on that road into the Light once more. But only those who truly seek forgiveness and salvation may find it, only those who are willing to deny the Anger of Caine. You must be the prophet for this truth! You must return to your kind and tell them of the Mercy of God. Let them know that those who seek salvation and Golconda shall find it." With these words, Gabriel kissed the brow of Saulot and returned to the Heavens.

Saulot spend a long time meditating over the words of Gabriel. He turned his gaze inwards and traveled through the darkness of his own mind, like he had long traveled through the darkness of the wasteland of Nod. He confronted his own daemons, and those send to him by the Archdaemons of Hell who had told Caine the secret of the Embrace, and who wanted to corrupt his Childer. Saulot made a tidal wave of tranquility and serenity flood his mind, and silence the voices of Those Below. He cast them out, and allowed only the gentle, yet piercing, flame of Golconda to burn within him. When Saulot opened once again his eyes to the world, a third eye opened in his forehead where Gentle Gabriel had kissed him, an eye from which shone the light of wisdom and forgiveness.

Saulot walked the East for many years before he returned to his brethren. On that journey he sought out the philosophers and enlightened of the lands which he passed through, and based on what he knew, and what he learned, Saulot came to master the Discipline of Obeah.

He returned to the Second City to witness its fall, he was horrified at the corruption which had spread throughout the Great City. Saulot sought out those of his Childer who had fallen from grace, and attempted to redeem them. Those he could not save, he destroyed!

Not willing to allow his own mistakes to spread more evil in the world, Saulot would rather risk his own tranquility than turn the other cheek.

Saulot began to spread the Word of Golconda, but it was drowned in the bloody War between the Second Generation and their Childer. With the Second City destroyed and the Cainite society in ruins, Saulot and his Childer followed the streams of people to the city of Shaitan, and saw how depraved and evil his Childer had become. He was there, when the Cainites lay siege to the city, broke through its walls killed its inhabitants _ mortal and immortal alike. Saulot also heard the whispering which began even then. Whispers which blamed Saulot and the Salubri for the fall of the Second City. If one of his Childer could create such a hell in Kala-At-Shergat, it should prove a minor matter to lay waste to a Great Cainite City. But Saulot dismissed such talk as the repercussions from the loss of their home. He made Kala-At-Shergat his new home, and began to heal the battered souls of the Cainites.

Those whom Saulot Embraced after having reached Golconda, and those whom his Childer Embraced, were all believers in his visions, and all were taught the Words of Saulot, which are still preserved in the Book of Nod, and in the Eight Scrolls:

Know you are made to be unmade
You are the white lamb
The gentle sacrifice
You are the greatest part of the bounty of Caine
And on your shoulders shall be his greatest Sin,
for alone among the children of Caine I have asked the One Above for forgiveness,
and I have been visited by the worst of the One Below's daemons
Those snakes, which bit me in my sleeping,
Those foul wyrms who suck my blood,
I learned from them to take the blackness from the blood
the wounds from the flesh
the evil from the soul.
And though I may die, you, my Childer will live on
Open they Eye, and see the world truly,
and know that what you do now
goes on to heal another generation.

- Saulot's Words: *The Chronicle of Shadows*
The Book of Nod

These words, as they were first spoken by Saulot, came to be the foundation on which The Three Philosophies of the Salubri was build

But the Baali, the brothers and sisters of Saulot's Childer and Grandchilder feared the teachings of their Father. They feared it because it would bring light where they were creating darkness, it would bring forgiveness where they were sowing hate, it would bring the peace from Above where they were igniting the flames of Below. Thus they began to commit crimes in Saulot's name, crimes which made Shaitan below his daemonic laughter from across the Oceans. Although a few of the Elders knew the truth, they were unable to prove anything and soon all the Salubri were branded as Outcasts, and hunted in every city, every land where the Cainites held any power.

Thus it came to be, that the healers became afraid of using their powers, and many could only weep in silence and secrecy as their Brothers and Sisters tore themselves apart in the War of the Ages. Saulot despaired at the ignorance of his Brothers and Sisters, despaired at the way he was prevented from healing the schism between the Generations. He saw how the Evil which the Cainites committed grew and grew in proportions as the Damned grew more and more in numbers, and foresaw that as just as the Third Generation had rebelled against the Second, and the Fourth against the Third, so would the Childer of the Fourth Generation, and the Childer of many Generations after that rise against their Sires. Rebellion would become their only possibility if they wanted freedom, as the Elders grabbed more and more power, leaving the Young with less and less influence on their own lives. The frustration grew stronger in each new Generation, as they saw the power flow away to fill the cups of the ever-thirsty Elders. Saulot foresaw a time where the rebellious Young would be so great in number, that the God-like strength of the Antediluvians would matter little _ the world would drown in blood when that happened.

Saulot thought long and carefully about this, his mind darkened by the horrible future he saw lurking. He spoke with the most intelligent and sharp members of both the Living and the Undead world, he exchanged opinions, shared experiences and finally came up with a possible solution. The problem essentially had its basis in the power-lust of the True Elders of the Cainites _ the Methuselahs and the Antediluvians. He recognized that Shaitan had permanently destroyed his chances of preaching openly of Golconda _ the Elders believed Saulot and his Childer to be responsible for the crimes of the Baali, and their Childer believed them and needed look no further than the smoking ruins of the Second City, and the horror of Kala-At-Shergat, to see that the accusations were true. Saulot believed he could remove the fears of the Cainites, by spreading the Truth from the Elders to their Childer. He knew, he had time on his side.

Eventually, the Beast would gnaw away the reason of both the Methuselahs and their Childer. Eventually, they too would become Beasts and destroy with abandon. Eventually, they too would despair at an existence which they would have to spend drenched in the blood of the innocent. Like Caine, Enoch and Saulot had before them. Eventually, they would seek a way out of their own personal hell. Eventually, they would hear of Golconda and desire the lore of Saulot. Saulot saw all this in an instant, and decided to become the soothing voice which would speak to the Damned from the darkness. He would be there when the time was right. Saulot became obsessed with the idea of how he could save his kind from the Beast. He did not for a long time, see the pain of his Childer. He did not see that they suffered like he did, at the fact that they could not speak their mind, or try to bring peace to the raging minds of the Kindred, without risking Final Death. They needed a mountain of strength, on which they could rest and heal their own wounds, but Saulot was too occupied with his pet project to notice this. He did not see that his Childer began to divide into the fractions which would later become the Three Philosophies. The Salubri needed Saulot to interpret his prophecies and his teaching, but he was not there, and thus the fractions continued to believe that they held the One Truth.

Saulot was wandering the world, and observed the Cainites from the shadows. He searched for those who would have their souls destroyed and their minds broken if they continued to participate in the petty wars of their siblings. Those who despaired, heard the gentle voice of Saulot and welcomed his teachings of Golconda. As Saulot's teachings entered the hearts of more and more Cainites, he saw a possibility to employ them against the Evil the Baali had let loose. He began to articulate ideas of a group of Elders who could spread the vision of Golconda through the ranks of the Young, and he began to introduce the Golconda-questers to each other. While Saulot pushed gently on, these students of his ways began to talk of and plan the structure of the organization which would later become the Inconnu. Some moved to the threshold of Golconda very quickly, others fell many times alongside the road, but all did they move towards the Path of Mercy. Many released some of their iron-grip on the world, and gave more room to the other Cainites, and a few began to discuss a new structure of the Cainite society. Apparently, salvation had once again moved within reach and the machinations of Shaitan and his foul brethren could be undone.

Saulot rejoiced that his plans were finally beginning to bear fruit, and saw the end of the pogrom against all Salubri. But then he had a terrible vision, in which he saw Cret the Ventrue Sorcerer plan a permanent base for the Inconnu, and he also saw how his own ideals for the group and his beliefs of Golconda were drowned in blood and sacrifices. Saulot was cast from his throne of ideals and directly into the pit of despair. In his disappointment, Saulot decided that he wanted nothing more of the world, and entered Torpor.

His Clan and his students of the newly created Inconnu were left to fend for themselves, but for most there were no question of what they had to do: the teachings of Saulot and the Path to Golconda had to be made known to the Cainites, lest they all become like the foul Baali. The Salubri began to crack under the strain of suddenly having their Founder disappear from their world, and the Philosophies began to crystallize.

Some Salubri believed they had earned the hate of the Clans, by inheriting all the sins of Caine, and they went to perfect their spirit and destroying themselves upon achieving perfection, by Embracing a new Childe and making it drink all their Vitae. Others became the prophets of the Cainites, spreading the word of Golconda and the teachings of Saulot, until they were extinguished by Baali or members of the Clans, who still blamed them for the destruction the Baali, wracked in Kala-At- Shergat. Finally, there were those who saw it as a sin to await the fangs and claws of the Clans, thus letting Evil gain even more power. Why, when they knew who were pulling the strings? Why, when they could destroy them and lead the Cainites into the light?

These three types of beliefs became The Three Philosophies, and were all based on the Words of Saulot. These Philosophies are not as structured as the Paths of Enlightenment, which some Cainites follow, but merely gave rough guidelines for the Path to Golconda. The belief for all three Philosophies was, that the Path to Enlightenment was far to personal and individual to be confined within a framework of words. If that happened, one would come to seek the perfection of the words and not the perfection of one's deeds and soul.

The Three Philosophies

The Philosophy of Ascension

"Seek in Yourself perfection and tranquility, and help others find it as well. For Golconda is not exclusively for the Children of Caine. Help the Children of Seth Ascend as well, and chose a single mortal who show great promise. When You reach Golconda, You will take the mortal under your protection, teach it the Ways of Saulot, Embrace it and pass on all Your blood to it. True, this will mean the end of Your physical shell, but know that Your soul will be free to Ascend, and You will have prepared another to follow in Your footsteps"

- Attributed to Serenna the White, now-ascended Salubri

This Philosophy is the one which is associated with the Clan. Once the Salubri has attained Golconda she commits suicide by forcing her Childe to Diablerize her. The reason for this seemingly strange behavior is, that the Salubri believes that while it would be unforgivable to create new Progeny, it would be even worse to attain Golconda and then keep other beings from walking the more difficult but infinite more promising road to Golconda by being a Cainite. They Embrace only those they find most promising, as they see the way of attaining Golconda as a Salubri as a fate which must be reserved for the greatest of spirits.

Those who hold this Philosophical point of view, believe themselves to be sinners who have been chosen to endure hell as a vampire, to help them achieve Golconda and through that Ascension. They must perfect themselves in mind, body and soul before they can achieve Golconda. They must live pure lives, in which they must overcome the ravenous thirst of the Beast by denying it any foothold. Because they have taken upon them the sins of the world, they must lead lives of complete balance. They meditate intensely and focus their mind completely on their task ahead. The followers of this Philosophy deny themselves pleasures and excesses of every kind, believing such to upset the balance of their soul and endanger their walk towards the light of Golconda. For this reason, they may seem very cold and removed from their surroundings, because they are constantly focusing upon maintaining balance.

Because of the belief the followers of this viewpoint hold, that they are the scapegoats of all Creation, they have been nicknamed "Lambs" by the other Salubri, or "Scalers" because of their constant worrying about the balance of the scale of their souls. They refer to themselves as "Ascensionites."

They also believe that they must help others toward achieving a State of Perfection, which they term the Ascension in accordance with the Philosophy of the Tradition Mages. Like them, they believe that although the Salubri are already Enlightened, they will become less than perfect if they do not attempt to guide their fellow beings unto the path to Golconda, a path which will eventually lead them to Ascension, a state of unification between mind, body and soul. All followers of this Philosophy are pacifists, who will defend themselves by escaping their enemies. Violence is an indulgence in powerful negative emotions which will upset the scales of balance, while surrendering to their enemies would be to cast themselves into a void of indifference, which would also upset the scales and stop their own Ascension and hindering them in assisting others in attaining that blessed state of being. But they may never force their beliefs upon others, only those who want to listen to their own inner voices should be offered help.

The Philosophy of Golconda

"It is Our responsibility to spread the Word of Golconda to all beings in Creation. We know, that for one to step beyond the rage and frustration in this world warped by powerful creatures, all must step beyond. We call it Golconda, the Tradition Mages call it Ascension _ even the Baali have a word for it, only it is ``Living Hell'', what we might term Descension. A Collective Higher State of Consciousness is what we strive after. All must be guided unto the Path!"

- Khunshua the Redeemer

The Salubri who follow this Philosophy, have split into two fractions. Under one they are known as "Golcondanites", but are split into the Redeemers and the Preachers.

They are all in even greater danger than the rest of their brethren, as the beliefs they preach are only a hairsbreadth away from the Ascension Philosophy of the Tradition Mages. Therefore they are targeted for ``correction" by various branches of the Technocracy who usually believe them to be Celestial Chorus Mages. Of course, when (or if) they discover their mistake, the Salubri in question is still going to be corrected as she is preaching Forbidden Words to the Sleepers, and disturbing the Reality of the Technocracy. Of course, the agents dispatched to deal with the Salubri will usually have their hands full, as these Cainites believe in defending their religion with Claw, Tooth and all the Power of Caine.

The "Redeemers", as the followers of the indoctrinating branch of the Philosophy have been nicknamed by the other Salubri, are very militant and fanatically religious about their beliefs and have been known to attack those who oppose them. They believe that all the sentient beings in this world must be brought unto the Path of Mercy, whether they want to or not. For these Salubri to attain Golconda, they must first herd all of humanity unto the Path of Mercy _ willing or screaming and kicking _ it matters not. Sadly, many such Salubri are behind the surge of Eastern religions which have flooded the Western world in the later years, recruiting followers among the weaker souls and brainwashing them into fanatical acolytes.

It does seem rather strange that these Salubri are trying to force people into a state of harmony and serenity. However, this twist of the Philosophy has been developing over the last 600-800 years and is followed mainly by the younger members of the Clan, some of the Salubri Elders believe that some Order of Tradition Mages, most likely the Celestial Chorus, have been corrupting the minds of the young and thereby gaining a very effective cover for their own activities. Other Elders argue that making Cainites run rampant with religious fanaticism and thereby harming the Kine is unthinkable for the Celestial Chorus Mages. They speak of the Dark Ones, the Mages who serve the daemons of the Netherworld, the foul Nephandi who rival even the Ancients in power. Proper allies for Shaitan and his Progeny in their attempt to destroy both the Salubri and the world. The Elders do, however, agree that Mages of some sort are most likely behind some of the mind-frame behind this Philosophy as it is very close to the system of belief the Mages adhere to.

The original Philosophy, which is still followed by some of the Golcondanites, was based on Saulot's teachings of peace and harmony. The Salubri who still follow that pattern of thought, are nicknamed "Preachers" or "Prophets." They believe that although it is very important to spread the One Truth, it must be accepted by the individual, not forced upon it in an attempt to mass-indoctrinate. For if a set of beliefs is forced upon the individual, it can never truly make the beliefs its own, and how can one achieve Golconda when living oppressed by a forced truth? The Preachers agree with the Redeemers on the fact that all sentient beings must reach Golconda before all can step on to the next level of consciousness. But they argue that the method the Redeemers have chosen, is as much a rape of the mind and soul as the methods used by Baali and Tremere Vampires.

As both groups believe in their own version of the One Truth with a fanatical zeal, it is hardly surprising that a state of almost-religious war exists between them.

The Redeemers argue that the only way to open the minds of the Sleepers, is to force them unto the correct road. The state of affairs have changed greatly since Saulot first preached his beliefs, and today (meaning the last 600-800 years) humanity has become so stagnant in their way of thinking, that the gentle methods of the Preachers are a waste of time and energy _ rude awakening is the only way!

The Preachers argue that if this is so, how can one explain the tremendous development which has taken place? They also refer to their prophesies on a regular basis, yet another way to argue that they hold the One Truth. The Preachers have an overwhelming majority of prophets in their ranks, whereas the other Philosophy followers have almost none. Saulot was a prophet, and it is only right that those who follow the One Truth are gifted with the gifts he also had _ a mark of authenticity if one will.

The Philosophy of Purification

"There are those who say that Our Founder surrendered to the Foul Tremere because he believed it to be wrong to fight. That is not even remotely close to the truth. Saulot, Our Father, chose to die because He was tired of existing in a world where all He ever saw was corruption, evil and death. A world where His ideals were constantly soiled. A world where He was constantly betrayed. But We, his Childer, have not yet despaired over this world and if We chose merely to wait for the kiss of the Tremere or Baali, who would hold high the flame of good? What right have We to die because We cannot stand the pain of Our eternal existence? What right have We to leave this world to the Baali, the Setites, the Tremere, the Wyrms- followers as a playground? What right, when the One Above has reached out and offered Us a Path of Mercy? I say unto you, take up arms against Our foes! Move in the shadows like they do, fight them with their own arsenal of weapons, but do not succumb to fighting Evil with Evil. Pit them against each other. Manipulate the manipulators. Heal the wounds they cause on their victims. Lead the innocent towards Golconda. Destroy the Enemy if You can!"

- Nahstradia, Councilor of the Ages, The Swords of Saulot

This Philosophy is held by most of the Elders of the Clan, at least those who have not tired of this world, and gone into Torpor or ventured out in search of enemies which they can drag screaming with them to the Abyss before they die the Final Death. Some of these Elder Salubri have entered the Inconnu, where they pose as Elders of other Clans, working with the small hope that things will change if more of the Elders of the Clans reach Golconda.

The rest have been battling the Forces of Evil ever since they were driven from the city of Shaitan in the lands of Kala-At-Shergat. They have entered the shadows of their enemies in order to fight from the same position as them. They have chosen to manipulate their enemies and pitting the world against them, just as their enemies have been doing unto them for millennia. They move in uttermost secrecy, leaving no trail behind for their hunters and ever creating turmoil in the world of the Children of Seth and the Children of Caine, enabling them to move in unseen and hurt their enemies from within. In many ways, they operate like undercover agents, sometimes even assuming false identities for many years in order to make as much damage as possible.

The belief of Golconda held by the followers of this Philosophy differ from that of the two others. Mainly because they believe that only the Innocent must be lead to Golconda. However, by innocent is not meant "pure from taint". The innocent are those who repent and seek true forgiveness _ those who are willing to learn from their past are ready for Golconda. Those who are not willing to learn, but continue to wallow in their crimes, deserve the Hell they get. The followers of this Philosophy also desire to save the other Salubri from their foolish ways, but since they must always watch their step, this has proven to be an extremely difficult task.

These Salubri have decided that they must battle the enemy with lies, illusion and subterfuge, thus many walk a thin line between Golconda and Beast. They have decided that they are willing to sacrifice their own serenity in the battle against their enemies and the enemies of all Creation. If they lose their firm position on the Path of Mercy in destroying an Acolyte of Destruction, that is a small offer. They believe firmly in their cause, and are almost impossible to stop once they set their sights on something. But they also know that they must never lose the True Purpose, namely that of leading the innocent towards Golconda. The battle against Evil is merely a means to secure the safety of the bodies and souls of the innocent, it is not an end in itself!

Sadly some of the Salubri forget this, getting so caught up in the battle that they do not care what happens if they can only manage to destroy their enemy. In such cases, the Salubri have little choice but to remove the Cainite from the Shadow War _ hopefully only by restraining him until he can see the errors of his ways, and find Golconda again.

These Salubri are rarely detected as Salubri by other Cainites, as they behave and think completely different from all other members of their Clan. They will fight for their ideals and the ideals of Saulot until Final Death _ either that of their enemies, or their own. As none of the other Salubri know of the existence of this Philosophy, they have no nickname. Under one they call themselves "Purifiers", but have split into two groups: the "Flames" and the "Swords", and have banded into two sects named the "Flames of Serenity" and the "Swords of Saulot." The sects operate in the Eastern and Western part of the world respectively, although they often chase their enemies unto each other's territory. The sects are organized around a religious framework. Each sect is headed by a Highpriest (the Eldest Salubri in the sect), who is advised by a Council of the Ages (composed of Salubri of various Generations), who passes down orders to a body of Priests and Priestesses (usually Elders of the 5th through 7thGenerations) who function as advisors and scholars and who are above the Templars (the rest of the Salubri who does not wish to hold positions of leadership). The Highpriest(ess), the Council of the Ages and the Priests(esses) compose the brain of the sects, and the Templars the fighting body. The sects are however by more democratic than the Camarilla and the Sabbat, being based on the leadership of the most wise and knowledgeable and drawing upon the power and knowledge of all Generations, thereby not giving all power to those who the closets to being Firstborn, as is the case with both Camarilla and Sabbat.

The sects keep a close contact to all their members, as well as to each other. They have learned that their efforts can be completely nullified if one hand does not know that the other is about to strike.

Given the religious thinking, which permeates this Philosophy, it is hardly surprising that the firmest believers in it have True Faith. Such Salubri come as a hideous shock for the Baali who encounters one, believing an easy kill to be at hand. Especially the most Ancient of the sects have this characteristic, and have often been mistaken for gods in the past.

The Shadow Wars

As Saulot entered Torpor, to escape a world in which he had seen only Evil, and Good overcome by Evil, the Blood of His Blood were left to fend for themselves. A few of the Elders followed Saulot to safeguard him, some entered Torpor tired of this world and hoping to awaken to better times, but most were left in a hostile world. The Philosophy of Ascension, the Philosophy of Golconda, and the Philosophy of Purification (and the two sects based on that particular belief) developed very quickly, giving the lost Childer of Saulot a focus which they gravely needed in a world filled with beings who desired only their destruction. Many of those who entered the "Flames of Serenity" and the "Swords of Saulot" faked their own deaths, sometimes even masking as the Cainites who had attempted to kill them, making the Baali and the Clans believe that they had almost wiped the Salubri from the face of the Earth. This is the Masquerade of these Salubri, which they call The Way of Shadows. Their enemies did not see farther into the shadows in which they themselves did stand, they saw only the Salubri who followed the Philosophy of Ascension _ Cainites who had clearly gone as mad as any Malkavian, and now followed a belief which would destroy them all sooner or later. They did not see the three eyes, which watched from the shadows and learned who the true enemy was. They did not see the Cainites in their midst who wore false names and faces. But they felt the force of the sects when they lashed out from the shadows. Blows which made them run around like ants who just had their nest destroyed, ants who screamed "The Nictuku", "The Secret Masters", "The Damned Blue-Bloods" and "The Setites." But there were also those _ immortal and mortal alike _ who felt the gentle kiss of the Salubri, as it had once been given to their Father by Gabriel, and found their way into the Light, who trod firmly on the Path of Golconda.

A few Salubri Elders chose more direct roles in the Jihad, masking as Gods and Elders of other Clans, rather than manipulating events from afar. As the practice of posing as Gods was widespread amongst all supernatural creatures, it is hard to tell who are legends, who are Salubri and who are other Cainites, Mages or Daemons. The Salubri who posed as Gods were concentrated in Sumer, India, Egypt, Greece, and Scandinavia.

Egypt

The Egyptian mythology have at least two Gods which have been positively identified as Salubri.

The Moon-god Khons from Theben, had several aspects, one of which depicted him as a man with a falcon's head crowned with the new moon and the full moon. A fairly clear reference to the closed and opened third eye of the Salubri, and the head of the falcon also tells of the clarity of vision which is attributed to many Salubri. Khons was invoked in matters of disease and healing, and was then known as Khons Who Gives Advice.

His close association with the falcon and the moon draws a clear picture of a ancient Salubri named Xalmakhar the Wanderer, who walked with Saulot when he returned to the lands of Kala-At- Shergat. That particular Cainite was said to be able to call upon the Moon for help, supposedly causing the Sickness of the Moon (i.e. insanity) in his enemies. He was also said to be able to change himself into a falcon and rip out the eyes of his enemies.

Selket was one of the four Goddesses who protected Osiris, and all the dead. Originally her name was Serket- Hetu which meant "the one who lets the throats breathe", a name which identified her as a Goddess who protects all living. She was said to have an eye which was both healing and lethal, therefore she was closely associated with scorpions and wore one on her head as a crown.

If she was able to kill with her eyes, that would make her another Salubri Ancient, namely Vistherathrica. She developed a special Power of Obeah, which allowed her to reverse the healing effects of the Discipline when the gaze of the third eye was turned upon someone completely corrupt and evil.

India

Several Salubri are believed to have involved themselves in the events which took place in pre-historic India, and several Gods and Goddesses have characteristics which points towards Salubri powers. The area which was to become India and the surrounding countries of Pakistan and Nepal, was long in an iron grip of terror and the suffering attracted the Salubri. Mysterious Cainites who all descended from the Destroyer-Goddess Kali, ruled the area with terror and bloodletting on a scale which rivaled the deeds of Shaitan in Kala-At-Shergat. The Salubri manipulated the Brujah, Tzimisce and Gangrel to attack the foul daemonic Cainites which were known as the Children of Kali.

Such creatures as Vishnu and Hanumat are identical to powerful Tzimisce, who could create ever new forms for himself, and a Gangrel Cainite who ruled the Giant Apes who lived in the area at that pre- historic time and he had a strength which was unrivalled.

The Salubri apparently took upon them guises of love, compassion and eroticism. In such forms they could more easily spread their philosophy, as well as influence the other Cainites in the area.

The wife of Vishnu the Maintainer of the Universe, who was named Shri, a Goddess of Happiness and Fertility who could heal damage done to man, beast and crops.

A Salubri named Lakshimithia had special powers over the plants of the earth, and is thought to have known a special Path of Thaumaturgy which dealt with the growth of all plants and the development of new ones. Lakshimithia is also known to have been active in Greece, where she was known as Demeter the Goddess of Fertility.

Parvati, the wife of Shiva the Destroyer in both his aspects as a fierce destroyer, a healer of souls and an amorist, is also thought to be a Salubri. She influenced the different aspects of Shiva, and held in herself both aspects of compassion and hate.

This particular personality-blend existed in the Salubri Sathiumarkha, whom Cainite legends hold was the most passionate undead ever, a being who knew only love and forgave those who did her wrong. When the Salubri was Blood Hunted and driven from the Second City, that all changed. Sathiumarkha developed a dark side, which was hate and destruction incarnate _ a dark side she was able to transfer to others by means of altering their minds and souls. But she also had a side which was love, compassion and desire, the very nature of the Salubri made flesh. Sathiumarkha invoked these sides in her husband (who is believed to have been a Brujah who was driven mad with grief when the First City was destroyed in the Great Deluge), and made him a God both feared and respected.

Sumer

From Ancient Sumer, only one Salubri is known to have played a part as a Goddess. This was some time before the fall of the Second City, and thus at least one Salubri have played a part in the beginning War of the Ages, well before Saulot and his Childer were driven from the city in Kala-At-Shergat.

Inanna was the Supreme Goddess of Sexual Love and Fertility. She was also said to hold power over life and death, capable of restoring the pure and the innocent back to life, which strongly hints at her real identity. She ventured into the Underworld where she attempted to dethrone Ereshkigal, the Goddess of Death. She was, however, defeated, killed and nailed to a wall fashioned from bones and the souls of rebellious humans. Her vizier Ninshubur divined a catastrophe, and created two mighty companions of clay who accompanied him into the Underworld in a daring attempt to rescue Inanna. Here the vizier and the clay people resurrected Inanna, tricked Ereshkigal and her minions into taking an evil man named Dumuniz in Inanna's place and returned with her to the world again.

The Salubri Methuselah Nahstradia, constantly battled a daemonic entity named Ereshkigal, and was known to have converted many Evil Men with her special abilities. She was rumored to have mastered a special Obeah Power, which allowed her to resurrect those pure and innocent people who had been wrongly killed _ either by accident or by evil deed. Nahstradia was a very sensuous woman who richly deserved her aspect as the Supreme Goddess of Sexual Love, and was supposedly able to seduce both men and women _ mortal and immortal alike _ with but a glance.

It is uncertain exactly who the Ereshkigal she battled was, as several options present themselves when guessing at her identity, as she had the powers of several legendary creatures. The most likely explanation is that Ereshkigal is fact a "compound entity" _ meaning several beings who possess similar abilities and personality traits, are crystallized into a single being. The two most prominent (an likely) beings are Eresharr and Kish'ghal'rss.

A daemonic Cainite named Eresharr haunted Sumer, and constantly threatened the safety of the Sumerian cities. She was supposedly able to call upon the Fire of the Underworld, make the sky black with flying Daemons and turn the rivers into blood. Whether this Cainite was a Baali, or just one of the many undead who bartered with Daemons in those Days Before Time, is not known.

However, another creature named Kish'ghal'rss displayed much the same abilities, but was said to rule her own private Domain in the Underworld, from whence she could send forth legions of Daemons and other minions. Kish'ghal'rss was not, however, one of the Damned. The few intact references to her, which have been found on ancient clay tablets, have words describing her which can be interpreted as Awakened or Enlightened. This, of course, suggests that Kish'ghal'rss may have been a Mage, quite possibly a Nephandi.

In Nahstradia's most famous strike against her daemonic adversary(ies), she ventured into her foe's Domain in the Netherworld, and attempted to reverse her Evil nature. She failed, and after she had been defeated in battle, she was staked and hung on a wall in her enemy's throne room where Ereshkigal could gloat over her foolish opponent. Nahstradia had foreseen this event, and had asked her closest friend how to rescue her. Ninshubur was himself of prominent magical power, and created two powerful clay entities to help him on his dangerous mission. He also staked and abducted an evil Brujah named Dumuniz, whom he brought along with him _ knowing very well that Ereshkigal would not be happy when she discovered that her favorite decoration had vanished.

The powers displayed by the clay people, are very violent and seemingly more like a force of nature, than a work of magic. Most likely the clay people are references to the Paradox Spirit Terra Firma, who manifests as a huge golem-like creature made from earth. Since both Ninshubur and Ereshkigal have natures and powers which point at possible Mages, a Paradox Spirit is very likely to appear at some point, when incredible powerful creatures battle.

Ninshubur did manage to enter Ereshkigal's throne room, where he removed the stake from Nahstradia's chest, reworked the physical appearance of Dumuniz and hung him in her place. Thereupon the Methuselah and the Sorcerer escaped from Domain of Ereshkigal, who was said to have crushed entire legions of Daemons in a furious rage when she discovered that she had been cheated.

Nahstradia is also known to have operated in India, and also in the Middle Eastern area where she had at least some part in the downfall of the Baali Diabolo, who was responsible for the crucifixion and death of Jesus Christ.

Greece

In Greece two Salubri are known to have been active. One posed as Demeter the Goddess of Fertility (see India: Lakshimithia), and the other Athenae the Goddess of Wisdom.

Demeter was both the Goddess of the Corn, but was also known as Mother Earth, as she was a Goddess of the fertility of both the earth and the women. She was capable of creating abundance and famine, barrenness and fertility. Demeter was identical to the Salubri Lakshimithia.

Athenae was one of the most powerful Goddesses in the Greek pantheon, and in her aspect as the Goddess of Wisdom she was worshipped all over Greece. Her wisdom and ability to see with clarity where others could not was legendary, as was her wily intelligence. She was renowned for sending military advice in the dreams of the great warlords, advice which would lead to a glorious, but bloodless, victory. Athenae was beautiful as the dawning day, but she remained the Virgin Goddess. This may have more to do with the standards of patriarchal society in which she was Goddess _ sharp, intelligent women were seen as a threat to the potency and power of the men _ and thus Athenae remained forever the unapproachable.

Athazanna was one of the most (if not the most) intelligent and wise Salubri who has ever existed, and her wisdom and intelligence rivaled even that of Saulot. She hated violence and war, and constantly intervened with her wisdom to settle things peacefully. Athazanna was a gentle creature who desired only peace, and she was loved dearly by her Brothers and Sisters. The Baali hated her with a venom because of her ability to settle wars and struggles peacefully, and were constantly trying to kill her. She disappeared some 1500 years B.C. and since she was never again heard from, the Baali are thought to have succeeded with their foul schemes. All Salubri wept blood for her, and the world is a much colder place without her presence.

Scandinavia

The Salubri even came as far away from their original tropical homelands, as Scandinavia. A single member of the Clan sneaked her way into the otherwise warlike and savage religion of the Vikings. Here, as in all the religions in which the Salubri have played a part, it is a Goddess of Fertility. Freya was the Goddess of Fertility, Love and also associated with the more dark Prophetic Magic, which is not entirely in keeping with her aspect as one of the Goddesses of Light. The cult which surrounded Freya had two sides, one was as the one who brings fertility to the land, the seas and the mortals, guards marriage and protects young lovers, and the other associating her with unrestrained sexuality and dark magic. In keeping with this special aspect, it seems appropriate that she had two giant black cats pulling her cart.

Perhaps this is why the black cat has been so widely associated with the familiars of witches. The magic which Freya wielded was mostly rituals which revolved around predicting the future, but she was also capable of summoning forth terrible creatures who would hunt those who betrayed their love, and laying terrible curses upon those who angered her. But as well as having this darker aspect, Freya was also a compassionate and passionate being. She cried tears of gold when she saw the cruelty of the world, yet she also gained the souls of those who died because of love. Legends state that she took many mortal warlords as her lovers, sometimes solidifying their reign until the point of their death, sometimes pitting them against each other but always bidding them welcome to Valhall. Being a Goddess of Love, Freya combines both sides of love and passion. The good feelings associated with infatuation, mature relationships and solid marriages, feelings which makes those who have them more human. And the dark feelings associated with unfulfilled love, unrestrained desire and hate, feelings which strengthen the evil in all creatures and feeds Those Who Wait.

A Salubri named Gefion was a priestess before she was Embraced, and she believed in love and hate as the prime forces of the universe. As much as she worshipped love, she also claimed that love without hate was an unbalanced thing which could only lead to corruption _ without its counterpart, the other feeling could not exist. Therefore she embraced both love and hate, making her a very powerful being, as she fought her enemies with pure emotions and understood the hearts of mortals and immortals like no other. Gefion was a very capable sorcerer, and inducing both love and hate, she also had the ability of shapeshifting and could change into any type of bird if she so desired.

The battle which the members of the Flames of Serenity and the Swords of Saulot fought, was not restrained to the activities of those who posed as Gods. The Divine Salubri (as these Ancients have been nicknamed) are merely the most visible members of sects enshrouded in mystery and shadows. What exactly the Salubri (meaning those following the Philosophy of Purification) have been responsible for, is very hard to discern _ especially since they are not very visible, and leave no record behind for other Cainites to find. They battled both the Setites, the Baali and numerous Cainites from all the Clans, mortals, Nephandi and Lupus Garou _ all who came to close to the edge of the Abyss and became champions of Darkness and Evil. But if they have fought evil and corruption since the Dawn of Time, why is the world still going to hell? One might ask such a question, and the answer lies in the very nature of the Cainites and humanity: Power corrupts! The Cainites who have held absolute power for millennia know nothing else and would rather lose their immortal soul than give away an ounce of power. They manipulate and corrupt as do humans, but since the vampire is the last link in the food chain and the predator of all other species, they have taken the power-games and corruption to new depths. As time gnaws away at the soul of the Cainites, so does noble purpose tarnish and pure thought muddle up and far too many Elders have but a thin shell of humanity covering their Beast. The Elders affect both their Progeny and the Kine, who in turn work back on the Elders. Thus the corrupt Elders extend their corrupting hand against the world to wield their influence, but as their power corrupts the hearts and societies of men, so does the world corrupt them back.

This evil cycle has been going for centuries, and the Salubri is but a faint flame in the great darkness which envelops the World of Darkness. They fight unfathomable Dark Powers. However, even if their fight is a seemingly doomed one, what would happen if they did not fight it?

But the Childer of Saulot does not stand alone as the Champions of Light; the Mummies, the Children of Osiris, the Tradition Mages, those Garou who have not lost sight of their real fight in intra-tribal warfare, and unfortunately very few of the Cainites, stand at their

side. Sometimes by chance, and sometimes as knowing allies. The Champions of Light are few of number, but strong of will and determination. That is a very small comfort for those who stand in the front of the battle, and knows the true number and nature of the enemy.

The Purification Sects maintains lines of communication to the Mummies and the Children of Osiris, as these two groups hold dear many of the Salubri's own ideals. Both groups fight the Followers of Set relentlessly, and it is a well-known fact to the Salubri, that Evil attracts Evil. The Baali are often to be found around places of suffering and corruption, and are as drawn to such places and emotions as are the Setites, and vice versa. When one begins to turn the rocks, all the slimy insects will eventually crawl out, and there are so many sorts of insects! When the fighting starts, the Salubri will hasten to the scene, often to participate _ but they also believe in observing, and often they remain in an abandoned area of battle to see who comes out when the storm settles; very often the powerful beings let their minions fight their dirty battles, and only come out when they believe that all is safe.

Disaster Strikes

Although the Salubri lived a pressed existence up through the ages, nothing shook the Clan as the disaster which happened during the Middle Ages. Tremere and his Council of Seven had all become Vampires in the year A.D. 1022, when the Magus Goratrix finally discovered the secret of immortality for which his Master Tremere had searching for. He had a special potion distilled from the blood of two Tzimisce vampires, and after a lengthy ritual, both Tremere and the Council of Seven imbibed the potion. They became immortal, but lost their Avatars. They had to begin harnessing power all over again. So while faithful servants spread the Curse of Caine throughout House Tremere, Tremere himself searched for clues to the immense power he had learned the Cainite Elders possessed. He finally discovered the Secret of the Antediluvians, and how he could come to possess their god-like powers through Diablerie. After almost a century of searching by both mundane and magical methods, Tremere had located the Havens of several Antediluvians, but he chose Saulot to be his victim, as he was seemingly the one who was least guarded. In A.D. 1133, Tremere and the Council of Seven fought their way into Saulot's tomb, where Tremere sank his teeth into throat of the Salubri Father. Supposedly, Saulot put up very little resistance, and quickly died, leaving Tremere with all the power of his immortal blood.

The reason for this, has long been a point of fierce arguments amongst the Salubri. While most agree that Saulot had tired of this world, few can see why he would want to leave as power-mad a person like Tremere with his power. Why would a being who personified Light and the Good, not resist an attempt by an evil being to steal his power?

The Ascensionites say that Saulot showed all his Childer, the One Way, by his supreme sacrifice. They believe that Saulot did not resist on purpose. He had seen how divided his Childer had become, and knew that they were disturbing the Karmic Wheel (read: the Golcondanites) by refusing to move on to the next Plane of existence. Saulot showed that his Childer should sacrifice themselves through Diablerie; in this way they could pass on their Vitae and beliefs to even the most corrupt, and give them a chance to uphold the Balance.

The Golcondanites are split into an argument between the Preachers and the Redeemers (surprisingly enough).

The Preachers say that Saulot sacrificed himself in the way he did, because he wanted to show that you can never force Golconda upon anyone. If this is practiced, they will only seek you out to kill you for taking their freedom of mind away.

The Redeemers say that Saulot chose to sacrifice himself to show what happens if all creatures are left to their own devices. If they are carefully guided along the stony path to Golconda, they will attempt to murder their saviors for simple reasons of greed for the power the Enlightened hold.

The Purifiers believe that all three groups are wrong. Saulot was tired of this world, and allowed Tremere to drain him, where he could have smashed him like a bug. But they also believe that Saulot had a plan. They argue that he was the first to reach the blessed state of Golconda, and since he reached this state of being before returning to the Second City, he must have had the most powerful and balanced soul ever. While he was in Torpor, his soul must have traveled the universe and the spheres _ finally Saulot could free it from the burden of his immortal body. The Salubri are more intimate with the dire consequences of Diablerie than most other Cainites, since they have been Blood Hunted since the beginning of recorded history. Their scholars were amongst the first to discover that the Diabolist actually drank the soul of his victim. The argument of the Purifiers continue along that line. They say, that while the common Neonate is stronger in body and mind than most mortals, his is but a child when compared with his Elders, who again are as infants when compared with the Methuselahs and finally there are the Antediluvians, who surpass all others in strength of body and mind. Where the soul of an Antediluvian must be like a bonfire against a flickering candle-light when compared with that of a Neonate, Saulot's soul must have shone as a star in the darkness when compared with the other Antediluvians.

Therefore, the Purifiers argue, Tremere could not possibly have crushed Saulot's soul as does Diabolists normally. While he may have been a powerful Magus, he had lost that power when he became a vampire, and as such he could not have subdued the power of Saulot's eternal soul. In absorbing the essence of the most serene creature in existence, Tremere must have doomed his own essence to certain oblivion. Given time, the light of Saulot would burn away the darkness in Tremere's soul, and possibly even give Saulot a

chance of rebirth. The Purifiers of course rejoice when they hear rumors, that a third eye had opened in the forehead of the sleeping Tremere.

But the hope of Saulot's return is of little comfort, in a world which just seem to grow more and more corrupt, and where Death is beginning to fold his shroud around the planet to reap the price he always gets. But the Purifiers also know that if they despair, the Baali will have won, there will be no one left on the barricades to ward off the Legions of Evil from an unsuspecting humanity, and a steadily more ignorant population of supernatural creatures. It has become easier for the Salubri to move in the shadows of their enemies, for they cast much longer and darker shadows now, and more and more chose to cast a shadow on their surroundings, rather than illuminate them with their inner light.

The Past, Present and Future Remembered

To remind them of their own history and the forces which they are fighting, the Salubri scholars of the Purifiers haven taken to write and collect the Scrolls of Salubri. The Scrolls are relics amongst the Salubri, and have the same importance to them as the Holy Bible has to Catholics. The exact number of scrolls said to exist varies, and apparently no one are exactly sure of it. What they contain is another thing entirely. The first 8 scrolls (known as the Eight Scrolls) are written by Saulot himself, and contain the most important of his teachings and the most clear of his prophesies. According to Salubri legends, Saulot wrote the scrolls before returning to the world of the Cainites, in the time where he had only just achieved Golconda. Due to their age and ancient style, transcripts of the scrolls have sometimes been mistaken for lost fragments of the Book of Nod. In fact, vast parts of the Chronicle of Secrets are rewritten prophesies taken from the Eight Scrolls. However, since Cainite history always seems to be muddled up with facts, lies and fantasies it is hard to tell if Saulot has had vast influence on that part of the Book of Nod, or if the passages in the Book of Nod may have influenced his prophesies, or if both have been influenced by something altogether different.

The Scrolls are part prophesy, part poetic recount of the Salubri history and part a philosophical tapestry woven from thoughts regarding the nature of the Salubri, the potential of humanity and the actions of their enemies. Although the number of scrolls vary, the Scrolls of Salubri are parted into four Books: The Book of Wisdom, which contains the teachings of Saulot and are entirely written by the Founder; The Book of Nights Foretold, containing the prophesies of Saulot, and those of his Progeny; The Book of Nights Not Forgotten, a huge work of poetry retracing the steps of the Salubri of each of the Three Philosophies (only the history of the Ascensionites have ever reached the world outside the two Purifier sects); and finally The Book of Thoughts, which is a not easily-accessible work of philosophy, which thoroughly dissects the world in which the Salubri exist _ both past and present.

Although transcripts are made from the original Scrolls, which are held by the Purifier sects, it is difficult to be certain what is the original script, and what has been added by other Salubri. The Children of Saulot constantly add material to their holy scrolls, making them more and more detailed, and thus closer and closer to the "Truth of Saulot". This is when the Salubri have finally learned all Saulot's lessons, and their third eye opens to see all the worlds at once for the first time. The Purifiers believe that once they achieve Golconda, they will be able to perceive the world as did Saulot. Until that happens, their vision is clouded by their weaknesses, and their vain faith in their own strength. But only some of the Scrolls are made available for transcripts, and some of them have never been looked upon with eyes which have not seen the fires of the city of Kala-At-Shergat. The Salubri fully realize, that should all the Scrolls and their contents be known, the bloodhounds of the Baali and Tremere would soon be at their doors. Thus many Scrolls are kept in secret halls in the two Grand Temples of the Purifiers, and are only available for the eyes of the most wise and ancient of the Salubri.

The Salubri of the Current Day

Philosophy: The Salubri all belong to one of the Three Philosophies _ the Philosophy of Ascension, the Philosophy and the Philosophy of Purification _ which point out the general guidelines of thought and action for the Salubri who follows them. They are loosely organized, as they are philosophies more than they are the strict rules of the Paths. Although the Salubri have Humanity as most Camarilla Cainites, their ascension and dissension are, however, determined much more through the reflection they cast in their Philosophy, than it is by the loose guidelines on the Humanity Chart.

Goals: This depends also on the followed Philosophy; the Ascensionites desires to perfect their mind and spirit, and then handing down the chance of Golconda by killing themselves; the Golcondanites are divided into two camps, one (Redeemers) who wants to force humanity unto the Path of Golconda with methods which would make the Technocracy proud, and the other (the Preachers) believe that the individual must accept Golconda as a thought of its own, or all is in vain. The two camps only agree upon "the Truth", that all sentient beings have to reach Golconda before anyone can truly ascend to a higher state of consciousness; and the Purifiers wants to rid the world of all Evil, beginning with the Baali and the Tremere, as well as leading the innocent towards Golconda.

Some Salubri tire of their fellow Philosophy-followers, the constant struggle for Golconda and of the world in general. They enter Torpor like their Founder, and hope to awaken to a better world.

Stereotypes:

The Camarilla:

- These pitiful pawns of the Tremere and our ancient enemies the Baali, are too caught up in their ballet of power, to realize the damage they are doing to the world and themselves. They want to rule as the evil vampire lords of human legends, but has given no thought to what that really means.
- "Zhesse eaters of souls were kicked out of Kindred society und Blood Hunted a long time ago _ and for good reasons too! Dey preach freedom of ze mind, suck out ze souls of ze fools who believe zeir words, and then zey play games with ze souls which macht Satan look like an amateur. Zey do not deserve ze Vitae of Caine which runs through their bodies _ it will all be claimed for the greatness of mein Clan und House!"
- Doktor Roffmann, Regent of the New York City Chantry

The Sabbat:

- This sect is so infected with the ideas and presence of the Baali that it might as well be named "The Baali" in stead. They are so openly a manifestation of all that is Evil and bestial, that it is obvious they no longer have any souls which we might lead unto the Path of Mercy. They damn the world around them, and in that they damn their own immortal souls right into the waiting hands of the Baali and their Masters!
- "Salubri? I thought they were all extinguished. Oh well, of course the Clans could not do that right either. Very likely they are in league with Daemons or perhaps even Angels, which in my opinion would make them even more dangerous. The Daemons wants only to claim our souls for their petty rivalry for power in their Infernal Domains, whereas the Angels want to cleanse our souls of their impurities. If the Camarilla cannot overcome snuffing out a few suicidal healer-freaks, then maybe the Sabbat should begin to take careful aim. I would just love to suck one of them dry for their Vitae _ innocent Vitae is the champagne of the Damned. And I would have something to converse with my associate Ghramallz'y'shqq. What? Oh, he is merely a friend from another sphere of existence. Perhaps you have heard of it? It is called Hell..."
- Odin Guth, Renegade Tremere Infernal Diabolist

The Inconnu:

- Many of these Elders are old enough to have been told by their Sires, of the "crimes" we committed _ some may even have been there. Most of them know the truth, what really happened and are willing to help us. A few are, however, still blinded by the hate of Times Long Forgotten. Those of us who pose as Clan Elders of other Clans, report that many are so obsessed with finding the Road of Mercy, that they are blind to the Path before them. Sadly, some of the most wise and powerful Cainites on this earth, are also the most blind.
- "We kept an eye on the Tremere when it first began and know what crime its Founder committed. Our sorrow is that we did not act then. We should have stepped out of our role as observers, and crushed the Clan Diablerie before it had the chance to consolidate itself. No wonder even the most enlightened of us, cannot find Golconda _ the guilt weighs down upon our efforts. We can only act and protect the few remaining Childer of my friend Saulot, and lament the death of the purest of all our kind!"
- Mahatma, Monitor of Istanbul

The Baali:

- They have placed themselves forever beyond the grace of God, and rejected the Path which Gabriel showed us. They are utterly Evil, and embodies all that is foul and wrong in Cainite society. They

cannot be healed, for they have passed their souls into the greedy hands of their Infernal Masters. Destroy them at any chance!

- "We hurt them bad in Kala-At-Shergat, and their sanity have been bleeding from their souls ever since. They have become a gathering of suicidal preachers, who believe they can heal the world by dying. But I am glad the Tremere did not kill them all, the remaining few will be a suitable sacrificial tribute to the Baali Elders when they awake, and release the fires of the Inferno on this ripe and waiting world!"
- Diabolo, Baali Methuselah

The Powers of the Healers

The Salubri are not completely powerless in their struggle against the Dark Forces of the world. They wield the Sword of Mercy and Healing _ not a weapon to scoff. They are the masters of the soul and the mind, and new possibilities open to those who achieve complete serenity.

Disciplines and Golconda

As the Vitae of Saulot the Healer runs in the veins of the Salubri, the Path of Golconda is almost a birthright to them. By no means is this achieved automatically, but the Salubri seems to have an innate understanding of how to reach this state of tranquility, which eludes so many Cainites. The Elders of the Clan have left behind clues of Golconda for millennia, and to the Salubri who understands their language, their way of thinking and who can discover where the clues are, this is almost like a marked path which they have but to follow.

A Salubri who reaches Golconda, is of course freed from the ravages of the Beast, and she is never again prone to the dangers of Frenzy and Rotschreck for as long as she remains in Golconda. By accepting herself, she unites both the Man and the Beast, as she recognizes them as inseparable and equally a part of her. Total serenity is achieved, and the Salubri finally knows freedom from the eternal blood-thirst, and the overpowering self-pity.

Furthermore, she does no longer need blood as often as does other Cainites, and loses only a single Blood Point per week, rather than one per day. The Salubri will also be able to push aside and ignore the need for more potent blood when they reach the age where many Cainites spiral into a madness of Diablerie.

Because the Salubri is in complete balance, she is open to the Disciplines in a way no non- Salubri can ever fathom. The body, mind, and soul sing in harmony and the serenity of Golconda allows the Salubri to ascend the normal limitations for learning new Powers. A Salubri in Golconda needs not lower her Generation in order to learn Discipline Powers higher than five, she can learn them merely by expending experience points.

New Knowledge Trait

Saulot's Words This knowledge is the secret language of the Salubri, which their most ancient records are written in, as well as anything which is judged to vital to allow those outside the Clan to see. The sects have special variations of this language, which only members of the sect speaks, and the most ancient of the Elders speak a version which has not been spoken in the world since Saulot entered Torpor. Since the language is a mixture of Saulot's native Summerian Tongue and of those which he learned while wandering in the East after he achieved Golconda, it has no simple logic to it, and is impossible to decipher is one does not speak it. The letters used in Saulot's Words are archaic signs, and can easily be hidden amongst the graffiti found in cities all over the world.

Since the language is very complex due to its composition of many varied languages, compound grammar and ancient structure, Saulot's Words is very difficult to master. Thus a Salubri cannot chose a specialty before attaining four or more dots in the Knowledge.

Student: You know the basics of the language, and can read and understand simple words.

College: You can read some of the Scrolls of Salubri _ although mostly those written by young members of the Clan.

Masters: You can speak the language and writing in it.

Doctorate: You are capable of reading all the Scrolls of Salubri, except for the Eight.

Scholar: You could participate in a conversation with the Ancients.

Specialties: Flames of Serenity, Swords of Saulot, Tongue of the Ancients, Personal Variant

New Obeah Powers

[6] **Gaze of Vistherathrica:** This Power allows the Salubri reverse the normally healing properties of the Discipline, by reversing the negative energies in a completely corrupt and evil person, and turning them inward against the person. This can prove very harming to acolytes of Evil, as they are not used to the harm they inflict upon others.

However, if the gaze is turned upon someone who is pure and the exact opposite of the evildoer, the gaze will revive the strength of the individual's mind, and give a sense of peace and balance.

System: The gaze has an effective range of 20 yards. When the Power is used the third eye will be very visible, and will direct a pure white beam of light at the target, which will make the Salubri very visible. If the target is indeed an Evil and corrupt person, the Salubri and her target make resisted rolls against Willpower (with a difficulty of the other person's Humanity). The number of dices which exceeds the other person's successes, will equal a lost Health Level per additional success. Thus, if the Salubri loses, she will be harmed herself, as her target has managed to repel her attack and thereby turning the destructive energies towards the Salubri.

Example: Nahstradia has sneaked into the secret temple of the Setite Archcorrupter Harruman, and while an elite detachment of Templars fight off Harruman's mortal servants and Progeny, Nahstradia concentrate on the Ancient Setite. She opens her third eye, and a searing white light beams from it and hits Harruman.

[Nahstradia has a Humanity of 9 and 8 dice in her Willpower Pool. Harruman on the other hand, is an experienced corrupter and has Path of Typhon 8 and a Willpower Pool of 8. So the two Cainites are almost equal on this point. Nahstradia rolls 2, 4, 7, 9, 8, 10, 8, 5 _ she has four successes. Harruman rolls 6, 9, 8, 7, 10, 4, 8, 9 _ he has three successes.]

Harruman screams in agony as his own Evil is turned inwards, but he begins to focus his mind on using the Serpentis Corruption Power, and quickly heals the one lost Health Level.

If the gaze is turned upon someone who is completely good, the target immediately has her Willpower Pool replenished, and receives 2 dices to all dice pools for a number of hours equal to the Salubri's Humanity, as a feeling of complete balance spreads throughout her entire being. Note, however, that this can only be done once per story.

[7] **Lord of Serenity:** This Power allows the Salubri to spread her peace of mind to an area around her. As well as healing the psyche of the inhabitants of the area, the Salubri can also feed of the positive emotions which will be concentrated in the area _ thus removing her farther from the need for blood. While the Salubri is transforming the emotional energies in an area of her choice, she can of course use her other Disciplines and personal abilities to increase the effect. She must also invest some of her own power in the area, thereby grooming it to feed her.

But only when the chosen area has been completely cleansed and healed of its emotional wounds (memories of serial killers, knowledge of corruption, etc.) can the Salubri begin to feed of the positive energies, in stead of feeding the area. However, once an area has been completely converted, she may begin to reach out to a wider area, while still receiving power from the already existing "Heaven", as such cleansed areas are called. Thereby, the Salubri can increase her power on a continuous basis, and use it to improve the state of a larger and larger area.

The few Salubri who possess this Power, usually employ it to cleanse an area which has been heavily infested with Baali, Setites and similar beings (most likely after the Salubri have won a battle in the Shadow War) _ or to flush them out. Just imagine the suffering a completely evil and corrupt Baali would feel, if the area in which he operates is suddenly permeated with serenity and positive energy.

System: The Salubri chooses an area which she wants to cleans, and free from its shroud of depression, corruption and evil. For the Power to have a payback worth the effort, this is usually a 5-square-mile area. An area smaller than that, may not contain the necessary number of souls. The healing of the area is done in any number of ways: the downfall of local gang leaders, removal of corrupt city officials, ensuring that public means are diverted into the area to give it a face-lift, arranging for new shelters for the homeless, etc.

The possibilities are endless, and the idea is to spread as much happiness and make sure the inhabitants have positive experiences in a seemingly hellhole of a neighborhood. This will begin to affect the behavior and state of mind of the inhabitants in a very real way over time _ but remember the World of Darkness is a very dark place, and the effort needed, to heal the aura of doom which permeates everything and the depressed outlook of the people, is a lot more strenuous than it would be in the world we live in. Given time, the inhabitants will begin to forge a community spirit, and behave in a more responsible way; assaults and rapes are reported in and the witnesses are ready to testify against the criminal(s) in a court of law, forgiveness is more likely to happen than random acts of violence, the inhabitants begin to care about their neighbors and their immediate environment, etc.

Each week, the Salubri must spend 10 Blood Points to intensify the feelings which arise as a result of her handiwork. This will consolidate the current results, and make way for the next step up the latter to healing. When an area of the previously mentioned size

has been healed, it will provide the Salubri with 15 Serenity Points (which works in the same way as Blood Points) each week. However, the Salubri can only store as many Serenity Points as she has remaining "free space" in her Blood Pool.

The Heaven becomes a pool from which the Cainite receives Serenity Points, and for as long as she remains within the city limits she can draw upon them anywhere in the city _ and is thus not trapped within the confines of the Heaven. The Salubri may use all the points on the first day of the week, but that would leave her with none for the rest of the week. In order to maintain the feeling of peace and sanity in the area, the Cainite must spend 10 Blood Points, or Serenity Points, each week. Once the area has been turned into a Heaven, it will become an area where people are not afraid to walk the streets at night, and where crime is less likely to occur as the area is no longer divided _ however, to reach that point requires hard work and is no easy task. Because the Salubri broadcasts feelings from her own peaceful mind the inhabitants become attuned to the presence of her, and the most peaceful area will be move with the Salubri. The people of the entire area will also react to any mood-swings of the Salubri, and the Cainite may destroy months of hard labor by a single outburst of anger. This is probably why only those who have reached Golconda attempt to master this Power; they recognize the damage they could do, if they are not balanced in mind and soul at all times.

As the Salubri has healed one area, she may increase her Heaven by another 5-square-miles, which must be cleansed in the same way. The Cainite must spend an additional 5 points per week on the new area, until it has been completely corrupted _ after which it will also provide her with 15 Serenity Points per week, and demand a 5 points expenditure of Blood Points, or Serenity Points, per week. This procedure is repeated each time the Salubri desires to heal a new area.

When a Salubri has succeeded in turning an area into a Heaven, it becomes her Domain. Anyone who is hostile to the Cainite, and who ventures within the confines of the area, will have 4 dice subtracted from their dice pool for as long as they remain in the area. The Salubri will have 4 dice added to her dice pool for any purpose while within one of her Heavens.

While the Serenity Points may seem as a blessing, they can become a burden if too many are gained. If the Salubri have more Blood and Sufferance Points in his Blood Pool than the allowed maximum, she becomes a beacon (and possible entryway) to entities from beyond the Horizon. As the Cainite cannot contain the positive energy, it begins to permeate her entire being and finally to leak out into the Umbra, while also creating a positive field of energy around the character. In social relations, this becomes rather burdening, as those who have committed even the least sin or crime, suddenly becomes repentant and want to confess to the character when she comes within 10-20 feet of them. This draws attention to the Salubri, which she does not need at all. The Baali and Tremere are always attentive to reports of any active Salubri, and will be very quick to make a move if they hear stories of a person who makes people confess their crimes, and of entire city blocks where crime has suddenly ceased to exist. Each additional Serenity Point subtracts 1 dice from any Social Roll dice pools because of the cluster of repentant sinners which always follows the Salubri around _ very possibly the dice pool will be reduced below 0, and people will begin to react with hostility towards the Cainite. Just as people feel threatened in the presence of too great Evil, they also feel threatened in the presence of too great Good.

Each additional dice of Serenity which the Salubri cannot contain, increases the chances of her being detected by entities from other planes _ some may even attempt to use her as a gateway. The surplus positive energy registers as Pure Quintessence just waiting to be absorbed. Each additional point gives the entities one additional dice to their attempt to penetrate the dimensional barrier. Wraiths are very sensitive to this energy, and will begin to swarm around the Cainite already when she has fewer than 5 additional Serenity Points. They sense the energies of Salvation, and is drawn to it like moths to a flame. At 10+ additional points, the effectiveness of the Gauntlet/Shroud in the Heaven area, is lowered by -1, and by another at 20 points. At 10 points, the more powerful Wraiths will begin to be attracted to the Salubri, and minor Banes and Wyrmlings will also begin to take notice. At 20+ points, the Cainite might suddenly find himself to be the focal points of the manifestation of a Nexus Crawler, or an Umbra Lord. The Tremere, the Baali, the Technocracy, the Garou, the Tradition Mages, the Marauders, the Nephandi and the Paradox Spirits will take notice at these levels, and rush to find the source. Thus the Salubri might suddenly find herself responsible for manifestations of destructive creatures in the very area she has worked so hard to heal. That is very likely to wreak havoc on her state of Golconda, and general peace of mind! The Ancients who can store more than 20+ Serenity Points in their bodies without exceeding the safe limit, can induce a feeling of serenity, and heal the minds of the insane, at will merely by spending a single Serenity Point per person they wish to affect.

Even though it may seem as if the Salubri can merely settle back and relax once she has turned an area into a Heaven, this is not the case. It demands hard work to keep an area completely healed. There are many forces who are not interested in crime disappearing from an area, or a collective mass of strong-minded people. It is also easy to tempt humans into evil, and Baali and Setite Vampires are likely to be attracted to a Heaven by its aura of peace. They cannot stand purity, and will most certainly work to destroy the work of the Salubri _ and the Salubri if they discover her. The Cainite must constantly monitor the area, and besides all the activities naturally sparked off by the aura of the Heaven, she must occasionally make sure that a particularly positive event takes place. Merely to reaffirm the inhabitant's knowledge of their neighborhood: "Boy, this place has to be the nearest thing to Heaven on Earth!"

Author's Note

I did not invent this Clan, it is detailed in both the 1st and 2nd edition of The Vampire Player's Guide. Hopefully you own them both, as the articles on role-playing are not the same in both editions. If not, go forth and expendify!

I did, however, rewrite it and added a few new angles on the three-eyed Clan. Amongst those with whom I play Vampire: The Masquerade, there has been a general bewilderment as to why anyone would want to be a Salubri. Even the most dim-witted NPCs would have a hard time finding a purpose. The idea of a Clan of Healer-Philosophers was great, but why turn them into a bunch of suicidal karma geeks?!?! Who would want to be in search of the Path of Mercy, and then commit suicide when the goal is finally attained?

Especially since the world is so filled with Evil which they could battle, and people who need the peace and healing the Salubri bring. Try to imagine the damage a Salubri could do to the corrupted soul of a Baali with the Unburdening the Bestial Soul Power. The more I thought about the potential of the Clan, the more I wondered about the way they were presented in VPG. If the World of Darkness has so utterly corrupt and vile Clans as the Setites and the Giovanni, and a Bloodline like the Baali, why did it not have a Clan committed to good, and the destruction of evil? I toyed with the idea of making a secret sect of Salubri, who moved behind the scenes of the Jihad as does the Children of Osiris. Finally I read Eric S. Bertish's The Complete History of the Baali, which gave me the final ounce of inspiration I needed. The Philosophies of the Salubri came into mind, as did the secret sects and a thousand other concepts. I feel that the Salubri with this revision, has ascended the geek-level they had been inhabiting until then, and made them more interesting.

Anyway, I have presented the History of the Salubri to you and hope you find it useful, and as enjoyable as I have. Comments and criticism are always welcome. I have mixed my own imagination with equal parts of various White Wolf products, a grain of reality, and parts of the Baali article by Eric S. Bertish. Fortunately WW has founded a tradition that each supplement merely represents a point of view, and therefore supplements can be as inconsistent with earlier products as they see fit. I have tried to structure the material of WW as good as possible, but it is unavoidable that a few inconsistencies will be present owing to my personal view of things. But hey, that is half the charm of WW's World of Darkness.

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Storyteller's Guide to the Sabbat
The Storyteller's Handbook
Vampire Player's Guide 2nd Edition
Vampire: The Masquerade 2nd Edition
World Mythology: Edited by Roy Willis (Duncan Baird Publishers)
Wrath: The Oblivion



The Samed bloodline may be an offshoot of the Nosferatu, or possibly a branch of the Giovanni. Neither clan will take the credit (or the blame?) for these Kindred. The Samed bloodline has only been around for a few hundred years. The line appeared in Italy and the Caribbean. Only a very few of these Kindred have come to the United States.

The Samed are easily identified by the shreds of rotting flesh constantly falling from their bodies, and are often confused for zombies by those unfamiliar with them. This bloodline claims no allegiances, but is known to have members in both the Sabbat and the Camarilla.

Those who have done battle with the Samed seldom forget the experience, for the bloodline has the power to rob other Kindred of their immortality - at least temporarily. The Samed are generally reviled as too disgusting to be allowed to survive; only the fact that they can be powerful allies has kept the bloodline from meeting obliteration at the hands of the Camarilla.

The Samed are known to be competent assassins and bodyguards, and can often be found serving anyone who can meet their price. The Nosferatu and the Giovanni both seem to have an affinity with these twisted Kindred, and most Samed will refuse to attack either of these clans unless paid a substantial amount of money.

Nickname: Stiffs or Zombies

Appearance: Samed look like corpses in fairly advanced stages of decomposition. Their skin is soft to the touch leaking foul fluids at the lightest contact. Certain Samed are leathery and emaciated, resembling shriveled mummies in appearance. In either case, the Samed's eyes are sunken in their heads and the lips and gums have receded from their teeth. Almost all Samed lose the majority of their noses.

Haven: Most Samed prefer to maintain their havens in or near graveyards, digging concealed tunnels into mausoleums or under the basement levels of funeral homes.

Background: The Samed have only been appearing for a short time, but over the last 200 years the bloodline has heavily expanded. As a general rule, these Kindred seldom associate, and it is extremely rare to find more than two of them in a city, even one of substantial size. Most Samed will confess to having worked as coroners or morticians before being Embraced. Many will also admit to being at the edge of suicide at the time of the Embrace.

Character Creation: Most Samed were fascinated with death in their kine lives, and are equally fascinated after having been Embraced. Mental Attributes are Primary, and Knowledges should be emphasized.

Disciplines: Necromancy, Obfuscate, Thanatosis

Weaknesses: Like the Nosferatu, the Samed are hideous to look upon and suffer from a zero in Appearance. The stench of decay wafts from these Kindred, even in the lightest of winds, and the unusual texture of the Samed's skin is enough to repulse even the strongest constitutions.

Organization: Samed appear to have no true organization. On the rare occasions when two or more of these Kindred meet, they gossip and go their separate ways. There is a small faction of this bloodline that is trying to rectify this situation, but so far no major changes have occurred. On the other hand, reports have been made of small groups of these Kindred meeting in graveyards late at night.

Quote: *"Are you so certain you are immortal? Come here; let's discuss the truths of immortality ... let us join together in a discussion of death."*

Stereotypes:

- * Camarilla - They fear us, and their fear is so sweet. They can have their princes, and I'll even follow their laws, but for them, every second around me is a horror even to their most bestial members.
- * Sabbat - I'd sooner be dinner for an Antediluvian than face a pack of those bastards. At least the Antediluvian would be more honest about what he wants from you.
- * Inconnu - Tolerable lot. Keep to themselves for the most part, and I can respect that. Someday I might even try to talk to one, see what they're all about. Someday when I no longer want to exist, that is...

BLOODLINE BOOK: SAMEDI

A SOURCEBOOK FOR VAMPIRE: THE MASQUERADE

By Joanne FitzRoy (gfitzroy@intranet.ca)

*The Gris-Gris Club
What immortal hand or eye,
Could frame thy fearful symmetry
-- William Blake, The Tyger
I am the colour of audacity,
Of rhythmic tribal dance, of tropic love;
I am that tint released upon the air
When cymbals kiss, or comets meet alone.
-- Louisa Fletcher, Mandarin Red*

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Introduction

They're heeere!

-- Poltergeist

We bother you, don't we? All you pretty Kindred wrapped up in your pretty politics. All nice and clean and secret and perfectly hidden. Well guess what guys...the stiffs are here, and we're not going away.

Face it, guys. Whether you were created last millennium, last century or last week, you're dead. Dead as that cat that you squashed on the highway last week. Dead as the proverbial doornail. Dead as your grandmother you buried when you were six years old. (Or maybe not. Ever wonder why it was a closed coffin? She's really a nice old lady. Hee, hee.) But you try. You still build your ivory towers. Carry on with your business, manipulations and intrigue like it really matters. Like you are still making a difference.

Well guess what? It doesn't matter. None of it matters. We've all got a one way ticket straight to Hell, and it sickens you too much to be reminded of it.

That's what bugs you about our kind. That's why you spread the lies, shrug us off, send Holy Rollers and quest-crazed Neonates out to hunt us down. You want to send us back to the grave, back to Old Mother Earth because we don't fit in with your plan of a beautiful perpetual everlife. Because if you look too long or too hard into our infected eyes, if you scry into our tortured minds, you see each and every one of yourselves. Just a little bit. Way deep down.

Your precious immortality has made you vain and arrogant. You consider yourselves a species above the others, the next step as it were, in evolution. Caine help us all.

If it weren't for the Nosferatu, you know, we'd probably give up on our kind altogether. Yeah, the Sewer Rats make pretty good buddies, but they're always looking over their shoulder. The pretty boy politicians have done a good job psyching them out, making them cower and hide their imperfections in hovels and holes. Whenever we meet, we always remind them that it is on the Nosferatu's backs that most Princes remain strong.

They're always good for a laugh and an exchange of vital info. These guys give good coin for protection and the right lead. Maybe they like us because when we're around, even they look pretty damn good.

Now those European dudes, the Giovanni. Brrrr, don't like to mess with them much. Seems way back they were playing around with the Necromantic fabric of the universe, or some such crap like that, and somebody screwed up. Wham, bam, there we were, and there ain't nothing the Italianos can do about it now. So they packaged us up, shipped us overseas and now if any of them come across one of us, they pay us really good hush money to keep moving. Suits us fine.

You know why they do that? Because in their deepest heart of misplaced hearts, they know we really are all alike. You all know. We're all dead. We're all decaying, rotting, returning to the soil, just as the Ultimate Plan intended. And it frightens you. We frighten you. In our kind, you see that which we must all become. Sooner or later, all our times will come. Ashes to ashes, dust to dust, Kindred and Kine alike, we all rot and wither and fade away.

Reality bites, pal, and it carries the Samedi sting.

Chapter One: The Real Scoop

Welcome to my nightmare,

I think you're gonna like it.

I think you're gonna feel you belong.

-- Alice Cooper, *Welcome to my Nightmare*

The Creation

The Samedi bloodline's creation has been blamed both on the Nosferatu and the Giovanni at one time or another. While the Samedi have an affinity for the Nosferatu, it stems purely from a mutual respect for each other's afflictions. For the beginnings of the Samedi Bloodline, we must look into the darker side of the Giovanni.

The bloodline's creation is a very well kept secret of Clan Giovanni. Back about 250 years ago Antonio Giovanni stepped over the line in his Necromantic experiments. In an attempt to capture a human soul at the moment of death and transfer it into the body of a Vampire in torpor which was just about to suffer final death, something went very wrong. For one thing, Antonio's timing was slightly off. Instead of transferring the soul into a Vampire, the Kindred was already experiencing the moments after Final Death. The unnaturally aged body had begun its rapid decomposition. As well, the human victim for the soul transference had been suicidal, so it took precious moments to convince the Giovanni's creation that it should continue to exist.

Rumor has it that the Vampire victim was actually a neonate of the Giovanni who was caught committing the ultimate crime -- creating a childe without the permission of Augustus -- and this experiment was sanctioned by Augustus to be used as a warning to the rest of his clan.

By the time it was realized that the whole exercise was failing, the first Samedi had been created. Antonio tried to keep his mistake from being found out by the Giovanni elders, but his Necromantic curiosity got the better of him, and he couldn't bring himself to destroy this new species of Kindred. He locked his Samedi in a vault, in an attempt to starve it into torpor. Somehow, the Samedi managed to escape and attacked the Giovanni. He drained Antonio, then in a frenzy broke out of his secret chamber and went on a rampage, stopping to find shelter in a mausoleum just before the break of dawn.

This Samedi elder became known only as "Gran'daddy" to the Bloodline members in the Americas, but is spoken of in hushed tones among Clan Giovanni as Paulo. He retained the Giovanni's Necromancy discipline. The Bloodline's obvious affinity with death and decay grew into the Thanatosis discipline, and Obfuscate could have been taught to the Samedi by empathetic Nosferatu.

Paulo kept a low profile in the Mediterranean for the better part of 50 years. He was drawn to victims who had nothing left to live for, or who had a fascination with death and decay. Crackpot occultists were also a favorite target of Paulo and his childer, who fancied themselves the physical embodiment of death incarnate.

Not wanting to leave their Clanmate's mistake alive, Clan Giovanni began to search in earnest for Gran'daddy and his childer. It was at this time that they left the Mediterranean and went into hiding in the Brazilian jungle. The many slave ships crossing the Atlantic at the time, with their filthy and overcrowded conditions below decks, made passage very safe for the Samedi.

The Nagaraja have also been suggested as the cause of Bloodline Samedi. This is a rumor perpetuated by Clan Giovanni. It is much more believable that their kind could have spawned the Zombies, and the Giovanni are more than willing to do whatever it takes (and costs) to keep the blame shifted from their family.

Choosing a Childe

The selection for a Samedi's childe is careful and well thought out. While these creatures can be coarse and degenerate, they fully understand the cursed existence of their Bloodline, and create only from those that they feel are deserving in their desperation. It

was thought at one time that they preyed on just the suicidal and persons involved daily with death and dying -- morticians and coroners. Nothing could be further from the truth. The mortician and coroner myth is a red herring. It helps stop groups that hunt the Samedi and destroy them from finding and protecting a Samedi's potential Childe. Suicides are still often chosen by the Samedi. Bestowing a death without dying gives them perverse pleasure. But a Samedi searching for a truly worthy offspring will stalk the local practitioners of Voodoo.

Sometimes a Samedi will choose a child to embrace. They have several advantages. Their small stature makes them excellent spies. Their wills aren't all that strong, so they can be trained easily.

And finally, the pickings are good. There are many children wandering the streets homeless, depressed and outcast with no prospects for the future. The Samedi that embraces a youth does so not for self-gratification, but because they see that the child's soul is already dead.

The Becoming

The changes the newly created Samedi's body undertakes are as painful psychologically as they are physically. Rather than the body ceasing to age at the moment of the embrace, it dies completely and goes through several hours of rapid decomposition. The internal organs jell and shrink. The flesh becomes very soft and leaks an infectious looking ooze whenever under stress (by vigorous motion or physical contact). The hair becomes brittle and may fall out in clumps. The lips recede from the gums, resulting in a most macabre grin. But nobody generally sticks around these beings long enough to find out what the joke is. Noses always drop off, and the eyes sink deep in the hollow sockets.

Yes, the eyes. These are the most shocking feature of all. Samedi often appear not to be looking at you when confronting you, and if you ever work up the courage to look them in the face, you would notice that their eyes seem to have a will of their own. The degenerated musculature and nerve endings allow them to roll and stare each in their own direction. They appear to look at you, through you and over their own shoulder all at the same time.

The very elder Samedi (around 200 years of age and at least 7th generation) have gone beyond the soft decomposition stage. Their flesh has stiffened and dried out, giving the Vampire a very emaciated, leathery appearance. When these elders feed, their skin will stretch out almost smooth -- like a bladder -- for about the first hour following the feeding.

As if their appearance weren't bad enough, there's the ever-present smell. This bloodline is caught in an eternal state of suspended rapid decay. The stench of the grave permeates any room they enter, and hangs in the air wherever they pass. You really don't want to get one wet.

The exception to this rule is elder Samedi of 6th Generation or older. The more the flesh dries, the less material there is to rot and smell.

Modes of Dress

A Samedi's preference for clothing will generally fall into two or three categories. Many prefer fine clothing. This may seem bizarre, but the Kindred justify their taste. They equate fine clothes with corpses decked out for burial. Being that many live in or near graveyards, especially those with mausoleums, the Samedi frequently see the deceased and their mourners dressed in Sunday best. These Samedi also habitually feed on mourners visiting the gravesites.

Another popular mode of dress is medical clothing. The Samedi bloodline is still drawn by their fascination with death, and many frequent forensics labs and hospital emergency rooms. The feeding here is also abundant, as they can grab blood bags and orderlies with equal ease. Occasionally a Samedi will track a potential childe to Emergency, especially if he has seen (or caused) the victim's accident and the victim is near death. These Kindred often carry their belongings around in a modified body bag.

The final clothing preference is more a matter of honor -- clothing from the grave. When two Samedi meet, one of the topics of conversation will be the history of a special piece of clothing or jewelry that the bearer has robbed from a grave. The more the owner knows about the history of the piece -- be it an heirloom brooch, a Vietnam war veteran's dog tags or a piece of lace from a 200 year old shawl (maybe from the Samedi's own ancestor), the more prestige she can gain in the Bloodline's eyes. Many amazing and almost believable histories can be heard about various items carried by the Samedi at the Rio Candomble each year.

Whatever the Samedi wears, it gives the feeling of wear and decay. If he puts on a brand new suit, within a half-hour it is rumpled and musty. If he must attend a Prince's court, he will cover as much of his body as possible with a high-collared or hooded cloak, and will sit quietly in the shadows until called upon. After the audience, he will remove himself from the activity as quickly and quietly as possible.

Making a Living

Despite -- or perhaps because of -- the disadvantage of their appearance, the Samedi are even better information brokers than the Nosferatu. They have infinite patience and once sent on a mission, they will carry on doggedly until its completion. They are very shrewd and wise, seeming to have a knack for finding out the deepest, darkest secrets hidden in a city, a political system or a soul. There is a very basic reason for their working so hard to build a reputation as an indispensable resource -- survival. Their existence offends enough elders that, should the Samedi cease to be such invaluable informants, they would be blood-hunted and destroyed without question. As long as they hold enough dirt on the other clans, they'll be left alone.

The bloodline also spawns some very competent assassins, although they don't have the stoic finesse of the Assamites. A Samedi is just as likely to take out her victim with an explosive charge as with the clean and quiet stake through the heart.

Their innate Voodoo talents make them excellent bodyguards. As well as the repulsion of their physical presence, the bloodline can work powerful geases, curses and scryings to protect whomever they are paid to keep alive.

Some Samedi have a great affinity for technology, and their havens often boast the best in electronic surveillance equipment, wiretaps, disguise kits for body and voice, computer systems and lots of spare parts. Their resources may appear low, but that's only because banking and investing is difficult. They can't just walk into a bank and open an account. They usually have significant stores of cash or other valuables, received as payment for their various assignments.

In The Company of Others

If a Samedi must make contact with other Vampires, it will be on her terms. Favorite meeting places are graveyards, abandoned buildings and dark alleys, especially around dumpsters. If a meeting must be made in public, the Samedi will go to a shelter for the homeless, where his smell will be less discernible from the rest.

Samedi rarely use ghouls. The nature of their blood means that anyone who drinks of it will take on the decrepit nature and smell of the Kindred. This generally defeats the purpose that ghouls are created for -- to make contact with the human world for the Vampire. If a Samedi craves human contact, he may dress in rags and huddle over a heat grate with the local winos, or comb the trash bins with a bag lady for a couple hours. If the Samedi wants more permanent companionship, she will likely embrace a feral cat or stray dog.

Chapter Two: Getting Social -- Samedi Culture

*Just try to have fun,
Raise hell and then some.
I'm a dirt talkin', beer drinkin',
Woman chasin' minister's son.*

-- Alice Cooper, *Alice Cooper Goes to Hell*

The Samedi are completely solitary and unstructured -- at least that's what they want everybody else to believe. It is true that there will be only one Samedi per major city center (unless there is a child in training). However, many of the Samedi keep in regular communications with each other. It all goes back to their survival theory -- the more people who know the secrets, the harder it is to bury the secrets. It is rare for these Kindred to meet in-groups because the smell would soon attract unwanted attention in developed areas.

There is an exception to this rule. Once a year many of the bloodline gather in the jungles outside Rio de Janeiro for their Voodoo Candomble*. The retreat is generally around Mardi Gras season, when the humans' attention is focused on revels in the city. It is likely that smaller groups of Samedi have gotten together before, to celebrate the particular feast day of their spirit guide of choice, but this is the one time of year when all get together and hold their own festival.

The revels don't last more than 3 or 4 days maximum. This is due partially to the difficulty in keeping a fresh blood supply on hand. As well, many of the Samedi have the affliction Taint of Corruption. The "Rio Candomble" is generally held in an isolated grotto deep in the rainforest. At the conclusion of the event, a 600 square yard patch of blackened, dead undergrowth will have developed, which if seen from the air could draw unwanted visitors. As soon as possible, the host Samedi will set fire to the blighted area, making it look like a slash-and-burn. Certain experienced Vampire hunters know enough lore to search out these sites of decay. Needless to say, the Garou sense the touch of the Wyrms greatly in these blighted areas.

A group of about four Samedi would have been chosen at last year's festivities as this year's hosts. They will attend the site a couple of weeks before the gathering of the Bloodline. With the help of ghouls and locals ensorcelled into believing they are serving their Voodoo deities, they make this season's preparations. The chosen site must have a stream running through it. A structure will be erected to precise specifications as a focus for the activities. It will have a large room for dancers and drummers, at least 60 square feet in size. A path leads directly from the front door to the dance floor. Benches (or logs to sit

on) are placed on either side of the room for seating. Men and women are seated on opposite sides of the Candomble site. There should be a window in each of the sidewalls, and another door to the outdoors leading off the dance floor. The windows and doors are necessary to facilitate the entrance and exit of called spirits. Behind the dance floor area, opposite the front entrance, will be a series of small rooms with white-painted walls. These rooms are used by the Candomble Iya and her assistance to prepare themselves for the formalities.

Of primary importance is the security of the area. Absolutely no one, not even the guests, will know the exact location of the site, except the preparation team. The team knows the date that everything must be in place. Just 24 hours before, when the Bloodline members begin to arrive in Brazil, do they provide directions via their advanced information systems. Some methods include: a phone number for somewhere in Rio, with an encoded message giving directions on an answering machine when it picks up; an address for a secure warehouse where containers with Samedi in them can be dropped off, then transported to the meeting site; and the renting of the local drug cartel's runway where Samedi crates can be parachute-dropped by plane and picked up later.

The Candomble is presided over by the Candomble Iya (Queen). She is generally an Elder Samedi or she is chosen by group assent for some exceptional service she has provided for, or honor she has brought to Bloodline Samedi. Not all of the North American Samedi can make it to the Rio Candomble every year. They hold their own event in the bayou of Louisiana. It is timed, like the Rio event, to coincide with the New Orleans Mardi Gras. It is less likely that the gathering will be bothered by hunters in Louisiana, but more likely that they will have problems with the Garou and Mokole.
*Candomble: Communal dance, used interchangeably as the name of the event, the revels themselves and the location of the revels.

What the Samedi Think Of..

Brujah: They think they're the tough guys, but they're all fight and no sense. Sure, hangin' in a gang decreases the odds of somebody hitting you, but it doesn't leave much space for free thinking. But then, the toughies don't think much at all before acting, do they?

They're meaner, tougher and uglier than anything else I've ever come across. But the worst part of them is that they're loners. Don't trust nobody that won't run with the pack, that's what I sez.

-- Butch O'Doyle, Brujah Anarch leader (Detroit, Michigan)

Gangrel: They roam the wide-open spaces and aren't at all comfortable with city ways. Too much like the Puppies for me. Leave the vegetarians to themselves. If you must deal with their kind, use 'em then lose 'em.
They don't bother us, we don't bother them.

-- Logan, Gangrel elder (Tucson, Arizona)

Tremere: They don't like the Giovanni at all. We gotta respect them for that. Don't try to con these guys. Their elders have forgotten more that most clans will ever know. Get cash up front if you deal with them, then get the job done right. They don't like mistakes, but they seem to recognize the value of a good informant.

An interesting creation, indeed. We shall now delve deeper into their creation and examine their makeup. Scalpel, please.

-- Magister Emma Dallon, Istanbul Chantry

Ventrue: Stuffed shirt aristocrats. Their backstabbing little empires are crumbling all around them, and we make a mint telling the Princes how much worse their opponents are doing than they are. And vice versa. Encourage their actions. Their desire to know more than their brethren keeps our kind in business. Always lots of good dirt to trade.

Their appearance offends our proceedings, but their talents afford them some measure of respectability. Get what you can from them, but be careful. They're shrewd dealers, and seldom go away with less than they started with.

-- Armenio, Prince of Martinique

Malkavians: These nutbars know more than they give themselves credit for. If they ever get their act together, we could all be in big trouble. But their inbred neuroses, psychoses and phobias give us more than enough fuel to add to their fire of confusion. When they go off on a tangent, leave 'em there and walk away.

Everybody's beautifuuul, in their own waaaay....

-- Kyle Scheaffer, Chicago Malkavian

Toreador: Ain't they just the sweetest things? If you take these pansies seriously, then you deserve to have your ash pile dissolved in a bucket of water like Freshie. Airheads and dolts right down to the last one. Prank 'em hard and often. Make their little heads reel in disgust. We're what unlife is all about. They're just faking it.

Those, those THINGS?? (shudder). How anything like that could be allowed to exist truly offends my sensibility. Without wanting to sound melodramatic -- 'Off with their heads!' I say.

-- Rosalind Chisholm, Toreador elder (Augusta, Georgia)

Nosferatu: Good buddies. We get along with these fellas real well. Help watch their backs, and they'll get you through almost any jam. Don't hesitate to ask for their aid, and be eager to reciprocate. Just don't give away any secrets. They like to think they're at the top of the "I know something you don't know" heap. As long as we help perpetuate the myth, the heat's not on us.

Trust them with your lives, and give them the respect they deserve. These wretches cannot help what they've become. There's an old Clan saying: A Nosferatu with a Samedi bodyguard will live for five centuries.

-- "Nightcrawler", Nosferatu information broker

Giovanni: Well, what can we say about our favorite foreign family? How about avoid 'em, crush 'em, maim and destroy 'em? Not physically, of course. Their dark arts far outshine anything we could throw at 'em. Hit them where they really hurt -- in the corporate pocketbook. Then run like Hell and don't look back. Ever.

They're an embarrassment that we must eliminate. Every moment they exist is a thorn in our family's side.

-- Madeleine "The Dagger", Giovanni enforcer

Ravnos: Great sense of humor and useful as informants. Love that ability to create weapons, items, and almost anything else out of thin air. And get this -- they can make you believe it! Treat them with the respect due any good informant. And bring lots of shiny things for trade.

I'd sure like to know how they can hide so much junk on their person. They're as good at it as we are. Then again, maybe I wouldn't like to know...

-- Pietro, Prince of Sofia

Camarilla: The pay's good, and the work's there if you want it. Somebody in this gang's always wanting to be saved from somebody they ticked off, or they're looking for info to make a corporate raid or some such. Protection and information money flows freely with this bunch. And they're relatively stable to boot. Work it while you can.

Their grotesque existence may seem a violation of the Masquerade, but they seem to have a code of honor. I'd rather have them with us than against us.

-- Queen Anne, Prince of London

Sabbat: Can use these boys for income, especially if you've got a juicy tidbit about a Camarilla haven they want to raid. But, don't throw out the baby with the bath water. This bunch is too fractured to ever get very far in the takeover biz. The Camarilla's income is valuable and plentiful. The Sabbat's best use is to scare a Camarilla Prince into thinking his unlife is in danger from them. Then charge big money to keep him safe.

They scare the bejeebers out of most Kindred they meet. I say make nice with 'em. You don't want to think about the alternative.

-- Mike "the Snake" Mancuso, Sabbat bishop

Inconnu: Tolerable lot. Keep to themselves for the most part, and I can respect that. Someday I might even try to talk to one, see what they are all about. Someday when I no longer want to exist, that is...

My research has not revealed much, but what I have learned frightens me. I fear that they are not just a subspecies of the Nosferatu or Giovanni, but an unwholesome amalgamation of all that is most despicable in the undead.

-- Dondinni, sixth-generation Monitor of Genoa

Mages: Just stay away from this bunch. They know too much. The most dangerous individuals you will ever come across. Deal with a Mage only through an intermediary. Keep your distance, that's the only way to survive an encounter with one.

We have observed their machinations many times. We have even used them as sources of information. They, like all Kindred, have their place and use.

-- Cornelius DeVires, Order of Hermes Tradition

If ever I saw something more deserving of a Good Death, it was a Samedi.

-- Ethan Moore, Euthanatos Tradition

Abominations. The Sleepers will be safer when they are re-buried, permanently.

-- Analyst 10010011, New World Order Convention, Technocracy.

Wheeeeeee!!!! They are so cool!!!

-- X-Ray, Marauder

It is good to see that others are willing to embrace the darkness within and show it to the world.

-- Heinrich, Nephandi

Wraiths: The spooks make good slaves, if you can catch and hold one. They can't do much to us, and many tend to have a bad attitude, but if you can call the right one up, it can provide valuable information. Use them for whatever you can. Their time's up anyway.

They think they know about the dead, but their heavy-handed ways offend us. If we are summoned, we answer. If we don't we'll be wrenched violently from the Shroud. Better we meet them on our terms.

-- Andreas, died 55 BC, through Madame Mia, Spirit Medium

Changelings: Not all of them are annoyingly cute or pretentious. They seem to have a dark and light side, sort of like that Star Wars movie. For us, if we stick to the darker Kith, we're OK. Especially like the ones called Sluagh. They're as sneaky as a Nosferatu. They like the information game just as much as we do. The Redcaps are a little too rambunctious. If they'd curb their appetite they'd be a more stable lot.

Their banality rivals only the Dauntain. Their presence is painful to us. They can damage the Glamour in a freehold just by passing within a block of it.

- Lady Valeria of House Fiona

Garou: Puppies. Furballs. Hack, hack, choke. Their attitude is almost as ugly as their appearance. They seem to hate our kind even more than your average Kindred. We've lost several of the Bloodline to Garou attacks. Avoid at all costs.

These...Wyrms things should all be destroyed. By claw, fang, Klaive and the Will of Gaia, it shall be done.

- Gunter "Seeks the Prey" Schwager, Get of Fenris Ahroun

Ratkin: They're good informants, and tend to hang out in our kind of territory. We've tried to get to know their kind better, set up some kind of liaison, but they don't seem to want to hang around us for long.

They hang on our turf, and we cross paths occasionally. Can respect their attempts to improve their lot in unlife, but the taint of Wyrms follows them everywhere.

-- Michael "Mazewalker" Smith, Ratkin Shadow Seer

Mokole: Don't piss one off. The crocs can call a beam of daylight down. Sun your buns real good. They really have a problem with us taking over the swamps in the bayous come Mardi Gras time. Something about a Wyrms thing. Still, it's almost worth the effort to take one on, especially if you need a new pair of 'gator skin boots.

If you find one of these Wyrms beasts invading our swamps, kill it, behead it and utterly destroy the body. They have no respect for the natural order.

- Jean-Paul "Lightbringer" Madisson, One of the Shadowless

Other Voodoo Sects

The Serpents of the Light and Followers of Set also follow the paths of Voodoo and Voudoun. The majority of the Serpents and Setites, however, practice the dark arts.

The Samedi come under heavy competition from the Setites in particular. The Haitian region of the Caribbean has for all intents and purposes fallen under the power of the Exus, through the machinations of the Followers of Set. Louisiana and environs, in particular New Orleans, is hotly contested between the Samedi and the Setites. For now, the Samedi are holding their own, mainly due to the strength of the annual Rio Candomble.

It is to the Setites' advantage to perpetuate the myths about the evils of modern-day voodoo. The more bad press they can throw at the Samedi's activities the better. Many of the Camarilla clans still adhere to the mortal idea that anything voodoo is intrinsically evil. Whenever an atrocity can be traced back to voodoo, the fingers will point first at the Samedi. Truth is, it is highly unlikely that a Samedi would want to draw attention to herself. Such an event would be looked upon in the bloodline as severely as a breach of the Masquerade.

Chapter Three: Unique to the Bloodline

One thing I miss,

Is Cold Ethyl and her skeleton kiss.

-- Alice Cooper, *Cold Ethyl*

New Bloodline Merits and Flaws

Brittle bones

(2 pt. flaw)

Your bones behave like you have advanced Osteoporosis. Add one to your target number for Soak rolls. This is *not* as serious as the Sons of Samuel Flaw (See Sons of Samuel Flaw Vampiric Bone Disease)

Truly Disgusting

(1 pt. flaw)

You are so horrible that few can stand being around you at all. Others must make a Willpower roll (diff 6 for Nosferatu, 7 for all others, 9 for Toreador) to remain in your presence.

Rotting flesh

(3 pt. flaw)

Bits and pieces of you fall off easily. This can be a great disadvantage, possibly leaving evidence after combat.

Spirit Guide

(1 pt. merit)

A benign spirit has been watching over you since your embrace. You get one extra dice to resist the casting of a curse on you.

Wraith Affinity

(2 pt. merit)

Your knowledge of death draws friendly spirits to you. A successful Perception + Occult roll (diff 8) will allow you to communicate with a Wraith for up to one scene.

Dislocation

(1 pt. merit)

Because your body is in a state of decay, you can squeeze into hard to get at places. Note: Can't take this merit with the Rotting Flesh flaw. You'd leave too many pieces behind.

Removable limbs

(5 pt. merit)

If you spend a point of blood, you can remove an appendage, animate it, and reattach it. i.e. you could remove a hand, send it across the room to retrieve something and bring it back to you. The appendage must remain in your line of sight, or you lose it permanently.

Samedi Quirks and Secrets

Giant. No eyes.

-- Gnorm, *A Gnome Named Gnorm*

Bloodline Samedi has developed very close ties with Voodoo practices, but not so much the dark Haitian rites. The income and feeding from Spiritism-style Voodoo is much better. They practice the Brazilian style of Voodoo, a strange amalgam of Voodoo, Christianity and Spiritism. It is divided into dark (Quimbanda) and lighter (Umbanda) rituals. Many humans also adhere to these practices, with the larger cities being centers for Spiritism and the smaller communities in Northeastern Brazil focusing on Umbanda. Whenever two or more Samedi get together to practice Voodoo rituals, it is called a Candomble. The term is attached to all group Voodoo events from a seance with 2 to 6 individuals to the Rio Candomble at which anywhere up to 40 or 50 Samedi will attend. Aside from the major Candombles at Mardi Gras time in Rio and New Orleans, different Samedi will participate in Candombles for special celebrations.

The leader of the celebration is female. She goes by the title Iyu (queen). The Iyu for an Umbanda event will be dressed in flowing white cotton clothing, and be adorned with fetishes, beads and ribbons. The Iyu uses a new outfit every time she hosts a Candomble event.

Humans are welcome to attend a Candomble, and many do. There are many practitioners of and believers in Voodoo all over the world. The Samedi's inherent smell is somewhat masked in the Candomble dance hall by the burning of much incense. This also helps mesmerize the humans, so if they see anything strange, they can chalk it up to a "religious experience." The Samedi often use these humans as a herd for feeding. They also scout the congregation for potential progeny. The Iyu gets first choice when picking progeny. Other Samedi can only create a childe with her permission.

A female Samedi that wants to become an Iyu has a long path to tread. Not all female Samedi are chosen to be an Iyu. The Samedi must start out as a novice, apprenticing with an Iyu willing to train her. The candidate must first prove her devotion to the spirit guide of her sponsor. Then she must study and participate in all Candombles her Iyu orders her to. She will be little more than a slave to her Iyu for 20 to 25 years. She must know all the rituals, incantations and drumbeats for the dancing. She will dress in the color of her sponsor's spirit guide, as only the Iyu herself may wear white.

Unless an ordained Iyu breaks off and starts a Voodoo circle in another community, the novice must wait until the present Iyu dies the Final Death, and even then she cannot be sure the title will be hers, for often the Iyu will leave a testament behind, naming another novice as her successor. The fight upwards is slow and arduous, and only the strongest and most dedicated ever make it. Once they do achieve Iyu status, they garner (and deserve) the greatest respect from the Bloodline.

When one of these powerful Kindred dies, the entire bloodline mourns the loss. Part of the Rio and New Orleans Candomble is set aside to remember any Iyu who may have been lost since last year's event. They beat drums slowly and chant around an empty coffin in the center of the Candomble dance floor. A grave is dug nearby, and the casket is carried seven times around the hole and raised and lowered three times before it is interred. The mourners then return to the Candomble where the Iyu's will is read, naming her successor. The successor is then welcomed with raucous chanting, dancing and drum beating.

The up-and-coming novice will be subjected to fasts, rituals and blood-sacrifices reminiscent of ancient African rites. She must learn herbalism and the making of potions. If she survives these trials, she is ready for her initiation.

The Samedi initiation ceremony of a novice Iyu is not for the faint of heart. It is attended by both males and females. To the beat of a drum, the novice is led by an aide into the middle of the Candomble dance floor. Her eyes remain closed through the entire ceremony. She will be dressed in the colors of her Iyu's guide.

First, the novice's hair is torn out of her scalp in handfuls by her Iyu. Considering the state of a Samedi's physical

being, often chunks of scalp come out as well. Then, three buckets of blood are dumped over the novice's head -- one animal, one human and one Vampire. The vampire blood would have been gathered as voluntary donations from the attending audience, as they entered the Candomble building. The novice remains standing immobile for up to an hour, while everyone else chants, beats drums and dances around her. Then the Iyú rends chunks of flesh from the novice's face and arms.

The Novice is then led into a small antechamber in the back of the Candomble hall where she stays in seclusion for 30 days. She is forbidden to speak to or see anyone during this time. She receives minimal blood -- just enough to prevent frenzy and torpor.

At the end of this period of seclusion, the novice is brought back into the Candomble hall for her "name-giving." This is when her Iyú's spirit guide will either accept or reject her. She will be dressed in her Iyú's guide's appropriate color. Drums and chanting will begin, and she will shuffle and dance around the dance floor.

If the ceremony is a success, the novice, while in a trance-like state, will begin to shake and convulse uncontrollably. She will then scream out the name of her Iyú's spirit guide. This means that the guide has decided that this novice is worthy of becoming an Iyú in his/her name some day.

Following a successful name giving, the novice can stay and devote her unlife to her Iyú, in the hopes of being her successor. She can also choose to strike out on her own, seeking a new location to establish an Umbanda center.

An unsuccessful name giving is cause for great shame. The shunned novice will be taken to a secluded area, staked and left for the morning sun. Without a guide, the student has no reason to continue existing. Final Death is the only way she can save face with the Bloodline.

Who they Call On

Got a job that needs supernatural assistance? You have to know who to call -- and when. The Samedi believe that all natural and supernatural events are controlled to some degree by their spirit guides.

Following is a list of the more popular guides, their colors, astrological signs and (in some cases) accessories needed to call them. **System:** Roll Perception + Occult (diff 8). The number of successes will dictate the accuracy and amount of information gained. A botch means the guide cannot be contacted for 24 hours. No successes means the guide will appear but give false or no information (Storyteller's discretion). Summonings should be kept to one question directed at one spirit each 24 hours.

Oxala: (Pronounced Ossala) Male spirit -- the most powerful. Followers wear white clothes, a gold ring on the middle left finger, and white beads with three red ones in the set. He will accept novices *only* during the Rio Candomble (never at the New Orleans Candomble). Sign: Leo

Yemanjá: Female spirit -- controls the oceans and waterways. Followers wear teal blue or aquamarine, and milky blue or yellow beads. She can be called at high tide. She accepts novices *only* on New Year's Eve. Must have a seashell. Sign: Virgo

Ogun: Male spirit -- controls violent acts (melee). Followers wear dark green clothes with silver buttons, and a small silver sword on a chain around the neck. Can be called while facing west. Must have a switchblade. Sign: Sagittarius

Oxossi: (Pronounced Ossossi) Male spirit -- controls violent acts (firearms). Followers wear rust-brown and carry a miniature replica of a shotgun. Can be called while facing north. Must have gunpowder. Sign: Taurus

Xango: (Pronounced Zango) Male spirit -- controls knowledge. Followers wear mauve or light blue, and carry a small scroll tied with baby blue ribbon. Is called to remove curses bestowed by Exu of the Closed Paths. Called while facing east. Must have a novel. Sign: Libra

Oxun: (Pronounced Ossun) Female spirit -- controls acts of secrecy. Followers wear navy blue, and three small silver arrows on a charm bracelet charm. Can be called while in the shadows. Must have a magnifying glass. Sign: Pisces

Omulu: Male spirit -- controls bodily functions and decay. Followers wear swampy greens and browns, and either carry a piece of driftwood or use a gnarled wooden walking stick. Can be called on grass, lawn or field. Must have a natural piece of a tree (i.e. a stick). Sign: Cancer

In addition to the above, there are a couple of lesser Voodoo spirits that can be called on. The Old Black Slave is a

male Negro slave. You must have a cigar to call him. Jurema is a female Amend. You must have six bird feathers to call her. These spirits can both be called on to answer questions. The questioner should find a quiet place and meditate. Rolls are the same as for the above spirit guides.

A Samedi will almost never wear pure black or pure red. These are Quimbanda colors and would easily identify a "black arts" follower to other Samedi. Another definite sign of Quimbanda is a pair of black candles tied with two red and two black ribbons.

More on Quimbanda

The Samedi practitioners of Quimbanda are either very old or very brave. Quimbanda Voodoo is unpredictable at best. The spirits all go by the prefix Exu.

Exu Marabo: Female. Speaks French only. Specializes in the cure and cause of disease. A corpse must be present. Must be called in a mortuary.

Exu Mangueira: Male. Speaks French only. Can cure heart problems or cause heart attacks. Can cause blood flow problems in Kindred. Must be called in a hospital. Must have a glass of the strongest proof alcohol you can get, and light three white candles.

Exu of the Closed Paths: Female. Causes extreme bad luck. Luck can only be changed with the assistance of an Umbanda Iyu or a novice who can call Xango. Must have chalk and a pot of black ink present. Must be called in a school.

Exu Skull: Male. Can help conquer an enemy. A tombstone at least 50 years old must be present. Must be called upon in a graveyard.

Exu of Hot Ashes: Male. Causes or cures alcoholism or drug addiction (including Kindred addicted to addicts). Must have a full bottle of liquor or syringe present (needle not broken). Must be called in flame (i.e. lit fireplace, candle, burning piece of paper).

Exu of the Pitchforks: Female. Makes or breaks relationships (business and personal). Must have a picture of the intended victim(s) present. Must light three black candles to call her.

It is rumored that there are certain symbols that must be drawn to ensure that the calling of the Exus is heard, and that the request is answered. As the Quimbanda sect is extremely secretive, no one, not even the Umbanda Iyus, have been able to find a symbol left intact.

Whether they are Umbanda or Quimbanda, the spirits' talents are not to be abused. They are fully capable of seeking revenge on a questioner who they feel did not pay the proper respects, or used their knowledge frivolously or for the wrong reasons. And who's to say what these beings consider right and wrong? They will use their particular talents to their best advantage. For example, if a Samedi novice meets with Yemanja's disapproval, her haven may be flooded. Exu of the Pitchforks may cause a business deal to go bad, or even get a blood-hunt called on the victim.

The Place of Men

While they cannot be Iyus, male Samedi occupy positions equally as powerful in the bloodline.

After 20 to 30 years of study and attendance at Candomble, the Samedi male can attempt to call down his own spirit guide. This will not be one of the guides mentioned in Umbanda or Quimbanda. Rather, it will likely be a non-famous person with a particular talent. It may be for medicine, education, espionage, warfare, or any other specialty. This spirit guide, when called upon, transfers all its' knowledge into the host. Roll Charisma + Occult (diff 8). The number of successes equals the number of hours the spirit guide will be willing to assist the Samedi when it is called. A character may choose one of this type of spirit guide once he has achieved four pips in Occult. The guide should be written up, including abilities and background, and approved by the Storyteller.

For some reason, healing spirit guides are the most common. A famous case in Brazil is Jose Santiago. Santiago is revered among the local poor kine as being able to cure all physical infirmities. Santiago held a fascination with disease, death and decay as do all Samedi. When the time came to call down his spirit guide, he was opened to Dr. Fritz, who enables Santiago to perform "miracle cures" on the local populace.

Minor Effects

Both male and female Samedi have an inherent ability to affect minor charms. Some examples include: curing a

toothache, sobering up a drunk, keeping snakes out of your haven, preserving yourself from being struck by lightning, winning at cards, making an unwanted visitor go away. The requirement is twofold: the character must make a Despacho*, and must also make a successful Manipulation + Occult roll (diff 6). The charm and its affect must be OK'd by the Storyteller.

*Despacho: a small leather bag hung from the neck by a thong. Into the bag is placed two or three items to make the charm work i.e. different herbs, colored beads, coins. The Despacho must be worn while the charm is worked.

Chapter Four: Archetypes

The templates presented here are similar to those in Vampire. The Natures and Demeanors given here are samples only. You can easily alter these templates to fit your concept of how you would want to run the character. Some of these Natures and Demeanors are taken from The Vampire Players Guide.

Back-Woodsman

Quote: There's things out there in the middle of them woods that'd make a strong man die of fright.

Prelude: You were born in the Louisiana bayou region. Mama and Papa raised you and your 12 siblings as best they could, but the Cajun hicks never got the good jobs. You were always underfed, unhealthy and uneducated.

You learned quick that the only way to get along was to do it for yourself. Soon as you could, you grabbed a gun and a hunting knife, and went into the swamps to forage. The trade in 'gator hides was strong, and the swamps were easy to lose the authorities in. You carried on like this for the better part of 10 years, soon gaining the reputation for being the best poacher the Louisiana swamps had ever spawned.

One day you happened on a 'gator that was particularly hard to take down. It almost seemed to have human intelligence. The ensuing battle left you mortally wounded. It seemed you were going to die right here in the land where you were born.

Just then, as you were gasping your last, a hideous form loomed overhead. This thing reminded you of the Legend of Amos Moses -- king of the alligator hunters. Your progenitor said he embraced you to stop you from invading the Mokole's territory and killing any more of their kind. Then he disappeared into the swamp, never to be seen again.

You didn't know that were-alligators existed, but you sure want to find out more about them. They will be very worthwhile trophies. You didn't die from your first encounter with one thanks to your sire, but is this much better? **Concept:** You are very private, a loner. You don't want nobody messing around your territory, and you don't want nobody nosing around in your business. You have a single contact on the riverfront that you trade skins with for supplies. You feed off the swamp creatures, and an occasional lost tourist. Becoming a vampire hasn't really changed your lifestyle much, except that you seem to be better at stalking your prey, and hiding from danger. Your driving goal is to catch the granddaddy of all 'gators. You are still searching for more of these Mokole, but now that you are Kindred you understand that there's more to the were-creatures than meets the eye.

Role-playing tips: What you don't have in strength you make up for in speed and savvy. There isn't much you don't know about the swamps and the creatures that live here. Along with poaching, you have been known to hide someone who is running from the law, or from the Camarilla. All for a price, of course. Most of the time you just keep to yourself and wonder whatever happened to your kinfolk.

Equipment: Shotgun, axe, hunting knife, raft, camping gear, canoe, flashlight.

Candoble Novice

Quote: You have been put under a curse. I can ask Xango to reverse it and open your paths...for a price.

Prelude: You thought you had it made. A slick little fortune telling operation in the French Quarter kept you fed and clothed. Fleecing the tourists was almost criminal, but it was so much fun.

Of course, you never believed in any of that supernatural mumbo-jumbo. Spiritism, Voodoo, that was all crap you told the kids to keep them from wandering off at night. You'd heard there were some freaks that re-enacted hokey rituals in the bayous, but you dismissed it as yet another lure for tourists.

You were working late one night. It was near Mardi Gras and business was booming. You were feeling pretty good about yourself. The cards were reading well. You'd just predicted a happy marriage to a handsome lawyer for a slip of a girl whose face -- well, let's just say that if you run across her again, your embrace wouldn't shock her much.

It was almost time to pack it in when a decrepit old woman entered your booth. She must have been one of those inbred Cajun old-timers, you thought, because she reeked of decay like the swamps outside the city. She took her place

opposite you at the table, but instead of asking for a reading, she pulled out a well-worn set of tarot cards and began telling your fortune.

What she had to say was very strange, and somehow believable. She told of another life -- the real life of Voodoo. She mentioned something or someone called Samedi. She gave you the impression that she wanted you for this Samedi sect.

You weren't too sure about all this. You dismissed her and ran home quickly as you could. But the next night, just at closing time, she was back. And the next night as well. For reasons you are still not clear on, you agreed to follow this woman to the swamps.

The foulness of the embrace left you in shock and pain for some time. The old swamp woman stayed with you, guiding you and teaching you the ways of the Bloodline. You discovered she was an Iyu of Yemanju, and you followed in her footsteps. You passed your name-giving, and now assist your Iyu and Yemanju.

Concept: You are a Candomble novice, still under the tutelage of your Iyu. You serve the followers of Voodoo, assist your Iyu during rituals and study the ways of the Samedi. Every year you accompany your Iyu to either the Rio or New Orleans Candomble. You are confident that when the time comes, you will take over as Iyu of this region.

Role-playing tips: Carry yourself with dignity. After all, you are a priestess in training. Mention the name of your spirit guide occasionally in conversation. Always remind those that are with you that the Spirits walk among us, and that there are forces not to be trifled with.

Equipment: New blue dress, different colored candles, ribbons, bottle of hard liquor, strings of beads and shells, vials of arsenic and strychnine

Crazy Cat Lady

Quote: Here kitty, kitty...

Prelude: Ever since you can remember, you've been around cats. The first picture ever taken of you still hangs in your living room. There you are, three years old, dressed in a pretty pink smock, smiling and holding a tiny black Persian kitten.

Your love of animals in general and felines in particular led you to a job at the local SPCA. You devoted many hours to the care and handling of society's unwanted pets. Your soft spot for kitties meant that several of the animals slated for euthanasia ended up as cherished members of your household. You developed displays on the importance of having your pet inoculated for rabies, and lectured at schools on pet care. You devoted weekends to manning a booth at shopping malls, handing out literature on spaying or neutering your pet, and knocked on many doors fund-raising for the Society.

Eventually, you started to join the night patrol. You answered many calls requesting removal of stray dogs and cats from private property. You even were involved in the rescue of several animals from dangerous situations such as fires and car accidents. You even got Fluffy down from a huge willow tree for old Mrs. McTavish over on 4th Street.

Occasionally while on patrol alone, you'd get the feeling that someone was watching you. You never saw anything, but at times, it felt like someone was just out of sight in the shadows, keeping an eye on your business. The feeling manifested itself especially strong one night when you were checking on the warehouse district. You had gotten a report of a mother cat with kittens that had to be removed from a storage unit. There was little light in the building you were directed to. You entered cautiously, not wanting to terrify the animals. Then you saw it. A gruesome display was illuminated by a moonlit window. A decrepit, skinny figure appeared to be sucking the blood out of a cat!

Revulsion quickly turned to fury as you charged in and jumped the cat killer. But this guy was fast -- as fast as a cat it seemed. He had you pinned before you knew what was going on. Then he began a strange chant. From out of nowhere, cats began pouring into the room. There were cats everywhere, and they all seemed eager for the kill. The last thing you remember before you blacked out was a stench of death and decay, and the hissing and meowing of the cats.

You awoke to the realization that things would never be the same. Your progenitor embraced you out of hunger and self-preservation, and he had little time for a pathetic neonate. The only thing you had in common was your interest in cats. But now, you could blood bind the cats, make them part of you forever, like children that will never grow old and never grow up.

Concept: You loved cats when you were mortal, and now you've got forever to look after them. You live in a small cottage on the outskirts of town, and the place is full of cats. Some of them are your ghouls, but many are just in need of food and shelter. You keep to yourself mostly. The cats are your friends. You talk to them, and maybe they even understand you sometimes. Any money you make goes into the care and feeding of your cats.

Role-playing hints: Your cats are your life. You're always talking to them, stroking them and feeding them. You've

developed a cat's lightning reflexes and keen eyesight from living with them for so long. If you see anyone abusing a cat, you will frenzy. If one of your cats goes missing, you will search high and low for it, maybe for days or even weeks, depending on whether or not it's a favorite.

Equipment: Can opener, lots of cat food, heavy purse, cane.

Samite General Practitioner

Quote: The swelling should go down in a couple of days. In the meantime, take two of these and call me in the morning.

Prelude: Your father was a surgeon, and his father was a country doctor. It was preordained that the firstborn son would also be in medicine. It took three tries before you were accepted in medical school. The classes were draining, and the work quickly piled up over your head. Getting three or four hours of sleep per night was a luxury.

But still you toiled on. Failing to become a doctor would be a disgrace to the family. There can't be an end to the tradition of healers. The stress was getting to be more than you could bear. After failing that last kinetics exam, you even contemplated suicide.

Then, a new professor happened on the scene. He took a particular interest in you, always taking time to speak to you on the way out of anatomy class. His offer to tutor you on your weak points didn't come a moment too late. You spent many hours in his private office, poring over causes, cures, procedures and experiments. Sure, he had a few strange quirks. He only conducted meetings and classes after dark, but he'd stay up until almost dawn to help you with your problems. His office always smelled of formaldehyde and ether, and you could never figure out where it came from. His skin was kind of weird, too. It looked almost like it were stretched too tight, like whatever was underneath it was trying to burst its seams.

You really didn't have much time to ponder his uniqueness and besides, he was helping you make the grade. On graduation day, he took you aside and made you an offer. He said that funding had just been put in place for a new branch of medical research. The work was ready to go, and all he needed was an assistant to help him. You eagerly agreed. It was an opportunity you couldn't refuse. Little did you know how things would change.

Concept: Your unique insight has provided you with many hours of study. You carry on a night practice in a portion of your haven, treating the usual gamut of human ailments. It pays the bills. Hidden in the basement is your real love -- a fully functional experimental laboratory. So what if the occasional street punk or hooker goes missing? It keeps your hobby interesting. You know you're getting close. Just a few more months' work and you're sure your old professor will teach you about Biothaumatologic Experimentation. You've got the lab all set up. All you need is the talent.

Role-playing tips: Medicine is your life. Your introduction to unlife has renewed your drive. You now have endless amounts of time to learn. Experiments that you used to think were impossible may actually be accomplished. You love to talk to other Samites about new developments in procedures, and to show off your latest project. Right now you're concentrating on building better prostheses. Anything to further the cause of the bloodline.

Equipment: Lab coat, stethoscope, clipboard, doctor's black bag, large filing cabinet stuffed with notes.

Samite Surgical Nurse

Quote: Now just relax. It's only a little pinprick.

Prelude: It wasn't easy getting your degree. You studied hard and spent many long hours poring over lectures, theories and previously completed papers. At first, you thought that medical school was the way to go, but half way through pre-med, you decided that working as a surgeon's assistant was your calling.

You graduated with honors and were snapped up by one of the best hospitals in the city. It was a rush, being involved in life and death situations every day. But before long, your career became just a job. You began to feel that there was more to life than sterilizing scalpels after the daily hustle and bustle of OR.

Your request to switch to the night shift was granted. Maybe the increased activity in Emergency would give your career new meaning. That's when you noticed a particular surgeon.

He has to live in the hospital, you thought, because you never saw him leave the building, not even after his shift. A cloud of the typical hospital smells seemed to follow him wherever he went. He must be a bundle of nerves, too, because he never seemed to have much of an appetite.

Funny thing, too, he never seemed to go anywhere without his OR mask. Actually, he never seemed to go anywhere but Emergency and the OR. Wonder what he looks like?

You found out about three months later. It had been a particularly hard night, with several car accidents, a house fire and even a shooting. You were burned out, tired and frustrated. Surely there had to be something better...

That's when your mysterious surgeon made his move. After your embrace, he taught you the specialties only a Samite can bring to the medical profession. Your life has new meaning now, and you can help people in new ways -- whether they need it or not.

Concept: To assist your mentor is your driving goal. His work means everything to you, and you will stop at nothing to further his and your experiments. Your haven is in a forgotten corner of the hospital laundry room. Feeding is no problem -- there is blood in great supply both fresh and stored. You still keep up with your work in the OR. Maybe someday soon you'll be able to acquire a still-breathing victim for the doctor to work with.

Role-playing tips: You are a professional surgical assistant. There isn't anything you don't know about an operating room. Given the chance, you could even perform some simple surgical procedures. You are meticulous about your surroundings both in private and on the job. You are efficient at what you do, which makes patients more comfortable when you are in charge. Many of the staff surgeons have requested that you be moved to their shift, but you sternly but politely refuse, saying you do your best work at night.

Equipment: Hypodermic needle, scrub clothes, mask, catheter, thermometer, rubbing alcohol.

Street Child

Quote: Nobody loves me,
Everybody hates me,
I'm gonna eat some worms.

Prelude: Growing up in Harlem is a tough life, and you were one of the toughest. You had a Mom, but you never saw her around much. Your Dad never made an appearance after you were conceived.

By the time you were 12 years old you had your own street gang, but instead of looking for rumbles with the local punks, you devoted your talents to drug dealing and developing the best information brokerage on the streets. You stole what you could get your hands on to survive. It started with an occasional apple from a fruit vendor, then you graduated to clothing and finally cash and credit cards. A couple of stints in reform school only helped you hone your skills, learning tricks of the trade from your classmates.

Before too long, you outgrew your reputation. You began hearing about really weird happenings under the streets. One of your lackeys went missing, then another. It was time to find out who was invading your turf.

You followed a tip and ended up deep below the subway lines in a little used series of storm drains. The smell was unbearable. Worse than the usual New York filth. Something really big must have died here. Or maybe two or three somethings. Suddenly there was a movement in the shadows. Your feet were frozen in place, as an animated horror shuffled into view. Your embrace was swift and painful.

Concept: You now roam the sewers and streets in the New York night, along with the rest of the Samedi gang created by your progenitor. He looks after you much like Fagin treated the boys in Oliver Twist. Who knows, maybe he was around at that time. Now you trade information for blood, safe havens and hunting rights. You run with the three or four other kids in your gang. After about 25 or 30 years, you figure that you will be pretty damn good at what you're doing. Maybe then you can strike out on your own, embrace a few more brats and expand into other cities. The bigger the network, the better the hold you can have on the Kindred who think they run things. The Embrace has given you opportunities and abilities you could only dream about before, but has it been worth the price? Only time will tell...

Role-playing Tips: You are sharp and shrewd, and know the value of a juicy tip. You are also the consummate little boy brat. You carry worms, snakes, caterpillars and other critters (some of them ghouls) in flesh pockets all over your body. Nobody tells you what to do -- except for your mentor. He's the father figure you never had, and all you've got, so you might as well try to get along with him and the other brats in the Samedi gang.

Equipment: Baseball cap, slingshot, bug jar, leather jacket with gang logo on back, ripped, soiled jeans, thrash band T-shirt.

Camarilla Agent

Quote: I prefer my refreshment shaken, not stirred.

Prelude: When you were a little kid, you always played cops and robbers. You wanted to wear the blue uniform, just like Dad. Then the Kennedy assassination happened, and you were hearing all about the FBI and the CIA. Now those guys sounded more like it. That was the kind of life for you. Espionage and under cover work -- that's the way to go. So you stayed in school and ended up with a diploma in Law and Security. All you could find was a job as night watchman in a community hospital. Big deal. So you answered an ad for a night school course in private investigation. First thing you did when you completed the course was quit your job.

It didn't turn out to be much better. Sure, you had your own office and you were your own boss, but following cheating husbands to gather evidence in divorce cases was neither exciting nor glamorous. You were on a particularly dull

stakeout late one night when you saw movement in the alley. Maybe somebody was getting roughed up. Nothing likely to happen with the stakeout for another hour, so you went to investigate.

You were about halfway down the dark narrow alley when you heard something in the dumpster. You turned and drew your weapon, but it was too late. You were jumped by what seemed to be a mobile corpse. The more you struggled, the worse the stench became. You lost consciousness.

When you awoke, you were reviled and shocked to discover what you had become. It took awhile, but you found that your vampiric talents actually made you a better investigator. In time, you became a competent agent, working for the different Clans. Your efficiency caught the attention of the Prince, who recommended you for undercover jobs. Now you work for her, but you'll consider anybody who can pay the price.

Concept: You're very efficient and secretive. Once it is made, you will do everything possible to fulfil your contract. You have many contacts locally and internationally, some Kindred and many Kine. Your unlife depends on your honor and your reputation, so you don't give away any secrets. You prefer to work alone, but you have been known to bring an assistant along, as long as she proves useful.

Equipment: Macerate (with espionage toys), fingerprint dust, wiretaps, several passports, trenchcoat, .38 special with silencer.

Healer

Quote: Don't thank me, just leave the usual in the cooler by the door.

Prelude: You began life as a simple Christian man. When you started school as a child, you could only attend half days, as you were needed to earn money for your family at home. Life for you was peaceful, but always poor. You had trouble earning money, and never seemed to have enough to get out of debt.

One day you found a Despacho alongside the road. You put it in your pocket and didn't really think anything about it. When you got home, it was after dark and there was a little old man -- a complete stranger -- who asked you for shelter. You put him up in the summer kitchen. When you arose the next morning, he was gone. He came back asking for shelter for several nights. His visits were late, and one night you asked if he could come by earlier. "I cannot," he said, "But you can come visit me in the cemetery at this hour every evening."

Why you were compelled to obey, you do not know. but you found yourself at the cemetery at the prescribed hour. It was then that the old man revealed himself to you as one of the Bloodline Samedi, and Embraced you in a mausoleum.

Your progenitor was a healer, and he taught you everything he knew. He showed you how to call your spirit guide, which determined what kind of healing you were talented at. Before too long, you took over the region and became known as a great benefactor. You'd cure anyone for a bit of blood.

Concept: You work alone, from an hour past sunset to an hour before sunrise. Your "clinic" is in the same summer kitchen you first let your progenitor rest in. You have a couple of kitchen chairs, a basin with running water and a wooden dining room table that you use for both examinations and operations. Your tools are rudimentary at best -- kitchen knives, scissors, common pins and the like. These you keep on a sideboard in a tin can. When you perform an examination, you call on your spirit guide (a Frenchman), who possesses you and transfers his talents to you. The guide anaesthetizes your patients with a hazy mauve light. Sometimes in the middle of an operation the guide will call out in French for "More mauve light!" You have never spoken or learned a word of French in your life.

Role-playing tips: You are reserved and quiet when not possessed by your guide. When under his influence, you work with a rapidity and flair that is most unnatural to your true self. You work all night, every night, helping the poor people who need you. All you ask is a donation of blood. Never accept cash for any of your work. You wear a dirty lab coat, and don't keep your office particularly neat or clean.

Equipment: Common kitchen tools, flashlight and extra batteries, rubbing alcohol and swabs.

Demolitions Expert

Quote: Yup. It blowed up real good.

Prelude: You remember it well. It was the time of the California Gold Rush. Everybody had caught gold fever, and you were no exception. You started out as a "Miner 49er", but you never struck it rich. Best you managed to do was scrape together enough nuggets to fund your expedition to the Canadian North.

So you traveled up the coast. It was a long and slow trip, first by steam locomotive then just you and your pack mule. You holed up in Dawson City, Yukon Territory, long enough to get your bearings. Then you headed into the unknown.

Gold fever had gripped the continent. Competition was brutal and justice swift. Claim jumpers were everywhere. You were working deep in a hole you'd hewn out of the granite. You had just set the fuse to blow a particularly stubborn

outcropping when you heard a sound behind you.

You turned to look, then turned ghostly white in shock. It must have been one of them bush spirits the locals spoke about. It loomed in between you and the tunnel's exit, blocking your way out. You figured that this was the end, but by God he wasn't going to jump your claim and get away with it. So you lit the fuse and passed out from fright.

When you regained consciousness, you were no longer in the mine. You were also no longer human. Your progenitor was pretty much a loner, and only embraced you because he didn't think your time had come. He taught you the rudimentary basics about Kindred life, then left, never to be seen again.

Concept: Over the years you've honed your skills in blowing things up. Your talents are available for hire to whomever can pay the price. Your contacts can provide you with almost any explosive material and device known to Man. You've even come up with a few original ideas. You're proud of what you do, because it's all you have left from your Kine life. So what if you're missing a few fingers or maybe part of a foot. It's part of the job. And part of being Bloodline Samedi.

Role-playing tips: The Embrace has made you a survivor. The best way you've figured out to survive in the Vampire world is to be of value to somebody higher up than you. You've been living in the cities for the past 50 years or so, following a brief stint overseas to observe and learn some of the military operations during World War II and the Korean Conflict. You'll talk to anybody that has a job to do and a fistful of cash to back them up. Otherwise, you've got jobs to do.

Equipment: C-4, fuses, batteries, hard hat with lamp on it, TNT, primer cord (lots), string of gold nuggets (sentimental value)

Appendix: Samedi Who's Who

Jose Santiago

Jose Santiago was embraced in a small village in the Brazilian jungle in 1880. Before the embrace, he was married and had two children. He was a stocky man with short black hair, a bristly moustache and swarthy skin. He worked hard as a sharecropper, but never made money. His family was very poor, and the children were always hungry.

Just after the end of World War II, he successfully called a spirit guide -- Dr. Fritz. Dr. Fritz was a "medical researcher" at a Nazi internment camp during the Second World War. He committed suicide when the Allies liberated the camp. He was a master surgeon.

When possessed by Dr. Fritz, Santiago wears a monocle. He speaks fluent German, even though he's never been taught anything but his native Brazilian Portuguese patois. He uses the crudest of instruments -- a paring knife, nail scissors, a pair of tweezers and an ordinary sewing needle. These he keeps in a rusty tin can in an unsanitary basement office/operating theatre. The condition of his practice (and the smell of the patients) masks his smell fairly effectively, and he wears a mask to hide his features.

Dr. Fritz only physically manifests himself to Santiago. He appears as a middle aged, short, fat, balding German doctor.

The local poor, who cannot afford any other medical attention, flock to Jose Santiago's after-hours clinic. He has never had any surgical or medical training, yet he can remove cataracts, set broken bones, stitch wounds or remove an appendix with no record of anyone ever getting an infection. When under the spell of Dr. Fritz, he slashes, stabs, twists and gouges with incredible, aggressive speed. Many peasants seek his aid every year, providing Santiago with a steady income and blood supply.

He has been studied by a team of Tremere from Vienna, and he has numerous personal gifts from grateful people for services rendered.

He works without assistance. When being operated on, Santiago's patients are conscious, and they assist the surgeon themselves. They will hold a vein, pass him a knife, and never sense pain. When the procedure is over, the only symptom will be that they feel tired. It seems that Dr. Fritz anaesthetizes Santiago's patients with a supernatural green light. Anyone watching Santiago operate may hear him call out in German for "more green light" during the procedure.

Victoria Lebeau

Victoria was a Cajun riverboat captain's daughter in Louisiana. She was 22 in 1894, and had been engaged to an alligator hunter. He was killed fighting "the granddaddy of all 'gators". It was more than Victoria could bear when she found his badly mauled body three weeks later in a bayou. She became suicidal and decided to throw herself to the mercy of the 'gators one night when the moon was full.

Unknown to Victoria, she had been watched closely from the time she wandered into the alligator swamp. Just as the reptiles were gathering for the feast, blood gushing from gaping bite wounds in her thigh and abdomen, a frightening man of the swamp appeared. As the swoon of death closed in on Victoria, the Baron Samedi took her as his child.

Victoria had been beautiful in life with thick, black hair and sharp black eyes. She could speak English, but preferred the language of the river -- Cajun. Her past was meaningless now, as the horror of the Embrace had transformed her into a disgusting monster. A brief glimpse of her reflection in the oily water of the swamp filled her with revulsion. The Baron, Prince of the Bayou (if one can be Prince of a handful of ghouls, zombies and alligators) was patient, but left no room for kindness in his training of Vicki. He taught her that being Kindred was better than death, and that the Bloodline Samedi was often called upon to do the Kindred's dirty work -- both Camarilla and Sabbat. Vicki learned to be beholden to no one, and to give loyalty to whomever could pay the price.

Victoria goes by the name Miss Vicki now. She frequents the bayous and graveyards of New Orleans, and always attends the Mardi Gras Candomble. A few years ago she was almost killed by the Anathema Genina, the childe of Brigitte, Baron Samedi's sister. She was intensely jealous of Vicki. With the help of a group of Camarilla Kindred, Genina was tracked to a haven in Tokyo, Japan, and brought back for trophy.

Miss Vicki remains in the New Orleans area. She has been seen being courted by a Malkavian from the Chicago area. His name is Kyle Scheaffer, and he has been seen operating the lights for night games at Wrigley Field.

Baron Samedi

The Baron is definitely the most famous Samedi, and one of the most well known Kindred in the world today.

Born in Africa, he was captured by slavers and sold in France. It was in Paris where he was embraced by "Gran'daddy". Soon thereafter, he embraced his sister Brigitte.

The Embrace turned Brigitte into a being of pure hate and evil. Her wanton killing sprees were calling attention to the Kindred of Paris. After several attempts on the Baron's unlife, he bought passage on a ship for he and his sister to Haiti.

While in Haiti, the Baron studied the arts of Voodoo from the Kine, the Setites and the Serpents of the Light. Brigitte also studied, and became a very adept Quimbanda Iyu. It was about 150 years ago that the Baron, disappointed in Brigitte and fearing that she would try to end his unlife, immigrated to Louisiana.

The Baron has nurtured the local populace's fears about his bloodline, and his infamy has spread throughout the Kindred and Kine world. He travels around the Umbanda centers of North and South America. He always attends the Rio Candomble, when he catches up on the activities in his old friend Jose Santiago's unlife.

Genina

The African child lived only a few years as Kine. She was captured by Portuguese slavers and transported to Haiti when she was five years old. On Haiti, she heard stories about horrible creatures that sucked the blood of the living.

Her interest in Voodoo grew, and she began secretly attending Voodoo rituals. At one, she saw Brigitte drain a child. Brigitte knew Genina was watching. Before Genina could escape, Brigitte had captured her and given her the Samedi sting.

Brigitte was a cruel and violent sire. Genina's abuse twisted her very soul. She escaped Brigitte shortly before Baron Samedi left Haiti, and struck out on her own, eventually making allegiances with the Ravnos (no one knows how) and the Followers of Set.

Genina hated all Kindred and was a particularly vicious butcher. She traveled from city to city, committing grisly murders. She arranged her kills in such a way as to break the Masquerade, thus hoping to expose the kindred of the city. For this she was branded Anathema, the trophy clan being the Ventrue.

The last city she set up was Chicago. She caught the attention of a group of Camarilla Kindred who, under the direction of Ventrue Prince Lodin, tracked her back to New Orleans. She escaped the country with the Prince of Baton Rouge, whom she used to purchase safe passage from a sect of Japanese Kindred. The Camarilla group tracked her to Tokyo where she was staked and brought back to Clan Ventrue for Trophy.

Isaltina

Isaltina is a well-known Umbanda healer. She is a native of Brazil, born in the city of Natal and embraced when she was about 34 years of age. Her sire drew the Embrace out over a number of days, with Isaltina growing weaker and weaker. Only when she was bedridden did her sire bring her to Bloodline Samedi.

Isaltina was immediately taken in and trained in the ways of Umbanda. She survived her name giving, following the guide Yemanja. When the Iyu of her Candomble was killed by a hunter on the way to the Rio Candomble, she became

Iyu of Natal.

Her specialty is tarot card readings, and indeed when she is not on official business, Isaltina can be found at night in a tent on the outskirts of town, selling readings to Kindred and Kine alike. Her readings are very accurate. It has been said not to go to Isaltina with questions you don't know the answers to, for you may not like what you hear.

Table rapping is a tool Isaltina loves to delight clients with. It works like this: A group sits around a heavy wooden table, hands placed on it palms down. The individuals then ask the table questions. The table will rap on the floor once for no and twice for yes. If a more detailed answer is sought, the questioner recites the alphabet, and the table will rap once when a letter is reached. The questioner starts over again and again, until the words in the answer are spelled out.



Lithrac, The Aligned Independent

TRUE BRUJAH



The True Brujah claim to descend from Brujah himself and not from Troile, who supposedly committed diablerie upon her Antediluvian sire. The True Brujah resent the claiming of their sire's name by Troile and her bastard lineage. They long for the night when they will reclaim their heritage from the false Brujah. Until that night, they must falsely claim lineage to other clans or simply call themselves Brujah. Consequently, they rarely interact with each other or other vampires; instead, they spend much of their time gathering information and developing their powers. They continue to prepare for war against the false Brujah but, since they have been preparing this way for at least 5,000 years (and probably more), such a feat is unlikely.

Nickname: Elois

Appearance: Even those who exist and work among the Brujah clan dress conservatively. The younger ones occasionally dress in black leather, spikes and chains, but this is not condoned within the Black Hand unless doing otherwise would jeopardize their missions or Alternate Identities. Most prefer expensive, custom-fitted suits, usually in black.

Haven: They like large estates, mansions, and other big, comfortable, isolated places where they can be alone. Their havens for their Alternate Identities are smaller city dwellings, often subterranean and well guarded.

Character Creation: Most are dilettantes, outsiders or professionals (mostly scholars) though they can have any concept. They can have any Nature and Demeanor except Conformist. The choices should reflect their strong and unique personal outlook on (un)life. Mental Attributes are usually primary, as are Knowledge Abilities. They often have higher than average ratings in Alternate Identity, Contacts and Resources.

Clan Disciplines: Potence, Presence, Temporis

Weaknesses: True Brujah are passionless beings -- cold, detached and morose. They seldom show any emotion, and even when they do, they are still far less passionate than most. They understand good and evil from a philosophical viewpoint, but not from one of conscience. Regaining Humanity is always twice as difficult for them once it is lost -- double the experience points necessary to regain lost Humanity or Path of Enlightenment ratings.

Preferred Paths: Most prefer the Path of the Scorched Heart or the Path of Self-Focus, but some follow the Path of Power and the Inner Voice or the Path of Lillith.

Organization: They view themselves as scholars and share professional respect for one another, though they often disagree on various issues. Small groups of True Brujah gather to discuss politics, philosophy, religion, art, music and all other avenues of mortal and immortal interest.

Unlike the Childer of Troile, all the True Brujah manage to meet twice a century at some mutually agreed upon location. The True Brujah not of the Black Hand hear of this meeting also, and most attend. Together they tell stories of their past, talk of the atrocities of the false Brujah, rant about their own efforts against them and debate other topics of interest.

In times of trouble, members call upon one another without worrying about the Rite of Prestation. They strongly believe in solidarity, claiming it is the only thing that has allowed them to survive against the divided False Brujah.

Gaining Clan Prestige: They also gain respect by thwarting efforts of the false Brujah, by winning debates against one another and by increasing knowledge through their research, thoughts, and writings. Those who collect information that might lead to tracking down Troile are also awarded with prestige.

Quote: We bear a great atrocity. In addition to stealing the blood of our clan father, they have stolen his name. We are the True Brujah, and one night the streets will flow with the blood of Troile's bastards.



CAITIFF



Seduced and abandoned by their sires, the Caitiff are everywhere on the fringes of Camarilla society. Clanless and unwanted, the Caitiff are the results of one night stands, infatuations, frenzied Embraces and outright mistakes. Most have hazy recollections, at best, of sire and Embrace; some have none whatsoever. Stumbling along in the haze of a new existence each eventually discovered the keys to survival--usually in the form of another Caitiff looking out for the newcomer--or die trying.

A Caitiff's only identifying mark is a lack of identifying marks. Some Kindred theorists posit that some of "imprinting" between sire and childe take place over time, allowing the younger vampire to acquire the physical characteristics of her Sire as mandated by the blood. Caitiff, however, have no such distinguishing marks--Caitiff descended from Nosferatu, for example, may be ugly, but rarely do they show the full-blown monstrosity of their vampiric ancestors. Thus it goes for other Caitiff, ones embraced by Malkavians may be a little quirky but not necessarily prey to full blown derangements, ones embraced by Ventrue may have a feeding preference but not full blown prey exclusions, and so on. An informed observer can generally guess with reasonable accuracy what a Caitiff's lineage might be, but in the end, it's rarely worth even the attempt to do so.

Caitiffs fill in the positions in Camarilla society that no one else really wants. While the Camarilla may take the clanless in on occasion out of a vague sense of paternalism, the clans take care of their own first and leave the scraps for the Caitiff. Some Caitiff scorn active participation in city politics as second-class citizens, while others gladly seize any opportunity as a toehold in the establishment. In the meantime, the majority of clanless skirt involvement out of self-preservation, preferring to have the putative benefits of membership in the Camarilla without being drawn into its politics.

Nickname: Trash

Appearance: Caitiff often appear as more poorly dressed versions of their accepted cousins, aping Toreador or Brujah style on a rather limited budget. Few display truly outstanding physical characteristics marking them as descended from one clan or another--disdainful Ventrue have referred to Caitiff as "generic" in appearance, and the Caitiff have seized upon the slight as an ironic badge of honor. A close look at any gang of mortal vampire-wannabes often reveals one or two Caitiff, dressed in their imitative best and enjoying the hell out of the whole scene.

Haven: Caitiff make havens wherever and whenever they can. Basement apartments and abandoned tenements are particular favorites, as no one else wants these places and the Caitiff aren't likely to be booted out of them after having set up shop.

Background: Caitiff are primarily a development of the last century, especially the years since World War II. Alarmist Kindred point to the explosion in the numbers of the clanless as a harbinger of Gehenna, but more level-headed vampires see the problem as symptomatic of a breakdown in the tradition social orders.

Caitiff often flock together forming coteries out of desperation and for defense. Groups of the clanless tend to have short life expectancies; they shatter, fragment and reform on a regular basis. Most receive the Embrace as an accident of fate, rather than by design, and as such that means that there's no such thing as a "typical" candidate for Caitiff. All the Caitiff share is a knack for being in the wrong place at the wrong time.

Character Creation: Caitiff have to survive on the streets with little or no help, and a few debilitating conditions that no neonates are in no shape to deal with on their own. While Caitiff are spread across the spectrum of mental, social and physical capabilities, those who survive the longest often have Mental or Physical as their Primary. Streetwise, Subterfuge and Survival are common Abilities among Caitiff, but a Caitiff's experience and education run the gamut.

Disciplines: Any (Default to Fortitude, Potence, and Presence)

Weaknesses: Caitiff can purchase any Discipline at character creation, but thereafter have to pay six times current rating for any and all powers purchased with experience points.

On a more basic level Caitiff suffer a social stigma from not being a part of an accepted clan. As a result, more established Kindred feel free to snub or denigrate Caitiff freely.

Organization: Every so often, someone attempts to organize the Caitiff into a clan-like structure. The attempt inevitably fails, in part because of the innate fractiousness of Caitiff society and in part because the established clans have a vested interest in keeping the Caitiff disorganized. On a night-to-night basis, Caitiff organization works at best, on a local level, and most often, not at all.

Caitiff Factions

~Dawn Lloyd, Caitiff GSA (The Camarilla)

The Dogs of War

This informal band of Caitiff are bound together only by the simple philosophy they all embrace - the philosophy that the Caitiff must stand together if they wish to survive. Members of the Dogs of War are known to travel to domains far and wide in order to help protect or support other caitiff in need, usually by physical means.

- **Nick Name:** None
- **Current Leader:** Unknown (if one even exists)
- **Current Membership:** Unknown (the numbers fluctuate wildly, growing when things get worst)
- **Current Status:** Active

The El'Ahriahrah

The El'Ahriahrah is known to be somewhat like the Dogs of war, in believing the Caitiff need to band together in order to survive, but are usually less physical in their implementation of services than the Dogs of War. This is not to mean that members of the El'Ahriahrah aren't capable of defending themselves or others, but more that they often try to solve problems without the direct, hands on approach of the Dogs.

- **Nick Name:** Bunny Men, Rabbit People
- **Current Leader:** Unknown (Members of the El'Ahriahrah claim there is no single leader, but instead several of the more active members try to keep things organized)
- **Current Membership:** 5-20 active members known
- **Current Status:** Active

The Kinslayers

Little is known of this organization except that many of the members claim a church heritage, and approximately 5 people have each claimed to be the leader. Little is known of this organization, and it appears that the Kinslayers like it that way.

- **Nick Name:** None
- **Current Leader:** Depends on who you ask
- **Current Membership:** 10-15 (currently located in the NW region of the US)
- **Current Status:** Active

The Society of the Silent Fist

This group of Caitiff surfaced around the time that the Oath swearing was announced. With their Agenda featuring Caitiff Rights high on the list (apparently) they took quite a militant stance in front of the Council of Seven, demanding Caitiff Rights. Most of them were summarily executed. But rumors exist that one or more members are still around, and what they are up to is anyone's guess.

- **Nick Name:** Many, all derogatory
- **Current Leader:** Unknown
- **Current Membership:** Unknown
- **Current Status:** Dormant

What Caitiff Is

The Caitiff are the most diverse collection of individuals in the Vampire venue. It is as common to find a potency/fortitude/celerity "combat gumbie" as it is to find a shadowy, "behind the scenes" manipulator. The one feature that all Caitiff can identify with is the universal scorn they receive from the clans. All Caitiff who survive more than a few months or years have learned the necessity of biting one's tongue instead of speaking one's mind to the prince who has just granted Caitiff only grudging *recognition* or *toleration*. As a whole, Caitiff have little or no rights in kindred society and, should they be harmed or killed in a city's politicking, few of the clanned will care and even fewer will champion their cause or rights. The Anarchs treat the Caitiff slightly better than the Camarilla, thus many Caitiff have joined the Anarchs. But regardless, they are second-class citizens wherever they go. There are many prejudices and stereotypes regarding the Caitiff, including:

- ~They were (most likely) embraced without right of progeny. Furthermore, their lack of sire means they were never properly released. Thus their very existence is in violation of the third and fourth tradition. They are "born criminals".

- ~They generally do not know their sires and thus were not properly trained in Camarilla/kindred laws.
- ~Those who are not Caitiff because they do not know their sires were likely cast out of their clan for some crime. Thus they are criminals.
- ~Those embraced by Caitiff are little more than mongrels from a line of mongrels.
- ~The Caitiff, since they do not have elders to discipline them, answer to no one. Thus they tend to be unruly.
- ~The Book of Nod identifies them as the heralds and bringers of Gehenna.

Different Caitiff have reacted to these prejudices in different ways. Some believe the words of the clans, considering themselves in need of a clan in order to have a sense of worth and identity. These Caitiff often attach themselves to a given clan, pledging loyalty in hopes of one day being adopted into that (or any) clan. Other Caitiff have turned their attention to the Caitiff as a whole, wishing to create a pseudo-clan of the Caitiff. And still others have struck out as fierce individualists renouncing ties to either the clans who oppress them or the Caitiff who wish to unite them.

What to Expect

There is a much stronger sense of camaraderie among the Caitiff than the clans suspect... which is exactly the way the Caitiff want it kept. They are well aware that talk of organizing or unification would be met with strong opposition and would result in the deaths of those who attempt it. But regardless, there are many local coteries and family lines as well as one international-level movement to unify the Caitiff and create a collective identity with its own organization and power-base. The Caitiff tend to rally to offer aid to another Caitiff as rapidly as the Brujah and trade information as freely as the Nosferatu. However, unlike these clans, the Caitiff have not been "raised" with a sense of collective identity or loyalty, thus there are also many who gain information from the Caitiff to sell to the clans. Betrayal of this sort is probably the most hated crime among the Caitiff and, if found generally warrants death at the hands of the Caitiff. However, it is difficult to identify such traitors and so there is always a certain sense of caution in dealing with another Caitiff one does not know.

The Caitiff are also quite different from the clans in that age and generation is viewed as nearly completely irrelevant. An elder who demands respect simply by merit of age can expect to be laughed at, derided, insulted, and criticized to the point where it will be difficult for him/her ever to win respect. While at the same time, even a young child just recently learning his identity will be respected and heeded if he has demonstrated an intelligence and a willingness to help the other Caitiff. There are also many Caitiff who have infiltrated the clans either for the purpose of gaining the acceptance of that clan or to use their position to aid the Caitiff. The practice of infiltrating clans is regarded by other Caitiff in any number of ways and there is no universal opinion. Clan turnouts (those cast out of their clans for one reason or another) are treated with some suspicion at first because of the sense that they are "infiltrating" the Caitiff in order to report back to their clan. However, once the validity of their clanlessness is accepted, they are (generally) viewed the same as any other Caitiff. They are, however, also Caitiff who distinguish between those embraced Caitiff and those cast out of their clans. And finally, please note that all the above comments are only generalities. It is impossible to define a specific set of beliefs or philosophies among the Caitiff as the very concept of the Caitiff excludes such singularity of ideas. Any set of beliefs is as valid for a Caitiff as any other, and all equally encouraged.

SPECIFIC REACTIONS TO CAITIFF

There are a few clans who are more or less accepting of the Caitiff than others. Those who are more sympathetic are most notably, the Nosferatu, Gangrel, Brujah, and Ravnos. The Nosferatu have a sense of being outsiders themselves. Thus they are sympathetic to the greatest of underdogs of kindred society. The Gangrel, although they seldom admit it, have a certain sense of responsibility to the Caitiff as their embrace ritual creates more Caitiff than any other clan. The Brujah often grant respect to those who can fight (something Caitiff are often good at.) And the Ravnos often respect the individuality and "unbound" nature of the Caitiff.

In contrast, the Ventrue are generally the least tolerant of the Caitiff. This is partially because of their emphasis on lineage's as well as their general sense of superiority over other kindred, particularly the "bastards" of kindred society. Toreador have a similar reaction and are generally equally prejudiced. The Tremere are likely to use the Caitiff because they are the most expendable of the "clans". A Caitiff killed for one of their schemes will not likely be avenged and there are few repercussions. The Assamites and Settites both tend to hide among the Caitiff for the sake of hiding their own clan identity. Neither are particularly sympathetic to the Caitiff however.

CAITIFF CHARACTERS

There are many ways a Caitiff can come into existence.

1. They can be embraced by a Caitiff, thus automatically being Caitiff by "lineage".
2. They can be embraced by a group or with mixed blood of more than one clan. Thus their blood does not carry the trademarks of any clan.
3. They can be of "thin blood", generally of such high generation that the traits of the blood did not carry true.
4. They do not know their sire and thus do not know their clan. In situations such as this, a Caitiff generally raises himself and the Caitiff does not necessarily carry any recognizable traits of their clan of origin.
5. They were cast out of their clan.
6. They renounced their clan.
7. They are not Caitiff, but claim that identity to avoid prejudices against their own clan. (This is most common among the Settites or Assamites.)

Of course, there are any number of other ways one can be Caitiff. These are simply the most common. The SA staff is also working to assist PC's in finding PC sires, childer, mentors, etc. This is NOT an attempt to create any particular cohesion or groupings to the Caitiff. It is simply an attempt to help new players flesh out their backgrounds as well as represent the tendency among some Caitiff too seek others of their own kind through the embrace or mentorship.

CAITIFF THROUGH THE AGES

Caitiff have become far more common in recent years. Until the modern times, Caitiff were quite rare. There are many reasons for this. First, kindred were of lower generation. The stronger sense of the traditions among the elders means they did not create and abandon a childe. Likewise, as elders are not easily killed, it was far less common for a sire to be killed before telling the childe of his identity. And above all, Caitiff were not tolerated. They were considered not just sub-clans, but sub-species not worthy of the right to vampirehood and they were killed. Caitiff existing before the turn of the century are quite rare. Those who have survived more than a few hundred years are almost unheard of and should consult with ST's to discuss the validity of the concept and how they managed to survive for so long in a world where Caitiff were often killed simply because of their existence. Following WWII, there has been an increasing number of Caitiff. The Pander revolution gave rise to the idea and hope that perhaps Caitiff of the Camarilla could do the same. In the Camarilla, Alexa Darbi led a failed uprising and for a time after, Caitiff were oppressed even more harshly then before as the clans sought to assure there was no such uprising again. However, gradually Darbi was forgotten and gradually Caitiff were allowed back in cities again. Perhaps the greatest influencing feature of Caitiff toleration has been the civil rights movement in the mortal world. As more and more kindred are embraced after the movement, they carry those same philosophies into the kindred world, sympathizing with Caitiff rather than automatically scorning them. These neonates are usually taught otherwise by the elders, however, who explain the reasons for the distrust of the Caitiff as listed above.

CAITIFF BLOOD FEATURES

Caitiff blood is unpredictable. It seldom "breeds true" as does clan blood. In Thaumaturgical tests, it appears as "unknown" blood or the blood of the clan of embrace if the Caitiff was embraced by a specific clan and then abandoned. Childer of Caitiff seldom share the same in-clan disciplines or merits/flaws of the sire, although sometimes a certain similarity of natural features does carry through. For example, a childe may have one or two of the same in-clan disciplines as the sire, but is just as likely to have entirely different disciplines. Those who are Caitiff through clan abandonment some time after the embrace (either of their own choice or being cast out) still possess the clan's features and those same features will carry through to the childe except in the most unusual of circumstances. It should be noted, however, that in-clan disciplines of the childe may, on occasion, vary SLIGHTLY from that of the sire if the sire has learned other disciplines out of clan or has attempted to teach the childe a different set of disciplines from the time of embrace.

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PANDERS



Although not truly a clan in the strictest sense of the word (as they have no progenitor from the Third Generation), the Panders have made much of the Sabbat's egalitarian society, carving a niche of respectability for themselves in spite of their bastard pedigree. Like the Caitiff which, for all practical purposes, they are the Panders have no formal, recognized lineage. Any vampire that joins the Sabbat and doesn't know what clan she is becomes a Pander as do those children Embraced by established Panders. The group consists of a wide variety of Cainites, most of whom are young and untested. It should be noted, however, that Panders are True Sabbat, not just a dumping ground for rejected or unproved vampires of other clans.

The Panders arose in the aftermath of the most recent Sabbat civil war, during the late 1950s. A clanless vampire known as Joseph Pander united the clanless Sabbat under his own banner and led them against the Moderate faction at the behest of several key Lasombra and Tzimisce. Impressed with his efforts, the elders of the Sabbat rewarded the sect-loyal Panders with a formal recognition, which immediately touched off a powderkeg of ill response from more "legitimate" clans. In the end, though, the Panders won out, earning recognition time and again, through bloodshed and diplomacy. Joseph Pander still exists in the modern nights, but rumors of assassination attempts spurred by disapproving elders run rampant through the Mutts' circles.

Of course, the Panders are loose cannons and X-factors, the "rebels of a rebellious sect." Lasombra in the modern nights consider them threats to security, worrying that their lack of cohesion or millennia of tradition might make them unpredictable. The Panders understand their own position, though, and they accept their cannon-fodder role with resolve. Indeed, at any Sabbat siege, the front line is most often composed of Panders out to prove themselves. As cunning as any Lasombra and as brutal as any Brujah antitribu, the Panders do what needs to be done for the good of the sect. Panders lack the sophistication and the years of formalization held by the other clans; they truly are a motley bunch of rogues and thugs. Unlike some of the other clans, however, they have the Sabbat at heart, and their terrible escapades are often fronts for conquest "for the good of the Sword of Caine!" With the sect's good-faith gesture in recognizing the Panders, it has earned an ally for the entirety of its existence, but the Panders are still the low Cainites on the totem pole. The Mutts 'almost invariably draw the worst duties, the most dangerous missions and the riskiest Ritae, all because they're still the newest and least established. Those Panders who are aware enough, accept this "honor" as a badge of courage, while the dimmer ones simply do what they're told in hopes of getting to feed first from the pack's kills. It is this reason this devout and reckless drive to get the job done that has paid off for the Panders, and they have grown in number and power because of it.

Nickname: Mutts

Appearance: Most Panders are young (at least in terms of Cainite age), and they affect contemporary styles. Because of their rebellious natures and counterculture origins, many Panders wear styles adopted by "rebel" cultures — biker leathers, punk mohawks, goth makeup, skinhead boots or gang colors. In fact, the Panders sometimes seem frozen in the mindset they held at the time of their Embrace, wearing styles years, if not decades, out of mortal fashion. This is less likely a counter-fashion statement than it is a simple lack of awareness that times have changed. Many elders smirk at this, realizing that even the youngest of vampires becomes a static individual, much like themselves, who sometimes continue to wear the styles popular in their own mortal days.

Haven: Panders often make their havens wherever the pack does, and they are frequently charged with the haven's maintenance if no ghoul exists to take care of it. Panders almost never maintain private havens, finding some security in being with the pack at all times. The Mutts also prefer havens with some connection to their lives before becoming vampires—motorcycle mechanic shops, crack houses, heroin dens, nightclubs and the like.

Background: Panders generally embrace from the low levels of society, recruiting from the miscreants and excitable rebels who make excellent fodder for the Sabbat's war efforts. A number of true psychotics and sociopaths have made their way into the Panders' ranks, but these individuals often die merciful deaths among the fires of the sieges. Still, the Panders are hardly a stable bloodline, populated by those too angry with society at large (for whatever reason) to become a useful part of it.

Character Creation: Panders have violent or rebellious concepts, and they often possess strongly individualistic Natures (though there are a fair share of Conformists who simply want to belong). Demeanors can be literally anything. Physical Attributes, Talents and Skills are the most popular among the Panders, and few have much in the way of Backgrounds. Most Panders still cling to their Humanity, but a few of the more critical thinkers among the Mutts sometimes adopt the Path of Cathari or the Path of Honorable Accord.

Clan Disciplines: None. Like non-Sabbat Caitiff, Panders may take any Disciplines they want.

Weaknesses: Panders have no inherent, Blood-bestowed weakness. Note, however, that the Panders are given only grudging respect, and they generally get stuck with the Sabbat's shit work. Also, no Pander may begin the game at better than Ninth generation (though they may increase this via diablerie or other means during the game).

Organization: The organization of the Panders depends largely on their pack. Some all-Panders packs have gang-like structures, or are organized like skinhead chapters. Others have no formal structure; they simply resemble gatherings of subcultures. When Panders become part of cosmopolitan packs, they often find themselves low in the ranks. Most Panders toughly acknowledge Joseph Pander, though many believe his time has past and that the bloodline should just get on with the business of being vampires.

Quote: I'm not interested in your holier-than-thou shtick. I have business to do, and if you're not with me, you're against me. And I break those who stand against me.

NICTUKU: BANE OF THE NOSFERATU

By ADAM SCHROEDER (DEK@IX.NETCOM.COM).

History

And what, many a Nosferatu has asked, of Nosferatu's other childer, the Nictuku? Did they die out, or do they still lurk in the dark corners of the world? The Nosferatu certainly believe in their existence, and many a night in the warrens is spent telling tales of these horrible and malign beings.

The precise roster of the Nictuku is unknown, though there are many. A few names have been passed down through the ages: Abraxes, Lord of Mists; the cannibal hag Baba Yaga; Nuckalavee the Skinless; Gorgo, She Who Screams in Darkness; Echnida the Mother of Foulness.

According to the stories, each Nictuku has its own unique characteristics and appearance, but all are monstrous. Though the Nictuku are, or were, vampires, they possess a far greater quantity of the original Antediluvian vitae and have thus been transformed far beyond the ken of most "pure" Nosferatu. The Nictuku are monsters in the truest sense of the word.

The Nictuku, so the stories go, are all Blood Bound to the sleeping Antediluvian, and all are consumed with the desire to destroy the entire Nosferatu line. Only then will Caine's curse be lifted and Nosferatu's face restored.

The existence of the Nictuku is still conjecture, but it cannot be denied that Nosferatu who choose to operate apart from the clan often disappear mysteriously. There have also been instances of entire Nosferatu warrens disappearing without a trace.

Few non-Nosferatu have heard the legend of the Nictuku; those who have heard it largely scoff at the idea, considering the entire tale and exercise in self-gratification ("the beasts just want to believe that there are things out there even more repulsive than they are.") The Nictuku themselves are seen as mere bogeymen whose purpose is to enforce clan unity. Most Nosferatu, however, take the Nictuku very seriously indeed.

Fear of these creatures is the primary reason the Nosferatu spend so many of their nights in hiding. The threat of these monsters also does much to explain why the Nosferatu are so obsessive about garnering information - for the Nictuku strike silently from the dark, and fade into the dark again. The Nosferatu believe that constant vigilance against these creatures is the only way to prevent their attacks. Rumors of strange creatures and inexplicable occurrences are snapped up by the Nosferatu.

A few Nosferatu have devoted themselves to protecting the clan from these evils. They spend their nights investigating any rumor that might hint at the presence of the Nictuku, tracking these ancient predators and relaying warnings to clan members. Some have even teamed up with members of other clans, using their allies' contacts and powers to help the Nosferatu.

Background

The Nosferatu Antitribu looked nervous, more nervous, I imagine, than he would have been had he known that I wasn't in the Sabbat. He unfolded the parchment I handed him and read it quickly. He looked up and nodded at me.

"It is good. You want to know of..." The Nosferatu visibly shivered. "Nictuku?"

"Yes. All I have heard are rumors. Most others I have asked only told me to get out, or just left."

"That is understandable, Master Rowan. Sit..."

I did as I was told, finding a spot to sit on one of the boxes that wasn't covered in sewer slime. He then unfolded a most wonderful tale...

There was a time quite a long time ago, where the Nosferatu were the most beautiful of clans. Even the insufferable Toreador were nothing compared to the members of my clan. And the most beautiful of all was the leader, Nosferat himself. Not only was he handsome, he was proud of it. He was arrogant as hell, and this was before he became a kindred! And not only was he these two things, but he was also the finest hunter there was. He was also proud of this.

As the story goes, one of Caine's progeny, Zillah I think, found him strolling along some picturesque beach, I'm sure, when he saw her. For some reason or another, they got in a fight. As it turned out, Zillah scratched Nosferat across the face, and embraced him. The wound was permanent, and marred Nosferat's perfect face. Knowing of his arrogance, I think you can imagine that he was quite upset about this.

After many years, Nosferat sired many Childer of his own. All of them he blood bound to him. After Caine told all of his progeny to stop embracing more Children of Seth, Nosferat stopped. Well, not really. One day, while on one of his many nature walks (or some crap like that) he happened upon a beautiful woman bathing in a lake. He was overcome by lust and embraced her, afterwards he remembered Caine's words, and left her there. He ran back to his own lair, leaving her unbound.

Many years later, Nosferat's hatred of Zillah for what she had done had not abated. Using the arts of hiding that he had developed he tricked the other antediluvians into destroying the kindred of the second generation. When Caine had left for a day and a night, the antediluvians attacked and destroyed the second generation.

After the slaughter, Caine returned home. He found each of the third generation responsible for the destruction of his progeny, and cursed each of them. Some of the curses are obvious, Malkav lost his sanity, Brujah lost his passion and Gangrel lost his humanity. Nosferat lost his looks, and so did all of his children. He gathered them all, and immediately ran into hiding. They have not been heard from again.

Now you wonder how I stand here. Remember the woman in the lake? She was not bound to Nosferat, and while she did lose her beauty, she did not go into hiding with Nosferat. She is the mother of all Nosferatu, she sired our sires.

Our antediluvian lies hiding somewhere, though where we know not, and would like to keep it that way. It is said that he has the notion in his head that if he can kill all of his Childer and his Childer's Childer and so on, that Caine will forgive him and give him back his looks. He has all of the bound kindred who went into hiding with him seek and destroy any Nosferatu that they can find. These are the Nictuku.

"Now, Master Rowan. Do you understand why we fear the Nictuku?"

I nodded, "But did you not say it was just a rumor. How can you fear a rumor."

The Nosferatu grunted. "To others it is a rumor, to us it is our greatest fear. Entire warrens have vanished without a trace. Even more rumors suggest that a Nictuku has reawakened in Russia and has devoured all of the kindred there. It is advisable for you to worry too, Nosferat does not want everyone knowing of his activities, and I doubt he would trust a Tremere to keep a secret." The Nosferatu glared up at me, "I certainly don't."

"Yes, thank you. This information is invaluable. Of course, no one will know of where I found it out, and no one will know where you found those rituals."

The Nosferatu grinned before he disappeared.

Facts

Nosferat is the name that I will use for the Nosferatu Antediluvian, there are no doubt many other names. The Antediluvians made up many, for in true names, there is the power to control.

The Nictuku do not want only to destroy the Nosferatu, they will destroy any and all Kindred as possible. Nosferat knows that Caine disapproved of all Childer beyond the second generation.

The Nictuku share the same curse as the Nosferatu, but they go beyond. The grotesqueness of the Nictuku goes into every pore of their existence. The smell of a Nictuku provokes fear in a mortal, the sound of their voice will make one scream and their faces are so hideous that Kine have been known to die of heart attacks when they are seen.

The Nictuku have free will, but are so dominated by Nosferatu that every idea of his, when planted into their heads, will seem like their own. With this, Nosferatu manipulates events in the world even more than most of the other sleeping antediluvians.

The Nictuku are so horrid and evil that humanity is meaningless to them. They instead have an ability known as rage. (Any Nictuku who try to stay as human as possible may follow a Path of Enlightenment. Those who do lose both the pros and the cons of rage and are played mainly as one might play a truly evil Nosferatu Antitribu.)

Thanks to their supreme monstrosity, only those Nictuku who follow a Path of Enlightenment can fit into Kindred society, and even those must claim to be Nosferatu who have been maimed by the sun and refuse to heal.

It is said that the Nictuku are the true clan, and that the Nosferatu are a bloodline of the Nictuku. Fortunately for the person who said this, he didn't say it around a Nosferatu.

System

NICKNAME: (To the few who even know of the Nictuku) Grendel

APPEARANCE: The Nictuku, like the Nosferatu, have a monstrous appearance, but even moreso. They are inhuman in the extreme. Those who bother to wear clothes at all wear dark loose robes.

HAVEN: Anywhere where they cannot be found, on accident or purpose.

BACKGROUND: The Nictuku embrace those who already hate enough to kill without thought, though they avoid the sociopathically insane. The Nictuku prefer their Childer to kill and know what their doing. They also like to embrace those who have discovered the existence of vampires, and who are so repulsed that they hunt them.

CHARACTER CREATION: All are ruthless killing machines. Most have a deviant nature on a new level, though there are many who are loners or even conformists. The Primary Attribute is generally physical and the Primary Ability is usually Talents. The Nictuku, thanks to their evil auras, cannot have any contacts, allies, retainers, or fame among humans. They cannot garner status among Kindred society as Nictuku. The Virtues of the Nictuku are as the Sabbat virtues.

CLAN DISCIPLINES: Obfuscate, Quietus, Grotesquous

WEAKNESSES: Like the Nosferatu, the Nictuku have an appearance of 0 and automatically fail any rolls having to do with appearance. Actually, thanks to their horrible aura, they cannot interact with humans at all. Their appearance sends the children of Seth screaming, like the delirium of the Garou. The Kine can sense when they are near a Nictuku, and their stomachs lurch when they talk to one, even over the phone. Also, because of this, Nictuku cannot blood bind humans, or make human ghouls. The mortal in question would be so terrified that he would most likely end up killing himself trying to get away from the Nictuku. Charisma also costs twice as much to purchase with experience. The daymares the Nosferat sends to his children makes their rest less helpful, they recover d10 willpower when they sleep. (All of these weaknesses are balanced off in the section-designated rage, trust me. Also, none but the appearance and charisma weaknesses apply to Nictuku on a Path of Enlightenment.)

PREFERRED PATHS: Those who follow one generally follow the Path of the Scorched heart or the Path of Caine, though a much more violent version of the Path of Caine is followed.

ORGANIZATION: All Nictuku are ruled by Nosferat. Period. Because of this, they rarely fight amongst themselves.

GAINING CLAN PRESTIGE: Killing off fellow kindred, especially Nosferatu.

QUOTE: "Perhaps we can make a deal. You tell me where your warren is, and I kill you fast. Or I will strap you to a table and let the sun take you slowly, and then you will tell me where your warren is."

STEREOTYPES:

- The Camarilla - The Camarilla is only useful for finding out where the warrens of the Nosferatu are most likely to be. Otherwise, we gain little by mixing with them.

If you even find a hint that one of the monsters has entered your domain, you have two choices. You can gather together all of your warren, and fight it. Or you can run. I myself will be running, while you all die.

-Thames, Houston Nosferatu

- The Sabbat - They are a force to fear. Their goal is to destroy the Antediluvians, something we cannot allow, but we will battle this Sect only to save our master.

Who?

-Trask, Tzimisce Cardinal of St. Louis

- The Inconnu - The only Sect that we truly have to worry about. They know of the crime committed by our father, and they know the why and what of what we do. Watch them, and prepare for the time that we must destroy them.

While we try to maintain nonintervention, stop at nothing to destroy any of these vile creatures. Their very nature breaches the masquerade, and threatens all that we work for.

-Vlad Tepes, Tzimisce Elder

Rage

Rage makes up for the limitations of the Nictuku tenfold. Rage can be spent by a Nictuku, like a Garou, to do an extra action in one turn without splitting up the dice pool. It can also be used on a 2/1 basis to increase physical attributes to above the max level for one scene.

Rage is also what gives the Nictuku the aura that they possess. Thanks to rage, any who see a Nictuku will run screaming and rationalize it later, just as they would a Garou. Unfortunately, this is worse than the Garou. This delirium is in effect even when the Nictuku is only near a mortal. It will also work when a mortal can only hear the Nictuku's voice, even over a telephone.

Rage costs four freebies per point, and current rating x2 in experience points to raise.

Discipline: Grotesquous

Grotesquous is the power of the Nictuku to control his own evil aura. Nosferat developed it over years of obsessing over his hatred of Zillah. (Nictuku who follow a Path of Enlightenment cannot use Grotesquous.)

* Release: The Nictuku can control his aura long enough to force a mortal to stare in his eyes, after the aura is back on, as long as the mortal stares in to the Nictuku's eyes, he is not affected. System: For each rage point spend, this power activates for two turns. **

Pariah: The Nictuku copies a very small amount of his evil aura on to another creature. Other people can sense something different that they cannot identify about the person, and because of this, the person is a target to practical jokes, being ripped off, unfair treatment, being mugged, just having someone attack him, or if used on a kindred, other kindred will not listen to him, or rolls for feeding may become more difficult. System: Spend one willpower, and roll Manipulation + Empathy vs. Willpower. Length of time that pariah works is determined by successes.

- 1 - One scene
- 2 - One hour
- 3 - One day
- 4 - One week
- 5 - One month

*** Summoning of the Beast: The Nictuku can force the beast the rise in any other kindred, or even in mortals and Garou, causing a frenzy. System: Spend one rage and roll Manipulation + Intimidation vs. Willpower.

**** The Push: The Nictuku can copy his own aura of evil to another creature. This can be used on a mortal just to give the Nictuku destructive delight, or to breed mistrust among Nosferatu. System: The Nictuku spends three willpower and three blood points, and rolls Manipulation + Empathy vs. 6, successes determine the length of time that the target carries the aura of evil.

- 1 - One scene
- 2 - One hour
- 3 - One day
- 4 - One week
- 5 - One month

***** Removal: The Nictuku can control his aura long enough to function in society. System: For each willpower and rage point spent, Removal lasts for a scene.

***** Form of the Beast: The Nictuku becomes an eight-foot tall half wolf half man. (Yes, Crinos.) All physical attributes are raised by three, and perception by two. Manipulation and Charisma are both lowered to one. When in this form the Nictuku has claws which inflict aggravated damage and heals one non-aggravated damage a turn. Unfortunately, silver weapons do aggravated damage and the Nictuku can follow only the most primal of thought patterns. System: The Nictuku spends five willpower and two rage to assume this form until he lets it go.

***** The Domain: The Nictuku can extend his aura to an area. It is debatable whether it is wise to use this on one's haven or not. System: Spend five willpower and Roll Wits + Empathy, area is determined by successes. The ritual needs to be redone once a year, and can be canceled any time by the caster.

- 1 - A small house
- 2 - A large house
- 3 - Office building
- 4 - City block
- 5 - Mountain

***** Mark of the Beast: Instead of blood bonding a mortal, the Nictuku can capture one, and then use this power to form a bond with it. The bond is purely related to fear and has nothing to do with loyalty, but fear is a useful weapon. The victim's body somewhere carries the Mark of the Beast. System: The Nictuku must make the Mark on the mortal with a point of blood where he wants it to be, and spend three willpower.

***** Death: The appearance of the Nictuku is enough that it can kill even an awakened creature. System: Spend a rage and roll Manipulation + Intimidation vs. Willpower of target. If the Nictuku scores five successes, the victim must make a willpower roll vs. 8, or die.

***** Annihilate: Nosferatu has been said to be able to reduce his opponents to little more than a corrupted, rotting corpse. System: Spend five willpower, five blood points, and five rage, the victim has no save and is destroyed.

(Sure! It's powerful! But it's not like any of your players are going to BE Nictuku! It's a storyteller aide... unless you run a strange game...Anyway, that power could only be used by an Antediluvian themselves, more apt to be an NPC is you ask me, and hopefully your average player is smart enough not to piss of an Antediluvian enough to vaporize him.)

Famous Nictuku

Abraxes, Lord of Mists; Nuckalavee the Skinless; Gorgo, She Who Screams in Darkness; Echnida the Mother of Foulness.

But perhaps the most infamous of all the Nictuku is Baba Yaga. Called the Iron Hag and the Cannibal Hag, Baba Yaga makes her home in Russia, and has recently awakened. Rumor has it that she destroyed the Brujah Communism project, and then proceeded to devour every kindred in Russia, and is now working on the Garou. (Check out World of Darkness for more info.)

Some Nosferatu claim that Set is a Nictuku, and that his vileness is all on the inside. This could explain some of the powers of corruption that his Childer are said to have.

HISTORY OF THE CHILDREN OF THE DREADFUL NIGHT

BY LOUIS GRANBOULAN



The Bloodline was founded by Seker (more commonly known as Comte de St. Germain, but also Count Rakoczi and later, The Red Death). He is 4th Generation and claims to be the childer of Saulot. He is the Sire of three unnamed childer.

The truth of the matter is astonishingly incredible. While his existential identity (mage? faerie? mummy?) is left uncertain, it is a fact that he essentially created and controls completely the Tremere Clan! Like Lameth and the Giovanni, St. Germain was an "adviser" to Tremere himself, and was the one responsible for convincing him to seek immortality via the Kindred and their accursed vitae. The Count was even present at the very ceremony where Tremere and his Councilors diablerized Saulot, though he has conveniently erased this memory from all their minds. (Just recently a series of odd dreams by Etrius have revealed the truth to him, sure to result in some serious aftershocks). To this day the Count secretly controls the entire Clan Tremere, though that may soon change!

The Tremere still don't realize how Seker has been manipulating them for centuries. He's stolen so many of their greatest discoveries. St. Germain hunted for the lost pages of The Book of Nod. "The Apocrypha of the Damned. The unrevealed truths of Caine, the Third Mortal, as told by Seth, his ghoul. The final secrets of the kindred. A prize equal, in value to the legendary Lameth's Cup, or the Sword of Troile. A Tremere scholar found the

forgotten passage carved on the wall of an ancient tomb in the Middle East. Seker killed him before he could report the discovery to the clan elders. The formula inscribed on the stones enable him to contact Sheddim and the shattered world were described in a lost section of The Book of Enoch. There, hidden in a language so obscure that only the most dedicated scholar can unravel it, are many of the basics truths about our world and its creation.

Seth, the third child of Adam and Eve, was the first mage. He learned these secrets from his father, who was in turn told them by the Archangel, Gabriel. Over the millennia, the sacred dialogues of Seth, the Roskmah mistarcsh, were passed down from mage to mage, until they were finally transcribed by the occult scholar Moses de Leon in The Zohar, the basis for that which became The Kaballah. Seth was first magician and was first ghoul. He was Caine's ghoul. He disappeared when the First City, Enoch, was destroyed. According to Cainite tradition, the dialogues of Set formed part of The Book of Nod. But those sections have been lost for thousands of years. They were recovered and The Red Death was born.

In the beginning, the Lord God said "Let there be light". Afterward, he created the heavens and the earth. However, if there was a need for light, originally there must have been darkness. Why darkness? The answer is simple. Before our world there were other worlds. Our universe was not first created by God. There have been other spheres. Wasn't revealed by Gabriel to Seth how many. Others existed, but they were destroyed, either by God or by their inhabitants. God in his infinite wisdom created the denizens of each sphere in his mage. However, as the Lord is all encompassing, same as ours. Not even the substance. These beings who inhabit this plane of existence, this material dimension, have form and shape.

Humans, kindred, garou are creatures of flesh and blood. Demons and faeries when they manifest themselves take on physical form as well. Even the inhabitants of the Umbra, creations of psychic energies, and wraiths, spirits of the dead have tangible presence's on our world. This fact was not always true for those spheres of reality that existed before our own. The broken spheres that is the name given to those earlier universes for though they were destroyed, nothing created by his presence can be totally annihilated. Fragments of those other realities still exist outside our universe. And, dwelling on them are creatures totally alien to our dimension.

The Red Death in his quest for total domination of the Cainite race, he discovered the spell that enabled him to contact the inhabitants of the broken spheres. Being of living fire, they offered him a bargain. The flame creatures wanted access to our world. They cannot exist in this plane of reality, as they have no physical form. The Red Death and his brood, the Children of Dreadful Night, desired a Discipline that would enable them to wipe out all those who opposed their takeover of the kindred.

The two forces made their deal. They became partners in destruction. The Red Death believes that they are manipulating the fire elementals. That's exactly what the Sheddim want them to think. Those creatures have been scheming since the beginning of history to gain a foothold in our reality. The Red Death thinks the fire being are content to be mere observers in our plane of existence. They are not. The creatures are slowly but surely taking control of the bodies of their hosts. A few more transformation, each time the Red Death or his brood use their Body of Fire discipline, and they will become these monsters. If they succeed in breaking though to own world every inhabitant on earth will pay dearly for Seker's folly.



ABOMINATIONS

BY LADY MOX



You were a stranger to sorrow: therefore Fate has cursed you.

-- Euripides, *Alcestis*

The Undead Garou

They are called by many names: the "Undying Children," the "Damned Urrah," the "Vrykolas," the "Pale Ones" and "Luna's Demons." But they are best known as "Abominations." The Abominations are Garou cursed by the Wyrms to stalk the earth as vampires. Their name well indicates the loathing commonly felt for such creatures. They are the villains of many Galliard tales. Young cubs are warned to go to sleep or else the Pale Ones will visit them in their beds.

A few Garou, fearing death, seek out vampires, offering them undying service in exchange for eternal unlife. Other Garou have been taken prisoner by Leeches and forced to endure the painful transformation into undeath.

There are, however, very few Garou vampires. The experience is almost always excruciatingly deadly to the poor creatures. If they survive, they live unlives of true loneliness; they are seldom accepted by either the vampire or werewolf world. They continue their existences on the fringes of society. Many immediately end their unlives by their own claws, or eventually do so as the years go by in loneliness. They are hunted down by other Garou and slain as Wyrms creatures, so their survival rate is slim even if they live through the Embrace.

The Becoming

A Garou who undergoes the Embrace of a vampire will most likely die. Seldom is the death an easy one; the victim usually writhes in agony for days on end. Occasionally, a Garou pure of heart dies quickly and painlessly.

When a vampire Embraces a Garou, the Garou must make a Gnosis roll (difficulty 9). If it succeeds, it dies a quick and painless death. If it fails, it suffers a slow and painful death. The Garou feels its limbs consumed by internal fires; its head pounds, and eventually its heart explodes. Only Garou who botch their Gnosis rolls become Abominations.

The Best of Both Worlds

Abominations are very powerful and versatile. They gain access to the dark Disciplines possessed by vampires while still retaining their Garou Gifts.

An Abomination gains three dots in the Disciplines of its sire's clan, just as any vampire does after the Embrace. It may continue to gain new Disciplines at the same cost for all members of its clan. Most Abominations, however, are considered Caitiff since their sires seldom stay with them.

Abominations may use all the Gifts they possessed in life and may even gain new Gifts, provided they can find a Garou willing to teach them -- a very difficult task. Abominations gain Blood Pools just like vampires, and must drink blood to survive. Like vampires, animal blood is not potent enough to sustain them for long, so most eventually begin drinking the blood of humans...or other Garou.

Abominations lose their regenerative capabilities -- they have been shorn from the mystical connection to Gaia and the earth. They are no longer agents of Her immune system, and thus their own immune systems are no longer miraculous. Indeed, they are actually dead but for the vampiric blood that sustains them. They can, however, use blood to heal their wounds like any vampire.

Abominations gain a new Trait: Ego.

Ego is the measure of their new consciousness, which is now divided and liberated from their former "pack" mentality. Ego is the mark of a vampire Garou's separation from the rest of its race. Ego is similar to the Humanity Trait possessed by vampires, but a different scale is used to determine loss of Ego (see below).

If an Abomination's Ego drops below seven, it will bear the stench of the Wyrms; the only spirits it will be able to influence are Banes. Its totem will desert it, but Bane totems will welcome alliances with the Abomination. This taint can only be removed if its Ego is once again raised to seven or more.

Abominations continue to have the ability to step sideways regardless of their Ego rating.

The Worst of Both Worlds

While an Abomination is powerful, it is forever alone. There are few Abominations in the world and few know of each other, though it is rumored that a pack of Abominations roams the West Coast.

Camarilla Kindred seldom claim responsibility for Embracing Garou. To them, the Lupines are their enemies, and to accept one into the Camarilla fold is totally unacceptable. The Sabbat is a bit different. Members of this sect are more likely to Embrace Garou. However, most werewolves chosen by the Sabbat are chosen from the Black Spirals. Even the Sabbat prefer not to make many Abominations, not only because of the extreme difficulty in doing so, but because they can be tremendous threats. Abominations, with their fearsome werewolf powers, could easily assume control over packs.

However, most Abominations are Blood Bound to their sires. Likewise, an Abomination can Bond others to it, as long as the vampire is of a lesser generation than the Abomination (Abominations are one generation removed from their sires, just as other vampires).

Occasionally an Abomination will find sanctuary among Bone Gnawers, Black Spirals or the Sabbat, but this usually does not last. The Abomination's vampiric nature makes it strange and untrustworthy to the werewolves, while the Abomination's werewolf nature makes it savage and untrustworthy to the vampires.

But there is still a hope for the Abomination: Golconda.

It is believed that if this lofty mystical state can be achieved, the Abomination will be healed of its pain. It can choose either death or a return to its Garou nature, to once again know the bliss of being Gaia's child. There is rumored to be an Abomination among the Inconnu, but this has never been proven.

Abomination Characters

While it is not impossible for a Garou character to be Embraced by a vampire, even in this very story, the odds are that the character will die. Because of the great danger and the inherent repulsiveness of vampirism, most Garou will not succumb to the Embrace.

Also, to prevent Abomination characters from running rampant through your chronicle, dominating all non-abomination characters with their power and versatility, the creation of Abomination player characters is highly discouraged.

"Power-gamers" will want Abomination characters because of their superior powers. This can hurt your game, as the social implications are usually ignored by such players. It is highly unlikely that an Abomination character will work well in either a group of vampires or a pack of Garou. It will most likely be shunned by its dan, sept and tribe, at least until it proves its loyalty. Since the other player characters associate with the Abomination, they may also be subject to such prejudices. In fact, most Garou will try to kill the Abomination on sight as a horrible Wyrms creature.

If a Garou is Embraced during the game, don't sweat it chances are the character will die. If it survives, then more power to it.

Ego

- An Abomination's beginning Ego is equal to her Gnosis score.
- Ego represents how well the Abomination can resist the bestial urges within it. These are not natural urges, but Wyrmsridden emotions. An Abomination that falls to zero Ego is lost utterly; it is a thing of the Wyrms.
- Like Humanity, Ego determines how deeply the Abomination must sleep during the day. The Ego Trait indicates the maximum number of dice an Abomination may roll for any action during the day. See the Humanity rules in Vampire for more details.
- Ego does not determine the Abomination's chance to frenzy -- that is governed by its Rage. However, for every frenzy it suffers, it may lose Ego, depending on its actions during frenzy.

Hierarchy of Wyrms Taint

Ego Minimum Wrong doing for Ego Roll

10 Accidentally breaking a Litany law

9 Purposefully breaking a Litany law; refusing a rightful challenge; cannibalism (drinking the

- blood of humans or wolves)
- 8 Refusing to acknowledge loss of a challenge (lack of instinct); teaching the Ways (Rites, Gifts) to Wyrms minions (including vampires)
- 7 Unjustly killing another Garou; using vampiric mind-control powers (Dominate, Presence) against a Garou; betraying a Garou to Wyrms minions
- 6 Binding or trafficking with spirits to evil purpose
- 5 Destroying a natural place (harming Gaia); causing a Blight to grow or fester
- 4 Allying with Wyrms minions (including vampires)
- 3 Cannibalism (drinking the blood of Garou); sadism and perversion (Black Spiral virtues)
- 2 Warring against any of the tribes
- 1 Destroying a Caern

When an Abomination frenzies, it risks losing more Ego, thus degenerating into a servant of the Wyrms. It cannot control its actions, and may transgress against its own values and the ways of the Garou. The more Ego it loses, the more the Abomination's soul is devoured by the Wyrms. An Abomination does not have to frenzy to transgress; it can make this decision on its own.

Below are listed the various actions which require an Ego roll to resist degeneration. The difficulty of the roll is normally six, though this can be raised or lowered by the Storyteller. Only one success is required. A failure means that one level of Ego is lost. A botch means the Abomination gains a Derangement as a Black Spiral Dancer (see Book of the Wyrms for a list of Derangements).

A roll is only required for an action of the Abomination's Ego level or below. For instance, an Abomination with a seven Ego does not have to make a roll for teaching a Rite to a Kindred friend.

ABOMINATIONS REVISED

BY STEVEN MARKLEY (SMARKLEY@OCEAN.OTR.USM.EDU)

Author's Notes

I finally flipped through a Chicago Chronicles book recently, and saw the Abomination rules. And to quote the horse on Ren & Stimpny after he fell 10 stories and shattered all of his legs: "*Hmm... no sir, I don't like it.*" I like the rules for them in the 2nd Ed Werewolf Players Guide, but I still find them lacking. So this is *my* take on them (like anyone cares what I think, but here goes...) I look forward to responses.

Description

- No one likes Abominations. That rule I will keep.
- All Abominations take sunlight and fire damage as vampires, and silver and toxin damage as garou. This can be soaked with Dark Gifts (see below) and Fortitude rolled by itself.
- Abominations no longer regenerate, and must burn blood to heal.
- Abominations must spend a blood point to shift to any form but their breed form. They can assume breed form with no blood expenditure.
- Abominations, without exception, lose all their Gnosis upon Embrace. However, they are innately spiritual creatures, and thus maintain ties to the spirit world. However, their affinity shifts to the Shadowlands (Dark Umbra) rather than the Living Umbra. This is represented by their Thanatos rating.
- What the hell is Thanatos, you say?
 8. When the werereature is embraced, roll her Gnosis rating against difficulty 6. The successes on this roll is her Thanatos rating. If no successes are rolled, it defaults to 1 Thanatos rating. If a botch is rolled, then the Abomination starts with no Thanatos, but can buy her first dot by spending 10 experience. For those with an affinity for death (Silent Striders, Black Spiral Dancers, Bubasti) the Storyteller may opt to add an additional success to the roll, or allow the roll to be made versus difficulty 5.
 9. Thanatos can be spent to activate Dark Gifts (explained later.) It is also rolled against the Shroud to "descend" into the Shadowlands. While they are cavorting there, they roll their Thanatos to soak damage from wraithly attacks and powers.
 10. Thanatos is regained from eating wraith plasm; for each five Corpus levels eaten, they regain a point of Thanatos. Though this does not necessarily "kill" the wraith, this does not make Abominations very popular among the Restless either.
 11. Thanatos can be raised at current x 2.

12. Abominations cannot learn Gifts from living shifters or spirits anymore. They can learn Dark Gifts from one another, however. Dark Gifts are dark reflections of the Gifts they had in life, instead turned toward affecting the Shadowlands and toward Entropic effects. Examples:
- Mother's Touch becomes Death's Caress. It can heal the dead (vampires, wraiths and Abominations) but now it causes harm to living creatures.
 - Parting the Velvet Curtain becomes Parting the Shroud. It brings others into the Shadowlands.
 - Create Element could create plasmic objects or barrow flame.
 - Some Gifts would remain unchanged: Sense Wyrms, Truth of Gaia, Might of Thor, Speed of Thought and others.
13. Dark Gifts have the Thanatos cost of the corresponding Gift's Gnosis cost. Dark Gifts are learned from other Abominations at a cost of level x 5. Abominations are considered Ronin, and no longer have Rank (unless they are *very* good at keeping their natures hidden.) They learn all Dark Gifts from other Abominations at level x 5, regardless of their rank before Embrace. Some Death-spirits and Banes may also teach Dark Gifts, as well as some wraiths (a wraith with high Argos might teach Speed of Thought or Leap of the Kangaroo by exchanging knowledge with the werewriter. This will have to be closely monitored by the Storyteller to keep players from learning Gifts whenever they want; Dark Gifts are rare and treasured.
- Abominations can learn and use Disciplines, but not as easily as vamps. They do not have clan Disciplines that can be learned at current x 5, but have instead several Discipline Affinities (Disciplines that can be learned at current x 6) The Abomination has Affinities for the following Disciplines: the three clan Disciplines of the Abomination's sire, Necromancy (because of the Abom's spiritual ties), Protean (for obvious reasons; Abominations with Protean 4 no longer have to blow blood to shape-shift), Potence, Celerity (cannot be used in conjunction with Rage!), Fortitude and Animalism. Abominations don't start out with an initial Discipline point spread, they must purchase Disciplines at 10 exp. per Discipline. Abominations are considered the lowest form of Caitiff, and it is hard for them to find those willing to teach them new disciplines. However, the potential for learning their Affinity Disciplines is already there; all they have to do is spend the experience. They don't have to be taught these.
 - Abominations keep their Rage and Willpower. They also have Virtues, (5 points' worth at point of Embrace) and this is how Frenzy works: they roll the appropriate Virtue against the difficulty of the Abomination's Rage rating. If it is the night of the full moon or the Abomination is in Crinos form, an additional success on the Virtue roll is needed to prevent Frenzy (this is cumulative, so an Abomination in Crinos during the full moon needs three successes on the roll to maintain control. A Willpower can be used to avoid going apeshit (or wolfshit, or whatever). In fact, Abominations gain Rage from the Embrace by being torn away from their connection to the Spirit world: add a point, up to 10, to a werewriter's Rage rating when she is Embraced.
 - Abominations have a path rating as normal, and most follow Harmony. Other popular paths include Humanity, Inner Focus and Power and the Inner Voice. An option for this is to use the Ronin Wyrms corruption chart in Outcasts as a path rating for Abominations.
 - Abominations may or may not show up as Wyrms-tainted; this is up to the Storyteller, though some factors include path and rating in said path; connection with the Shadowlands and other factors.
 - Bastet abominations can only cross the shroud in the areas corresponding to their den realms, but can do so at difficulty 3 and gain all the benefits of having a den realm in that area; this assumes the Bastet has the Den Realm background before the Embrace, as they can't be established after.
 - Storytellers should seriously consider what they allow to become Abominations: Garou are an obvious choice, as well as Bastet. Do we really need vampiric werespiders, weresharks and werewolves? My answer would be no, but that's your choice. Whatever you allow, make the rules for each breed consistent for simplicity's sake.
 - Where the rules are lacking, or some rule I listed can be interpreted in more than one way, apply common sense and use the interpretation that seems to make the most sense. This is a difficult thing to ask in a world of rules lawyers and twinks, but the real role-players will understand and apply this.

Abominations of Note



Harold Goodston, Pariah

DISCIPLINES OF THE BLOODLINES

Flight		GttC p115		
1	-	-	-	Soar, max speed 15mph
2	-	-	-	Running takeoffs, carry 20lbs. Max speed 30mph
3	-	-	-	Straight vertical ascent if unencumbered. Carry 50lbs, max speed 45mph.
4	-	-	-	Vertical take off with 50lbs, carry 100lbs. Max speed 60mph.
5	-	-	-	Carry 200 pounds, fly at 75mph.

Visceratika		GttC p114-116		
1	Skin of the Chameleon	-	-	Costs 1 blood. Vampire's skin takes on the colour and texture of the background. If moving at walk or less, vampire gets +5 stealth.
2	Scry the Hearthstone	Per + Alertness (difficulty 6)	Wits + Stealth (difficulty 6)	Costs 1 Willpower. The vampire can detect others within a building as long as they are inside or in contact with it, or until sunrise. If target is hiding they get a resistance roll. For Obfuscate compare Visceratika -1 to Obfuscate level.
3	Bond with the Mountain	-	-	Spend two blood and merge with rock. Similar to Earth Meld, although slight outline is visible (Per + Alertness difficulty 8). Triple soak dives vs. attack, three damage from a single attack forces Gargoyle out of bond.
4	Armor of Terra	-	-	Vampire subtracts one from all wound penalties, and gains +1 to all soak rolls for Lethal and Aggravated and +2 against Bashing. Only takes half damage from fire. +2 difficulty to touch based Perception rolls.
5	Flow Within the Mountain	-	-	Must use level three then spend two blood and ma move at half pace, awareness of surroundings 50 yards

Mytherceria		GttS p40-41		
1	Folderol	Per + Expression	Man + Subterfuge	Detect lies, one roll per statement.
2	Fae Sight	Per + Occult	6	Become Enchanted, roll to sense if fae have been active in an area.
3	Aura Absorbtion	Per + Empathy	varies	Absorb images and knowledge of person who held or touched the item, one per success. Success deduct from future use of Spirit's Touch.
4	Chanjelin Ward	Int + Security	Willpower +2 or 7	Affects an area or a person. Target at -2 Int. Anyone seeing it are also added lost unless they can make an Wits + Investigation roll, difficulty 8. Successes determine the duration of the ward.
5	Riddle Phantastique	Man + Occult	Willpower	Vampire utters a riddle, and target can do nothing but sit and try to solve it. This requires acquiring vampires successes x3 on a Wits + Occult roll, difficulty 8. Each botch does 1 health level.

Sanguinus		GttS		
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1	Brother's Blood	-	-	Spend blood to heals other member of circle, including aggravated.
2	Octopod	-	-	Costs one blood, Donate an exterior organ to another circle member..
3	Gestalt	Wits + Occult	7	All vampires spend one blood, only roll if they don't have the power. Share sensory inputs. Per difficulties -3. Mind powers roll against highest Willpower but only effects target. By taking no action may loan attribute. Gain two way telepathy.
4	Walk of Caine	Stam + Occult	7	Recipient goes down maximum of one generation for each circle member he takes form who all go up one. Only roll if donor does not have the power.
5	Coagulate Entity	-	-	All circle members spend three blood, and takes three turns. Amalgamate into one creature guided by lowest gen. Generation is highest -1 per additional member. Str, Stam & Per equal lowest gens + 1 per member and all physical dice pools +1 per member.

Spiritus

SHttS p41-43

1	Speak with Spirits	Wits + Linguistics	6	Communicate with nearby spirits.
2	Summon Spirit Beasts	Chr + Animal Ken	7	Summons an animal spirit, predisposed to help the vampire. Has same stats as living animal. Successes determine how long it can stay.
3	Aspect of the Beast	Man + Occult	7	Vampire gains an animal power for one turn per success. Costs one blood.
4	Engling Fury	Man + Intimidation	8	Take power from an animal (engling) spirit. Vampire gains one Willpower point per success. This destroys the spirit.
5	The Wildebeest	-	-	Feral cat-like form, instant transformation. Str +3, Dex +2, Stam +2. +1 bite and claw damage. App 0 Man -3. Double smell, hearing and night vision.

Valeren

GttS p 121

1	Sense Vitality	Per + Empathy	7	Requires touch, informs vampire of targets type, health, blood pool and diseases spending upon successes. Also can reveal how the target got in their current state.
2	Anesthetic Touch	Willpower	6	Blocks pain. Requires touch, 1 Blood Pint and willing target can ignore wound penalties for one turn per success. Unwilling targets requires resisted Willpower rolls, diff 8. Mortals may be sent to sleep for 5-10 hours, regaining 1 temporary willpower point. Kindred are not effected.
3	Burning Touch	-	-	Requires touch, each Blood Point spent reduces targets dice page due to pain.
4	Ending the Watch	-	-	Costs 1 Willpower, must place hand over targets heart. If they wish to die they do, and cannot be embraced and do not become Wraiths.
5	Vengeance of Samiel	-	-	Costs 3 blood, may only be used once per turn and only when sole action is attack. Melee or Brawl roll cannot be dodge and counts as if every dice in pool was a success.

Daimoinon

VSH p38-39

	Sense the Sin	Per + Empathy	Self - Control	Vampire knows the target's greatest character flaws.
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1			+ 4	
2	Fear of the Void Below	Wits + Intimidation	Courage + 4	Vampire must use Daimoinon 1 on the target successfully, the talk to the target about his damnation. Target enters fear frenzy, with 3+ successes target collapses in panic.
3	Conflagration	Dex + Occult	6	The vampire can hurl blasts of flame. Costs 1 blood and does 1 die of damage per blood point.
4	Psychomachia	(Target) Lowest Virtue	8	Vampire must use Daimoinon 1 on the target successfully. If target fails their roll they enter frenzy attacked by phantasm from their fear, Baali must concentrate
5	Curse	Int + Occult	Willpower	Curses target, successes split between severity and duration.

Kineticism

O:aPGtP p37-39

1	Dampening	Stamina + Dodge	6	Dampen the kinetic energy of the attack. Each success removes one damage success, cost 1 blood.
2	Redirection	Stamina + Dodge	6	Redirect attack by 30 degrees per success. No other actions can be taken that turn. Requires Wits + Firearms, difficulty 8 to hit a target.
3	Vengeful Strike	-	-	Return the energy of a blow to the attacker. Add damage dice equal to the attackers damage successes to the next blow. Costs 1 blood and only lasts for current or next turn.
4	Discharge	Willpower	6	Each success adds 1 dice of damage to physical attacks. Roll does not deduct from the attacking dice pool.
5	Kinetic Shield	Willpower	7	Creates shield 6' x 4' that can absorb 5 health levels of damage. Each success can add 3' area or 1 health level.

Melpominee

VPG p135-136

1	The Missing Voice	-	-	Vampire can throw their voice to any point in their view. Can talk with both voices, but at -2 to dice pools.
2	Phantom Speaker	Wits + Performance	7	Vampire can project their voice to any place or person known to them. Lasts 1 turn per success, or a scene with 3+ and costs 1 Blood Point
3	Madrigal	Char + Performance	7	Induce emotion appropriate to song sung, each success effects 1/5 of audience. Resistance costs 1 Willpower. Targets act according to their Nature.
4	Siren's Beckoning	Man + Performance (Willpower)	Willpower (App + Performance)	Drive single target mad with the vampire's song. Singer must accumulate targets 5 in successes, then target gains a Derangement or psychological Flaw. 20 successes makes it permanent.
5	Virtuosa	-	-	Use levels 2 and 4 on multiple targets, up to Stam + Performance. Costs 1 Blood per five targets beyond the first.

Obeah

VSC p36-37

1	Sense Vitality	Per + Empathy	7	Requires touch, informs vampire of targets type, health, blood pool and diseases spending upon successes. Also can reveal how the target got in their current state.
2	Anesthetic Touch	Willpower	6	Blocks pain. Requires touch, 1 Blood Pint and willing target can ignore wound penalties for one turn per success. Unwilling targets requires resisted Willpower

				rolls, diff 8. Mortals may be sent to sleep for 5-10 hours, regaining 1 temporary willpower point. Kindred are not effected.
3	Corpore Sano	-	-	Heal by laying on hands. 1 Blood Point per non-agg, two per agg.
4	Mens Sana	Int +Empathy	8	The vampire can cure Derangements. Takes at least 10 minutes of talking to target.
5	Unburdening of the Bestial Soul	Stam + Empathy	12 - Humanity	The vampire takes the target's soul into their body. Target's body becomes a mindless, will obey simple commands from the vampire. The vampire may spend 1 Permanent Willpower to restore 1 Humanity, up to vampire's Empathy, but no higher than sum of relevant virtues.

Temporis

VSH p44-46

1	Time Atunement	-	-	Vampire can sense time altering powers, and has an internal clock. Sensing is Per + Temporis at 9 – power level at 1 mile per point of Per or Per x 10 yards for Celerity.
2	Internal Recursion	Man + Empathy	Willpower	Target continues to perform the same action over and over. Successes determine duration, 1 turn to 1 day. Target may breaks out if disturbed.
3	Lapse	Stam + Intimidation	Willpower	Vampire slows down the target next turn one turn per success. Target at half dice pool and Str based damage halved. Characters with multiple actions may lose half, round down, and avoid penalties.
4	Subjective suspension	Stam + Occult	6	Costs 2 blood. Must see object (Per + Alertness for fast moving) and object frozen with no energy until physically disturbed, then resumes. Successes determine duration 1 turn to 1 day.
5	Clotho's Gift	Stam + Occult	7	Costs 3 blood, for next (1/2 Temporis rounded down) turns character gets successes additional actions. May use other Disciplines and Temporis 1-4 but does 1 unsoakable lethal damage each time.

Thanatosis

VPG p143-144

1	Hag's Wrinkles	-	-	The vampire can expand and contract their skin. Can make pockets of flesh +2 diff to find small things hidden in them. Costs 1 blood. Distorting features requires Stam + Acting, diff 8.
2	Putrefaction	Dex + Medicine	Stamina + Fortitude	Putrefies target, take 1 HL Lethal damage and lose 1 App, permanently for Mortals. May also blight plants.
3	Ashes to Ashes	-	-	Vampire becomes a black powder that can only be separated by force, costs 2 blood Not hurt by fire or sunlight, but requires Per + Alertness roll, diff 9 to be aware of surrounds. Reforming takes a turn, and if separated vampire may be harmed.
4	Withering	Man + Medicine	Willpower	Vampire touches target's limb, causing limb to wither and become useless. Permanent for mortals, one night for supernaturals. Requires target's stamina in successes, and costs 1 Willpower. Head is fatal for mortals, and vampires lose 2 from all mental attributes and can only use Potence, Celerity and Fortitude.
5	Necrosis	Dex + Medicine	Stamina + Fortitude	Extreme version of putrefaction, costs 2 blood and requires contact. Does 1 Lethal per success. Additional successes can cause loss of Appearance, Dexterity and Strength, in that order. Lost attributes return when

				damage heals.
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Bardo

HH p52-54

1	Restore Humanitas	Conscience + Empathy	Humanity level to be restored	Restore lost Humanity. Must be done within a week of loss, and requires one hour of mediation per point to be restored.
2	Banishing Sign of Thoth	Dex + Occult	8	Protects against supernatural powers. Each success adds +1 difficulty to use a supernatural power against the vampire.
3	Gift of Apis	-	-	Vampire gets full nourishment from animal blood.
4	Pillar of Osiris	Willpower	varies	Creates a Pillar where the vampire can meditate, after a night long ritual. All powers used at the Pillar by the vampire are at -3 difficulty. For every month away from a Pillar add +1 to Frenzy difficulties. The Pillar lasts 1 week per success.
5	Paradox	Wits + Manipulation	Willpower	The vampire utters an extemporaneous phrase. Target must make a Willpower roll difficulty 7 to take any actions that scene. Target also is at +1 difficulty in any attempt to harm the vampire. If the phrase is accompanied by a sudden blow, the difficulty is reduced by 2.

- V Vampire
- GttC Guide to the Camarilla
- GttS Guide to the Sabbat
- VSC Vampire Storyteller's Companion
- STHttS Storyteller's Handbook to the Sabbat
- O:aPGtP Outcasts: a Players Guide to Pariahs
- HH Hunter Hunted